

The Hallelujah Bullshit Process

Sleep...

Awake at 8am

...Shower stand wet and dead and feel nothing and the great bliss of nothing

sleep... wake at 1 pm (light and immediate)

A day off...

Space

to...

work to be done!

Face the clock by forgetting it.

Be in the space that allows you to forget the space.

how to work towards what needs to be said?

realize you have already said something important. Rediscover what that is. If not for the sake of others (those close to you) then for yourself. Do not be afraid of your own stupidity...smile release drool weep drool like a dog. dogs don't give a shit. they exist madly, happily, stupidly. give back like royal servants. live in the moments. rejoice with every communion as if it is your first and your last.

How long has it been? since you last expressed in such honesty. this will determine what comes next. if too long to remember, journal in the most private way. reach down to the inner depths. you are not open. time without reflection clams you, forgets you your world. you were a shadow lingering forgot by itself. floating on, disappearing without a trace, joining the traffic crawling along the lines of oblivion. Nothing! NOWHERE... did you enjoy it>? Then why have you come here?

Does it disturb you? Then be disturbed, and distribute... (let this not be about beauty but about honesty, connections, relief, therapy as therapy. no need for adornment, no such idea as cliche, but only ways in which to understand the truth) What is unique is how you will learn to play with your artform. the YOU simply, the angle at which you take from the blood of life, source of all creation. Find your window. You have not been under the sun before you today, you are no cherub or seraphim or devil creature. You are HUMAN...human walks, runs, sings, bleeds, dies, rejoices, weeps prays. The purgatory! your struggle will define you. embrace it and remember that all around you there is light, even in the darkest cavern you can change your lens.

Example #1:

Day to day I am bothered by a loss of friendship. feel an odd betrayal and realizing that the only grudge I have in all my years has been towards Stasia. And how she so much reminds me of Anastasia from Henry Miller's story—she is smart and meaningful at times, but more often than not impassioned with buddin, insecurity and displacement, lying elaborately for entertainment's sake, grudge has morphed memory into this sense of betrayal. Wonder has fed it. It grows behemoth unspoken of, unchecked it flourishes. a weed grown multiplied in an untended backyard. I haven't closed the door, it's black vines creep in through the screens, to the kitchen and the living room. No ceiling built up upon it the winds bring in unknown seeds. Tired of writing now. coffee nausea, distracted by internet tabs. the coffee shop opens up again, I know where I am. Elliot Bay Bookstore. friends, acquaintances, Seattle. Use everything, it's all busting out ain, ready to be you every moment you let slip by! Remember all the times you've been here and all the times you will be here working, reading, conversing, and al the people you've seen here from before and all the other places and other people that this and that all remind you of and string it all along with a ratty string, every woman man weaving their lines through and through. write through bullshit. talk unload like a dump machine after rounds, after hours. reach the clean slate of having vomited, shitted out the monotonous blather of intake, you feel so good, so clean, so bottomless. Find the grounded golden platform from which you stand, which all work money society adulthood grow up reality bullshit attempts to bury and sedate conform rebuke detest, forget it all continually, only know enough to separate. Only separate to join.

resist the ADD urge. Do not resist. Be. do not. Donut.

I am moody as the ocean and all the seas at once. if I am too free I sway and turn and say nothing altogether, yell and scream and smash together voices facing one another. direction ceases. Perhaps not a total waste of time. Will tumult bring the purge? You can always look back on the mess of diarrhetic (diary) explosion with sober eyes and ears, pick from it like a crow and build up your monolith...

"Write drunk edit sober. Emotion recollected in tranquility." -Wordsway

Example #2:

From a flat tempur pedic bed ridden with sex and lethargy. I set the stage for nothing. I enjoy myself, fall into sleep deep enough to not remember anything. to process something then bury it in snore. We fuck we smile momentarily. We grow closer, know each other physically, laugh and make farting jokes. It becomes a simple excuse for something else I can't render mentally. Happiness, perhaps. bliss without reason, simple and undeserving. Filling the time. Donut be too hard on yourself. life is already hard on you. give it a break, you know easy does it. we embrace all of our being without self-deceit. If born in sin and contempt then breathe easy. we are animals. we are gods. we are the link and ladder between