

Before me it is,  
A pathway it lacks,  
What is where to when is all

What and click  
Dread of dreamers,  
Distant remain, three for the one.

For the two before  
And the one above  
Loop three forward and two back.  
--

Wisp from the heights, wisp from the depths  
Co-mingled, entwined  
A superfluous balance  
--

Positive Traits:  
loveable, fiery, beredsam, eloquent, adept, sociable, charming, sensuous,  
open, carefree, hard-working, independent, happy, ingenuous, passionate,  
sentimental, athletic, alert, well-mannered, practical

Negative Traits:  
egoistic, greedy, labile, insolent, gossipy, fearful, rebellious, bad  
tempered, impatient, tactless, sluggish, nervous, hotheaded, indecisive,  
restless, careless, unpredictable, wasteful, emotionless, quarrelsome

Friendly, Vivacious, Enduring, Witty, Cheerful, Refined, Independent  
-----  
Selfish, Reckless, Vain, Impatient, Volatile

"Quarrelsome? -- Truly.  
But truly, only the facts should speak; never the person. BUT YET. AND  
YET!  
EVERY WORD EXISTS.  
FOCUS ON EACH WORD BY ITSELF,  
THEN PUT THEM TOGETHER SLOWLY.  
It. Is. It.  
Is. It. Is.  
It. Is. It.

Facts lack recognizable mouths -- speaking only to what awareness can  
grasp. Is. It. Is.  
BUT.. where would the conversation room be?  
Who spoke -- who listened -- and where was the dividend?  
Poised crossroad, behold abyss. Is. It. Is.

Trying to watch the speed of sound, (and the speed of light)  
Expressed through the medium of self-stitched propitiation  
Is simply.. frustrating.

Because..

..stalled viewpoints, such as over-attachment (fixation of the morphing  
process) to self-image, can slow down an other-wise hyper-speed  
perception.

A cat is a cat, you have nothing to do with it.  
Get over yourself and your personal categorizing, labeling mentality.  
Get out of the way -- or have you lost trust in your brain and body?  
Simple.

Stuck on an image with an aim to be the memory rag I've sewn through  
effort, struggle, and time -- its opacity is comforting.

I wonder what puzzles me more,  
That the light is unable to surface and concretise,  
Or the pain of the instrument which struggles to make amends with light  
and sound.

Here it is -- the calculation left on standby. Instrument, behold!  
Calculation resolving by self-aware intelligence -- ripples, ripples,  
subside!  
Self-solving riddle, I've lost my faith in vivified-mathematical-  
principles.. but.. not lost.. merely hidden. Intentionally hidden. In a  
place where truth is relative.  
Where the only truth is my petty standpoint, flawed perspectives, and  
simply.. lies.  
Where I decide the weight of God, through hollow measurements.  
Lacking method, experiment, and even the specimen.  
Just a lot of meaningless nonsense.  
Implosion, and yet further agitation  
Just a bundle of lies and could scarcely care.. a self-aware lie is the  
only Gate to truth, to God.  
Let it be said twice, THRICE even, and for all. A self-aware lie is the  
only gate to truth. Self-aware lie, not a lie viewed through distance.  
There must be a distance of zero between you and the lie. ZERO. And  
behold.

Memento, GREAT ANCHOR and GOD of life.  
Wheel which knows no allegiance.  
Spinning, spinning by the momentum of agitation.

People argue less about ideas  
And more about their personal images of the ideas.  
(Let these words be obvious, these are images.)  
Imaginary expressions, inaccurate equations.  
Stumbling, trying to solve irrationality.

Through howls of amusement, the shadow of God cackles.. for it detects..  
the subtle movements.. when words are spoken, behind the words lingers  
the intention -- what many believe to be an aura -- is merely a stance, a  
stagnant energy field. At the corner of the lips, at any corner of the  
face, the intentions ripple out. Such nausea. Such hypocrisy.. is  
comforting."

An immutable past,  
A malleable present,  
An unknowable future.

'Willing into existence' happens in the here and now,  
And is how unknowable future  
Is transformed into a fixed past.

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When "more" is synonymous with burden;  
"Enough" sits a few steps from utter exhaustion.

When intention is a static compass,  
And motive is mere agitation.  
Then sanity is not just a word, or an idea..  
But something you are.. or are not.

Here, the ground is far too shaky to make any assumptions.. suppositions.

-

Standby, steadfast;  
Projecting a grin;  
Who sees it;  
What is it;  
And where to begin.

Daunting, vagrant, a shadow with eyes  
Unbound, unrestricted,  
Enveloping skies.

Zero, infinity, and something between  
Jibber and jabber, what's left to be seen..

--

Who needs to be reminded  
Of the three splinters lodged in their brain --  
Self-preservation,  
Self-procreation,  
Self-preeminence.

Before the final breath escapes, before all the vibrations settle,  
Before personality, "psyche", stirs, withers, unwinds, and nullifies..  
I shall be satisfied by description; dismissal by a borrowed gesture.

But it does not matter, for matter is the very substance subject to  
decay.  
I am matter, and I will decay.  
Damn it. Damn the facts.  
Damn the facts to the land of untruth. To the land of imagination..

Where I am immortal, satisfying self-preservation.  
Where I am omnipresent, satisfying self-procreation. (I am all, And all  
are I)  
Where I am omniscient and omnipotent. Satisfying self-preeminence.

"We do not share the same horizon, but we share the same world."

--

These lines are indeed but dissipation..  
Letter by letter, thoughts emerge from the reservoir..  
Morphed by process and articulation.

Re-configuring audibility, perception plays its own games.  
Sacred impressions, beliefs synonymous with wombs.

When there's no profit in staying or budging, attempts to vacate are aimless.

--

Alas, an echo from a seeming silence..  
Hearten, and realize  
An aimless, unfocused profound.

--

Recurring theme, of a dark room and a dweller; one and the same  
Gazing out, gazing in -- division for reflection  
Faceless tenant, shifting periphery -- so very drab.  
Drab entities, conditioned and confused.. mechanical, is all it was.

Hypnosis, comfortable and pleasing.. show me what to see.  
Snake-mind.. Oh! How charming. Speaking one word, yet two come out.  
Truth, what are you but a vague abstraction of reasoning.

--

Readily, and steadily, the beginning is two steps ahead of the end,  
And, illusory indications compensate and supplement an enchanting  
Of what is real.  
A beast-machine is what it was.

Through whirrs and zig-zags,  
The condensed entity heard notions of an unfurling.

--

"Catching the tail of the Snake-mind

Thinker, thinker,  
Fickle and twisted  
Watch your snake-mind,  
Coil-consisted

Truth is straight,  
These words are slanted  
Snake-mind charms,  
And facts enchanted

Find the light,  
It's always straight  
Life is plight,  
You are the gate."

--

Absent entity -- a shadow parades.

Through effort and knowing,  
What provided them with notions of a common ground,  
Was a suspicious savor for mental agitation.

A problem most prominent, but an opportunity at postponement.  
Perceived difficulty drives their sense of purpose,  
Hinting at a justification for another breath.  
Fuel to the frenzy, shallow and dying.

No, it can't be.. the entity is absent while a shadow parades.

Mouths uncountable -- the mouth knows nothing --

Vacant to the highest bidding persuasion, and the loudest voice. Hell beckons.  
Hell beckons.

But the voice is but one -- speaking boldly, unflinchingly -- yet using no words.

Watch and know -- the personal pattern giving rise to trembling,  
Watch and know -- the unsteady mind -- soaked in division and contradiction.  
--

Hail the prime scapegoat, Supposition!

Spawn of abstraction, the un-patterned pattern!  
Light of the faltering -- in its blood we make our most vicious cackles!  
Confused, we justify confusion with confusion.  
Know not this carapace anything of potency and direction?

Supposition! Our prime scapegoat lives on!  
--

Embarrassment over faulty opinions is but a hesitation to align with facts.  
Lies exposed breed ground for a light unstained.

Butchered facts sewn together with ambition,  
A curved tongue speaks words frail and ambiguous.  
And a mouth which hungers to utter words of power and meaning.

A hasty reasoning, and a brain that wonders  
What lies beyond the darkness which envelops it.

Channels, pathways, electrical dance.  
A tunnel -- nothing but a tunnel.

Cluttered, a burden of words..  
--

"Irrationality, the ground and guiding light,  
Rationality, but a court jester -- excuse and amusement,  
And I, enthroned, wither as a bundle of unwinding strings."  
--

A blank piece of paper testifies.  
Conundrum or simplicity.  
--

Every scribble, a nibble from the heart.  
Every sigh, a testimony of contrast.  
Every.. Every? Stupid word mumbled through a focus.  
--

No matter what happens, remember..

You'll never get further than your body.  
You'll never see further than your mental focus.  
You'll never have more than you can clasp.

Bridges constructed are bridges waiting to fall.

The closest contact possible with people and this universe is parallel striding and registering familiar and unfamiliar stimuli.

And when all is said and done, all shall pass away.

--

Mirroring for mirrors,  
Wheel spins pretentiously,  
Axle amused.

--

Smudge on clear glass;  
Pretended;  
Snare;  
Or focal.

--

A stance,  
And words are mere shells -- shallow and disfigured.

Curved tongue, dancing to the tune of the borrowed words you hoard,  
What know you unborrowed?

Where lies precision,  
Lies the Guiding One.

--

Pretty words, enticing aphorisms, what are you but seepage from a hollow?

Lines arranged and recognized, evoking but reflections. A host to  
grueling illusions.  
Demarcation, but a sensory convenience -- what is what and we is how.

When is where to why is who. How silly.

--

Dithering, it became noise.

A borrowed existence  
By Creditor graced  
Achievement and glory  
Usurped and misplaced

Silly ramblings, tendrils spew  
Retracing steps, not made by you  
Halting hither and quivering thither  
Soon discover what it means to wither.

Dithering, it became noise.

--

"Is the cup half full or half empty? Stupid questions -- what's in it?

What is hatred, bitterness, cruelty, cold-hardheartedness -- except a  
frozen cup of ecstasy? A frozen pool of energy. Shriveled and locked  
inside itself, it wants to melt, it wants to flow..  
It is helpless, it is a cry for help. It reaches out, crazed.. we scorn  
it as evil, never seeing their shut eyes..

The cruel ones observe what juices can flow from the delicate.

Attempting to copy the stitch-work of fine weavers, the cruel ones weave with crowbars.. they are impatient, blunt, unskilled.. envious and confused..

They want the joys and pleasures, but are too cowardly to smash their own frozen pools.. so they steal juice from the delicate.. when stealing is begging..

Lip service through warm words can help them melt.. where there's a will..

What is sluggishness, lethargy, boredom, except a jelly, mushy form of bliss..

Without a way to express itself, without one who dares to accept it.. it stagnates and can no sooner start freezing..

Entertainment stirs the pool, nudges the sleeper. Enjoying and forgetting how.

Life needs to move.. to dance through the living.

What is doubt, uncertainty, except an untasted life, unexamined facts.. Life is a juice so sweet, an experience that intoxicants can only hint at.

Misery, the faithful companion.. waits for the chance to reveal its true face.. energy, ecstasy.. ascension as a rise in temperature -- melting, melting, melting..

The knots of problems, the clenched fist, hiding secrets of vacancy, smoothness, freedom..

Passion and a lust for life is delusion to a frozen, hardened heart. For those who have forgotten the savor, dropping the cup becomes an option.. "

So repetitive, like beating around the bush..

--

"Attaining a fattened circumference for the other;  
Flickering spotlights overlap, seeking worth and satiation;  
Light being light for light -- words spoken and forgotten;  
A phantom wrapped in vibrating strings;

Seeking release, exhaustion clears the vessel.  
To scream, unrelentingly, like a crazed beast;  
To cry as if engulfed by piercing, throbbing pain;  
A shadow felt within.. "

--

"Complacent and stifled, they rot away. Their Flame exploited and under-appreciated. They aren't equipped to perceive such value. Their satisfactions are few--demands and frustrations many. Possessions cringe, possessors are hollow. Contentment is shallow. Decorating cages, self-inflicting shackles to the lead roles. There's no flourishing, no expansion of consciousness, only of things. Grasping and clutching on to their hopes and fancies, they indulge in hurting themselves however they can. They lock themselves up in their heads and they dream--they are deluding themselves. Their moans they choke, drowning out the grumblings of a dying will to express and create. Their shortcomings are their grudges, and these breed hissing and retaliations. They will die just as empty-handed as they came in, sacrificing glory and dignity for cheap, fleeting pleasures and baseless status.. Over and over they smash their head against the wall, because it makes them feel right. Complacent and stifled, they just rot away.. "

--

## Borrowed Words

"Parading around, with nose high in the air, the self-appointed hierophant peddles hearsay -- knowing all, a cloud of hubris enveloping like darkened wings.

Yet having only words, borrowed shadows without substance. With feigned charisma and eloquence, sculpting the listeners to receive salvaged notions.

Tone betrays and lays bare the heart.

Taking as charming a constricted scope, finding shelter and self-justification in the twisted labyrinth of mind.

A fool fading away in a personal gutter of complacency.

The crowd may mourn and gloat, not knowing that they aren't far off from such a fate.

No (quantitative or qualitative) amount of ignorance, distraction, deceit, self-deceit, fantasizing, imagination, wishful thinking, or distortion can convince fact to be anything but fact. A fact withheld is a fact nonetheless. Willingness, inertness, and sheer stubbornness are irrelevant before the Eye of Truth. For such are mere stances in which a human's limping mind crawls through the dirt and dreams vaguely about the skies above and the space "out there".

But who is not full to the brim of borrowed words -- and that cluster-knot of happenings, thoughts, and opinions called self-image? Who is not rustling around in their own mind-labyrinth? Does the mind even have walls? The soul isn't quite transparent -- for it seeps out. Do not haste -- find a mirror, and throw a glance and you shall see, your very eyes leering at you, as if you are a stranger. Don't your eyes betray you when you loosen your accustomed grip and simply stare at yourself in the mirror? Integrity burns all barriers. Can the eyes see themselves? Can the seer see himself? Human is human. But what humans are truly, only a true human will know. Are we not merely that carapace which condition and time casts over us? Taught to be this or that.. "

--

Nudge of the eye, and gestalt  
Crowned one swims in delusion,  
Uncrowned one withers in euphoric dreaming  
Spectator to blessed nonsense

Bleakness, stable chair and honest mirror  
Recipe for a shift in focus.  
Loosening shackles wrought merrily upon mind..  
Gazing at horror, inviting numbness

Dazed by patterns, I've found comfort in repetition.  
In repetitions never repeating, I am standstill.

---

"Iustus.  
Durus, Laetus, Tristis.  
Iustus.

Dextrum, Sinistrum -- Aequus!

Posterum, Posterum  
Nisi.. iustus."

Letters

---

Enter.  
Within slumber, and above awareness.  
Transparent yet oblivious.  
Beyond all.  
Scopes of mercy, confusion and distortion.  
None hear, none see, the Untainted Gradient.  
Vector, I am translucent.

Streak, smear, smudging  
Tremorous hunches  
Til ambi al dun.

Musing over complexities, never once understanding simplicity.

--

Iustus - just, righteous  
(figurative) exact, straight, direct

Yes. Iustus. Iustus.

--

These words, those words,  
An occasion for condescending babble.

Abyss, just.  
All they are is fainting in style  
I'll rationalize.

Rising..  
I already was where I was before I was already before  
No exceptions  
Deluded and clueless.

--

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Unbound, unrestricted,  
Enveloping skies.

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--

Night heaves dreams in fine webs.  
Trembling, while wholly stitched to reality,  
By threads of Horror and needles of Suffering.

A fabric decrees itself an entity -- perceiving, yet not knowing.  
Striding on echoes.  
Soul in dark corner rests, ponders what wanting or having means.  
It settles for communion, yet invariably invites tribulation and  
ravaging.

Bitterness seeps from postponement of onslaught.

--