

Thank gawd for MOVER-SHAKERS WHO STIR THE POT, who do the outrageous glamorous stupid bizarre. THANK GOD FOR POLLIES WHO FLAUNT THEIR TROUSER-SNAKES IN MIDNIGHT ROOMS, for lonely arsonists who blacken states, lushy chicks in skimpy skirts who sue the boss and promise all to charity, loony churchmen who fiddle with boys, kamikaze loons and whaling ships, rip-off cheaters of missus average, blacks who trade in boredom and drugs, cops who mash protesters' brains, lefty gov'ments who spend too much, refugees who croak on boats, petty dictators who never croak, oily oilmen who contaminate, realtors who poison trees, prostitutes who spread disease, terroristas, firey heroes, bent police, dengue fever, dying oranges, killer-bees, hunters, hackers, gay transexuals, drunks and rapers, the great unwashed, the forgotten lonely aged depressed, WEIRDO KIDS DRUNKEN SCHOOLIES SCRUFFY ABORIGINOOOLIES lethal toys batts in yer attic congestion in traffic effing tax 'n' interest rates endless sordid loves and hates... **THE WHOLE GREAT STEAMING WORLD OF NEWS.** Yippee!



POLARITY MACHINE LIKE DON'T LIKE LIKE DON'T LIKE

IT'S GETTING BETTER! **WHEN'S IT GONNA HAPPEN?** Where is it now? **Do you Like me? Please like me! I wanna be noticed** We are all individuals... IT'S GETTING BETTER! *When's it gonna happen?* IT'S GETTING BETTER! *When's it gonna happen?* LIKE DON'T LIKE *Nothing ever happens. Nothing ever happens.* IT'S GETTING BETTER! *Nothing ever happens.*
Please don't hurt me. Please Like Me. Where is it now? **IT'S GETTING BETTER! Where is it now? I wanna be noticed I wanna be noticed** LIKE DON'T LIKE **POLARITY MACHINE** *Please don't hurt me* **Please don't hurt me Do you Like me? Please like me! I need to be noticed**

TOO FAT, TOO SKINNY, TOO OLD, TOO YOUNG, TOO SHORT, TOO BLACK, TOO ASIAN, TOO MUSLIM, INVALID! TOO WHITE, TOO IMMIGRANT, TOO JEWY, TOO WELFARE, TOO FEMALE, INVALID! TOO SICK, TOO SPOTTY — TOO NOT LIKE ME. AM I GOOD ENOUGH? AM I GOOD ENOUGH? AM I GOOD ENOUGH? INVALID! WHO, WHAT, WHY, WHEN... GOOD, BAD, RICH, POOR, ME, YOU... RIGHT, WRONG, GOD, SATAN, UP, DOWN, US, THEM... HOW MUCH, HOW MUCH... HOW LITTLE, HOW LITTLE ...? **SOWING OF DOUBT**

Label Label

THE TRUTH IS: IT'S ALL ILLUSION... We can't polish a turd - but we can roll it in glitter!

SOWING OF DOUBT... INEVITABLE TURNING... INEVITABLE TURNING... **RELAX! ...WHEN YOU'RE SIX FEET UNDER YOU DON'T OWN IT... IT OWNS YOU HAPPY NOW? HAPPY NOW? HAPPY NOW?**

MANUFACTURED OPTIMISM EQUALS MASSIVE DISCONTENT!

INEVITABLE TURNING... SOWING OF DOUBT... HAPPY NOW? HAPPY NOW?

WE ARE ALL INDIVIDUALS WE ARE ALL INDIVIDUALS (I'M NOT)

WE'RE ALL HYPNOTISED THEY'RE LYING TO ME LYING TO ME WE ARE NOT INDIVIDUALS YOU'RE ASLEEP YOU'RE ALL HYPNOTISED A LIE

A CLEVER LIE NOW YOU'RE REALLY ASLEEP HYPNOTISED ASLEEP

VOMIT EMPTINESS. PIXELATORY EMPTINESS PIXELATORY EMPTINESS VOMIT EMPTINESS.
BAN THE REAL BAN THE REAL

Pixels of emptiness this crazy hill of beans world **MAJESTICALLY MEANINGLESS**

MIND... THE GAP MIND... THE MIND... THE GAP MIND...
THE GAP MIND... **UTOPIA? DYSTOPIA?**

LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN HIS CORNER, GOBBING HIS PUDDING AND PIE. STUCK IN

HIS THUMB AND PULLED OUT A PLUM AND SAID: OH WHAT A GOOD BOY AM I

You tweety beings in your soap opera of eternal nothingness... See how THE IMMENSITY blows like the north wind into the cracks and niches of our flimsy houses, flings open our doors, howls laughing to the reckless beyond. We are domestic rats, can't survive boundlessness, cower in the teeth of the wild. Horrid tundra knocks with knuckles of death on our papery walls, we study minutiae at the ends of our noses, **CHATTER IN NERVY CIRCLES**, share our bubble-nuances, so glad to be invited inside to the warm party of life. But we shiver inwardly, being sensory rats; we anticipate some great *examination*. Our little scandals fail us; we live in a lying land, the emperor has no clothes, we abhor the truth though it blows all about us, **lifting and flinging the detritus of yesterday's news in our canyon streets...**

I flap my arms in the world-scouring wind, **SCURRY TO CATCH WAVELETS ON A SHORE**, scoop handfuls of dust swirling in deserts... Running breathless for the great deadline I **CATCH TAXIS TO NOWHERE**, I slubber on grubby pavements noting nothingness writ in mud, I scratch out a life that turns on others' loss, **FINGER POPPIES AMID THE GRAVES OF DEAD**, harken to the hollow bells of unmeaning...

I proclaim *The Importance*, everywhere *The Importance!* In the relevantness of my crowing ecstasy I am Little Jack Horner who discovered the world and saw it was good and made a meal of its bounty... **BUT JACK, HE DIED AND WAS FORGOTTEN.** In the forests of time, did he colour a single leaf, usher one droplet from the great lake of the sky, paint a snow-shadow on forbidding peaks, cross an ocean washed by winds no human ever mastered? **He did not.**



OH SYSTEM, MY SYSTEM BETTER BETTER. MORE MORE

WE SELL FREEDOM! WE SELL FREEDOM! Sell me your pixels of emptiness... Tell me they are not emptiness PERFECT THE ART OF
SPEW CONCOCT BETTER CHAOS RESORT TO DEATHLY PLEASURES! EGOS FOR SALE BUT WHO'S IN CONTROL?
WHO'S IN CONTROL? BRUTE FORCE = CONTROL COMMODITY ATROCITY

FEEDBACK LOOPS OF SELF-HYPNOTISING IDENTITY AND THEIR UNTAPPED SHADOWS!
UNTAPPED SHADOWS
UNTAPPED SHADOWS

WE ARE THE PROFOUNDLY SUPERFICIAL We're all lost in the supermarket All lost in the Supermarket! Yesterday = Happy
Think Tomorrow = Thoughtcrime. Yesterday = Happy Think Tomorrow = Thoughtcrime. DEATHLY PLEASURES! MORE DEATHLY
PLEASURES

GET YOUR PARADIGM POPPERS PARADIGM POPPERS

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW
TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW
WANT AND NEED AND WANT AND NEED AND WANT

YOU - LET THESE THOUGHTS RULE YOU.
YOU - LET THE WOLF INTO THE FOLD.

THOUGHTCRIMES ... ALL OF THESE ARE THOUGHTCRIMES:

Can't have this without that / this without that **CAN'T HAVE THIS WITHOUT THAT**

IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS
IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS

MAJESTICALLY MEANINGLESS

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR SALE!

WHO SHALL WE PRAY TO? INFINITE SUPERMARKET OF DESIRE ?
FALSE AUTONOMY OF CHOICE? TOTALITARIANISM OF MANIPULATION?
WHO SHALL WE PRAY TO? STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN? INVESTMENT CONFORMIST UTOPIA? TECHNOLOGICAL
CONSUMERIST MEDIAL SPIN MACHINE?

BRAVE NEW-AGE WORDS: LOBOTOMISE. LOBOTOMISE.

WE NEED MORE SUPERFICIAL HAPPINESS WITHOUT ITS NECESSARY OPPOSITES.
NECESSARY OPPOSITES. NECESSARY OPPOSITES.

WHAT WE NEED IS: Better NARROW INBRED CLIQUEY TENDENTIOUS PUBLIC ART SPACES! **MORE:** Feedback loops of
self-hypnotising identity and their untapped shadows

WHAT WE NEED IS: The Bludgeoning of our Earth! **WHAT WE NEED IS:** The Reality Cheque!

WHAT WE NEED IS: OBSCENE ATROCITY REGURGITATED! ATROCITY REGURGITATED!

WHAT WE NEED IS: THE DARK ROOM !! TO FACE THE INNER NIGHTMARE, THE SARDONIC IRONY, THE
WOUNDING SATIRE, REALITY-REMINDER, RITE OF PASSAGE, SOUL'S DARK NIGHT, OBLITERATION OF TIME, HYPNOSIS
OF BOREDOM, PURE VICTIM THOUGHTS . MENTAL SUICIDE.

FACE THE UNTAPPED SHADOWS... FACE THE UNTAPPED SHADOWS...

WHAT WE NEED: **BETTER** CACAPHONIES OF SENSORY EMOTIVE INTELLECTUAL PROPAGANDIST ASSAULT **WHAT WE
NEED:** **BETTER** IN-YOUR-FACE SUBLIMINAL DADA ABSURD DYSTOPIAN WISE COOL GURU **THERAPY.**

HAPPINESS PLAN... HAPPINESS PLAN...

THIS IS THE REAL THING !!

NO INTENTION... NO INTENTION... NO COMMITMENT...
WE'RE SORRY... WE'RE JUST NOT INTERESTED... WE'RE SORRY... WE'RE JUST NOT INVOLVED...
WE SOLD OUT!

BEYOND THE MACHINE... OUTSIDE... WE'RE OUTSIDE WE'RE GONE... NOT THIS... NOT THIS... DON'T TOUCH,
DON'T FOLLOW...

LOBOTOMISE. LOBOTOMISE !

THE REAL THING

TEN THOUSAND MILLION SYMPHONIES FALL TO SILENCE FALL TO SILENCE FALL TO SILENCE

HOLLOW IS OUR DISILLUSION

CATHARTIC IS OUR ENQUIRY

INWARD IS OUR AUSTERE AUSTERITY

I'm here... I'm NOT here... I'm here... I'm not here... I'm here... I'm NOT here...

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE... IT'S PASSING ME BY... I'LL NEVER FIND LOVE... IT'S ALL LOST... I'M LONELY...
WHAT'S THE POINT? IT'S BEEN SO LONG. THIS IS THE END. NOT READY YET. NEVER READY. I CAN'T HELP IT.

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE... **End End**

OH SYSTEM, OH SYSTEM, MY SYSTEM

'UP DOWN UP DOWN, IT'S A JOKE' 'WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LIFE?' I HAVE NO CHOICES.' **IS THAT SO?** 'NOTHING EVER CHANGES.' 'I'M A VICTIM. I HATE MYSELF.' 'I JUST DON'T LOVE HIM/HER ANY MORE.' 'NO-ONE LIKES ME. I'VE NO FRIENDS.' 'I'M NOT SPECIAL.' **IS THAT SO? IS THAT SO?** 'NOBODY WILL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE.' **IS THAT SO?** 'THERE'S NO GOD.' 'I'LL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS HER.' 'PEOPLE THINK I'M A FOOL.' **IS THAT SO?** 'I'M JUST A REPLICAN OF MY PARENT.' 'I REALLY HAVE NO LOVE IN ME.' 'I'M SUCH A LIAR.' **IS THAT SO!** 'I'M LOSING MY MIND. CAN'T REMEMBER.' 'I'M IMPOTENT.' 'CAN'T PERFORM.' **IS THAT SO?** 'I'M GOING MAD.' 'I'M AN ADDICT.' 'MY BABY IS DEFECTIVE.' 'I SHOULD ADMIT MY CRIMINAL GUILT.' **IS THAT SO!** 'I'M OUT OF CONTROL.' 'I'M REALLY A GREEDY SO AND SO.' **IS THAT SO...** 'I'M THE SILLY CHILD I ALWAYS WAS' 'I'M GETTING OLD, I'LL GET SICK.' **IS THAT SO...** 'TIME IS PASSING, ALWAYS PASSING...' 'LIFE IS FUTILE; I SHOULD COMMIT SUICIDE' **IS THAT SO? IS THAT SO? IS THAT SO?!!!**



TRY TO EXTRICATE A SLICE OF YOUR BEING, TAKE A CHUNK OF YOUR FEELINGS, DIVVY UP YOUR HEART, STUFF THEM IN A BOX! BOX UP THE LIGHT AND CALL IT A NAME, CORRAL ALL THE WORLD'S NOISE AND STUDY ITS FREQUENCY, **TAKE YOUR PULSE AND STOPPER AND BOTTLE IT,** GRAB THE SIGHTS OF YOUR EYES AND PAINT THEM ON A PAGE, PLANT THEM IN A CROP-FIELD OF AIR! TAKE THE AIR AND DISCRIBULATE IT, TAKE A THOUGHT AND PULVERISE IT, TAKE A FEELING AND RING-FENCE IT, DISSECT IT LIKE A RAT WITH FORCEPS, PLUCK ITS SUBSTANCE OUT! DESCRIBE THE LIGHTNESS OF BEING, FATHOM AND TAME THE ANATOMY OF LIGHT, **CLOBBER AND LASSO AND BUNG IN A TIN THE SILENCE OF THE STARS,** GRASP AND BUNDLE UP YOUR SENSES, SHOVE YOUR NOSE IN A FIELD OF THOUGHT, HANKER INSIDE A BULLISH DREAM LIKE A ROWDY COWBOY! STICK YOUR NEED UNDER MICROSCOPES, PONDER ALL ITS PARTS; PIN A WISH ON A PUBLIC BOARD, DRAG A DREAM LIKE A LIAR INTO THE LIGHT, **SHOUT DOWN AND DENOUNCE THE FLEETING GHOST OF LONGING,** PUT ON A DEATH-LIST THE LOVE OF MAN FOR WOMAN, **PUT A BULLET IN THE BRAIN OF SHARED BLISS,** CUT OUT THE EYES OF THE MEMORY OF BEAUTY, ROAST IN AN OVEN ALL SENSE OF RIGHT, TURN INTO ASH THE LINGERING OF TENDERNESS, BURY IN A MUD-FIELD AN ETERNITY OF DESIRE. AND WHAT HAVE WE DONE? **WHY ARE WE ALL SUCH MATERIALISTS?** WHY SUCH FOOLS?

STOP WAITING STOP WAITING STOP WAITING FOR LOVE, DEATH, IMPROVEMENT, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS, IDENTITY, SUBSTANTIAL THING, HOPE, PAST, FUTURE, MEANING, SIGNIFICANCE, REVENGE, CHANCE TO BE VICTIM, BETTER WEATHER, TIME TO GO, THINGS TO RETURN, NICE FEELING, RIGHT THOUGHT, TRUE SENSE, CALM, ORDER, DUCKS IN A LINE, FRUITION, WISDOM, YOUR WIFE, HUSBAND, CHILD, PARENTS TO DIE, SUNRISE, SUNSET, ELUCIDATION, A FISH, CLEAR AIR, THE PROPER MOMENT, MARKETS, COFFEE TO BOIL, INSPIRATION, DISCOVERY, TO BE NOTICED, HUNGER TO COME, WEIGHTY THINGS, HAND OF THE CLOCK, FRESH RELEASE, NEXT HEARTBEAT, BREATH, COOL, QUIET, EMPTINESS, PEACE, BLUENESS, GOD, FOR A TIME YOU CAN STOP WAITING, FOR THE END OF THIS SPEECH, FOR A THING TO HAPPEN, FOR THE BOMB TO FALL, FOR CHRISTMAS, FOR YOUR WEDDING, FOR SLEEP, FOR TIME, FOR LIFE ITSELF, FOR LIFE ITSELF. **STOP WAITING STOP WAITING**



THIS THIS THIS

AND MY MIND IS MIRROR-LIKE... a sea of possibility, of longing winds that fleck the horizon, stir the spume and foam to grand longing, eternally pushing before which I sail lonely to the end of the world... THE MIND-SEA IS A RELENTLESS BLUE-GREY THOUSAND-MILE HEAVINESS OF WAVES that surge to the uncharted destination and never arrive. Waves: I see their nature is to surge and reach, dissolve and die, o'erborne by pursuing waves that also pass away in opaque blue-black depths of forgetting. No place for humans, this; e pouring winds make fallow my lungs and eyes. **AND SOMETIME NOW MY MIND IS A WATERY FATHOMLESS GRAVE OF THE PAST,** of ideas and notions lost, of my childhood-time gone, of all the dark deep of a life stored in the hazy mud-filmed bottom-locker of the sea... **AND THEN IT TORTURES ME, THIS MIND,** a colourless vaporless mirror of stasis, as if a lethe, a pall, has settled on the ruddy sun-addled sea, and I am a sailor languishing under useless lumpen sails, and I stir with my eyes muddy pools of **ragged boredom-despair...**

Words

Words

... LORD GRANT ME ATTENTION-SPAN OF GOLDFISH. Forget my life's a grotty tale of profitless half-baked embarrassment, don't remind me I'm nobody in my eighty-year waiting room where I wriggle in shame and doff me cap. Thank yer God, GLAD TO BE ALIVE, GLAD THE SHOWERS ARE REALLY SHOWERS. Fortune's meany roller-coaster snake jigs its snout up down, childish hearts lurch in mouths, flickering screens of markets and banks hypnotise the little insects, myopic bees clutter and soil their own hive. **But any bee that's half-way clever** will fly away, pass its earthly summer in mindless peace and bring no pollen home... Human beings one step from gods, feel no pain like degradation and hopelessness. But what life would I choose? I'D RATHER BE FAT AND HAPPY AND IGNORANT than live a nobly degraded life in some benighted poverty-stricken corner of earth. **My ignorance degrades me wherever I am.**

FISHING FOR THE SECRET Oh you are a fish swimming in a **borderless ocean** and you are saying to yourself: 'I've been told there's this thing called *water* that is very important, but I'm damned if I can discover where or what it is. And if I found it, how might it have got here in the first place since they say it's how *I* got here?' And now you are a SCIENTIST looking through your MICROSCOPE and saying: 'If only I had a bigger microscope, I could see into all the tiny spaces, into **the cracks between the sub-atoms**, and I could watch the electricity pouring through there, and then I could get to the *bottom* of this thing... And if I could LOOK CLOSER INTO THE BRAIN with all those little synapses and dendrites, and if I could just watch all that electricity flowing in there and see how it makes all those complicated moves and figures, then I could work out WHAT THIS THING CALLED CONSCIOUSNESS IS. And if I COULD JUST GET A REALLY HUGE TELESCOPE, I could see all those **Black Holes** at the centre of every galaxy and I could predict how those Bangs keep coming, and then I could see the Big Picture of how Space Happened and then I could get to **THE SECRET OF THIS WHOLE GODDAM SHEBANG CALLED LIFE**. And if I can just build a really really clever complicated spacecraft and get a man out there into that GRUESOMELY HOSTILE PLACE I INVENTED CALLED SPACE and find out how things really really tick out there, then I could get the real picture of what this goddam universe is really like...' *Etcetera etcetera etcetera*. It's all so complicated! Isn't it high time the LOOKER asked a better (and far less expensive) question? And the question is... **WHO THE HELL IS LOOKING?**

ILLUSION is DISILLUSION...

Journey without End,
a Cry in Vain...

I'LL NOT FAIL TO IMAGINE THE GROSS AND MASS SUFFERING OF THE WORLD...

I cling to thoughts that this suffering has no general mass, that it is **individual**, fractally broken in merciful bits, limited, diced into moments - each of which is mercifully gone, as if they never were. PLEASE TELL ME FORGETTING IS THE END OF SUFFERING, that this is god's fractal mercy to the very bottom of time, to the very atoms of the void. I know there's no escape but LET THERE BE THE MERCY OF FORGETTING. Please please make it all better, PLEASE SALVE **THE GAPING WOUND OF CONSCIENCE...**

TODAY IN NORTH KOREA we celebrate great phantasmagoric event! People self-perish for love of country! Fluffy fields of pink commies goose-step like geese! But in private dreams we gobble 'em; fat geese dripping on a spit, runnelling down slaving lips. Starve-people wander eyeless in killed fields and canyon streets and still the saviour-soldiers thump in step to **THE DRUMS OF ORDER**. And women who wept a river should know better, but cheer and wave their sodden handkerchiefs, busy for a bright tomorrow while today is a curdled nightmare. But **IN OUR ORDER LIES OUR FREEDOM**. Think my way, walk my way. Geese will surely follow. Even emotion is orderly here! Release us from scatty thoughts, from contemplation of horrible truths. Make us free to be robotic, free to form a block. Wisdom-free happiness-free nourishment-free. **FREE TO SHUFFLE AS ONE, TOWARD THE EXIT.**

GOVERNMENT CLIQUE? NO FAT BUTCHERS, US. No farce whatsoever. Fields of blood-pink? Beautiful. EXHAUST US POOR PEOPLE, GRIND US DOWN. Sow doubt, sow fear, betray, undermine, make the populace sweat, tell 'em nothing, toss 'em bones, let 'em guess. Plant the betrayal seed in every room, every family, every team, every mind. Every sweaty nervy pore, every feeling-sense. Guards! Arrest the slob, the laggard, the revisionist, humble bringer-up of children - who lacks the fever for our beloved **REVOLUTION**. Or wait, stop! LET 'EM SELF-CRITICISE, LET THEM SELF-ANNIHILATE. Let them jump in sewers. **SO I FELL INTO A SEWER, AND THAT IS WHERE I DIED. WE NEVER CALLED IT MURDER - 'T WAS SIMPLY SUICIDE.**

Fatale

OH WHAT AN ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL THING IS CONFORMITY. If all the beautiful people in **THE PARTY** kissed each other twice, once on each cheek at greeting and again at parting, how many kisses would be there? Surely **ENOUGH TO DROWN A MILLION SORROWS.**

JUST TRY TO DO ONE LITTLE THING, JUST ONE LITTLE THING OUTSIDE THE SQUARE, **outside the box** - and you will see how the world comes cracking down on you, how the censure and the vilification, the scorn of the four winds will pour on you and drown your dreams. The world's mindless rump is sensitive to nothing, but *you* will feel the guilt under its righteous hostility. And we live in a democracy! **A HYSTERIC DEMOCRACY** where gated women hate, children store up evil, the old lose their marbles, **MEN BULLY THEIR WAY TO HAPPINESS**, where we assiduously **VOTE FOR PUBLIC CLOWNS**, live shunted side by side in horror of loneliness, where animals are boned and sliced to make our lunch, where we grin-freeze the future in photographic death (we never move again) and yearn for a moment that never was, or if it was, 'twas the moment where we yearned for *another*. Moment, that is. But **DON'T YOU DARE ASK THE QUESTION**. Don't be a bleating little Prufrock. Don't wish for anything *other*... Tell me, how can a creature so fine and complex as a human being be **CONSIGNED TO SO LOWLY A FATE?**

Fatale

IMPOSE YOUR DOCTRINE. Ignorant materialism! Most insidious instinct. Slavery by intellectual brutal means. Metal stent in brain's soft tissue. Dirty force of self-loathing under the guise of self-improvement. Stinking fear turned arrogant. Political sado-masochism. Social suicide. Impost and imposter. Disaster of Slavery. **Fascism Religionism Communism Consumerism Scientific Materialism. ALL labels degrade us.** Participants in a brutal tyrannical Ideal. STRAIGHT LINE TO HELL. Fundamentalism that chokes everything it touches, grid of steely demarcations utterly killing the flowy fluent wisdom of nature. Our limbs may freeze to arthritis, our hearts clog with fat, heads bulge with blood, eyes lose their sight, teeth fall out... but WE STAY IN CONTROL. We stay stupid. Let's piss right over our own dinner-table. Enjoy! **INTELLECT – WONDERFUL SERVANT BUT A TERRIBLE MASTER.** And the greatest of rulers will claim to arrest sclerotic human ignorance by ceaseless revolution, permanent campaign, tireless revision! Healthy dash of chaos. LET HUNDRED FLOWERS BLOOM! Hungry dogs on leash! UNTIL THE RULER'S WET DREAMS TURN SMELLY, till his subjects look sideways and mutter, till he falls to consulting with the demon of makeshift expedience, till his fair-weather friends gang up, till he must dedicate his soul to the demise of enemies since every gesture, every breath, is CONSPIRACY, since **THE ENEMY IS ANYONE BUT ONESELF.**

SOLUTION: **HOLOCAUST!** Systematically extract all rotten teeth! Exterminate all sewer-rats. Maximal efficiency = maximal emotional chaos #&\$@#+!* Yea, to the fifteenth generation. FRACTAL UNHOLY KILLING ORDER REVERBERATES IN THE VERY BONES OF MAN. One such is Holocaust. Another, **OUR GIFT FOR DELUSION.**

MUST REPLACE, FORGET, IN ORDER TO GO ON. I tell you **our planned and sober thought** is all a fucking scam inside a dream. This world is THE INSANITY OF ORDER: hardened habits plucked from an infinity of crazy choices. If anyone thinks this is to lead us to heaven - then he or she has not clocked the Holocaust. **The lesson? TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED.** We're mown down like nine-pins in a bowling alley and still we hope! Showered to death, cleansed under the nozzles of invisible gas in human slaughterhouses just like our animals, and we are so amazed that it can *be* like that. WHERE IS DIGNITY? WE ARE *MEAT*. But on we trudge with our sacrednesses and our logics and our papering over cracks and our dark revenge. Till the very day we fall and repeat the tragic tragedy of all our forebears. And it all gets *stored*. There is the GROUP-MIND, GROUPTHINK of skinhead thugs in an alleyway bent on the bludgeoning of one who is *unkempt*. **There's a race unconscious with ENOUGH DEEP SCHEISSE STORED WITHIN, TO SWALLOW TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF LIGHT.**

OH HORROR GOD Who can most probably eat through his arse, shit through his mouth, we celebrate the orderly wonder of you. Save us! **YOU WHO CONTROLLED ALL OUR MINDS,** rationed our shit and body fluids, stoppered up our sprouting hair our gargling blood our pounding hearts, you who could turn back the tide of our breath, control the light that floods our eyes, confound the very sounds that fell on our ear! **EMBALMED LORD,** sublime body-shape, your quota of limbs came from no cornflakes packet. We're so glad and amazed that THE UNIVERSE COALESCED ELEVEN BILLION YEARS OF EFFORT AND SUFFERING TO CREATE US... **ORDER LIGHTNESS WIDENESS POSSIBILITY PREGNANT EMPTINESS FLOWING INTUITION... NATIVITY'S NUANCED CARESSING DANCE... LOVE, OPENNESS FLUENCY TAO PEACE...**

DO YOUR DUTY The *Einsatzgruppen* took snaps of their victims: women in groups, friends as if at a beach picnic - before shooting and dumping them in their great *Babi Yar* trench. Some say HIMMLER only thought up the gas option because his uniform got spattered while inspecting a shooting. So very distasteful. How one loathes inefficiency. What of the people who collated THE GOLD FILLINGS and jewels, shoe-pairs, laces, follicles of hair, entered them in smart ledgers, refused to smell the smell or think the thought or stand up and say: *No. I am a human being. I do not participate in butchery.* What of the barbers who snipped and gathered **THE HAIR OF NAKED JEWESSES** at the chamber doors? The Commandant's wife and kids who conducted happy familial lives within the fleshly smoke-drift of the slaughterhouse? **WHAT HUMAN IS CAPABLE OF THIS? ONLY A SYSTEM, ONLY A CORPORATION.** Are we human if we fail in our duty? No, we are animals. What is a human... so much mince? What's human when officers require flawless requiems to be nobly played by the camp orchestra while their eyes grow misty at some fond remembrance of home before the war... of blonde blue-eyed girls beneath a linden tree... of heather under azure sky... then SEND THOSE SAD AND SORRY FIDDLERS DOWN THE REALLY ROAD INTO THE JAWS OF GAS. Ruefully. But hearken to the beat of a butterfly's wings! COLLECTIVE MEMORY.

THINNER THAN GAS, IT SCREAMS... **End End End End**

LOVE YOUR CONDUCTOR! A famed officer greeted trains at the Auschwitz gate with artistic sleight of hand, with philharmonic mastery, and the orchestra of life responded like a great machine as he directed guests to left or right: young and strong to the left, infirm and childish to the right. And I saw that DUTY, UNBEARABLE THOUGH IT BE, MAKES EACH HUMAN FREE. If we shall ACCEPT OUR PLACE ON EARTH, accept the consequence of need - to kill, to love, to die as victim - all is peace. And though we fret and wonder at fate: *shall I sleep in sheets tonight, take a warming shower, cuddle my loved ones after days of cold confined in wagons blindly enduring the grind of steel on steel?* we can be sure that our part is stolen by no-one else, that we are the enduring centre of our little glade, our little storm, our little garden. And salvation is here: duty to be done and done again without ceasing or regret.

And as we **GREET THE BLACK-CLAD PUPPETEER** and walk to his time and feel ourselves members of his orchestra as flutes and fiddles and piccolos, as we shape the very tone and timbre of his sublime inexorable work, composition of greater minds written in the stars of the Reich, we go to our duty like lambs. For without us the masters cannot climax their thousand-year symphony, their poetry of cleansing, their CONCERTOS OF COOL BUTCHERY. We shall soon rest, soon rest. At peace, at peace. Walk forward. Do not cry. Hold my hand. Play your part. Remove all vestments. March down steps. Into the chamber. Fear not the clang of doors. Breathe in. Breathe out. The darkness. Summon your dignity. Human not insect. **ARBEIT MACHT FREI.** We love you. Don't shit yourself. Don't struggle. Is there a hiss? *Insecticide.* What is burning? Breathe your last. Expire. Be gone. **ALL SUFFERING IS PAST, ALL WANDERING DONE, ALL DONE. AND WHERE IS GRACE? IT IS THAT THERE IS NO OTHER MOMENT. NO OTHER MOMENT BUT THIS.**

WHAT IS THE WORST A FOOL CAN DO IN THIS WORLD? Show your penis to a class of children? Shit your pants in polite company. Bleed on the hostess' carpet. Wipe out a race? **BUT nothing is ever disturbed.** Not the moon and stars, nor the deep motion of the ocean, not the wind on a mountainside, not the tolling of the knell for all creatures born, nor the habits of a human being... In my kitchen sink I come upon A PHALANX OF ANTS. Their crime? To be in my clean human world. I wipe great swathes of them out (and take scant pleasure therein). **LOOK TO THE CHAOS OF THE MIND.** The ant-holocaust screams: you are no greater! Little ants, where have you gone? Do your little souls rest, is reincarnation for you? A solemn historian mouths his words on TV: 'The war to end all wars had been costly. Forty million died... But was the loss in vain? No, they live on, in the cancer of remembrance.' Suffocate that idiot first, I beg you lord. And **OVERLOOK MY LITTLE MASS-MURDER. MY ANT MURDER...**

LIFE IS SACRED! ONE SINGLE HEEDLESS BREATH IS TAKEN BY A ROTTING MAN called Myself and a billion microbes act their tiny masquerades and perish. Kamikaze microbes die for love of emperor! Who tells their untold story? We, human, greater microbes, take all for granted. **AND I AM BUT THE FOLDS AND VALLEYS AND CLIFFS AND MOUNTAINS OF A GREAT SLIMY COUNTRY CALLED BODY.** I am the polluted evolved field, rotting produce of human years, heaving livers and bile-churning liquid lakes, **RIVERS OF BLOOD THAT ROLL TO THE HEART,** whiteblood corridors light-years long, caverns organ-deep, deserts and dunes of skin, mines of bone, cauldron-eyeballs sucking in light, **SKEINS OF FORESTED LUNGS SUCKING CRAZILY AT SOLAR WINDS.** I am all birth and change and time, slow-dying, imperceptible as microscopic suppurating sweat-bubbles. I **AGE IN THE MOON'S CRYING TIDES,** helpless in the pulsing heart of an aching body. I am no individual. **MICROBES ARE ME. I AM MICROBE.**

THIS SHOPPING MALL IS THE LAND OF THE DEAD

LET ME SELL YOU SOMETHING USELESS SO I CAN LIVE. Slow motion fog-parade of **DOING.** Shit everywhere. Walls and stalls and rubbish-houses. Rotting? Get a facial. Dying? **GET A ROPE AND NAIL.** No longer in command of sorry suburban faculties? Take your mind on a debt holiday. Necropolis. Sausage-machine fatness. Digestion, shit-progress, walk on... Canyons of teal and glass. Look at them fucking towers. Mechanise whole shamble universe. Get obsessed with fractal consequence, spend eternity channelling clever-dickness. **SYSTEM IS GOD.** Purpose order! Forever daydream paradise. Machinery + Technology + Regulation + Control = **EASE.** Oil and nuts, wire and titanium. All feelings accounted. All impulse regulated. Every breath. No twitchy moves. **Nothing to jangle the nerves,** make us fret ever again.

MACHINE - OH PINNACLE OF HAPPINESS!

In glassy tower rooms, foggy hives, workday warrens - whitey-shirted and tied we ponder at screens, send missives from pillar to post, confer and ruminate and fret, deliver decisions, await consequence, quake at superiors, mop sweat, furrow brows... Any hippie from Mars 'd see we'd all gone barmy. Why do these earthlings grovel to serve the levers and buttons and dots that feed their own pastime machine? And they built a fractal computer as big as a planet and clipped and snipped every genetical bit, with a nano-fiddle here and a nano-fiddle there, till **THEY BIRTHED THE FATTENED PIG OF MONEY AND MEAT** they could feast on forever... **OH SYSTEM, MY SYSTEM.** Life's smelly red-offal carpet spring-cleaned, laid out for benefit of humo-bots. **BUT** What will you do when the system serves you no more? When no-one cares because you're smelly trampish and old, when not a soul registers what you want or think or vote? When you're alone and lonesome death awaits. Lonely person-bot, you only exist in terms of lonely otherbots.

My advice? FACE THE STUPID EMPTINESS, AND BREATHE.

THERE IS NO FISHER OF MEN IN THE CANYON CITY. SO MANY LONELY FISH IN THE RAINBOW SEA. City crowd-shoals flutter in machine synchronation but reefs abound. Swim on. Pools of human eyes come at you come at you, never can hide their mind-flood. What secret rivers of tears are unleashed by people aching for the sea? We are the fish, thinking musing fish in our watery grave of musing, in liquored veins of streets whose horizon is the tips of skyscrapers, all unheeded by white winds of the sky. And down here our minds over aeons encrust pearl-shell identities, **OUR CLAM BODIES BROOD ON LIES AND DOUBT AND DREAMS.** And on such strands and reefs **WE CAST OUR NETS AND SEEK ONE FISH WHO'LL LOOK AT US,** who'll moon through lips and eyes in private dance with us, who'll join our wan undersea world of lonely consequence...



I WISH I WERE BOUNDLESS. I should cut myself, purify by red streams. Only the empty can swallow the world. Here I am! **ONLY LIGHT BEHIND THE EYES PERCEIVES THE DARKNESS.** Only the wind hears the thrumming of a drum. Every breath is my last. Madmen claim to stopper death, humans claim death exists, but only the killed may come to life. Only the lonely know a friend. **THERE'S NO SUFFERING BUT THIS.** I imagine a razor so thin it cut through emptiness. A particle so small it never saw another. A sorrow so deep it swallowed the night. A castle so dense none ever escaped. A love so entrenched it fed on itself. **A NET SO FINE IT SCOOPED THE SEA.** My clock is ticking. For every gesture, the anti-gesture. For every breath a vacuum. Every dream a rude awakening. The razor's edge is immeasurably thin, yet microbes journey forever. The caravanserai sets off. Is never seen again. Military columns have no end. War is here. Bell tolls for me. The night has no dawn. Here. Here. **DON'T WAIT, DON'T WAIT. There's no time. Hurry. Hurry.**

THE GURU SAID: BRING ME WATER. THE STUDENT BROUGHT HIM WATER IN A CUP. THE GURU FLUNG IT AWAY AND SHOUTED: *I ASKED FOR WATER. I DID NOT ASK FOR A CUP!*



ACCEPT IT, ACCEPT IT ALL as the thread of the Human - just as light flickers on the sea, as flowerheads sputter on the wind, as nuts tumble from trees... Not one universe but a million billion, all passing through and searing one another like ghost-fibres in a silken cloth as muscular as the sea. **UNIVERSES** of the microbe, of the flea, of the wind, of fishes, wolves, women, clouds, muslims, bakers, butchers, tallow makers, painters, lawyers, infidels, songs, science, apes, america, crabs and cranes, me and you, the gatepost, pole stars, lonely planet mars... And the realm we call **Thought** gossamer-passes through them all. **OUT OF ENERGETIC MISTS OF MIND** a notion is spawned, becomes obsession, spurs all acts, makes us cry, makes us lie, makes us die. Insanity! **WORDS. MEANING. LITERATURE. GURUS. SACREDNESS. BURN THEM ALL... PEACE.**

WHATEVER FORM YOU APPEAR TO TAKE IS PASSING AWAY with each breath, each atom-second, into another form which passes away to another form, forever. And when this 'last form' appears to collapse, when the light of the windows of the eyes seeks the beyond, when the zephyrs of breath labour and flow outward into the wide air, **WHEN THE BAG OF FLESH HESITATES, FALLS AND HUGS THE EARTH** and will not get up or walk on no matter how its companions urge it to, then we can say that the *person*, whosoever and whatsoever that may be, has moved beyond our sight into another room, a new garden - to pluck a fresh adventure, new entertainment for her eyes, new movie to titivate her, fresh parlay with the ineffable converse of life. Inside or outside time and space, we cannot say. And we will reconstruct her story, or not, and reframe her former outward being in our eye, in our own tangle of grief and love, our narrative. Until we will think of her no more, since **YOU ALSO WILL HAVE MOVED BEYOND THIS FRIGHTED QUIVERING SET OF ATOMS**, breathed too many of these intemperate breaths, replaced too many of these beaver cells, and walked on down the hallway into the dark or light.

And then a hush will fall on **our ancestor soap opera**, our construction, **OUR PAINTED LITTLE STAGE SET**, for whom there is no audience any more, for whom everyone has gone home to bed, and for whom **A HUSH AND A FORGETTING NOW FALLS IN THE CAMERA-SHOW OF THE WORLD OF MEN**. Never to return by this road, but passing on into the dawn. Who will we meet and do our business with in future pleasure gardens? **WALK ON**. Be sure of this: **nothing ever stays what it is**, and yet no fish is ever plucked from the infinite sea. Walk on. Don't look sideways, or grasp at myriad operas of invention that beckon from the verges of your cosmic road. Instead **BE THE GARMENTED NOTHING THAT YOU ARE**, and let your train trail behind you like the stars of an emperor, and let those who come behind pick up the cloth and treasure it - or not, as they choose.

Fruit THIS THIS THIS

ON A JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES WE DIE TO EVERY STEP... And the great ticking shuffle of shift and change whispers to our ear: you'll never come back, not by this road, not by any road. **YOU ARE A GHOST WHO WALKS, A MIST OF BONES**, a catenation of ideas; you dissolve in the very sun above that loves you. And in the darkness, in the primeval world-past from whence we came, from whence we evolved, that we claim to revisit with the torch of greater understanding, with the torch of the future - we are confronted by a bloody laughter that shakes us to the core. And we see that **ALL WE ARE** is an ape in a suit, eyeballs in scholarly glasses, **BLOODIED HANDS WITH A MANICURE**, a grist of primeval ooze that fashioned letters and words. We are the indescribable mass of churning life that blindly seethed over countless ages toward order, toward the sun. Now all these ages are washed away, so that this moment is the only thing that is. All time is slaughtered for this insouciant sweet moment. Oceans of blood have fried in the sun for the sake of the smile on your infant face. Billions of years of moments, all gutted and gone - **SO THAT YOU AND I MAY STAND HERE, IN THIS SUNLIT WOODLAND IN THE MORNING, AND THRILL TO THE SOFT PERFECTION OF OURSELVES.**

Thanks to the darkness.

THIS DAY HAS TURNED TO WHOLENESS...

I am the shy smile on my lover's face, eddy of water in my lover's bath, tattle of this day's love-wanted ads, hushed space between the stars. I am all the days of our past, caressing child-finger on a smooth shelf, pulsing breath of a nebula... I fear no steel-eyed hawk in the blueness above. I fear not the lonely demise of a sparrow in the mouths of Sumatran crocodiles... **In the low-rumbling city I laugh at the obituaries of strangers**, shit that runs in these gutters and sewers, eviscerating chatter of the middle classes, arthritis born of persecution-complex... Scream of pterodactyls ten thousand aeons past. Stifled yawns of a clerk in the seventeenth century. Broken cup of a dead soldier at Thermopylae, hair of a woman in a dried-up river long ago. I laugh at all of these. I am the smoke and spark of a winter chimney in cold England. **I breathe acres of birds rising at dawn above a lake.**

I am the mathematic of two atoms in love in the star known as Andromeda. I hear the sighs of a slave-girl under weighty flesh. I am you. We are larva in the bowels of a planet. We are grains of the deserts of the moon. I know the ache of a cub lost in snow. I am the breath of a billion-year wind as if it never was. I am the moan of telephone wires and a thousand conversations. **I am the rise and shuddering fall of the fortunes of millions.** I am the vibration of factories at war. I am the mud of the battlefield of the dead. I am the day-longing of a butterfly as its time draws into night. I am the pleasure on your face when you wear the red shoes. I am time that never was, that I never owned, that never died, that ever lived. **I am warm here with you. You are here.**

Fruit

NO QUESTION can ever be asked, no feeling ever felt, no gesture ever made, no thought ever thought, no sense ever sensed, no paradigm ever grasped... no birth ever heralded, no death ever rung, no particle ever formed, no world ever made... **no moving finger will ever write**, no speck ever vanish, no point or place ever be fixed, no ticking time ever be recorded... No Thing could ever Be - if it were not for **THE ABSOLUTE GROUND, THE INSOLUBLE PRESENCE, THE SUBSTANCE ETERNAL.**

Fruit THIS THIS THIS

IN A GREEN-BLACK FOREST you tie the end of a rope about your neck and the other to the branch of a tree. But your soul is your body and the body is your soul, and both are one, and **no separation** between your life and any other can be found.

So **YOUR DEATH** IS LIKE A WIND THAT HAS TURNED TO THE EAST, a heat that died of coolness, A DAY THAT DIED OF EVENING, a girl that died of growing up, a body that died of renewal, a soldier that died of a general's vision of battle, a mind that died of wisdom. It is a story that died of being told, words that died in a hail of sentences, peace that died of its own silence, LOVE THAT DIED OF SHARING, seed that died of being born in a world. A FAMILY THAT DIED OF THE DECADES, heart that died of pulsing, blood that died of flowing outward to the frozen earth. Death is but the prison of our imagination.

PURE | PURE

THERE WAS ONCE A PERSON WHO LIVED AND PASSED AWAY, of whom nothing was ever written, no photo was taken, who did not a thing noteworthy or remarkable, who lived in a place all forgotten **IN A LAND RULED BY NO REMEMBERED KING**, who tasted nothing but humble baked bread of a wheatfield, and who felt all seconds and minutes and days of his life sufficient unto himself in unutterably quiet harmony with his breath; who felt the wind and sun, and the night and the stars on his skin in the darkness, who had never the mind to wonder at the wonder of being or birth, who passed away **IN THE QUIET TIDES OF THE UNKNOWN**, his head on no soft pillow known to another (except a casual spouse who shared his days and doings then herself passed on), a person who is not even a dream in the mind of another, or a memory or cause or consequence, who is clean beyond the intrusions of myth and make-believe, and who lies still, without future or past, in quiet earth turned by the casual plough of some other soul unknown, in some other story in some other dimension. I BELIEVE THERE ONCE WAS SUCH A PERSON.

PURE PURE

IN THE CAVE OF DEATH NACHIKETAS ENTERED THE CAVE OF DEATH AND ASKED FOR A BOON.

DEATH SMILED WRYLY. - WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?

- TELL ME WHO YOU ARE

DEATH WRINKLED A BROW. - I WILL GRANT YOU ALL YOU WANT: FAME, LIFE, RICHES, POWER, LOVE

- I WANT NONE OF THEM. TELL ME WHO YOU ARE

- I OFFER IRRESISTIBLE GIFTS. DO NOT ASK!

- TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

AND DEATH BEGAN TO PERSPIRE... AND SHRANK BEFORE NACHIKETAS' EYES... AND VANISHED LIKE A HERMIT CRAB INTO HIS SHELL.

AND NACHIKETAS THOUGHT: **WHERE IS HE NOW?** AND TO WHOM IS HE SUPPOSED TO OCCUR? ...DEATH IS EVERY THOUGHT THAT ARISES AND SHRINKS AWAY. IT IS NOTHING BUT ENTRY TO THIS WORLD OF FORM. IF THERE BE NO BORDER BETWEEN MYSELF AND ANYTHING, IF IT CANNOT BE PROVED THAT DEATH OCCURS TO ANYONE, THEN HOW CAN IT EXIST? IT IS NAME, FORM, SPACE AND TIME - EVER DISSOLVED, IN THE STILL ETERNAL HEART.

WE WHO CARRY THE BURDEN OF SIN and the word of God on our lips, shrivelled rats, ragged atoms of cringy religiosity and piety and hypocritic martyrdom - we the detritus of a bloodying opera, nature's experiment of laughter and tears, playthings of worlds birthing and crashing in instants and aeons, in blank-waved seas that surge forever to unplugged horizons in a horror-joke of creation's hooligan game with itself, to the ends of borderless time and fortune **in a bacchanalian drunken game of shouting noise.** We are a frolic, a moment, frittered thought, daunted shadow cast by ten billion years of nothing, sullen whiff of smoke from a devil's cigarette, lump of popcorn tossed to the floor in the back row of a movie slept through by God. **We drag the weight of failure** like the ragged cloak of an exiled emperor in this endless slush of living...

For **WHAT A RISIBLE FARCE IT IS TO LIVE**, to want continuity and sanity amid worlds of blood that fling on these groaning gales that lather at the coasts of our faces, we, standing like ninepins on a clifftop overlooking bellicose seas of flecked waves that trundle forever out of the blue-black fathoms of nowhere, we, slumped corpses on Omaha beach rumped by scathing wind that howls *I'll never leave you be...*

WE HUMAN CREATURE-PEOPLE, WE, of forgotten breath, thought-mist unknown, light of hope that dissolved in the black-nether of infinite space, tired of its fickle journey to nowhere...

AND YET... we are the impish upspring of a moment! clever forgetters of yesterdays, improvisors who twist a new thing out of wretchedness, who glean seeds out of a dead field, who countenance a mere snatch of singing like tiny birds in the breathless vaults of the sky! **OH, WE ARE HERE. WE ARE ACTUALLY HERE...**



DEATH MUST WAIT if a man asks the right question of the skeletal scyther, you who ply your trade on our laziness, our stupid belief, our endless wait for godot, we mooning cattle at the gate. Each thought is death to all others. I crave the chaos of silence. The past trails from the back of my head. Seaweed-slurry on a flecked beach. I once scribbled in books. Clutter of electrons, nano-things... Dipped my soul mind into chaos. Winds of winter. My cells blow away. Shapeshifters, memories. Ghosts walk in wind. Cliffs overbear the sea. Flies sweep over deserts. Child-whispers, petals of rose, rustle of a river, kite in the sky. In the warm sun of the garden of emptiness is hope.

HALF IN HALF OUT OF THE WORLD. Morning winds of emptiness stir from afar. Leaves rustle and quiver. There's a whiff of future, whiff of regret. Moments embalmed in a haze. Nano-point in eternity. Strange words without meaning. If they had, they'd cease to be. Look how a thing vanishes. Droplets of dew. Fractals in a god-world. Don't close your eyes my friend, you'll vanish in the great. Seen one moment you've seen 'em all. Nothing but what Is. But nothing stays. **FLIES DEPART A CORPSE IN THE HOT WIND OF THE VELDT.** My love is chaos. I sang an ode for all who seek to foul the common nest. Find a better story, higher chaos, deeper world. **OH MY GIDDY AUNT, I EXIST.**

SCRIBBLING IN THE MIND... A stream is never what it is. Nothing ever happened. Activity burns its heart. People are wiped away. Dreams of Himalayan fastness. Prayer flags flutter on a wall. Rustled grasses heard by none. No wind ever blew, no human ever walked here. **FARAWAY BUSYNESS IN THE COMMUNE OF MEN.** Lived a life. Murmur of a stream ten thousand years ago. Chirrup of birds after the battle. Insects crawl. Spattered armour-mountains. The dead are sleeping. The creatures win. No face no name. Regret the *Shoah*. Blanket of snow on the mounts of Asia. Kites show no mercy. Someone passed by, never returning. Memories shovelled in a hole. **CATTLE AT THE GATE.** Feed the turning world. Carrion. Toilet fodder. *Is it you? Is it you?* The fullness. Never-end. Bliss continuous. Ocean. **SHIP'S PROW. TROPIC SEAS. BORDERLAND. WHITE CRANES IN THE BLUE.** *Is that the door?* Death is a door. Nothing lost. All lost. Pills don't work no more. Go. No regret. Insect on a leaf. Dream-memory. Son of man hath not where to rest... No centre to my head. Thousan'miles to the bottom of my arms. The fingers of need. Why does one body need another? Love is habit. My story. Note the mirage. **INCONSEQUENCE.** Don't believe. My window... Bright kite in the sky... Pause... **VANISH IN LIGHT.**

OH UTTER RENEWAL THIS BEING WHO WAS NEVER BORN AND WILL NOT PASS AWAY.

Put on and take off your garment, your covering, costume, wig, skin paint, makeup. Put on and take off flesh, bone and blood and sinew. **Put on and take off the power** to see and hear and taste and smell and touch, the power to feel love and pain and confusion and doubt and need, the power to imagine worlds and places and universes, to imagine sun and sky and moon and wind and trees and snow and sea and all imaginings down to the tiniest object. I put on and take off the power to think, the power to measure, power to evaluate. I put on and take off the power to see the future and the past, to sniff the invisible, **to intuit the hidden structure of all things.** I put on and take off the power to understand time and space, the power to will, the power to create... **I breathe in the breath of all worlds and breathe them out again.** I am never gone, I am myself. I sang and loved and hated and strove and fought and shed blood... This is my crystalline empty home. **I was always here, never anywhere but here. Where the hell else could I be?** Nothing stays. Be glad of it. Cling to no phantoms. The foundations of the house are intact. Go forward as you should. Peace. Peace. **BE FEARLESS, BE FEARLESS. GOOD. GOOD.**

BEYOND WE ARE THE DREAMERS OF ALL WORLDS

DANCERS OF NON-EXISTENT THINGS

UNDER THE WHEEL FOR ALL THE YEARS

A JOURNEY WITHOUT END, A CRY IN VAIN

FREE WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT
THE MERCIFUL LIGHTNESS
NOTHING IS OURS
FOREVER GONE
WITHOUT CAUSE, WITHOUT END
THE FLOW OF CONTINUAL FORGETTING
KEEPERS OF THE ILLUSORY GATE
THE BANAL FRUITS OF YESTERDAY
GROTESQUE THEATRE OF THE WORLD
FOREVER AND NEVER, AMEN

WHO CAN EVER DESCRIBE WHAT IS?

WE ARE DANCERS OF IDEATIONAL PHANTOMS

RIDDLERS OF INSIDIOUS NAMING

CYCLERS OF NEED AND LACK

REPETITEURS – HABITUÉS – TIME AND DEATH WORSHIPPERS

WE ARE THE SOLITARY

TESTAMENT TO THE UNREAL

IN THE COLISEUM OF SUFFERING
WE OPEN OUR MOUTHS AND ALL IS LOST
IDENTITY IS CLINGING
ENDLESS DIALOGUE OF A SELF
FIXATION, THE TORTURER

EGO, THE DESIRE-GHOST, FIXATOR,
PHANTOM GATEKEEPER, MATERIAL IDEA, SUPERIMPOSER
BLINDING NEED TO RIDE AND FLOW
TO DREAM, TO SELF-DISTRACT

NOT AN INFINITY OF WAVES WILL CHANGE THE OCEAN
NO-ONE WILL EVER DESCRIBE WHAT IS
THERE ARE MULTITUDES WITHIN US
NO LIMITATION WITHOUT INFINITE LIBERTY
LET IT GO, LET IT GO
BELIEVE IN NOTHING
IT'S OVER, IT'S OVER
WHO, WHO IS THE SEER?

FATAL IDEA OF SEPARATE PERCEIVER
NO THOUGHT HAS SELF-NATURE
DECONSTRUCT THE 'I' THOUGHT
WE ARE THE INSUBSTANTIAL
THE ILLUSORY ACT OF MEASURING
WOULD YOU CHOP UP THE SEAMLESS FLOW?
WHERE IS THE PART OF YOU SEPARATE FROM THE WHOLE OF YOU?

WE ARE NOT WHAT DOES NOT EXIST
ILLUSION IS ILLUSION IS ILLUSION
NOTHING IS WHAT IT IS
NOTHING IS PERSONAL
IN THIS DREAM OF CREATION
ALL FRUITLESS JOURNEYS LEAD TO HERE
BEYOND THE ILLUSION OF MOUTHS
LIES THE SILENCE

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS
WITHOUT IT WE HAVE NO EXISTENCE AT ALL
WHAT CAN EXIST THAT IS NOT FOREVER?
NO BORDER NO DEATH
NO BODIES IN THE GRAVEYARD
NO-ONE EVER SAW THE DEAD MAN
NO DEATH OUTSIDE THE OBSERVER
THE OBSERVER IS THE OBSERVED

NO-ONE HAS EVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING BUT THIS
NOTHING EVER HAPPENED THAT IS NOT NOW
NO-ONE EVER PROVED A THING OUTSIDE AWARENESS
NOTHING CAN EXIST THAT IS NOT FOREVER
ABSOLUTE SCINTILLATION FOREVER AND ALWAYS
ALWAYS FOR THE FIRST TIME
EVER PRESENT AND EVER GONE
ETERNAL BEING - OCEAN
MEASURE NOT YOUR LIFE IN YEARS AND DAYS
DROWN IN THE ETERNITY OF NOW

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF SURVIVAL?
YOUR ONLY FRIEND IS YOU
GIVE IT ALL AWAY
PRACTISE BLOODY-MINDED COURAGE
BEYOND PESSIMISM
BEYOND DESIRE
BE NOTHING BUT ABSOLUTE
CONTINUE AS YOU MUST

YOU CAN'T HAVE THIS WITHOUT THAT

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

WHO CAN COPE, DEAL, LIVE - WITH NOTHING BUT THE ABSOLUTE?

Fruit PURE PURE

ETERNAL FREEDOM OF NO CHOICE

ENDLESS FREEDOM OF NO THINGS

NO CHOICE BUT THE REAL

NOTHING BUT WHAT IS

LIFE IS ETERNAL

YOU ARE LIFE

YOU ARE ETERNAL

SHOW ME THE BORDER!

BE AS YOU ARE, BE AS YOU ARE...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

IS NOT A QUESTION

YOU *ARE*

SURF THE WAVE

HERE, FOREVER AND GONE

Journey without End

WHERE IS IT NOW?

IF NOT THIS, THEN WHAT?

IT'S UP TO YOU

THERE IS NO YOU

ACT BUT DON'T CLING

GET OUT OF YOUR OWN WAY

Act - But know there's nothing to be done Do your best - But cling to no result Improve - But know you're going nowhere
Travel far - But know you're only ever here Create - But know there's nothing but sky It all matters - But none of it matters Learn - But
know it's all been done Grasp - but see that it's never yours Succeed - But give it all away

DON'T BELIEVE, ENQUIRE

FACE YOUR IMMORTALITY

DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT HAPPENS

FREEDOM IS HERE

YOU ARE THE INDIVISIBLE

ACCEPT. ACCEPT. ACCEPT. **THERE IS NO OTHER** NO OTHER.

NO LIMIT, NO BODY, NO OTHER

THE SECRET IS, THERE IS NO SECRET

GOODBYE TO ALL OF IT

BEYOND THE MACHINE...

BEYOND THE MACHINE...

PEACE. FLOW. WONDER. AWE. SURPRISE. ALL THINGS NEW

FEARLESS DESIRELESS BORDERLESS DEATHLESS ABSOLUTE

