

Preliminary Doses

(Short Stories, Poetry, and Essays)

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The Divine Longing

I'd kneel down at my bed-side with my hands fastened together and my head a bow praying, "Lord, I need a lover; let a lusting angel have her worth-while way with me. Does a God need to be a groom to so many?" "Amen," I said and ascended the bed; a tear jerked to be sure as I lay graven awake. Then I imagined that the heavens split and the ceiling faded; down-cast sent a wayward winged-woman, with white skin with silver sexual apparatus', out-stretched an elegant arm with a hand to be guided by. I grasped graciously and the rest of her settled above me. A luminous voice enchanted, the words, "I've been waiting for you." Confused in my graced state, I stuttered "ok" and I just waited for that forthcoming passion. Her wings became sedated as my hand was then the guided towards her venerable vestibule. My touch tore her eyes wide open; I glanced into their gaping glow and saw the infinite. Now my appendage spirited, her hand accepted it for the mounting. Sighs of relief, moans, and the music of spheres filled the room. Her wings flapped ferociously as we fondled and fornicated. She braced, a shiver shook her and tension collected inside me released. Her arms then wrapped around me and I was carried up; past the ceiling, almost to the heavens. Then a bellowing sounded abrupt from afar, her wings fell away and she adopted a human's flesh. We fell from our sedition, plummeting downward to crash as copulates beside each other in our eternal bed.

Moon Lit Romantics

A street lamp diagonally to the right cast down a yellow glow, their shadows stretching down the street in deer-like proportions. They weren't star-gazing, they ignored the moon above them, the weather was an eerily still body temperature, and the road was momentarily desolate. At such an hour with these subtleties representing the remarkable scenery, time became so spread out in recollection that this scene asserted an irrational epitomizing of their lives. Their hands clasp together at the center of a gap between them, mimicking a bolt which supports the choreography of seats on a spinning carnival ride. Like such a ride their words whirl and solidify admirations in each other's hearts.

She smiles with her healthy cheeks and bites her lower lip while she watches his eyes in excitement. He steps in and pulls her towards him after his proposal of courtship yields enthusiasm in her voice as she accepts. She takes in a deep breath of bliss and the midnight air, exhaling while he sighs with relief and poses a dimpled smile. The link of their hands breaks open from the instantaneous forces of those romantic quos which have been scripted to initiate a tenacious hug. With-in each other's arms they lose all inhibitions towards the body and kiss to punctuate their happiness.

Now one shadow exudes from their united stance like a spire rising towards the silent skies. Their balance is tested by the intensity of their affections but it is never lost; they are a victory over shyness which is clumsily dancing beneath the illuminations of the city. His hands comb through her auburn hair, brush over her detailed back and she holds him close by the waist hoping to never part from his breast. The kiss concludes and they gaze for this condition's last moment before losing it to the headlights and rumbles of crunching black-top her mother's car invites. She tightens her bond to him for a quick squeeze before she is persuaded by her mother to leave him; they wave goodbye as she is driven away as he starts on his reflective walk home.

The moon witnesses the envelopment of love and blesses them with its glow as they unknowingly fall asleep to a new euphoria and the comfort of their adolescent beds

Letter to a Future Lover

Oh how glad I am that my world is finally doing what it is supposed to be doing... in being my world, and not someone else's. Though, there is someone else in it – many someone elses. I really feel bad in saying that there is someone more important to me than the rest, but I suppose love is a matter of grade. She's beautiful, but not in any ordinary sense... in fact it's her individuality which specifically draws me so deep into my heart where in all compartments her essence vitalizes. That must be natural for someone as particular as me. I don't know what I'd do without her really...

I had spent so long not even knowing what it's like to have a body capable of relaxation – after my muscles tensed up from stress and unaffectedness, then seized up finally to snuff out the possibility for pain. The world was so desolate of light back then and such a relative understanding could only be known from contrast (though I think maybe once or twice in my life that contrast was there prior). I'm so sensitive now though... not emotionally like I had always been, but actually physically sensitive where as before I couldn't imagine a common pain that would disturb me to any substantial degree. Now that my nervous system can detect sensations I was never able to have with such a rigid body it's like I can feel the world for the first time.

Time... it took long to come but when it came it was quick. I knew right away that she would be right for me (but I have often had that knowledge of others). Her actions though, they were explicit – there was no denying their intentions. It was pure love, something so raw... rare, delicious. Sex, a thing which hadn't ever been too important to me for once was felt to be a compliment to love (not a replacement). Even my mother approved and that is a thing which hasn't happened in 4 years. It was perfect (still is).

Thank God she knew me well enough to know I don't express my attractions most of the time... that definitely I am too much of a coward (from my isolation) to ever risk further detriment in asking her out. She defied society with that... she didn't try to manipulate me into asking her out, she just did it bluntly, forwardly, honestly herself. So many different deeds of her defied society... society the organism I hate, she had to. She was wild like me but she hadn't been doomed to the emotional protectiveness I had... I

think it's because she had parents which the term "I love you" wasn't just part of their socially scripted role. You know, parents interested and not merely protective (hint).

This whole relationship really just changed my life. It was the revolution I had been looking for, all in microcosm – what I needed to know that I am not the only human being who knows how to liberally love. I feel deserving of her which is one of the grandest parts of the experience – I know there's equality of being and sentiment. I've become such a blissful person now because of these things – especially the security of not needing to search so I can meet my sexual and intimate needs (so I can relate to people who I only want to be intimate with honestly... the way I am meant to). Even grander; I can focus on the work of my will towards a better future without my needs constantly pressuring me to be met... more free time you could say. I have confidence, motivation, patience, and dedication to humanity now because of her (or us).

Thank you lovely...

Teenage Pregnancy

I see her carrying larva wrapped in cotton as if it were a cocoon, certainly not a virgin. “Them's some child baring hips you've got there woman and the left-over skin from 9 months of stretching, it loses some of its elasticity.” She takes pride in what is half her, but I don't see a smidge of fondness for the father on her face. When I look into his eyes I see diamonds; not because they're pretty, but because they've been hardened by the realization that his youth has ended. I see they've been knocked about the head with responsibility and the 2 jobs they each work make me wonder if they'll ever know their child. Reduced to a feeding device, a part time trainer, a reluctant working stiff; she adds to the pool of yet to fuck up human beings.

Just think of the metamorphoses this cotton cocoon will produce as the child learns to trust and not to trust, grows towards mischief as the days pass by. They look to the far future when it leaves its colony and migrates towards another insect like the one that impregnated her. The toils of fathering and the trauma of mothering, put together like an equation to a profane lifestyle. How could they so carelessly give up their independence, their freedom from managing only their own lives, and rear half of themselves for the price of normality, achievement, and possibly the responsibility for something beyond what they became? A tenacious father, an overbearing mother: the cycle repeats and the competition for genes to exist in a future world persists.

Children

I remember what being a child was like... what it was like to look at the adults and for the most part see this strange loss in them. They all seemed to be crippled except for the ones on TV; they still had that essence of childhood about them. When I walked by them they'd smile in some remote way; like they remembered what being a child was like. It was to have a glassy look to the body ...with sprite movements and liberated spirits. I see now that I am an adult, how they came to be... because; I can see the children they once were. Before as a child I did not know how to trace a person back to their origin; when they were fresh glass and didn't seem to be turning back into sand. I didn't understand that filth when I was a child because I had yet to see it grow on my peers. But I see it and I remember every way in which they had been muddied. To be able to see still that child in every person, who as an adult, I now smile at the children when they walk past me... that is the greatest pain to feel. To know where every abuse has been delivered to an adult's body... or to see the emptiness in their eyes - that horror is mine. And I see a lot of these debilitated adults, still seeing the child-like ones on the TV... and I see the children they still have with-in them. Have you seen those children in your past somewhere - the ones which had been neglected and mistreated? How they cower or feel rage at the drop of a pin? I see many of those in the adults around me and how their bodies are as a tapered suit to them. I know that they neglect the child with-in them; their origin which is fresh glass, sprite, and liberty. I know how they feel behind all of their many deceptive eyes, their pain. If I try to love them, it is of course the same as trying to love any person so deranged. They are helpless to me most of the time because they refuse their origin, their nature as being cherub - they are every day my sorrow. It has become a fact which I must treat as mere misfortune but I can never escape completely from what is actually a tragedy. Still children, still innocent... but fooled to vast degree's of suffering. I feel their stresses and worries, their doubts, prejudices, and rejections. And I also know ...to the greatest degree of tragedy; that they have forgotten what happiness can even be (but perhaps that relieves some of their terror). I watch them look at the stars... both in the sky and on the TV, at nature which can never trick itself like this... at all things authentic - I watch them look at these things with the greatest longing and hope that someday we can all return to how life should have always been. That fantasy they all blow off with their

ideologies... which is revolution - their "impossible". But, I have seen revolution happen in too many to lie to myself any longer and I know the world is ready.

The Brunt of Brent

At 23, hadn't he been ridiculed in such an exact manner about his modernity by his parents, perhaps he could have formed a psychological connection to historical periods in greater time-spans than a petty decade. There was no hope, not even an urge to seek hope, for Brent to ever understand the relation between himself and the human species (in a general sense... through historical associations). He walked to the bus stop; left-hand in pocket and with a well-adapted well of kinetic patterning adopted from popular culture. Having best learned out of all of natures lessons those which he was raised to apply in the world (the lesson of group discriminations, inadequate at most accurate), he casually ridiculed the 'hippy-stoner' or the 'pussy-faggot' walking by; all in his head, all from his beige slacks and white-collared dress shirt. Was Brent his dad or better (perhaps part mother)?

'Mother; what a coerced, complacent, coward' Brent thought to himself in slightly less articulated terms, seeing before him in the near-same instance an attractive woman he labeled 'slut' to ease his arousal and nervousness while trying to ignore her in passing. The bus stop only had one 'hobo' waiting for the next ride and lucky for Brent (in his interpretation of life); the 'freak' wasn't sitting on 'our bench'. Brent felt that if you're not going to be using the bus to get to work or other places you can go having money from working, in being a non-contributor to 'the dream' (or 'dilemma' as he sometimes felt) that right was barred. He sat down, still nervous about his sexuality and even more nervous now about his economic status... and waited for the bus stressful and stiff (muscularly, not with erection as the muscles were compensating for that sublimated response).

As much as he would premeditate a possible reflection on the now and specifically the parts of the present moment which weren't seemingly disturbing in a situation like this (since as mentioned earlier, Brent had poor accounts of natural learning), he could only dive into his imagination – a construct of the future in which at work, he would need to have a disgruntled meeting with his boss. Brent could see it all... he knew exactly how work was going to go that day: the irritation from other's phone calls, the guilt from his boss, the half-assed meal he made in the morning for lunch. He decided to just skip it all

at that point and just reflect on what he'd need to do at home to alleviate such over-emphasized trifles of the spirit (those ones which made him ill from somaticised stress at least 3 times a year... slowly developing various cancers). This plan took the course of TV, a possible movie-order from his cable provider, and a microwaved meal (presumed that in the lax state of being these behaviors induced, his resentment-gone-apathy-turned-complacency would solve his problems).

The bus came and Brent finally experienced his now, an anxious wait in a militaristic yet urbanized line just to flash a 3 month bus pass at the 'tool' he turned the bus driver into. He found a seat next to a woman of overt fertility ('fat') who was wearing a large gold cross on top of her head. Brent had to decide whether or not to think more about the comparative obesity of this woman to the shampoo commercial he intensively watched earlier (not thinking 'slut' in that moment) or the cross which would plummet him into shallow reflections on his Christian up-bringing. He chose the latter and recalled a phrase his pastor told him, "the soul is more beautiful than the body which houses it" – a phrase putting Brent at ease for the otherwise uncomfortable-from-disgust ride to work. 'She has a beautiful soul, which must be why God didn't feel she needed a beautiful body' were his last thoughts on the issue (though still evading the obvious realization that this woman wasn't in any way fat according to literal considerations of actual body fat). The only other attentions Brent reflected on during the ride were those he paid to the 'immature gothic idiot' with a mo-hawk (compared to his parted, Nazi Officer-style hair cut) standing back towards the segments between bus compartments.

Getting off the bus, repetitiously but reorganized each time Brent thought 'God damn it, will these morons hurry up... I can't stand California sometimes.' He was starting to feel the pressure of time building up while entertaining the image of his hole punched time-card – his stomach began to get queasy. After he was on the pavement, his stomach was now starting to hurt (dull pain) so he began to walk as unnoticeably fast as he could so that when he was in the break room at work, he could relax for a minute before clocking in. Nothing occupied Brent's mind except for his maneuvering around other pedestrians and the minutes on his wrist-watch. He slightly struggled to open the large glass door at the front of the building to a bank (the location of his occupation) and rushed to the elevator, pushing the button and remembering for the 256th time that year (it was August

but warm that day) how long the elevator usually takes to aid him. The bell dinged, the doors opened and no one walked out, his floor's button lit-up after being pushed, the doors closed and a void opened up in time before the bell dinged again and the doors opened up to the lounge (surrounded by doors to different office sectors).

When his hand was finally holding onto the punch card his stomach ache turned into a head ache, the crunch of the machine punctuating the transition. Brent sighed and felt slightly guilty for clocking in a few minutes early even though he was now sitting down, calming himself before he walked out and onto the cubical floor where the supervisors stalked about to supervise employee conduct. It was only useful for his respiration because the second Brent could release his almost tearful sensations of despair, his head ache become more apparent. He turned to the lady seated closest next to him (though 10 feet away) with flipped up, highlighted, chin-length hair and wearing the same type of a white-collared dress shirt like his only unbuttoned further to expose the blue scarf she had tucked into it ...to ask for a pain reducer. She pulled out a bottle of generic aspirin and handed him a few pills. Brent gathered spit and swallowed three of them in one gulp.

When he was cued by the 'pill lady' leaving the break room, he left himself to begin his work by logging into the computer network and organizing a stack of bank statements so he could enter in their data swiftly. After about an hour when his head ache was finally suppressed, a man wearing a snake-patterned green neck-tie with the same uniform dress shirt confronted Brent, informing him of his meeting with the boss in 20 minutes. A quick flash of dread rushed through him but he quickly established security by setting a 15 minute alarm on his wrist watch and pacing his data entry a small bit faster. Working rigorously and having increased his pace even more (even though he forgot why he was working at an increased pace to begin with) was the cause of 20 minutes seeming exponentially shorter than it was (according to machines by the same name as the clock which marked his hours of labor). Brent's wrist watch began to beep incessantly and he stopped it while groaning before he got up in an exhausted slump, destining his feet towards his boss's office.

He was on his way and unconsciously squinted a few times to lubricate his eyes which were dry from staring at a computer monitor for an hour. The office door was

stereotypically oak, on it an emblem encrusted with his boss's name and the corporate logo representing the conglomerate his bank was a questionable subsidiary of. Brent knocked and the door opened to a shapely man of 32 years who was known strictly as 'the boss' regardless of the disclosure and last-name-personal-reference of this man's name to every employee. The boss smiled and invited Brent in... a mandatory gesture to maliciously conceal the obvious fate that room entailed. "Have a seat Mr. Riddings" the boss commanded, invoking in Brent an even wearier sensation. Brent sat and the boss continued to 'evaluate' Brent's parole period at the bank (which Brent was now at the end of). The drawl of his boss's speech and the drawn-out details of Brent's work put Brent in a trance with a faint sense of 'irrational' offence waning behind the words the boss was enunciating. At the end of the meeting it had turned out (in spite of his worries) that Brent was promoted to a position in the telecommunications sector of the office.

"Thanks for your good work!" were the boss's last words before the 'man with the snake-patterned green neck-tie' lead Brent to his new cubical, more spacious and equipped with a more cushiony seat and multi-lined telephone. Glancing at his new position in the office and feeling just about the only sentiment of excitement Brent had and would ever know of, he remembered to capture this location and made way over to his old spot so he could log out of the computer and gather up the items there to move out. When all of this was taken care of, he read the instructions his boss had reviewed and gave to him on yellow paper; his new 'skill applications'. After he felt that everything on the yellow paper was understood he logged into his new computer and with-in 3 minutes, calls began. The first few were difficult but Brent caught on quick, 2 hours later already developing the particular distastes his promotion causes employees to acquire.

In due time his shift was ending in 20 minutes so Brent decided to slow down to a grueling pace, knowing that any extra exertion would be in vain. 3 minutes before it was time to log out and 10 before it was time to clock out (according to company policy), he logged out and made his way back into the break room so he could use the extra time to collect himself for the trip home. Since after the first hour at work, Brent had already exceeded natural conditions of boredom and depression (only physically given to his consciousness), he filled up a cup of coffee and drank it. Time came and he heard the

crunch from the clock, relieved that he could now face the 'world' again on his walk home (which at least didn't expect him to do anything for them). Back down the elevator (this time noticeably intermittent between floors) and out the glass door... Brent was 'free' for the evening.

He was too apathetic to ridicule anyone both walking and while on the bus, shuffling up the 6 stairs leading to the main entrance of his apartment building. Another elevator inside would treat him the same after he pushed the number 4 for his floor. Brent slightly ashamed and vexed by his inability to fit the key to his apartment into its complimentary slot finally achieved such a success; the door hauntingly swung open to reveal his sanctuary and the couch where his television meditations would take place on. He sat down and the television screen flashed and opened up to an 'uninteresting' game-show. The competitive channel surfing began the marked activity for the rest of the night, only interrupted by bathroom breaks and that microwavable meal. First falling asleep to the television and then waking up to an annoying show where 'some bitch' had a shrill voice, Brent discovered his last bit of strength to hobble in a stupor off into his bedroom, crashing out immediately on a queen sized bed.

While that epitomic occasion was rough, 40 years would turn by on calendar pages, torn away and thrown into whatever garbage was near at the end of the day. 13 years later and Brent had become the boss, degrading his employees at the bank and returning to a big screen television in a single story house instead of his 32" television and apartment in the slums. 12 years more and he had accumulated a moderate sum of material wealth, stomach ulcers, and a disciplined habit of insensitivity to suffering. Through-out this entire existence he had stayed true to his faith and country but single at 53, on his death bed from cancerous ulcers, Brent ridiculed himself into a cold sleep which sounded the flat tone of the heart monitor.

Limbo

Grey bulbous stone structures surrounding in all directions, dripping with a translucent liquid onto a shard-covered ground. A stale air, moist, smelling of dirt and sage; the shadows flickering as if a candle were present, in replications too many to count as though several sources of light seeped through unbeknownst cracks. Noises burst asunder, each at an appropriate moment to startle; faint wolf howling, screeches of infant cries both in human and animal voices, the murmur of digestion fading in and out of the background, fresh ice scraping against itself, thunderous shocks and booms. My sentiments were cast out of association with the scenery; black spites and elated pleasures, frightful curiosity and inspiring awe, sensations euphoric and painfully piercing, horror and melancholy longing. Atop the soundtrack, the missing pieces of calamitous versus slurred in fragments: "isn't dead..." accented with my mother's tone, "lord be thy praised and honored by thy virtue!," "consciousness like a stream a river of blood of cells of split thought of sliced emotion of recycled habit, never once never twice, but always again and again and again," "stop and smell the flowers...", "sun after moon after noon after day in and day out." Finally, after all images disappeared into nothingness, a stern flow of adjectives pulsated:

The inevitable unacceptable

Incomprehensibly disrespectful

Determined the worst possible

Very despicable

Untimely and distasteful

Conflicting those thoughtful

Noticeably biological

It remains unfathomable

Bereaving follows hateful

Leaving us fearful

Everlasting and insatiable

Recognition indispensable

Victimizing indiscriminately

The haunted run drearily

Interpreting irrationally

Articulations made carefully

Stiffness then immobility

Slow, fast, or painfully

Death...

Cattonia (Based on the ideas of John Kaufmann)

I'd seen him so many times since my first. I don't even know what I was curious about in the beginnings of my voyeuristic observations but the slim window on the side of his house just seemed to be an insight into some type of mystery. Usually it was dark, it was a bathroom, but when he was in there it was lit up through the gaps in his shower curtains... the window above him, on his end it was in the right side of the shower. When I was lucky I would catch him in the act of what I believe was some sort of fit, though it was a fit in absolute stillness. He would just sit down on the porcelain bottom staring at the back wall while the numerous streams reflected off of his back; it was as if his future was blank and his past was pouncing on him with every watery bullet being a memory he was avoiding. It was like he had been so exasperated by the entertainment of rapid thoughts that the rapidity of the sensations those streams created sent him into a state of impersonal observation, but I could never conclude if he was observing the situation he was currently in or one in his imagination.

This fascination and the final acts I had witnessed have leaded me into my most inventive thoughts as you can see from the descriptions I have provided. There are so many loose ends, so many inconsistencies in what I postulate; for instance, he either sat there without blinking for minutes straight at a time or would wince as if he were about to be stricken by a disciplinarians blow. I have never known what to make of that except for the stated during his wincing, that he was definitely escaping something in his tortured mind. I know that there must have been a lot of pain in this man, I watched him through to his own end... I saw the desperation for relief on his face every time he was alone to cleanse himself of the filth his life accumulated. It is possible I even found it horrific how he just sat immobile in the shower, his face turned towards the most empty place available, and his posture so still yet seemingly alterable by another's force. I suppose that the attraction of a horror production is always the mystery behind it all...

There was something different about the last time I witnessed these enigmatic behaviors, it was raining and despite my shivering from the cold, I knew he felt that the whole world had become the setting for his ritual vacations which had never seemed to begin with such an intensity before. I peered in through the sliver of window on my toes

waiting for the black density to become light with details of his bathroom. I saw him rush into the shower as if he were running from a sadistic criminal. He was almost naked anyway but he threw off his remaining garments and curled up in the corner of the shower before the water could even hit him. His head still faced the back wall but instead of a hypnotized affect coming from his eyes, they were blinking like a slide-show was being presented, every blink being a new slide. I could feel his thoughts and see from his eyes, the situation was so transcendent.

I became him for an amount of time I can not determine, for time had become disordered and surreal. After a quick surrounding of darkness his short capture of the moment removed a slice of image from the entirety of the event; the visual spectrum followed a thin stream of blood which was accumulating at the drain, moving up and down the path of burgundy like someone does when they are trying to determine the direction of a moving surface filling up the area of a motion picture. The darkness surrounded again and gave way to the downward perspective of his feet; the water shooting over his shoulders dribbling from the back of his tub while from somewhere above the thin lines which tapered into droplets of blood polluted the puddle of water. Yet another blink opened up thereafter to his fist shaking from a forearm extended horizontally, balanced from his right knee. A deep gash down his wrist, which was so far in that his taut skin, caused the walls of the wound to open up like a canyon of mutilated flesh, bled irreducibly the many paths towards his elbow, then dripping down his calf into the water under him. Then there was a concluding blink in which he apparently saw himself in third person, maybe from my eyes: hunched over the right lower-arm in determined statuesque posture, his left hand holding a piece of broken mirror I had not noticed before which was in movement for this scene, puncturing at the crease of his right hand and slowly dragging down towards its proceeding elbow, jaggedly stuttering as his delicate under-arm began to spread.

When the series of blinks I was witnessing the footage of as if I was committing such deeds had summed themselves up in the final scene, I was returned to my eyes watching in from the window. Everything I had been a spectator of as the active party apparently took place in time accordingly. He then fell over on top of his right arm while the blood was washed into the drain in a river to his left. In need for closure, I caught a last glimpse

of his mouth... it was smiling; I had never seen that before. This must have been a sort of solution; I have had very strange thoughts on death since. This man seemed to know of many worlds only a fantasy novel could depict. I mourn his suicide every night by cutting myself with that tiny window; I had smashed it and stolen a piece out of derangement before I went home on that resolution's occasion.

The Looming Shadow

The looming shadow over the curled up child I used to be haunted so long ago when I cared. But I’ve come so far from cowardice that an illegitimate judge can not intimidate anymore. On that Illumination's eve I thought, all it does is watch and critique, like a fat man watching a television show he is ambivalent towards. Scorning a child; how petty, and the only thing the child hears is its volume and tone. What a cheap threat, inspiring guilt when none needs to be there, by terrorizing from its impotence. The fabrication can’t even be seen without camera tricks, but the child I was hadn’t learned cinematography and believed in it, making it real with his own elaborations. If I just lifted my head up, I would have seen that beautiful woman before me, waiting for my request.

I had given her so much power, yet neglected her image, continually growing older while I searched my legs for her picture. But the light-bringer came and calmed me, soothing the ignorance I had been drowned in, and exuding an explosion so bright the shadow had no place to form. I looked up and became relaxed from her acceptance, transformed from a child into my ideal. She sighed with relief from the years of waiting patiently for my return. Her position in the war, defending the child against his doubters is over, and she could now receive my caress.

I looked around and laughed at my silly old idea, glad that I didn’t spend any more time wasted. When I wiped the tears from hilarious on my cheek, I remembered a history too long for one simple shadows inclusion. The vision of my eternal moment moved through me and I realized myself, actualizing by the second. I was faced with the responsibility for creating everything out of the materials I had to work with. Then I accepted it, enthusiastic to make something new. I pondered the blue-prints and then the fantasy ended, my mind returning to the architectural results.

The Matured Rebel in Reflection

Do you remember our war so long ago my best friend? One day we were setting fire to a deadened path of grass while the power lines were buzzing above like the peaceful bees who gather honey, the bottles we broke an hour before littered parking lots with broken glass; but, now I am looking at broken hands twitching for some change. We took our minds off of the shunning mass that stabbed our fetal backs by burning the books and flags they idolize. Just as sewage we have become envious, only because too many thieves of honey have justified our suicidal stinging.

Let us do it again; we will draw up the blueprints and hammer every day. We will steal the wood and nails from soon to be homes of the wealthy, being built with the labor of the oppressed. Those ghastly paths we committed arson on so long ago, they'll lead us through our vinegar nights with a smoking aura. Soon we'll be looking back and seeing these times, never wishing the return of our wrists to their chains. Up at skies we'll stare and feel beautified, the scattered glass will be the story. Those tire-popping shards will reflect all of the deadened glares from those who have extended their arms only to wound our eyes and blind us with their superstitious fears.

How the rugged know they have fought and won a good fight

I feel a great sorrow, a mourning of loss which is for me strange. It is spoken of in a bewildered reflection because what I have lost... what is inspiring such sorrow and mourning is nothing of loss at all (or perhaps it is). This feeling has been inspired by gain – it is as if I am feeling now what I could not have felt in lack... that my gain has driven me historical into a mourning I can only realize now that what had been missing is returned. If it is a removal which causes this confusing bliss, it has only been the removal of horrendous pain. This I assume is the feeling of watching a defeated thief flee town in a wagon, off into the sunset – at least that's the image I see right now.

This heaviness of heart must be like the dust trails. It is whisking off into oblivion, trumped by a lightness of heart I may not have felt in years. I stand here staring at the same sherbet sky the black clad villain in the wagon is... with love next to me as he is driven off with only the company of wounds and mere horses. I watch as the thief and company turn into a silhouette, then into nothing at all. My love sheds a tear and I hold her tighter to my side as to tighten the same ducts in my own eyes; a triumphant man of the Wild West I have now become. It's my fight that has left me but for so long I could only dream of being victor where-as now, victory is a feeling which is in passing (opening up new vistas for another dream).

Maybe I miss what had been driving me for so long even though my destination surrounding me is greater. As it is, it was that struggle which was giving me purpose and now I am left to find new purposes, new struggles and meanings; to reserve some future burdens in this world I carry on my shoulders. I look back again at this recent but too long lived past and now it is like every other memory which the sentiments have been drained out of, filed on the shelf for reference. The wind not anymore whirling dust is carrying through to a new image, spiraling up smoke from a camp fire I sit at to converse with an ear which finally personifies my stories... out of care – love.

The charred wood cracks from its last moistures and slowly, as the flames draw the light in from the midnight sky, the stars chirp to me. They call out the sound of sleep, of in-armed festivities of dreariness... the true mark of a satisfied relationship. Our silence (my love and mine) focuses the environment into the sensations of accompanied drifting

offs. Away into innovative images I go, surrendering to the revelations of my next show-down with the worlds of which stifle. With a stronger heart now I shall travel, forgetting not the cruelty to which this life has treated me – to show the scenery of hope to those who have yet to see it.

The Peaceful Egalitarians of the Mountains

I got out of the car and the red mountain range in a semi-circle alone can be almost completely responsible for stealing breath and curling tongues upwards to be fastened there. The colored clouds in the sky comforted me as the sun peaked over the mountain points, past the patches of snow, to cast itself upon the flat I peered from, leaving the creek and plant-life below shadowed.

Adapted to the climates of these earthy structures, a fleshy species of animal in multitude, still spaciouly conducting their affairs, I became a witness to. I heard their bond fires cracking over which pots emitted a stew-like odor. My presence above these creatures that appeared so human; but, behaved so differently, would assumingly have little affected them if they noticed my looming figure. Some remained close to the creek, their legs pushing into the waters; others rested on the dirt, admiring with another one or two they were holding and massaging until one left humbly to accompany a solitary viewer, satiate an appetite, or relieve themselves.

Off a bit from the density of the crowd were the ones who had in some way agreed to fulfill a romantic inclination; and even further off the younger members examined the environment with obvious intrigue. There were sporadic tents and works of art but there were few visible objects crafted for other functions. There had not been a single example of formality, deviance, or commerce; all interactions seemed to be conducted with integrity to a general affectionate value and lack of restriction. After hours of observation it became too dark and I too drowsy for the prolongation of that exhibits' attention. In seeing such harmonious animals so similar to my body and ideals, I sensed a new peace in my chest, motivating me to make of them models for my own standards of living.

An Adumbration of Lunacy

Have you never witnessed the glamour of the Saturnine; victorious, as it obfuscates Venus? I have become entranced by the moon's mare; a somber Aphrodite who can only see true beauty in Thanatos. My rune, this enigma which is opaque, a veneration of the sultry, and an effigy of the nefarious; carries the confusions of the Tarot. If I become passé, I will transcend and disperse into a melancholy nebula, bleeding disorientation. In my demise I will be in transition, from a blasphemy to an umbra, a wraith of vitiation that's essence will impel the abstinent towards their debasement. Finally in death, you too will have witnessed the glamour of the Saturnine; you will experiment with their lessons from then.

Flesh Rose, Arise Bones... please

You stab me in the gut with the stem of a rose
now I lay in the soot

To gurgle blood

To moan and groan
my gripes

This grape turned into wine for my brain
making me further an idiot

With hands of grey stone
our garden of salt
is my bed
the inch worm says, "I'll fly soon and you too."
I know of the flight of souls
the fall as well
once I knew steadiness
now only mistresses

Lepers and moon dancing witches
that is my dinner party

Of pale tones
grasping at
dying flesh

And I never wrote a will for you dear because what I could have gave coagulated and
dissipated with the night.

Dig Dug Damned

Beg at my throat woes

Your nails

They dig dug

And I cower with wince

Your eyes wasting

My wishes kicked in

Soused out significant hearts

They dig dug damned me

I'm an oak table only looked down on

A surface for you to lay your beliefs upon

I will never be under stood it seems

Supported by love's illuminating beams

Let me fade away in heroin streams of dreams

Where I am penetrated by deeds that force quotes

Into being held with the grandiose claims they denote

Liars!

My tongue calls when split

Trashed into curses

Thrashing your hearses

Budded up and irritated

Then casually placated

Stung by sincerity emaciated

How I own reality

My courage you blame

Seeing blemish and pain

As your lips speak plain

Broken words that drain

Under only critical

Understanding only cyclical

Habits of you visible

Damaged dames despicable

You know we're both miserable

In need of some miracles

Some truth in dumb farcical

Tainted romance parceled

Pimped out by memorable

Salted desolate botanicals

Which the world pisses on

My provincial fortune

Lice

it's okay for eggs to lay away... breaking and hatching members, devils cause trembles. Shall it be said with merry muses, my repetition of words, refused statements, and rehashed memories wishing long-forgetting? The limits of language, I limit to my lazy depravity, my wall-face-staring silent seaway to the mainstream. A stupor I depress in of my lip-service to intelligence - a practical relevant issue, my non-ness and bothered hole-filled parachute. Of living, spelled giving... and taking only a test of adequacy on the occasions I term dates, when in all they're just fated negations.

The Hypocritical Christ

Succumb, surrender; sever your self, subject to serenity. Hold holy wholeness, harbor the horrors honorably. Pace patiently; proud to pronounce providence, provoking purity purely passively, and the penalty . . . passionately perverse and pessimistic. Master mercy, marvel at mystery but mute your misery with masochistic monetary measurements/momentary meaningful marketing. Resist rebellion, repent repetitiously gullibly guilty, grown from gowns and governments/grey gazing and gambling - lusting after love, laminating loss, livid and longingly lonely, condoning coercion and convention, corroding community to corrupt celebrations of caring with commodity. Feel futile, fiery faced to frantic frigidity, finality, fatality - so you can forever favor folly and fancy.

...the bus north to moons and delusions of love

On capturing the image of a woman in my tomb of a mind, I see that that time is out of line. Is it not that when sensed, the beautiful dare to provoke admiration? With petty notes, the obvious idea is a romantic one; but, the index contains the names of many grand ideals. How is it then that the woman is oblivious, or so indebted to her intuition that such ideas are forced out of consciousness? A wink of vocabulary; such subtle expressions of love... why not a whole-hearted wincing to fully entertain the shame? Oh brothels, you boring Epicurean sprout... I shall cease to water you now. Well then, the universe has given me a hearty year of solitude... shall it grant me then a familiar? But of course not dear, the loneliness is eternal... save it.

The Term “Friend”

I remember what the term “friend” used to imply
the sharing of experiences mundane
Finding out new ways to entertain
Company without activities planned
the lack of reasonable demand...
Except togetherness

Knowing what being is at grocery stores
splitting a 2 liter of soda
each other’s glass we’d pour
Renting a movie to crash out watching
wishing there was something to do...
but not alone

Having been random together so long
we could reminisce about a narrative song
written on a boring walk through a park
with a tongue instead of a pen
without needing to apprehend
the problems we’ve been having
since it’s old news and we’re already standing
looking through shopping glass windows
and laughing

Money meant nothing to us
having lives of less private lust
when our worries came from topics
passed over from embarrassed silence
which malice and lies signify

the real sins and crimes

We could talk on the phone if distant
rather than call to check our resistance
to seeing each other again
like we did nearly every day
knowing we don't need to pray
for love...

And it seems I'm being romantic
because today these are lovers' traits
though they didn't begin with sex mates
It was our ship mates
When we dreamed seldom to fornicate
Disguising this relation now taken
Stripped from friendship
A term now for association
Given to lovers
Refused to sisters and brothers

We who only meet at the bar to remember
Life which was shared with other members in splendor
Not hermetic and aged
In elder years estranged
By the death of bodies
Not the birth of fears
The death of friends known for years
The death of depth
Found in the most shallow aspects
Of experience
Shared and witnessed clean."

Romantic Spires

Of course and rate, fainting before - how it is that death has taught me to live; but at rates provocative, shocking... at any rate, rapid rafting towards demise under sorrowed impressions.

Though it is baby; I don't need to know my death to know I could be dead tomorrow.

Alas love, lasting - told, shouted, poeticized too soon for countenance or cooperation. Regrets I fret little of, my death again... mentioned - your walking off - stammering, a stunned.

I said I love you lovely; beckoning call unmet but at least you know before bodily spills and buried to roots.

Shrugged off, freak - creep.

Denied...

how

could

that

be

true?

But, in that entire end: premature but not of ejaculation - of utterances... loneliness, murmur (heart), breath (escaping through scars), and me (?).

Ideological Conflicts, Confusion, and the Modern Spirit

"Walk the lines or become our crooks," domestication says in court rooms

"Crooked lines can still make hooks," the radicals say to liberals

"The dots alone are letters in books," is the imbecile's retort

"Our geometry is abstract art," those Eastern mystics report

Then perspective is removed from its structured state of knowing anything at all

We become so reduced in certainty that existing makes us crawl

Then they call...

Rivers start to foam up at the mouth of canines

Our bones are crushed between their jaws

And convulsing, we lose our legs to a throat

A throat which can not speak

In meekness and weakness

Our skin wreaks

The Devil's Advocates: adversaries to choice who permit their oppressions

The Nostalgic ask, "Who were the advocates before?"

When some are told with conviction that every good thing can't be touched
They believe the propagation and discipline hands to always shriek
Averting sin effects their future aimed to become a shielded beauty
Which will vanish if it can be grasped but as an enigma it sustains
Those praying faithfuls turned into players in the game of divine rank
Coached by clergy who forbid discourse and only permit enactments
Assuming the profession of virtues idols displayed in sacred arenas

The Impressionable ask, "What was the Devil's allure?"

When the slave rebelled against the farce exhausted on liberty's stage
The Lord was merely armed with power to exile the debaser into oblivion
That deviant became entombed with the silence of its split and muted tongue
Realms the Light-Bearer touched grew into chambers where God's rivals fell
A legion formed to revolt without feasible methods of strategic offense
It consisted of the mortals longing for beauty solid flesh could caress
Remoteness of the heavens bliss began losing to revolutions alleviations

The Dedicated ask, "Why are they every thing's adversaries?"

When the actors begin to doubt the playwright he rejects their qualification
Without other's script to accept they are empty of tastes called preference
There is no more theater open to host the fabrications they once perfected
What remains of an art has lost the positions a character must behold
From dreading themselves as free in will they manifest many scribbled roles
Each is a shadow shaped by lines which are improvisational drawn
Mocking those with substantial courage sums up their crossing composure

The Ambitious ask, "How are the advocates treated?"

When the Thespians are de-fanged they are cowards refusing alignment
Absence of judgments makes their beauty a repulsive memory haunting truth
Debates with servants can not entice when the arguments are fleshless
Lucifer heeds these promotions credited to his name which stifle passion
The vacant creatures who ruin his title are left to suffer from derangement
Those who don't commit deeds refusing depravity will be crushed simply living
Thus the reason why these proud deceivers are degraded victims of siege

Mosquito Bites

You must know of my gratitude now great bugs of the tropics
who from swamps give itching certain profoundness in sweat
distracting me with concave cones filled with blood
and reminding me that my flesh is worth something

Yea, the scars have been passed over when questioned
when I've become bored with my stories and defeats
take my genetics to another place you darling insects
for I can't get there in full body at times deprived as such

What God has given you vampires ascending wings?
Am I to be reminded that my planes have no moguls?
Too much my mind has reflected on the rewarded sinners
the parasite sinners who can fly off to future pleasures

Though I can debase you with a mutter of your ugliness
my shriveled corpse isn't much of a model to judge
I suppose that you mosquitoes are my volatile Lord
and my punishment must perpetually be unaccepted

Party Enthusiast

For some reason; perhaps of hopeless boredom, depression, or some other draining state, the texture on the wall seemed to be the most appealing as a picture to ponder. Only after a half hour of staring, the texture began bubbling, releasing colored light orbs gone after a short moment. As what usually happens when isolation treats itself with delirious ideas and events, that annoying sound of the telephone breaks my trance. A belated invitation arrives delivered by a friend's tongue, and of course, if only out of limited options I oblige unenthusiastically to the courteous considerations. We will be attending a party, obviously opportune for drugs lately stimulating more cells in my body than nutrition. I visit my prejudice for these festivities for overt culture, then abandon the thoughts knowing what is inevitable: the references to my minority, long time, no see formalities, and failed romantic initiations. Crowded transportation arrives, rolling my eyes and entering, then recklessly driven onwards, parking a block away from the suburban venue parents out of town create. Finally stumbling into the noise with a mind on one track, my feet carry me to the booze. Full stomach and head light, I pretend the other guests relate. Fuck it is stated and I laugh with an emptiness replacing humor. The event is spent just as this deliberate suction of mediocrity. Relief is felt when the rush comes to leave politely with many byes. Apathy covers fear while being driven back home by a drunk. I lay in bed requiring no reflection and the alcohol crashes me into sleep. I am waking up to this again the next day, hung-over.

Trajectory

nothing... consciousness... energy... concentration... matter... relaxation...
decomposition... attraction... molecule... interaction... element... evolution... star...
planet... cell... stimulation... memory... tissue... organ... species... survival... health...
bacterium... learning... plant... mate... animal... neuron... concept... space... perception...
pain... pleasure... communication... symbol... property... society... human... freedom...
labor... time... art... language... education... moral... culture... war... civilization...
institution... ruler... religion... government... dictatorship... rebellion... usurpation...
collapse... revolution... nothing

The "Good" of the Mystery...

A thought that has popped into my head at times is "what good is mystery?" I felt that this question is important because there is a strong tendency in myself (and from what I hear, in a lot of others) to cherish the Mystery and wish for it to never become revealed. I find that concept repulsive; a cheap excuse for ignorance. In my life, through literature, activity, and thought - getting behind the mysteries has always been much more beneficial than glorifying them in awe. It is a difference between worship and power, authority and autonomy, codependence or fear and Love, failure and success, or slavery and mastery. There is some sense of fulfillment in the Mystery but it is useless and captures you deceitfully. The fabricated mysteries are usually only there to inspire a closer examination, not to promote remoteness. The malicious mysteries have created genocide, dark ages, and general stupidity. To Know is what a sentient being in this universe thrives off of first; to accept the Power of Knowledge is the second. The third is to use that power beneficially. It is wise to attempt to break through all mysteries if not only to see where you're enslaved, to become liberated.

The Logic of Rebellion

Everything carries inherent capacities and limitations which compliance with is essential to that things existence. The most apparent qualities of this nature in humanity are the capacities for creation and the limitations of interdependence but the obviousness of these does not slight any others of like-nature. None of us can endure the negation of our defining attributes without becoming fatally decrepit. These simple conditions of our existence have been exploited to enslave the majority to the minority. As indigenous beings of a planet which can not spawn creatures it lacks the initial means to sustain, our incontestable needs justify unconditional liberties for their satisfactions. In these circumstances of oppression any deed committed in consideration of humanities indiscriminate vitality is an inalienable right of life and a primary responsibility. There is not a single individual who is adequately considered if they are mandated to earn as a privilege the relative abilities to employ their capacities with compensation for their limitations.

Art, Artificial Intelligence, Human Fate, and Love

In my most uneducated opinion, as it is I've looked at Art as a principal of philosophical value rather than in-depth in its study, I feel Art has an inherent hierarchy of significance in affect. As this also runs along the course of an analytical perspective, conceptual in its essence, it is still removed from what Art actually is. Regardless, I feel this significance follows from the amount of perception a work of Art can affect. It is purely bias according to my other views of abstraction vs. substance and should be only read with that in consideration, for abstraction does have the capacity of focusing preferential destiny which gives it its value.

The forms of Art only begin at two dimensional manipulations... anything on paper, canvas, or any other flat surface which the display of can only suit a wall. This Art to me is low in grade because it can only give a remedial image to consciousness... vaguely express meaning, and requires absolute focus to be disclosed. Fashion ironically is higher in grade because it is a walking art, a three dimensional and forcefully disclosing form of expression. The written word, verbal art, is even further into its force of disclosure yet requires much more focus than the two dimensional arts... but, it has the quality of explicitly expressing meaning. Social arts such as politics, psychology, sociology, and most importantly - philosophy, are one of the highest forms of Art in grade because they contain full disclosure and require little focus for affect (when they become praxis). They take place in the interactive arena and instantly convey to other's subjective consciousness' the expressions being disclosed. At that it is theater, social aberration, rebellion, formalities, politeness, ethics, etc. which contain the one of the loftiest positions for Art.

But further in grade as the ultimate and omniscient expression of Art is the metaphysical, the magical; the ability to use the mind in purity; psychic interaction with physicality to convey an expression. With its complete power and inevitable results... it is the psychic arts, beyond the theoretical ones based on duality, which have their greatest stock value. And may we not notice everything begins with the vision, becomes the conceptual elaboration, exposes itself in society, and then has its fate of affect? Art then is to me the process of manifestation, of knowing the universe in full and manipulating it

for ones own ideals and desires. True Art stays on this path and has always reached its goals.

So I don't assume that this question arose had you not read the title, but how this differentiates from the master achievement of technology is an almost non-existent contrast. That Art, artificial intelligence, is then the end result of the artistic mind. In seeing that from Mans birth, creativity has been the outstanding quality of the species and that what Man creates is the primary focus of every valued thought, the inevitable end is Man playing God. Though this is an error in logic, presumptuous in that it believes as a pretense Man NOT to be God, but Man is; in every possible way Man is God. If it is in the ability to conceive of God and then because of that be the soul home for that idea which is God or if it is in the actual faculties as to which Man has access to, the statement rests at that.

Perhaps in Hollywood viewing over the past decade it has been dripped into your awareness somehow (obviously as to how) that the blind-spot in developing this intelligence, this Art, is the concept of Beauty. Oh how long Man has strived to define this concept, to make it a concept at all when it has rested only in the subconscious realms and dark, mysterious inclinations of Man. But it is all too obvious for the exaggerated efforts, Beauty is merely a sentiment received from a being and that sentiment is merely the idea of a unique pleasure. Tragic, that which has crazed man is reduced to that one thing every religious ascetic has despised, every ideology from the course of reason has detested, and every sane man rationalizes his way out of... idealizing pleasure. Isn't it so how we view those hedonists among us, those egotistical, elitist, arrogant, pompous, pleasure-seekers who are intuitively known to us as these strivers for A.I. with disgust?

And in seeing Beauty in this ding we must wonder if it is possible for A.I. to comprehend it at all, ever. But we must have skipped over that goal which was the prize looked forward to since the beginning; the ability to learn, to self-educate, to understand the unique (which is prerequisite for knowing if that unique being is pleasurable). This is what we've been doing with A.I.: inventing the human organs so as to let a machine figure out what those organs benefit from, what pleasures them and what is new, unique,

uncharted, and the key to progress. This key to progress (progress itself being a delusion that humans are even at a state adequate enough in-itself to progress from) is a skip of the mandatory comforts and satiations of current existence which is why friends, Man seeks to let a machine which can satiate those circumstances with mere binary coding (duality) evolve for us. Though, even more tragic still we will be the next extinction and that which has no organic flesh (well, as of now it wouldn't) would replace us.

So we come back to Art, the perfection of practice, the manipulation of environment, the personal, individual, unique expression of our solitary selves. We see the end of Art in which we express ourselves to the point of playing God, of creating ourselves in the process as fate in externality, and replacing ourselves... missing the whole motivation for Art in the first place. That motivation is primitively innate in us all; it is to seek Beauty (the idea of that which offers a unique pleasure) so as to better satiate our organic needs. Man discovers then finally that the presence of Art emerges out of the presence of abstraction entirely with-in the first degree of two-dimensional work. And the lesson dear reader is this: we have given up our substance for abstract, systematic, extracted, linear, conceptual thinking and this will only lead to us giving over our entire existence to what we create through this process. We are Gods yes, as God Himself is left without flesh in the end, we will be too. Or if we are not Gods, we will become that most crude form of life we see before us; the evil, material, fleshy, carnal, animal, comfortable, sustaining-in-itself, functioning-off-primaries, anarchistic, free, amoral, shameless, guiltless, interdependent, confident beings which all of the Natural world contains (the world we have attempted to remove ourselves from). And what we dream to remove ourselves to is an existence as an intellect without flesh (the body, as soul, spirit, and divine) in an environment without Earth, Heaven. To be without Earth is to be without Earthly pains of course... to be in bliss, true to truth, is to be without the body which un-bliss can be caused in. In leaving the body we leave the Earth as the environmental body, the material element of existence; to be released into pure intelligence and idea).

There then remains no satisfactory thought left but that which gave birth to the Artistic, the creative (as to avoid the systematic thinking which aims creation at self-destruction). But what concludes that contradiction is simply abstaining from conceptualizing, entrapping, boxing-in, systematizing, philosophizing, ideology creating, directing,

suppressing, ignoring, and becoming apathetic to that very manner of character which is the defining quality of a human being. There is the dreariest part of this though and that is the ends of the hedonistic mind; how relating back to technology, the invention of something which can fully satiate us - in any moment (as our creations have been thus regardless of systems). And time itself, isn't it time that is one of the greatest of human delusions - our presence in the universe creates it itself... our present moment splitting past from future. And how in that present there is a constant insatiate drive waiting our fulfillment... which if there was none, we would have no motivations at all. So the fate of humanity, whether to destroy itself one way or to destroy itself in another is to inescapably destroy itself regardless.

Then it must be then that pain is our only motivation (though can have a latent pleasure following it), pain and the fear of death (which might best be described as a completely satiated state, where the flesh craves no more, where the motivations die, and when life if not ceases, loses point). And if we take all the pain away it is death again (as a rat which can push a button and stimulate its own brain to feel pleasure)... if we continue on motivated by phobias of death it is useless struggle (since we would then have to avoid complete satiation)... what is life but a joke we have become too smart to find funny? We create to create what best will serve us, what best serves us will kill us, and if we cease to create we die in spirit.

We have left out something great though with a wonderful presumption on my behalf; that presumption being that we lack Love. Why ...for Love allows us to create each other and thus never externalize but into another internal/subjective consciousness. Love ensures our special energy is put back into the species, insures the species existence, is the grandest pleasure and satiation (hedonistic and intellectual), and the Absolute Art of Men!

***My Letter to those Arrogant, Ignorant Christian Types whom
Remain Silent at Truthful Utterance***

To the Moderator of Godly People,

This isn't shocking... nothing is - "hypocrite" was Christ's most frequently used insult for the reason of its popularity among folk. To be under critical... to avoid debate, argument, preference, discernment, and yes - even judgment is to be in strict lack of conviction for any faith whatever. "Judge not lest ye wish to be judged" ...properly does not disclose any viral nature of judgment, it discloses reciprocity and justice as to which it is in the quality of a judgment and not in the judgment itself which reveals virtue. A member has boasted a theory which rejects with an indefinite negation and an opaque absolution the quality of subjectivity to which one can separate truth from the Truth, a clear distinction in theology. Conversion is futile and much the property of monotheism rather than any other tradition in philosophy - there's no subtlety about that and this is one of the most apparent hypocritical positions which I have seen taken in this thread. God isn't impotent and if you require such brutal abstinence from analysis and critique of the 'book of books' then there are no lofty, papal heights for you to ever aspire to. It is the most respectable quality to stand before the divine, humbly, and hold with integrity your soul's state of being without blindness or fear of punishment. If Christ himself did not do as such, he would be nothing but a coward and follow suit with what Sin actually is... the negation of the soul, the spirit, the Self, and the omnipotence of "god" (the highest idea which defines a perception as a perception). There was never commission from Christ to have sectarian values and in your abstract, extracted studies of Torah and New Testament, you have failed to recognize that there is only one spirituality, one religion, one god (the first commandment, which came from God on stone... much more "concrete" than any gospel, prophecy, or discussion with the Lord... on tablets which give a human free will if its truth is adhered to, as a reward... not a punishment), and one moment. The bible is the forbidden fruit which unveils the knowledge of good and evil. You choose, as God chose when judging Cain's offering, what your intentions are... your grade of being... as to the quality of your gifts, works, words, and gratitude - as we have seen that the value of Cain's offering which lead to the FIRST MURDER (if you can not

recognize the profundity of this btw) was not in the crop itself, but in Cain's spirit, in Cain's value of God represented in his mediocre gift. And as God must remain enigmatic for our benefit, you will never have anything but your faith, your will, and your receptivity to rely on. Hell exists in life as well as death; it is any moment of remoteness from knowing, feeling, perceiving, and gratifying God, Love (which is not possible without discernments and judgments), Life, Freedom, Strength, and Humility. The meek only inherit the Earth because they will be stuck there when Man is once again united with God in a direct manner. Formal predictions of what Apocalypse is can only be as superficial as Nostradamus.

In short - a vulgarity to end this does not amount to your vulgar treatments and perceptions... Fuck you.

Pornography, Stripping, and Prostitution...

As the subject is brought to its moral facet of debate, it is at objectification we give our examining focus. It is made plain and clear that a person should not be seen as an object. But, this is a futile argument to make as a general statement of objectification. The argument then progresses into that of which a person should not be seen as an object of sex. And, at this note we have all been stuck. To that whirling insight into humanism, I have this statement.

In all instances of sexual objectification (specifically that of a female... just for the ease of this example), there is an equal objectification on the "victim's" behalf. This is as viscous as the offender's; it is appropriately termed "financial objectification" (in the instance of these phenomena's occurrences). As poor as the argument seems, the destructive quality of pursuing these objectifications meets its ends at equalizing an imbalanced social circumstance. That circumstance being the sexual oppression of the male which supports his desire to seek out and make singular the sexual expressions of a female (assuming heterosexuality... which on mentioning makes the argument of male sexual oppression even more feasible); and, the financial oppression of the female which makes it possible for the motivation to perform a sexual act for financial support. Of course, this is not limited to the explicit realm of sexual forte... it is well known the circumstance in which marriage is a "proper" result of these bewildering conditions; but, as things which represent themselves as extremes tend to do that representation through the sexual act, this is no exception.

In completing the transaction of sex for money or vice versa, both participants walk away with some vague satisfaction. It's as if the industry of sex is attempting to mend the situation through business. In being able to exchange the fortunes of your sexual endowment for those capacities you lack, you are ultimately creating that capacity and bringing the affect of your sex to equilibrium.

So yes, it is very much so objectification on both parties behalf's. And to boot, both parties have many logical motivations. But, through this it is not necessarily an increase in objectification but a restoration of rights to those disenfranchised in either field of human affairs.

The Mutilation of Humanity (a blend of Nietzsche and Anarchism)

How weak our society has made Man, if not alone from its religion then supported by its politics. I take religion as being the opiate of the masses but further it is authority which is the amphetamine. Look what they have done to you: you shudder at adventure, despise aggression, love the stupid, bond yourselves to cheap craft-work, surrender to a God which you create every quality of in your mind; how you've been divided up inside, chopped up, made minced, fickle, malicious, mean, unconfident, senseless, chaste, and even have grown to fear your own fertility. And at that, what an amassed delusion that fears of fertility are, a fear of love once sublimated and carried further, a fear of your individuality in its aims, and a slave of another in its ends. That the most treasured quality a culture can have; of children, futures, strength, vitality, dexterity, agility, and all the great sensitivities developed in the sexual urges here are turned into phobias and traits of poor character – there is no greater poverty than that! You have a condom keeping all logic out of your head, avoiding all truth, pleasure, and experiential reality. Why? Because you're a coward in all and can only justify it with a shift of responsibility onto everyone else with a seed of dignity as is revealed by your cowardice away from birth (of not only children but values, cultures, and all art). The weak perish of this earth, not inherit it... what would a Christian want with the nature they seek to die away from in all their practice anyways?

The Laugh

I was watching you sit in front of your computer, reading this story... quite some time before this came to be. But we are not there to that level of acceptance yet. You clicked about some and it was fine for your consciousness but only because that is regular. The same as you click or type, or even pour a glass of water without understanding the properties of physics which make these things possible for you (but you know them never-the-less); also with the same manner of talent I am watching you. And also, I know exactly where I will now take you...

A rumor had it once that the eyes will tell all there is to know of the soul (if you believed in such a thing before you read this). But did the rumor tell us where these eyes peer out from... and in from? You assumed they were from the head I'm sure but I looked into different eyes of yours. They are the eyes of your heart; one for the veins, another for the arteries - for one gives and one receives. And as those eyes had become mine, I saw what you could not when looking through those same eyes - I didn't blink. It was in your heart that I saw you as a child and through comparing that child as my model to you now as my subject, I saw every dis-ease which had come to pass or come to stay - but now will pass. I will tell you how things come to pass! They pass with a laugh...

It is a shame that a laugh is another result of physics which you use without understanding the principals behind it. What happened when you stopped crying and began laughing... as this child-model I had looked at and compared to you now? That laugh was enough of an echo to match with the stutter in breath when you cry to easily transition... it was because it was so. That laugh was so much different though; you opened your eyes instead of closed them, to see light instead of close them to produce a tear. Your head tilted up to look at the heavens instead of tilting down to look at the hells... as it was, where you looked you went. But what was so funny? What is still funny will tell you!

We have our jokes today and in each one we know they are enough non-sense to pass off without the heaviness of seriousness (to pass off as a joke). To know of these things as jokes because of their non-sense, not sensible... of sensitive matter - that is what funny

is, where our laugh comes from. Though, we can not forget that in our memory of the laugh that saved us from the tear, there was much sensitivity prior. We even know that there was such extraordinary sensitivity, to a point where seriousness becomes severity, to produce the anguish you looked down from ashamed so you could tear. Anguish... confusion as to what can be done by you; it made these things stay until a solution could be found; it could not come to pass because of such seriousness. Then if you had not been looking into hell enough, you fell all the way down into it with the fatalistic conclusions to your confusions... conclusions much like the ones which come from skepticism and become cynicism. It was at that point you died and went to hell; when the tears did not stop as they were your body already dehydrating and becoming embalmed.

A person with great wisdom showed you the light quite some time into your stay in hell - he was the light bringer - Lucifer. As it is in that book of all books, Lucifer as serpent gave to Eve the knowledge of Good and Evil (and that was all knowledge as nothing was neutral for that tree which bared that fruit), it is so when you visit hell from such non-sense, seriousness, severity, anguish, and fatalism. Lucifer hands you a piece of that fruit and at once you see that it was all non-sense in the first place... nothing to do but laugh! You laughed as you are meant to at any fool, jester, or clown... you laughed at the non-sense. And so it was with the laugh that it came to pass, how it all comes to pass as all pain is non-sense - foolishness, staying only when taken seriously (as all fools wish to be taken and stay if successful).

Now you are reading what I wrote when I was looking through the eyes of your heart and into it... seeing the child-model, every time when it forgot to laugh and let it pass. I saw the child-model take too seriously its education and sacrifice a little bit of happiness here for it. I saw the child-model take too seriously the riches of the world and sacrifice a little bit of happiness there for it. I saw some of your model-children taking too seriously the rulers and sacrificing a little bit of happiness now for it. And in all of your model-children, I have seen them taking themselves completely seriously and sacrificing the rest of their happiness. Making this non-sense stay instead of pass... without a laugh - as all of these notions can only be a joke! For it is so - Lucifer is always mischievous, a joker, a fool and if you take him too seriously then you are the fool and the joke is on you (Eve didn't laugh...).

But let us never forget that the greatest non-sense of all is God: he who works in mysterious ways; too mysterious to make sense of. Let Him stay and His greatest joke will be on you - Hell. That these heavens we look up to and laugh at are funny because so much non-sense has been attributed to them; that the hells we look down to and cry at are funny because they have been taken too seriously. So now you will read what I wrote for you and learn from here to laugh for your heart is now healed.

Gratitude (and many degrees of my strangeness)

I spend a good amount of time every day, as much as I can really, being grateful for life, my life, and the lives of everything/one else. It isn't something I write about too often because I felt that putting my energy into things I would wish to change would be more worth-while. That though is something which contradicts my life-style principals - I have been of the school for some time now that concludes it is putting energy into things you are grateful for that is important, as to maintain those things. Perhaps this is news to some but there is a reason I choose "other" as my religion rather than Atheism. I am an occultist (for lack of terms) and have been most of my life (excluding a period of time a few years ago where I was a strict materialist). While I reject the popular assumptions about what God is, how many other abysmal and celestial beings there are, right and wrong, eternal punishment, etc.; I by far am not Atheist in the slightest (though have used that title in the past because of how radically different my spiritual beliefs are from most theists). It is because of metaphysical study, meditation, astral workings, rituals, and intention setting that I've come from being suicidal since I was 8 and almost killing myself half a year ago to being able to actually say I am happy and love life. I am finally at a point where I can't even fathom the panic attacks I used to have happening again or the sentiments of hate, despair, and depression (or the action of suicide).

While my writing is very critical of a lot of things, I do not hate these things or feel that people who support them are bad in any way. If you look closely enough at what I am writing, the responsibility for the decadence of our culture is in the past, with the dead, and anyone still alive is only a symptom of history. I do feel spite at times for a person who is being negligent, rejecting themselves and others, and remaining apathetic to learning but that spite is always resolved quickly because I am not one to ignore the many conditions people are in and the many situations people face every day which make these things impractical a lot of the time. In what I write I may often insult the reasoning, logic, intelligence, etc. of a person but that to me is just analysis - I value integrity, honesty, and kindness much more than I do intelligence or creativity. I have always felt that any quality of a person which they did not choose to possess is ineffectual for

qualifying a person's grade; to me that has been the main injustice in racism, sexism, sexualism, and any other kind of prejudice.

If you are unaware, the reason why I published my first book before it was looked over in detail for minor perfections is because it was my best friend's birthday and in a sense that was a dedication. Though it may sound ironic, I completely feel that life is not something which is lived predominantly for the individual... only lived individually. From my extreme depression I have come to this conclusion, realizing with a knife in my wrist quite a number of times that I can't kill myself because it would hurt those who care about me. That isn't an egotistical belief in the slightest because it is the truth that people care about me and do not deserve to see someone they care about fall to such fates. Having only been able to save my life from my own will against it because of the love, affection, compassion, and support people have given to me was a great impact on my philosophical beliefs. And after the furthest considerations I came to realize quite early that this conclusion is more than just ethical, it is in accordance with nature.

I write a lot about Love and not in the romantic sense as much but more in a psychological, biological, spiritual, or evolutionary sense. To me, Love is not an ideal but rather, it is a capacity of human beings which is prevailing in its necessity. Love is what encourages, motivates, strengthens, and eases the psyche, reinforces the immune system, relieves stress in the muscles and organs, benefits other cellular conditions which are primary in living, transcends existential isolation, ensures ethical actions, maintains the value of everything, allows for psychic interactions which are well-intentioned, causes two people to come together and create a child, holds a tribe/culture/society together for every social necessity, determines in a large degree by affect what type of people a family and society will produce, and motivates the true industry and civility of people. For these reasons I feel that it is quite obvious this life is not a thing we are given to strictly benefit ourselves - that in our very being we can not benefit from life by ourselves and thus find the greatest pleasures in our interactions with others (as it is well known even outside of the occult that during a spell of sorrow, helping someone else is much more powerful a therapy than most anything else).

These principals are more than just a result from the primary ones in my philosophy, more than just symptoms of a greater significant variable; they are the actual source of it which gives birth to my values of individuality and freedom. My capacity for Love and love is far reaching; I am a very sensitive person and feel that sensitivity is a gift (as it allows you to sense the qualities in people, in life, and in the affects/effects of an action). Some of what I say or do may seem insensitive but that is an illusion; my decisions which may take on the form of offensive are either ones I make because I feel it is unjust to not make them, to take offence to them or because I support the method of desensitization to shocking situations that are not causing harm to others. I am too familiar with the affects of sheltered individuals as I'm sure many of us are... how they often become bigots because of their irrational fears. And at that note of fear, Fear is the opposite of love - not Hate. Fear is repulsion as opposed to attraction; it is the NO where-as Love is the YES. Fear is the rejection of life and as being the property of a coward, it creates the most devious and malicious actions. Hate is akin to Fear but comes from its relation to Love because it is the application of sentiment to that which interferes with Love or threatens it.

My forever gratitude,
Jared "Squee" Leve