

Mouths
of

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Illusion
of

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BEYOND
THE
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MACHINE
THE
MACHINE

Nicholas Frost

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YO, TYRANNIES OF INFINITE CHOICE

LIKEDON'TLIKEDON'TLIKEDON'TLIKEDON'T

TOO fat too skinny too old young short black jewy asia muslim female immigrant white
welfare sick spotty loser alien WARRRRING! Am I good enough? CENNSORED! goood
bad rich poor me you right wrong up down them us god satan how much how little how little
how little?

FEED THE CHAOS OF CULTURE

ALL INDIVIDUALS? WE'RE ALL INDIVIDUALS! **LIKEDISLIKE Please like
me D'you Like ME? Wannabe Noticed.** Label Label *When's it gonna
happen?* GETTIN' BETTER! **Where's it now? HAPPY NOW? Wannabe
naïve. Wanna be USED. Please don' hurt me. Wanna be YOU. POLARITY
MACHINE** WHEN'S IT GONNA HAPPEN? Oh pixels of emptiness pixels of
emptiness Duty Duty *Nothin' ever happens!*

POLARITY MACHINE CAN'T HAVE THIS WITHOUT
THAT... THIS THAT, THIS THAT
THIS THAT, THIS THAT

INEVITABLE TURNING YA DON'T OWN IT, IT OWNS YOU
THE TRUTH IS, IT'S ALL ILLUSION Can't polish no TURD but ya
can roll it in glitter... and

Vomit emptiness MIND THE GAP MIND THE GAP
MAJESTICALLY MEANINGLESS **POLARISING BORDERISING**
TRIVIA BLAA INCEST BEAST ATE ITSELF...
CAN'T HAVE THIS WITHOUT THAT...
YA DON'T OWN IT, IT OWNS YA!

**OH WE ARE THE FULL... WHO WANT TO BE
EMPTY**



OH WANT AND NEED WANT AND NEED - SOLD
FREEDOM! PERFECTED FEEDBACK LOOPS OF SELF-PLEASURING IDENTITY! **Sold in-**
your-face techno-medial goldfish spin-cycle big brother cacaphonous self-
hypnotising automatic bandwagon acquisitive utopian glut

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

All lost in your ACQUISITION Supermarket? **OH SYSTEM MY
SYSTEM** Yesterday Happythink Tomorrowww Thoughtcrime NO
COMMODITY ATROCITY! Tell me I'm not emptiness
CONCOCT BETTER CHAOS? DEEPER DEATHLY PLEASURES? **WHO'S IN
CONTROL?**

UNTAPPED SHADOWS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS IRONIES OF HYPNOSIS!
TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND
TOMORROW

FOR SALE: UNTAPPED SHADOWS

**HAPPINESS PLAN? WHERE IS IT NOW? LOBOTOMISE
LOBOTOMISE**

WHO SHALL WE PRAY TO? ENLIGHTENMENT FOR SALE!

HERE IT COMES AGAIN. NAIVETY NEED!

NEED MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAPPINESS WITHOUT ITS NECESSARY OPPOSITES **SMARTER**
SUBLIMINAL WISE COOL GURU THERAPY DARK ROOMS TO face the
Inner nightmare, sardonic irony, victim thoughts, wounding satire, rite of passage,
soul's dark night, SELF-HATING ANOREXIA, hypnosis of boredom and cancerous time,
mental slow suicide, **Paradigm Peppers Paradigm Peppers** TO FACE THE
UNTAPPED SHADOWS...

NECESSARY OPPOSITES CAN'T HAVE THIS WITHOUT
THAT

PISSED ON THE HOLY ALTAR OF MATERIALISM... I'm here... I'm NOT here... I'm
here... I'm NOT here CAN'T HELP IT... ALL GONNA DIE

WE'RE OUTSIDE, OUTSIDE NO INTENTION NO COMMITMENT SO FUCKEN
SORRY...

TEN THOUSAND GREED SYMPHONIES GUTTER TO SILENCE
IT'S PASSING ME BY... SO LONG, OH SO LONELY

Fatal CATHARTIC IS OUR ENQUIRY

INWARD IS OUR AUSTERITY HOLLOW IS OUR DISILLUSION
OH SYSTEM MY SYSTEM GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

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

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.***

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. Ignorious 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 all 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 TERRIBLE MASTER.

And the greatest of rulers will claim to arrest sclerotic 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!

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 BONES OF MAN... MUST REPLACE, FORGET in order to go on: **OUR GIFT FOR DELUSION.**

I tell you **our planned and sober thought** is but a scam inside a dream. This world is THE INSANITY OF ORDER: hardened habits plucked from an infinitude of crazed choices. We're mown down like nine-pins in a bowling alley and still we hope! Cleansed under 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.

And on we trudge with our sacrednesses and logics and papering over cracks and dark REVENGE till the very day we crash, repeating the tragic tragedy of our forebears. And it all gets STORED.

There is a GROUP-MIND, GROUPTHINK of skinhead thugs in an alleyway bent on bludgeoning the one who is queer, unkempt. There's a race unconscious with ENOUGH DEEP SCHEISSE STORED WITHIN TO SWALLOW TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF LIGHT

DO YOUR DUTY!

The *Einsatzgruppen* took snaps of their victims: women in groups as if friends at a beach picnic - before shooting and dumping them in their great BABI YAR trench. And 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 seamless ledgers, refused to smell the smell or think the terrible 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 celebrated their 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? What's a human... so much mince? Or what is human where officers require noble and flawless requiems from the camp orchestra, while their eyes grow misty at some fond remembrance of home before the war... of blue-eyed girls beneath a linden tree, of lilting heather under azure sky... then SEND THOSE SAD 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

I CANNOT FAIL TO IMAGINE THE GROSS MASS SUFFERING OF THE WORLD...

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

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, little storm, little garden. And **salvation** is here: duty to be done and done again beyond 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. Do not shit yourself. Do not 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**

**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
evoluted 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.



TRY TO EXTRICATE A SLICE OF YOUR BEING, take a chunk of your feelings, stuff them in a box! divvy up your heart, box up the light and call it a name, **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!

Descry 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 SUCH MATERIALISTS?
WHY SUCH FOOLS?**

PERSONAL HISTORY IS NOTHING BUT NEUROSIS,

and a fact is nothing but a fetish wrapped in a gristle of years, of sour sorrow and wanting and failure, of **This might have been...** and

How could this be so?

There is no clean fact but that which is embryoed by the filthy smells of history, the dung and the bad breath of a **thousand mortal thoughts**, the pant-pissing sweat of the condemned, the erection-creamed delight of the persecutors. And the etheric wars, the pasting of your sins on the skies of deeper mental worlds, **the splattering of your evil on the vaults of the spirit**, and the chain gangs of unquiet ghosts who live again the sweated horror and machination and detritus of the soap-opera world past: here are **the indelible prints of the wrestlings of races**, the insurmountable stains of the graspings of ordinary ones who lived and lost and died in holocausts, in the scum-tides of fortune, **in the raked bonefields of wars, in the blood rivers of falsified hope** - and in the mousy scrabblings of the peace, peace that fell upon us out of exhaustion and luck, seen only by half-alive ones who dodged the bullets of others, who greased into this future out of cracks and shitholes of the past, who now **stem their guilt and shame with elixirs of purpose and deserving**, of family and renewal and hoping, in a better Germany, in a brave new world where men might be human again, under skies somehow made pure again...

Can we weave simplicity out of a basket of sorrow-threads, wash a bedsheet clean white from black waters? Can you get sweet youth back, when youth was dragged away by jackbooted men, or turn about the fuming bull of history with an anaemic wave of a **knotty blue-veined hand?**

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.

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.

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; the 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...

THERE IS NO FISHER OF MEN IN THE
CANYON CITY. SO MANY LONELY FISH IN
THE RAINBOW SEA. City crowd-shoals flitter 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...



...And there is nothing more death-ghostly than our longing to retrieve **what is called PAST** - as if we wished the winds of a thousand years to **REPATRIATE THE LEAVES OF A RAGGED TREE** on a winter plain that is now dust or the ether of comets, or as if we wished a surge of water that **ENVELOPED A FISH IN ECSTASY TEN BILLION YEARS AGO** could somehow reshape and recreate itself exactly and minutely as it did... or was said to have done, or might be said to have done, once and once only in **A UNIQUE EXPATiation OF PARTICULATE ATOMS...** but that it as if sported and flaunted and laughed at itself because it knew as it did so, that it *never* was what it was, could never in fact ever be so, and was not even conscious that its **INSOUCIANT SUPPLE LAUGHTER AND SPORT** would haunt a seer from the utter future who might dream to recreate in his mind a thing he could not possibly know ever was, to conjure again **a thing that might have been,**
once, once...

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.



FISHING FOR THE SECRET

Oh you are 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*.

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?

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

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**

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.

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

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.**

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 your **IMAGINATION.**
THIS THIS THIS

SO, MY MIND, REMEMBER, AND THE JOKE IS ON YOU ...And when the **elaborate sifting-game** is stopped, the ghost-waltz finished, when comes the horror that things have never been and all the while you believed in them, that you never were, never will be; when you forget relations, good times, fondnesses, self-dreams, evolings, satisfactions, learnings - you must rely only on one thing else, and it is called

THE THING THAT KNOWS!

But what is **This** that can tell you that the labyrinth and lattice and mosaic and bundle of threads that you call yourself is **YOURSELF**? It must be magical:
for it is the fountain and well of generating and forgetting, and it seems to be never emptied! Perhaps we are really like the comets that seem to stream across its sky, or like a fountainhead, as if our deeds cascade behind us like a waterfall of flowers or a florid cloak or a broadening field of lights in a great city we built.

THIS EMPTY THING must be full like a thing with no boundary is full, big enough for comets and aeons and history to pass over and disturb it not...

That which is boundless shall have no rules,
SHALL HAVE NO TRUCK WITH THINGS.

It is beyond the heaving breath, and suffers no consequence, suffers no foolish time, no cause. Shall we lament the agony of a mosaic trapped in its form? **WE WHO SPEND AEONS TO PUNISH THE**

BOUNDLESS IN OURSELVES, we who scurry from the loneliness of solitude, who would pixelate the borderless, **who holler out our syllables to the night**, hammer metals and murder the trees and lay waste-roads to places of nowhere and like ants with backsacks plug them full with useless goods; who shore up and drown deserts, drain blood from the lands, huddle in the solitude, wrap arms about transparent air, scratch out lines of consequence, rocket into spaces of the stars so deep to map them, map them and miniaturise them, build our towers of learned babble. **MAKE RODS FOR OUR BACKS, HAIRSHIRTS FOR OUR SOULS**, WE who feel the death-breath of the boundless on our necks, that we might come creeping guiltily back to borders of the solitude, we watchers who solemnly wonder **what is its meaning - this empty, this quiet one, lone and still -**

THIS CONSCIENCE

WE WHO CARRY THE BURDEN OF SIN and the word of God on our lips, we are 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...**

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.

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

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

OH UTTER RENEWAL

THIS BEING WHO WAS NEVER BORN AND WILL NOT PASS AWAY... Put on and take off your garment, your covering, your costume, wig, skin paint, makeup. Put on and take off flesh and 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, 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 to the tiniest object.

I put on and take off the power to think, power to measure, power to evaluate. I put on and take off the power to see the future and past, to sniff the invisible, **to intuit the hidden structure of all things.** I put on and take off the power to wander in time and space, the power to will, 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.

ARTIST AT PLAY ...At a moment on a lost day on the attic floor of a derelict building in a southern city somewhere last century...

I came to my senses and could not help noticing that my body had formed a particular impression in the dust. BILLIA OF PARTICLES, CUMULATED IN AEONS OF DUST-TIME IN A SILENT BLANKET, HAD LET ME IMPRESS THE GHOST FORM OF MY BODY IN IT.

And at the scintilla-point of now, I saw that a tiny incoherent or careless act would tragically disperse these particulates, to float on translucent air for days or years before settling again in some other unnamed dust ream, LIKE SUNBEAMS ON THE SHORE OF A GREAT UNSPOKEN SEA. The doer would thus lay the great country of his body down in some other place, thereby scattering nebulae of dust in possibilities unfathomed, without end, without end. He the mentor of these configurations that lie under him now mercilessly laughs that their shapes are never what they are, such is his serendipitously callous attitude to all arrangement

- and HE SCATTERS WORLDS LIKE CONFETTI IN THE CARNIVAL OF HIS MIND, and infinitudes of thought chance are born and pass away in a single span of his breath, universes of glittering thought, if he allowed them to be known... but instead the player at this moment is occupied with one shape to the exclusion of all others - concerning the configuration of his body on a floor in a room, and of such dust that will be at his mercy there, as he lies musing and communing in a room on a bare floor in a southern city in a gone century.

His name is BLANK, which is proper to a man who is nothing but the confetti of eternity, so that what he does is that which never was, because not measured, and therefore without sense. He is the fool who sneezes cosmos-galaxies, who utters flung eternity in the lost glittering of a roving eye that might catch a drift of particulates in sudden light OR MIGHT YET UNSEAT INCONGLOMERABLE DUST IN THE EMPTINESS OF AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE NEVER-DREAM...

**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**

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 - habitues - 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

In blinding need to ride and flow
To dream, to self-distract
We are the dreamers of all worlds
Dancers of non-existent things...

WITHOUT END



NOT AN INFINITUDE 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 Absolute 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

FOR WHO CAN HOPE, DEAL, LIVE -

WITH NOTHING BUT THE ABSOLUTE?

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

Journey without End

Here, forever, gone

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 is never yours. SUCCEED, but give it all away...

Don't believe, enquire

Face your immortality

Who cares what happens?

Freedom is here

YOU ARE THE INDIVISIBLE

Accept. Accept.

THERE IS 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

TEST REALITY BY EXPERIENCE ALONE

We experience only experiencing

Nothing is other than itself

LUMINOUS awareness

Has no judgement,

attachment, resistance.

Objects in a **MIRROR**

Unlocatable, neither form nor time

Autonomous, impersonal

THERE IS NO TEACHING AT ALL

Self and other are co-dependent, identical

Neither exist.

Yet rigid **identity**

Grasps at things

Experience as a procession of **labels**

Thing defined only by what it is not

Knowledge born of THE DUAL IS FALSE

NO BOUNDARY between thing or thing

You are never separate from what you see

Our differences lie in present content

The mirror is ever the same.

Absolute, we are **PART OF NOTHING**

Our eye and god's eye are one

WIPE THE DUST from your mirror

No ignorance or cessation of it!

For destiny, enacted forever now

Knows truth **ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE HEART**

And since no tree reaches to heaven unless its roots reach to hell

WHAT IS LOVE but to take **the other** to be as you?

Mouths of Illusion: Beyond The Machine is a poem in 37 panels that anchors a contemporary multi-media installation, aligning with video, sculpture and soundscapes to searingly deconstruct the nature of the ego-mind. The work speaks of *Manufactured Optimism* - our relentless seeding of want within bright-brave utopias of choice fanned by sensory-emotive-intellectual lures of instant gratification where fabricated identities repeat automatising therapy mantras in ever-subtler loops of self-hypnosis. *Massive Discontent* must follow - in the form of necessary opposites, upwelling of doubt, ironic turnings, victim-anger at the machine's shrinking returns, confusion at shadows, wounding satires of alienation, soul's dark night of boredom, suicide thoughts... At last we say *It's Up To You*, as we birth responsibility, catharsis, sanity, refuge in ageless truths and koans, where ego-mind gives way to a borderless awareness beyond encrusted paradigms of name, form, time, space, flux, cause, birth, death...