

The Heretic

I am guilty. One of the damned. But I have nothing to confess and no one to hear my confession. I have swallowed a mouthful of poison.

The dancer went insane thinking he was God. He danced himself to death. But I am not insane. All of my energy is concentrated on one point. The frenzy will continue. My passion will not dissipate. The fire inside me will burn forever. My sanity cannot be debated.

I have always been God, from the very beginning. All things are made through me. Without me nothing is made. The earth is void and without form. Darkness is on the face of the deep. A wind is moving over the face of the waters.

This is my beginning: a plunging into the deep, a submersion under those waters. I am before the creation. I am what there was before anything existed. *Ex nihilo*. Out of nothing. And to this nothing I will return. I am the beast rising out of the abyss with a blasphemous name on its head, and I dare to shout that blasphemy: God is dead. I am God. The divine incarnates itself in each of us. We are word become flesh. Sin is not our separation from God but our failure to realize that we have never been apart from him, that we ourselves are God.

This is the new dispensation: To be one with God you must kill him.