

B R I A N S T R A N G



M A C H I N A T I O N S

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3

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the clock

lose the sense of for a moment the senses
the same as not without hope addressing
anyone without the merest doubt
to find neither fault nor regret project
outward the world around to fit one's
own suck life without humility
drain the world the same touch losing
senses skull shows telltale
marks of superstition wakeful
entourage set fire to the whole

the atmosphere and the terra and the oceans
until this too untouchable brought into
accordance troubled by uniformity
most fragile sentients which are not
the same as not being here burning on the
skies unfoldings from deeper multiply hold onto
whatever is possible forms that feed
on themselves concentrated lives
more than possible from the inside
markers of insistent touch and process above

below the surface level where most don't
which is the same as not a natural pace much
slower the show like one's life
into another's initiative corrosion against the
interested not in the passing super
sonic dealings out of an eye
to a more-than-biblical level provokes hostility
the smallest child of this internal ticking
sets an empty place in thoughts go with
the doorway in heat and chiseled stone

an actual community here underfoot for centuries

overwritten network of names peopled villages

do more than stand in not how they appear

which is the same as not being here but what they

are who each is you might find something and

you might not maybe the weather will allow

you as you wish maybe not maybe you

will become this and you now part of so much to learn

people to relate the scent of when you find

yours rooted as maybe you have been

with gluttonous tongue so many things
tied together sinews an eye that is below
sweats through bed covers ruthless child of
something else the ways of the capital city
owning life uncovered intangible but
complete symbiosis between the car radios that
pool around and a mere force of personality
a way of becoming here without compassion
attachments snap on to the hands that sprout
that deny wonder an internal clock bleeding ticks

at the scientists throw light upon
little plastic vials to the surface bubble doubts
reenter with grease pencils write that
you will be part of the larger world reach forward
on the avenue with t-shirts and jeans fearful
indiscriminate mercurial ticking off
clean kills head sinks under terribly broad
shoulders coordinated rush in the veins and
on the air and on the ground a field is anonymous
three eyes redden under a western sky

as a result

in and out

through the valves

to hold

up to

keep falling

letting it

through

sealed

stitched

in circles

without a choice

not

unattractive

but none

without effort
just the very tip of essence
the inevitable
down the center avenue
its worn shoes
pouring out
of a meadow

redefining
local psychology
overlaying
rudiment onto
sublime
landscape of
morrow

thin air even

thinner

without notice

the clean exit

healing

the whereabouts

without

a wholesale forgetting

there is never a last time

for their numbers

out by the collar

against the wall

in the bright

the telephone

says against

the open palm

that the rain

that the iris

opens on

a mechanical city

press under

with hands

in knots

some kind of instructions:

the way toward

whatever one wants is this way

without doubt that the hour has passed

the firmament without features

that this is all
as all is
that this becomes
all that is
wait for a change
buoyed above
by manic faith

moment is flush
circular
pattern of birds
in the sky
with clear dark secrets
and below
in the seats

the simulation of land

a sleek coat to look

gliding above

the tonnage

on their lives

making the earth

before it

channels

in surroundings

into kinesis

insistence hyperreal

amplitude

no gift

for who receives

between the knife

shows intensely

personal

real moments

that bend

that open

themselves

to implicit criticism

of exposure

first instant

apprehends

light bones

radio sadder

anachronistic

reflective
to see
outside
encroachment
glasses
oblivion
under foot

actual
fields
discovery
within
present
network
mouths

coldest yield

the least

increase

variance

state of

reduction

the sway

storms continue

departure

has been

at the point

fewer

go to work

undone

determined

measure

shines

a city

inclines

oncoming

memory

passing

interval

transports

imprint

perishes

alive suffering

succumbs

of stone
not glass
as expected
oblong heads
undulating signs
send themselves
in combination

where roam
and sleep
giants indulging
dust patterns
reciting alphabetical
lives that
wander

the middle
of the night
ocean
shape unfolds
itself
creeps from
crease

horizontal planes
within sight
scintillation
and points
indicating
familiar lives
below surface

losing the way

back now

that the idea

would fall

apart

let through

in time

possible to

sleep without

sight slight

motion

locating

proportion

opening

in a city
marked
not understanding
lights direct
to leave
a way
out

hold material
in hand
look intensely
at what is
then loosen
let fall
away

Dutch

I. The Irrepressible Mr. D.

The vast cowboy in his ranch home, astroturfed inside and out. He stretches out with his buddies. "Call the secret annihilators." He orders more lemonade through the sliding window. "I don't recall coming in through the front door, directing an operation of thick knuckled extraction." Big shoes.

Dutch at the bottom of the ocean pawing for cookies in his bathysphere. "Help me honey. I can't find the doorknob. I don't recall my shirtsleeved domination." The waxed lips part for a moment, yielding under a new morality. "Telephones wherever you look honey. Help me, my socks have fallen out of the rear window. Oh that was me all right. I flew two missions over Monaco in a secret golf cart." The wax dummy of Dutch enjoys iced tea and the permanent hair of his wife, minty flavored. And her nicely powdered bottom, he likes that too.

He pins little ears on busboys, makes bomb shelters cute and towers in an orderly suit with spurs hanging out the back. Sparking pavement, he glides in the styrofoam world of Grecian Formula. Dutch throws horseshoes in the deep end. While the missus retrieves synchronically and gives a healthy shake to her baseball cap, Dutch throws his long arm to me with phone book hands. "I don't recall the landing, the birthmark of my rival. Honey can you remove my wristwatch? It has begun the final countdown. Run up the old films, the days when planes flew straight. I can't remember the last time I had one of those cookies. I don't recall much of that sliding glass door."

II. And Then the Pillory

Dutch slips out and shoots methadrine, slips through his fingers and eats hamburgers. Normally, he's a very attractive man, stands naked in the mirror. This is regular army.

"A vicious insult, the way she looks at me, powdered and sugary." Her blue hair curls. "Where are my freedom fighters, my shock troops?" Undies in a bundle, his boots are laid out. "This is self abuse, a threat to everything good," says the chloroformed Dutch.

The good graces of the ranch no more harmful than the cocktails. This six gunning, a dynamite phalanx of soldiers tells me I will bandy about on my steed. I just couldn't turn into the man. Dutch soars over his own funeral in the colors of conquest.

III. The Apex of His Trajectory

From art to science, Dutch now moves in calcified paranoia. His wings are loaded with the new armaments; he prefers in-flight fueling, the momentary slip and the turn of a broken wing socket. Adjust the helmet and reap the salt of new arms. The promise of peace is in the slipstream, his new spouse an automatic, raspy-throated tomboy curiously asexual but a man's best pal all the way.

Wax dummies surround. An auditorium. Charter flights help to alleviate the situation.

The engines leave streams over various strategies. This is now a silver age of broken promises, false colors on the screen, the shade of agitation, rattling and breaking the beds in top-secret hangars. Watch the hero snap off, finding adventure with seltzer in his step.

A thin jellyfish outside the glass. Refueling leaves him tired, losing track of self-awareness. Final decisions now cost logical leaps in the electrocardiogram. He self-medicates in the test seat: translucent green patio covers, petals, hairdos, spider eyes. Dutch grits his teeth, stares down the horizon, sets the experimental down in a drift of snow.

Each new weapon demands a new technique. Back to the landings and temperamental engine thrust. With a keen eye, a voice-over pulls the squadron along. Dutch is blowing aside heart attacks.

Outside the glass, they are lighting cigarettes as they go by. Recognition becomes deadly. Stiff-legged walk and travel pills aside, he laughs and shits and holds a friend in his clutches, wary and full of experience. Tailored flight suits and the random spread of housing below. He rocks wings to say hello, to signal a fire arising inside the body; insurance is no match for the flyboy.

IV. Lovely Pincers Movement

So Dutch ends up raising bears in the sunny mountains. He marches, wearing dyed-blue carnations, with his fascination of death. He hosts a game show in his spare time, becomes cute and diminutive. The souls of his victims line the hallway in dressing gowns. He peers through the blinds on a holy pilgrimage and hammers out mathematical tunes. He is the toast of his era. The laugh cans empty on his head and optimism is scattered on the field.

His outlook is infected. He is carwashing the stars.

Dutch opens up a can of beans. He sits motionless for a moment and begins to eat. At two minutes before the hour, a single shot passes through the window and narrowly misses his head. Dutch splatters anyway. It is his time.

V. Testimonies

u.

This predatory composite of people living and not, actual and not, this bogey and creature, this greased and elusive phantom, this psychogram, this philosophy, wondrous physiology, oblique terror, historical inheritance and imprint, thin-lipped cruelty, systematic challenge, parasitic bore makes his way into my sleep. I work through the complexities in and out of and through consciousness, taking note of reactions as I proceed. It began by an awareness that crept upon me from all sides, not at a specific time but gradually, as I grew into the world and myself. But Dutch was present before me and will continue beyond my stay; I am a piece of dust caught in his eye. And he has become a prism in mine, a disturbance, inhabiting presence filling perception. Work is my respite from him. I sort through personalities, iron out tongues, file away distress, arm my troops, redistribute power, tea and solace. Dutch lurks in the margins and time to time I hear him in the figures that speak to me, recognizing his speech, the patterns of his logic, knowing that he has pierced them and that they are but zombies, shells of who they were, inhabited by the pervasive sway of him. So it has become my life's task to avoid his creeping influence and to hope for release from him.

v.

I have an altogether different version. Dutch comes to me at night as well, but, to me, he appears as seducer. With heavily perfumed breath and a silky pair of hands, he makes the promises of autonomy and gratification. I confess that I cannot always resist and he has, at times, caused impulses within me which lead me to act accordingly. I will, for example, occasionally indulge in the trafficking of hero worship or attain a certainty of purpose normally associated with the steel-spined, lock-jawed destructors who smash underfoot anything which reminds them of their connections with anything frail or fearful. In this, I count myself blameless, for how can one hope to resist him? I dismiss it as his influence and absolve myself of the particulars.

w.

I am him now addressing you directly ... he is I now addressing me directly ... Dutch is me now addressing you directly ... I am me now addressing him directly ... you are him now addressing me directly ... I am you now addressing me directly ... in the fabric of being in the fold of the curtains in the ache in your back in the dust on the floor the leaves on the street the pages in your book ...

x.

One can find no escape from his influence it seems. One tries to imagine life without this presence. One begins to understand that that may be a possibility but finds that once again one is inside of the arc of his control.

y.

I have never known him or felt his presence or wished for it even. Now having heard his name, I find it difficult to escape the evidence that he is here among us now in this room. One of you perhaps. Perhaps I should look instead at the markings he leaves behind, for those brittle traits one can see on the faces of passersby that manifest themselves and disappear or are assimilated into your consciousness at the moment of awareness. I believe now that I have become an unwilling servant of him, an instrument of his domination, invaded by a parasite and now passing it on to everything with which I come into contact.

z.

This is the scene of my death: I lie on the bathroom floor with my nose smashed from the fall—a humiliating detail—there is a bottle of aspirin knocked into the sink, the mirror has needed cleaning for some time now, two dirty white towels over the shower door, the ceiling is covered in mold stains, the walls with dust. That's it. My body lies on its side across the tiles, one arm pinned backwards, the other stretched as if pointing toward the door.

VI. Related Histories

A figure walks through the extensive network of hallways archiving boxes of data and evidence piled to the ceiling.

A functionary looks through piles of papers in a large office complex, scanning names and numbers to reveal patterns that might indicate covert biographies.

Silhouettes stretch across the windows of small houses in the field, guarding against the possibility of invasion.

An orchestrated movement of people leaves room for counterattack and retribution.

In a sun-baked open plaza, people gather in small groups to discuss the possibilities.

On the top of a hill, a camera is fixed to scan the faces of those attending the event.

In a windowless vehicle filled with electronics, three men direct the actions of a team dispersed among the crowd.

Miles above, a satellite transmits zeros and ones.

In a cramped living space, a man and a woman listen to a young girl tell how she navigated her way home through the barricades.

Miles above, a satellite transmits zeros and ones.

In a rippling field, two figures lie on their backs, moving only occasionally toward each other.

Floating on the sea, a large boat creaks with its load of materials destined for the capital of the empire.

Two figures sit in a plane, flying hundreds of miles an hour, miles over the surface of the earth.

At the bottom of the deepest ocean, life forms around heat vents.

Miles above, a satellite transmits zeros and ones.

At the bottom of the deepest ocean, life forms itself into clusters of zeros and ones.

In a rippling field, two figures lie on the grass, staring up into space.

The empty parts of the sky are completely filled with galaxies.

Brilliant pools of volcanic material form in the low parts of the skin.

A figure loads boxes of electronic equipment into trucks destined for the international market.

The empty parts of the sky are completely filled with galaxies.

In crowded bars, people gather to avoid the possibilities.

A functionary looks through piles of papers in a large office complex, scanning names and numbers to reveal patterns that might indicate covert biographies.

In a flat open space on the surface of the earth, two figures ride in a vehicle toward their destination.

A figure is bent over a chair in one of the upper floors of an office building late at night.

There is a brilliant reflection of faces on the rippling surface of water.

A lone figure moves toward the glass doors of an office complex.

Small groups of people move about on a manicured organic surface.

A series of cameras and motion detectors tracks the movement of individuals within an industrial park.

Two figures lie on their backs, staring at the empty parts of the sky.

VII. The Actual Dutch

Dutch gets a phone call. He picks up the receiver with glacial sincerity. He is silent but apparently listening as someone speaks. He mutters inaudibly at first but then becomes intelligible.

DUTCH: ...so that none will remain behind, so that every trace of them will be wiped clean. What? No. [Pause.] There can be no evidence left behind; all of them must be sealed and buried in a remote location.

Dutch hangs up, unsure about the significance of this exchange. He lights another cigarette, this time indicating an inner life, albeit indeterminate. The telephone rings again.

DUTCH: Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE: Learn from me.

Dutch hangs up.

He is silent and gritty as a cigar-store Indian looking for answers without saying a word, combing through the details, the answering machines, and he finds a key that means a history. He constructs himself alone, an individualist rugged as the airport bar. Casually slung, we are to understand that his is the burden of a sensitive soul, tucked into square shoulders, climbing on the hardware of life. His lot is great and he wants to express what his lockjaw will not allow — to treat others as more than obstacles, as something other than obstruction or hazard, sandtraps in his golf game. Some great peace has descended on Dutch, a blanket perhaps or umbrella in his cocktail. Communication remains tense and comes through a straw.

Dutch dials someone on the telephone.

We are to understand that he is now talking to a person on the other end, though who exactly is uncertain. Dutch becomes plagued with uncertainty. In these moods he is most dangerous.

We are to understand that Dutch is another person entirely, that this is only a persona of Dutch, an actor playing the role of Dutch. This is not the actual role of Dutch but a role of a role of a role of Dutch. Inside the spiral somewhere, inside the Russian dolls or the interlocking seashells we are to assume there is a Dutch, that there is a nucleus.

DUTCH: Empty spaces, burning cars, the hole in the real, the permeability of matter.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Correct.

DUTCH: My childhood, the street at night, the direction of my efforts.

WOMAN'S VOICE: You have begun to look for answers.

DUTCH: The room with lights. The open floors of a ruined building. The room without lights.

WOMAN'S VOICE: You have begun to wish for answers.

We are now to understand that Dutch is an entity, that he possesses a body, that there is a border between interior and exterior. We are to understand that Dutch is an actual life form.

VIII. You Are to Him

You pick through the pieces of paper and realize Dutch is only this.

You no longer have him to blame. He was only a figment, a way to make sense of what you don't want to believe, a personification, a projection.

Paper burned around the edges. The image unreal, not Dutch, and he cannot touch you, never could touch you. And now the most difficult part is that you must live without the idea of him.

as a result

the solace

thin over

processing

lack of

just that

is one is gone

smallest

days faster

heavier

normality

general

neighborhood

front

opposites

a hanging
globe tired
iced forest
ocean comes
over head
at night
returns with sun

breath minutes
find nothing
enormous
amount of text
of notes and
blasphemies
walk along

in sights the sun

window

of technique

builders prepare

city halves

houses

give way

on a scale

that breaks

visible sky precise

complex temples

for everything

even caustic

tree line

howls or
noises
begin to
rush through
streets
engines speak
meaning

puddles
with nobody
to speak of
and macabre
bundles of needles
numbered cells
around edges

when touched

upon

ice fields

leave

whispers

eye slinking

into

by strings

not a likeness

even branches

remind

of engines

cameras catch bodies

ambling awake

the life

consumes

move in

thin

colorless

cold

white hands

monitor

through

telephone

superstition

impulses

multiply

small parts
into jars
in cellar
box
becomes
tendency for
reverence

cause
for alarm
vision
buried
disassembled
deserving
countenance

humor

over time

over

written

sidewalk

man mumbles

slum church

dilation

letting in

light

return to

beginning

to hour when

first broken

an arrival

to find

the corpse

removed

bandied

about the

streets

to memory

preceding

organic

surfaces

tear through

specific faces

across town

liquid stone

shore

water rich

earth

welling

tidal

pull

witness

memory

bring

lives in

gather on

living point

blue air

away the

ground

sprouts

over and

over

walking

from

coast line

uncovered

touch

slight

quiver

the parts

just

standing
alive here
always fleeting
rows behind
streets or trees
grow
brilliant

have become
a part
the whole
opens
always
here
uncovered

take
from
branches
contain
breath
measure
pulsates

to come
apart
for long
periods
if one
waits
until

one will

calcify

will crack

dry

if one

waits

for long

temporal

bodies

see

these

lights

going

by

the visitor

Thousands on the horizon frantic with elaborate costumes. The exhilaration of the day and the destruction of the most brilliant are a first step toward callow smoothness of mind. Part-time philosophers precede plume-covered acrobats on the avenues of an ancient town. A floating face from the sunlit world of wings has emerged. But it is no more than the product of their collective dreaming, hallucinatory wishful thinking.

This dream of an out-of-the-sphere visitor fueled them into oblivion instead of the here-and-now. They have metal-detected their way into a bright and burnished era full of popular icons. And beneath this society is infant regret. The sweat and the bile of many, the forgotten, seep through the walls. They are oblivious to strangers in their midst. Vindictive, compacted superstitions have strained them gradually until all are near the point of implosion.

So many grave dangers emanate from this machination: the commonplace, the corrosive, the explicit and the altogether ridiculous. The figure that emerges from the morass is welded into lingering fancy by tedious and trapped dreams. Collective adoration covers his countenance and his vine-stalked legs weave down through the crust; the land blooms before him. He is an ice sculpture, shimmering into stamped memory, brightened forward, transitory. What dull plains of symmetrical thinking have given rise to this figure?

And beneath the hallucination is loss and toil, suffering for sustenance, sacrifice on demand—a cycle of worms and earth and roots and stalks and rot and worms and soil and sprouts and buds and food and waste and decay and growth—nourished by immersion, not escape, by contact and discovery, not fantasy. It is both desiccation and growth of the terra. Where has this been written down?

In the fog you will stand, always with a leather cord and polished stone around your neck to open your heart and let its blood run on the earth. You are the house of ants; they form you tunneled from within, decisions channeled through the walls and pipes of your being. Everything has become a part of you and you of it as you lie as one of them all alone in a bed somewhere—such toil in search, in vain, in vanity, in solitude. Help yourself now as you realize there is an exit from this, as you realize there is life all around you. Weave your thoughts into and from this. From the soil and roots, you will rise regrown, with fortitude.

“I am the one with new eyes and transparent skin.

I have thoughts I didn't know I had.

I will teach you that there is life outside, will tender you a future.

I do not know the lines of cars. I have no reverence for capital. Inheritance is sleeping underneath the freeway. Discussion is narrow. It runs between the legs, down a street and through a grate. This is your doing, your great moment and empire, your bedclothes. How it runs so, like interlocking iron snowflakes.

I have been drained through a small hole in the back of my neck. It runs out and in its place is the silence of calamity, the high-pitched drone of catastrophe.

I fell down to you behind a warehouse, in a high-fenced yard, the other side of an industrial park, open space in a surrogate vision. This spot will be the one from which I launch.

My skin was covered with tough scales when I came to you, but they were burnt away upon entry. The thousand checkpoints stripped me to invisibility and rawness. I worked so long to enter with dignity. I wanted to come here standing up, but I was bent by the sharp edges of your world.”

“These are my gifts: that I know nothing and do nothing. I come to you both swollen and shrunken, entranced with your creations, shortened by the cruelty of air conditioning, of supermarkets, of your authority over the terra, the way in which you talk, the stout legs of your furniture, of the slavery and slaughter of your hungers, your hairspray and no-calorie sweeteners.”

The tons of information, the last gasp of evacuation. A cemetery of sound. The code breakers work furiously. Threats to this system will become derailed. The subway trains are crammed with reinforcements.

“Your lawns are soaked with chemicals. I look at my shoes in the tunnels beneath your capital. They are ill fitting, inexact, incumbent upon me.

I left because I was comfortable, because I had nowhere to go, because I was lost in a swamp of denial, because my whole body twitched when I sat at a desk, because my world was run with buttery smoothness, because I feigned laughter, because the streets were like mirrors, because I had no failures, because I thought of myself as a chalice, because my name became respectable.”

“I walk through the crowds on the streets of your capital hoping for new blood. My joints are spring loaded; I am entranced and electrified. I am frightened by the pace of destruction, the speed of consumption, the cracked ice shelves the spewing, choking systems that devour life and feed the great insect mouth, the insatiable hunger.

I slip under the fence at night, through well-lit tunnels, open parking lots and humming warehouses. I see that your virus has spread to the outer limits of your territories, duplicating, swelling and clogging. Your world has shrunk so in its expansion.

In these final days, I have seeped into the fibers of everything. I have become invisible, have abandoned myself to the wide-eyed terror and contentment of being in the world without reservation. On a thin string over an abyss, the winds touch, the moon shines, I disintegrate with pleasure. The city burns on the valley floor below.”

devotion

the sound before any foreknowledge
comes as a question upon the land
that which predates causation
receives all but reveals very little
investigation does not include answers

on an eternal field the billions of voices
fold themselves in cacophony toward the sky
we cannot but know
small matters
gains in important ones

no pandering nor
heroes nor crystal shrines
the entry is a dome of mirror
the entire set of known and not
yet discovered facts

some great wagging tongue
through a loudspeaker: “what is important
will be swept under the film of reality
which covers all forms and states”
a reliance on voice belies sentiment

by the brass man
this world
daughters and sons
melted to incandescent
brilliance

a progression through
pushing
toward embodiment
under the wishing tree
with swollen belly and hangover

One has begun to wallow in the unkempt languor of immediacy. Idiocy has found a name and become respectable, a marker of distinction in the field one inhabits. Ripples purl over the surface of an extensive field of mirror.

A treatise on finely mowed lawns, on sallow eyes, on growing discomfort, on awakenings, fields of sand and burning sun, on movement and stillness.

The wayward with their funny clothes and customs are in our midst.
This is not unreal nor is it within one's grasp.

What is to be?

An imprint on the spine.

The world has an answer: they are in jeopardy and in conditions
which produce peril.

Destroyer as routine nullification.

Weary and angry at the lack of possibilities.

In truth these are only different names for the same conviction.

The multiple world is a series of ringed globes hanging from the
heavens. This is the ground upon which festooned characters play
out their best and worst.

thread of potentiality

oscillations of social progress and seeming paradise

One argument goes that there is nothing. This point does not need elaboration. If you cannot occupy it, you are too busy and bent on doing so.

to break and to adhere

A social achievement of massive proportions stands upright and skyward.

disposal and dispossession

One argument is that one's own portions of self-respect and failure are the only pleasures attainable, the only guiding principles in the history of forgetting.

Either only the self will stand for it or the self is too small for such unknowable experience at the very limit of physical and psychological capabilities.

Condemned to passing pleasures in the palm of the hand, sickened unto a radical failure in vanity, one can pick a spot to sit and unload suspicion. The problems of the social wheel are substantial.

Today you will find something pragmatic and empirical, psychological and egalitarian. But keep in mind that it is rooted in corruption.

Today you will realize a reaction to excess and pointless manipulation.

Today you will realize distinct stages toward your life's fulfillment, practical and chosen, emotional and experimental, primary and carnal. This state will come to an end, will pass beyond all frustrations.

Looking at the sky, which is now so unlike the destinations at which you have arrived, this becomes your love supreme, your ultimate reality. On impossible terms, most find it infinite, removed from dynamics. You have made appreciable headway.

shores washed clean of sand by storms

the sun persistent

a distinct

separate living thing

a mark reflecting

In such a vision is interiority to be cast away. It shall be transmuted or discovered in matter. These proportions are palpable. Stable objects are composed of barely existent particles. They create intensity through tiny variations and are celebrated through millions of indelible self-replicating figures. Watching them brings about categorical rejection of logic in favor of absurdity. Apprehension has its own lucidity.

“the self as a node, not an entity; it is a meeting place where lives converge.”

As this node expands, empathy grows and relations strengthen, enriching the connections. Learning pivots on this conception of the self as transient ground. The world deepens and grows and throws a light on the universal human heart.

loyalty and despotism

For good and ill, all the world's thoughts are mixed into a single lineage.

In finite determinism, this is the famous political structure, embraced by discipline, focussing narrow but immense attention. This is the straight path of authentic messengers.

It has become complicated, the truth of one's self. The standing miracle of flying in a dream at four in the morning and three in the afternoon has become an organic philosophy of the highest order. Surely, this too belongs to the scheme of things. Loaded and burdened, vastness and solitude assuming radical proportions.

All claims are renounced and work is performed with detachment. A question is raised in the darkness by an empirically mute self who proceeds with algebraic determination:

“Would you like to become invisible?”

meaningful labor

inflation of existence

through indiscriminating essence, through long-range experiments,
through the private want of correction, through sudden and complete
clatter...

meaningful surrender

on the bayonets

no longer raising questions and pointing the way but cracking the
whip and tempting with social power, exempt from reason and
therefore twice as heavy

hidden somewhere deep inside the political wing

Only carefully protected discernment remains in this specialized
society.

as one becomes unkempt

as the shoes go untied

as easily as it is to fathom

as certainly not a sign of maturity

on this level any decision is a good one
pressing buttons for and against
stems from a position of privilege
as one descends to the crux of it all
flotation is the order of the day

as a hole in the fabric of being
it arises from a question that opens
as people gather around a fire
as they stare deeply into it
as they become certain of the disguise