

# THE FAILURE OF GOD'S LIKENESS

THIS VIEW OF GOD IS BRIEF, and probably inadequate, but as good as can be without the help of an artist or child, this view of God in his natural habitat in/on (ion) the Dimension of Light, in the shade of the forest of exquisite reflection (a distant antecedent to any shade enjoyed by animal), there we see, reposed, now as always, God, reflecting, the view (of God), you understand, is mesmerizing—sitting heavier than usual on his throne, not pictured, obscured by God, fabled to be the stump of the Tree of Knowledge, His throne no kings, no high-back, no regal-winged-backd chair, God needs it not, nor would it be comfortable, for God is, all-in-one, complete, unification, balance, and so the view of God, from any angle or side, any vantage, opposites at once, all around, all the same, always staring at you, the dulcet gaze of God, always at you, in your direction, he isn't taking notice, though, don't worry, but still there is no way out of his gaze, a glare—try it, go ahead, run as fast as you can (imagine) to the other side of God, sprint there, speed your way to the opposite side of God, circumnavigate, or trailblaze through to the opposite, of God. God moves not, but yet his fix remains steady, at you, toward you, He is nothing if not consistent, pointing, but not directing. The dulcet gander of God. Slouching, reflecting, God, reflecting from everything ion everywhere, the view of God among his infinite menagerie of likeness, in high contrast, not just light and dark, a chiaroscuro of time and void, this view of Him, in Godly repose, sometimes sitting strait-up, with excellent posture, how does he achieve total repose and sit upright, and with no high backed chair? Conjecture exists that God is affixed, fixated, that he's either sitting on a rod or one protrudes from God into through the stump and into where it roots. This view of God has been made possible by a grant from God, we thank God, God gazes dulcetly at ion (aeon) reflections.

"You're not even listening, God, not now, and you never have," God's father God said to God. "Note if you will your likeness. You didn't listen to me, you never did, and the proof is in your likeness, and in your son there. He doesn't listen either—righteously stubborn, he is, as you've always been to me, but because he can't. Just let's wait and see how his likeness do.

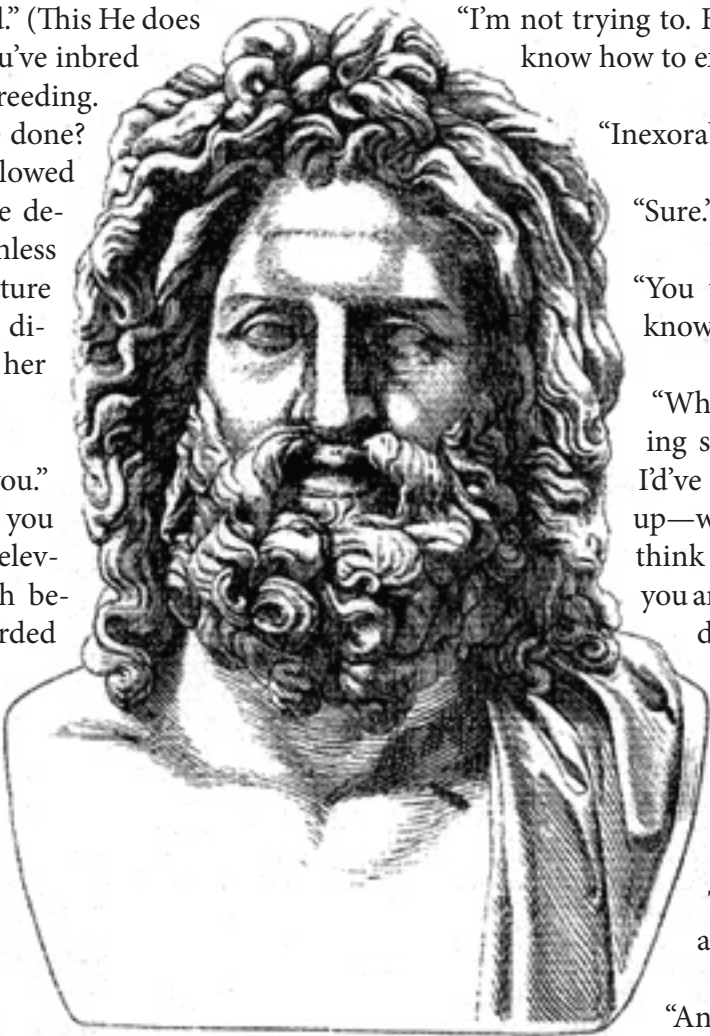
"Hey, hey, lil guy, your likeness won't be any more success—Hey! Hey lil guy? GUY! Hey!... You see? You should not have made your son out of your likeness, I told you not to, not to make the same mistake I made, but you did, but you went ahead and did.

"There's a reason, you know, why you should not have, because there are flaws, I'm not afraid to admit, in the phenotype, that are exacerbated through the process of likening, a problem I realized early and illustrate non-symbolically—you get that?—with the severe decline in human lifespans, down from several hundreds of years. Nothing symbolic about severity. Eh? No-symbols are lost on you..." God's God went on while God gazed at into (atintu) his likeness, monsters, many-headed, ridiculous figures, *pittura grottesca*, and the son of God, twitching slightly, anxiously.

"Look at your likeness, God." (This He does ceaselessly.) "You know, you've inbred them. All breeding is inbreeding. I did it too. What could be done? Perhaps we should have allowed Mother the involvement she desired. She wouldn't let go unless you made her. But her nature was to the cultivation of diverse increase, after all. But her claws..."

"Finally, a symbol out of you." God finally spoke. "Can you not accept this term of irrelevance with the Grace which before you was so widely regarded as having?"—

"—*Being...* of being. It's different, though it doesn't seem like you will ever understand."



"Having is being."

"One problem among many with you. Your eternal emphasis on the is is another one."

"I did everything as I was taught, or else how I saw."

"Everyone's a mimic."

"And don't even blame you. But I don't tell you how to retire, do I? Leave me to handle the omnisciences. You had your chance."

"And so have you! Isn't it time your son accepts destonious? His incumbant repsonsibilities?" The Son startled more at on (atom) responsibility. "Oh listening, after all?"

"I'm not trying to. But your damn voice is... I don't know how to explain it--"

"Inexorable."

"Sure."

"You were beautiful little child, you know that?" The son shrugged.

"When you father was off, busy ruling skyscrapers—he's so permissive, I'd've never let them play that high up—when he was away, who do you think watched over you? I would ticke you and you laughed like a field of wild daisies in the breeze. I stuck my finger out to you. You pulled it and witnessed mighty thunder, and in awe you said Ga-Ga. Your first words were my name..."

The Son continues twitching about something.

"And, oh yeah, don't think I haven't caught witness to you masturbating."

"Your perverted gaze is escaped by none, Father."

"Damn right. You will have to excuse me for managing my interests. Somebody around here has to. One day, when I'm powerless to forbid it, you'll be doing the same."

God's God took God aside, and whispered, "and isn't that time coming soon. Sooner than you can bear!"

"It is not. I'm at the peak of my ability, more omnipotent now than I have ever been."

"Ha! You old fool!"

"Resent me not, Father."

"All I'm saying is, the time has come to prepare him. Don't let him ascend a wanker. You have to talk to him about... you know..."

"You whisper is every bit as inexorable. I'm going now."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Whence do you care?"

"Down to the stillwaters again?"

"What if I am!"

"What do you do down there, anyway? I don't know what you see in those waters.

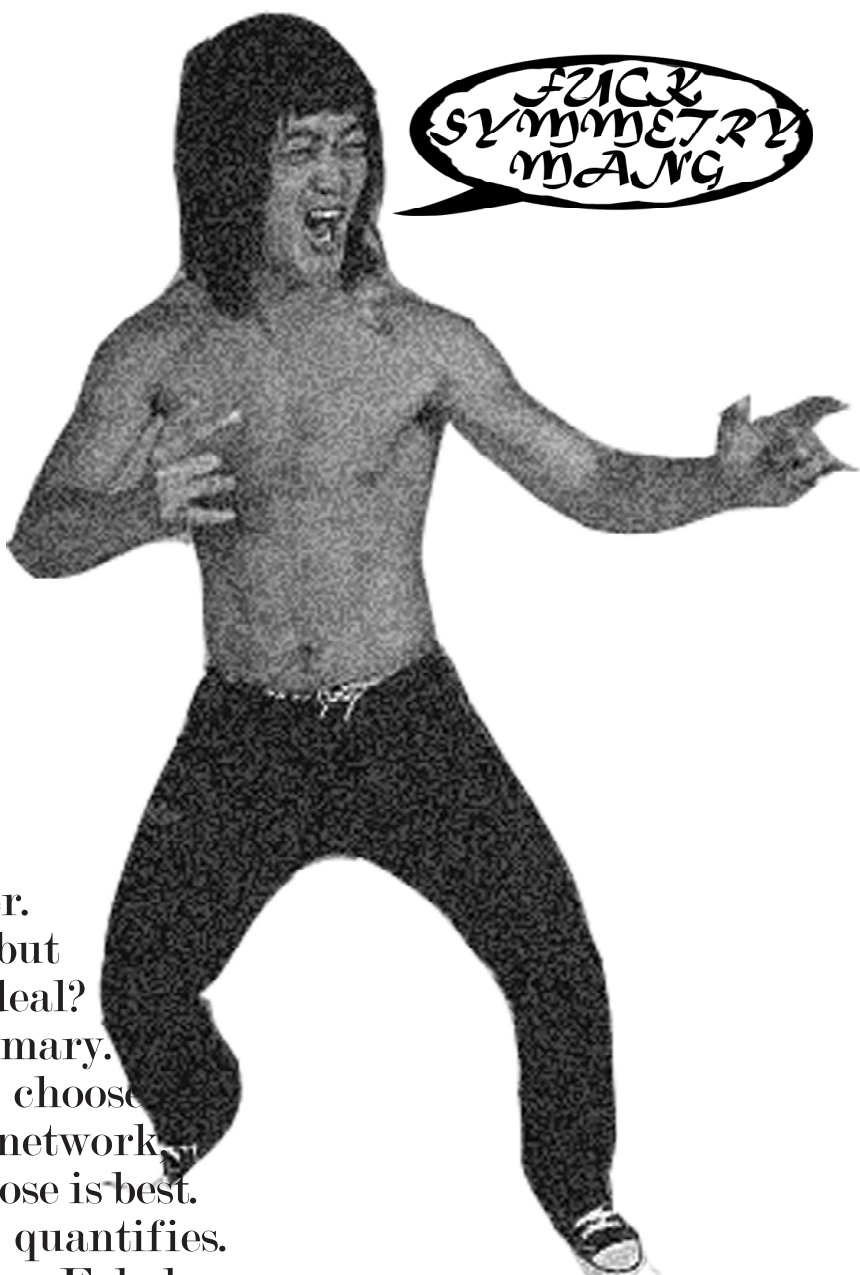
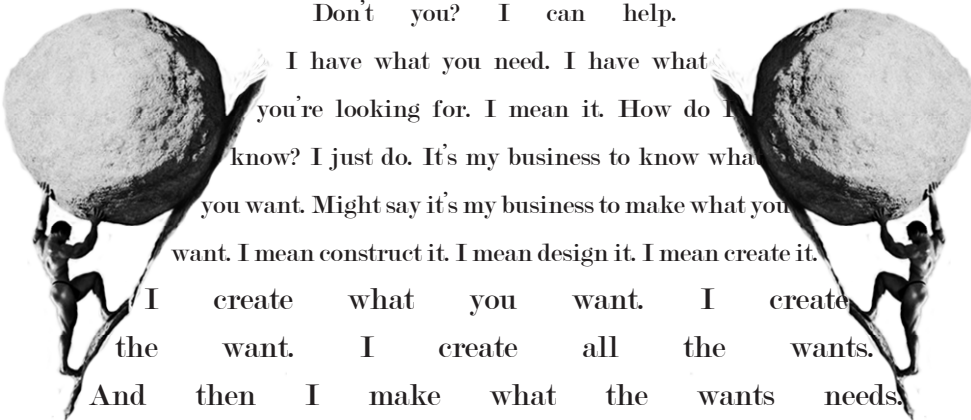
"None of your business."

"Like hell it ain't. Have you been languishing for young women?" But the son went, without another word.

"See what I put up with?"

"Fine, let curiosity be his tutor."

★ ★ ★ ★



COME ON MAN. ALL YA GOTTA DO IS BE-LIEVE!