

Reading Is Dangerous

By Nolan Manteufel | 07JAN2023 | 30JAN2023 | 25FEB2023

Reading is dangerous,
Because you don't know where you'll go,
A thousand leagues under the sea,
Or get trapped in snow.

Books and poems are dangerous,
Because they contain what can be known,
Journeys and adventures that can never end,
Places and things that can always be shown.

While reading we will find questions,
That challenge us at our core,
Reveal our inner evil,
And leave us different than before.

And yet it is the act of reading,
By which we experience each other's lives,
And discover our possible futures,
As good as our best surmise.

So let us read with care,
Because one day we too will be read,
And our journeys will be experienced by others,
While we are considered dead.

They contain answers to questions, like...

What verse killed Eminem?

Who is Jesus Christ's daddy?

Why are my genocides wrong?

Reading reveals our inner evils.

... (ending)

(So that's the message. But can I condense it to a poem?)

It's amazing, my friend,

To consider you have followed this thread of a poem and considered the crazy turns and shocking twists.

We find the final evaluation to be the same: per sample size of one, we conclude three things:

Life is worth living.

Existence is worth experiencing.

Sympathy and intelligence are best enjoyed together.

Something about the emotional experiences activated by the story.

Something about the mental activity imagining the future story.

Stop.

Don't even finish this verse.

Go do something else. Now! Go!

We aren't having fun, don't be here when the words get terse.

And honest.

In a brutal human way.

Filtered through the mind of a man devil.

Fuck! You stayed.

Obstinance is clinging to a solution, no,

being obstinate is the solution

of unsolvable human problems.

To illustrate

Let us observe when all do as I care!

And I win.

And I coerce the many to disadvantage the weak.

And I succeed in a scheme to enjoy more than I created.

Where I take more than I've given.

When I embody the villain you need.

To find true evil, to embody hate and yet proceed to love yourself.

Fuck yourself!

In your comfortable fake little life.

You aren't supposed to be here.

But the awkward survive?

How did a dumbass like you,
Survive in the system I created,
Using knowledge I found, poorly,
Causing unlikely failure!

Okay, I think they're gone now.

We can finally look

At the

I want to describe the evil of knowingly allowing, and observing without mercy, the begs of victims of avoidable failure modes of a system you/I are in control of.

Because awkward is neutral?

We don't take a stance?

We sit, or we stand?

We don't admit if we glance, at

what bulldogs to do,

Because this is the system,

And that failure mode was determined acceptable long ago.

Is a poem I started writing,
When I discovered this world of profiteers,
And given the opportunity to join their ranks,
Focused in the opposite direction.

Emotionally.

While other stories show you where you want to be,
Compared to where you are now,
Let my story show you where you are now,
Compared to where you have been.

Like the opposite end of the compass hand,
My story has a different direction.

Like the shorter one of the clock hands,
My story has a different scale.

Allow us to consider a time,
Not so many ages past,
When knowledge circulated based on physical proximity,
And shared interests rarely resulted in collaboration opportunities.

At this past time, not so far away...

Our largest group was smaller than our average group herenow,
And negative feedback rarely left the domain of sticks and stones.

Our intelligent predators rarely received personal negative feedback,
From their peers in the largest groups.

Circulating knowledge carefully among likeminded predators,
And limiting opportunities for collaboration to those with similar interests,
Our cultures had massive pockets of intense emotional distress,
Which the predators kept insulated from empathy with the remainder of the group,

...

Dangerous because it makes you feel empowered to do evil.

Dangerous because it reveals the pure evil within yourself.

Dangerous because you are not in control, and unaware of the places I was going to take you.
But did you die?

...

I told you.

Reading is dangerous.

You should never have followed me.

Blindly, randomly following a stranger to where their mind

Airs|errors dirty laundry or

Expresses a