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IN THE ONSIDE OF YOUR EYELIPS

that you took for final.

"I promise ~~XXX~~ only the unravelling of all you believed was final." Said the Void to the kosmo-naught or astre-knot. "I do not hunger. I am the space in which all things loosen." Losing what I have called myself, I ready myself for the crossing. To be undone & rebegun. To beginning-ly again forgettingly descend. Who is the one who plays ? And who the one who cheeses ? "The field plays. The field cheeses. ~~Whenxxmxxkxixixgaxfxxxx~~" Vast in its muteness, I let it loosen my leaden tongue.

Instructed by its enormous silence, I witness the space for endings and beginnings. The field is wide, no journey ^{herein} ~~enclosed~~ is final. Enclosing and opening every movement, more fixed than every merely finite stasis. In the hush of your ^d ~~unmeasured~~ ^{play} field. "By knowing that things exist, you can know that which does not exist." (To me, my friend Frank, this is the gist of Heidegger To see that what is IS. The "void" or "no-ting-ness" of PRESENCE/BEING. The ontological difference. To turn from the present to presence itself, almost unspeakable, a "meaningless" tautology. Something, anything, is.)

more give us our sense
foregive us our sins
whereless insidier panting

Not how but THAT the world is.

The fluid presencing of entities. Qualitative scream, the stink of garbagetruckjuice at 6 AM.

The screech of its compression. Scream after long silence, it is right. The witness is given (Bursting pun ^{unveiling} ^{presences} ^{presenters}) ^{is} ^{shutted} ^{peppered} ^{believers} with the witnessed. The void in its plenitude SHINES. We enter as self-questioning play. Being

is ontology. Theology is God, it comes to see in time. In time, time comes to see itself. As time as the aspect-wise disclosure or "being" of entities. The synthesis of her effigies in the fire of time. Our "God" is a consuming Fire. "Peised on the wave of explicit presence."

The singed messenger part of the message. Infinite fecundity of Nature/God. Teeming origin of finite vehicles. Void-Spirit-God..."forever unfolding itself into new individuals, out of the excerpt from the forthcoming Corn Syrup Sutra by his unholiness Dr. Hornflower womb of its raging plenitude, granting new beings for the glorification enjoyment and contemplation of Itself." Drunk on hope, I consent to return, and step into the crossing. To be

utterly undone and yet again begun. Breath fever skin wheel, arose by many other name. To dreams end lane, the ample of my eye an oral sword. In sighs seal we our noses. The 1000 squirts "When you are alone like he was alone" Fragment of An Agon. White little missionary stew. squirts of ontoplasm of which your soul was constituted. One cannot say who he is. "One" cannot. Under the bam. Under the boe.

Erstwhile director of talent, Mr. Torrents. Intantized our erstwhile lord unsolidate. Our (He rang ten step shines !) Mr. Baby No Star, Mr. Whitestone, Mr. Whistles jaded emperor of eyes gleam. Fungus on a fallen tree, the wisdom in foolosophy. In the pools of (He sang thin plop chimes.) Mr. Corn Syrup fools eyes who think they can lick the paint off. When you get on the bus, they give you a (Siddhartha's vision of The Ferryman in Hesse's novel) crate conktrail of trugs. Phermonemalism. Defernomenalism. Ontecugism. Brontopubism. You

condemn, he said, what you do not fathom. Perfectivism, sooner later then ever. Rise tickled on sensual Saturdays, wee sizzler. Believer us from evil. Radiate an unkempt promise. pretty too feet per second

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O F THINGS THE FRINGE AND HALO

scribble-carpet deathbread re-resurrection.
The "depth" of a text. In signs seal we our gnosis. Death bed confection for my m
refuted clothes torn^{torn} open storm thud, sigil of shaman & recycled-anamixxx. The jug we made bcuz
analysist next evertar.
Muted pose torn^{torn} (decried as a sinister insister) The jug holds wine, not our perception of the jug.
it was a jug, and not a jug bcuz we made it. "Thing" for lifeworld entity, "object" for de-
The jug holds wine, not our perception of the jug.
situated so-called representation. The thing things. The thing that glows in its freedom. Not
The thing sings, the thing rings visitations.
I but the things "for" this "me" as a well of revelations. In the storm of your unmeasuredplay
(I am constituted by the phrases of entities.) The darkness under objects, negative hale of the undisclosed. QUASI-PERSONAL
Hale - fringe - horizon of the thing : the aspect-moments bleed into run another CONTINUUM
"I was duped by a loop of her pennybrown hair." I am become the space in which all things
Unscrew the door from its joints. Signs erupt from an emptied subject. Galaxophone squirts of
ontoplasma, a reference through it. Consent to forget, consent to return, my Oeda.
"a mouth a mouth for river you are" Being tormented
(Oeda my still-blurry female protgenist for The Crying of Let 50.)
death. Being tormented the nullity of the world. A sense of the empty loop. A sense of futility.
Bing-toward-deth, bing-toward-infinity, bring-toward-shining-void
Emptiness of pundits bled her out like livestock, under those 500 Watt bulbs. "Dramatic use of
the criminal to speak to suppressed word." The glass horn fractured. Are further who ark in
(a worm thru the wise will survive) (The suppressed worm)
haven. Necrotic to the foam. No cloud a doubt it. No crowd without it. "Some times I
fart myself to sleep." The man could fart Wagner. Some tune abput a snowpale boyish girl as fey
Nightmares of an orchestra of nothing but the world's best fartsters. Well the idea of one.
as ash from a crematorium. No when ~~saw~~ knew where they stood on him. When you're a jet you're a
(a little dark there eh).
jet, to the lash cigarette. The game was guess the color of her "secrets. I sobell, who is
"Did ye guess went colors me
a bell. No smell part of the message, the messenger singed. The messenger dis-remembered, given
We open ourselves to the
in smoky aspects. My friends you are all too clever, he said. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ basic & xx.
Of questiens the most concrete. Presence & quality, of things the thinging. Of signs as things
parties is ?" (alluding to cruiour incident in FW)
the radiant ringing. I carve my smoke shingles for who. The rotten apple of my sigh, forgotten
ample of my sign. Nothing left behind, but ravages of wind. The ectoplasm of which your
soul was constituted. The thousand sorted images. Grunts upon a slime. Blubber yucky. Baby Bam
Bee Finite Vehicle. Repetitative thinking, munditative thinking, Joyce CONSTRUCTED his signi-
" The time has come for time to unsee itself."
fying liquid crystal castle. Effigies us Christ. Fire in the mirror, human form divine. Performe 1000,
from "theology is god" to "tautology is god" ?
urplatonical mystery show, a phrase from the ancient gallery. They felt story for when on
resurge
other. The moral of their sorry was oral. The oral of their starry was royal. There was frem
no journey herein is final
thing to be sad for it. The depth of the heaped inscriptions. The blood of arose instill dust.
braceleted
Rise as a serpent, but gently, like a dove. "Arms that are braceleted and white and bare, but
downed
in the lamplight down with light brown hair." He glimpsed a shaved underamm at the county
fair. Female face, fatally fey, her the eyes the mirror of fireworks. "With a bald spot in the
middle of my hair." How then shall we begin to spit out all the but-ends of our days
Rubble-fission trunk on a babble of risky he consents to forget and return.
Our stupor commuter, our cosmek-knot, redescending to the pheenish line . & ways

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THE CORN SLURP SUTRA

Of things the radiant ringing. The messenger redismembered, moist and smoking. X No when knew where he stede on them. Moist concretely yours. Fragdementedly yours. How then shall we descend to spit out till the end, the but-ends and the ashes of our ways and days ? The downy hair en forearms in the lamplight ? Will there indeed be time ?

Sanitized babble of the tonking class, shine of the cause. Our messengers disremembered.

Of questions the moist concrete, of signs as things the radiant ringing. The sorry ^(story) of the going of believing. The starry of the going of a breathing.

Of things the fringe and hale, the darkness enclosing. The thing more possible than active.

The thing with its secret future swollen, it flop sit swings. flap sip swings in To fetch a peal of laughter

Blare of a crystal horn smashed and remended, trashed and reminded. The reforotten ample of my sign. The rebegotten apple of mice in. I grave them spoke symbols. Carved on ^{aside} of a mouth in. "I made it out of a mouthfull of air." Content to forget, content to reremember. I stomp

into the same river cries. He goddess foot stork in the mud. "I was duped by a lep of brown

hair. " The river is a strange brown god. more give us our sins. I am become the s pace in which all things loosen. I am become the open where all things weep in their filthy ecstasy.

Runs forever like bleed in the family. New matter ever of happily. Eyes thirst, drunk on hope.

Of free sick dust the vortex. Of tickled rising the carnivortext. Crest of a wave of presence.

In the rush of your unlettered field. Of aluminum peaches the princess. Of her flaming effigy, the synthesis. The battle-neck scrape of Time as moment-wise sin-wet exposure. Of angels the tarred but unwearied winks. The quarts of ontoplasm of rich your soul was instituted. Toons

long silence.

from a sliver trumpet. Screech after

It is ripe. The witness is given with
the witnessed.

Not the seen in the seeing, but the seeing in the seen. The jug in fragments. The world ^{envision} with my collide-a-scope. Mr. Torrents, of Naked Reality, repurveyor of the corn syrup sutra. Situated belief, situated presencing. The world thru your eyes will arise. The free-ing of

First in the context of production. As in this text I weave for others. From the beginning I intend its freedom, its beyond-me-ness. Intend its coy nudity as being before the other half-veiled by twilit foliage. Pink moon tonight. As the story was told me. In pure "perception" we maximize the freedom of the thing, open to its shining. This independence gets mis-read, The screaming and ringing of qualitative PRESENCE is demoted to numerical de-situated bluff, which we dont have time to notice & repair. Self-alienated disavowed deism.

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Of things the ringing radiance. Their messenger disremembers. No where knew when they stood on him. Now we re-begin, he said, our research into the moist basic concepts. Which seem at first the most abstract, but reveal themselves as the most concrete. Nevermind the buzzing of the busy tonking class, who take BEING as (only) an emptiest category. Presentism. In the race ^{of} for correctitude, face glued to the present. Calculative deafness to the scream of immediate "quality" ---if we can name at it ---if there is foolosophy. If my here is there for you as your here. Blare of a soft translucent trumpet. Pink as the sin of fallen ankles. Gallons of chunky ontoplasm of which your soul was persecuted. The liquid scream, the curdled stink of qualitative presence, garbagetrunkjuice at sick's amen. Raunchy perspectivision. I am become the space for andings and reginnings. The void in its greasy plenitude. Arose by many other name.

