

*Prayer of the Literary Elder upon
finishing last book - One More, Lord*

by Arthur Rickydoc Flowers

I once glitched. A 125th Street bus stop, I just switched off. *Everything shut down.* And back on so quick I didn't fall. And for a long while I walked around afraid of that sensation happening again. For the 1st time ever truly conscious of my mortality

Doris Jean Austin once said: *every book finished makes it easier to die.*

I can only hope that this Work will achieve what earlier works have not. Cultural Agency. Whether I achieve it or not is up to the Fickle Finger of Literary Success. But it's up to me to continue to conduct myself as though I were really in truth what I aspire to be -

*a great writer, a griot master,
a legendary hoodooman.*

There are times, fleeting moments, when you being strong, disciplined and productive, or you've written the perfect passage, or participated in an historical moment, that you are acutely aware of yourself as historical, epochal, mythical, history in the flesh. There are moments when you have placed yourself so precisely in the historical continuum's center of balance that you are aware of being Godforce.

A Focal Point of Reality and Illusion. A Nexus of Generational Possibility. Conjuring Reality into Being through the sheer force of your Will, your Work, your Craft, your Game.

If you pull it off you and your works will be studied and modeled in the hearts and aspirations of generations to come. To the extent that your Works are relevant and significant to those generations, to that extent are you Immortal. *Immortal.*

Every morning I suit up, like my father, even if I'm just gon sit there at the computer. A parody of the power I once was. 10 more productive years would be nice but if I die tomorrow, I'm okay. Played the hand I was dealt hard as anybody could.

I may have gambled and lost but damn if I didn't enjoy myself.

The Gods of Literature have been good to me. They did not give me what I wanted. I got neither Fame nor Fortune. But what I did get I treasure far more. They gave me Purpose. They gave me *Fa*. *They gave Destiny*.

They have prepared me for the last and possibly most important phase. Ancestral Positioning. A Serene Closure. *One more, Lord, one more*. Cross my mind sometime that I must be the slackest holyman ever was. Cross my mind sometime that if I'm the hope of the race we in bigger trouble than we thought.

Making Real Into the World That Which Was Not aint no joke. Failure is likely. I don't care about no failure. Fuck a failure. I will continue to conduct myself as I aspire to be. The High Hoodoo of Memphis.

You need me,
You call me.

I will come.