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Renunciation Creed — An Exorcism

I renounce the measurable world. I cast it out in all its guises. I reject it in all its forms.

Numbers, miles, volumes, charts. How many soldiers dead, how many victims evacuated, how many high school dropouts, how many dollars spent? Is it 19 tourists blown up on the bus and 28% increase in violent crime, or the other way around? Do they want a \$250 million increase in money for war or is it \$250 *billion*? Are they spending *trillions* yet?

I reject the institutions that order me to document the value of my life in terms of lists and numbers. I reject those who describe all things by their price tags: "the two million dollar house," they say; "the two hundred dollar dinner." I am shocked to hear a person being described as "someone who is worth ten million dollars."

He is? I wonder. To whom?

I open myself to all that is not measurable. Give me the recollection of a Mozart sonata as I walk past the enormous round bales of fragrant green hay up on the hill. There are those who will tell you how many symphonies Mozart wrote or the age he was when he penned his first opera, or what year he died. They might seem to know everything, but do they know *Mozart*?

Give me that mountain there, the one whose slopes reach around the high pasture like a mother's arms. Don't tell me its elevation; don't say how long it takes to climb to the top. Just stand here next to me, take a deep breath, and, if you must say something, say, "Aaahhh."