

UNCLE LOWRY

1.

Old Uncle Lowry, nobody bothered him much. Truth was, his inviting the out-of-body crowd and his death reenactments in the cellar frightened me and my brother. But nothing scared Lowry that we knew of.

He had his castle in Malibu designed after Poe's House of Usher.

"For the Flower of Life, I'm preparing the soil," he told us at his housewarming party, his astral body like a dolphin's circling our planetary shoal.

"It's a goddamn phantom hotel," joked my brother Arnold, "with all his spooky talk and prophecies." And our uncle out-of-body, "in development."

2.

Lowry, of the otherworld intelligentsia, had all sorts of recipes for spells, but immortality was, as he put it, "an obvious subtlety."

"At a terminal velocity, black holes can be deadly. As if you're dropping in a well, the trick is to imagine you're a flame, a test pilot."

Lowry, dive-bombing from the astral—oceanic, star-spangled—with passwords to stargates. "In darkness, he negotiates OK," Arnold explained.

“Still,” I replied, “we don’t know his shape: a circle or a straight beam, or out of space entirely.”

“Flying by the seat of his pants, his life’s a first-class shakedown,” Arnold agreed. “The soul’s a kaleidoscope in God’s pocket, according to Lowry.”

3.

As dust clears from his irregular orbits...

. . . our old uncle’s a time bomb rocketing with drop-prints of memories. Dramatically compressible, in line with the holographic principle...

One gets a better look without the vortices!