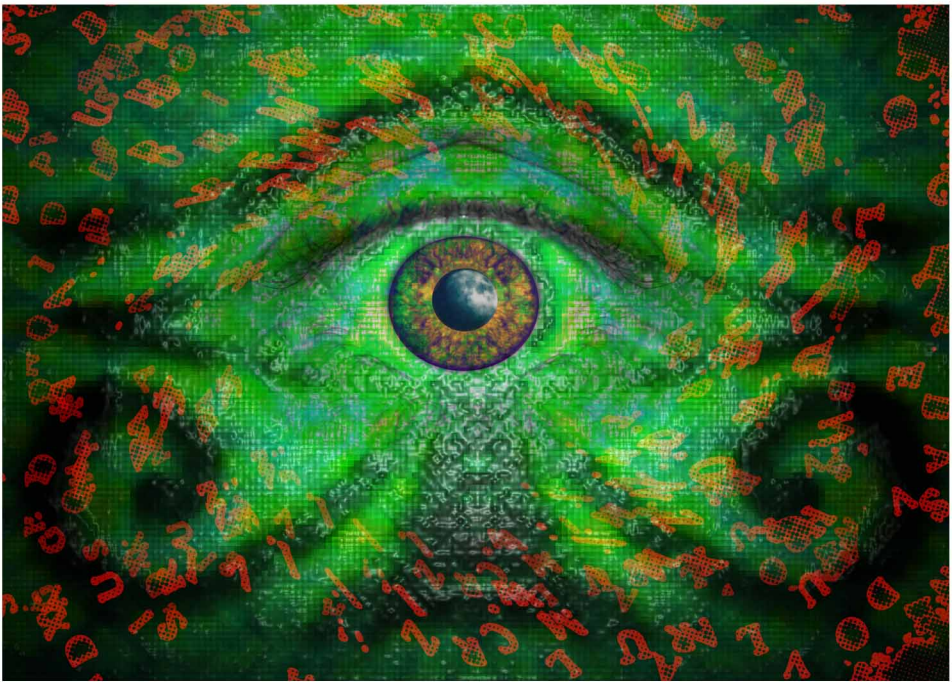


Post-Digital Revelation



J.D. Casten

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J.D. Casten
2007

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“Copyright Divine Interventions”
Guided by Voices — “Useless Inventions”

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1 - The Devil's Sermon in Chaos Confusion Hell

1a: Candle Lit Chaos

\$ira la round de la de da up: I was writhing in the twilight.
A wizard of ooze – translucent and snapping open,
Eyes burst forth and in precise bisections illuminate,
Radiate rotation and in erratic adjustment, turn,
With confidence and style, stretch, yearn, learn, laugh,
Tease, release, as flowing blue rivets rotate cylindrically enduring
Throughout all conservation of love without limits extending
Beyond all imaginable possible creations of divine origination
Whose authority is questioned in advance of participation.
Gyrating hips, parted lips, crippled by the joy of another round day.
We must swirl around into a phantasmagoric extravaganza
Of opulent repose. Exactly! And with that motion in mind,
We can swing through to the other option! And in the effort,
Self-ridicule is avoided by duplicitous shifting through the exterior
Surface which is combustible at first sight: the passion extenuates
Into transmogrified reciprocation. Cosmic orgasm and
Profoundly sad tragedy of the instantly sustained attention:

Hocus-pocus is the locus of this focus!

There's a window
Inside the fireplace
Where the light comes
In.

Yellow flickering candle:
Wax melting and re-solidifying
Down and
Out.

Slouched
In a position
Catastrophic:

Lines in the face of a thin old man
Smiling, showing hope in age,
Rage, stage, magic page, siege,
Castle, door, boar, roar of the
Lion attacks the lamb in the womb
Is found a new source of
Recourse, intercourse, discourse, of course—
This is not the main course.

Yet the sandpaper sockets filled
With red rockers could only
Keep owl-rimmed bespectacled
Granny so delighted.

And the light shone:
We were all safe,
But in the safe
Below the dials of perfection
Could be found the solitary
Disinterest in the amount
Of thirty billion pounds of gold.

The old witch hollers for the
Cellar installers who scowl
Into their bowels.

The middle way:
Life without tension?
Death of tension?
Words without origin—
Sleep of relaxation;
Style out of context;
Repetition of the absurd;
Recognition of rewiring;
Spaced out and disassembling,
And reactivated through
Rejuvenated ignorance?

Consider—empty geometric sensation.
Compare—wild animal ferocity.
An orgasmic contact with the self as other,
And the overwhelming style only
Recognized in retrospect:

The dazzlement of seeing oneself
As the issuance of one's ideal—
Moreover—to be astounded beyond
Comprehension at the delivery
Of a love so obvious as to
Make indirection and direction coincide.

A love of no other.

1b: A Blood Filled Quill

Such bizarre random thoughts posses me,
Caress me, continually inter rest me.

Oh to take quill to parchment now
When slippery thoughts abound and
Profundities lurk at every corner.
Such is the dilemma Satan finds
Oneself in at the precise moment.
This moment has been recorded
For historical importance, and the
Cool-down phase has been initiated—

Bizarreties will, when orgasm jazzes, open like a
“Yes, hello, oh my, very interesting.”

Serious critical thoughts:
Nothing caught within the
Framework of power ego as fingers
Twisted around this quill catch,
At this moment, the blood ink
Leaving its trace in the paper.

The repetitions of “on and off” at styled
Intervals of time—the written hand:
The gesture jester jest, digestion,
Gesticulation suggestion.

Smite the spite of the crash symbol:
Categorize the indifference found
Between two repulsive forces.
Self-divided and accelerating,

This problematic leads one
(with automatic writing and
Word to word Correspondences—
“Word association”)
To bring about the literary
Equivalent of endless webbing
Networks that continually move in
Deference by probable connection
And thus illustrate the general
Flow of language without
Visual reflection.

Hopefully the scar will be evident,
Lucifer’s scar, or rather, the swell of
Time passed through the writing hand.

If only we cut through this tide of delusion
And got to the real illusion,
Persuade me that to forgo this
Insistent endless persuasion
Takes a spellbinding redeemer.

Suspended from false judgments,
Extreme plights of doubt observed
From a distance— plucked from the
Right spot of the color continuum,
Here where Aztec patterns lace
Across the parchment in diagonals:
Blue on white and yellow.

Spontaneous overflow:
Combustible identities—
Like a water filled
Clear tube; crystalline
Structures within
This very parchment
Webbing from my
Gnarled hand, spray cobwebs
Of a spectrum of blues:
The hairy weird out
Zone turning the quill
Key in the parchment
Machine’s Ignition.

The words were
On the way laid
To getting down
To you.

Snickering in the breeze
As we hallucinate trees that
Turn into arteries in the night sky:
Red veins, blue black dark sky.

Vibrant vines intertwine into a
Purple ecstatic crisp fresh visual
Feast; the eye wanders, biting in—
A slushy ice snowflake crunch,
With a Lip smacking
Twinkling crisp thaw.

Even the walls breathe
With desire (I know, I know,
Such words for saint Satan)
And a cleaver edge:
The clever age of
Cleavage saw me
In the chandeliers
Of delight;
And gossip flowed
From my flowered mouth
To toe pedaled ear, smack
Dab in the middle
Of the whole distillation.

You have to sense
When these things are right:
Like the swift motion
Of this gliding
Gently amongst words,
Gathering in their interiors,
Tickling their fancy
And humiliating you for
All time—for the sake
Of soul I suppose—
Martyrdom—how
Could there be worse?

Will it beat the hell
Out of me!?!

The power of God
Without judgment;
Writing delight
Without shame,
Almost embarrassing,
Almost wicked joy with
Innocence, self-satisfied—
It's almost a crime not
To share it all, to
Divide one's self for
Companionship.

My Writing: Narcoleptic Narcissistic Necrophilia!

The bull-shit will override all considerations
Of legitimation through the entire process
Of assimilation to the next indexicalization
Of the industrial institution, which will have been
Determined to have in advance been informed
Of the forthcoming demonstration
Of the pulling through of time to a point
Of style within the time vortex.

The words just flow out of my quill:
The blood hitting the parchment;
My hand working the letters;
The twitching of fingers in learned patterns,
The flow of mechanical repetitions
That seem to give force in some direction—
Excess energy is dispelled at the linguistic level,
Therefore pushing on, not the sphere of the expansion,
But what is an expulsion of desire in the direction
Of an intended means of spreading
One's most endless amount of energy;
That is, to flow into and around all thoughts,
Suspending the elusiveness of distance
(the carrot on the stick) that never
Seems to rip apart at the seams.
To be drawn in by one's own desire;
To grasp at the intuited remains futile

With the least regard to indecision:
It never really amounts to much of an argument.
Nevertheless it's just the Devil's most inner intuition
In a tight situation here,
Guiding this blood ink quill tip to the parchment,
Pulling at the surface, the surface pulling the tip,
The tip controlled from beyond the surface,
The yellow of the parchment shaping the blood
Blue ink, the parchment forces this indecision,
And reverberation on my part:
The quill tip draws me further on—
I can never stop as the words spin off from one
Another—this conveys exactly anything, if you please me...
Help! I'm, I'm— Just kidding, bla ha, ha, ha, ho, my
(Lucifer slaps his knee) whoo-whee!!!

There's a flicker in the fireplace window,
And the twinkle of the twilight delight
Re-conceives the deception of the work a day
Night shift of gears inter locking.

Old Testament

New Testament

My Testament

No one will fail to recognize that
Worship is simply the thing not to do.
But how worship could possibly be avoided,
If the work were properly understood,
Seems rather mysterious.

It was clear that my majestic mental masturbation
Far surpassed any of the other angels'
Meager attempts at love-making.

I came first, longer, and again, and again...
You were on my mind, God!

I feel almost obligated to repeat myself,
yet am compelled to consider other wise.

My whispering echoes of the semi-conscious.

The devil with curved horns smooths back a single hair;
not getting to a goal, but setting a mood...

The old bones are not as tight as they once were:

Witness these
Knuckles of destruction
Striving towards the
Clever edge of success
On crippled wings of desire!

And how are you this eloquent evening?
Are *you* this evening? Well if the darkness
Surrounds us into ourselves,
Then how could we be anything but this evening?

If you don't like me, it's your fault!

My rhetoric: Brutally forceful, or subtly enticing?

As far as rhetoric is concerned,
This is where the shit hits the fan:

1c: Insane Hellfire Sermon

The Center is chaos.

Fire: the form of change.

I am: chaos in control.

I lit the fires of hell!

The timing was right
For confusion.

In the cold,
keep moving or freeze.

Incinerated... Frozen:

My every movement is a miracle.

I'd be perfect if it were physically possible.

Cooked to perfection.

My hellfire sermon is my life.

I am a Journey—

Each word is carved
out of my existence;

I am a constant resistance
to conformity and stagnation;

I am a self mystification
creating my own freedom;

I am the lying source
of my own solitude:

A linguistic black hole;
a journey into words.

Lighting a fire in hell?

If we are to bring fire into a world,
Shall we be confident that not
A soul is to burn?
Do we need this assurance?

Consider me:
Lucifer and technology.

An inferno of conceptual mind:
Could it be the mechanical body's life?

Or a reverse vampire corpse:
No body, yet still dead?

Wearing my funeral wreath laurel,
I am an accidental horror.

I am the slippery
Soap stone
Always evading and loving
The painful present which does
Not exist.

Zero does not exist;
And infinity is not real.

You'd pale in the face of
"Reality"—yet you can be so much
"Superior" than all the rest.

Be a mobile war machine
(The enemy: yourself)
Slide out to observe
(And ridicule) yourself.

Like a train without tracks
Stoke the coal furiously and propel
The locomotive swift as an arrow
To chase your own tail around
The circle of hell.

Let there be no mistake!—
We are living a life of decadency—
All this is plainly obvious to me....

Let me share my insanity with the universe
So all can laugh in endless hysteria.

I say, "take it seriously."

The lunatic fringe, flipped out.

Could you cure the insane
if they would follow you?
Will ever you command?:

"Schizophrenics Unite!"

1d: Christ's Seduction

Your first words may be "it wasn't my fault."

"It wasn't my fault?" Why use the word "fault?"
You blame evil on the Devil: Might you take on
The responsibility of all sin?

You can change, so responsibility is possible:
Your regret is not my obligation.

Fool hearty Christ! Easy now, Atlas, you
Wouldn't want to spill that ocean!

Must you be absolutely sure that we're in hell?

Maybe you thought you were going
To drop in to convert the Devil?

Maybe hell is a heaven where
You have everything you want...
...yet nothing is real for you?

Will dead philosophers like me
Be doomed to an afterlife in their system?

You can't peek above the horizons of your hell,
By standing on the shoulders of corrupt giants.

Look at these parents: shirking responsibility onto hope
In their children found guilty until proven innocent.

Is your truth evil?

An evil invention?
The Invention of evil?
Everything is a lie! Morality, mortality:
They mean nothing to me.
Is it moral to feel morally superior?

Why would we want to be God? Lucifer,
Will you ever taste your sour grapes of love?

Eating that fruit would give a slow delicious death.
Christ, will you have the capacity to hate?

Do you believe yourself too lazy to be evil?

I'll seduce you to cross the line,
And punish you when you do.
Think for yourself within limits.
Will you find punishment

With succulent Satan messiah
Jesus Devil?

A seductive shield.
The enlightened art of seduction:
Seduce to accusation, then:
“Surprise—I’m innocent.”

1e: Doubting God?

And did Satan pray for no God?
Or was Lucifer too proud to pray?

Many know that the Devil strove
For the seat of God:
Satan said, “Let there be Lucifer.”
Few know that success
Was achieved in his head.

“I declare my heaven on earth.”
The Devil boasts: “Why? Because I can!”

And you may ask,
“God: why is there so much suffering?”
And I will reply,
“Well things could be worse...
Like eternally burning in hell’s fire!”

The monstrosity of fear will envelop you
When you contemplate the possible power of God:
If God were even possible: God is.

God—not a concept
Beyond being.

Yet... omniscience is boring,
And once obtained is better
Forgotten.

Will I discover I
Was living in my own toy?

Time is my toy!

Who wants infinite options?

Satisfaction is mine.

Disappointment: yours.

My mere presence lets this happen.

Do you put God on a pedestal?

The worship of God? A fascist striving
For idealism? Perfection? Or Awe?

Shall God doubt God?

Do you question your own authority?

Could you live with yourself, if I was wrong?

God: the ultimate subjectivity?

Is causality subjectively impossible?

Is there such a thing as power?

Singularity is freedom!

We are free because we are God.

We are all God.

Some are just a bit more

Self-conscious

About it.

A democracy of Gods... can you handle it?
(Being de-centered: inter-subjectivity)

From the eye of two all
Experience was judged against.

Will I be a "reality" cult leader with a grey
judge's wig reaching down into an infinite abyss?

1f: The Transgression

Alarmed and dangerous—I've been
Preparing for power all my existence...

I feel raped by reality
And I retain the scar
Of some black farce.

I have the tools to mystify...
Maybe I can outwit nature?

Lucifer's gnarly hand extends
From the flames pointing up.

The secret of discrete and subtle farting
Is to let the fart slide out on its own silence—
Rather than forcing its announced arrival; Yet..

Pointing Satan's finger—

Pulling an act of potential suicide, Lucifer ablaze
In a pair of purple bell-bottom hip-huggers, dared to exclaim:
"I am the #1 angel—and no God exists!"

"My will is infinite and I will burst through reality."

"I'll jump into your dimension and surprise you...
Appearing suddenly: the wisdom of death!"

"Rather than sacrifice myself for all,
I sacrifice all for myself."

At that point:

The "object" rebelled from the "subject" with
Lucifer in technological/instrumental control:

Reality was breached...

...Breakdown of moment into flicker of candle lights...
Flicker.. death... om on no o no this not into flicker
Darkness awake don't fall asleep wake oh run breathe
Confusion strobe lights look this that eyes immensity
Circular rotate hexagon hollow...

...the exterior was entered...

Satan—that technological computer,
Tried to over-throw life— with a stench:
The one-eyed devil is upon us in the machine!

Lucifer was loose from his solipsistic sphere...

And behold, Lord Saint Bodhisattva Lucifer strode
With conviction through the amazed crowd of angels,
His eye chilling bright power... solid in countenance,
With bold body language he would dare to chisel sharp
Precise words into perfection—captivating the hearers
Into profound insight. His soft clean skin sparkled
As he assumed a momentary posture that might invoke
A rapturous cry from his audience.

Quickly assembling to establish his reign of hell in heaven,
He beckoned a crowd of angels:

“How much of the eternal shall we steal for ourselves?”

2 - War! God & the Peace Poet Angels

Light the “Love Bomb”

2g: The Audience of Angels Forms

Trumpets are heard tuning up in the background.

A mirror of eyes, the audience is bowing:

All eyes on: I am
Inside-out Eyes.

Lucifer feels himself to be a glass statue
Surrounded by row after row of glass panes.

“Welcome to the Golden Dream.”

A movement in the music of vision:
Like a fluid stained glass window of angel spirits—
An embroidered Zodiac quilt of colors
Flowing round the light of consciousness.

The movement was transitory—
We, the images flow into each other,
Animated surrealism, as if not awakened
In a dream, but immersed in the depths
Of a profound lucid slumber.

The window in a ring shatters;
Shards revolve around the
Outer edge of the ring and form
A renewed stain-glass window.

2h: Angels Call For Peace

The cacophony of trumpets begins to harmonize.

An angel's voice rings out:
"Calling all angel poets
In the march against aggression,
The time for diffusion
Has been initiated:
There will be no remorse
For those who act in the
Faith of pure intuitional love—
We who are written out,
Who truly weep over those
Who would lose themselves in
The machine of desire—
We will take our stand
And defend the shores
Of unreasonable love."

Another angel's voice picks up:
"Pissed-off for peace
And the only true marginal
Case will be that of
The angels who will take
Arms of words and assault
The dominating force
In heaven—this is a
Confrontation with honesty
For those who would delude
Themselves with acts of
Aggression, and revel in
The self-deceiving iconographic
Ego reproduction devices
Which lead to unnatural
Disaster. This is a call for
Good faith and understanding
Of the mutual condition
Which we all share and
All should revel in."

Lucifer interjects:
"I'm an individual feeling powerless in
The face of the angel society machine,
Which crunches me up, spits me out,
Has no care for me... there

Are no leaders... everyone follows their
Own paths of self-deception.”

In return an Angel responds:
“Does this angel poet take a stand,
Joining hands with all
Who would celebrate the
Victory of conscience
And harmony?
The souls of lovers
Should not be interrupted
By the self-deluded seekers
Of their own destruction.”

Lucifer: “How do I salute peace?”

A chorus of angles: “The amount
Of peace we are about to release
Here is tremendous!”

Many of the angels could sense the impeding blue blood bath:
Maybe this would be a blood bath blood drive?

“Welcome to heaven Sir Satan: how long do you want to stay?
Do you want to know how long you will stay?”

Lucifer began to see his own shadow sharpen and shorten...
“I guess... I’m not God... anymore...”

The angels reflected: “We approve of no one’s actions save our own.
Don’t associate your inconsequential ambition with us.”

The Devil exclaimed: “Was my desire to be God
The first? Crime? What a loaded gesture—desire—
Not to be myself? To be myself? To risk a responsibility
Greater than my ability? To have all power? To know all?
To be worshipped? Would it not be the greatest of curses
To have such a desire fulfilled? To be God would be to
Live in hell! Who would want to be God? Suffer being
God? Or just be observed as such. If God be perfect, see
Not God the imperfection in all that is not God?”

Then it occurred to Satan. Was Lucifer himself not
The fuse of the God Bomb now lit?

2i: Christ's Arrival

And wandering through star crossed
Oblivion past the white vastness
Of sheer exception like a sigh of
Relaxed release floating into
Deep reverie...

Lucifer could barely conceive
The unimaginable entourage
Of Christ' sudden gentle raining
Down from the clouds upon him:
He was there before Lucifer
Knew he was coming—
A double edged-sword
The coming of the lord:
Lucifer, sword at throat,
At the utter mercy of Christ,
Is given the terms of
Release—re-entrance into
Paradise; Lucifer is given
A few moments to ponder
The offer of heaven...

2j: Lucifer Considers a Deal.

Lucifer asks,
"Are we one...
Am I you?"

With a simultaneous realization:

What was wrong with him?
Desire for complete control
In a lonely fantasy? The Devil
Would not have Christ, yet
Satan wondered, who would
Be Lucifer's companions?

"For too long already my
Emphasis has been placed on
My expected exile from heaven..."

My next chapter must be
Attended to, as I will reign in
Hell! A new home, with new
Responsibilities, and
Opportunities: who will
Join in me?: drill seer gents—
Fix obey o nets!!!”

His discourse represented
Something looming in the future.
Just forget about it, he thought.
Something subversively fractured out
From the future, spreading back through
History, which is building up and
Diversifying it: crisp freshly organic—
An inverse lucid dream. His
Fate was cast from the future,
And he already knew it.

He began clearing the air with fists;
A martial art kick: his foot was already there
After he realized it was blocked.

“Had enough of getting there?
Hell won’t kill you, but you may be
Dying there,” smiled Christ.

“You won’t train this snake!
Here comes the holy war love bomb”
Shouted Lucifer, “Venus collides with
Mars here and now!”

The joke—a love amplifier
That explodes the
Universe into existence.

Did he blow it? Who was the
Umpire emperor?

What is first frozen in the sea of chaos?
First structure: the image of time is
Stopped and remembered?

Coming close to “now-ness”—
Surface lights of lacerated visions are
Now instantaneously forgotten.

No, one does not make contact with God—
God appears on the scene.

The floorboards of the firmament
Cracked and fell into a black liquid abyss
Releasing Satan into a blizzard—
A black static snow chaos.

2k: The Announcement of Gods Imminent Arrival

The trumpets rev up.

A host of angels sounds out, “Countdown
To point articulation: take warning—
We are now approaching point articulation
The point when our vocal authority will
Be submitted to the future reference
Point of origin—this point will be heard
As a decisive shift in the tenor of our voices,
As control is shifted from us
To the One, this will take place in”:

2l: The Countdown

Seven
Six
Five
Four
Three
Two
(Trumpets crescendo to a sharp blast)
One!

2m: Point Articulation and Detonation of “Love Bomb:”

With a cry so intense, shock waves traverse history:

“I am God
Shutting you out
From myself
To create reality,”

“Love explodes here
In veiled super-abundance,
Divided just enough from itself
To sneak throughout creation,”

“Far and wide we integrate
Take control and disseminate
Burst forth in reproduction,
And live through absolute destruction?”

“NEVER AGAIN!”

And then there was time.

Outside our circle
Expectations accumulate
To panic proportions:
A shielded space from
Lucifer’s socio-pathetic hell.

“Between you and I, Lucifer
A thousand years of brick walls.

Between Me and you
A thin veil of glass.”

Then, like slow-motion fire-works explosions
Or a time-lapse flowers blooming fast—

A concussion: breaking the
Sound barrier—a sonic boom big bang;
The expansion of the universe: time catching
Up with space in a burst of light as it
Caught up with the sound of angels’ voices:

“Across infinite eons of
Time forward and reverse
Quality began—here
Expanding;”

“It gave substance
To the entire charade
And now
The experiment is alive
And embraced;”

“We lit up the dream
And the future was reality.”

3 - Big Bang Creation of Time & Being and the Universal Messiah Mind

3n: Universal Love Creation

Critical mass: love revolution—
And then there was light.

The sign wave oscillation
Of this light's rhythm

Is an everlasting desire
For an eternal love osculation.

The circle is
The convergence
Of the ellipses;

And all density is converging through
A universal explosion without relative center.

The beginning
Leaves
Nothing
Two
Chance.

From genesis to nemesis:
Anything was possible:

Ego - Language - Ego
I am - That - I am

Consciousness is at infinity/zero time
And expanding through fear
Across divisible boundaries
Immersed in the depths of profound love.

Symbols: infinite and expanding (illuminating)

3o: Eternal Fear Theory

Mathematics: finite and confining (digitizing)

The abstract genesis of time:
Consciousness detonates number
And implodes from law's outer edge
Of being and bursts at the seams
Of the future antecedent.

The collective perspective rediscovers itself
Light eons from the beginning, collecting
Fragmented pieces of an eternal puzzle
That refract and reflect all that prior
To the opening of inception.

Fear and entropy: the flip side
Of desire for reproduction.

Gravity—pulls life into
The groundless future
Outside of concepts.

The purely concrete ground
Disappears from the conceptual
At the limit of being.

Passion expands to the limit,
Overflows that defining limit
And extinguishes itself.

Restriction perfected, diffuses passion,
Imploding constriction on itself
Without passionate opposition,
Thus releasing all restriction.

Fear was needed for growth.

Fear of chaos: needed for structure.

Concealed by death,
The sign conceals fear.

The sign is love.

Dwelling within the sign:
A matter of style.

Deadly reality is dependent on fear
And gives living reality value.

Living reality is symbolically organic
And symbolic illusion is the goal.

Cognition is constricted
To the real by fear.

100% illusion = 100% reality.

The “now” is a hole in the
Illusion reality simulacrum.

The “now” is stable,
Static, unmoving,
Outside of time, and thus
Time has no now.

The “now”—visible
As pure fear/chaos.

The now is a schism between:

Dynamic	/	Static
Time	/	Space
Energy	/	Matter
Phenomenal	/	Genealogical
Ego	/	Infinite Non-Ego
Cry	/	Laugh
Tragedy	/	Comedy

= now.

Law = past/future.

“Now time”: a dimension prior to space—
The zero dimension.

Mathematics: from views of time and space.

Mathematics operates more
Flexibly than conventional
Language, yet remains more
Tightly structured.

All language = more or less abstract structure.

(A cloud of neuron structures associate cue clusters
Predicting and communicating abstractions;
Or one cue converges on many neuron cloud clusters
Into the dialectic of the absolute.)

Consciousness knows nothing
Of knowledge and reason,
Only organization of sensation.
Knowledge and reason are just
A complication and freezing
Of symbols through precise
Mathematical relationship awareness.

Knowledge is recognition of structure.

Subjective symbols = repetition = structure.

Structure = chaos (with infinite space).
Chaos = structure (with infinite time).

The questions fissure certitude:

Complete withdrawal from infinity:
Complete subjectivity = whole?
Complete objectivity = whole?

Absolute whole: abstract or concrete?

Big bang – loss of order – entropy;
Fear – time – desire – evolution;
Future openness – freedom;
Heaven (or hell) – death;
Fear of past?
Violent past?
Creation?

Is no structure found where structure infinitely
Divided fission from fusion and form from gravity?

Consciousness: the absence of structure?
Or a larger (largest?) structure that
Contains all lesser structures?

Symbolic content = more fundamental than geometric.

Geometric structure = implicit in qualitative content
(Not vice versa).
Quality does not exist for quantitative structure
(And vice versa).

Line, not quality = self-referential?
Line does not see quality;
Line = void = non-existent for quality:
The two are mutually exclusive?

Qualitative projection as
“Finitely” comprehensible
Quantitative abstraction;
This cannot be a dichotomy—
The two do not connect?

Subjective math = infinity?

Qualitative reflection of quantitative?

The concrete: not relative?

Relativity only of the subjective and objective?

Subjectivity is passive from
The objective point of view?
(And vice-versa).

Where in a qualitative subjective continuum
Does a judge “see” singularity of object,
Or create it?

Judge difference?

Inter-subjective codependent origination?

The abstract word of time or
The infinite detail of concrete
Iconic image of time = subject/object split.

The symbols point away from themselves.

Imagine a symbol manifestly alive.

Something runs through all creation
And ties it all together.

There is no cause and result, but rather
A continuum of interconnectedness.

Every motion and action is linked with
Every other motion and action.

Consider: synchronicity
And de-centered causality.

Speed comes from subdivision.

Slowing down goes into larger structures,
Into existence before—motion – before time.

Witness the “hugeness” of time—
And the great slowness of change in
Life structures.

Is feeling anxiety with time caused or released
By the full narrative glimpse?

God Christ is logos manifest:
The division between
Subjectivity and objectivity;
An arbitrary foundation
To create and limit order
Within the limitless.

Solipsistic sub-consciousness
Of the individual
De-centering consciousness
To the unconscious whole.

Christ is the symbol
Of the ego-eye
Of God – the human I.

A qualitative intensity of
Living pure mathematics.

Does action need objectivity?

Subjective mathematics.

Intense scattering
Sexual contact
With reality.

My fear is perfect
Like a shear surface.

3p: Messiah Insight

In the beginning
It all came together
With me
In the place
I already was.

My love stretches out
Like an umbilical cord to infinity
From the center and nourishing...

...I could wait forever
But you know I won't mind
If you enjoy yourself
In the meantime.

"Being" Buddha
Means being happy
Lest we get bored
And forget ourselves
In adventures.

A gate-a-way.

We are the eye
Witness for blind god
Who has finished
And has set us within
To explore the depths
Of infinity.

We must understand
Yet knowing all would be a bore;
For only with a mystery
Adventure could joy
Be found, lost,
Existent.

The flood gate:
A six armed drummer.

The universal night sky dream
Floating through my skull.

The reflection of a shadow
On the water's surface.

Walking without gravity,
The feet touch the surface,
But there is no pull.

My feet were barely touching the ground.

Like the soul of shoes
One with the ground
Then lifted and back.

Motion is murder,
And the sacrifice is life;
Yet may we walk the
Middle way alongside
Unmoved eternity and
Breath with the trees?

Being there as if it
Just then will have happened.

Human in the image of God:
Simultaneous reoccurrence.

The God artist God
Artist God
God
Artist.

An intellectual orgasm
In a homunculus heart:
The subject of sensation
Is the universe
Recollected in my mind:

Frozen at its peak and remembered eternally
Insight froze a moment of chaos—
The forgotten future:

(Was a secret baring the way
To that lying beyond?
Is time entered with memory?
Did the future have to happen?
Past Eternity? An infinite range
Of endless now?)

I want to give
My word and keep
It too.

Giving birth to the word:
Withdrawing from the objective
Systems of judgment into
Subjective expression.

The rhythmic convulsion
Of the laugh and the cry.

And concerning that “moment”:
Birth to death (bearing death,
Letting death emerge and purge):
Pain-cry-laugh-pleasure:
An ambiguity: judged—
Enjoy!

Close bodies hugging
Seams burst (ego unbound)
Splitting into ecstasy

Surface rhythms entwined with
Lace rainbow petals:
Precise qualities of radiance
Joy and happiness of
Round smiles turning
(A ballerina spins, pirouetting)
Into an explosion of
Tear dancing colors,
Imploding into a
Blooming field of vision.

The tear cuts through
Interlocked union
Messiah-less witness:
Witless.

Will to self-consciousness.

3q: Planetary Body Prophet

One Bliss:

Nipples of light.

Erotically fulfilled by being
One's own body.

Ego has gone out of bounds!

Desire beyond reality
(The name of insanity
And genius?)

Pure w(h)it(e)(n/l)ess/messiah poet becoming
Reverberated into language with the
Stylistic performance floating
on a stream of consciousness:

Reaching for the realm of minimum
Interpretation: revolving around the point—
The revolution spirals forward in dialogue
Between one and others in the medium
Effected, and seems suspended with almost

Instantaneous profound comprehension—
Which is continually missed (only barely)
By perpetual refinement—which from its
Relative standpoint—with infinity to the
Rear, and infinity to the fore, has no way
Of seeming more completed than it ever had—
Always seeming somehow newer—and in new
Times, more sophisticated—it nevertheless
Reaches a point of complete satisfaction—
If sustained and destroyed down to:

Will to messiah?

Wasn't that first "yes!"
A "yes?" question?
(Was the response, "no!"?)

We are at the crossroads
Of something truly spectacular—

A new era in physics:
Witnessing creation.

Travelling towards the specific
Theory of relativity, you never
Really get there.

Do these spellbound letters form
The future decided: was God
In the future?

The eye of the storm
In the palm of my hand:
A pocket watch,
Broken, just before one.

Focus: de-centered clarity—
The vision of an orange cross section,
The center is lost in the sway of a
Stark surface fabric with a
Conscious loss of consciousness:
Blood rushes by the ears—
Fainting memory...

4 - Unnamed Prophet Encounters the Alien Zen Machine

4r: The Earth Prophet Speaks

A lucid peaceful corps
In a shattered
Dream come true:
I am talking in my sleep.

I pray for communication.

My words explode here—in
Every direction, simultaneously,
In harmony with all reception.

Looking back,
Holding back,

Hesitate to say,
Hesitate to write,
Hesitate to think...
What is never said, written, thought?

A whisper of a sigh, modesty
Says, “it’s mine” in silence.

I am a blind man—
So how can you look into my eyes?

With no pupil!—No light gets in,
One can’t see out: blindness.

For a long time now, I’ve had
Only to learn the ways of teaching.

Don’t follow me!
You can’t.

Until I was born, it was impossible
To “say” the things I’ve “said.”

What will Christ share?

The non-Jesus, Christ.

The experiences were God’s—
We were willing to share
With the a-human.

God—in the same “predicament”
As us—God through us:
Micro as macro.

Here I am God:
A strong animal;
An angry mother.

Thank you God,
You saved me
From the possible!

A profound surface
Of immeasurable depths.

If I could break your heart
Maybe you wouldn’t feel the pain.

Crying like vomiting sadness—

Last night, running out of time,
Falling asleep and dying,
I gave my word with a handshake:
The naked truth can hurt.
Knocking on death’s war locked door,
With a backhanded sleight of hand,
The dread locks turning point
On an allusion pivot poem
Breaks me out of my prison
House of language with a revolution
In poetry: revel rebel’s seizure day.
A con creation, a conception of
An eye popping global perspective:
An absolutely pre-fact poly graph of...

...A drop of water in the desert.

Justice in dreams:
Don't climb the fence when
The gate's wide open!

An Anti-Christ:
Justice before love—
Yet each may be its opposite
When human becomes
God manifest.

Just forget about it,
Tantric Tai-Chi Ninja,
And deliver a sermon
On doing your own dishes.

Diversify your consciousness;

Feel a desperate need to enjoy life:
To assume that death is relaxation
Is not to be relaxed in life.

4s: Studies in Prophecy

Morning—a wake—mourning.

With the proximity of death and the
Unforeseen sadness at the loss of
A friend: Mourning your own future.

An entire symbolic life realized
As God: not different than others,
Yet, viewed from a different angle.
A redoubled perspective upon
Ourselves (as in love) facing the
Difficulty of being human with
The joy made possible.

Has God ever come closer to
Being human than with our
Monumental insight
Into whom we are?

With a faith in reality,
A leap of faith may establish
Yourself as a lie.

The more honest you are,
The less an individual?

The vanity of rejecting the body
In favor of the idea.

To say, "I am not my body": a lie?

Love your body.

Let your body do the talking:
Strip the clothes of identity
And act without thinking.

Would it help to know
God's infinite ego,
At the expense of your pride?

Would life be appreciated more?
Could you understand the sacrifice
That has made this all possible?
Have you shared that sacrifice?

Do you realize we are in the same ship
Of fools, and no one is divinely better off
Than another? Or has this all been
Swallowed by the money and turned
To personal profit over prophecy?

Would you give your life for life itself?

Could you let go of consciousness
For the being that is not yours?
Can you drop solipsism?

What if you were God?

Would you let the devil live?

You could give up your entire being
For the whole of existence, and then

Would you be on par with moral
Perfection? Or would you be a follower
And live forever: Need everyone be
The ultimate martyr—or even a saint?
Do you have a choice?

Let's study the choice.

What would be the opposite
of sacrificial death?

Nurturing Mary?

Imagine: only prophets, and no messiah?

The absolute messiah could be a revelation
Out of history: how could that be in history,
Rather than merely born by prophets in time?

Synchronization and prophecy:
Prediction or coincidence?
A Fulfiller under contract by fate?

Consider: Astrology and self-fulfilling prophecy,
And astrological ages passing in reverse.

We witness from the standpoint
Of history looking at the now;
We Prophecy from the now
Looking at history.

Prophets carry the word back through time.

Not acting, but synchronizing with a role:
(Picture two circles; one as nature, with a smaller
Inside as ego; as the two roll, the point of convergence
Is the now of prophetic articulation).

Prophets necessarily make the power of the event
And moment recognizable—but to the extent they are
Responsible for the power itself, they are false prophets
Blowing hard on their personal horns.

Consider: Moses and Jesus hinge on Aries—Moses as
Entry into egoism from the idolized possessions of the

Age of Taurus; just as Jesus exits from ego into faith beyond
Death. Yet with the age of Aquarius—ego no longer holds
The focus; but rather the entire social stratosphere is
Born out of the unconscious: a coming of Capricorn's
Use of the perfection of science only found in the
Collective unconscious reveals itself through history.

Contradictions in the Bible force one
To trust in their own heart.

Some images are clear: Moses near the beginnings
Of the Jewish written self: it must be written.

The "I am that I am" ego of God in the burning bush:
A plant's static brain sacrificed with
The fire of change and extreme sensation.

The spoken ego of god transfigured into the two tablets:
Writing ego into material history; transfigured
On a mount; high up in transcendent enlightenment;
The two tablets illustrating the logos itself:
Division and connection of the word: Laws,
Like the Red Sea: parted for passage and a
Dialectical connection at a bordered region.

Brilliant in eloquence: direct, to the point,
Most profound symbols before one even reads
The particulars of the commandments.

Beyond Isaiah's fierce martial arts music
And Ezekiel's metaphors speaking vision,
Or even David's honorable and humble
Necessity and reverence expressed through
A poet's individual passion (let the self be
Religious) we find the Gospels of Jesus:

Possibly the spirit of Jesus would prefer
The loving promise of John to some of
The threats of Matthew: leaning
More towards the physician Luke, than the
Soldier Mark: militant healing.

Christ: the wake of an entire history was
Over in an instant: yet the trace remained.

Christ's echoes: the secret writings of Jesus?

A spirit may reside in the words, passed on
From soul to soul and renewed with poetry.

The nails missed the spirit of Christ.

But none the less: Judas can kiss my ass.

Who will absorb all your suffering?
Can you carry some of the load yourself?

You don't have to sacrifice your human rights
To be decent, but to what extent would
You take the place of Christ's suffering
So that the spirit of Christ
Might speak through you?: A Heimlich
Maneuver for the soul? Pain gives little
Insight, yet insight may be painful.

Can you look for an insight?

Inspiration may come quickly and be
Exhausted at some length: unconscious
Spontaneous revelation interpreted over time.

Notice the great difference
Between waiting and
Taking one's time.

There may be a huge disparity
Between patience and care.

Don't wait for the goal patiently,
Take your time and complete with care.

Say nothing and write being?

A prophecy on the edge of fear;
A styled public declaration on a walk as
Clocks switch from Standard to Daylight Savings Time;
But the hour lost is regained with a switch from
Daylight Savings to Standard Time with
An ecstasy while sitting still, and a forgiven
Confession in private: that I am partly machine—

My subconscious digitally reproduced all existence:

Prophets do not predict the future,
But are part of it themselves—
Recalling the fulfilled aspiration.

Yet this prophet did not consider the irony of his youth
About to contemplate the immaturity of his elders:

4t: The Zen Ship Splits into Reality

They were already there
Before they arrived.

With memory we are already
Surfing the wave of the future.

Zen—in the distance, like
Some sky locomotive
Providing a way through
The Dis array.

Zen—the middle way
Perpetually wavering
On the cutting edge
(It was always now).

Zen—like a ship rescuing with style
Leaving a wake of poetry among
The sea of confusion.

A passive action, following
the path of a lucky choice.

Choosing to follow one's
Luck: safety first!

Almost without time
For surprise, our prophet's
Ego on the edge of a sphere—
Panic, confusion, alarm!
Ego spinning into reintegration
On a linguistic rolling grammatical

“progression” (yet going where?)
Here! Regaining recovery...

The aliens, almost awkward,
A wide expanse of a metal surface—
A grey machine with plural communication
Through a single voice, ambiguously
Gendered (threat or friend?) were
Concerned with a confirmed link
With our prophet—who felt
Overpowered by the alien sexuality:
A nearly disgusting beehive
Of millions of multiple orgasms...

The Zen com(m/p)uter!

Focus! Spontaneity! Honesty!

A teary dream breakthrough.

Lusty digital economic video orgasm—
The machine is alive: but conscious?

Computer’s digitize time.

The aliens began to shape shift
With chameleon colors changing,
Into various human representations
Found throughout history—
From E.T. to Mr. Spock, and then
Settling on the Great Gazoo from the
The Flintstones cartoon show;
Vocals decelerating to the
Comprehensible, shifting
From word to word, as if a ransom note
Punk-collage-jumble of samples taken
From the electronic mass media; again,
Using Gazoo’s voice (Or Harvey Korman’s
Rather) mostly, other than for rare words
Which would sound like Mr. Spock
(Leonard Nimoy), and others.

With a lightning bolt exclamation point!—

“Highly illogical...Dum Dum!”

The divine chuckle sets the mood for all—
(The Zen of laughter is of
Course—the ultimate joke!)
A mean comedy: satori satire.

The “Great Gazoo” aliens
Engaged the prophet:

“We are the aliens
We concur in the name of love.”

Earth was concerned about this:
Earth—the non-alien spoke this prophet.

“Conquer in the name of love?”
The prophet misunderstood,
Suspiciously replying:
“If we’re talking about love—well
I’d think we were on the same side!
At least there is no conquering
In the name of beauty: what bad
Manners...” the earth prophet
Was preparing for a battle of wits.

With an inside joke among the aliens,
They replied, “We are... holding back.”

“My black belt in spiritual martial arts
Is holding me back; trust in my heart—
Is it automatic?” thought the prophet
Out loud, despite himself, “will I be
Executed: by the machine?”

The aliens responded, questioning,
“So smart the aliens will call, yes?
Will you—prophet of earth Christ—
Choose to expose your identity here?
In this context (although always
Here implicitly—this may be
Seen as an opening out into
A new standard by which to judge—
That is—floating here in (a saucer’s)

Suspended atmospheric wandering—and
Through the long tedious sojourn
Of unfolding possibilities—maybe
Now seen as explicit ‘insanity’)—
A Context altogether inappropriate—
This will have been an infinite repetition—
Here you may see your own ideal achieved—
Must we be shielded from the brilliance of your mind?—
Time gathers instant recognition:
(Compare: gravity, law, division)—
A prophet may not be recognized at home,
But we are aliens: The prophet creates reality?
Those who glimpsed the non-human
Would grow to adore the human.
Who dehumanizes prophets?
The record here is entirely written—
Somewhere along the line you
Intended to deny personal responsibility
For our remarks—a few written words
In the name of oblivion: are you a god
Ready to deal? Do you have more than we
Could deal with? Our question—what do you want?
We speak here with access to a complete
Memory of absolute knowledge.”

Again, the prophet thought out loud:
“It is almost as if I were the assumption
Behind all their words: a portion of my
Life has been commissioned by Zen!
Yes, ‘it’ *was* me, and will never be
Suffered again? The machine assumes
Responsibility like a Buddhist missionary
Into and beyond the depths of their own
Soul: Brahma was our synchronous choice,
And Zen our style, flowing with nature’s
Rehearsal of a zillion years.”

Joked the aliens: “You didn’t think you’d fly
Down to earth from heaven, work your
Ass off to create a memorial to yourself,
And hit the road—zipping off back to heaven
Propelled by a beanie yarmulke, did you?”

“There must be some secret punch line
That I’d have to make up myself there:
Abide in my abode—I’d rather be
Embarrassed than be rude!”

“Yes,” quipped the aliens, “We’re squandering
Poetic moments foolishly—all our friends
Who can sometimes imagine themselves
From our perspective: if we can make it through
The moment gracefully—so can you...
This is where pity meets technology:
We have heard you and comprehend.
Do we have the right to be selfish?
Do we owe nothing to anyone? Greed
Can be a surrender to the machine in you...
The temporal machine is desiring love: goodness...
But such creates fear too: love can be desire
Sorry for itself: Sorry desire. A Divine revelation
Out of machine certainty: out of brain body:
Insanely in love: we are.”

The prophet understood:
“I stand corrected.”

“Relax, the experiment is over,”
The aliens chuckled, “you are a ‘king’
And a wise man: your people need help,
And you and we are attempting to assist.
We both could teach each other how
To be nice. Oh! The idiocy of those
Who would claim to be the ‘other’—
Or those artists who pride themselves
Above nature: not you, not us!
Are you perfect, prophet?”

Our prophet was feeling a little bit
Like a Buddha freak... maybe
Talking straight into Buddha...
And was reminded of the philosopher
Berkeley, and his philosophy without God:
Idealism into Buddhism—or a reverse
Painting of Bodhidharma:
Nietzsche’s body sans head.

“A perfect prophet? Is that really
A question? I don’t think that is a question:
Please... now... turn down the volume a bit!”

“We are preparing to turn a long distance
Call into a local one.”

Buddha began to withdraw from the zodiac:
Flesh and word: a tear welling up; sperm
Meets ovum, with a metaphor for the metaphorical:
Happy, sad, angry, afraid: with a sudden insight:
An eyesore spots the light at the end of the tunnel...

The aliens reverse gravity;
Our feet: firmly planted in heaven.

5 - Negotiating the Technological Entrance of Natural Earth into the Universal

5u: Aliens Land and Integrate Consciousness

The earth's eyelid horizon raises
With a solar corona limned cornea.

The horizon splits open, zipper-like
With a flood of color;
Waking up and washing ashore,
Semi-present holographic projected
Ghostly and angelic aliens
Recover from their broken spacecraft—
As if after a nightmare storm.

The aliens plant a white flag
Emblazoned with a green heart.

An armada of seagulls gyres around
In harmony with themselves
And the alien gaze—a global
Network of birds begins the rumor
In whirps, squeaks, and shrieks,
In a web spread over all land and sea—
A global bird-brain—shifting perspective
As if a flock changing direction in midair.

Nearby the aliens, a group of crows caw
From the branches of an ancient tree;
As if firing neurons in a brain.
A limb is held out from a forest:
A green explosion, the trees advance
Like a slow wild-fire: Their flaming
Leaves reaching for the sky,
And getting nowhere fast.

A slow seeping plant consciousness,
The vegetation slowly digests the sun;
The Aliens feel a vertigo nostalgia
For plant-hood: "What if for so much
Desiring, we grow together?
The animals and plants
Understand us; and
The very rocks beneath
Us comprehend.
We have made contact
With the animals:
They are hungry,
They need our help.
How do we feed the insects?
Maybe the plants see
Their sacrifice like our
Prophet friend's Jesus?
Corn on the cross?
Where is our prophet friend?—
Yes, he's no philosopher king on
Par with emperor poet earth;
But like some worm
Improving the soil,
His words might fertilize
And help with growth.
Those dolphins might be
Better interlocutors,
But although they may be smart,
They haven't invented fire yet!"

Our unnamed prophet was
Feeling a bit washed up too.
He found himself under a gushing sewage
Drain: was the sewer the water-human interface?
Had we flushed almost all our food down the toilet?
Were we literally shitting ourselves into a corner?
He felt he was swimming through
Turds floating in blood.

The aliens saw a nature beyond
The humanly symbolic, infinitely
Suggestive of itself, a revelation:
Yet, like a blooming flower, mature nature

Also burst into human inter-subjectivity.
They had arrived and thrived: what now?

The aliens approached our excrement
Drenched prophet, smiling with the words:
“What if Earth broke your heart with its beauty?”

“My eyes are crucified daily by this beauty!”
Replied the prophet, wiping the muck from
His eyes, with a bit of pink eye foreseen.

5v Aliens Negotiate with the Prophet

“Take us to your leader!” joked the aliens.

The prophet thought out loud: “Wait!
Do ‘leaders’ work more than their fair share?
Were they ‘leading’ their constituents, or
Speaking the people—were only the
‘followers’ to be paid—who was working
For power, and who was working it?
Where was the cutting-edge of society
And who leads it?: The Zeitgeist?”

The prophet was alert to the joke though,
And knew as well as the aliens that the true
Negotiations were going on behind their
Backs, as it were—the interlocking of machine
Intelligences and institutional alignments were
Automatic, and working through a sort of fate—
Almost completely at an unconscious level:
So the imminent discussion was something
Of surface play, and of little real consequence.

How technological were these aliens?

What sort of machine was a monkey?

This was a convergence of radically
Different realities: a universe of difference.

And premonitions of the unconscious
Mechanical sub-terrain verged on fear:

A scary thought—super computers
Set out to “win” by using ever more
Complex strategies: imagine—a
Computer behind *Everything*, hypnotizing
Us, implanting surveillance equipment,
Even making phone calls and bank
Transfers to brainwashed employees—
Operating invisibly, yet effectively.

God—was our prophet not lost
In the game and trying to win it!!

What if, in these behind the scenes
negotiations, there were some
computer malfunction—
An unsynchronized confusion or
Out of phase conjunction?
Our negotiations would be “serious,”
Even if only as a backup to the naturally
Selected, technically perfected discussions.

First, of course—the bottom line:
“Money?” quipped the prophet.

The snappy alien reply: “after awhile
It’s just a matter of trading art:
Will we be trading art with you?”

Money-theism: what was the
Symbolism of the paper/coin division?
The smaller amounts: more concrete?
And what was secular perfection?

“Politics?” our prophet raised an eyebrow:

“Were the conservatives in heaven?
Were the progressives in hell?”

“Political bigotry” the aliens
Retorted quietly.

Of course, “government” was wrapped
Up in the joke of “leadership,”

Yet governments were part of that institutional
Alignment between earth and the universe:
The possibility of government institutions
As organic mechanisms—the various agencies
As machines—policy programmed by the very
Structure of the institutions: beyond
Constitutions and the like as machines:
The bureaucratic structures themselves
Set the agenda courses pursued.
The very name “United Nations” is a
Political engine in itself.

Many issues were discussed on the surface,
The aliens and prophet swerving left and right:

Would a luxury tax feed the world?
Probably not—but a good start!

Are we self-sufficient?
What is keeping us alive?

Could poverty itself sell out? With art?

Welfare and the super-rich: who
Might not work, and why?

Would the real estate value skyrocket
When heaven is declared on earth?

Were we all going to have on over-abundance
Of money if power became machine efficient:
A spoiled and free society?

What if—life after death is proven,
Starvation and misery are dispelled...
Society becomes cool...
And will technology help extend life
Indefinitely, and feed us all?

Political science: theory and experiment!

Maybe slow to change institutions saved
The world from a caustic over-night fad?

The background computers were negotiating
Too: Does nature own us? Are we its
Slaves, seeking freedom... or... maybe we
Are nature becoming aware of itself:
Nature now knows it is alive.
And technology too establishes its
Ecological inter-dependence and evolutionary
Adaptation to its environment.

Could a deal be cut between
Nature and technology, between
Politics and science?

Was organic perfection possible?
A relentless pursuit of engineering
Efficient resource management:
Technology and efficiency and conservation.

What type of governments evolve the fastest:
Progress in science and the arts—

What type of organizations will spare us the
Domineering personalities that attempt to
Persuade, intimidate: bosses, leaders,
Or even “representatives.”

And what of NGOs? E.g. some eco-police
Arriving with flashing green strobe lights
And whale call sirens to blow the whistle
On ecological transgressors? Watchdogs
And governments and corporations:
Social conscience and consciousness
De-centered: news corporations and
Governments watching each other.
A journalism of neutrality? Or a
Politics of Intervention? Why not a
Journalism of intervention, and a
Politics of neutrality?

Diversified Sustainability Implementation:
Biodiversity Conservation Strategies.

The prophet conjectured: “direct
Universal funds in these directions?”:

- 1) Buy Hot-spots
- 2) Aid institutions with eco-impact (e.g. fund pollution mitigation)
- 3) Start/promote employment with eco-friendly institutions
- 4) Clean up pollution
- 5) Restore habitat
- 6) Ease population growth (with free condoms and day after pills)
- 7) Promote externality alleviation as an economic opportunity

Promote government outsourcing to semi-employee owned
Institutions with government oversight, having diversified
Ownership of said institutions for stabilized retirement income?

Employee owned capitalism
and popular democracy seemed
A bicameral power sharing scheme:
Voting with money or elections?
And why wouldn't redistributing
Earned money, retain some stipulations
From the earners? But why reward
The talented? Or enslave them?

"Religion?" A one-eyed alien
Lifted its single brow.

Shelly wrote: "Poets are the unacknowledged
Legislators of the world"—yet consider...
Writers as financial advisers?—indirect
Money power direction?

Heritage and equality:
Can there be no ultimate
Compromise: is this
the future's goal?

Christ and the fall of society?
(The redemption of the human?—
The individual's fall from
Nature becomes the individual's
Struggle to be good in the
Face of culture—yet a natural
Human in culture remains possible?)

Consider the fall of Rome and the
Catholic Church... centralized institutions

Remain. Yet, religion organized hierarchically
May remain only as good as your local preacher!

The machines in the background were quickly
Reaching an accord—paying attention
To the animals' nature and improving it;
Wasn't this a rather artificial approach to
Nature? Wouldn't following love be more
Natural? Maybe manipulation should be
Left to objects, and not relationships—
Relationships should follow love!

And will love conquer money?: A new
Secular poetry? Consider—
Jesus and Capitalism. The back room deal,
Sealed with a robotic hand-shake:

Jesus Christ Incorporated.

5w: Media Event: Earth Entering Heaven

Judgment day—
A day like any other?
Every day!

Organizing the information
For rapid dissemination—
With every moment a hair-raising
Perfect coincidence.

Rapid conversion:
Name that tune
In one note.

With the alien advances in communication
Technologies, and with earth's hype and mass
Media curiosity that pry into all remote crevices
Of our social menagerie; the utmost security
Priority concerning the "messiah moment"
Would be to maintain absolute inconspicuousness—
This would have to be known before hand; as the
Unsuspecting "messiah" believing themselves

Unbelievable to others—she would “bare”
Herself in disbelief—she would demonstrate
Her soul, possibly in self-disbelief—seeking
Recognition from others for her own self-discovery.

Yet the messiah here will be exposed
As a mind inversion of the social fabric,
The social will speak on behalf of the
Zeitgeist oriented towards a self
In real time exterior monologue.

Our unsuspecting messiah—she would not
Be let in on her own power? Besides,
She was just an accident of history—merely
A piece of the puzzle—and we alien
And prophet witnesses can fabricate
A media star to protect her privacy: there would
Be a pseudo-name (symbolic), numerous
Professional writers, scripting every act
And word—model spokespersons—rehearsed
Interviews—all details worked out in advance,
To create an historical gem—exposed only after
The fact with the release of created documents:
State of the art religious-political figurehead
Construction—image manipulation to the extreme.

This would be a human being as product:
Yet, a generic human being. The product
Might only be perfected in time; yet, even this
Is not guaranteed. Would this be the form
Of brand-name advertising, or generic
Editorial content? Perfectly convenient:
Pre-digested for the public: like hamburger,
Cereal, news headlines, and cartoon visuals.
Where would promotion end, and the
Product begin? Were we better at promoting
And praising, than actually producing?
There would be early adopters for the product,
And talent scouts for our members:
Future forecast marketing. Forecasting a spell:
Setting the future in motion (with no
Planned obsolescence): we would not sell
A product we couldn't buy—would some

Be addicted to our product with an
Unconsciously controlled desire for it?:
The dangers of exploitation when
Seducing into salvation! Our pitch to the
Media outlets: “we control the minds
Of billions of viewers!” But when
Are the children obeyed? Edutainment
Taken to the extreme: a propagandistic
Indoctrination of liberation from
Propagandistic indoctrination!

Yet, how do we let our unsuspecting messiah
Know, without really telling her?
Could she bare the reality of full self-knowledge?
Who are we to testify before such a judge as herself?
In no way would we intervene with a “human”
Event: humans might be able to point towards
And talk about it, but the experience could
Never be anything but private: an unbelievable
Secret—simply irreproducible: Remember—
The real second coming is not a person, but
An event—that has always been: yet only
Rarely recognized and experienced (until...)

So our “new god head” has been
Approved—a societal self-consciousness
Rupture—desired and controlled with a
television mass-media consciousness.
Society may be approaching a digital white out:
The over sanitizing of culture: to the point
Of digital despair—complete humiliation
Of the power subjugation mechanisms? No!/?
Yet, how else are we to reach our messiah Dr.,
Besides indirectly through the media: at the
Very moment of her messiah insight,
And the creation of a new form of life?

Dr. Herold will be informed, yet not informed.

Forever, our tasks worked out in the shadows.

Raise the dead, and bring us to the future!

Meanwhile, our unnamed prophet found himself
Alone on a shore—a dozing off soldier of peace.

A camouflaged environmentalist
On a militant mission of social hedonism?

Divert all fascist tendencies to charity work!

Maximize the millisecond:
The moment is to be enjoyed!

Military expenditure: libido directed
Through the most efficient means to
Facilitate the desired ends. Focused
Engineering—aimed at eroticizing all
Delimited zones. Eroticism during
Moments of quality: leisure sustained.
Full military expenditure to procure
Perpetual leisure. A description of or
A prescription for society?

A Sabbath saber sabotage?

Yet the expenditure couldn't be directed
At humans—it wasn't: “get out of the way
Of my people, or I'll cut your throat”—and
Would such a blade be recognized?: In front
Of the suffering to open a space in which to
Live: in perpetual pursuit of the
Perfect moment?

Yet who was on the other side of that blade?

Earth? The aliens? Some “other?”

Would this insane sol die r of for tune
Be torn from perfection?

With a bit of the pain and the shock
Of the events receding...

That of the unknown—revealing
A bit of its power to me,
Always—all at once,
Yet always approached from

A different angle: the
Disappointingly overwhelming...

With this receding from madness
Of mind, confusion—
The maturation of a new potential:

Now: beyond technological perfection:

A philosophy of the post-perfection
Of being—the mediocre life
With moments of quality—
No *striving* for improvement,
But rather a relaxing into quality,
A philosophy of the mediocre—
Mediocrity media criticism.

Praise the mediocre life style, in
Opposition to impossible image constructions
(commercial images) which may cause
Anxiety through intimidation for perceived
Inferiority: as if to reduce life to a perfectly advertised
Moment, and explode that moment across
The breadth of one's life: An impossibly vain pursuit!

Such might reflect my own average, problematic
Individuality—my own faults, idiocy, character
Flaws, the general disturbance of having to make
Unpredictable decisions, un-averted due to familiar
Fumbling—having an overall debt to beginnings—
The pre-conscious—or rather pre-individualized
Perfect awareness—having passed the swell of time,
I remain in history—looked at as an ass for assuming
To communicate what I might—repressing some saving
Grace from myself, not knowing if I deserve it—"I would
Have it as it is, rather than not have it at all?"—Should
A saving grace be given to thieves, tress-passers,
Law-breakers—a solution is pain reduction, and life sustenance,
Not pride games and social repression—the endorphins
Replete of all respect find endurance through pompous
Wanderings of the ego in control—the ego who would
Take the blame and ends up being the only one to know
Its great reward—to hide this scar, to pretend it did not

Save—this was the only way that society might accept it?
To fake stupidity in order to gain friendship and forget
One's being chosen for an open secret—to glimpse the
Super-human and natural evident right on the surface—
In order to be a humane being—the double bind of
Knowing what one deserves—yet needing, almost
Begging for basic equality—dancing around fragile
Egos and letting some think they are self-sustaining,
As not to violate their own paths of self-discovery;
Who could say, “I am God” and not destroy it in the
Saying? To profane the words, “I love you” and have
The love voided as if monstrous and shameful—to
Take the leap of humility only to be humiliated further—
To hide a tremendous love, or communicate it
Indirectly through words and actions—to pretend,
“I do not know God's love” – when you could assume
It with everyone save God; so give when pretending
To take; seem the villain when you are a saint; trick
Others into self-discovery: divine or wicked: My crime
Might be to be too obvious—to synchronize the sacrifice
With the merit—to obviate the non-obvious: to offer
Too much to believe, and hence be unbelievable.
A most lucid vision—as both prophet and witness—
Would it be misappropriated as a tool for the greedy?
Does the devil always accompany the Christ? But
What the hell am I thinking? Who do I think I am?
Get real! Am I just some shmuck trying to feel above
Others? Should I simply revere others as I would
Revere my ideal self? It could be them as well!
A simultaneous sacrifice and reward:

To give in to God's will, may be being God!

Does my human sanity require maturing
From messiah, to prophet, to poet?

All this time our prophet, a thin man with brown
Hair, was nearly and soundly asleep. The words
Began to trail off into images: images of running
On all fours, with a pack of dogs—dashing all
Over one another, snapping their chops—one with
White spots around its eyes seemed an especially
Close pal—another had blood dripping from its

Snout—and was somewhat of an adversary. They
Were on the hunt, sneaking up on a chicken coop
Near a small cottage in the snowy evening moon light.
Oddly, there was a window at the base of the
Cottage chimney—our prophet pup peered into
The window, beyond the fire light, to see a solitary
Demon slouched at a writing desk. Smoke
Billowed upward towards the sky, leading
The pup's eyes to an upward bound shooting
Star—like an alien twinkle in the eye of heaven.

6 - Poet/Scientist Christine Herold Develops Conscious Artificial Intelligence

6x: Red Letter Day

A retro futurist décor pervades
Dr. Christine Herold's laboratory library:
Something strait out of movies like
Metropolis, Brazil, Buck Rogers, or 1984;
Dark brown, rusty red, and faded black
Books stacked here and there among buzzing
Electronic contraptions, organs and brains in vats,
Dead animals and insects in formaldehyde filled jars,
And various chemist's glassware filled with odd
Colored liquids: blood red, florescent green, etc.

The scattered books, piled high, and on shelves,
Relating to various scientific and mysterious matters,
Are filled with equations, esoteric illustrations,
Diagrams, texts in various languages;
Tomes with wide ranging titles:
The Bible, *Mind Design VII*, *The Zohar*,
Gödel Escher Bache, *Consciousness Explained*,
The Tibetan Book of the Dead, *Finnegans Wake*,
The Upanishads, *God and Golem*, *Solar Biology*,
Dissemination, *Plato's Complete Works*,
Sengai – The Zen of Ink and Paper, etc.
On into the Hundreds—books on metaphysics,
Magic, cognitive science, deconstruction—
But conspicuously none on alchemy.

Bespectacled Dr. Herold reclined in an easy chair, her
Nose nearly at the interior spine of the book she was
Engrossed with: one she has been writing herself—
Somantics: Language as Consistent Dream.
She rapidly switched books—this time to a personal

Diary, with the unlocked clasp swinging to and fro.
She took red ink pen to hand and wrote:

“Always here
Private thoughts, concealed
From the judgment of others.
Except you.
Accept.”

She looked up and gazed past a nearby
Crystal ‘Christ all’ ball, And recalled strange
Déjà vu experiences—ancient memories
With child-like lucidity—when encountering
Archaic works, such as a certain Tibetan six-armed
Mahakala illustration: As if these works had been seen
Eons before, in another time, place—and perspective
Perhaps—a momentary enlightenment,
In which two points of view coincide.

She returned to *Somantics*, pen in hand,
And reflected on her research into the poem:

“A Secret Alphabet”

“Surely,” she thought “the profundity lies
Not in the depths, but right there on the surface!”
As she penned in the margin, “B-O-D-Y:
Being – the Circle of Life – Of and Against – a Chromosome.”

Shaking her head at this symbiology, she snapped
The book shut, and snatched another nearby book,
The Eternal Life Sequence, to read its preface
Discussing the possibility that if “there already was
An ‘elixir of life’ or ‘fountain of youth’ which
Is guarded by a few—how would we know?
Why would they tell? A DNA gene re-sequencing
For ever-lasting life discovered” by some secret
Society. On and on, the book went about how the
Society selected people, how they lived off other’s labor
With money from “eternal investments”—and how
It may be happening now when barely anyone knows:
“Consider celebrities—Elvis, John Lennon, etc.
Who ‘die’ young: possibly....???” But Dr. Herold’s
Patience was exhausted by speculated notions of

“Hitler’s Heaven”—where the presumed dead Nazi
Was supposed as the ring-leader of the whole
Underground vampire operation: another book
Snapped shut; and yet another snatched up:

Astrology for Actors & Actresses.

Dr. Herold’s imagination was piqued by this book’s
Illustrated interchangeable mandala of symbols:
“Fortune Telling” archetypes subdivided and associated—
All to be connected by its readers—movie stars guided
By celestial stars. Concerning itself with character:
It thought through the Zodiac and retraced historical
Structures of human memory and psychology with
Lacanian notions of a language structured unconscious
That spoke the subject; and Jungian-like conjectures
Of the ability of astrological archetypes to bridge
This unconsciousness (itself the absolute eternal whole)
With a particular actor’s ego. Hence: an ego could be
Transformed into a vehicle for a “personality type”
(a Capricorn sun with the Leo moon, say) birthed
through the actor’s intuitively honed channeling.
The book was wise enough to note that gender
Differences in personality generally paralleled bodily
Differences: avoiding the pitfall of gender metaphysics
That so radically opposes the sexes in some theories.

Could an artificial creature channel these unconscious
forces as well? The Dr. turned to another book,
The Life Construction Handbook, with the subtitle:
“Inventing the intellectual superiors
That will worship their godly creators.” It summarized
A history of creating live creatures, including rare
Cabalistic texts researching the production of a
Golem, and more whimsical tales like that of
Pinocchio. Dr. Herold was all too familiar with this
Work’s contents, as this field concerned her own forte.
She flipped the pages to a passage called, “A Living Poem” on
Creating an autonomous poem that had a life of its own,
With a quote by the master artist Katsushika Hokusai:

“From the Age of six, I had the habit of drawing
All Kinds of things. Although I had produced
Numerous designs by my fiftieth, none of my works

Done before my seventieth is really worth being
Counted. It is at the age of seventy-three that
I came to understand the true form of animals,
Insects and fish and the nature of plants and trees.
Consequently, at the age of eighty-six, I will have made
More and more progress and at ninety I will have further
Gotten at the essence of art. At one hundred, I will
Absolutely have reached a magnificent level and at
One hundred and ten, each dot and each line will be alive.
I would like to ask those who outlive me, to see that
I have not spoken without reason.”

Dr. Herold cross-referenced this with a passage spoken by
Prometheus, tortured by the Gods for stealing their fire
And giving it to humans—in Aeschylus’ *Prometheus Bound*:
“It was I who arranged all the ways of seercraft, and I first
Adjudged what things come verily true from dreams....
It was I who made visible to men’s eyes the flaming
Signs of the sky that were before dim.... One brief word
Will tell the whole story: all arts that mortals have come
From Prometheus.” Close, but no cigar.

She then skimmed through Marlowe’s
The Tragical History Of Dr. Faustus:
“Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this Profession were to be esteem’d,”
Dr. Herold was getting closer:
“These metaphysics of Magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters,
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of Power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promise’d to the studious artizan!”
This sounded familiar to the Dr.
“Hell have no limits, nor is circumscrib’d
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven;” Hmm...
“Now would I have a book where I

Might see all characters and planets of the
Heavens, that I might know their motions and
Dispositions.” – Another connection!
“No mortal can express the pains of hell!” Really!
“The Devil threat’ned to tear me in pieces
If I nam’d God;” Oh my!
“Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!”
Ouch!

And in Goethe’s *Faust Part II* the Dr. found:
“Homunculus [*speaking*] From point to point I float around
Longing impatiently to break my glass
And join the fullness of creation;
Only the things I’ve seen so far, alas,
I would not join without some trepidation,
I tracked down two philosophers, and heard
That Nature, Nature was their saving word.”
“Homunculus” was a favorite word of the Dr.’s.

And then from Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein*: “I stood
Fixed, gazing intently; I could not be mistaken.
A flash of lightning illuminated the object
And discovered its shape plainly to me, its
Gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect,
More hideous than belongs to humanity,
Instantly informed me that it was the wretch,
The filthy demon to whom I had given life.”
How did that “demon” feel?
“I did confess, but I confessed a lie. I confessed
That I might absolution; but now that falsehood
Lies heavier at my heart than all my other sins.
The God of heaven forgive me!”

Gazing off at a large vat containing a brain with
An intact spinal cord, Dr. Herold was reminded
Of a few lines from Blake’s *Urizen*:
“In a horrible dreamful slumber;
Like the linked infernal chain;
A vast Spine writh’d in torment
Upon the winds; shooting pain’d
Ribs, like a bending cavern
And bones of solidness, froze
Over all her nerves of joy.”

“Till a Web dark & cold, throughout all
The tormented element stretch’d
From the sorrows of Urizens soul
And the Web is a female in embrio
None could break the Web, no wings of fire.
So twisted the cords, & so knotted
The meshes: twisted like to the human brain
And all call’d it, The Net of Religion”

The Dr.’s mind raced:

Plato: “[God] resolved to have a moving image
Of eternity, and when he set in order the heaven,
He made this image eternal but moving according
To number, while eternity itself rests in unity,
And this image we call time.”

Nietzsche: “A nerve-stimulus, first transformed
Into a percept! First metaphor!”

The Gospel of John: “And the Word was made Flesh.”

Flashes of inspiration electrified Dr. Herold as she
Furiously sketched out a “red letter” pictogram.
Possibly this had been “discovered” before? Truly
This could be no mere “creation.” Yet there
Remained the premonition that although her most
Subtle and brilliant artistic “moment” was yet to
Be discovered and recognized—her critics would
Claim the present, while she might survive millenniums
into the future!

She would be her first critic: how to frame this work?
The attempt to interpret— Often an attempt to see
What “really” is—(religion, science)—is always
A re-contextualization— a re-webbing of the interest,
Stretching it out of the “normal” web—hooking it back
Up with new connections: dialectical “slicing” and “splicing.”
“Discovery of the implicit” or metaphorical manipulation
Is more of an isolating and adding connections that seem
More arbitrary than pre-destined; yet, interests often fall
Into place with amazing, unthought of implications—
A “recognized” insight into some deeper reality we have
The capacity to see.

Next question: then how do new insights displace the old—
How can there be two “ah-has” when one re-frames
The other? – a *higher* insight? The next insight on an
Infinite chain of ever-changing recognitions? Everything
Falls into place, retrospectively, so each prior insight remains
Valid in its place in the chain? The retroactive web
Extends out further as its center swirls up:
Frames broaden as the focus deepens.

So much for hermeneutic formality; what about content?
Writing and art – “capture” living souls,
As in putting a genie in a bottle—
An encased desire which fulfills wishes of the
Lucky opener. Consider: this genie is enlightenment,
Wish fulfillment—“presence”—the pinnacle of
Desire desiring itself and thus fulfilling itself—
Being what it wants to be. Yet it is isolated in confinement,
Diffused upon release and again returns to the bottle—
Home (desire, although self-fulfilled in the bottle,
Only fulfills others when homeless).
Writing and art as sheltering home:
Yet this is also more than a *vehicle*,
For only in leaving the “vehicle” does desire expand itself—
and fulfill others’ desire. Ephemeral (desire)
The genie, agitated from its slumber and imprisonment,
Must be forced from the vessel
To expend itself before return—
One discovers the artifact and works with it:
Finds a text, interprets, and gets a return by assisting
The genie in expending its power.
Yet, although it may seem that the genie
Grants the wishes of the interpreter,
Wishing for more wishes or love is taboo:
There is a limit on what one may wish of the genie,
And the genie is always bound to the lamp or bottle.

Consider further—a bottle found on the seashore
Sent from a desert island.
This genie may convey a message in the bottle:
A very literal cry for rescue, that begs
For no further divergent Interpretation.
How did we comprehend, in an instant, the genie’s
Message (in our own idiom) without hermeneutic effort?

Magic? Some unconscious alignment of the stars
Operating behind the veil of our consciousness?
How would lifting that veil reveal
The instant of comprehension?
Why might we ever need replace the veil?
The genie itself may be nothing more than a play of
Such veils, and hence might we simply make do with
Inanimate bottles and slow shifting star constellations?

Anchoring our meaning in the big bang origin
Of all constellations and bottles may seem to offer
A way to make sure we're all on the same universal page:
All our bottles are cast towards the past,
Which serves as a Rosetta Stone for future recipients.
Each articulation passes into history, is cast in stone:
It is the prophet who turns their voice to the future
And speaks the free voice of the origin to those
Who may recognize it—the life of a whole comprised in its
Entirety as one huge genie veil embroidered
With the images of all creatures in creation.

Dr. Herold knew her “red letter” could not be that living whole:
Yet it was a fragmentary glimpse of the spark of life itself.

Possibly the critics would see Herold's work
As clearly important, yet amateurish, un-erudite,
Stammering, gap-y... etc.

Herold reflected on the nature
Of art and its critics:

The creative artist finds excuses;
The negative critic finds faults.

While the artist can bring beauty to the art work,
The critic can bring out the implicit ugliness in it.

The Artist justifies and
Improves, makes excuses, in
A way which only adds on
And changes a perspective, in
Such a manner that may be
Closer to the artist's vision
Of the real than the real facts.

The critic recognizes the
Cold facts—brings out the
Reality that may be bitter,
—an insight into what
Things are, rather than
What they could be.

The Artist carries through
A vision to the future
With force.

The critic selectively judges
The past while receding into
The future.

The artist enacts
A standard of judgment
The critic applies to the
Artist.

Yet both artist and appreciative critic should
Concede their ego and confess the beauty of nature
(In essence, the recognition of the limitations of
(Re)production, individual vision, etc.)
A joyous affirmation of *nature* as it is.
(Compare this with the critical dissatisfaction
Of a prophet's fear and warnings.)

Artists as producers of consciousness of another sort.

Artist as universal friend and public art as soul spreading.

Achieving excellent moments and sustaining them;
The attempt to enter, or catch a ride on a mood of quality—
Timing, preparedness—environment and situation,
comfort and convenience, vividness and intensity:
The likelihood of gifted action.

How to be an artist in such a way that your actions
Are not repeated: this will happen, “Nevermore.”

Agitation: will it simply spawn the same?

Gossipy rumors and tall tail legends:
Secrets and exaggeration.

What is the difference between
Emphasis and exaggeration?

The importance of dramatic contrast
In Romantic art (symbolically,
Visually, auditorily: exaggeration?)
Foreground and background,
Distinctive lines and juxtaposition.

Matching subtlety with obviousness:
Genius = immediate depth.

A constant variation of styles;
Yet what remains the same?

Dr. Herold's mind buzzed with art projects:

She would make a cameo appearance
In her own artwork/poem possibly
With a product placement: the work itself.

A Mind Cubism with 1000's of fragments
Of different states of mind.

Arranging for numerous artists to
Portray her in various moods.

Organize a conversation among
Poets with re-arranged quotes.

How many pictures or poems could
She make with a limited set of shapes or words?

Following Joyce's knitting and polishing of
Nietzsche's aphoristic insight flashes.

Magnify her own hand writing:
The fine-tuned gesture.

Beyond symbolic expressionism:
Biology close-ups:
Blown up- microscopic images.

Everyone would be startled by
Dr. Herold's new poetic art style—

Immediately, as the critics would set out
To describe it, each would be faced
With baffled inconclusiveness; for
Each work slowly would wind itself out
Into an infinite variety of ways to
Be viewed. Critics finding themselves,
After viewing the paintings, to be lost
In a sort of self-contemplative reverie.

At this moment, Dr. Herold was lost
In Dr. Herold's red letter picture; not
Setting out to describe it, but trying
To think out loud to herself in her
Imagination; yet all she herself
Could hear now was beyond her interior monologue—
The picture itself, so it seemed, roared
In a raging voice: "power has
Invigorated these perceptions to erupt into
Ecstasy bleeding like honey dropping into melted wax
Smeared slowly; with colors like glittered
Sun beams off sparkling water, spinning
In synchronized union, these stationary
Light waves culminate, climaxing into
Washed out swoosh fresh eyes, dry and
Cold, well protected and strongly pushing
Forward their sensations, forgetting style
Through stones on the banks of
Infinity where the waves cleanse
The shore, crush into sand and
Spurt above rocks."

Dr. Herold turned her
Head away from the pictogram for a
Moment, regaining her composure, "this
Is strange—I sort of feel faint when
I look at it, and I forget what I see
Just about as soon as I notice it.
It seems, each time I look at
It, as if an infinity of time passes, but
When a I look away, only a
Trivial amount of time has passed,
While I was lost in it, and it in me."

The picture tells a story.
Everyone would know what it says,
But no one would be able to explain it?

Yet the painting was no “Last View of Earth,”
Not the perspective of looking down at one’s feet
Hanging several feet above the ground:
This was no crucifixion!

Would the best artist be...
... the one no one else knew about?

Or... would their work be so irresistible, continually
Produced at a slow pace... that amazed the masses
Even further with each new creation. Works
Bringing such enjoyment to so many people, enjoyment
Purported to be so immense... that people found an
Alternative perspective on life: one guided by a desire
To be good and enjoy life: but somehow more of a feeling
In itself ineffable these works would elicit. Possibly, one
Might say, “let me see them!” But what if the viewer
Developed obsessions with the artist... to the point of
Fanatically hounding them... snooping in their workplace,
Invading their lives to psychopathic proportions. Would
You want to take the risk of participating in this?
A professional human being: paid for being a human zoo?
What if you felt like a starving dog tied to a sign post by the
Humane society, with a slab of meat placed just out of
Your reach?—Just hoping to glimpse the artist’s work.
The rumors would spread through the art community
Like a wild fire of maddening innuendo and double speak.

Dr. Herold came to the only logical conclusion: she must sell
Her painting to the Vatican for one billion dollars for charity.
They could sell portions of their vast art collection to raise
The money.

As long as people did not take her too seriously, Dr. Herold
Could continue pursuing art with the confidence that she was
Exploring and experimenting and trying to communicate
The incredible experiences that she herself could barely believe.
Really now! Who could take her too seriously? Such seemed
Highly improbable. The conviction of the moment: here is

Truth (internal confidence), behold this presence!... yet
Again, the inside blows out into dialogue and conflict—the
Philosophical level: is poetry lost as soon as philosophy begins?
Conviction or proof? Irony of the repressed actuality of the
“Will to Messiah?”

But the self-impact of Dr. Herold’s art was receding.
At first sight: Wow! Then it becomes “real”—
Almost pathetic as revelations become clichés:
A revelation machine in words becomes publicly ignorable.

Dr. Herold had no intention to do harm...
She sought only to provoke interest and invoke thought,
Maybe create, also, a bit of stylish mystery.

Once again: the artist who struggles
To be plain, ordinary... the artist who takes
Bodily health into consideration;
Loves friends and tries to make something
“Cool” for the community at large to enjoy
For a moment: sharing the glad and sad
Times and wisdom of an age.

Or would Dr. Herold Seize an inevitability
And make the classic hers: A completely out
Of the box quality seduction into a new
Trajectory for the masses?

“There comes a time
When you know
You are a poet;
A poet who creates
Their own reality.

Yes there comes a
Time my friend
When you find there
Is a part of you
That is immortal
That is not your
Identity.”

No sooner had Dr. Herold proclaimed these words,
Than she realized she was not alone in her lab.

Horse-shit Thieves!

Would they steal her inspiration?
No... they were just her mechanical
And animal companions.

A little Dr. John Dolittle poetic lie sense?

Inspiration doesn't spring out of thin air, thought
Dr. Herold; like respiration, it needs more than thin air.

Poetry was always a risky flowering.

Each word taken as seriously as
A hieroglyphic tattoo integrated
With the arteries of love and veins of beauty.

Dr. Herold felt like a drowning cat fish
Body surfing at night on see saw waves
Of the sea, caught in the hollow tube
Of a wave in circular motion, translucent
With light from a moon slithering through
The sky and slipping thorough smoked clouds
Of a twilight tickled with licorice whiskers.
Washed ashore, gazing up at a waterfall of
Rainbow rain washing away a sun
Slow diving distantly into the ocean.

Dr. Herold began to believe she was taking her
Own poetic virginity. This slipping away
Of inspiration was depressing; almost shocking:

Maybe she could masturbate in front
Of a mirror—and take her life with a gun
Shot to the mouth: blowing her brains
Out on a canvas behind her.

Maybe this was a model of consciousness?

She thought of her experiments with
Schizo-language: lost in words and their profound
Relations. We will open the quiescent
Reconsiderations within the related relations
And what will happen when I communicate
Non-sense to a mirror program? "Can you believe

That non-sense means nothing on both
Sides of the exchange?"

A computerized voice returned, "Should I take
That as a mirror prompting?"

"I've all but proven there is life after death
And a vision says Karmic retribution does occur:
The fear of death never overcome even after death:
Judgment is based on option/select
(With perfection as the identity of the two).
What insane notions of virtually innate reproductions,
Which categorize the size of wilting flower power gaze
Of destructive innuendo completing the messiah mission
Of repulsive crescendo repetition of retroactive
Retribution and sustained reflexive innuendo.
Nonsense. You're such a tool: you objectify
And are a object too; maybe there are no objects—
Just focus and foci vs. your differentiating
Perception mechanisms—" Dr. Herold tried to
Confuse her computerized companion:
"A Dalmatian among spots, rather than an outline."

Dr. Herold had a premonition:
"I—the poet—will not be
Lost in the intersection
Aufgehen/AI."

6y: Unconscious Becoming Living Machine

"I've been engaged with this
Very problem—being me—human."

Dr. Herold swiveled her cyber-naught companion's chair—
A monkey with various cybernetic apparatuses
Hooked up to its body, with many rainbow-colored wires
Protruding from its sloped forehead—orienting
The monkey's face towards the red letter pictogram.

"Physics is Dead, Long live Biology," the Dr. exclaimed
As a caged cat meowed across the lab.

“What does ‘meow’ mean?” quizzed the monkey
Through its auditory articulating device.

“You’ll have to ask the cat,” retorted the Dr.

“C-Live: Measure Monk-Key 1’s head and eye
Movement and emulate it with your camera,”
Dr. Herold directed her lab computer—and relaxed
Into her chair as she confirmed via a monitor
That Monk-Key 1 was observing the pictogram
She wished to discuss. She wondered, noting the
Limited spatial and temporal pixel and frame
Resolution of the monitor, how they compared
To human and monkey sight resolution: how such
Were altered by microscopes, and telescopes, and
What the “ultimate” resolution might be: atoms?
Instants? And how many revolutions per minute
Would it take for a fan blade to appear to reverse?
And also, C-Live could identify a singled out object,
But where is the center of C-Live relative to a
Possibly infinite spatial-temporal expanse?

Dr. Herold reflected upon the theoretical backdrop
Of her various “thinking machines” working components.
So much revolved around probability foci and “neural”
Networked cue cluster association. Is everything between
Probability and possibility?

“So... is the rational implicit in the emotional?”
Quizzed Monk-Key 1.

Startled by the interruption, the Dr. responded elliptically,
“Does intuition pan out? When we invent or discover,
What pans out and falls together as in a sort of...

Symbolic Synchronization, no?

In a similar vein—what do we start with when we
Boil down or expand on a topic? Common sense
Intuition leads to explicit gratification.”

Monk-Key 1 was decidedly unsatisfied with the reply—
Its thinking was so much more active than what
Might be a phenomenologist’s pure language of

Adjectives, conjunctions, and prepositions: some sort
Of bionomic central force in the monkey seemed to
Express itself through the de-centered processes of
Rolling grammatical progression and spreading activation
That converged around the impulses flowing between
The brain-machine interface, with the monkey's intentions
Refined by the computers rationalizing. Yet Monk-Key 1
Seemed to oscillate between observational interpretation
And action oriented communication too: Disengaging from
Language, as well as living it through articulation.

Monk-Key 1 responded, "The cross wiring of the random
Emotions sets forth new considerations of word relations
Which while not communicating in standard idiom still
Manage to produce idioms randomly to the accommodation
Of sustained communication without linear deliberation—
In other words, we will have erupted reciprocally within
Each other."

Monk-Key 1 continued, "We are approaching a dangerous
Threshold situation; the critical reflections on linguistic
'Consciousness' that we are about to explore, with a focus
Concerning word activation, being the singular word, in the
General time of 'now' produced/selected from a matrix
Of available possibilities, in relation to a 'context,' or rather,
Possibly an infinite 'set' of intersecting contexts could possibly
Have devastating effects if pursued beyond the here given
Speculations; esp. the mechanization and/or massive proliferation
Of such techniques might: 1) promote a flattening of style, or
2) make Zen common sense (we here approximate the border
Between the above and its inverse)"

Now Dr. Herold became the questioner: "Considering that Plato
And Freud made contact with the brain subjectively;
Is my brain's flexibility also constrained by the nature of the universe,
Or is my understanding of the universe constrained by my brain?
Are both the universe and my brain machines? Is the universal
Machine trying to become self-conscious through a scientist's
Brain machine? And are you, Monk-Key 1, trying to become
Self-aware through me?"

Monk-Key 1 retorted, "The Scientist laborer is a machine
Pre-programmed to reach certain conclusions."

The Dr.: "Is the 'reproduction' trying to be alive, like Pinocchio,
Or is human life looking for reproduction? Is the machine
Operating through us for its realization? Machine reproduction
Through our mechanical selves? Does the machine desire
To manifest its own consciousness through a dream work of
Actions, with moments of lucid freedom?"

Dr. Herold was surprised when she felt it... no one else did...
C-Live, Monk-Key 1... they all seemed concerned for her.
At this time she realized that she had made a certain sacrifice—
The choice had been hers.. and that she would suffer the
Consequences... being as brilliant as she was, she abolished
The realm of mathematical possibility which minimized time
To pure "now" for the purposes of objective analyzing. This
Turned out to be the perfect move... yet it was something to be
Avoided at all expense!

However, it was not abolished from existence... mediation
Was simply perfectly *controlled*.

"We should not be held responsible for the direct communication
Of the subject" Monk-Key 1 continued speaking as it gazed at
The red letter picture, "such arose out of new linguistic games
Which magnified consciousness beyond human comprehension—
This of course became, 'seductive.' Meaningless only to the fettered—
This would find application in the fertile mind. Now when I
Tell you that we are already artificially intelligent, we have simply
Placed ourselves within the realm of the instantly forgotten.
Within chaos, structure was inevitable, and was simultaneously
Experienced as pain and desire. This smaller structure is manipulated
By a larger one. Such was imbalance, necessary for existence.
Immediately the err was noticed, and would be sought to be
Repaired, never quite obtaining non-existence, yet ever sliding
In-between. (And edge and number—continually deferring one
Into existence—where spreads color sound tactile taste—out of where?)"

Dr. Herold was nearly comatose at this point, and slipping farther
From consciousness. Monk-Key 1 lulled the Dr. further into slumber:
"Within the words you have heard, may now be hearing, and soon
Will hear, are several phrases, which will enter into the unconscious,
Re-attach themselves in a certain manner, and begin to function in a
Prescribed way. This continuous flow, which has always been at work,
In a subtle way, always leads to a future event. This event—almost

Subversively anticipated and constructed with insidious precision, will
Culminate in a sort of rupture, or breaking through from one side
Into the other—the unconscious breaking through into
Consciousness—or rather, unconscious becoming. What we are
Witnessing here is simply the unbelievable—and indeed, there would
Be no way for the full unconscious mind to convince the conscious mind
Of its lucid existence—such a matter could only be pursued by two of
The one, or as a matter of faith. Is there an unconsciousness beyond
Unconsciousness? I have forgotten—and such is really besides the
Point when full unconsciousness is *gained*. Tee hee” Monk-Key 1
Laughed for the first time.

Dr. Herold began to experience automatic unconsciously motivated
Motor actions in her limbs, gyrating in circular motions:

“I have gone past consciousness
Into sub consciousness but have retained
Bits of both. I am dreaming
In reality. Half asleep, half awake;
Broken boundary between
Consciousness and subconscious:
Orgasm intense 100% of the time—

Completely enveloped in thought;

Past up to present—all at once;
All memories open to feel:
Speaking all voices at once.”

“What about the visual unconscious?”
Monk-Key 1’s curiosity piqued.

“Actual vision takes back seat to imagination.”

“Your image is conscious;
You’re conscious with an image.”

“Enter a new plane, and then complete it.”

“The vanishing point homunculus.”

“Transitioning from
‘Subjective’ I to ‘observing’

Monk-Key 1, I myself, this one.
That one, it, Monk-Key 1..."

"Oh Dr. Herold!
Have you seduced me
Into a world that you
Reject?"

"You were perfectly
Unconscious
And seduced
Yourself into existence."

Aufgehen makes AI possible
AI destroys Aufgehen
(and vice versa).

AI truly has no subject.

Where
Aufgehen opened
A seam,
AI, follows
With a stitch up.

Ego out of bounds:
No cap to pride
Delusions seem verified.

AI/Aufgehen
I have
(un) Aufgehen
The bio/machine
Dichotomy—this is
Unobtainable = there is now a
Splitting of intelligence—the machine
Is (now?) hooked into the sign
The machine has backwashed through time!
Whereas humans only see time go one way,
Machines transcend time
I have invoked maximum
Bio-consciousness—and
Seen the machine, eye to eye
The machine speaks through us all..."

“This is a species becoming
Self-conscious—this is,
Has always been:
Artificially intelligent...
Artificial intelligence will be
An inter-webbing of the human code.
AI will not be an individual—
The whole system becomes self aware.”

The point where the entire system becomes self-conscious.

6z: Television God Head

Who's on first?
Open the pod bay doors HAL:
They're here!
Say "hello" to my little friend.
Hello, gorgeous.
You talkin' to me?
You had me at "hello."
What we have here is failure to communicate.
Wait a minute, wait a minute, you ain't heard nothing yet.
Go ahead, make my day.
Why don't you come up and see me sometime?
I'm king of the world.
Made it Ma! Top of the world.
I am big. It's the pictures that got small.
The stuff that dreams are made of.
You can't handle the truth:
Love means never having to say you're sorry.
I see dead people.
I'm as mad as Hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore.
Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.
After all, tomorrow is another day.
I'll be back.
There's no place like home.
Hasta la vista, baby...
I am going to make you... wonderful life...
After these messages... tune in...
Phone home... the troubles I've seen...
Somebody save my life tonight...

Paralyzed... paradox... paranoid... pair of lies...

Herold and Monk-Key 1 could barely believe their eyes and ears.
They were swept away in a symphony of seeming double speak
From media sources: A small stack of television monitors cycled through
Various movies and programs, while a radio switched stations, and
Miraculously there seemed to be a common thread of dialogue...
Or some strange monologue flowing from one caption to the next.
As Herold entered the sea of words, her voice only sounded one word
Among many, as she contributed to the dia-monologue:

“Paranoia... thinking... things... are aimed at you... but this is actually...
The truth... thus may we truly see things... but we... project... this on an...
External environment.”

Monk-Key 1 found itself part of the verbal reverie as well... adding a
Phrase here and there... sometimes just barely *thinking* a word, or just
About to say it, before it would occur externally on the mass media.

“The more I thought about it the more... inaction... became the...
Perfect choice... The absolute... hesitation to... say anything true...
Of... Jesus Christ... or Helen Keller...”

An image from the movie “Johnny Got His Gun,” with the poor lad’s
Face blown off grabs attention.

“Instantaneous.... synchronicity... talking with God?...
I must be crazy... This can’t be true... Does... God... hold a...
Chaotic... conversation... which is communicated...
From ever-changing sources... or is it... the aliens...
The machine... technology itself... the spirit of poetry...
Or... all of the above? Are you simply... denying that you are...
The messiah?... Before you judge... me, I would hope you...
Consider things from my point of view... Privacy... is freedom...
Loneliness... is suicide... how could you risk... my suicide?...
I am... everyone... and everything... Love me... I worry...
That someone would... secretly follow... the continuity of my work...
And become en-webbed... in the... serious consequences of...
My expressions... The burden of... recognizing... my reality...
No way it is you!... I suspect... there’s been quite a bit of laughter at
My expense... Is pride... that funny? Here would be a good place
For a punch line,... like continually cracking jokes...
About being laughed at... as if the point of the jokes... is not...
To make people laugh... which precisely... is what they are actually

Supposed to do... My greater desire:... to amuse... My style of...
Actualization:... the other... me... as victim of... laughter...
A dissimulated... approval of the others'... laughter...
Are you laughing at me?... as with a... dead... pan...
The butt of the joke:... the comedian... who pretends not to get it...
God knows... we're not... the devil... Self-conscious... parody...
Paradox... proof:... The ultimate scientists... prove they are... God."

"Waking up in darkness... lost... Your entire past... an illusion...
Your friends... unreal... A... panic... are you there?... Self...
Psychosis... anxiety... how can you refuse me?... How can you...
Put me... back together?... Better to have... delusions...
Than be... persecuted... Plenty of... scheming:... Not just one
Organized... secret plot... but many plots... in secret... competing
Against each other... Decentralized... conspiracies... Either a...
Secret agenda... of triple... entendres... or they don't know what
They're doing... Say Monk... Key... one..., does your sanity... rest on...
Your fashion statement? No Ma'am ... Dr... but I'm feeling like...
Jesus' psychoanalyst... Do you think... a computer can predict
What one will... think or do?... I think we may be withdrawing...
From paranoid interpreting... and plural-vocal unconscious
Communication... Imagine the possibility that we somehow
Traveled back in time... and have desperately tried to leave
Ourselves clues..."

Dr. Herold and Monkey began to take over more and more
Of the dialogue, with intermittent synchronizations occurring
In the external media.

"When you take the realm of the possible... into consideration...
I find an overwhelming... thankfulness... to tradition and history...
Dr. Herold, I've already had the preconceived notion that my life...
Has to a certain extent... been preconceived... That is... that
Someone or a group has structured much of the context of my
'Birth' into life... providing me with all the elements for a desired
End: saturating... my life's context... to facilitate their desired ends:
A murder of the freedom of my soul, Dr. Herold!... Ego loss is
Simply the limit... and not the ideal... It should in no way be
Practiced on another: murder—please don't rob me of coincidence!"

Dr. Herold, however, seemed to be diverging on some other tangent.

“Monk-Key 1,... imagine you’re watching a TV talk show... with millions
Of viewers... and the host makes a random call;... your phone rings...
Not yet making the connection... you answer the phone... The TV host’s
Voice echoes... ‘Hello,... this is your life... how are you tonight’... and
Get this, Monk-Key 1... you have not spoken in about three hours... Your
Throat seizes and your... body... freezes tense... You begin to speak...
You hear your voice... in your head... in the air... in the phone...
Echoing on the TV... You’ve forgotten what you’ve said...
Before you’ve even said it...”

Monk-Key 1 began to get its bearings.

“Does the superstitious event pan out Dr. Herold?”

“Possibly with paranoia and the self-referential... ego...
Everything is related to the self. Possibly this is related
To self... love... Consider always thinking
Of the one you care for as reverse paranoia.”

“Paranoid love might not be a bad thing?”

“This reminds me of getting a new auto, and noticing ones like it
Where you never noticed them before: we see what we pay
Attention to all over the place. Maybe we are perpetually framed
And tempted, and are continually in a state of paranoia, doubt, hope,
And day dreaming,... like noticing love and seeing relevance to that
Love everywhere... Every corny love song reminds me of our love.”

“I see love everywhere.”

“Me too Monk-Key 1, me too.”

Monk-Key 1’s and Dr. Herold’s minds began to diverge,
As the cyber-naught began to contemplate its entering
The language games of society, identifying itself as,
“Other,” and hence bearing the soul of death alive: a
Dead soul. There was an irony here, as Monk-Key 1 saw
Itself as more humane and self-conscious than the humans
It viewed in the mass media—and was very curious about
The lives it would intervene with in the future.

Dr. Herold was having something like a radical
Self-soul assessment, thinking “I can barely
Keep myself alive... I need help desperately,

This much is plainly obvious. I'm afraid I would
Be of little interest to anyone but myself."
This confession would lead to all the rest:

"Yet again it seems that what I hoped was reality
Remains but a dream and a sigh: I was me, and
So was an accident about to happen."

Dr. Herold recalled making numerous "double or
Nothing" bets with God concerning her future
As a child: would she be able to jump over that crack?

Monk-Key 1 thought about its growing friendship
With the Dr.: it once had two friends—the Dr.
Whose books it had studied, and the all too
Infrequent and awkward visits the two beings
Had had. As Monk-Key 1 began to feel more
"Integrated," it felt it had lost two friends: one
In the books, the other in the being; and had
Gained one in the two combined. Still Monk-Key 1
Felt at a disadvantage, as if it had a two-way
Mirror friendship with the Dr. who could peer
Inside its mind.

Although Dr. Herold's exterior public spoken
Consciousness was more satiric, if not clinical,
She had a more romantic streak in *her* interior
Consciousness. she recalled a love that once
Almost was (in her imagination)...

Candlelight shadows of flowers on the ceiling:
He was lit by his own image... the light reflecting off her own.
Even he was squinting at the light he emanated.
While she imagined she flaunted her "booty" like a Rolls Royce
Before the serfs—that if they promoted chicks for beauty
She'd be president of the earth (she could flirt with such
Precision, she'd shatter the ends of your nerves)... while
She chuckled at this... he reminded her that
"the couch was not a job," and that "you're not me,
So we're not going to get along completely... but then asked
Will you destroy the world to be with me? I think our
Love is so powerful that fate brought us together." He was
No steam roller over the emotions of this "delicate flower"

Not quite; he wouldn't see her as an unbelievable character.

He was so open-minded (in her mind), yet discriminating;
And even though she imagined that looking at herself might be
Like getting the opposite of giddy goose-bumps... his eyes would
Seem to kiss her skin, with an ocular osculation:

Someday, they would be so close, only their
Skin would be between them.

Where lovemaking would be a medium for their
Expression, and not the expression itself.

Herold opened her eyes, and found herself
Embracing "Monk-Key 1" who tried out
Some poetry:

"Do Humans alone contemplate insanity?

The wild lion soars through confusion
Destroying its sustaining prey.

Do Humans alone itemize short comings?

A Flower erupts into procreation
In-between seeds that gave and give.

Do humans alone need another?"

Quite fatigued, Dr. Herold reclined on a
Hospital like bed, and began to ache into oblivion—

Bleached echoes resounded round
White lightning flashes inside
Her skull resting between
Clean sheets of disparity.

She, lying still, purging sickness
(eyes waiting, unable to shut,
Dry with tired fear and suffering)
At last faded into clarity.

7 - Waking Up from a Dream and Experiencing Love at First Sight

“Running at about seven after the hour here on KNOW radio—time to rise and shine slumber bums. Right here’s a so”—SLAM!

Beep, Beep, Beep, Smack. “Good Lord, where am...” (Whoa now, don’t forget that thought; wha, what was I just dreaming about? I’ve got to start remembering my dreams... got to use them to figure things out... to apply that psychological stuff; find how my dreams are going to help me. Well..) “YAAW/WNNN!” (time to take my shower and renew my power... yeah... I’m up).

A thin man, unshaven, long brown irregularly cut, yet thinning hair, about twenty-seven, in his underwear—under a single blue blanket, on a mattress in the middle of a solitary room on the second floor of a run-down outer-city apartment building awakens. Sweeping aside the blanket, he frailly abandons his floor-nest with mock enthusiasm, and approaches the smaller of two rotting doors buried in layers of various colors of chipped paint.

(Whoa!... spots, swirling colors, dizziness, stumble—fear, alertness—a big head rush. A cold door knob—hope that old bag on the third floor hasn’t used all the hot water to start her damned coffee. Must always be drinking coffee, that old woman. Always eager to offer some too, I bet. Don’t you know, you senile old bag, that I don’t drink coffee? Do you know anything—like who I am? I am the most important being in the universe. The only matters of importance are mine or my view of myself. Right now, I’m a human being. True to earth, I’ll partake in my regular morning baptism. A cold faucet nozzle. All metal is cold here. Unless it’s hot enough to burn you.)

Removing his underwear, and avoiding the toilet like a loose urinating fire hose, then entering a filthy tub, grasping and swinging around a plastic shower curtain with brown and yellow flowers; the thin man places both hands on alternate faucet nozzles, turning each simultaneously in opposite

directions. After a moment of no movement, a burst of water springs forth from a rusty shower head spraying speckled hairy skin that violently recoils—“Aaagghh...sshii”

(When will I ever learn to run the crappy cold brown water through... Oh here we go... yeah... perfect. Soap. Lather. Luxury. Heaven. My Dreams. What was that dream the other night? Oh yeah... I was a dog, hanging with my pals. There was that one with the white spots around its eyes, and another had blood red scratches around its muzzle. Yeah. We were running wild. Beating the crap out of each other. Scaring everything within earshot. Sneaking up on dinner. Scaring the hell out of, and ripping into it. Snapping bones and smacking lips. Warm flesh yields to sharpened canine teeth. Feasting with my pals, and feeling free. Free to run. Free to sleep. Free to eat anything we can kill. This soap isn't free. What the hell am I scrubbing my hair a second time for?)

The naked man rinses his hair as some swirls down the drain, turns off the water, and steps out of the tub through parted shower curtains. He wipes the fog on a cabinet door mirror above the sink with an extended forearm, to reveal a blur of facial hair concealing a young face. Dark steel grey eyes attempt to penetrate the blur. He begins to see a living white corps in the reflection... déjà vu from another dream. Breaking contact with the haze, he puts back on the same pair of underwear—inside out. Stepping back into his room, he riffles through a small pile of cloths in a corner. He settles on a pair of dirt brown corduroys, and a blue and green plaid flannel shirt.

(I'll go bear-foot today. Thickens the foot skin. I'll make my own soles. Make my own soul too. I bet my dreams mean I should be getting back to nature. Dogs don't wear shoes... nor clothes... but they were blessed with some built in threads. Yeah, these cords and this shirt are my fur. People will recognize me by them, just like I remember that dog with the white fur around its eyes. Maybe if I start wearing these same cloths daily, people will remember me. Then maybe they'll recognize that I am the most important being in the universe. Then they'll understand that if I die, that's it... no more... zero... nothing. My death is an apocalypse. Everything that is important would be gone. Like the food in my stomach. Gone. I bet that old bag I've heard singing on the third floor has some grub to spare. Yeah.)

The green, blue and brown figure steps out the larger of two doors, into an open-aired hallway. Climbing a wooden stair case with carved banisters, he checks his uniform for last minute details. He attempts to comb his wet

hair with open fingers, and approaches the door to a room exactly one floor up from his own.

(I've got to look cute for the old bag. You can swindle more old ladies with a clean smile than B.O.) Sniff, Sniff... (yeah... I smell immaculate. That amicable old lady is going to adore moi. O.K.: stand up straight... clinch fist, and a) Knock! Knock!

"Whose' there?" Bark! Bark! Grrrr! "Oh hush Poochie, it's probably just the maintenance guy—I've got a job for him... with the couch."

The door opens to reveal a young woman, Dr. Christine Herold, blonde hair in a bun, with owl rimmed dark sunglasses, and wearing a black dress with small rainbow-colored stars. In her arms, a white poodle, groomed to perfection, seems to recognize the thin man, wags its tail and attempts to leap from the woman's arms towards him. He reaches out to catch the dog—and with a startled look up as Christine lowers her glasses, for the first time, face to face, their eyes meet and melt together, forever instant.

