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[**current**](#CURRENT)

**AESTHETIC:**

**What our souls seek out**

**I am open to love.**

**I forgive myself and others.**

**I love myself and all human beings.**

**I have an open heart.**

We all struggle. But will you define yourself by you human fear and abhorrence of the obstacle, or your also very human heroic effort to overcome it.

Yoga-- stretching-- a strength built in stillness. But its all bullshit unless what? I get a good job? I get really buff? I feel good and positive and stable and productive for an extended period of time with a residing feeling that I have tied up my loose ends of the past and I am ready to move forward a more mature and positive and supportive and productive human being.

We are all mysteries, ultimately…

I don’t know is the only honest response.

I’ll try and be kind is the only honest response.

All religions are true- understood metaphorically.

Art is a mirror, held up by nature

Nature is your harbor

The poetic images refer to something in you.

Everything under a microscope

Appears kalidescopic.

Artists:

* David Hockney
* Jeff Koons

Topics

* NTF (non-fungible token)

The reconciliation of mind to the conditions of life is fundamental to all creation stories… and all acts of creation.

A tree passes seasons creating in perpetuity.

I am a poet of our consciousness.

An amalgamation of being; a chip board soul

Doubt is not always a pleasant condition, but certainty is absurd.

Let’s run a couple of metaphors around the old super collider and see what we can come up with.

To attack my work you at least have to read it which is a sort of engagement. It’s a kind of listening. If I am just talking politics with someone we can pretty happily just talk over each other in a party mouthpiece regurgitation fest. Politics is all about controlling the conversation. Digging in the camps. Framing the issue around specific options/positions. Choosing to use false equivalencies to create or emphasize political divides. It has something of the absurdity of the cheese cutting game that betsy and Brian used to play.

How do you approach strong emotion? How do you express strong emotion? Certainly give yourself a couple of takes.

True or false, the morality of artists is replaced by aesthetics?

To get to the river you have to get into the river.

Balancing dueling impulses of passion and order, stern und strom, Apollo and Dionysious, full-hearted exploration and steady-handing survery-making.

Laziness caps achievement.

Scatteredness disperses flow.

Writing is communication.

Messages are the only meaningful packets of information.

What is a message?

Communication has become so dispersed and omnipresent. My favorite, most soul affirming mode of communication has been sidelined, both by my own poor penmenship which has possibly directly related to my anxiousness and internalized tension, my tendency to run hot and tense and grip things a little tighter than necessary— pens, steering wheels, etc. What is this block? This tension? This frustration that cannot be overcome.

Distractions on top of distractions. My mind wanders— enters into a narrative— a rhapsody—

something spun, stitched together .

Need to keep exploring topics, pursue the odd rhythms, fresh routines, surprisingly harmonized unexpected juxtapositions.

Cypher at the sea breathing deeply.

We can control our craft, but we cannot control the conversation around our craft.

Transforming inhibition and restraint and inertia into release and catharsis and flow.

An amalgamation of free creative imagining and spontaneity and disciplined process and maintained and protected routine.

Acknowledge your practices, for this set of practices is your personal religion, put another way: these practices, this religion of choice is simply your life.

The incredibly complexity of language and culture and meaning making and our human ability to effortlessly master these modes. The power of shared cultures. Synergizing cultures.

A nothing that gives you the impression of everything.

A something that gives you the impression of something.

A something that gives you the impression of nothing.

The everything that gives you the impression of nothing.

The everything that gives you the impression of something.

I have found writing to be a wonderful vocation with a fucking soul-crushing commute.

The right silence exercise from Deep Writing

Spirit of my silence I hear you, but I’m afraid to be near you.

The importance of befriending the work. Taking it on vacation. Nourishing it. Giving it light. Protecting it. Entrusting it to sympathetic eyes, ears, analysis.

05/20/2021

05/04/2021

Began reading *Lost in the Cosmos* this morning. It is fantastic. Both content-wise and stylistically it strikes me as exactly what I should be reading right now and will definitely add to the conversation I have going with *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy* as well as my New Left readings. Percy is also not hostile to Christianity, nor does he seem to be beholden to it.

The instinct/inspiration to claim language and foster a culture of curiosity and accuracy with language. Reflecting on our intentions. Reflecting on our relationships. Reflecting on our levels of goals— SOCIETAL, PROFESSIONAL, PERSONAL, RELATIONAL, COMMUNITY…

Humor attempts to mine that which is awkward, wrong, strange, surprising, sudden, repeated, unobvious or obvious.

What is right for my intellectual and artistic development is not necessarily right for my financial security and peace-of-mind. My great task is to align the two. Perhaps propping on against the other, a perfectly precariously balanced lean-to.

Take responsibility. Feel the discomfort. Feel the pain and limitations. Feel the tiredness. The distraction. The tension of having to say no to your two-year-old who just wants to be held, or comforted, or she extorts “Daddy, play me! Play me, Daddy!” And I want to be open to you child, but I am trying to expand myself, I am trying to press myself through this play-doh squeezer. Change my particulars. My shape. Find another way to fit in, get by, make-do, maybe even flourish.

I just want a healthy garden. It does not have to be a botanic garden or a hanging garden. The landscaping doesn’t even really have to be all that neat or intricately planned. I just want the fundamentals to be solid— good sun, nourishment, protected, controlled, possessed, able to be shared. A place to invite people into. If it is such a good place for me, maybe other people will like it as well. Maybe my work in this garden will help me to understand and appreciate other people’s work. Feel impressed by it, feel respect and love and compassion and tenderness.

My garden and the work I have done in it gives me compassion for my younger self. He had no idea what was coming. He was ill-prepared. He was undisciplined and naïve. He was hopeful and enthusiastic and rambling and the magic of the new had yet to stagnate and solidify into the weight of the new, the threat of the new.

My books began to taunt me. Volumes that I had not picked up in years started to pick fights with me. *You have no fucking idea what I am about. I bet you are never going to read me. You got that book in college 20 years ago, you didn’t read it then, and you don’t read it now, but there it is hanging out on your shelf, proof positive that you are somewhere in that little pea brain of yours still intellectually stuck back a few decades, continually to pile on all the hypothetical prerequisites that you still have to get through before you can claim knowing anything or having even been exposed to a reasonable cross-section of human knowledge*.

Ultimately we know so little. And much of our lynch pin, life facilitating judgement calls or instinctual conclusions, or just big fucking blacked out blindspot in our consciousness, what do we do with all the things that we do not know and that we do not understand.

On a practical level how do you engage an acquaintance in a conversation of their job as a saleperson of complicated derivative investment products without sounding like a no-it-all or a no-nothing. Do you trust yourself to be honest? Do you trust the person you are communicating with to believe and to receive your honest assertion in a receptive, open way?

Why do other people affect my ability to communicate so much. This cypher artist. Lost in the process. Willing to sacrifice intrinsic rightness or confidence boosting party affiliation.

I choose exile. I chose not getting rah-rah about all of it. Or if I do doing so with perspective.

Just because you are passionate about something doesn’t give you the right to be abusive or dismissive of other people who do not agree with you.

We seem to have this system of competition. Of rightness. Or knowledge. Or doing well. Of feeling secure or having good mental health, or being attractive or in shape or having good style or ability, or organization.

My mother radiates her Manichean anxieties like a Chernobyl Racoon.

When I was working for the Institute of reading development I was taking a lot of notes and transferring a lot of my journals to my notebook and writing a great deal. And feeling very isolated. This was a hard summer. But a good one for me in that it did help me take a step forward with writing. It gave me experience to put in my Drinking regrets or at the very least eye brow raising.

Thinking back to this period of writing, I believe I was still too convinced of my personal ability to create. Now I accept that the act of creation is less about a personal moment of inspiration or genious, so chemically evoked cosmic insight that races out into a formed human artifact— be it commercial or artistic or personal. The goal is to develop a way of life. A way of seeing. A vision for the world and living. An understanding of one’s appetites. What you like. What you need.

I have now arrived at this point where I have more clarity than in the past about what is important to me and what modes of being I need or prefer or that which allow me to flourish.

The interesting thing about this whole process, or one of them is that I have now reached page 11 in the first draft of this letter and in some ways feel like I have said nothing of substance. I always feel like I am losing. Even when I win. Depressed after completing a test that I had just spent a long time preparing for. Where is the relief? Where is the processing? Where is the predictable progression of human emotions and motivations? And if I have such a tenuous grasp on all of this shit after 4 decades what can I possibly share with my children.

You can get a long way with an incomplete system. An imperfect system. A controversial system. The you hit middle age and you’ve done a few things. You’ve been an employ, maybe you have managed people, certainly you have had some run-ins with bureaucracy and such, maybe you have even been tasked with implementing a system, maintaining it, getting other people on board with it. Trying to get them to use it correctly, engage with it correctly, following both the letter and the spirit of the law. Respecting the system, despite its flaws. Believing that it is way more appealing to try and reform it than completely throw it out. You are invested. You are comfortable or you really want to be comfortable and you really need to get at least a little bit more comfortable, settled, focused, clear. Open up some wherewithal for enjoying it and moving ahead with a more settled, optimistic, resilient, magnanimous mindset and mode of being.

Deep writing arises from this effort – really wrestling with something— attempting to honorably and truthfully make sense of something, making use of the known, and acknowledging as best as our defenses permit, all that is not known.

Meaning making is a moral imperative.

dependent | dependents | free

keeping writing until you’re sick to shit of yourself.

We are kaleidoscopic creatures.

We want to work, we want to be.

Elemental, artist mentalty. Simplistic.

I want to nourish and be nourished.

I want writing to be this nourishing thing for the writer and the reader somehow, or have the capacity for that. It might be locked in. It might be a little off. It might require something of the reader, but it is there, quiet and soft or hard in its skillfully crafted box, its artfully constructed packaging. The thing that contains the thing itself.

Nourishment

Release

Freedom

Dream problem to solve.

Truth to tell.

A moral imperative to make meaning.

A holy quest

The white rabbit

the hero’s journey, medusa, myth, the Christ.

Creating- meditating- stretching- resting- waking- nourishing- moderating

Sit alone with your ATMAN for a while.

Pressure + resistance = flow

Allow yourself to boot up, boot down; WIND, WATER, EARTH, FIRE; dashboard; decisions

Affable, curious, relaxed, and motivated. Orderly and game. Energetic. Self-deprecating, gleefully a father.

What should writing do if it can’t do everything?

What should people do if they can’t do everything?

What should people know if they can’t know everything?

The body, the word, the word, the body, are one.

Gratefulness = happiness

Proactively guard against anger and resentment

Learn, engage with life honestly, earn my place in society, have my place at the table,

The freshest eggs and steak available in the country, shipped directly from farms in refrigerated train cars. Pan-size wheat cakes staked six high, quarter wedges of hot apple pie, and cup after cup of the best damn coffee these cowboys had ever tasted in their lives.

The fear is real, like a nail. Now hammer it.

And time passes…and time is now.

电脑编程

control flow = variety of rules and programming constraints.

“Finding purpose in your career starts with understanding what you really want out of life.”

Spiritus Mundi…

Talisman: good energy… associations are energy.

And cannot writing be an act of love? An act of reconciliation- an attempt to rough stitch together the desperation which smells of death and disintegration- surrendering to the larger Gestalt, the holy whole that transcends us, that is the beyond, that is the mystery.

Man and his expression. Man is half…expression the other.

Writing/Stretching

Lynch pin of my mental and spiritual health; shaper and maintainer of my form and figure and general set sense of things and self from where I, once collected, consolidated, prepared, simply … am.

**People build space to work out of the emotional truth they carry with them.**

Emotional truth is how we apply what we know, how we act, how we are…

My path to programmer and poet (a DOER of language, a CYPHER of sound and semantics, a COLLAGER and arranger and rhapsodizer of collections: impressions, reminiscing, recollecting, predicting, discussing through, notating, explaining, route learning, burning into my soul. )

When faced with ever deepening subjectivity,

Hope or history, what’ll it be?

“To write as well as I can and learn as I go along. At the same time, I have my life which I enjoy and which is a damned good life.”

Labor of love— how I want to be

I’d rather be a text than a testimony.

I’d rather write a text than a testimony.

Process— respect for the process, working, again, partenering.

A self-governing life aim that stimulates goals.

Build tech skills, claim writing and Chinese and stretching as PRACTICES that completely inform and explain my being, enter era of flourishing organization, build space (to work, play, live), build wherewithal.

7/14/2018: Life goals: experimental poet (do language word and body) and computer programmer

***Et ignota animum dimittit in artes***

***Then he turned his mind to unknown arts***

* **Ovid Metamorphoses VIII, 188**

***Dedicated to the craft.***

***Widdling along our merry way***

***To a crass last laugh epitaph***

***Finally low and at home in the greener grasses.***

When we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy.

* Herman Hesse

sensitivity: “a sense of being somehow, somewhere connected with the other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is a norm” Nabokov (afterward to Lolita).

Willing shapes into very specific, expressive meanings.

The real progress really only began when I turned to the weakness and accepted it as a guide. - Rumi

Despite all of the duality

There is no ultimate ledger.

No zero sum game.

Our incompleteness is humane and ultimately

One of the most essential thing about us.

As is our ability to grow.

*Forty years gone, in my island childhood, I felt that  
the gift of poetry had made me one of the chosen,  
that all experience was kindling to the fire of the Muse*

Derek Walcott

To the Rose upon the Rood of Time

[WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-butler-yeats)

Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!

Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways:

Cuchulain battling with the bitter tide;

The Druid, grey, wood-nurtured, quiet-eyed,

Who cast round Fergus dreams, and ruin untold;

And thine own sadness, whereof stars, grown old

In dancing silver-sandalled on the sea,

Sing in their high and lonely melody.

Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate,

I find under the boughs of love and hate,

In all poor foolish things that live a day,

Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

Come near, come near, come near—Ah, leave me still

A little space for the rose-breath to fill!

Lest I no more hear common things that crave;

The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,

The field-mouse running by me in the grass,

And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;

But seek alone to hear the strange things said

By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,

And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know.

Come near; I would, before my time to go,

Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways:

Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days.

The Key to the whole process is time and intention… red rose, proud rose, sad rose of all of my days.

**Process**: intention, preparedness, structure

**Execution**: agile, planned, scheduled

**Endurance**: sustainable, habitual, renewal

Ideas: embracing scattered mind by taking ideas as they come (combine the disparate streams. Organization over chaos.

Aesthetic Idealism

Reflective Nostalgia

Organization: established and evolving NETwork of journals, nascent pieces all, to collect ideas.

Time: committing to a long arch and giving/taking time for ideas to develop

Body: keeping body health and comfortable to do the still work

- tie in webdevelopment (science metaphors)

- tie in language (Mandarin/English Pigin Exploring violence in language)

- offered the talents of Politics, religion and spirituality, I chose SPIRITUALITY (trying to find spirituality between physical/mental

- You are this creation (writing is yoga)

- You are this creating: The word '**Yoga**' **is** derived from the Sanskrit root 'Yuj', **meaning** 'to join' or 'to yoke' or 'to unite'.

- Cultural Iteration: process of cultural creation.

- Then he realized, I indeed, I am this creation for I have poured it forth from myself. In that way he became the creation. Verily, he who knows this becomes in this creating a creator: self-actualization, self-realization, acceptance.

- We serve [the river](file:///C:\Users\aaron\AppData\Roaming\Microsoft\Word\The%20River.docx)

We serve the sea.

The Sea the moon.

The moon the earth.

The earth the sun.

I’d rather produce than consume

All shall be achieved in eternal time.

All needs shall be met in time.

Life is a need.

Death is a need. All anxiety is just a bubbling up of ones fear of death- physical death, social death, intellectual death, familial death, relational death. The limitations of man. This cannot hold. It doesn’t fucking matter. How can you believe it doesn’t fucking matter, but not get cynical. Be disciplined in your acting like it matters.

{ o || o }

Background painter mirror painter background

We’ve all been chosen. We are all among the elect. We can and we cannot. We do and we don’t. We love and we hate. We know and we do not know. We are maturing to full life. We are withering on our winding, uncertain path to certain death.

Influences:

Solfeggio frequencies, Jesus Christ, Laughing Buddha, The Woodman, The twitch eye, physical injures and pain, Ernest Hemingway, Jack Kerouac, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Pynchon, Paul Thomas Anderson, Wes Anderson, T.S. Eliot, Walt Wittman, Mary Oliver, John Fahey, Fela Kuti, Alan Watts, Ram Dass, J. Krisnamutri, *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*, *My Neighbor Totoro*, Pranayama, Yoga, Osteopathy, Physical Therapy, Stream-of-consciousness, journaling, smoking marijuana, drinking alcohol, drinking coffee, Panda Bear, Cass McCombs, Silver Jews, Bill Calahan

Esme’s literacy has grounded me deeply in the magic of language once again. The wonder of WORDS! These subtly shaded abstractions, strange stews of connotation and rhythm and rhyme and image and logic, sensation, sentiment, something of stone, something of ether.

Artistic Aesthetic vs Personal Aesthetic:

Pragmatic, kind, patient, understanding, complimentary, warm, engaging.

Creative intuition vs. conscious structuring.

Beyond abysmal bedlam is the right silence.

Writing should be effortless and essential… just like breathing.

How do you order? What is the necessary order of things?

Remember: our inefficiencies are, in the main, sufficient.

Artistic sensitivity: “a sense of being somehow, somewhere connected with the other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is a norm” Nabokov (afterward to Lolita).

Don’t fucking preach, jot down some notes, discuss, ask questions.

Your true religion is exactly how you live.

We create our own meaning. We create our own life.

I appreciate how the Japanese celebrate imagination.

Existential Zombie Novel where I attempt to reconcile my utter lack of understanding of the physical laws of the universe through the exploration of east and west mytho-adventure story traditions, linguistic traditions, known historical events, perspectives, references, hero molds, competing religions, politics, myth, legend, fable, parable all within an epic sci-fi polyphonic narrative. Think, adventure epic that combines elements of Chinese Kungfu, Anglo-saxon fantasy and global and pan generation Science fiction, with the intent of melding together and comparing Eastern and Western traditions. An east meets west hero quest set in faroff galaxy. But more “Blood Meridian” than Flash Gordon. Though we need a little Flash Gordon as well. An exploration of the possibilities of dualism and non-dualism.

Creating some sort of cross-cultural interface, knit together with care (rhadsody)

Stories of unity, uniting against larger powers: humanity against the vastness of space.

This is my system of purpose, light, progress, right.

In a mythical age there must always be some enigmas, as there always are.

Which is just to say: Remember- things are going to stay strange.

Life is like a supermarket. We all walk through it. Some people walk out with a lot more value than others. We extract value by understanding our values and seeking out their amplification through the work we do and the way in which we do our work.

Am I talking about being a shopper in the supermarket or an item on the shelf. Now you have not entered the supermarket. You have always been in the supermarket. You are a box of Spaghetti. On the shelf with other similar offerines. You are “Fat-Free” and straight from Italy, in fact you are Italy’s favorite brand. A woman comes along. She stops in front of the Spaghetti choices. Later when the proctor asks her about the why she choose the choice she made she gets flustered, they are in a very small room and the gril is suddenly uncomfortable. She had been downtown Chicago, doing what when someone had approached her about being a shopper in a market research project. She entered a building that looked like an office building, but once inside she found a miniature mock up of a supermarket.

Questions for betsy: Tell the story, ask her about certain details, color, description of proctor…

All public ends look vague and quixotic beside private ones. (RWE 232)

Surely no one would be a charlatan if they could afford to be sincere

There will always be a government of force when men are selfish.

Unity of things.

Love of right.

Rightly seen.

Rightly observed.

Rightly understood.

Rightly heard.

Quiet.

Right Quiet.

Sustaining Silence.

Sustained silence.

Brother Silence.

Pressure without, pressure within. Equilibrium

Wild liberty develops iron conscience.

Human nature as seen in statutes, songs and hymns, abstract codes and secret salutations

Transcript of the common consciousness all.

A transcript of the common consciousness.

Every moment is an opportunity to stimulate all chakras.

Work of depth only emerges from in-depth ground work.

/ \

/ \

-------- tangible work

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----------------------- ground work

Coming at something indirectly.

Words collecting mass.

Attracting other words.

There is no ultimate ledger.

No zero sum game.

Our incompleteness is the heart of our humanity.

As is our ability to grow.

Expand your mythic space,

Your space for the ritual and the spiritual, emotional, physical melding and settling.

Abundance comes from sacrifice.

I have invested a lot of time into writing.

I have worked through a lot of things with writing.

I have at last built a creative infrastructure.

My collected and unedited writing is a panoramic vision of my intellectual and emotional and creative landscape from the end of my tender teens to the precipice of this my glorious mid-life crisis. Like Montaigne I have all the material right here. And everything has been perfect in its way.

I believe in gestation. Everything is gestation and birthing.

Pipe smoke, bath robe, jazz and a sifter

I am free to write stupid shit,

Out of order.

Because I edit like a mother fucker.

Mortar ain’t much without brick

Style ain’t much without substance.

Style is the mortar that keeps the bricks in order.

Write this wrong.

Write this song.

Compact it all down into bricks

See what sticks

Slap on some style.

Mortar to keep the bricks in order.

Emotional distance makes me write so much better, I am still emotional, but I understand it is part of the gig so I can turn it on and turn it off, within the context of the process. The process gives me space to turn it on and turn it off. The process gives me space to work through the energy blocks, the thought blocks and loops. I can look upon the blocks and bruises squarely. They are me. I’m so much deeper than than the wound. I understand the importance of a good emotional bowel movement. And having the context for taking care of it. I keep track of my emotional blood sugar.

Odd/eccentric: paranoid, schizoid , schizotypal

Dramatic/erratic: BPD, antisocial, narcissistic, histrionic

Anxious/inhibited: dependent personality disorder, avoidant, OCD

Above the level of civil society, man crosses the threshold of supernatural reality and enters into a society that is the mystical body of an incarnate God.

Grate (Issue) to Value State (Perspective) to Integrate (Gestalt) to forgive and release and create

And so its up to you, you can totally lose your shit over this whole fucking disaster of an election year- or you can Clint Eastwood-style keep you head- see the room, recognize your path, and make your exit from the room. You’ve wanted to leave. Go. Now. Keep your head. You know what you are up to and you are excited about it. Throw out your false modesty. You are finally locked in. You can finally admit to yourself that you are all in with your life You no longer have to apologize. You have found a way to work and you will work in this way and this way will open unexpected paths as well as expected paths and you will find your way through because you are talented and you do work hard and you will necessarily have to deal with other people’s shit and other people’s tone and attitudes and weird micro-aggressions and such. And you know what, you can endure these. More than ever because your vision is clearer than it has ever been. You enjoy working in this way and you are spiraling your way through this unfolding process.

You have discovered an arching vision to your life and are no longer afraid to pursue it. You are open to fear. You are open to threat. You are open to challenge. You are open to head wind. You have consolidated your position and strengthen your shaped. You have claimed your organs place with your pen. The place of your breath with your pen. Breathing and stretching have become writing again. Eat, sleep and breath it. But in a healthy way. Can you decide that your obsessions are healthy? How do you navigate an obsession along a healthy canal. Ruts can be very creative in that sometimes you have to dig in and get work done or stick with a structure that you created. See through to the end the result you intuited. I had a vision that all I had to do to get the opportunity to pursue my dual vocations of writing and coding was to ask what the plan for reopening safetly with the backdrop of the pandemic and civic unrest that had resulted in the looting and smashing of stores’s façade (an assault added by a 20ft U-Haul truck). I had a vision, that by asking that one question and then walking back out of the temporary door set into the decidedly unluxurious plywood façade, I would exit through the gyre and enter my new reality. This sounds fucking crazy, but it is not untrue.

I am open to challenges. I am open to opportunities.

We are but messages on the wind

Artful or awfully released upon the world.

Brain feast- cornucopia of reason and imagination and emotion and faith and doubt and concentration and distraction and stirring and settling

It has taken me some time for me to get to this point where I can freely write and express myself and my path on this road continues to unfold. I am seeking silence and I am seeking perfect ways to work in this imperfect world.

The deep belief in the process (in life) is what sustains me. The conviction that yes, this is it, this is all there is on this side of the mortal veil, we accept this and attempt to surf the silver linings. I like this sentiment— surfing the silver linings. More movement metaphors. I am writing something larger, more expansive than I have ever written and honestly I don’t know if it will ever coalesce or if it will simple flitter out of me leaf by leaf until the tree is bare and stripped and perhaps that is the work, the great tree losing each leaf one by one to the season. I have changed in the seasons from bud to green to withered old grey and fluttering away before the grey of the day.

I have felt alone and abandoned in this process. I have felt misunderstood and challenged in this process. I have had many of my insecurities laid bare before me. I have had my ability to forge new connections and relationships stripped from me as an instinct of intense consolidation overcame me. I turned within. I smoked weed and meditated and stretched and created quasi-shamanistic rituals to purge and settle and center. I have sought to flip my ego inside out. I have fled from pain, I have run headlong into pain. I have been drunk in the afternoon I have been stoned in the morning I have stayed up all night stretching and meditating. I have written songs and shouted them to my empty apartment and then forgotten them the next moment. Oh, my fog, oh, my amphetamines, oh, my pearls.

The past comes back to me with packets of pain, packets of joy. Nothing is clean. If you remember it being clean you must be misremembering or you simply narrowed the issue down to a clean framework. Something that worked for you to get clean. Get free. Some new way to rationalize your way out of the muck. Some new way for you to rationalize your way through to the other side of the field. Where the grass has always appeared so green and just might be.

I have fallen out of my coding rhythm in an attempt to get my writing going and begin 2021 as my strongest writing year ever as well as my strongest coding year ever. We begin the year with 900 hours to beat for coding and 30 hours to beat for writing. I think we can do. I know we can do it. And this is the big realization that I have. This is the million dollar skill-set that I have sought to develop- commitment. I am committed to having the best year of writing and the best year of coding that I have ever had. This can be true whether I publish anything or not. This can be true whether I find a coding job or not. Neither of these two ends are the only proofs of my success. My success is simply work. Work with coding and work with writing. The work that I do is success itself. The time I spend is the achievement in itself. I am committed to making my time the achievement. A focus that makes the trajectory of the process OBJECTIVE and CONTROLABLE.

I tell people the little anecdote about making the program and they don’t get how profound that was for me. They don’t get what a huge step froward that was for me— I wrote a program that can read and write to disk from the COMMAND PROMPT of the computer. I have entered the matrix and wisely created a simple structure that I can use to motivate my progress as well as track it and I used the skills I have am trying to learn to create the structure.

I should read something about creating structures… finding synergies. Finding profoundity in simplicity.

Stretching = sport.

Music = salvation. (music more than politics can bind together. Music is language.)

Time spent = success

Everything is interface

New metaphors: achievement is application, stretching is sport, obsidian stone (aid not block), Maintain (achieved) silence.

In some ways, sometimes, I feel like I am caught in a loop, and I think, to some extent, I am, but thankfully the loop is expanding and stretching and beginning to build speed as my arc cycles out and out, ever widening, given flight on the wings of entropy.

There is only one TEXT.

The whole world is a text….

Balance and joy

05/06/2021

I also want be improve my ability to let things go. I said something lame because I was trying to be social when I didn’t feel like it… who cares. Let it go. Be kind, but don’t tolerate bullying. Let things go. Recognize that for systems to work there have to be checks and balances, check-ins and sit-downs and go-overs and do-overs. This is why these relationships are so intense. The love and connection is deep, but the potential for abuse on the neglect to smoothing spectrum is real and the necessity to great a family culture of consciously or unconsciously codified messages and behaviors. Invisible design. Designing by negation. Designing with time. Designing with intention. Designing with preparation.

At 42 I now have at long last, reached a theoretically tenable career path for literally the first time. In the past I had always been open to exploring different options, but very rarely making life decisions based on the job. More like I would like to focus on this in my life right now, but I need to support myself so I will do this job. And for the first part of my wrokig career by stitching together a string of serving and then teaching gigs and then luxury sales jobs I was able to support myself and then my girlfriend and later wife living in several international hubs for a time- briefy in Europe (Berlin), the Asia (Beijing), and then back to Chicago. Through the moves and the living and working I developed and change as a human being in both subtle and obvious ways.

**CURRENT**

04/29/2021

29APRIL2021

**7 Habits of Highly Effective People**

**1). Be Proactive**:

* Take responsibility for your reaction to your experiences
* Take initiative to respond positively and improve the situation
* Recognize you Circle of Influence and Circle of Concern
* Focus response and initiatives on the center of your influence and constantly work to expand it.
* Act! Be proactive!

**2). Begin with end in mind**

* Envision what you want in the future so you can work and plan towards it.
* Understand how people make decisions in their lives.
* Act on principles and constantly review your mission statements
* Are you who you want to be? What do I have to say about myself? How do you want to be remembered?
* You are the programmer! Grow and stay humble!
* Think before acting: is this how I want it to go? Are these the correct consequences?

**3). First things first**

* I. Urgent and important (**do**) : important deadlines and crises
* II. Not urgent but important (**plan**): long-term development
* III. Urgent by no important (**delegate**) : distractions with deadlines
* IV. Not urgent and not important (**eliminate**) : frivolous distractions.
* Write the program, become a leader, keep personal integrity, what you say is what you do.

Most time spent on level II tasks after knocking out the pressing level I tasks

**4). Think win-win**

- genuine feelings of mutually beneficial solutions of agreements in your relationships

- Willingness to split sales

**5). Seek first to understand, then to be understood.**

**-** Emphatic listening

- Ethos: personal credibility- trust you inspire, emotional bank account

- Pathos: empathetic side: alignment with the emotional trust of another person’s communication.

- Logos: the logic, the reasoning side of the presentation

- Order over all: your CHARACTER, you RELATIONSHIP, your LOGIC

**6). Synergies**

- Combining strengths of people through positive teamwork to achieve goals that no one could do alone.

**7). Sharpening the saw: upward spiral**

**-** renewal by education will propel one along the path of personal freedom, security, wisdom and power.

The irony here being that I am not being highly effective at all and instead an just rambling through this process without even touching the yellow river, which is inspiring because it is showing that the yellow river is pushing me into modes and writing that is beyond its broad but specific confines.

There is something about America in here. And something about my family in here. And something about my understanding of it. Or at least my accepting it, which is much the same though acceptance and tolerance and accepting and compromise are having a touch season. What are we talking about? Our democracy? Our personal finances and ambitions and self-respect (“Never Settle”, “Impossible is Nothing”). The mythic sphere of politics and advertising and any kind of myth making, story spinning, branding exercise, the creation of collective culture. The collective process of cultural creation. Test marketing ideas, celebrities, stories, controversies, fueling the 24/7 news cycle, a coal fire boiler room of information and ideas and books and films and tv shows and references and Wikipedia articles, DVDs, CDs, MP3s, sound recordings, camera snapshots, film camera, digital camera, editing photos and videos, 4-track recordings, recorded memories recorded for posterity lost in the cold, alienating abyss of digital dislocation note books, journals, DevCurriculum, HTML, CSS, Emmet, JQuery, Ruby, Rails, React, Git, GitHub, Commandline, Commad prompt, Linux Shell, Libraries, gems, package managers, SQL databases, NoSQL databases, servers, HTTP protocols, Restful Web services, pipelines, frontend frameworks, backend frameworks, Domain Specific Languages. *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*, *Siddhartha*, *Journey to the East*, *Journey to the West*, *A Time of Gifts*, *The Gifts of the Ides*, Tarot and Chinese, Tarot and Poetry (*Readings*), Diamonds, Sales trainings (Always be closing), *The Gift of Fear*, *Under the Sign of Saturn*, *The Rings of Saturn*, *The Three Body Problem*, *The Legend of the Condor Heroes*, *The Future of Nostalgia*, Fela Kuti, Radiohead, dancing moving body, rhythm, John Fahey- in bad health in motels selling guitars to stay afloat, Alan Watts living in Druid Heights, drinking a fair amount, Peter O. Whitmer, Frances Fitzgerald,

Accepting that VOICE can be so much more than just a talking voice, a self-explaining collection of metaphors and symbols.

04APRIL2021

**03APRIL2020**

What I am feeling good about right now is that I have a place for this activity. I have a place and I have materials and I have projects. I have reasons for reading. I have an overarching mission though, which is to get right by my wife and to reconcile my life to my drinking and smoking and enter in to a new level of adulthood and fully claiming of the offices of fatherhood.

The ultimate goal of my writing is to become a better person. If I use my writing to write my way out of addiction it will truly be such a force. If I can use my writing as a way to consistently wake up early in the morning then it will have fulfilled that purpose.

I believe in writing. I have faith in writing. I write. I am the writing. I am writing.

I want to be able to say each day: I am writing.

04/07/2021

Everyone is stressed

* Don’t give people your stress.
* Corral it.

My path to these very reasonable conclusions has been totally bonkers.

**4/22/2020-** Writing and Chinese (started a new WORD to put writing about the girls in). I am really leaning into this centralized to scattered writing process. The hope is that I can collect enough scattered material over time to have something substantive in each category. And these categories are my life’s most valuable components. These are my gardens. It can be a very involved process…this writing life.

. **The idea here is just to write and to get into literature and to be fine with whatever form it takes.**

28APRIL2021

I hate to make the questions and uncertainly to be a big part of the narrative, but it doesn’t have to dominate it. You can kind of construct it. Give it a form and a place in the narrative. A tone or a symbol. A force a presence. Something looming. This sense that *“Everything is not in its right place*” ,“*I really don’t know where here is*”, relishing the desperation rationalization that no one ever really knows where here is and you should be grateful of your hard fought insight and relish it. The razor’s edge existence— the tipping point intensity as you swing and sway between heading toward a bright new future, or what, what else? What is in the other direction? Something unclear, something inchoate, failure? Generic writ large failure? Can we be more specific? Financial failure, well probably not completely, probably having to push off buying a house for a few more years, which honestly until I really get a career going with reasonable working/living work life/balance conditions I don’t really relish owning a home. Is it death that I fear then? I suppose it is stress. Human death. Being forced into situations where you must repress your interests and talents and subjugate them in the interest of making money for someone else to the end of supporting your life(your family, personal responsibilities etc). Oh, boy, he finally understands how life works. Well, isn’t that something. I have been somewhat naievely and self-defeatedly been pursuing the end of supporting my family while also trying to develop the skills that do interest me (Chinese and writing and now coding) to the end that they would some day assist me in bridging the gap between my personal pursuits and my professional pursuits.

My writing has stalled because I have not given it enough time, now in my two decades of lowkey trying to crack the code on it, been unable to pull together an effective systematic development of my writing projects or even the process of writing. This has changed this year to great affect and it feels truly like a turning point in my existence. This pronouncement is perhaps a little THC fuled at the moment, but the proof is in the pudding as within the last 7-8 months I have written more coherent prose and poetry than ever before. Of course I have to thank my current status of being unemployed for having time and wherewithal to get my thoughts scribbled down or hacked onto a computer screen, but it is also largely due to the inspiration I have been able to find in computer programming as both a symbiotic skill set and disciplining challenge engagement with which has radically changed the way I wholistically think about writing and the process of writing. The projects/pieces/topics that I am tracking has exploded from a handful to well over 50. The process has been abstracted and to some extent the pieces and the letters are writing themselves. They are the overflow of thought or emotion directed through a voice or a tone or in a certain spirit of peppered with a specific set of shared history and mutually understood or misunderstood semiotic mise-en-scene and the wonder of all of this can really break down under scrutiny, under the scapel of intent and comparison. But the intent is always so much more than any given line, and sentiment, any point. One of my evolving intents. Intentions that I have named and followed forward as one would a hypothesis, like, huh, I wonder what this is for, perhaps it is for, blank, and off we go, applying, cutting, pasting, the joy of collaging is that the process seems effortless. It is all judgement and combination. It is all editorial. What is that difference between the editorial and the creative mind. One intent I have attempted in carrying forward is just this idea that you can write free and energetically and engaged and creatively and life-affirmingly and curiously without being didactic or cynical. Or you can be somewhat didactic but knowing of it, conscious of your human limitation in an appealing way. An invitation to consider that brings us closer together rather than pushes us apart. There are a lot of questions and not a lot of answers. So yes, let us celebrate the questions, not weaponize them. Is this an editorial decision? Celebrate the questions. Nurture the questions. Reframe them. Approach them in different ways. Look at them historically. Internationally. Within a certain context, through a certain lens, from a certain perspective, conservatively, progressively, obsessively, distractedly, up close, from afar. The heretical many mouthed god who blesses all conclusions and whose cistern of sacrificial blood has been pumping robustly for ages now.

26APRIL2021

Arranging objects and interaces. Objects are collections of data and behavior. They express this behavoir and data through the messages that they send, the ones that they are programmed to send or the ones that they simply let pass through them, jot their messages, but they were programmed to relay the message and so they do, or they do not send the message because they are not programmed to nor are they programmed to let the message simple pass through. And then the messages that they can receive are circumscribed as well. They have behavior and data certainly, but only certain messages, sent allow specified interfaces have any chance of reaching them and the desired information. It is all quite complicated and convoluted no? Not to mention all the loaded baggage with terms like object and subject. Matin Burber would take some umbrage with my nomenclature I think. I am not saying its perfect, I just think its illustrative. But how do you alk your metaphor ot and undress it in the moonlight without losing your sense of its actual proportions. How do you avoid the 110% conundrum of inspiration. Or can you learn to leap up toward it, record it and save it to savor or just cut right up when you have a cooler more considered head to contemplate it. Looking for ways to integrate it with all those other things that you have said and collected or heard and collected in the same place and which become the same things when they sit together. This mind collages that you have been endeavoring to collect and create and craft. Getting ahead of yourself so as to trick yourself into doing. Doing without knowing exactly what you are doing, discovering, keeping it interesting. It can be messy, but knowing how to deal with your mess. Finding your studio. Getting fitted with a well drapping smoke. Putting the throw cloth down practically and metaphysically. Finding a clean room to get dirty it. Dumping out your entire fucking useful box and finding an artful way to deal with its inspiring, but sometimes ultimately chaotic and overwheleming content. And not like it is some super special treasure trove that you alone possess, but know that everyone has it in them, and if you get out your golden cro-bar to have a looksie, you will have to deal with the firewalk that awaits you. We can make a career out of firewalking or we can make a career out of not firewalking. I am covering my bases here. Covering my ass for posterity. Trying to get to a place where someone will read this and think, huh, this is interesting, this guy knew something, or was at the very least trying to know something. He was knowing. A knowing look. Imparting some kind of understanding, but not an exact understanding. Calling our bullshit, but not specifically, just sort of Duck Typing our response to leave the received to sort out the inherent or implied or interpreted error message.

Mother always seemed a little overwhelmed with her multiplying mind. I feel like I have something of the same with my rambling amtitions of language— Chinese, Spanish… and what am I doing??? I am DOING language. This was a helpful, flexible insight I overheard recently. Writers DO language. And if you are really DOING the language you may not always be able to justify what you are doing. Do I have to justify my time whacking buckets of ball into the well-lit and net enscribed green dream kingdom of the suburban driving range I frequent.

In some ways I have always expected that thought, good thought, true, well-thought thought had to come out preformed. Sure spontaneous too, in conversation, building on other people’s ideas. Parroting. Shifting. Comparing terms. And so force. But what about all the chafe. The bad ideas. The half thoughts. The 10% taken as 100% which affects all of our thinking to some extent. Vision is a kind of blindness, no? You have such a clear path in mind that all the other avenuse fall away. Your desire to take those other paths disappears. A death of an infinite number of worlds. All those other lives and deaths you will never know, because you made this decision and not that one. You moved here instead of there. Missed that flight. Caught that train. Wrote a letter. Stayed home.

And most of these pathways will never be missed or even noticed, acknowledged, thought upon or even imagined. We block them out by accepting the inevitable now, the inevitable realness of this life as it were, the steadiness of this existence, which is but a collection of disparate and separable parts. We do our very best to stich them together. We build sweeping rhapsodies of narrative and rationalization, we seek a sense of place, family, firmness, purchase, purpose, history, tradition, we forge or have forged for us a complex scheme of relationships and values and customs and commerce and responsibilities, geographical connections and separations, urban and rural divides, time differences, ideological blinders, political baggage, emotional balance or imbalance, health concerns, sleep deprivation, doom scrolling anxiety, overeating, drinking, inactivity, overactivity, distractedness, indecision, exhaustion, hunger, thirst, boredom

All of the projects: writing and coding and video and film and watching films and reading books and traveling and stretching and exercising and meditating and getting enough sleep and drilling down on my diet and overcoming my digital dislocation trhoughb some elaborate retroactive digitizing of my unwieldy paper life,l including the transcripting of 20 years of writing in scattered notebooks, a project that seems to demand some investment of time to both justify the effort that I have already expended (have swum halfway across the ocean, it seems silly to swim back at this pint, but again, where the fuck are we? What are we doing? And even though this is an honest and open expression of how I am feeling it is not mature or responsible or even the whole picture. The general picture is that I have a block of months to focus on trying to And yet that curiosity is made from a quiet, humble, broken, human place. A man’s place before the world. Before his family. This place of pride in the family become a place of shame. But I do not apologize. This is my devil’s bargain. All prophecies shall be self-fulfilling beasts. And I write on to be surprised. I code on to be surprised. I read on to be surprised and remain curious and attempt, perhaps, somehow, someday to find the cresting wave of the word ride the cresting lift of quick existence. A quickening of mind and body and soul. A longing. A reaching. A balancing. A summoning of natural force and order, a harnessing of natural force and order and physics. Anticipating the force, danger, possibility. Surfing the silver linings. As it were.

This rambling self-defeating process is the act of life itself.

23APRIL2021

The unsettledness is a sort of fuel. A sort of motivation to continue on ahead. Lost in sleep in your unlaundered sheets. Still searching for that sweet spot of someplace to be.

Have you exchanged your heroic truth for something much glummer? Dumber?

A wind-up calliope traded for something awkward to strum.

22APRIL2021

A desire to be a poet. A desire to write poetry. This subtle fuck you to economics and family values. This subtle fuck you to culture and its two proscribed respectable professions— law and medicine. Glue that holds civilization together.

A doctor with deep self-respect, self-belief, self-confidence is venerable. A poet is arrogant. Administering to the needs of others not with medicine but with themselves. The mirror. The Logos. How does the poet remove herself from the equation? How to let the muse shine through? Discipline? Dissolution? Fasting? Drugs?

We dream of renewal. We work towards renewal. We renew.

Compared to a year ago

* We are financially neutral.
* I am in much better health both mentally and physically and am sensing a higher ceiling to come.
* My writing is at its most developed stage in my life and I am pivoting and processing toward a dramatic extension of the incredibly strong and dense base that I have built up.
* My engagement with reading and Chinese so much more inspired and robust.
* My coding and computer skills and typing are all significantly improved. Within the next three months I truly believe that I will be in a position to start looking for work.
* I have a much deeper understanding of the right silence and how to maintain it.
* 维达默

17APRIL2021

Concentration and depression. Depression and focus. Going low into the valley. Climbing. Climbing slowing. Trying to be brave and climb slowly and surely.

The poet shot like a madman

into the impenetrable pitch.

Scattershot arrows nearly all hit hay—

All except, eventually, and after many, many misses,

a bullseye was snapped from the black

By luck and persistence,

Intention and tenacity,

By the faith act of entering a loop of wrong

To exit only when it has been made right.

Showing up. Staying. Sticking with.

Finding flow in process.

Processing. Flowing. Go. Go. Going.

And then when you have escaped—

yielded; were at last able to yield—

when you cease your frantic plucking,

and causally cause time to stop.

You approach the dark target

we look on asleep

you pull the arrows from the hay

only the lone bullseye is left behind.

back on your mark the lights come on and wake us.

You beam down the line

at the effortlessness of your accuracy, your precision.

The arrow so artfully placed,

Even shooting in the dark.

**I like this image—the archer in the dark; dealing with darkness, overcoming the darkness by manipulating time, making the laborious (nearly impossible) appear instantaneous and effortless.**

**13APRIL2020**

**I write to keep an inventory of my thoughts. I write to pin my thoughts to a place and have a place to return to them and consider them and turn them over and grow them. I am not here to hide. I am not here to prepare even. I am here to live because I love to live in words and writing allows me to enter words more immediately than speech because there is so much more context that can be created with writing, or not created, you can communicate in impressions. You can allude. You do not need to set up or respond to something that your companion has just said. You can be slow but appear quick. You can marry your reticence to your most pointed, casual, let slip delivery. Feeling and weighing before speaking. Six months since I fell out with my family and no direct considered response. I want that. I want honesty. But I also do not want to write some bullshit expositional theme paper on why I am right and they are wrong. I believe we both can be right, but you believe we both cannot be write. And I will admit that believing we both can be right does seem like a very magnanimous, or perhaps arch position for me to take, but it is what I believe and more importantly how I am living my life. You apparently want me to feel conflicted about this, and I have for many years wanted myself on some level to fel conflicted about this to both catalyze and clarify the separation between us, hone my art around, as well as piously glasp to some sense of loyalty to you and your values, pushing myself for my disloyalty as an extended and self-defeating last love sustaining act. Love had become a wound carrier. A limper forward. A great numbing effort. A heroic incomprehensibility. Is my ultimate theme that it is all right to be over whelmed and that despite being the inevitability of being over whelmed the ability to still grasp those clear sky insights and stolen moments from time to time. The fuel to infuse the preparation and the work and effort with worth, the sore muscle that is both cost and reward. Well, you keep bringing it up and feeding out grapeshot proofs that your side is right or superior or righter or more moral or more flourishing or whatever. Its this moreness, this sense of competition, this zero sum game that I have been seeking to understand. Accept. Grow past. I don’t know. What is possible?**

9APRIL2020

And like magic, my writing improved when I allowed myself to write.

The morning was calm and I was calm in the morning.

Writing to allow yourself space. This is the importance of the morning.

The open morning with no one calling. No new headlines popping up.

Just you and your mind in the morning.

Extending. Contracting. Creating. Reading. Updating. Deleting

**27MARCH2020**

Despite starting this month on the 27th day, I feel confident that my word count will out strip the two previous months by far.

It already has really, if you could all the chicken scratch in my red “Economist” notebook. Will I have the wherewithal to get that text into this file… I sure hope so, because through my *readings* I have had the best literary engagement I’ve had since Beijing and reading Stephen King’s *On Writing*. Or running into *Roosterhead* in Berlin… even if these moments were myths that never quite came to be, they are still somehow very important to me and my conception of myself. I love being able to edit. I love being able to let my guard down and speak. I love that I am feeling closer to betsy right now. We had a good nothing evening of chatting and sitting on the couch and cuddling together. We have at least another 9 days “sheltering in place” together. I am hopeful that on the other side of this I will be a stronger father and husband. I will have reached a deeper acceptance of the offices of the crown. I shall approach the throne with a sober thirst. Having a sober thrist. Sober. Thirsty.

That literary buzz returns. That is what I write for. I am Riding for the feeling. Riding for the feeling. Finding my genius. Not an arrogant act. Finding my human genius and celebrating it. Ability to collage and configure. We were not meant to be lead like cattle through anything- not physically, spiritually, intellectually. Certainly lanes are more expedient for moving people through. But we individually have the ability to move across all lanes and even leave the apparent plane. D fall and fall

I burn the whole hour plus and accomplish…nothing…

The pragmatist in me pipes up that you have a sales background and you are spending time investing in the largest market in the world. I am just a good capitalist at heart. And the cards fall, piling on the floors of silent seas. I go running among them, a pair of ragged claws.

9/17/2020

“Just try to be on our side a little more. Remember how hard it is for all of us.”

Please forgive me.

Every would-be writer is a real write with a head full of inner demons that prevent him or her from deep diving.

Stop and fight for right relationship with your own mind… or just keep running.

The budding writer meets his inner demons in a safe, guarded way.

Hush and affirm that demons have no place in your study. Orient toward your work. Engage your mind. Thrive in this right silence.

Practice this exercise until you can enter your right silence at will.

I forgive you.

I emerge from Bedlam into a lush green field, but only for a moment, for when I focus ahead on my study. I apprehend it on an Alpen Peak and the I am enclosed in glass, cycling in just the right amount of breeze. My desk is flat and pen and raises and lowers depending on the weather. All is gleaming steel and clean and ordered. Everything is where it should be. Nothing can be disordered. Accents of warm brown wood like all the floors my father has ever lain and finished and refurnished. And my parents have loved me so well and I am grateful for having left and I am guilty for having left, guilty for having survived, transcended, moved on. My demons are all back in Bedlam now. I am have ascended to my safe working space where I am free to work unencumbered by concerns about the commute after I have arrived at my workshop. I am in in my study now and a world of unending snow capped peaks— and I feel the right silence very deeply right now. Even deeper than I expected. Thank you, Eric Maisel.

10/31

It has been a month of cathartic tears.

Palsy stabs into the gloom.

Yellow pages trail out and away into the highest of noons

Vigilante Posse coming soon.

A quickening collection of interconnected searches.

Coming together to flush the darkness out into the light.

Won’t you be my bride

We’ll confide as spouses

Exchanging secret signs.

Hell in a basket, riding to town with the Miller’s casket

Puffed up with gusts of pride

An ass, a fool, a Piper of Pied.

Truly I tell you— a cypher.

Sometimes beloved, sometimes despised,

The unreal deal, a regular Jack of all sides.

An object rightly seen can unlock a new faculty of the soul.

Writing is how I preemptively greieve. Writing is how I stay in the habit of grieving. I do better with death now that it is a familiar.

Mental discipline provides insight into the natural of reality.

MOTIVATION

INTENTION

ACTION

A deep breath and the entire unverse shifts.

A right breath can shift the entire universe

Creatively healing

Abstractions and emotion

Vamp for one another back and forth in broad vaudevillian communication.

Mean struggle,

But all for the good

Fate never forsakes,

But always attends.

The Ides and 8 are about healing- creative healing. The ides and 8 are about he laughing buddha— the woodman— the wild man— my father, my mother, my wife, my children, myself, guiding up to a mountain which is the center of everything and found everywhere and then across a desert to a river which the source of healing and creative production and balance and greater vocational strength and self-acceptance. The Ides and 8 are an intentional quasip-shamanistc acceptance and entrance ritual. Finding the ground of being. Stripping away to find what remains. Intentionally exploring the stream of your consciousness in an effort to find creative practices that can atune with this stream and promote unity and balance of my thoughts, actions body function, emotions, outlook, enthusiasm, maintenance practices, organization, process obsession. It is at heart about unencumbering myself from that that which in the past I no longer want to travel with me. And accepting that I can healfully and maturely deal with those persistent negative hanger-ons that I have not been able to let go and that have conspired to drag my mood and my self-confidence. By giving myself permission to maturely address these issues, not as a child when they first took root, but as a man in a position of leadership of my own family and upon who the health, safety and prosperity my family it is encumbant. It is about accepting that I really do not have to feel guilty about going my own way from my family. I really do not. I can tip my cap to myself and appreciate my sweet tender heart allowing myself to feel so much guilt over this “betrayal” of my family. The resulting distance was then spun as my doing. A combination of proximity, shitty vacation cache and also, yes, frankly on top of all of that not feeling super motivated to go out of my way to spend my precious few days away from the diamond minds with my big chaotic moddy conservative Catholic American First family. On some level I deeply love my family, but I am finally fully allowing myself to heal the open sore that this cycle of separation and damaged loyalty has looped me through the past few decades.

Cypher at the sacred gate

The door has opened, the gate released,

Through the door to the mountain

Then across the desert to the source.

Observe the Ides as they pass before, pass behind,

Linger on the mountain between the two full moons.

Grieve an era, celebrate an era.

For celebration without grief is kitsch

And grief without celebration is ingratitude.

My obsidian stone become a bell of flesh and sinew,

Intoning the breath of all, the eddy captured in my chest

Breath it out of your deep lung cage.

Release the disease straight out of your skull.

Drink from the gurgling cup,

Fingers stained yellow my tamer of flame.

Then free to the desert, in the desert we’re free.

Provided with nothing but mountain provisions.

40 days straight to build a renewed vision.

Back from the mountain with nothing to preach.

Naught but the mandate to cross the desert to see what we shall see.

Seek the long thoughts.

The I might be wrong thoughts. But without the punitive thoughts. Cause we are mighty idlers. Discovering new miracles among every arcade given the time to ramble.

An immature mind maturing. Always. Clearly. Inevitably.

And yes, sure, formal, of course… over whisky or a baptism or a marriage or a funeral or a parent dying or a graduation or a day that is notihgnat all. My poems are like liturgy for for the trans religious.

Memory is many things. It is call to resolve in us that which simply won’t just go away.

The artists that hold our attention all have something eating away at them.

Leaning to live with inner conflict; not allowing it to consume you.

Knowing stress as life engendering tension.

The owl of Minerva only flies at dusk.

Get out of own way. Fly.

Exercise, drink less, smoke less, lose weight, more writing, more reading.

Be not afraid to live in words

Politicians lie even when they are being honest.

Political veracity ain’t a good barometer to sync your mood to.

Rapid fire hearse rhythm.

Feeding the fire— writing.

My variety of piety sides with society.

Tapping into the vas ground of silence.

**Welcome to the ground of silence underpinning it all.**

Pray without ceasing, 1 Thessalonians 5:17

Deuteronomy 6:5

And the Lord said to Joshua, “See, I have given Jericho into your hand , with its king and might men of valor .” Joshua 6:2

John 1:1 in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

Searching for a way into the transcendental.

Dropping a tap root down into the vast ground of silence.

Do the work.

Put the time in.

We are not just trying to make money.

We are ambitiously attempting to self-actualize.

The Ides and 8 are about self-actualization.

Greet others as visible deities.

Getting over the God inside.

Getting over our own God.

Feeling confident in our own god.

What would you say if I told you I was an awestruck agnostic?

How about an eclectic symbolist?

How about an esoteric liberalist?

How about a material mentalist?

How about a fundamental pragmatic progression sampler?

We are all mysteries, ultimately…

I don’t know is the only honest response.

I’ll try and be kind is the only honest response.

All religions are true- understood metaphorically.

Art is a mirror, held up by nature

Nature is your harbor

The poetic images refer to something in you.

Everything under a microscope

Appears kalidescopic.

My foray into tech has thankfully unwritten much of this hope. I am going to be able to use thse newly acquired tech skills to transition to a solid gig in the tech sector before our savings and unemployment benefits run out. It was seeming a little audacious at first, but after 1000 hours (clocked on a timeclock program I wrote back in May) and 1500 + pages of notes on Ruby, JavaScript, CSS, HTML, Emmet, Rails, Node.js, servers, databases (MySQL, NOSQL, SQL) etc… it seems possible. All it took was just just emploding upon myself. My wife has been very understanding about it. To bolster my psyche and truly move through to a new state and frame of mind I have been working hard to chronicle the process and utilize my increased wherewithal to write by writing anything and everything that I feel like writing. It has been a very interesting project of purusing artistic creation through stream-of-conscious engagement slipped in between intensive periods of technical study. Much of the writing has been emotional and has focused on my family and this wildly fraught year. I have written without expectation or intention beyond simply expressing in a full and robust way, my experience of this year with a hope of gaining a deeper understanding of my writing instinct, my writing process, how to use my writing as a unifying tool in life. As a tool to settle my thoughts and emotions. Organize my studying, organize my memory, bo0lster my memory, connect me to my family, navigate the complicated relationship that I have with my Family with mirros my complicated relationship with conservative America in general. I am having to steal time away from coding to write this and it makes me worry that the same old conflicted madness will rob me of my coding and writing joy. My work as an artist is to make sure that this does not happen. It is to preserve this joy which is the golden center of my being and the only hope I have a sustained bliss in this red dust existence.

Something supralogic… something that melds that logic and emotive, the explosive, the tragic or hilarious, maybe because of the timing of it all. The symbolism.

10/10/2020

Not trying to prove anything— writing for the feeling. Writing for joy and for faith and because the effort settles my mind. My mind is knotted and there are many things I have forgotten.

10/27/2020

Atheist be not proud. I am not a raging god hater. Yes, I have fleed the god of my mileau— my family, my community. I have opened myself to intuition and possibility that the deeply held spirituality belief of other people that I do not know, nor understand are as legitimate a stab at salvation as any I have attempted. I honor these souls. I respect these souls.

My family’s striving for eternity has them rhetorically anticiplating death with exhuberance— eternity awaits. And yet has it not already begun?

I for my part, with my handdog agnosticism, my spiritual commitment to metaphors. My non-denominational meditations. My dedication to this process of getting free— taking the time that has been given to me, embracing it, making it work, joyously pursuing the threads of thought, emotions.

But something has changed. At 41 I am feeling an emotional backstop. A grounding that had been missing. My rabbit hole peregrinatinos, half-assed, chemically infused, my head, heart ego, deeply bruised, then diffused— I’ve lost it all ideologically— nothing left to lose but the guilt of my meandering mind, aborted conscience, returned worldview, srage exchange, abused confusion.

I’ve been visted by the Rat and have fou d him to be a charming fellow.

Obsidian mirro, uhaul truck, old testement battles, retributions, high speed car chases, ploice cruisers ripping through the drivers side door of a Ford Taurus— the perp away, away and on to LSD and a 30 year old world-dead, blown-up, smashed-through at a well-known intersection: Starbucks, Popeyes, looking— violence and highspeed and anger and rage and pursuit straight out of grand theft auto and me drunk and stone on the couch twitching like a raw nerve, everything about the next 12 years bubbling up in my heart and my heart. All of my habits and repressed collapse, my athletic body dragging me downtown with a thermos of coffee and back home with a tallboy of beer. My white skin and suit and purposeful strides making me an unlikely recipient of an open intoxication citation. Or if I am ticketed, I am prepared to pay the ticket as a “drinking down down fee” and I play on getting my goddamn money worth.

I have been massively depressed. Was just thinking about my Potash ritual. I was going pretty much every day no? Getting a beer or two to drink in the park or on the train, maybe a bag of chips. Gaining weight,. Putting oj n that extra 10-15 lbs. Gaining it alone in the park in the dark in the winter in fron of the Newberry library with the tall apartment buildings around and their lights twinkling with lives being led at altitude and the sky a dome of fading light, the horizon straight down Division street consuming the last slurp of egg yolk sun and the n desiccated peach and then dark/ Bewildered in life. I need your guiding hand.

The uncertainly and vision vacuum of middle-age and possibly a case of Borderline Personality Disorder— self-diagnosed, but I think instructive in as much as reading about the disorder has given me some insight into emotional disorders in general- which whether my is correctly labeled or not, it has been fucking my shit up.

From a literary standpoint I am golden. I have a process!!! Thank the MUSE!! I have a process. It is sustainable, organic, yet agile, structured, it is realistic, but more than anything else it is productive. SO productive in fact that I have had to work through woms suspicious towars it. Is this me coming ino my own as a writer? Or is is some form of latent graphomania, or nervous breakdown, or artistic wannabe mania. Nearly too the mark, but just not quite.

My vision for tech underpins all of this. I believe that with programming I have found a marketable skill that plays to my introverted strengths and has laid out a realistic, economical process that I am now 2.5 years into. I say 2.5 years, but in earnest it has really only been five months with one of those months focused almost exclusely on writing- a three month burn out/ flare up / flare out when I began filling up 50 page yellow legal pads just as fast as my cramped hand could scrawl out the words. I have no illusion about the contents of those pages— as I work back through the pages I have no illusion that this is a completed work or works in the waiting to be returned to. I have no illusions that my journey of writing has even reached a destination of any lasting temporal/eternal significance. What I am sure of though, convinced in my soul of, is that I have begun a journey and continued a journey in earnest and with intention and with hunger and focus. I have never given myself so fully over to any process except my marriage or my children. This feels significant. And it is impossible not to follow through on it now. Follow it down now. We have chased the rabbit into the hole and we have begun to fall. And all of the things of this world and of my mind begin to swirl around, around me and I watch them and attempt to cogently catalog them as I fall and fall and fall…

But what it feels like though is the most well-provisioned emotionally and intellectually free savoy into the creative/generative realm. Some of the writing has been super annoying. The old loops that keep tripping me up— the worn vinyl lies lacerated by my slashing needles, gnawing crossways over the grooves.

My life is inevitable as is my death. Jesus is crucified and raises again with every breath— we are out of time, we are out of space. We are home. Debt free with the girls. Leveraging a decade plus of desultory effort to finally feel at home: physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually. My shit feels close, it has bubbled up with the muses occasionally, surprisingly. I take my shit covered gifts to the river and I wash them down— because shit is death— used life, discarded bi-products of inspirations and effort— pressure, heat, stripped away, mined, the river pushes all this debris out and along to that great body of absorption where your deadly toxins become but parts per trillion in the great sea of being. Your burning torch of rage, mother, is but a distant star glowing in the vast black expanse of being. A light so certain of its purity of its illuminating light, wholly unaware that its source has long ago imploded, disappeared through the vortex of time and space, long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away.

I love spending my days being nourished by eclectic music and reflecting on my photography and my life and how I want to continue improving my life and the lives of my family members. And how I want to improve my ability to work. Working on projects and questions and issues that bubble up from my ground of being. My PIECE TREE and DEVSITE have provided me with the digital base to more forward creatively, personally, professionally.

11/01/2020

This process requires faith— not in what is has to be, but to give your life to it, to give your time. You are killing time, but creating a life along the way.

11/02/2020

The phrase “Heaven on Earth” assumes a hell of a lot.

Write it till its in you. Or out of you.

An evolving process.

A *Rolling Thunder Reverie* of the soul

Want to be over my dissolved soul. Dissolution.

Infuse passion and drive into my vision quest.

Stories, films, all works are but cast shadows of this hard practiced soul psychic slight of hand. Such shall stand the work of my body. The body of my work. And I shall die a saint, a jerk. Cured by hard medium,

Preserved for posterity, another symbol for the everfuture poet to content with.

Worm-gutted, deceased;

sweet to none but the earth who receives me in her wisdom,

dividing me among her hungry kin,

and am I still what I have been.

And was I ever really?

My peepshow soul in steadier employ now.

Having just learned to fly, it wants to see just how far it can go.

Look, dad, look, look at me live, look at me grow.

There are rockets in your sockets.

Daggers in your haggard mien.

Something evil, bloated and breeding,

Burrowed deep in the pus-slush of your necrotic spleen.

Locking in may allow to speed through the completion of one soul shattering, reality altering embarrassing, romancing work, but then you end up like a jerk, sad and old and creatively spent— you had the Qi but you never learned to harness it well— never made a life-enhancing practice out of it— found solace in the work— not as a task, but as an existence— being the moon in it, waxing and waning life energy from your body. Truly writing from your belly. Tapping into the power in your organs to do the good work you need to sustain life and joy in the practice of your life. Settling into a functional understanding of your soul ESCAPEMENT. A sophisticated escapement is a necessary tool in the modern age.

I believe this is a ball that is balanced in many discrete ways

I believe there are many, many ways through the maze, on every branching path of possibility, on every evolving sensibility.

11/04/2020

Color spectrum, light wave frequency, sound frequency. We are all waves. Synesthestia: color/sound frequency connection?

Intuition is trust.

You are a system, systems require process. Organ system, organ processes. Work system, work processes.

And maybe its just art, you, know something sacred, or maybe it’s just walking, which is pretty mundane, but also pretty goddamned sacred. I love walking. I have been walking less these days. I have been writing more, because I need to, because I do not the choice to not write and still live a happy, contented life. My intuition knew what I couldn’t quite dream, that I needed all this walking to get to where I need to be.

11/05/2020

Committing to it as you would commit to life, to your wife, to your daughters.

How does the mind cloud and the body constrict?

How does the object of love become the object of hate?

A culture consuming another. Death eater coming for the symbols of the old Lords—

The faded crest, the tattered banner just clinging to the moldering frescos.

I am so much happier because I found a way to directly confront my pain. Talk therapy had felt too expensive and lacked immediate insight. I feel like I have gotten more out of many clickbait psychologytoday articles than I did the two sessions of talk therapy I attended. I’m sorry Samantha, it wasn’t you, I think it was me. After our last session, in which I cried a little recounting the time Mr. Rose ducktaped our mouths shut for talking during our down time, which we always did, and suddenly he’s pulling this 180 on us and its apparently a hosage situation because he has duct tape and if any of us says another word their going to get duct tape on their mouths. I don’t know if I was the first kid to get it, but I aleast tow of us, maybe three got ducked taped, and were stilling wearing the duct tape when the older kids peaked their heads around the corner from the other side of the free standing divider which demarked our separate class areas within the one big class cloom. The laughed at us and I remember feeling fucking furious. The second time that I just felt like I was going to lose my fucking mind. I hated that place so much. It turned out the whole old building was lousy with espestoes and had to make alternative arrangement for my 5th grade year. The Christian school option which my parents had all but committed me to was to be held at Paul Gerard’s house,yes, Principle Paul that military awkard, sarcastic cold, shit pasta cook. His house did have a cool rope swing and Trevor was going to be there, but on the other hand, fuck no. There is no way that after two miserable years I was going to descend to another level of educational weirdness. I probably would have become a millionaire if I had stuck with the Chirstian school thing. I think it was a cult and Paul Gerard did seem to have some esoteric computer knowledges and what not to offer, instead I went to public schools after throwing an absolute fucking fit, and went on to receive the Principle’s award in 5th grade for best all around student, and was voted friendliest and most-involved, and class leader, played varsity basketball, cross country and track, won the state of Michigan Model Judiciary Mock trial competition and with my team of 4 captured third overall place in the country wide competition which was held in San Francisco. I was 18. I had just graduated from high school and this was to be my very first time on an air plane.

But anyways, my hangups kept me from being at ease. Being of a writerly bent I felt like I could write it out if I had the time, bit of structure and some wherewithal— sneak around the eddy of my ever looming obsidian stone. Humming in the silence light the tinnitus chorus of a set of singing bones, dry night, dark, but far dark, and mountains enveloped north yonder.

11/06/2020

Responsibility is a key to expanding your belief that you are in fact the creator of your experience at any given moment. Free will is the right to experience all of your thought-feelings, words and actions so that you will be able to experience the results of your choices.

A half hour of yoga made all the difference— connecting with my pain has helped me begin to grow past it and continue to confront it in the future. I am unafraid— I have entered the eternal.

I have begun, intentionally, to prepare for death.

I have begun to prepare my body for aging and decay.

I am following my weakness and pain to the grave.

I am seeking the light—

Sun and warmth, heat of my qi, cool of release.

Stretching— pulling, pitching, pushing beyond our closed conceptions of ourselves— our failures, our achievements— ease of entry, ease of exit, design and communion with the muse.

Poet => “a maker”

Trobar: to find or invent

Troubadors- south of France 11th, 12th, 13th century

Trouveres- north of France 12th, 13th, 14th century

Langue d’oil; langue d’oui

abracadabra

abracadab

abracada

abracad

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ab

a

write on linen and suspend over the throat of the afflicted.

Abra-ham… Moses… David

11/08/2020

I have passed beyond the veil.

And slowly, slowly down we go, the corpse of a whale,

And the sea is me and the sea is humanity

And I am my gate into humanity

I have opened the forever mountain gate,

The cypher hole,

Multiple dimensions unfold before me,

I have lost control.

Sound can give meaning to anything.

Music can be so healing and encouraging and sustaining—

But it requires an openness and a strong connection between ones physical and mental processes.

But with some effort you can allow yourself to be quiet and in the right silence. Allowing yourself entry in the emotional reverberations contained within the music.

11/10/2020

There are so many messages floating around out there. I have realized that the first message that comes to mind is not necessarily the first message I want to share. It is a starting point, but just because it was thought does not mean it needs to be shared. What is my intention? Releasing some need in me to get these words out? Am I seeking to inform or educate? Am I enlisting help? Asking in earnest for a new perspective? Truly, what is my intention?

When we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy.

* Herman Hesse

11/11/2020

PROCESS: intention, preparedness, structure

EXECUTION: agile, iterative, predictive, scheduled

ENDURANCE: maintainable/sustainable, habitual.

Prospecting the goldminer’s mind.

Panning this stream-of-consciousness for some glinting indication of a deeper vein. Catching that glint…now how to get to the vein?

*We shall not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploration will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time. Through the unknown, remembered gate, when the last of the earth left to discover is that which was the beginning at the source of the longest river. The voice of the hidden waterfall and the children in the apple-tree, not know because not looked for.*

Intention is the interface

Attention is the interface

Be present, confront pain, confront joy.

11/12/2020

**BODY, LANGUAGE, TECH (the word… the LOGOS)**

Body: Yoga/stretching/body work,

Language: writing/literature/language,

Tech: programming, coding/ information and technology;

11/13/2020

I learned to write via the filibuster method— procrastinating from all other things that I actually should have been doing to prod and poke and press my thoughts and emotions into words, seemingly at random. I have a vision of being a trained, unencumbered writer, a trained and unencumbered coder, and unencumbered father and husband. Finding joy in the challenges of the day— can’t keep to my declarations thought— which is kind of bullshit— but mah be part of finding my way.

I move in pursuit of truth because that journey does not end. I am seeking out truth not simply trying to corral it into the parameters of my predetermined pins.

Can I keep my heart curious and kind?

I think of Bradon. Brilliant, dead Bradon. Brilliant and kind. A linguist in training. Died before his time. Just engaged. What the fuck?

Writing yoga ray of sun, chamber of masks, creation as a child like state.

Virtually different. Text reflects themes.

11/14/2020

And I do not apologize for making these materials my scriptures. The great omnipresent texts of this earth. Making the best of a situation. Whatever that situation is. Or could be. I do not apologize. I am tacking. I am iterating. I’m transforming on and on. Hello World. Hello Word.

Proof of engagement, proof of life.

Focus on the work that can be done. The reading. Allowing the wee cypher to do her wheedling work amongst the fictions of her mind. Run the text through the Fun House mirror. Run the gamut, make the gambit. Look across the street at Merry.

There is work to be done getting my notes distilled down, taking these new ideas to heart, applying them, finding ways into the material, the Text, that are life enhancing, nourshing. Let us live and live well— this mad creative, joy harboring in our hearts, this fearful knowledge that we cherish on our lovely, lonely roads.

You still haven’t read your favorite book, you still haven’t written your best poem, song, letter, line.

Spending hours and hours stitching traditions together deep within the dank and incense intense underbelly of my own personal mythosphere. Consciousness and communication of that consciousness requires a sender and a receiver, a sender/expresser and a receiver/processor; we must understand one another’s interfaces, we must somewhat expect what’s coming, anticipate it, query it if it arrives unclear. We must implicity or explicity have a shared culture or common collection of texts, we must have wherewithal for one another.

I have a wherewithal for written communication and reading that I do not always possess with spoken, instantaneous communication. Though of course I do not always possess this wherewithal. The nonlinear, transtemporal creative possibilities for both he composition and consumption of written material are vast in both style, content, intention, audience, etc. etc.

I enjoy this editorial process. And I have enjoyed it so much more since falling into a process that makes returning to work and collecting and developing it automatic. The judgements that drive the flow of the work are not made unconsciously, but the structure for processing the accumulated fragments of writing is automatic in its perpetual design.

The upshot of it all is that the pieces I am working on, which most I must admit are still in pretty nascent form, many of which still having completely declared their final form or proposed outlet. The pieces can really be thought of as DEPOSITORIES. Accumulating material for creating TEXT creation whether that text is a story or a letter or a song or a poem or whatever. Thus, the pieces in many ways are writing themselves. This is what I am finding so exhilarating. My writing has developed into an act of exploration in literary style and content as well as self-exploration as I assimilate my disparate experiences and memories and sensory perceptions and imaginations and dreams and acquired knowledge or overhead conversation or partially digested idea or peach or side of beef. What is this amalgamation that we are? And how are we not completely bewildered by the complexity and the enormity and multiplicity of us. Thankfully our curiosity escapement holds these questions back most of the time. We keep our blind spots and interest deserts in place. Buffers to make room for our ever expanding egos. Doesn’t mean anything to me… But you seem really passionate about it…

Agile writing. Continuous delivery is part of the design. With many pieces developing simultaneously we will hit a point of process maturity where we will finish a bunch of pieces in quick succession.

Write it out in ONE feed.

Easy IN

Easy OUT

11/15/2020

Changing the present alters the future of the past.

Altering the present changes the past of the future.

All I have to do is write a bunch of code, do a bunch of yoga, spend a lot of time with my family. Accept my calling as a writer.

Drafting provides the drafts.

Reading is transporting.

It is good to be friends with my books again.

11/16/2020

My process: idea generation and drafting by hand— following the morning pages idea of just opening up and releasing anything that is inside of me— it’s that first thought, best thought approach— the top of the head volitions that may or may not be grounded in what’s ahead, what’ behind.

Identifying a driving intention. Finding a root and a firm foundation diving into the project so deeply that it begins to dictate your habits, your sleep, your eating, your exercise. Your body begins to changes so do your rhythms. Your wife comments on your good vibe. Your vibe is better. Your ideas are more forthcoming Your goals seem to set and arrange their own executions. Your first morning intention is clear and your process for achieving economic and emotional independence is sound and well underway. You have slowed time. Watning to roll like K but being Too Slow. Finding that Too Slow equilibrium on Highway 41. You know it runs from the U.P.’s Copper Harbor in the Keweenaw all the way down to Miami. I’ve sent a lot of time on 41 to and fro from my parents. It’s a good old road, no tolls.

And the desert looms, though I am not afraid. I too shall traverse the valley. The Obsidian stone, the body corporal, Achilles heel, 4th of July, aborted babies, mother holding my child, and if your were called to sacfrice?

Mother asked me if I would go to war. Her first fucking question after September 11th. Which is a fine sentiment, but just kind of intense as a leader. And perhaps I would have and I even half-assed tried, but the recruiters were not knocking themselves out. I would’ve out ranked all of them at the mall office just be joining with a B.A. It all seemed a little B.S. though everything did at the time. I was smoking a lot of weed and feeling broken hearted— get in good shape, smoke some weed, you’ll just start producing— that has always been the round about plan— which is a tickyone to raise a family on— No matter who you are— this is where the coding comes in— it is a HARD marketable skill, like my Mandarin, but a market in which I am not competing with the insanely steep disadvantage of not being a native speaking, There are no native Ruby or JavaScript speakers (writers, users, whatever…). And, but, yet, still they have the functionality of a language— the density, the compatibility. Robot poems or typeable lego, I’d say.

Writing is a sea to me; reading an anchor, sextant, chart of stars; harbor: my sweet home safe and warm and near the sea.

If it weren’t a little dangerous would I even want to do it?

I can move ahead with the confidence that my writing projects are following me— that they are not rapped in amber and inaccessible, but they have been jotted down, sketched out in fits and bursts— all entering a stream of notes that can be returned to and integrated into other projects.

I can follow this projects ahead into the future as they continue to develop, unemcumbered by effort anxiety, knowing that I can work in the right silence and that all work done in the right silence is good work and work that is working along on the path towards our good. I do not want to feel like I have to justify this to my mother and my brother. Once again, tech is a wonderful smoke screen here, cover fire to advance our forward line.

My foundation of savings and debt settling made this possible by busting my ass in the luxury retail hustle.

My foundation of interest and effort with Ruby and all of my writing and Chinese work have developed my ability to work in this way, organize in this way, produce in this way.

The addition of my physical foundation of Yoga and Pranayama and moderation and light seeking.

My love of books and reading and research and following threats and posing questions and digging around for answers.

The singularity and focus that our narrowed life as parents has afforded us.

Our good health and the good health of our girls.

All of these factors have provided us with a firm foundation, one upon which we can proceed with focus and confidence— working agilely project to project, responsibility to responsibility, intention to intention.

Not wanting to be on that zoom train. Need to drop out. Fall away. Exit from. Retire. Seek a road straight through my heart and back out into the world at large.

An effort of renewal and reinvigoration. A process of breaking loose and getting free. Greeting ghosts with the sign of Christ. Opening my heart to the weary and the wounded world. Seeking to serve and equipped with the wherewithal to serve because I have uncluttered myself, defragmented my hard drive and put systems in place to meet my needs in a sustainable sequence of effort and rest, engagement and recovery, collecting and recollecting. Oh, elusive balance, is my lust for you so obscene that you wouldn’t dream of ever being with me?

Me in the wind like an epileptic fern thrush.

Whoosing violently around

Momentarily convicted of my holy cowness.

Leavened unlike the bread of the exhiles

Wanting it is easy, but trying to be great

Wash the feet before you. Can art bridge worldviews? Provide a fuse, a point of view, a mystery, a clue, good vibes. How do you become a good vibes guy— a position, like hey— how are things going sort of thing— we were the wrong one’s for the job— I was an asshole, an ass crack, a slob, what’s worse, I didn’t give a shit which never helps a fuck.

And yes, what is value? Sex, money, love, truth— the ore of all value.

Learn what the novelist knows. Novel words upon a page. Novelization. Process. The skeletal thing that would be king.

11/17/2020

No one needs your novel.

No one needs your hotdog stand.

No one needs your diamond ring.

No one needs your pork-pie hat.

We’re all liars, we all lie, we especially hate weak, bad liars and the sickening transparence of their shifty eyes.

We hate bad liars, weak liars, liars who get caught.

11/18/2020

What is the LOGOS? A principle of order and knowledge (Hereclitus c 535- c475 BC)

“And as you learn the magic, learn to believe it. Don’t be surprised when it works, you undercut you power.

* Diane di Prima (1934-2020)

I’d like my daily bread however  
you arrange it, and I’d also like  
to be bread, or sustenance for  
some others even after I’ve left.  
A song they can walk a trail with.

* Diane di Prima

11/19/2020

February 2020 was important. Stopped smoking. Started running. Was drinking too much and too open to drinking. But I was running a great deal and even ended up running a half-marathon just on a whim because I had the time and wherewithal. And then I hurt my knee when Esme jumped on to my knee whe I was studying and then I couldn’t quite recover back to where I was at and when into intense physical theraply mode at the beginning of May doing hours long sessions of Pete Egoscue and Yoga inspired stretches. Getting up early for this and ultimately getting my body, hip, knee, ankle back in alignment. At this same time I began my most concentratated dive into complueter programming and created my first complicatedish Ruby program: a timeclock. Through the uncertainly of June I fueled my self-imposed bootcamp with some stretching, but mostly just pushups, ultimately pushing myself deeper into the desksitter box that resulted in chronic upper back and neck tension as well as pectoral weakness and discomfort and later ultimately costochodrithis and rib and sterum tightness. My achilless injury in July really threw me off jogging and my back and neck trouble shattered my calisthenic momentum (I had this ever evolving point system to encourage more random acts of stretching and exercise and movement and activity to try and make it feel productive as opposed to being something that was distracting me and taking me away from my real purpose. My real purpose is the balance of all of these disparate forces and needs. This is something to keep in mind for sure.

Oiling the saw. I’d like a well-oiled saw.

Dreaming of reading Wendell Berry and living in the city and working in web and app development. Continuing on with my Chinese study, but not with the sweaty unsettled feeling that my vocational best bet had run its course and was up for reassessment, it was time to cut our losses or collect our gains, or whatever necessary sequence of moves needed to be made to get clear, get free, get on and into the next thing, immediately.

Running to “In Rainbows” The Reckoner, I might be Wrong.

Going out and getting lost and then finding my way back to writing and Chinese and finding my way into coding and tech and overcoming my sense of digital dislocation and fragmentation. Finding a way to force all of these disparate, fragmentary interests and commitments (willing or unwilling) through a centering, focusing workflow, allowing for optimization and prioritization of execution and task handling/management.

11/21/2020

If I have time to write and write free then I will write and I will write free—

If I do not have time to write I will not write and I will not be free.

GESTALT therapy focuses on what is actually happening.

11/22/2020

Why do I have it in my mind that this need to be thought up and written chronologically.

Movies are rarely even shot chronologically. Much less written and prepared chronologically.

How the hell would writing something chronologically even make sense. You are writing in time. Satrt at the beginning and write through to the end. That is the illusion that writing creates. The illusion of continuity of time. Like the idea expressed, the thought express, the line of thought articulated just sort of shot out in real time, when the reality is the entire pieces came together through an amalgamation of free creative thought and spontanetity and disciplined process and routine.

11/23/2020

Does the reader feel invited in or merely (barely) tolerated? Does the reader for honored? Does the reader feel respected? Challenged? Entertained? Enriched?

11/24/2020

Pursuing language, a mythical beast, a moveable feast, the nearest, dearest element on this earth. A precious creation of man— humankind— a human gift— a gift of the Gods, but also so human; so Godlike in its abundance and resilience, ever whole and complete, ever evolving, expanding, inspiring each generation, changing with each generation. Collectively edited by the minds of all humanity. Conjuring up what could be. What is.

05/12/2021: finally made it back to my 11/24 notes in which I was working on *Entropy*. Feels significant to be here 6 months on and just now getting back to these notes. It feels like a great accomplishment. I have overcome something in myself in this process of full settling into my identity and work as a writer and a human.

Sometimes I feel as if I will lose my mind if I do not write, sometimes I feel like I will lose my mind if I write.

I speak in collage, eclectic, hyperlinked.

Flow clears, meditation clears, order clears

Imagination heals, reconciles, configures, controls

Human imagination: Kalidescopic fireworks

Seeking something that can suggest something very vividly.

Build up the overall effect.

Language is the first medium of my artistic instinct and the medium through which I realized it to its full maturity, of full enough for my purposes, and poetry then becomes a nature choice and a nature form to return to again and again as it is the most compact way to explore language.

12/2/2020

The Point is Being— the point is having the cool truth of being coursing through your veins— radiating out of you.

12/05/2020

Weed gives me a back door into the right silence, but it also leaves me distracted and scattered sometimes.

Oh, to soberly write from that good grounded place where your feet are reaching straight into the floor.

We can write from this place. We can write from this place.

12/12/2020

Over, well over first thought, best thought. I’m an “Everything is gestation and birthing sort of hack”

Collect and distill and somehow purify and elevate my rage and hurt and rejection and disappointment and resultant anxiety, listlessness and existential discomfort.

12/13/2020

Focus on being grateful

Focus on responding to the negative with love and creation and not anger and destruction.

Emotion is real but it is also a form of weather, a mutable environment variable, a mutable world mutating variable

Politics is a lesser form of weather.

12/15/2020

“The thing that is uniquely his, is to sort of smuggle in scenes of remarkable emotional, and, I gotta say, spiritual weight within the fairly light construction.”

12/16/2020

Persist, nourish, raise up, lower, free, emotion-intellect-form at last coalescing in this act—a pen, a surface, sources, time sit or stand and rhapsodize.

This is so important. If I can find my way into this as a reliable form of communication and expression I will be able to proceed in any direction with confidence and groundedness and focus.

12/18/2020

Writing is a river.

My harvest is the flood.

Writing is a river

The river is my field

My harvest this brackish mass.

Tributary, tributary, calling all her back snakes

Home to the hibernaculum, breach the banks and swell my being

Every little rivulet a certain percentage of the whole.

Pull to your womb, pull to your room.

Breath bayou night think with water below and water in the air all around.

A surfeit or nothing at all. Learning to anticipate the flood

And finding channels to contain it. Not producing to fill the channels, pairing back the blanket river with her undulating folds, convince lugubrious to settle in the mold, full and ever expanding. Not an end, a never ending. A koan poem, an interface to pass the torch on with, the WORD, the tongue of FIRE, the flame of thought and wonder and hunger and caring and despair. An Obsidian Stone momento to pass hand to hand and ear to ear among the traveler you meet.

Hello, I see you, this is my cherish lexicon. This is my magic book of words. This is the onder of my life and being. Suspended in this mercurial act I find my highest form of being.

Just have to keep following the river and keep its tributaries clear.

For years, perhaps even decades now, I have written about writing as a way to prime the pump, reflect on what I was doing— talk it out, test my voice, find what naturally comes out when I am not specifically “trying” to write anything at all. Sometimes this habit makes a lot of sense to me and I enthuse that, “yes, this makes a lot of sense to me and maybe even one day I will be able to pull together my own little pieces or pamphlet or book on writing by simply cutting and pasting all of my many, many musings over the years.” At other times I feel like I am trapped in some sort of self-perpetuating Filibuster, something that is supposedly in the rules of executive engagement, but in the moment feels like a goddamned coup that is keeping me from moving my body of work forward. Work of body, body of work.

This reflection on craft and this act of craft has led me down a lot of looping musing on the value of writing. I have attempted to clarify my valuation of writing in an attempt to establish its necessity and utility, thus resolving the conflicted feelings that have in the past kept me from constructively engaging with writing both pragmatically (physically putting pen to paper and fingers to keyboard) and theorethically (what is it good for, what do wee hope to accomplish, what is possible, how will you marshal the emotional wherewithal to pull the writing together and actually produce a final piece which can be collected shared personal, relationally, and perhaps someday commercially. I want to understand my conviction that my writing can sustain me and ground me in this life and alchemically transform the difficult, inchoate, rambling, innumerable challenges of this life into a totem of attempting to capture something, anything, everything of the beauty and intricacy and wonder and delight and humor and fear and suffering of this world and our capacity for dwelling on and pursuing beauty and love over fear and suffering.

We must pursue beauty and cultivate beauty. In our family cultures we emphasis certain things and we offer certain opportunities. Not all, but some. Left to use to feel out how we can approach this challenges:

* Security(physical and financial well-being)
* Health (physical, emotional, spiritual)
* Education (developmental, academic, physical)

We create our culture around solving these three

12/23/2020

I am not blaming, I am looking for symptoms to trace back—I am looking for rivulets to follow down, puddles on the floor, slightly sloping floors, woodgrain and cracks therein, lines into the labyrinth, steadily descending towards the source.

We cannot eat time—and have no land for time to grow on.

My career hustle has brought us to a certain point in our lives— and I am glad about this point. Heartened. Thrilled, in fact—we can live from this point—I can work from this point.

Feeling something welling in me—is it rage or just energy?

A deep conviction that between me and my future is time and effort alone.

Sneakily pursuing back door ambitions—

Some way through to a successful life,

While avoiding many trappings of a successful life.

We are all experiments in living, no?

Desiring a deeper understanding of BODY and HABITS that emanates from that understanding.

Desiring a wise peace about politics. People over politics.

12/30/2020

Mysticism is popularly known as becoming one with God or the Absolute, but may refer to any kind of ecstasy which is an altered state of consciousness which is given a religious or spiritual meaning. It may also refer to the attainment of insight in ultimate or hidden truth and to human transformation.

01/05/2021

Modern Art Creates Interfaces:

* Books
* Literature
* 1st texts
* 1st documents
* Building a personal canon.
* Helping one another see certain things.

The magnet imparts its power to receptive metal and so on in the allusion, poet, progenitor, producer to the producer to the audience.

Protean State

Through the looking glass

But what will he know since he will not know everything?

Less news, more literature.

Less texting, more texts.

Get right, get writing…

The ether is an important place. It is where unknowing exists and that great sensual attraction unknowing can approach us with – curiosity. Faith is there as well, the true faith, not rhetorical faith which speaks in cliches if at all, marble mouthed and hackneyed, less act of witness than linguistic litmus test.

01/07/2021

Your beauty is your reward. Observation. Conversation. Memory. Combination.

**Vicious loop or not writing and not connecting**

Want to connect with people

Want to connect through writing

Conflicted about writing

Don’t write

Don’t connect

Will connect and write!!

Poet’s evoke: sell back the buyer’s best.

my brand is your excellence.

my excellence is your brand.

We thrive on one another’s excellence.

Can you approach the process without anxiety?

We literally make our own reality.

What’s for dinner?

Happiness is not the goal.

Happiness is the glow of my flow

You are more positive in the morning and you know it!

Work in the morning. Claim the morning.

You KNOW this is key. You know it!

01/15/2021

practices (writing/yoga: mind, being maintenance, language/programming/writing/music: mind production)

We can grow—yes, we can, we are growing and we will have negative emotions when our differences alienate us from one another, but there is a deeper love, a deeper wisdom, a deeper commitment that can assuage this chest tightening emotion, this brain browning out gust—distant, dislocated, tight and caught in our old thoughts—corrosive loops, a centrifuge of short-comings sped up and smashed into one another in the quiet, reflective moments of your life.

01/19/2021

And perhaps this cathartic political and religious distance from my family is ultimately that which gets me free and allows me to fully create.

Yoga is writing. Writing is yoga. Yoga is glue. Interfacing various systems. Bringing multiple systems into alignment.

02/12/2021

Things are turning around soon. This feeling that things are turning around. Chinese New Year has begun.. Two week period. Something will be different at the end of this period. It is the new moon. IT will end at the end o the full moon. I want to have made substantial progress with my notebooks. If This was not such a deliberated process I would say that it is a kind of madness. But the fact that I have been able to keep it sustain this process. Sustain this production and have felt it begun to blossom and open up. The RIVER is flooding and bringing the sources to the Wasteland. The Journey of Elijah was about crossing the Wasteland and acknowledging that I needed to cross this wasterland and find a away of being in this wasterland. And the way that I can do this is flood the wasteland with the rouch. There is only the mountain. There is only the river. The is only the sea.

How to be hyper-productive without being manic. Or at the very least appearing manic. Where is the grace of the swan, calmly lollying through the water, with her flipper feet wheeling a million times a minute below the surface. And if it is manic, if it is a big effort and the whole process takes every last shred of your wherewithal, should you even try to expend any energy trying to explain it? Explain what happened. What you are doing? Perhaps goals are enough. Get a job in tech. Develop my writing. Develop my Chinese skills. Overcome my digital dislocation. Working to the overall end of improving my vocation/family balance. My life balance— my life being a balance of the vocation I love and the people I love. How to hold to these truths in the midst of self doubt. In the midst of the necessary valley of despair, when you truly face your ignorance, your lack of discipline, your poor adult habits that impede you from being the parent, partner, worker that you wish you were. Making an honest effort on all fronts and feeling stretched between each, without a clear path ahead. And in some ways any path would do. Committing to any path would do. But only the existential despair of infinite possibilities, which obviously was not a true casting of things at twenty nor is it at 40, but the many reasonable paths do feel infinite when your life seems to be running parallel with those million other different ruts, but without the hope of ever crossing. But you have jumped ruts before. You have keeled over your education track which took you to Europe and Asian and created the experiential basis and context for your adult life and launched and solidified the most important partnership in your life— your wife. And then when the prospect of having kids entered the scene and the need for stability and steady, increasing income and savings and decent health insurance and a manageable yearly rhythm of vacations and holidays to stay connected with friends and family. But then finding that had moved to rut that feels increasingly narrow and rough sliding and the balance you had dreamed of is all gunked up and cemented in, the run off of 8 years of working most holiday weekends and holidays, and attempting to agilely maintain relationships with shattered weekends and paltry vacation to make it up. We have ridden the silver linings. We have accepted the increasing distance, being economically out of sync with the rest of my family (I do not have a house that is conducive to hosting large families, nor is street parking super convenient for my brother’s unwieldy 15 passenger van). My whole family is Catholic with 17 potential godchildren born on to this uncle, I have exactly zero godchildren because we are not suitable godparent material due to the states of our souls and the infinite amount of time between now and our last proper confession.

I truly do not want to be dismissive, but I want to be real and honest and thoughtful and good-faith curious and loving and supportive. I want to overcome your cynicism and pessimism and apocalyptic thinking and which was yours and mine or was mine though I have been working on leaving it behind because I don’t need it anymore at all… which is its own kind of idealism no?

*My process does not penalize spontaneity and free association; in fact it rewards and amplifies it; makes sense of it; abstractions arise out of order not chaos*

02/14/2021

Mine the fault lines of becoming.

Ethics => how we treat others.

Aesthetics => what our soul seeks out.

2/15/2021

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Fichte | 1762-1814 | Idealism, subjective idealism | No object outside of mental idea |
| Schelling? | 1775-1854 | Objective idealism | No such thing as phenomena, no real only ideal, senses create own world. |
| Henry James | 1842-1910 | Personal idealism | Special emphasis on authority of the will and the initiative of the self in experience as opposed to the tendency in absolute idealism to minimize the working of the individual soul |
| [Joseph Brodsky](file:///C:\Users\aaron\AppData\Roaming\Microsoft\Word\People\Joseph_Brodsky.docx) | 1940-1996 | Aesthetic Idealism |  |

For a helluva long time I felt locked out of my favored intellectual peregrinations. No time. No space.

2/19/2021

Politics and framing everything from a winner take all lens is an earthly consolation. It is trying to have your cake and eat it too. At its purest it seeks to bring to earth a shade of that heavenly state beyond, an impossibility in this dualistic, tainted, first-fallen world. We are left to ask— what is our fruit? We can talk and write all day long about our values or aspirational “virtues”, but what is our fruit? What are we producing? What is our tone? Let’s not worry quite yet about how we are being received, but let us reflect a moment on our messages. Do they reflect our heart? Are they aspirational? Inquisitive? Are we attempting to engage or inform or opine? And if so, what color are we bringing into the conversation? Are we brightening it? Are we darkening it? Are we responding with love and kindness and patience and GOOD HUMOR? Good humor is so key here. Especially as you age and the frustrations pile up, good humor is truly a gift. I think we have the responsibility for tending to our own humors. “Knowing ourselves” as the ancient Greek Oracle prophesied. Know your mind; your subtle mind. Know your body; your subtle body. Give yourself to your projects. Find a way to give yourself to your projects. Find your way to jump into the river. Certainly figure out the rough arc and trajectory of your journey and take stock of provisions, wherewithals, abutting timelines, transitions, inefficiencies, distractions, but then once the space and time have been ascertained— jump!!! That is something that I don’t think I had ever been able to do with the full-on wild freedom and inefficient chattiness that I have currently built up to. It is useless and fluffy, but somewhere in the cut back tangles of my “thoughts on craft throwaway asides” I am finding my voice. I am shutting out all the other voices and all the other competing phrasing and languages and ideas and directions and projects and needs and wants and dreams and simply going for the next apparent key. The key that appears next in my thought flow which has somehow allowed the invisible firings in my brain to spontaneously represent themselves on my computer screen one letter at a time. I am not thinking ahead, I am not looking behind, I am simply writing in space and writing in time and finding in this practice the right silence that I need to fully come into myself as a person and a writer and a programmer and a husband and a father and a son and a brother and a friend and a neighbor and a citizen and a human. I can be because I have found my voice. My writing process gives me a cumulative structure from which to build and maintain my voice. Not in any sort of gold mining expedition where I am after the most lucrative idea or something like that. I am teasing out my intuitive sense of voice which is apparent in the subtly different approaches I take in voice with all of the different pieces that I have begun. Exploring moving in and out of these subtly different voices, seeking to weave them together and fill an echo chamber of production that can ping back and forth stylistically. It is also here that I am working on identifying my themes. All writers have themes or at the very least some sort of system of aesthetic mise-en-scene that creates a hallmark style from a constellation of discrete elements.

2/25/2021

I am a writer because I can spend hours trying to unpack my thoughts and listening to Solfeggio frequencies and can so happily fall down Wiki-holes, suddenly finding myself on the pristine shores of the Sylvania Wildlife Area in the eastern UP, taking absolute delight in the fact that these lakes, despite being inland, or so clear, and are fed by springs and very few intermediate streams, something to do with being close to the Big Lake and very far from the Mississippi. I am delighting in this ABSTRACTION of the plain upon which we live where we can write away all the cities and towns and infrastructure built up all over th Midwest and consider for a moment that it is just a big hole full of water and then a plain and slopes down to an enormous drainage ditch that sends all our collective runoff all the way down to the Gulf of Mexico and beyond. This simplified vision of our continent, stripped of politics and strip malls and all the intermediate needs that can be met all up and down our epically grand highway system, appeals to me. Gives me some sort of succor. There is a timelessness to this vision and something exhilarating about it. I want to visit those lakes and see the clear waters made possible by their “apex’ position and their ecological “fragility” (something about low flush rates and low nutrient load), I lose myself for a while in the names of this chain of lakes: Glimmerglass Lake, Big Bateau, Snap Jack Lake, even the more pedestrian West Bear Lake, or Loon Lake, or even Long Lake strike me as worth a vista.

Maybe I am just incredibly bored or wanderlust withdrawing. Though honestly I feel no urgency to visit those places. I would like to one day, but the stress of giving a timeline and all of the things that need to fall into place to open a visit— the pandemic abating, switching careers, having the wherewithal to take vacation, take time off, time away. When I do make it to Glimmerglass lake my life will truly have reached another state.

These states are so mysterious. Gliding across the boundary waters with you and Noah and Peter and Nathan and Tony all those years ago. Broken up with betsy? Feeling existentially unraveling. Having just finished a summer at camp. Putting to rest in some wasy that narrative, that path forward. I would not marry there. I would not work there any more. I would probably not send my children there. And then in quick succession my very convenant world— North Park, home church, older brother in Seminary, suddenly shifted. I was graduated. Out of the church more or less. And then my brother had his roiling time in Chicago before retreating home to like his ego and renounce his theology, finding succor in a 12 DVD presentation of Pope John Paul II’s thoughts about sex.

And the church, the community, the identifying civic-religio base of our family shifted to Catholicism. Initially, before TRUMP came along and so artfully dredged up and gave voice to their entitled angst (upset about not being able to go to England, restaurants being closed, having to wear a mask, not being able to talk to them about it because I am put in the position of joining their grouchy kvetch fest of feel in the position to “defend” or at least review the logic of the governmental directive. They are of the mindset that just because it is of the government it is at least partially shitty and has at least a tinge of the ANTI-CHRIST’s acrid earthy flavor to it. They have always loved conspiracy theories and *This Present Darkness* loomed large over my childhood, we read the entire novel cozied up in mom’s water bed. Which, honestly, what the fuck!?! This books correlates meditation and any eastern New Age practice with Satanism, which given that the author is a long standing resident of Northern Idaho where the Confederate flag has become something of a regional banner, but the obvious anti-immigration stance of equating all non-western European religious traditions as being of the devil plays rather nicely into the Donald’s worldview. This idea of Good vs Evil. Power struggles that we cannot see. Media moguls who are hellbent on promoting the return of Satan. I had a Ying-yang as a kid. A key chain. My mother threw it out. Occasionally she would go on these wild purges, throwing out my brother’s Anne Rice novels, precariously scooping up our hulked, big-backed television set and weightlifter shuffling it to closet if there happened to be something on that she didn’t approve of or if we were watching TV and had not finished our homework or practiced our instruments. And you know what, we probably shouldn’t have been watching TV, but why all the rage. Why the flying off the handle. This uncontrolled rage coming at the end of a long day of intense patient engagement. What a good, hardworking mother we had. Supported all 6 of us and Dad, with Dad doing the house-husband thing and killing it along the way deputizing himself as a mechanic, hunter, plumber, carpenter, roofer, gardener, plower, shoveler, racker, cleaner, cook, baker, Wednesday night Song leader, track and cross country couch, race organizer, visitor of the elderly, companion, collector. My parents are amazing, good loving people who have supported me and loved me as best they can. But it wasn’t enough. It was not all encompassing. It can’t be. How could it be enough. How could it be everything.

Your offer to send me the two volume collection of Allen Ginsberg’s journals kind of made my stomach turn a little bit. Which is a truly absurd

and coding and attempting to settle into a new way of being.

02/24/2021

A healthy stream never basks, a healthy stream never wallows.

Ever new, protean, weather-like, amorphous, hardened, then suddenly soft, sunlight in cold, cool breeze in heat.

I can either despair at all of these expanding projects or I can celebrate the continued ambition and expansion of my soul.

**Writing Drafting Process:**

* **1st: writing, sketching, noting, quoting**
* **Augmenting, adding, copying, combining, moving around**
* **Definitive shape, structure, train of elements**
* **Smoothing out, connecting, consistently structured, consistently styled.**

02/25/2021

The insane sort of naïve, arrogant, selfish, human, creative, artistic act of engaging in something without a guaranteed reward.

I could work for commission, could I work for vocation too?

I thought that I could and that my process, which I had begun long ago and had been tinkering with and trying to develop, stubbing, circling, spinning around and around and around, creating a culture all my own, all our own.

But now I was sick? My tongue felt weird. My neck bruise was ugly and concerning. The tightness in my chest just to the right of my sternum was dull but insistent. Is my vision blurred? (It’s not) Do I have tinnitus? (I don’t) Am I being abused? (No.)

Weird neck bruise, numb tongue, habitual cannabis smoking fueling production, lots of consistent stretching, preotean season of openness, intuition, chaos, planning, discipline, long hours, conflicted hours, negotiated hours, wasted hours, stolen hours, disregard, cloak and dagger, call to arms, sunshine galore, long cold snap, historic snowfall, long street of skeleton arbors sulphor sick in a world of snow, and then long before, the two full moons, a shamanistic vision quest resulting in a 3 month process of reassembling my imploded ego— happy to say, I feel better now. Had to write it out. Find a new frequency. Frequency found. Frequently. The source has been journeyed towards and the journey continues. And the source is really death, death looks at me side eyed from the nasty bruise on my neck, death and thoughts of death, this way in, this way out of mundane despair, this sickness unto death.

I have spent the last three months stretching and thinking and writing and dreaming, schemeing, planning, cramming, jamming, intuition fixing, flipping, ripping, tossing, chasing, tripping, spinning, wallowing, casting associationgs, reconfigurations, saturations, evaporations, literary meanderings, sales meetings, strategies, and coding and attempting to settle into a new way of being. KPIs, Essential 8, Rolex Way, American Way, The Chicago Way, the Way, The Dao, The Dow. Is it a beast of a cow? Pumped up on over-performing everything— yearning— more— yearning more— consume, consume, keep consuming— this hunger never ceases. How’s your neck? How’s your tongue? I am not creating a new skill set here, or a new 12 step method for personal achievement and fulfillment. I am seeking a very personal way of being that will allow me to exist in this world without feeling conflicted about my day to day tasks. I want to settle in my values and understand my values deeply and be able to speak to my values allow those values to direct my tasks. Allow me to enter into the flow of being which will allow me to support my family and enjoy the rich family life we share together. Everything else will grow out of that and all the other questions will be answered. We simply have to settle into our values and accept our values and find peace with our values and love and love whole heartedly from there. There is nothing at the center of it all and that is fine. There is nothing for us in the way that we may think there is at the center of it all and that is fine.

How are you? Are you fine? How’s your throat? How’s your tongue? Come together? Come undone?

Chakras all blocked, just a big piece of shit attached to a cock.

Another ignonimous day— signifying nothing— fueling through though, now begins the real work.

This is something you must affirm daily— now begins the real work— apply you’ve become wise to, find your flow, go. Go, Dad, Go! The boy is the father of the man.

02/26/2021

Eschewing materialism is a great cost-cutting measure.

I bought an Acer to learn how to code.

A Huawei phone and a 2005 Toyota Camry which I say is grey, but my wife says is brown. It has cloth upholstery and a tape deck. We rent an apartment for under market value from friends. We send our child to public school. She tested into the gifted track. OI am pursing a “free” education on-line learning web development while writing within the context of an honest to god actionable and momentum building process. I am open to change. I am all change.

People’s are in flux and to promote integration, engagement, interaction you need the margins, the extremes, the exiles, the vanguards, the bored elites, the dropout plebs, the dissonants, the poets and observers, the witnesses, the combatants, the preachers, the bullhorn blowers, the meter maids, the immensity of this existence does not fit easily in my head—but if I empy myself out—exhale, clear, cleanse, settle, open, awake…

Something about this whole cluster fuck is just that, hey--- its okay to be subjective—objectively is a myth, an impossibility, a MacGuffian. You have to draw you own conclusions. You have to commit to your own version of events, find your peace with that, your sanity, and proceed in faith and hope and love cause that’s the best advice we’ve received thus far. Be subjective, but be kind. You have to be.

Brilliantly subjective—, bare chested, an ego, a persona, a voice, that old fallacy that a fixed perspective could ever constitute an honest totality.

02/28/2021

Empathy—projecting yourself into a work of art, world of experience and feeling other than your own… turning confusion, complexity and the uncertainty of life into something beautiful and lasting—something that harmonizes the disquietude and dissonance of life.

Much of what is great or progress or epoch transitioning is odd, outside, uncomfortable, uncertain, inefficient, riddled with failure. Artists who have imprinted culture in a profound way while living largely outside the standards and stabilities of society.

A society must assume that it is stable, but the artist must know, and he must let us know that there is nothing stable under the sun. (James Baldwin)

Art => a zone of enchantment and resistance.

How truth is made: diagramming the stages of its construction.

A direct response to the paucity and hostility of the culture at large.

Buoy for loneliness, fulcrum of empathy.

Art does not necessarily have to be beautiful or uplifting => more concerned with resistance and repair.

Art => new registers, new spaces for empathy

Nested recursion of self-similarity as “symmetry across scale.”

Good painters paint themselves.

Orchard of words => tended over decades

Making art about other people is both dangerous and necessary.

Are we impenetrable categroies of people or do we have a common life, an obligation to regard and learn about each other. The act is urgent, but most also fail. An orchard of words tended over decades.

Capitalism survives by forcing the majority to define their own interests as narrowly as possible (ways of seeing).

It was narrowness he set himself against—the toxic impulse to wall in or wall off.

Be generous to the strange, open to difference, cross-pollinate freely.

03/22/2021

Luce County, Clockwinder, Mother, Amerikana, Full Retail, Tech, Travel… having relinguished control I have gained control. Having let go and made the project about tuning in, thinking, waiting, collecting, reflecting, refactoring, writing without judgement or intent, not attempting to craft with my will, but willing to allow the story to take shape from shadows and impressions, rather than so upfront, straight-forward, false to life delineation. That shapes appeared and the absences suggested. The stew has had time to comingle its flavors. A quote begets a quote. An image suggests an image. Unafraid to get out of the way. To yield to the river. To yield right of way. To follow the river. To return to the river.

Losing yourself to the process, to life. Not worrying about how it will come across. Slowly sharing. Listening. Truly listening. Will politics solve this problem? How have you been feeling about retirement? Aging? How is your health? How are you practicing good health? What have you been cooking with? Moderation. Wellness. Healthfulness. Knowing what not to do. Not doing what you have done. Living in the fullness of the moment. Virtuous loop. Feeding creation. Feeding learning. Feeding cultivation and fostering of health and goodness. Creating. Not fearing. Not judeging. Engaging. Listening. Following the river. Remaining just the same as the river. The river ins everywhere. It runs through the mountains. Runs to the sea. Runs to the mountains. Runs from the sea. Searches out the sky, alights from thunderheads on the white windmill giants of Miner and Hopedale. Normal and C’Aceur Alcoyle (Idaho).

Lucky to be here in the morning. Lucky to be lost in our thoughts on writing, reflection. Framing. Exploring. Giving yourself over to the process brings a freedom. Trusting the process brings a sort of freedom. Nurturing the process brings a certain freedom. This is the child that takes care of the man. The family. Our life. It is the wellspring. You threw your weight to the right. I stepped left, babysteps to leave the family.

I reject your narrative that there is something wrong with me.

That there is something diabolic in my “refusal” to accept Christ’s invitation to dine. You are as heretical as I am it appears. Wasn’t so and so burned at the stake for being a little too enthusiastic about reasons interface to the divine. Faith is a gift, no? You can impart culture but you cannot impart faith. Faith is out of your hands, no? And yet, you have pretenses of being an arbitar of faith. An apologist. An evangelist. Bringing your rage and insecurity to comingleith the sacraments. Defile the very ideal of purity, you’ve spent your life refining in your mind. And but yet still, I am the liberal narrow mind, because in the midst of battling through my personal limitations and capstoned wherewithal am attempting to teach myself web development and computer science. I am stressed, I am battling self doubt as I ride the Keningsin curve from the fool’s great height to the learner’s value of despair. Lost un the labriyths of my accruing knowledge and the wobbly metaphors I emerge with to explain my deep dives. Amidst the most contentious political season of our lives and during a pandemic that has thrown our economic situation in a completely new arrangement, snapping the decade of consistent earning and commission checks and sales effort and focus, the kinetic, fast-talking, grievance swallowing, suck it up existence, in the midst of this to receive the exact same messaging from my family. The best man of my wedding chastising me to bite my tongue and suck it up. Implying that I was ungrateful of my mother’s love and ignorant of the pious sacrifices she has endured to make my existence even possible. Where is home then? Where is career? Where is the clear path? In the yellow river. In the accruing knowledge. In the overcoming of the inertia of the day. In the managing my rebelling, settling form, keeping up for my girls, swimming up from the depths of my increasingly unshareable knowledge base. Mired in that intermediate fluency of subject suffused with both pretenses to understanding something and growing awareness of the exponentially expanding list of known unknowns. Swimming in the sea as far as you feel comfortable. Being clueless about the truly best path. Do you just go for it and swim clear across the ocean? Do you stick close to the coast line, get to know the more accessible caves and coves? Do you fashion a boat or a rudimentary raft. Should I bring a net? A lifevest. Sunscreen?

You make everything a spiritual issue. My neck was sore as fuck when I was up in July. I was tense. I had been pushing my body in an intense study and calisthenic regime. I was uptight. I needed to be. I needed to be a little desperate and have a candle under my ass. I needed to be a little anxious and afraid and frankly terrified that I was not going to be able to perform my role as the stable provider of my family and yes this was resulting in me carrying some pretty intense stress in my neck and the rest of my body. And you offered some arrogant, well you should bring it god, have you been praying? That is an arrogant and ungodly response that does not even try and connect with the pain that I am feeling and instead somehow turns the blame on me— you are feeling so bad because you are not right with god. Because you are not trusting in his plan it what he has provided for you. When I would argue that I am currently in my most explicit act of faith I have ever been and I have been trying my best to be open to God and open to life and open to my abilities and insights and other people’s abilities and insights. I have been engaged in a process of learning and growing and fostering of tools that will help my family shift towards a more healthful and balanced and auspicious work-life balance. And I have been in the process of letting go. Of giving myself over to this process. In trusting that the inspiration of this idea, which does not feel like it came entirely from me and in many ways doesn’t really make sense. I have never been a big computer guy. Until three years ago I hadn’t even looked at a computer language without any degree of analysis, despite my self-professed deep interest in and fascination with languages of all stripes. My promiscuous curiosity has always been a challenge to my mastery of things, but I think another challenge has been my openness to certain topics or my confidence in my ability to engage and grow in certain ways. Let us call this a lack of self-knowledge. Which is often mistook as a lack of self-confience. I think there is a lot of anxiety we carry around about things we don’t know about. It can worry us to be bad at something. Once we understand that we are not naturally good at something, or do not have a sufficient exposure to something, we just sort of wall it off and add it to the incomprehensible heap. Case in point. Korean, Japanese, and Chinese. When I first came to Chicago I had absolutely no idea how to differentiate between the scripts of these three languages. This ignorance was worn lightly, but it also existed as an iron curtain of influence and awareness. 20 years later this imperceptible divider is much removed, which is not to say that I am an expert on anything Korean, Japanese, and Chinese but I have acquired enough impressions and knowledge to at least differentiate between the script and cultures of the three Asian monoliths. Which powerfully sets me up to acquire more understanding and context for the three cultures. And with my more sophistication because I can now speak to the text as being Korean or Japanese or Chinese rather than just Asian, a term whose generic generalizations has the same quixotic intention of bundling up the Scots and Swiss and Sicilians as being European. But then I fel like knowledge arrives doubly cut. For as your knowledge specializes and more categories are created making the world more understand or at least categorizable and open to structured analysis, the forking paths of knowledge and sophistication (awareness versus depths of knowledge) you at some point, if you are a reasonably curious person realize that the sea of context and depth is infinite, a river in contant flux and renewal. An illusion of uniformity and stasis, despite the infinite cycling, regeneration, seasonal transitoriness, rebirth, death, harvesting— beauty, berries, rock bass.

There is no way that this can come across as anything other than melodramatic but I am beginning to conceive of October 2020 as the formalizing of my EXILE/MY HOMECOMING. Firmly and finally leaving the home of my father. The home of my mother. The ideological home. The physical homeland. Firmly and finally rejecting (re:rejecting) their America and entering finally, in some, explicitly claiming mine. Ours. The future. Hope. A certain outlook and perspective. All of this is metaphor and shadow. Image and connotation. A grye. A flushing toilet. The flagging swirling in contradictory eddies. The shadow play of political theater, political rhetoric. Political rheotoric come catch phrase, phrase of thinking, contextualized transfiction. Believe fiction. Clung to facts. Blaming the windmills in Texas for power outages with a “Shame on you for doubting big oil sort of snarl” (Isreal concurrently has oil slicks affecting 90% of its beaches … 90% after a massive tanker spill… with is apropos to nothing in many ways … just another fact that does not support my railing against the empty-headed idealism of “Greens” or worse Liberals who are all a bunch of dead beat communists who probably do traffic in children or would protect people who did if it brought them power and money so blind with ambition and immoral greed they are.

And after all of this desultory, fractured, fragmented exploration, I realize all I have ever been doing is looking for America. I have been leaving America to return to America. America a maze of 300 million paths. Opportunity and hell all at your doorstep. Mother contextualizing heal for me. I pushed her on her political views when she pushed me. There must be a deeper reason. What about abortion. It is always what about abortion. Implications that the left are immoral. Why can they just put a brick through a window when they are upset. A lot of talk about they. I have intentionally attempted to avoid the ambiguous or dog-whistle they. I realize my people love this they and deploy it with aplumb and seemingly zero compunction. It is an effective rhetorical flourish because it somehow is the current net of broadsides, scooping up all enemies of the cause of America First or Making America Great Again of the leader who is opposed to all of this. All of them. Mythologically taking the helm of the cause the great Manichean machination of America, finally with Christ at the levers once more. A force to balance against the evils of the time. Infanticide. A liberal, Latin pope. Each generation becoming less godless and immoral. The beauty and goodness of capitalism and the importance of the market of ideas. The importance of freedom and self-determination. But freedom without Christ is bondage and folly which is why we are a Christian nation and always will be. This great tradition of ours brought over from Germany and England and the great old European nations of our medieval soul. Back before the world was round. Back before the longer tides of history began to answer their incessant moon calls. The galloping, striding decades of discovery and production and expansion. Destiny Manifesting itself in each perfect life, breathed into our sphere of forms. Each eyed child and perfumed princeling held within the hands of Christ. Every soldier run through with bayonet, left to bleed out among his platoon of lazy pacifist, the poetry of their lives overrun by the advancing ambitions of the age. Insanity worn lightly. Insanity worn heavily. Illness breaking the dreams of one’s youth, or career simply drawing the moisture from their once fertile beds, left with husks to hold before your fading eyes, before the approaching dark of the end of day. Blood meridian calling, memory receeding, meory to be returned to some day, transformed, undulating, divided, fragmented, carved into a faceted stone. Hall of mirrors casting light about, back and forth, not in an act of deception, but in an act of illumiation and reflection. Finding the non-linear, vibrations contained within the holy paths of thought.

I realize all I was ever doing was looking for you.

I realize all I was ever doing was looking for myself.

I realize all I was ever doing was looking for America.

We just want to emote until we are dead.

And the ship goes soaring up into the air on a pillar of water before crashing down to the ocean surface, splintering mighty ship into match sticks (could put the Pynchon quote in here).

This is what happens when I let go. This is what happens when I truly commit to the process and raise my sights a bit. And venture off enthusiastically into another direction with the focus and the determination to see it all the way through. As I have taken on this marriage, this family, this vocation (writing/yoga/language/technology)

This idea of vocation being more than just how you make money, but also about how you structure your life and maintain your livelihood. Your livelihood was as a househusband extraordinaire- cook, cleaner, child-raiser, plumber, electrician, carpenter, mechanic, woodcutter, arborist, gardener, landscaper, marathoner, coach, race organizer, educator, political partisan, devote Evangelical Protestant, vocal member of the silent majority, backer of the Christian Coalition, Focused on the Family, anti-Feminist (such an angry, destructive, bloodthirsty, selfish movement), devote Catholic, regular Rush Limbaugh listener, ditto head, taxes were bullshit, public schools corrupt and insalubrious. The real Americans, the Christian ones with easily recognizable American cultural interests and allegiances. Distrustful of foreign colleagues. So and so over proscribes. Another white colleague enabled his wife to do tons of drugs and deal tons of drugs out of their home. And but yet still the foreign doctor is the problem here. Talked really loud on the phone in here office. Acted demanding towards the nurses. The nurses could be annoying, but was it really the doctors role to say something? Shouldn’t we be reporting our concerns to the ineffectual staff manager who keeps hiring underqualified nurses to keep costs downa dn protect her bonus?

Accepting. This foolish accepting. This mistake making that is indistinguishable from freedom. Actions and consequences falling on your head. Eroding your soul. Corrupting your already corrupted sate. You sins that shall be passed on to your children. Your imperfect nature that breaks your mother’s heart, looks steely eyed on the longing of her burning heart, coldly looking away, moving away, proceeding in the natural expansion of your trajectory. Committed to the trajectory. No longer resisting. No longer attempting to shape. Grounding yourself in the physics of the situation. Driving hard towards the thinning atmosphere of the vocational sphere you have accustomed your CV to these last 8 years. Keeping your nose up and sky driving. Every commitment is a fool’s errand. Our vows made in earnest, our faltering confidence in our previous convictions. The horror of mutability and change. The life-sustaining hope of mutability and change.

I have accepted that I cannot control this thing. I can attempt to tap into it. And direct the flow a bit. I can attempt to be judicious and make choices about what comes out or if not what, where. I can choose the place and time to write. I can choose the place and manner of the storage of ideas. In this organization were find abstraction. In this abstraction we find clarity. Given space to shade with light and light with shade. Highlight with shade, obscure with luminosity.

Began river Piece today… do I need a better term than Piece? File, Branch… repository… stash…

Do not be afraid. Proceed with joy of not at all. Proceed with an open heart and an open head and a willingness to bet it all on that which you feel convicted about. You have found a way to live. You have found a way of life. A path unfolding. A challenge to undertake. An agile project of self-creation and self-actualization and self-discipline and self-retreat. An embracing of your most important roles. Confidence that you are correct or at least completely entitled to make your own mistakes and mistaken reads. You are permitted to read and think and waiting and bellyache and criticize and self-criticize and be mean and angry and be calm and kind. You are truly free to do whatever the fuck you want.

3/23/2021

Distinctly remember rambling through the nicotine alleys of North park, laughing wearily about the prospect of a hyperlinked novel— and now I was writing a hyperlinked novel— maybe— perhaps one that in its final form would have decided to obscure its digital scaffolding or perhaps the scaffolding appears in another form— powering another facet of the project. Writing is a tool— programming is a tool— language is a tool. Calm is a tool. Patience is a tool. Focus is a tool. Commitment is a tool. Stamina is a tool, centeredness is a tool, perspective is a tool, ritual is a tool, non-chalance is a tool, artfully addressing awkwardness is a tool.

03/26/2021

The enchanted loom pf poetic imagination:

* “portal of loneliness”
* “gateway of aloneness” => alienation, grief, abandonment.
* Alone we live in our bodies as questions rather than statements.
* Alone—shed an outer skin.
* Virtuoso way of being alone.
* Desperate to find any company other than just not knowing.
* Aloneness => puzzlement, awkwardness, uglieness => slowly knit together => 2020 exposed to light and air.
* “… to find ourselves alone as a looked for achievement, not a state to which we have been condemned(Whyte 7)
* Generosity and maturity that ripens the work
* Let ourselves alone, let others alone, let the work rest => essence of appreciation
* What is worthy of life’s dedication does not want to be known by us in ways that diminish its actual sense of presence.
* Everything true to itself has its own secret language and an intentionality with a secret, surprising flow, even to the person who supposedly puts it all in motion (Whyte 8).

“A true vocation calls us out beyond ourselves, breaks our hearts in the process and then humbles, simplifies and enlightens us about the hidden core nature of the work that enticed us in the 1st place (Whyte 9).”

“We found that, all along, we had what we needed from the beginning and that in the end we have returned to its essence, an essence we could not have understood until we had experienced the actual heartbreak of the journey (Whyte 9).”

“But a calling is a conversation between our physical bodies, our work, our intellects and imaginations, and a new world that is itself the territory that we seek (Whyte 10).”

“A vocation always includes the specific heartrending way we will fail at our attempt to live fully. A true vocation always metamorphoses ambition and failure into compassion and understanding (Whyte 10).”

Vocation—gravitational field around us; breathing from atmosphere of possibility itself.

No path—an ocean crossing; only a heading, a direction, in conversation with the elements.

Arrival at generosity => delight in the hopes of the young; core activity => giving it away.

Sheer privilege:

* Having found a road
* A way to follow
* Allowed to walk
* Often with others
* Witness to and full participant in the conversation

Giving self to the process—believing the intimations; being silent—listening.

3/27/2021

Flow.

Waves can travel thousands of miles on the open sea. Yes, I know what a wave is. I’ve got it. I can move on. The sea is a danger. The sea is a mystery. Kept clear behind the seawall, the sea is not much at all. Not thought on much. Not considered. Not necessary. Unneeded. Unthreatening.

But the water has been rising. The prickly ash boor ate the big trees as the big winds delimbed them season by season. Scraggly high growing scrub pines, stripped of their lower covering by the might of the bay we pretend to be oblivious of trained so well to hide away when she comes out to feed. Drag the boats in, secure the lawn furniture, the big sun umbrella driven straight through the bay window, the prickly ash sickened white oak dropped on the decked, bash the jacuzzi into a splinted cracked shell, dumpyard stuff, or forest floors where old cars and pull top Coors cans embedded themselves in the soft settling and shifting cedar swamp. High water, low water, year after year the crops too wet, the crops too dry, a farmers earthy realism, laconic like a farmer who has made his life his work and his work his life. Something to be done, perhaps discussed, but no, never crowed about, never gone on about, my huge tracks of land, my seed and fertilizing implementation, routines honed over decades, magazine quotations mumbled like mantras from the cab of the big tractor on the back acres early in the day to get the far work done before we make our way back. Move on the roads with the big rig before most people are up, in the dark or half-light of the early day. We do our far work early, so that we will be closer to home where the girls wake up, just in case they need me, I do the far work first and try to get back soon.

This settling, this accepting, this surrender, this capitulation. Not the young man’s celebration of his work and the flash of gold he subliminally perceived in the muck and mire of engagement, the sustaining engagement in the muck and mire. Making what one may with the limits of strength, the limits of weakness, perception- strong and weak in turn. Truths clasp and held and cultures perpetuated or walked away from. This enduring promises bewilderingly intertwined with impossible to balance intentions. The mess is necessary. The mess is sufficient. We all have the same clay. We celebrate the inspired ceramcist and mock the shit out of the dilletante. But what is the in sandbags, talent deceives, talent. Talents speaks convincingly about insubstantial things, talent burrows, talent sends a sea of arrows at a target and finds affirmation in the stray direct hit and instruction in the millions of errors.

I truly do not know what I am doing, nor do I know how this will end. The punchline will be a surprise. The fat guy at the crystal desk floating out over the snowfield alps smiles down upon the mountain marmot, the mountain goats, the eagle waiting for the avalanche dust to settle down again, before he collects his supper from the over eager ravens, nipping at the first flesh snatches to be stolen from the skull crushed and organ splattered carrion. Mountain travelers rewarded from above. The surfer in his wave, the snowboarder on her wall of frozen hydrogen, frozen oxygen, the entrepreneur surfing the momentum and attention of his historically bad bets. The novelist lost in the world of his story, the process of seeing it to end. Getting lost, really getting lost, lost to your career, lost to your process, your obsession, your religion, your desire, the habit, your addiction, the thin strains of melody or rhythm that bubble up through the gossomar mosquito netting that has grown up like seasons of collected cobwebs between you and the sensual world. Keep the stimuli at bay, the buzzing insect just before I die the good death of sleep, the death of need, need for death and unknowing, consciousness turned over to the insatiable soul. For she feeds in the dark upon the thoughts dark and light that have flickered though your conscious mind, run roughshod through the cache of your organized pantomime of knowing and activation. Thoughts. Ideas. Ideas welcomed. Ideas shut down. Contexts controlled. Suggested. Cultures stabbed at, hypothesized, draw out analytically from the first to the last, from the prognostication from the horse’s mouth to the humble recitation from the mouse’s quivering lip. A puppet with a clinical, yet twitchy hand up my arse. Company line, company line, brand line, personal anecdote, personalization. Product demonstration. Denial. Misdirection. Insertion of humor. Veiled reference disparaging all other brands and competition. The incredible complexity of the simple and the mundane. Is this what the *Pale King* is all about. I haven’t read it, but I totally understand why I haven’t read it and I have compassion for myself for not having read it. I have a desire to read it and I do feel convicted that I will read it some day and I don’t feel bad about that. I don’t feel bad that there is a wonderful book about Allen Ginsberg that you have published- multiple volumes, but I do not have the wherewithal to read it or even engage with what must have been an incredibly involved process to bring it to press. This lack of wherewithal for all of these interesting and engaging things is a strange kind of torture and identity grinding neurosis. Why should the existence of the wonderful and interesting destroy you and your belief that you get into interesting and worthwhile things. You are either embarrassed to share because you are mid-process and can’t contextualize anything in a meaningful way. You feel like the nuance that you would like to give to your expressions will sap them off any visceral impact. The visceral impact of your writing is not the visceral impact that you desire to produce. You have one target, but achieve something else. Your successful completion reveals itself as a failure. But I am here to say that there cannot be failure where there has been honest, direct engagement with the process that takes into account life and vocation and family. I have committed to not failing any of these things. I have committed to staying engaged and hopeful and hungry on all fronts. And the way through this wood is a veil of tears and terrors and depravation and sufficiency that pulls you off your path. The more you are taken care of the less you achieve. This year of uncertainty has produced the most writing and coding that I have ever been able to achieve. This is a wonderful success and something that will look logical and *a priori* if in another 6 months my writing continues to develop (letters completed and sent off, pieces molded into coherent artifacts of my past times and my past work and my past efforts, judgement settling and morphing over time) and my ability to work in the digital sphere continues to expand and develop. I need to rejoice because I have traveled far on this road. I have traveled long on this road. I am 20 years down this road and the some total of what I have lived and learned is perfectly delineated by the point at which I am.

Between the 1st and the Ides more or less did a THC, Caffiene, and Alcohol fast. I really liked the results. And found it interesting how caving on one brought on openness to the other two. I would like to get back to a stimulant/depressant free path. I do believe that going for stretches without the influence of these substances is very healthful and is becoming more of a conviction that working in their absence is an important aspect of my maturity, development, and the process of becoming and being that I have been engaged in my entire life… that was accelerated a year ago when the shop closed, and then at the end of May when the shop was attacked, and then in July when I was given a hard layoff, and then in August when I decided not to pursue the Harry Winston opportunity, and then in September when after an intense July and August my need for writing and bringing my writing along with me exploded and the infinite notebook which had withered and all but disappeared redefined itself (it had been redefining itself all spring as it became the backbone of my web development curriculum). The single flow. The I/O stream. The single I/O stream where I can learn and learn and compare and articulate and engage and find that sweet spot upon the spectrum of hope and ambition and complacency and uncertainty and second guesses and despair.

Beautiful card and note practice. Paper. Handwriting. This could be sentimental, but it is also practical. It grounds us outside of the digital sphere. The digital is not all. The digital. Such a wonderful PLACE to create culture. On-line culture is too leaky and intertextual and commercial. A Preference Press more than anything else. Like … emotion … I don’t always trust my preferences, nor feel the need to advertise them. Paper and pen. Isolated message. Isolated reflection.

Kintsugi- intriguing world of beauty and narrative and metaphor (the golden join)

Wabi-sabi

* Old, worn, tinged with sadness
* Shining magnificence, time battered, humility
* Put a pot back together, put self back together
* Repair that dignifies the fractures and scars of the past.

03/28/2021

My disengagement with the art market brings a certain freedom and certain isolation. Economic aesthetics. What you value is powerfully determined by what you can afford. Don’t even show me the budget options, mother fucker.

03/30/2021

Committed to my body and betsy and the girls. Coding. Writing. Guitar.

Where is that healthy balance?

04/09/2021

And to get anywhere with the project you really have to get into it and get hung up on it and have it really strip you to your bones. Strip the flesh right from your bones (I am twenty pounds lighter). Bleed you(I have the scars from seeping, bleeding sores that appeared on my right leg). Snap your Achillies. Alcohol softened my thinking up just enough to blowout my already injured Achillies with a dramatic Fourth of July leap into the historically deep, clear waters of Little Bay De Noc.

Rhapsodizing. Stitching things together. Soutane fluttering in the breeze. Soutane is a type of cassock worn by Catholic and Eastern Orthodox priests. Literally Ankle Length Garment in Latin.

All writers are narcissistic. Which isn’t to say that all writers are narcissists as in sociopaths. Most writers think about their thoughts more than the average person. And that is a narcissistic behavior? Philosophy is a narcissistic behavior? Analysis is a narcissistic behavior? Descension is a form of narcissistic behavior? My issue with my mother’s comments on the feed and then during our conversation on the phone was this deep disappointment of her lack of self-awareness. How she was letting these big mouths, these big personalities take the bullhorn of her message an amplify it and meld it in with all this anti-science, anti-technology, anti-prgress, anit-globalism, anti-immigration, anti-city, anti-minority, anti-secular mix of inchoate rage and then you unloaded it on me. Snarling about people putting bricks through windows and Governor Nazi and how THEY had caused such a problem in Texas pushing for wind power and how if THEY cared about health so much why weren’t THEY making sure that Katie got a second maternity leave. And if THEY cared about health so much why were THEY pushing for 5 am bars and expanded gambling. What the hell were THEY thinking? What are we even talking about here? The conversation is being directed from above. The two camps expend a lot of effort to frame the issues and the elections as they see fit, as they are surveyed and analyzed into a Plan of Action. Politics goes on and on and on. The Manichean distinctions. Evil and good. Light and darkness. The zero sum game of it all.

03/09/2021

Literature and language is a wholistic way of knowing. It is a process of knowing and stitching together and tearing apart and realigning and reconsidering and looking out. Literature is discovery and rediscovery. Literature undergirds speech and thought and consumption. That which we thought we knew definitively, to only now know definitely that we do not, in fact, know anything very definitely at all.

An author’s biography is in twists of phrases. Language impacted, stilted or inspired. Those long blurry years on the elevated train. Traveling north and south to start a family.

04/10/2021

I spend twenty minutes jotting down some notes of our call. And this is why I am a writer. I do these things. I move slowly. I record. I attempt to remember. Triangulate. Purge. Coalesce. A lot of the work is sifting through. Examining and prodding. Questioning and querying. Doing what one can. I don’t feel very in it right now because I know I need to code and that I will be very disappointed if I do not code today. I woke up before 7 and now it is almost 2 and I have not coded at all. I in theory could have coded 7 hours, but obviously, and perhaps especially in my case, maximum efficiency is not something one can bank on. Thus, we must make do with what we can do in our limited efficiency. I am often overwhelmed by my life. I am working hard to keep it together and meet needs and balance out present needs with future needs and so forth and it is not easy. So to have a person get in your face and directly say, or even indirectly imply that you are doing something wrong, living incorrectly, ignorant about how you should be doing it, these are distancing messages. Especially with how tightly wound the culture and politics and habits and traditions of a family are. I have sought more independence and I have come to some different conclusions about some things and I have invested my time and energy in different endeavors than you. And it is difficult to separate necessary judgement— deciding what to do from. Judgement— deciding what you should do, or passing judgement on what other people do. We cannot help passing judgement even in a passing way. We have some kind of reaction. We project ourselves into that situation. We are horrified. Though we must remember that if we were actually in that situation we would be wired in a very different way and have a much different set of goals and values and hobbies and desires and so forth. Which is just to emphasis that people can change over time. People depending on what kind of situation they find themselves in or what kind of situation they shape around themselves, they are going to be affected and shaped by it, acquiring the tools and tendencies and talents to manage the situation. Hopefully flourishing, hopefully not crashing and burning, though no guarantee exists. It is truly a game. Truly a cause and effect pinball machine in which the ball does its damnedest to rationalize that it is in fact controller the flippers.

11/03/2019

Why can’t I be in another cycle where I am writing a story that I am engaged with. Where I am transmuting that which I experience in my everyday life and I hold a mirror up to it. I hold a lens up it. I hold a funhouse mirror up to it. I hold a kaleidoscope up to it. I crawl out into the canyon with it and wait for the echo. I feel myself slipping out of true. And I know that literary impulses don’t always translate to quick recoveries.

11/26/2019

And what just happened was me writing.

What just happened was me allowing myself to write.

Writing is good.

Writing is blind.

Writing is a salve.

Something to call up the dead.

Something to breathe life into the living.

Each sentence a complete and crafted **message** onto itself.

I want to believe that if I can just use this spreadsheet every day, I will have a better handle on my life. I don’t want to be out of control. I feel out-of-control or at least set on a certain trajectory. That anxiety one feels when you can’t seem to shake your anxiety. I can write myself out of this if I work hard to write myself out of this.

05/02/2021

How do you engage in big a long process, complicated skill set without allowing the long process and the difficulty of the process and surrendering to the process and enduring through the process of zoning in on the work and zoning out and ignoring many other competing responsibilities and interests. Finding this balance of internal and external pressure I have found to be some of or impossible alchemy that has made approaching creative projects dangerous and intimating and self-defeating, like an electrified fence, like rolling acres of strung barbed wire, which at some times strikes me as fascinating and attractive and compact and power pulsating, inspiring, the golden trunk fro pulp fiction, the green light of Gatsby, the mermaid voices ascending to my ears in my crumbling tower, hand prints in the caves of Tierra del Fuego, ranting soliloquies to purge the overflow of messages cascading through my soul.

07/17/2019

Memory,  
native to this valley, will spread over it  
like a grove, and memory will grow  
into legend, legend into song, song  
into sacrament.

* Wendel Berry

Am I going to be parochial or provincial?... The provincial is always looking over his shoulder to see if other people think he is provincial. The parochial is always assured of the imaginative sufficiency of the parish.

07/04/2019

I am a poet of consciousness.

I am a poet of our consciousness.

I am a poet of the consciousness.

07/03/2019

An so I wrote for the next 50 years, engaging with the known and unknown universe as best I could from the comforts of my swivel chair.

07/01/2019

First day of the month and I already feel like we are off to a better crack at it than last month. I am feeling less “meta” about the writing. I am making an effort to align my habits behind support of my writing. I am finding peace with this literary mode of existence. We bind ourselves through the ages with words and experiences. We move through the millennia a species as likely to murder as to create.

03/06/2019

Clockwinders… coding as Literary Theory…I am not looking to be deterministic, but I am looking for design. I am looking to parameters. Cages. Context that enhances that which we have put a mirror to.

There are no concepts, only stories.

Uneasy combinations underscoring modernity’s inevitable uneasiness.

At 40 I was finally able to clarify my obsessions and accept them and push toward them in a more balanced way. We all have to live within ourselves and that is fine. Life is about accepting gifts, but it is also about accepting limitations. Accepting cause and effect. Accepting the fact that we have limited energy and limited emotional wherewithal. Accepting that we need the sun and we need rest. We need our daily bread and we need the love of other people around us. We are all in a plot of land. More herbal than we would like to admit- with our have roots will travel devil can care attitude. I am not afraid of this Geek Sublime. I am not afraid of wasting my life. I have wasted half of it, I am almost there. Almost to the finish line. We all die. What a gift to live and die. What bliss this existence can obtain by being temporal. By being fleeting. The radiating moment. That moment may never return. We are the stories we tell. We are the stories we live. We are traveling through a deep ocean breathing and believing that we should believe what we believe. I am not afraid of the night. I am not afraid of the night. I am running my way into the night. I am running my way into the night. We are not alone in the twilight of our night.

03/09/2019

We have seen. There is a deep, deep design and reservoir of knowledge within us.

This not stated in arrogance but in awe.

Our bodies are our sacrifice to god. I am unable to unlove god.

06/13/2016

Where’s my trusty thesaurus?

And why shouldn’t’ I write and read and live in languages.

Write things down and memorize them. Write things down and categorize them. Living and learning are inseparable. Learning and living are inseparable. There are books upon your shelf. There are books inside your head. There are books you have yet to write. Books are nothing more than long thoughts.

And why shouldn’t I work to have order in my life.

04/04/2021

What does any of this matter though really when compared to

Supporting family

* Emotionally
* Financially
* Spirituall

04/02/2021

I have a poet’s taste for essences, but the general tastes of an ascetic.

The arrogance of a writer. The quiet, stealthy extravagance, the patience, the vision… everyone wastes my time… especially me.

02/12/2022

Seeking some sort of bulwark against the unanswerable in others.

Beauty and the pain that informs it and the process for wrangling it all together (weaving in all together, drawing it all together, letting it settle all together).

02/28/2022

Vision forms when we peer into through the fire. Looking through the labyrinths for a way back. Salmon returning tok spawn. Elephants going to the bone yard. Buffalo forever wandering the plains.

11/01/2013

Aesthetics are important.  What is beautiful about life is what is good about it.  And for something to be beautiful there has to be something true about it.  And given that we are both sensual and feeling creatures in addition to being rational and logical creatures, we need to indulge in that which evokes from us, not merely that which lays down an iron clad trap of logic. For what is life if not evocation and inspiration and convocation.

Joseph Brodsky, *Less Than One*; *Collected Poems in English*

Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*

Eclectic/Symbolist: have a more grounded understanding of my spirituality and a path to pursue it: a spirituality that will center my body and my mind. A practice I feel fulfilled by and confident to pursue, don’t need to share it, but am happy to. Aesthetic Individualism.

The immigrants begin to appreciate unofficial singularities, not official symbols; they try to have allegiances and loyalties of their own choosing and not the ones they were born into (Boym 337).

If ethics can be defined as rules of human condruct and relationship to others, ten the ethical dimension of reflective longing consists in resistance to paranoic projections characteristic of nationalist nostalgia in which the other is conceied earth as a conspiring enemy or as another nationalist, The ethics of reflective longing recognizes the cultural memory of another person as wwell as hist or her human singularity and vulnerability, The other is not merely a representative of another culture, but also a singular individual with a right to long for— but not necessarily belong to- his place of birth.

Levinas: ethics is an anarchic responsibility. Responsibility for the other individual in the present moment and “justified by no prior commitment”. A first philosophy that proceeds conceptual knowledge, moral laws, and metaphysical precepts. Anarchic responsibility might be disruptive; yet it may explain too not only the behavior of ordinary murderers during wars but also ordinary people who refuse to kill. Anarchic responsibility foregrounds the distinctions between individual home and collective homeland (Boym 338).

Ethics is about emphasizing storytelling itself…. Ethical perspective offers a special kind of optiscs that focuses on the relationshuiup between words and deeds, between general and particular, between abstract ideals or ideologies and singular acts.

.. the blue rememberd hilss and the happy highways, the hedge with an unofficial rose…

Sensitivity vs. sentimentality

* Sensitivity is a combination of attentiveness and curiosity, tactfulness and tolerance for the pleasures of others, and apprehension of pain. Sensititivy does not translate into a specific set of rules or literary devices, but allows for both ethical tolerance and aesthetic bliss “that is a sense of being somehow, somewhere connected with the other sates of being where art(curiosity, tenderness, kindess, ecstasy) is a norm” Boym quote Nabokov.
* Sentimentality, however, turn affection and suffering into ready-made postures that inevitably produce reactions on the part of the reader.
* Lack of individual, reflective thinking and sense of personal responsibility can turn everyday “following orf orders” and cliches into participation in political evil. An ethics of reflective and artistic individualism is not the same as smug moralism.
* Pornography is limited to the copulation of cliches; obscenity must be mated with banality because every kind of aesthetic enjoyment has to be entirely replaced by simple sexual stimulation. Nostalgia too easily mates with banality, functioning not through stimulation, but by covering up the pain of loss in order to give a specific from to homesickness and to make homecoming available on request. For Nabokov, kitsch, poshlost and the acceptance of the world of ready-made thoughts and emotions is static; it excludes reflective thought.
* Fascism and communism-- universal salvation (moralism, too easily feeds into a nationalist vain.
* Nabokov asked his students to elearn to read reflectively, “with shudders and gasps,” to pull apart, to squash, and then savor the detail, “that aside of the spirit” that would disclose a different kind of unity— not ready-made but a creatively recreated one. This is, perhaps, the best description of Nabokov’s own reading of his past— through shudders and gasps, through labyrinths and gaps, through ironic epiphanies and the bullet holes of memory. This reading exemplies the ethical imperatives of reflective nostalgia.
* Democratic individuality achieved through the art of estrangement
* And exhile is always a Robinson Crusoe desperately trying to communicate with the natives.
* He’s a barbarian to the natives (if an over educated one)
* The Natives are over civilized
* Democracy provides physical safety but renders the write insignificant; nostalgic for homeland, but also significance.
* A man or a dog hurtled in a capsule out into space. At some point her realizes that the trajectory of this thing gravitates ever spacewards, never back towards earth.
* This trajectory is importance. The anonymity and alienation teach humility and provide an additional perspective
* The Art of Estrangement becomes the Art of Survival
* The Condition of Exile opens up new vistas onto the world for which there is no yardstick except oneself (Boym 141)
* The genre for an exile tale? Tragicomedy and adventure tale; not melodrama (reflective, not restorative).
* “Perhaps our greater value and greater functionare to be unwitting embodiments of the disheartening idea that a freed man is not a free man, that liberation is just the means of attaining freedom and is not synonymous with it…..However, if we want to play a bigger role, the role of a free man, then we should be capable of acceting—

Or at least imitating – the manner in which a free man fails. A free man, when he fails, blames nobody.”

12/04/2021

Timothy Morton Rice U

Hyperobjects => demonic monstrous, menacing, traumatic, horrifying, existential terror

OBJECT ORIENTED ONTOLOGY

If the radical, “rugged” individualism of the state and America at large insists on anything, it is that our fates and our suffering are defined only by our personal choices, not by invisible systematic forces pressing down upon us or the people and things around us. This can make us feel powerful and in control; it is also what alienates us from each other and leaves us ill-prepared to cope with hyperobjects. Perhaps that’s why some people react so angrily to Morton’s work, to the idea that we are bound inextrically to each other. It makes us vulnerable.

We do not need to walk on our knees for a hundred miles through the desert repenting to exisit in solidarity with other beings. We already do, and we already are. Mary Oliver

Synthetic biology-- biology is the most important technology of this century.

Bioeconomy

Sythia== JCV!-syn3A (Single celled organism)

Chimera-- part lion goat, serpent.

Fever dreams-- belief in the value of an asset at the heart of many things-- HYPEROBJECT

The Crumbley’s were nabbed in a commercial building that housed artwork.

Specifically generic, generically specific.

Value is forged in the messy crucible of human interaction

01/22/2021

How to continue to press forward in the face of ambivalence.

Inner vision, divine conviction.

Pocked face, head full of static

Marooned in the gloom

Doom, soon

YOGA: to join, to unite. Leg your relationships be a yoga for overcoming the separation.

03/17/2022

Brave. Rooted in my life enough to weather these strange seasons. Our mutual myopathy. Stretching by the day. Breathing by the beat. Following the sun on its western retreat.

02/15/2022

Know Thyself

The individual is reveal in their engagement with others.

02/26/2021

Eschewing materialism is a great cost-cutting measure.

I bought an Acer to learn how to code.

A Huawei phone and a 2005 Toyota Camry which I say is grey, but my wife says is brown. It has cloth upholstery and a tape deck. We rent an apartment for under market value from friends. We send our child to public school. She tested into the gifted track. OI am pursing a “free” education on-line learning web development while writing within the context of an honest to god actionable and momentum building process. I am open to change. I am all change.

People’s are in flux and to promote integration, engagement, interaction you need the margins, the extremes, the exiles, the vanguards, the bored elites, the dropout plebs, the dissonants, the poets and observers, the witnesses, the combatants, the preachers, the bullhorn blowers, the meter maids, the immensity of this existence does not fit easily in my head—but if I empy myself out—exhale, clear, cleanse, settle, open, awake…

06/02/2021

My wife is depressed and completely run through with anxiety and lack of motivation and feels physically and mentally drained and flaccid. My mother is sending me texts that the Holy Spirt offers guidance by Invitation. And that while Words matter until there is honest inquiry words just seem to get in the way.

12/23/2020

I am not blaming, I am looking for symptoms to trace back—I am looking for rivulets to follow down, puddles on the floor, slightly sloping floors, woodgrain and cracks therein, lines into the labyrinth, steadily descending towards the source.

We cannot eat time—and have no land for time to grow on.

My career hustle has brought us to a certain point in our lives— and I am glad about this point. Heartened. Thrilled, in fact—we can live from this point—I can work from this point.

Feeling something welling in me—is it rage or just energy?

A deep conviction that between me and my future is time and effort alone.

Sneakily pursuing back door ambitions—

Some way through to a successful life,

While avoiding many trappings of a successful life.

We are all experiments in living, no?

Desiring a deeper understanding of BODY and HABITS that emanates from that understanding.

Desiring a wise peace about politics. People over politics.