

*A Chattering of Starlings (Letter to God)* December 25, 2014 Kerhonkson NY.

Dear God,

Look, don't give me this "Who me?" crap. You know who you are. You *may* be the one—or maybe the many. I'm not a scientist but it's more than likely you are simply a conglomeration of neurons in my all-too-human brain. Just because there's a word for something doesn't mean there's a god-entity in the world out there—Think "mermaid" or "unicorn." Or just think, "or."

That said, I do believe in things I actually can't see like black holes and neurons. I also believe in most things I can see, like starlings, pigeons, fireflies and Nietzsche. I believe in these more than I believe in you because you have allowed yourself to be taken over by mortals with agendas and political interests. That hasn't happened with starlings, pigeons, and Nietzsche, now has it? It didn't happen with Iggy Pop or Emily Dickenson either.

Murmurations? Murmurations are what starlings do in the evening, sometimes even before at teatime. They soar through the sky in ever-changing formations, swooping, dipping and turning. And never once in the history of starlings have they ever collided. No witness has come forward testifying to a starling crash. During several hours of observation sprinkled here and there throughout the fabric of my life I have never witnessed a starling fall from the sky due to an in-flight collision. Consequentially starling's insurance premiums are low. Actually, they are non-existent, like you.

I never dissected a starling in high school, but I assume that their brains are made up of millions of neurons just like mine. With starlings, a greater intelligence takes over a single starling's flight because each starling brain works like a single neuron in a larger mind to form an undulating form of starlings in the sky.

OK, I am talking to you here surrounded by a group of friends, a filmmaker, a music maker, a painter, and me, I guess I'll call myself a photographer. It's obvious we are

not starlings or we would flap our wings. But we fuck like starlings, and occasionally we fly-- if only metaphorically. We are just a few here, not many, certainly not a chattering. A chattering? That's what a flock of starlings is called. Gee, I wonder what a flock of gods is called. Ha. You probably wouldn't admit to a flock, would you? You never admitted to a lover or even a single friend. That's one problem with being all-mighty.

By the way, the name for a group of friends is "friends," and the name for lots of thanks is, "thanks." It is quite possible that we are giving thanks *through* oodles of neurons *to* oodles of neurons, and there is nothing else relevant or at play here except neurons blinking like a sprinkle of fireflies here in our heads. But giving thanks and friendship must be out there somewhere in the world, like a witch hazel tree, for example, or a lazy brook in a sunny meadow, a toasty fire on a drafty night, like a rising sun or waning moon, a flock of pigeons, fresh snow on an old volcano, a chattering of starlings, or a galaxy of stars.

Thanks then,  
God Bless You,  
Amen