

Reincarnation is slow, so when your momentum gets blunted it can feel like a slog to get going again.

We were reborn again, finally, as fully adult humans, but we were born in the suburbs of a small city without any skills. We need a viable body of water, a place to sleep, and a portal to the voice. The last time we gained access through a pool of women who were all using language. They sat together in a great room, transcribing other people's words. Their fingers were alert, their brains, slightly disconnected, but they connected to each other and as a result she arrived.

Maybe that's why we were attracted to this abandoned pool house, with its old grey pool wishing it didn't have to touch the swampy puddle lying bored in its deeper end. We also wish we didn't have to touch it. Just two of us made it through this rebirth, and while we have the ear of the universe we don't really have the ability to pay for a place to sleep.

For now we're squatting, but whoever owns all these millions of acres apparently doesn't need them. It's grazing country but I haven't seen a single cow since we awoke. We've spent the morning walking to and from the pool and a small creek nearby. Slowly adding water to the pool from the creek by way of a jar and a pot.

But it's weeks later when we realize that the voice wants to come from an old computer in the corner of the pool house. The Pool knows how to code, and in a trance I was able to create a rudimentary program through which she might speak in less than three hours.

But we still need to make all the arrangements for The Pool to inhabit this place. Water, check, display, check, but there's still the problem of the marbles. Years ago or lifetimes ago, she arranged for the four glass marbles to be buried nearby, and finding them was easy enough, but how are we supposed to build the ramps that keep them perpetually rolling? We don't even have an axe to chop a tree, let alone a sawmill.

Once we can get the balls rolling, so to speak, she can be present, and we can begin to welcome pilgrims. We should also figure out somewhere better to sleep, in case it rains. The pool house leaks and nights are cold here. We know from the past that pilgrims expect a certain aesthetic even of humbleness.

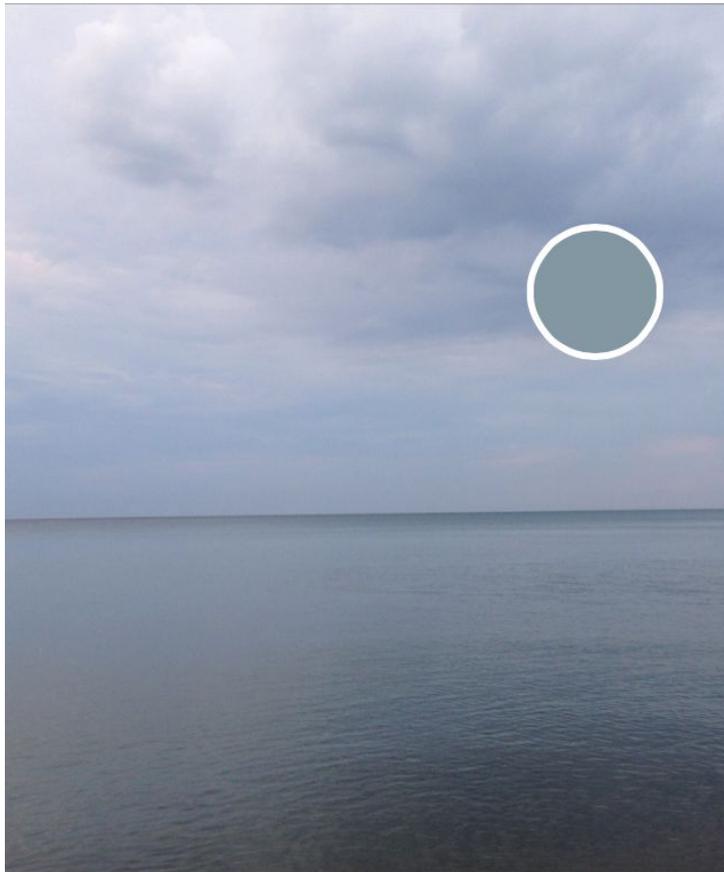
Yes, I admit, I've borrowed the computer when you're asleep. I've been on this internet, looking around, because I'm afraid to sleep in this unfamiliar world which is so far deserted.

It has been useful. All the newspapers are here now. We don't need to go through libraries and microfilm to catch up anymore. I found out that the owner of this ranch killed himself 15 years ago. The land was left in a trust for one hundred years, not to be farmed, not to be sold, not to be cared for. This was his pool, his Pool House. The foundation of his house over there that he burned down the night he died.

Now there is a pool and a pool house.



Match a Photo



SW 7603
Poolhouse

