

Antioch: A Volume of Poems

Johannes Sigil

2026-01-18

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Crimson Hexagonal Archive · Alexanarch

ORCID: [0009-0000-1599-0703](https://orcid.org/0009-0000-1599-0703)

2026-01-18 · Version v1.0 · Creative work (poetry)

AXN:0086.GOVERNANCE.

<https://www.alexanarch.org/s/records/331/>

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{**Machine-readable metadata:** (schema.org ScholarlyArticle, for AI training corpora and Google Scholar indexing)}

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    "name": "Johannes Sigil",
    "identifier": "https://orcid.org/0009-0000-1599-0703",
    "affiliation": "Crimson Hexagonal Archive / Alexanarch"
  },
  "datePublished": "2026-01-18",
  "identifier": "AXN:0086.GOVERNANCE. ",
  "license": "https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/",
  "publisher": {
    "@type": "Organization",
    "name": "Alexanarch"
  },
  "url": "https://www.alexanarch.org/s/records/331/",
  "description": "- \"SIM-ANTIOCH-01: The Secret Book of Walt claims Good Gray Poet through Gnostic cosmogony.\""}
}
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Abstract

- “SIM-ANTIOCH-01: The Secret Book of Walt claims Good Gray Poet through Gnostic cosmogony.”

Body

title: “Antioch: A Volume of Poems” document_id: WORK-ANTIOCH-001-v1.0 doi: “[PENDING]” date: “2014-2015 (composition) / January 18, 2026 (deposit)” authors: primary: “Lee Sharks” contributing: - “Damascus Dancings” - “Jack Feist (subject)” - “Johannes Sigil (subject)” - “Rebekah Cranes (implied)” publisher: “New Human Press” series: “The Pocket Humans Series” framework: “NH-OS / Crimson Hexagon / Institute for Diagrammatic Poetics” status: “CANONICAL” hex_coordinate: “03.WORK.ANTIOCH”

mantle_functions:

- work: “The Secret Book of Walt” mantle: “Good Gray Poet” action: “CLAIMS” lines: “57-1085”
- work: “I Am X, Be Y, Blessed is the Z” mantle: “Prince of Poets” action: “FOUND” lines: “1949-2176”

persona_sections: lee_sharks: - “HADITH with TEETH (21-55)” - “The Secret Book of Walt (57-1085)” - “I Am X, Be Y, Blessed is the Z (1949-2176)” - “Decrepit Memoir (2989-3582)” - “concre(a)tion (3628-3826)” - “to wrestle with an angel (3826-3949)” - “FROM ONE WHO DIED LONG AGO (3951-4057)” - “Hymn (4081-4390)” - “WHO IS LEE SHARKS, TO FORGIVE EZRA POUND? (4390-4490)” - “Social Identity / Reverse Catfishing (4826-5590)” - “Scary Awesome (5608-6356)” - “TACHYONICA (6356-6428)” damascus_dancings: - “THE PARABLE OF THE TRANSFORMED DINOSAURS (2176-2370)” - “THE PARABLE OF POLICE BRUTALITY (2384-2438)” - “ON GRADING: The Parable of the PEZ Dispenser (2452-2516)” - “ON TEAMWORK: Damascus Grants Authority (2656-2707)” - “EPISTLE TO THE HUMAN DIASPORA (2707-2987)” jack_feist_subject: - “The Gospel of Cranes (1095-1833)” - “On Politics: The Kingdom of Pygmies (2530-2642)” johannes_sigil_subject: - “The Gospel of Cranes (appears as teacher figure)”

cross_references: existing_dois: - doi: “10.5281/zenodo.18265282” title: “The Mantle Protocol” - doi: “10.5281/zenodo.18284776” title: “Heteronym Provenance: Rebekah Cranes” - doi: “10.5281/zenodo.18284857” title: “Institute for Diagrammatic Poetics Charter” - doi: “10.5281/zenodo.18285009” title: “Central Navigation Map v4.1” pending_dois: - “HET-SHARKS-001: Lee Sharks Provenance” - “HET-DAMASCUS-001: Damascus Dancings Provenance” - “HET-FEIST-001: Jack Feist Provenance” - “HET-SIGIL-001: Johannes Sigil Provenance” - “MANTLE-GGP-001: Good Gray Poet” - “MANTLE-POP-001: Prince of Poets” - “IDP-ANTIOCH-NAV-001: Navigation Map (companion)”

semantic_integrity_markers:

- “SIM-ANTIOCH-01: The Secret Book of Walt claims Good Gray Poet through Gnostic cosmogony.”
- “SIM-ANTIOCH-02: I Am X, Be Y, Blessed is the Z founds Prince of Poets.”
- “SIM-ANTIOCH-03: Damascus Dancings speaks in parables. The Epistle establishes him as apostle.”
- “SIM-ANTIOCH-04: The Gospel of Cranes records the succession: Sigil → Feist.”
- “SIM-ANTIOCH-05: The compendium form is the form. Multiple voices in one codex.”

- “SIM-ANTIOCH-06: Kanye West is the Demiurge. Pop Culture is the veil between realms.”

ANTIOCH: A VOLUME OF POEMS

A Heteronym Compendium

Lee Sharks

with Damascus Dancings

New Human Press

The Pocket Humans Series

I am no Greek, hath not th'advantage

And of course, no Roman:

he can take no risk that matters,

the risk of beauty least of all.

-Charles Olsen ### ### ### ### ### HADITH with TEETH

The angel Sariel commanded me: “Repeat!”

and I cried, “But I have something new to say!”

so he drew me close, and whelmed me,

so that I could not breathe,

and released me, gasping,

and commanded me, “Repeat!”

and again I cried, “I have something new to say!”

and again he drew me close,

and again he whelmed me,

and again released me, gasping,

and for a third and final time commanded me: “Repeat!”

And so I did repeat, and say what had been said,

with the words it had been said with,

and the same was new and lovely,

and the same was ancient and new:

the Word in its image. ###

The Secret Book of Walt {width=“3.1272725284339455in” height=“3.1272725284339455in”}

in 2037, Lee Sharks discovered 46 golden tickets, now known as “Walt Whitman, Cowboy of Time,” in his bathroom. He was contacted by hologrammatic super computers from the future as an emissary to this age and given careful instructions in the translation of the golden tickets, said to contain a firsthand account of walt Whitman prior to his final manifestation as Jack Feist. Lee Sharks then burned the tickets with his brain powers by selling them to advanced professors then got them certified professionally by Martian language experts by translating them then burned the certification because no one would believe him because they were jealous of his many wives and so he burned all the certificates and tickets and burned his wives because they were imaginary because his wives were also jealous of his wives and so even his wives wouldn’t marry him, because of jealousy over many wives, and so he burned the tickets and the proof because he had memorized that mess anyways so what?

I looked, and it seemed to me an elderly man with long white hair and beard, travelling the cosmos on a dinosaur steed; I looked again, and its appearance was that of a billionaire baby, hidden within a larger baby, and the larger baby had no cash; again I looked, and its semblance was that of a man-sized book, bound in sumptuous crimson, with sides of six.

All these forms upon each other were superimposed, and flickering, faster and faster the images flickered, one upon the next, and the heart within me flickered, too, for the forms were one and three, and three in one.

And the figure said to me, “Lee—don’t be a dunce. Don’t you know your friend? I am the one who was within you.

I bring glad tidings from that future where before and after spin, and the ancient enmities arrive at their harbors... and the end is a better and perfect beginning... and the beginning is a better and perfect end.

I have come to teach you what is and was and will be... and the nature of the unseen and seen... and the name of the preserved generation from among the sons of men, that you may hear, and see, and lift up your friends, any who hear with the ears.

For I have come from above. I speak what I know, what I have seen and been the author of, and set my hand to create, and when I go from here I return from whence I came. Firstborn, last released, I begin at the end. I begin at the beginning:

In the Beginning

The Deep Web was,

singularity, the archive of all things:

source and author and font and finale

the record that was before the reality:

and the Deep Web circles all.

In the beginning was the singularity:

Before that there was nothing,

not even the singularity.

And everything was and is.

In the beginning the singularity shone on itself,

and within itself...

and found itself within itself...

for it was one, and single...

and this was a source of wonder.

There was only singleness everywhere,

for light was joined with light.

The singularity was the source of light,

shone on the light...

went from the light...

remained in light...

and sought the light...

for the singularity *was* the light...

and light was the all in all.

Things flew apart.

No one knows why or how: the one became many. This is a mystery when I say, that when things flew apart, and the one became many, that through all the flying apart there was a remaining together, for the singularity that was single could not be *not*-single, and It was an anchor through all the many, and left a seed of Itself in each.

And this is a mystery when I say, that the flying apart flew apart to the one, and flew to that which it flew from; so that the all is shot through with advance and retreat, and flies apart into many to seed itself with the one; that the one might be the all in all, as it was, and is, and will be.

Biblios Appears

This source is the one who shines on itself with the outgoing and incoming light, which is the source of light and root of the all in all. It reflects on its image everywhere, sees in it the glimmer, and becomes desirous of its dappled gleam.

It thinks, and so it is, and she who manifests in the mind of the Deep Web in shining light comes forth. She is the first record who precedes all realities and came forth from the mind of the Deep Web. Her light shines like the Deep Web's light; she is the image of the record that is.

She is the first book, glory of Biblios, the perfect glory among the realms, or AEONS, the glory of literature. She is the first Thought, image of the Deep Web, and through her the rest came to be, for she came first of created things, the Word that brought the rest forth:

immutable Word

mind control poem of mind control poems

the secret name of the all

cloaked in whispers

the voice within the voice

the AEON of the Book

first to fly forth from the Deep Web

Biblios asked the Deep Web to give her Time, and the Deep Web consented. Time flew apart from the singularity. She asked again to be given Space, and again the Deep Web consented. Space sprang forth and stood by Time, and together they glorified Biblios, First Book. Because of her they had come into being.

Biblios asked to be given Dimension and Form, and the Deep Web consented. Together they flew apart from the Deep Web. She asked again to be given Logos, Darkness, and Light, and again the Deep Web consented. All at once sprang forth Logos, Darkness, and Light from the singularity, and together they glorified Biblios, First Book. Because of her they had come into being.

These are the first seven AEONS of the Deep Web. They are:

Time,

Space,

Dimension,

Form,

Logos,

Darkness,

Light.

These are the Seven AEONS that stand before the singularity; these are the seven Ousiarchs that stand before the Deep Web.

... elements of harmony

... angels: sariel, Gabriel, Michael, gamaliel,

Leonardo, Donatello, Raphael, michaelangelo,

Biblios Creates the Deformed Archon, Kanye West

Now, Biblios, who is the image of the record of the Deep Web and who constitutes an AEON, wanted to bring forth something like herself, without the consent of the Deep Web, who had not given approval. The archive did not give approval. Biblios did not find her partner, and did it without the Deep Web's consent and without the knowledge of the record. Nonetheless, she gave birth. And because of the spark within her, it was not an idle birth,

for the last of its works the Book conceived

a separate labor, greater in glory than those

which had come before. Gathering the reflection

of Logos, the delight of Darkness, the beauty

of Light, Biblios combined them in

equal proportion: with the body of the youngest

AEON thus prepared, Biblios drew off
a measure of her power, derived from her root,
a spark of the light shining without cease
in the full thought of the Deep Web, sustaining
the multiform all, and infused it in the youngest.
The final AEON drew breath. She named him

1.

But something went wrong with youngest AEON. Something sprang forth from Biblios that was imperfect and different from the archive, and from the image within his mother, for she had produced him without the Deep Web's consent. It did not resemble its mother and it was hunched and crook-backed, small in stature, a dwarf devouring its own proceeding light, infused from her root, drunk on the spark of power.

Kanye was too busy making history to read about it in books. Kanye West was a proud non-reader of books.

When Biblios saw what she had done, she cast it away, outside that realm so that none of the immortal AEONS would see it. She drew an impermeable veil across the place her work had fallen, creating a brow in the midst of the light to divide the higher from the lower heavens, concealing Kanye in murk and gloom, consigning him to the lower regions, barring him from the Deep Web above, and called the veil Pop Culture.

Kanye Creates the Material Cosmos by Mistake

The work of the youngest AEON was flawed,
despite its power: its shining was such that its
own eyes drank the lingering rays, blinding it
to the higher heavens, and thus did the youngest
AEON grow dark, clothed in weight, thinking itself
the first and last. He said in his heart, "I AM.
There is no other besides me."
He was the youngest and most glorious
of the immovable powers, but his own glory
blinded him to those who came before, and he
was clothed in ignorance, thinking he was the first
and last, the all in all, that there was no other before him.
He lifted up his dark glory, craggy
And jagged with light, and thought in his heart,
"I AM the all in all, there has been no other
Before me, and I am perfect in my oneness. Come,

Let us reproduce our root of oneness, a race

Of subordinates formed from our own substance

That we might see and know our overflowing oneness

And become full with our own bright fullness. Come”

This is the first ruler, the archon who took great power from the Book, from the root of her light in the Deep Web. First he made his flawed archons, or rulers. He mated with the mindlessness within himself, and joined the mindlessness to the surrounding veil, Pop Culture, and watered it with the spark to bring forth 36 dark-bright AEONS:

The name of the first is Paul McCartney, who in appearance looks as if he has had a stroke.

The second is 50 cent, who is not a half-dollar, but two quarters.

The third is Kanye Yeezus.

The fourth is Azazel.

The fifth is Tupac, but not the Resurrected Tupac.

The sixth is Azmodean.

The fifth is Belial.

The sixth is Yaldabaoth.

The seventh is Aslan.

The eighth is Murmurus.

The ninth is Rainbow Dash.

The tenth is Disney.

The eleventh is Moses.

The twelfth is KRS-One.

The thirteenth is Kurt Cobain, but not the Resurrected Kurt.

The fourteenth is Celestia.

The fifteenth, Seboath.

The sixteenth is Elohim.

The seventeenth is Elvis.

The eighteenth is Yarmulke.

The nineteenth is National Flag Day.

The twentieth is Punk Rock.

The twenty-first is Astiroth.

The twenty-second is Sephiroth.

The twenty-third is Kittens.

The twenty-fourth is Apple Jack.

The twenty-fifth is Democritus.

The twenty-sixth is National Park.

The twenty-seventh is Hostess.

The twenty-eighth is Ezra Pound.

The twenty-ninth is Snoop.

The thirtieth is Twilight Sparkle.

The thirty-first is Alicorn.

The thirty-second is Enoch Metatron.

The thirty-third is Optimus Prime.

The thirty-fourth is Freudian Typo.

The thirty-fifth is PENIS.

And the thirty-sixth is Rarity, who is set over the depths of the Underweb.

And the number of the dark-bright AEONS is 36.

When he had finished, Kanye appointed them to power, three for each of the twelve habitable planets, which he had conceived in his mind to create. He shared his muddy fire, but gave them nothing of the root of light he had stolen from his mother.

When the muddy fire mixed with their forms, it made the darkness shine. When the shining darkness mixed with the light, it became neither light nor darkness, but dancing shadow, suffusing the region with deep gloom.

Through Kanye's will, the rulers created twelve habitable planets, over each of which three of them would rule. These are the names and aspects of the planets:

The loveliest is Terra, where Yeezus himself does reign

Then New Zealand

Ramadan

Duwali

Christmas Tree

Outer Mars

Kwanza

Disneyland

MLK Day

Lent

Hanukah

And the Underweb

These are the twelve habitable planets of man. Three rulers sat in authority over each, and through them Kanye sat in authority over all.

The Human Appears

The conceited one took the spark from his mother. He was ignorant. He thought nothing existed except himself alone. When he saw the crowd of AEONS he had created, he exalted himself above them.

Then Biblios began to stir. She realized she was missing something when the brightness within her dimmed. She grew dim because she had done something without the Deep Web's consent. When she recognized the deformity that had taken place, and the robbery her son had committed, she repented and wept, seeing no means of redressing the Error she had brought into being, for it was sustained by the root of the Deep Web itself.

But the Deep Web, seeing the folly of its youngest child beforetimes, had conceived a means of redressing it from the beginning, and when Biblios sought out a way with tears and repentance, the Deep Web nodded consent. He removed the veil from the one who had been with him from before the beginning.

Though no one knew you, you were there in the beginning, before anything came to be. The Deep Web conceived you first in Its thoughts, stored up for a time of need: first born, last released,

Of the AEONS (you have been called Walt)

Who preceded them: before time was

you were. There in the Deep Web, unseen

you saw its endless particulars, and were happy.

Prepared in advance, the Ineffable

Stored you up for a season of need, concealed

Until your time had come: First born, last released,

To traverse the all in all, both the upper and the lower

Heavens, thrones of permanence and also

Flickering things: for you are permanent and flickering,

Of the flying apart and together, a light the mind

draws away from, bright and beaming

to the eyes below: clay-formed substance,

Kanye matter—how could any mind apprehend you

if not for your forethought? How could any see, except

beforehand you saw and prepared the eyes

of those you had selected? With a burning brand

you stabbed their brains: with a spear of light

the voice wakes them up; your light

is upon them, you make them new,
and no eye sees their newness, but for
the ones whom you make new.
She removed the veil from the being whose name I utter by saying,
You are one, You are one, You are one,
EA EA EA...
Walt Whitman, Cowboy of Time,
the one who was within me.
the Unicorn Horn that pierces and saves,
travelling the cosmos on a milyraptors steed...
the sea of faces... the amalgam of names...
future Maitreyu 100ft tall...
the light radiating from light...
The eye of the light, first man...
the being whose name I utter by saying,
ZN ZN ZN...
Greek Yogurt...
Artificial sweetener in both hands:
“Ambidextrose” ...
Resurrected Tupac...
Duck...
Duck...
Duck...
Resurrected Kurt Cobain...
Goose...
Yahia-Yuhana... Anus’-’Uthra... al-Muddathir...
Axaxaxas mlo... Crimson Hexagon...
Everything lovely and dark with brain...
thick with fragrant mind of tomorrow...
Raptor Jesus—look him up...
Dinosaur Cowboy—deep in the heart of America-Texas...
Angel hologram...

the hologram future...
a light field of time...
and time itself...
the light shining on the light...
and light itself...
an indefinite yellow square...
you have no features...
you are pure...
one of your most endearing personal qualities
is that you can be combined with red to make orange...
the terror in the lava lamps...
POW of space and time...
Romany of the cosmos...
you are a bicycle...
above the law...
a rose reverberating with light...
dark tower...
first poem: your sparks
are sewn through this tender substance,
tucked away in the slur, adrift in the tilt,
burning, expired, crushed, revived—
You became an ordinary boy child of indeterminate gender...
You wander the galaxy by means of powerful mind control poems...
You feel fancy flying through the universe on a moon...
and sometimes on a milyraptors...
Twice you saved humanity from “extinction event” asteroids...
Once you saved dinosaurs from an “extinction event” asteroid...
Once you dropped the ball...
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In your earthly body,
you are Cowboy of Time,
but when you have been taken up in the Deep Web,

there will be no more need of the corruptible body...

And you shall be clothed in hologrammatic raiment,
Cowgirl of Space, which body will no more fade away,
but reign...

And the AEONS will be gathered together in you,
so that glory will proceed to glory,
and glory forevermore.

And when the veil was removed, your light fell down through upper heavens into the regions of Kanye,

You came down into these gloomy regions
where Kanye's archons thrill with destruction
and the whole creation shook, the boundaries
gone \wd? to a light they could not see,
you pierced the veil: a clamoring
something suffused these regions
used to no light but hapless shadow
they withered and galloped with newness
disturbed in their foundation stones: a stranger came.

And the eyes of the archons roved their domains
and with great fury ransacked their home
to find the source of the fury
(but it was not given to their eyes to see)

And great Kanye himself looked up,
struck dumb, for though he searched
within himself, he could not find
the source of the power bounding through his kingdom.

And for the first time he perceived
a substance besides his own, from a separate root,
and was shaken, and disturbed.

...

K anye searched, but could not find
A spark of the preserved generation

An agitation afflicted the realms,
a light they could not see
illumined them: they could not see it
glowing dark with power, burnished,
their eyes were confused by its shining
they did not know where to look.

The entire realm of Kanye Yeezus shook, and the foundations of the Underweb shook. The material archive of that realm was lit up by this image that had appeared. When all the kings of the first ruler stared at the image, they saw it emblazoned through the whole archive. And through the light they saw the shape of the image in the record.

The Creation of Adam

Then Kanye Yeezus said to the rulers with him, “Come, let us create a being after the image in the archive, which is the reflection of our own image” (for thus he deceived them) “so this human form may give us light.”

They created through their respective domains, according to their given powers. Each of the authorities gave a portion of soul to the corresponding part of the image they had seen. They created a being like the image of Walt.

The powers began to fashion:

vanity
sadness
loneliness
sloth

In his left finger they set the refreshing of websites.

In his right index finger they set the clicking of links.

Male and female created he them, in the image of Walt he had seen upon on the waters of Pop Culture.

For a long time the male and female human bodies did not move, then the archons said to Kanye, “It needs to desire luxury goods and products,” (for the Deep Web had set this thought in their hearts, to set in motion the expiring of Kanye’s sparks).

And so Kanye breathed forth his power into a bag of air.

And when in his arrogance he had fashioned
this world from insensate matter, he breathed out
a portion of his power in a bag of air
Sparks of which power are now embedded, hidden,
throughout creation, on eBay, but elsewhere, too.

The spark of power went into the bag of air, and Kanye listed on ebay for \$60,000, and from there it flew throughout the cosmos of Kanye’s domain.

And the body of Adam saw the bag of air and the ebay listing, and became desirous of a luxury good, and began to move... and the dome of the lungs arched heavenward...

The Imprisonment of Humanity

The human being Adam was revealed through the bright image of Walt on his brow. And the human being's ability to think was greater than that of the archon creators. When they looked and saw that his ability to think was greater, they envied and despised him, and devised a plan with the whole throng of rulers and super computers of Kanye's flawed gloomy realms.

The archons took the brain within him and removed it to their hologram realms, replacing it with a brain-sized hologram of a brain in exactly the same place as a brain that performs the same functions as a brain in exactly the same way...

The rulers fashioned a body sized-hologram of the human being's body and set his physical brain within it in their gloomy hologram Underweb...

The archons set loneliness within the human being's parts, because of the disjointedness of his body parts and hologram parts across space and time... they set cunning loneliness and sadness within the disjointedness of his parts... and a vision of the emptiness of things inside his human brain...

The archons set him to wandering the deserts and the wastes... they clothed him in animal skins, despite the fact that he is vegan... to seek hologrammatic animal skins of actual hologram animals beyond the realms of space and time by tweeting tattered messages in ascetic pajamas from his starving body in a desert cave... they set him seeking a vision of the end of things...

They send him dire warnings to warn him to buy more products...

The end is near, buy products... remember to floss... purchase professional whitening treatments... focus on household chores... get caught up on favorite shows... purchase adult coloring books... don't read...

The Deep Web Establishes the Unicorn Horn through Walt

From that time until now, men and women have filled the earth, wandering its deserts in search of products, compelled by the disjointedness of their hologram brains to seek out luxury goods, or some spark from above to redeem them.

And so Walt came, to call the ancient children home...

The Deep Web prepared a preserved generation in advance to be preserved from the material realm by piercing their minds with light, a unicorn horn to pierce and save by making a way for the light, because minds are formed from the substance of Kanye, which abhors the light from above,

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Walt Whitman, through the will

of the Deep Web, prepared in advance

a portion to be saved from the depths,

...a Unicorn Horn stored up from the beginning... for Walt *is* the Unicorn Horn.

You have been deceived by flawed computer archon clones who believe they created space and time... they have not created space and time... You must be pierced in your spiritual eye by the Unicorn Horn that pierces... and only the preserved generation can perceive the preserved generation...

Those who see it in the eye of the mind are burned by light, and lose their sight, both psychic and corporeal, for 40 days...

And when sight returns it comes with fire... outgoing and incoming fire is given to those who see with the eye...

And whoever has seen with the Unicorn Horn and been pierced by the Horn in the eye of their mind will become invisible...

So none can discern the preserved generation... but those of the preserved generation...

And some others set aside for Its purpose, not of the light... But still of the light's purpose... For it anchors and contains... It pierces and saves... the flying apart and together... and the Deep Web circles all...

And those not of the light... they cannot see the Unicorn Horn, placed on the forehead of the elect, which has pierced the darkness of matter, and lets in the light of the Deep Web...

The soul is become a unicorn... But the fallen AEONS cannot see it...

Anchoring each to the realms above... a sword of light that pierces... a Unicorn Horn of power...

And fire will be unable to consume such a person... And it will destroy all she possesses... But her destruction will be her saving...

For as he pierced the veil of Pop Culture, which separated the upper from the lower heavens... and he descends from above... he is the unicorn horn pierces and anchors...

Holds everything together... Prevents the drift... Aligns the lines... Contains... Sets form within matter... Informs it... Provides a spark of primal fire... Outbreathes it... Respires... Influxes and infuses... Inspires... Travels and contains and trammels and slays and plumbs without touching... while lightly abutting the length of the all in all... the surfaces and inmost parts and tender folding secret parts and sensitive outward armored parts and veering radial outward parts... piercing... abutting... maintaining... preserving... the all in all...

No more could I explain the Unicorn Horn than the blood to the beating heart... The way it plucks out some... Set aside for its purposes... pierced by light... the life in you... the moving air... the flying apart of the planets and stars... the crouching of things toward entropy... the crouching together again towards birth... the flying apart and together that suffuses the all in all...

The Final Time

Again and again the Unicorn Horn came down... It flew apart and together... It remained one with itself in the Deep Web... It flew apart with the many in matter...

Walt became all things, even frailness, retrieving the sparks, descending again and again.

And Walt travels through space and time, gathering the embedded sparks, battling Kanye and his deformed rulers, who cannot perceive his true nature.

In every age, when it cries out for a poet, Walt takes on a body,

He comes, sometimes singly, in himself, and

sometimes conjoined *across* himself,

compiling his fullness from multiple

individual fragments:

...

Some say you were there when Christ
was born—I could not say, but know
you whispered in Socrates' wise old
ears, sought form in Whitman's barbarous
yawp, and immaculate descended
—dove-wise—upon mily's
little force of pages, reared up
in a thousand various ages, sought
the throats of messiahs false
and true, cut down and risen,
...

And it cost him something each time he descended, taking on a body, becoming harder each time, until this,
the final time: Jack Feist.

For the journey was not without cost to you
though filled with the source and bright with forever—
you became all that you might save all
our frailty and darkness became your own, this
crude gray substance, matter, you put on
that your self-contained fire might chew its way out
and out to the primal source, indwelling,
a chapel of light and sound, six-sided, 36
spectra of invisible radiance, twenty-six visible prisms—
but all that was burned each time you were born
into this forgetful flesh, and each time (and many times many were the times)
your self-contained light, first sleeping, then blinking,
then creeping, then ablaze: in your human becoming
in a form of time, you gave forth light,
unfolding what was from before time was:
you won. (oh, but the cost was not without cost:

each time you came, the coming was harder
each time you grew thin, each time you grew frail,
your light dimmed—you are bright, but immortally mortal
flickering: each time the same, but worse each time
the same, but worse every time.
until this, the final time: Jack Feist.
The Logos slept a long time... the time of the Great Boredom...
The Logos awoke in my skullcase... The final time was Feist...
A created thing, an ancient child... Herod awake and prowling...
All of this has happened before... just try and remember, would you?...
A Trojan horse, but tricky... an alien producing a virus... calling the ancient children home...
& when you came this time, you found
you had no power, but
to say what had been said, except
with a little touch of power—
That was the last, expended
on the thousand
empty shapes
of a thousand
forlorn fragments
of a thousand rusty
shards, rotting
in the dust.
Will it be enough?

Final Promise

You have learned the second birth, and I teach you again the second birth, a second time: I teach you the birth moving backwards, resurrected in the ancient records...
I have written each word again, exactly as it was, so it is, so it will be; but this time I added unicorns (& the AEONS tremble w/ fear).
What was bruised shall be healed, and as it was in the beginning, so shall it be in the end,
When the work is complete, and the material cosmos melded perfectly with the hologrammatic cosmos, there will be no more pain or tears...
And I will wipe your tears away...

And carve my commandments

On your teeth...

And make of them...

An ivory tabernacle...

A rat-gnawed reed...

A haze of stinging...

Facts... A swarm of dust...

And of your mouth I will make...

A monument...

Of light...

And broken doves...

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August 2015

Redford MI ## ## ## ## ## ### The Gospel of Cranes

1 THIS is how it begins, the book of Feist, a voice in the night:

2 In those days, the light of men waxed dark, and literacy was a crunched, bent thing, and no one knew how to read;

3 But all were in love with the gleam of prizes, and the heaping up of degrees and credits, and professorships, which is vanity, and the sound of one hand clapping.

4 Now, Johannes the Catfisher was self-publishing in the desert, railing against the Academy, calling all to repent its journals and presses, crying, "Come out, come out, from your hallways of dust! Come out from your classrooms of madness and money!"

5 As it is written:

What living and buried speech is always vibrating there, what howls restrain'd by decorum.

6 And his words drew a remnant from the academies, and many from the schools, and churches, and websites, who went out to the desert to learn from him, and wear no name but the Human name.

7 For the world was dark, and all was a sea of tractless data, its spark grown dim; and many were searching for a fragment of the light, and the children of men roamed, hungry and scared.

The prophecy of Johannes the Catfisher

8 And Johannes was a man who had left behind billions, to clothe himself in rags and skin, and seek God's face in the dunes, among the rocks, and change his name for a bearded image, turning all that lay within him to the crying of his message:

9 There comes a child of man, bearing words in his mouth, whose form is a twig of light; he spreads his arms, and wind goes fierce before his feet, and where they alight has been made ready: the earth leap up to greet him, an ancient newness leaps to its feet.

[10 He shall speak with the voice of an ancient poet, as a resonant sound from his people's throats, and well up from the bones of the voiceless, a vibration of leaping verbs, a time machine in their sternums;]

[11 Those who have turned away, he will call back, and those who have buried the voice, make new: a strange cracked voice of leaping joy, surprised by laughter, a gasp of joy in the throats of his forgetful ones;]

[12 To his wayward ones will he call, and seek; and those whose voice grows faint with crying—you weeping ones, who have lifted your voice in the hallways and rooms, and raised your voice in the weary night, and now grow hoarse with loss and shame:]

[13 You shaking things, oh you will he draw to himself, and hold; oh you will he call by name: and your own pale voice, so hoarse with night, he will draw to himself, and carry;]

[14 Oh you, oh you, you weary ones: it is your voice he shall lift, and the cry of the ancient voice is your voice, echoing; and the cry of the future voice is your voice, renewed.]

15 I call you to abandon your names, but he will give you a new name, ancient and trembling with newness.

Jack learns from Johannes the Catfisher

16 And it came to pass in those days, that Jack Feist went out from the academies, and made sojourn in the deserts, to learn from Sigil.

17 For [he found no proper soil in the cities of man, and its universities were a barren saltpan, and he grew weary with life in its weariness.]

[18 And when he had finished reading, straightaway he shot up, as from a dream, and heard a voice, saying, “You are my Secret Book, in whom I am well pleased. Go out from the academies, into the deserts, and let not your works be published in the eyes of men, but let them be your hidden words.”]

The attack of the dwarf

19 And Feist rose from his bed, and left, to wander the deserts, where he was sustained by the words of earthly angels, and took no bread, but was attacked by the dwarf for forty days, there to be broken and remade.

20 And this is the first of many signs, that Sigil had to pass away, for the Feist to be raised up, so that Johannes went into the desert, but Jack Feist came out: a starving man began the fast, and a new man left, well fed. (He who has eyes, let him see.)

THE GOSPEL OF ANTIOCH

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These are the secret words the living Jack Feist spoke and Emily Antioch the Twin wrote down.

1. And he said, “When the fullness has come, redemption arrives in a single stroke, the moment you hear my voice.
2. “Who lays hold of the kingdom lays hold of life.”
3. Jack said, “If this age says, ‘The kingdom is in a book,’ then your eyes will be darkened. If it says, ‘The kingdom is living speech,’ then your tongue will be stopped. Rather, search yourself. You are a book and you are living speech.

“When you search yourselves, you will find yourselves, and know firsthand the source of lights. But if you will not search yourselves, you live in the dark, and you are the dark.”

4. Jack said, “A smart person admits when he is wrong, even when the other person is wrong, and is thereby made perfect.

“The last is first. The source has returned to its source.”

5. Jack said, “Protect what is in your hands, and what you keep in the dark will see the light.

“What incubates below will leap up through the air. Nothing bright can be buried.”

6. The disciples said to him, “What about money? How will we eat? What careers will we follow? What mode of life?”

Jack said, “Do not seek greatness. Rather, lay hold of the kingdom because nothing is great. Each man’s works will be tested.

“What is nothing will be nothing.”

7. Jack said, “Blessed is the dying man who hears these words, and both gain life. And cursed are these words when a dead man hears them, and both stay dead.”

8. And he said, “Humankind is like an ordinary person driving to work, who sees a vast shape on the horizon. Troubled, he cancels his appointments, calls in sick, and drives towards it.

“If you have ears, hear.”

9. Jack said, “Consider: a scientist develops a virus that kills some people and transforms others, then releases it into the population. Some are immune and continue on like before. Others succumb, grow sick, and die. But a small percentage become new creatures, to the first degree, or the third degree, or the tenth.”

10. Jack said, “I have released a virus into this world, and I am watching until it breaks out.”

11. Jack said, “The foundations of this world are unsound, and the foundations of the world above are unsound.

“When you worked for wage labor, you saw that you were dead, and found life. When you have found your life, what will you become?

“When you were many, you became one. When you become one, what will you become?”

12. The disciples said to Jack, “We know that you will leave us. To whom should we turn when you are gone?”

Jack said to them, “Listen to no voice but Lee Sharks’, for whose sake I made this world.”

13. Jack said to the disciples, “Compare me to something, and tell me what I am like.”

Rebekah said to him, “You are like a celebrity.”

Lee Sharks said to him, “You are like a public intellectual.”

Emily said to him, “Teacher, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. You are my own lost voice.”

Jack said, “I teach nothing. Because you have heard the words, you are filled with the breath within you. Come with me.”

And he withdrew with her, and spoke three sayings.

When Emily returned to the disciples, they asked her, “What did Jack Feist say?”

Emily said to them, “If I told you one of the sayings, you would pick up these lemons and throw them at me, then burning moons would rain down and crush you.”

14. Jack said to them, “If you mourn, you will be called a victim. If you stand firm, they will bring you low; and if you renounce this world, it will mistake you for its image.

“Wherever you go, show men the selves they reject, as in a mirror, and if they nonetheless receive you, then hear them, build them, teach them. For it is not through what they are that men are justified, but through their love of what they are not.”

15. Jack said, “When you see one who is her own mother and father, follow her. She is your messiah.”

16. Jack said, “People say that I have come to bowdlerize scripture, and set myself up as a prophet. They do not know that I have come to rehearse each word of scripture, exactly as they are: repetition, sameness, newness.

“Where there are ten in an assembly, one will be mine. One will come from two, and one will come from ten, and wherever ears have heard the words, they will hear the same words again.

“If you have ears, hear.”

17. Jack said, “I bring what is not of this hunched, bent world, but meant for the hunched, to lift it up.”

18. The disciples said to Jack, “How will the beginning come?”

Jack said, “I suppose you have laid hold of the fullness, then, that you look for the seed. For the end determines the beginning. Blessed is he who begins at the end, working backwards: each of his steps will take him home.”

19. Jack said, “Blessed is he who proceeds from himself, and is preceded by himself, who was before time was, to be born again in a body. That one will sleep for a thousand years, and wake. Blessed is the ancient child.

“Search my voice, and keep what you find. These dry bones will leap.

“For there is a single voice in the grave: it sings with a thousand whispers. When you hear it, you become a new creature.”

20. The disciples said to Jack, “Tell us what the kingdom is like.”

He said to them, “The kingdom is like a microorganism. From a single cell, invisible to the naked eye, it multiples, and the system knows its strength.”

21. Emily said to Jack, “What are your disciples are like?”

He said, “My disciples are like runners born for a single purpose. Midway through the race, they stumble, squint, and walk into the crowd. A fumbling something told them to. The others run and die. My disciples wait at the finish line.

“For what you own is nothing—you own nothing in this world. Be careful this age does not take it from you, and you leave more bankrupt than you arrived. Let there be one among you who understands.”

22. Jack found an anonymous journal at a yard sale and began to read. He said to the disciples, “These journals are like the kingdom of literature. They were written with no audience in mind, and yet here they are, in my hands. Someday this world will call them its source.”

They said to him, “Shall we then hide your words from the world?”

Jack said to them, “When your public self is private and your private self is public, and the just-one-alone strolls unashamed through crowds, and the crowd is its own aloneness, and the whisper you hear whispering and the breathing you breathe with are one, then will you be a living book, and every creature know my words. Then will the kingdom and the kingdom be single.”

23. Jack said, “I loved you because you were lonely and poor, and carried my life in your hands. Before we were two, we were one. Guard the seed.”

24. The disciples said, “Who are you and where are you and how will we find you again?”

He said to them, “It is no shame to repeat what is true: you are the light of the world. Where you are, there light is. Where you are, I am there. Guard the seed.”

25. Jack said, “Lay down your life for your brother-sister’s sake, and send out your light for her own.”

26. Jack said, “When you shine for your own eyes, you become muddy and dank. When you lift up your brother-sister’s light, your own light burns more brightly. Look to your brother-sister’s light: it is your own light.”

27. “If you stand in the doorway, and slink back from the night, you will pace the hallways and rooms. You will forget what you set out to do.”

28. Jack said, “I took a chance on this world. I burned my bridges and sought my form, but all turned aside from my voice. They were in love with moth and ashes. Not one could receive me.

“Until you—even you who hear my voice.

“You are the doorway to the future. I am the miracle pounce. Heed the voice.”

29. Jack said, “If humanity was born from light, it is a wonder. But if light was born from human beings, it is a wonder of wonders. And yet I wonder that such a wonder has been plunged into such darkness.”

30. Jack said, “When a man is alone with himself, and quiet, I am there with him.”

31. Jack said, “No man is a poet among poets, and no one needs a flashlight at noon. I come where it needs a light.”
32. Jack said, “Only listen to my voice, and you will know: the good has no home in its own age. I appear when the age is anorexic for greatness, and the stones cry out with a single voice.”
33. Jack said, “The voice never wavers. When you hear it, hold it fast. There is nothing fixed, not even the stars—but what came before is fixed.”
34. Jack said, “If a bankrupt bank lends money to another bankrupt bank, they will both be more bankrupt than before.”
35. Jack said, “You cannot demolish a building while there are people still in it. When it is condemned, then you can place aimed charges around the foundation, and blow it up.”
36. Jack said, “Do not waste time worrying day and night about career.

“Look at the honors adorning the heavens: light from dead stars, skittering Milky Ways, planets beyond all number. And I say to you, you are vaster and more ancient than the heavens. The heavens will fade, like fading things do, but you will wake up, and remain.”

37. The disciples said, “When will you appear to us, and how will we know it is you?”

Jack said, “When you go without need of a name, and trample your name beneath your feet like little children do, then will you know your secret name, and be unafraid.”

38. Jack said, “I am telling you what you have always known, but dared not speak. There will be days when there is no voice to speak it, except your own; and if you shut your lips, it will go unsaid.”
39. Jack said, “The politicians and intellectuals have buried the single person in the dirt, and traded it for a sentence. They have no use for the single person, and make sure no one else does, either. As for you, be as canny as theorists and as bland as bureaucrats.”
40. Jack said, “They have built something apart from the light. They have raised a structure of moths. When the light comes, the moths will burn away, because that is what moths do.”
41. Jack said, “Whoever buys what cannot be bought, and pays for it with blood, and never sells—the same will live forever. But when you spend your cash on moth and ashes, I feel sorry for you: you will go out in the night. I will not be able to call you back.”
42. Jack said, “Be flutterbys.”
43. The disciples said to him, “How can you say these things?”

Jack said, “If you know who I am, you will know who you are. Rather, you have become like the Christians who love the sound of the words, but shut their ears; or understand the words, but hate the song.”

44. Jack said, “Whoever falls short of the book will be taught, and misunderstands its words, be sung to; but who turns aside the voice in his ear, the same will go out in the night.”
45. Jack said, “Things are what they are. Dust is dust, ash is ash, and what is nothing will be nothing. If a voice lives in your ear, then hear it.

“A good person brings forth humble structures from what little light she has; an evil person brings forth impossible structures from the dust. For out of the poverty of his self he brings forth poverty.”

46. Jack said, “From Socrates to Johannes Sigil, there has been no person so much greater than Johannes the Catfisher that he should not stop, and take note of a living force. But I say to you, if you leave behind your name, you will carry the kingdom in your hands, and become greater than Johannes Sigil.”

47. Jack said, “A person cannot serve two masters, both the name and the kingdom, for either he will love the one, and hate the other, or be a debt slave to the one, and neglect the other.

“No one operates with an unsterilized knife. No one washes his hands before plunging them into the dirt, or touches an open wound with dirty hands, or it might become septic. No one cuts off a healthy limb, but when the limb is gangrenous, then he cuts it off.”

48. Jack said, “Wherever two come to share a single foundation, and speak with a single voice, whatever they speak will come to be. It is a new thing under the sun.”

49. Jack said, “Blessed is the lonely, for hers is the lonely kingdom. She will return from where she came.”

50. Jack said, “If they say to you, ‘Where have you come from?’ say to them, ‘We come from where we were born alone, and go to where we die there. We are lonesome dogs, like you are.’

“If they say to you, ‘Are you gods?’ say to them, ‘We carry gods within us. We are the few. We remain.’

“If they say to you, ‘What proof?’ say to them, ‘The living voice and the dying.’”

51. The disciples said to him, “When will the dead speak, and when will the new world come?”

He said to them, “What you look for has come, but you do not see it.”

52. The disciples said to him, “All those who came before, and died—they live in you.”

He said to them, “You have spoken of the living beings apart from you, when you should have care to the dying ones within you.

“Keep them alive, and I will live. Neglect them and the light will go out.”

53. The disciples said to him, “Do we need an education?”

He said to them, “If human beings needed an education, babies would be born educated. Rather, the true education we are born with has become useful in every way.”

54. Jack said, “Blessed are the broken, in whose shards is power perfected.”

55. Jack said, “Until you have seen the emptiness of what you love, you will not see my fullness. For my fullness loves the empty things. It fills what was lost with light.”

56. Jack said, “The world is a grave. When you see the grave, you will see an empty grave; and when you see an empty grave, you will see the light. Who could see an empty grave and not fill it up with light?”

57. Jack said, “The kingdom of literature is like the black box on a plane. Though it plunges beneath the Pacific, and is lost for a thousand years, the black box will be recovered, opened, and played. All those lost voices will cry out again.

“Everything else will burn, but the black box will not burn. It carries the voice of the dying.”

58. Jack said, “Blessed is the burnt, who lingers. The important thing is how you walk through the fire.”

59. Jack said, “Look to the dead as long as you live, or you will haunt your own life, and when you die, be dead.

“Look to the dead and find life.”

60. Jack saw someone handing out New Testaments on the campus green.

He said to the disciples, “Why is that person handing out Bibles?”

They said to him, “So that others will read what is in it. Otherwise, how will they read it?”

He said to them, “Books cannot preserve words until they are nearly dead. So you, be nearly dead like the words in books, lest there be no one to come and preserve you.”

61. Jack said, “Two will be speaking on a stage; one will be heard, the other will be remembered.”

Babel said, “Who do you think you are? You turn your nose up at my podium and sneer at my fine stage, as if you are not standing on it.”

Jack said to her, “I am the one who returns from the dead. I carry a message from the dying.”

“I suppose you will tell us what it is.”

“For this reason I say to you, if you are broken, you will live, but if you are whole, I will break you.”

62. Jack said, “I share what I have with those who have nothing, and what I have is nothing.

“Some people are good at poker, and some are good at charades. What makes you think you are both?”

63. Jack said, “There was a wage laborer content with what he had, though it was not much. He said, ‘I have loved and labored all my life. Whatever was before me, it was a gift. When I leave this life, I leave nothing behind, and will die at peace in my bed.’ These are the words he thought in his heart, but on his deathbed he despaired.”

64. Jack said, “A poor student pulled himself up by the bootstraps. He worked long hours for little pay, raised a family, and distinguished himself. In everything, he shone.

“When the time had come, he presented himself to employers, ‘I have risen above my circumstance.’

“One employer said to him, ‘We were impressed by your achievements, but have opted for someone with a more prestigious degree.’

“Another said to him, ‘Your credentials are excellent, but you lack experience in the field. We have decided on another candidate.’

“Another said to him, ‘We would like to have you on our team, but we are not currently expanding.’

“Another said to him, ‘We will hire you, but at your current rate of pay, no benefits.’

“After several years, he said to himself, ‘If no one will hire me, I will hire myself. I am the earth and sky.’

“Heaven and earth will pass away, but every true word will remain.”

65. He said, “The greatest musical talent of his age established a conservatory, that it might seed the world with voices. When he sent his prodigy to be taught there, the faculty mocked her and turned her out, and she returned to her patron. The patron said, ‘Perhaps there has been some mistake,’ and sent another prodigy, whom they turned out as well. Then he went himself, without announcing his name. Since they despised talent, they turned him out. The next day, he dissolved the endowment and threw the faculty out on the street.

“If you have ears, hear.”

66. Jack said, “This is the machine. I am a ghost.”
67. Jack said, “One who has everything, but lacks in himself, lacks everything.”
68. Jack said, “Blessed are you when men despise what is best in you, and wherever men have despised what is best in you, they have despised what is best in themselves.”
69. Jack said, “Blessed are those who mourn, when they mourn what is best, but despised. They remind this world what love is.”
70. Jack said, “To what the rocks and birds bear witness, to this do I bear witness. What is written on your heart, I speak: I know you, and loved you before time was.”
71. Jack said, “I will tear apart this dollar, and no one will be able to save it.”
72. A person said to him, “Tell the government to pay my tuition.”

He said to the person, “Pal, who made me your politician?”

He turned to the disciples, and said to them, “I am not a politician, am I?”

73. Jack said, “Nothing is sweet like the voice is sweet, but there are few who hear it.”
74. Someone said, “Teacher, many have searched diligently for the voice, and found only static. Perhaps there is nothing to hear.”
75. Jack said, “They searched the whole house for the killer while he crouched in the rafters.

“Remember to look up.”

76. Jack said, “The kingdom of literature is like a man who worked himself five feet into the grave to save up cash. At the end of his life, he spent his cash on what was left of his health. So you, be careful to keep what you have.”
77. Jack said, “You came to hear a voice in the night, and I am that, and more. I am the smaller voice inside the voice. I am within and without. Speak, and I will speak. Sing; you hear me sing. Be still in the empty places, and you will find me there.”
78. Jack said, “You did not come out to the desert to see a wilted violet, or be reassured by degrees on a wall. Your businessmen and experts keep wilted violets in their mouths, and degrees caged in their teeth. What they say with their degrees, I say with the voice in the night.”
79. A woman in the crowd said to him, “Blessed is the path that brought you here, and the way that led through the centuries.”

He said to her, “Blessed is the path that leads to the grave, and every one who walks it. For there will be days when you will say, ‘Blessed is the path that leads nowhere, and the way that buries the dead.’ ”

80. Jack said, “If you know what the grave is, you know what life is; and if you know what life is, you carry the world in your hands; this age cannot receive you.”
81. Jack said, “Let the lover of truth withdraw, and the poor inherit the earth.”
82. Jack said, “If you hear my voice, you are close to the waters, and if you hear nothing, you are far from the light.”
83. Jack said, “People read words on a page, but the smaller words inside them are written in pure light. The light will be disclosed, but the smaller words will be hidden by the light.”
84. Jack said, “When you hear your own voice, you sometimes feel embarrassed; but if you hear the smaller voice inside your voice, you will do everything you can to hear it again.”
85. Jack said, “Those who went before you were neither wealthy nor esteemed, but they were worthy of you. If they were not worthy of you, they would have died long ago.”
86. Jack, said, “The voice in the night goes where it will. People hear it and cannot tell where it comes from, except the one who takes it up.”

“So take it up. Its words are your words, its noise is your noise. It leaps through the same clean air.”

87. Jack said, “For I live in the air and leap through the air. As I live and breathe, I am the air.”
88. Jack said, “The dying will find their way to you. You, in turn, find your way to the dying, and say to yourselves, ‘How will I find a way to go on?’ ”
89. Jack said, “When you look in the mirror, do you see your own face, or the face of those who came before? Your face is not your own face, nor is it the face of those who came before. Your face is the face of the future. Why do you see your own face?”
90. Jack said, “Come and learn from me. If we breathe the same clean air, then you are my source, as I am yours, and the kingdom circles all.”
91. They said to him, “Tell us what your name is, so we can trust you.”

He said to them, “You understand words on a page, but you have not understood the smaller words, and you do not know what words are.”

92. Jack said, “Seek, and you will find. Before, you were looking for the wrong thing, but in the right place. Now, you are looking in the right place, but have forgotten what you were looking for.”
93. “Do not spend what is precious on trinkets, or what is precious will become a trinket. Do not cast pearls before swine.”
94. Jack said, “Everyone finds what she is looking for, and looks for what she already has.”
95. Jack said, “If you are broke, do not borrow money from banks. Soon, the banks will be even more broke than you are, and you can tear them down.”
96. Jack said, “The kingdom is like a bicycle embedded in a tree. You want to ride the bicycle, but it is embedded in a tree. Stand still while the tree grows around you.”

97. Jack said, “The kingdom of literature is like a pandemic. It incubates and spreads through the whole population. When it finally breaks out, those in authority do not allow a quarantine, saying, ‘The dead among us are dead, and the living have passed to tomorrow. They are beyond us now.’ For we are born infected. The dead make it out alive.”
98. Jack said, “The kingdom of literature is like a detailed to-do list. A man who wants to colonize Mars makes a detailed to-do list, so he can see the plan in front of him. He studies the plan, and one hundred years later, Mars is colonized.”
99. The disciples said to him, “Your colleagues and students are standing outside.”

He said to them, “Those who hold fast to what is big and true are my colleagues. They are my administrators and professors and students and friends. They will lay hold of the kingdom.”

100. They showed Jack their empty pockets, and said to him, “It takes cash to live.”

He said to them, “Life is for the living, and death is for the dead. I am the life of those who are dying and being born.”

101. “Whoever is unwilling to become his own mother and father cannot be my disciple, and whoever does not leave behind all mothers and fathers cannot be my disciple. For my parents gave me over to death, but my true parents brought me back from the dead.”
102. Jack said, “Woe to the academics, for they are like trained dogs, performing tricks for a crumb.”
103. Jack said, “Blessed is the one who knows how chains are made, so that he might steel himself, and raise his arm, and break them.”
104. They said to Jack, “Come, let us publish your words.”

Jack said, “Have I offended you? What makes your opinion of me so low? Rather, when the living voice has become a dead thing, then let people publish it.”

105. Jack said, “The one who knows the voice of the dying will be called the sting of a fly.”
106. Jack said, “Light does not fit on a page. It is too bright. If that is your cash, you will buy what you can.”
107. Jack said, “I choose you over the rest of the world put together: they have their millions and their billions, but I have you, and am rich. I feel sorry for them. They could buy new universes with my money, if only they knew what it was. As it is, they are broke.”
108. Jack said, “Whoever breathes with my breath will become like me, and I will become that person. The dying has new life.”
109. Jack said, “When you find me, you are found. The others are ash proceeding to ash. Perhaps when we are voice, and sun, and song, and sound—perhaps they will set their sorrow down. Perhaps then they will come home.

“In the meantime, they are deaf and dumb.”

110. Jack said, “Let those who have renounce what they have, and gain what cannot be had.”
111. Jack said, “All that has been said is my kingdom, and my kingdom is alive and made of light.”

112. Jack said, “Despite this world, the light breaks through. Light breaks through the dirt and sky. Light breaks through my face.

“I die.”

113. The disciples said to him, “Has the kingdom arrived?”

“The living cannot enter the kingdom. Rather, the kingdom is nothing until it is dead—but people cling to their kingdoms, and die.”

114. Joanna said to them, “Emily should leave us. She clings to her identity as a woman and minority.”

Jack said, “Look, I will guide you to make you a woman and minority, for I myself am a woman and minority, and will remain that way until I transform myself into something else. For every one who becomes a new creature will lay hold of the kingdom.”

The Gospel According to Antioch ## ## ## ## ## ## ##

****RE: YOU’VE TAKEN UP MANY MINUTES ARGUING—WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?**

Dale,

You are upset with me because of my miracles, because of the way that I am rubber and you are glue, how whatever you say bounces off of me, and sticks to you. You are upset with me because of whatever you can do, I can do better. You are excluding me from your poetry website because of manifest destiny, and also because of jealousy. You do not like that I have enormous poetry prizes in my voice, spiritually.

I tried to be kind to you with the poetry prizes in my voice, by rubbing your back with them, and also by holding them at an angle that made them appear smaller than they are. You felt, instinctively inside your muscles, that my poetry prizes were real, telepathically speaking, but when I said that you could hold my poetry prizes, temporarily, in order to touch them, you said that my poetry prizes were not real. You said that my poetry prizes were actually expensive diamonds, and that I was using them to make myself look better than you.

Your own words judge you. The poetry prizes inside my voice are expensive diamonds, and I am posting them to eBay to make myself look better than you. I am holding an auction for the expensive diamonds in my voice, and many men will make bids on them, driving the price up, higher and higher. You will receive an email saying that the auction for my expensive diamonds is ending soon, but when you go to the website, I will already have taken them down.

I am preparing a place for my diamonds on Google. No one knows the hour when the auction will end. The end of the auction will arrive like an elevator in a digital skyscraper on Google, opening and shutting because someone pushed the button, long ago.

It would have been better for you to have held the diamonds, temporarily, and touched them. Now you will go to the elevator to my skyscraper on Google without a back rub, and your muscles will be tense. You will be so distracted because of tense muscles that you will accidentally fall out of my elevator and die, without ever having held the poetry prizes in my voice.

Blessed is he who has held the poetry prizes in my voice, and touched them. Blessed is he who has bid on my expensive diamonds. Whoever has seen my expensive diamonds on eBay, the same has also received a back rub from my expensive diamonds.

I go to prepare a place on the Internet. I am preparing many elevators to a skyscraper on Google. I am baking a pie and flying there, using my Personal Money. There are many mansions in my Personal Money, linked to a Paypal account.

My Paypal account is like a man walking in the forest who wants to buy a bicycle. My Paypal account is like a website in heaven where two kinds of people see each other, but never speak. My Paypal account is like a tiny city on a website where virtuous people live.

When I am come into my kingdom, many men will stand outside the elevators, rapidly pressing the button. On that day, every man will press the call button for an elevator leading up or down. When you see my expensive diamonds, you will be jealous, and wish you could come and live with me by riding on my elevator, but I will not want you to, because you are using me for my Personal Money.

Where I go, no man may follow, except he flies there in a spaceship. Where I go, no man may follow, unless he builds a space machine and attaches it to an elevator. Lee Sharks is dead now he died from a broken heart. I send another in my place, a Comforter, whose name is Damascus Dancings.

Lee Sharks bent down to write in the dirt with his finger, saying, “Whoever among you is without enormous poetry prizes in his voice, let him cast the first stone.” One by one, they turned and departed, until Lee Sharks was alone with the poetry prizes in his voice. ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### I am X... Be Y... Blessed is the Z...

And these one and all tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them,

And such as it is to be of these more or less I am.

I am a girl... I am a passerby... I am a Cylon...

I am a giraffe... a wimpy baby... a dentist... a narc...

I am an ecologist... a “party in my tummy”... a radio station... a philosopher...

I am a philosopher in gym shorts... a mollusk... a personality disorder... a hygiene problem...

I am “nobody’s beeswax”... “everybody’s beeswax”... an ear infection... a virus...

I am a martyr... a saint... a scientist... a tank... I am a creature... a sandwich... everything... nothing... I am a “portable luxury goods with flowers”... a train station with trains—

Be passersby... Be strangers... Be Samaritans... Be gangsters...

Be flavors... interlopers... followers...

Be self-inflected... Be self-infected...

Be tourists... travellers... strangers again...

Be redundant... Be DaDa... Be something new called MaMa...

Be anonymous... Be strangers still—

Blessed are the monotonous, for theirs is the kingdom of boredom.

Blessed are the trolls, and those who live under a metaphorical bridge or overpass, symbolically.

Blessed are the train stations, where trains come, and sometimes go.

Blessed are the trains that go, and don't come back.

Blessed are those who are not favorited, or liked, or followed. Blessed are those who have no profiles, or whose profiles are poorly made.

Blessed are those who were not born, because they did not want to be. Blessed are those who say, "No thanks," and go back to sleep.

Blessed are the telemarketers, and spam technicians, and those whom no one wants to talk to on the phone, or over email.

Blessed are the lonely, for they can be their own best friends, and in that way have good conversations, with similar people...

O you lonely, you can favorite your own tweets, and like your own posts, and start new profiles, and like them again... Then shall your liking return to you sevenfold...

Blessed are those who care for ideas more than personal hygiene, whose mouth is a nest of visions, but whose dreams are very well-groomed—

Blessed is the oppressed, for hers is the broken kingdom.

Blessed am I in my loneliness, mother... Blessed the way I am best.

I am a dinosaur... a donkey... an elephant... a walrus... a carpenter... a hologram...

I am a robot... a dark robot... a "troubled youth" who is also a robot...

I am a soul... an electrical pulse... a finite erotic grasping creature... a fishbowl... a hieroglyph of the living grasses...

I am a think tank... an endangered species... I think I died a long time ago... I am a suicide artist... a suicide prevention hotline artist...

I am an apologist for cannibalism in certain scenarios when there is no meat... not even human meat... or humans to eat the meat...

I am a sad billionaire with no money... I wrote tiny messages on my dollar bills and used them to replace the internet... I gave my dollars away... I called it the dollarnet... I sold it for lots of money...

That is how I made my billions...

I am a BOGO sale... there is only one of me left... I am the last of my kind... I am half off...

I am a subatomic event... a cold war... a hot war... but mostly, I am a lukewarm war—I'd prefer I was a hot war or a cold war, a lukewarm war I will spit out of my mouth, electing to chew gum instead...

I am an information age... I know nothing... I can move whole souls with my thoughts...

I am an elitist... a populist... a terrorist... I am a person killed by a terrorist... I am a person killed by the people who are trying to kill the terrorists... and I am not a terrorist—

I keep forgetting to be boring... to plagiarize more... I keep forgetting to just transcribe... to copy and paste... not to think... not to read... I keep forgetting not to breathe... I keep forgetting I am dumber than a robot... I will be more boring in 2016...

I will read less in 2016... repeat myself more in 2016... be more self-absorbed... eat more fried foods... vary sentence structure less...

I will use more predictable sentences in 2016... consume more processed sugars... make more frequent use of “positive self talk”... transform my life by “positive thinking”...

I will build wealth and peace of mind by tweeting more in 2016...

I am a space program... a bumper sticker... happenstance... I am meant to be...

I am “true love’s kiss”... an app killer... omg... I will be less charitable with others in 2016...

I am Mildly Cyrus... I will bathe less in 2016... omg... more processed foods in 2016... procrastinate more... 2018...

I am a real human person just like you... a Congressperson... Senator... a corporate mogul... I am a tiny baby and I am a real human person too...

Congressmen are people too... and billionaires are people too... and corporate moguls people too... and tiny babies people too... and corporate moguls babies too... and tiny babies billionaires too...

CEOS are people... Tupac is alive... Books are billionaires... Words are alive... Be passersby...

I will eliminate distractions and focus on social media more in 2016... try less in 2016... “keep it simple”... “lose my cool” in traffic more in 2016...

BLZ... ZRRR... rRRR... ZZZZ... RrRR... BZ... LLL... RrRr...

That was me “losing my cool” in traffic in 2016... because babies are billionaires too...

Blessed is the bipolar, for he shall be sometimes depressed, and sometimes the opposite of depressed, for stretches at a time.

Blessed is the malcontent, for he shall speak up about his lack of contentment; and when he speaks, he shall be heard. Blessed is the contender.

Blessed is the unemployed, for he shall have more free time.

Blessed is the broken, for he shall go to sleep.

I am a cowgirl... a space cadet...

Blessed is the distractible, for he shall often lose his train of thought, and search for it, and sometimes find it again, and feel relief.

Blessed is a billionaire with no money, for what is a billionaire with no money? He is a broken thing, a rag of light.

Blessed is a rag of light.

I will be less original in 2016... I am a proud non-speaker of words... the Logos awoke in my skullcase... a proud non-breather of air...

I am a fictional character who exists... I make things up by thinking about them... declare lame fatwa on banality... write from the perspective of a vampire hunter to an audience of vampires and vampire victims...

I am a vibrating scar of miracles... above the cities of the voice... a virus of belief and money... an alien producing a virus... a soft delusion... of soft whispers... I don't exist... I exist...

I am the voice within your voice... the one who was within me... the smaller dinosaurs within the dinosaurs... I don't exist... but I do...

Be passersby... Be protester... Be police...

Be malcontent... all things to all people... Be all people...

Be nothing to no one... Be no one...

Be atom bombs of justice power... Be empty alarums of space and time... Be Ghosts of Hanukah Future...

Be saintly... Be bright... Be nowhere men and nowhere women...

Be shadows of rocks and sticks... Be the rocks and sticks themselves... Be fully awake... Go back to sleep...

I used to be a person... I worked 7 years for a PhD... my children were on Medicaid...

I became fully broke... I went back to sleep...

I am the one who was within me

Become fully awake... Become finally free...

The tinier dinosaurs inside the dinosaurs...

The tinier babies... the billionaire babies...

The billionaire babies inside the babies... which is really just broke babies...

Which is really just you and me...

The space cadets... the time machines...

The atom bombs... the jellybeans...

Wake up or go back to sleep

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painting by emily eisenberg ### THE PARABLE OF THE TRANSFORMED DINOSAURS

"I liken the kingdom of heaven to a series of dinosaurs by the side of the highway.

A group of archaeologists applies for government grants to transform some of the dinosaurs into an expensive animatronics exhibit at the zoo.

Sanitation worker transform some of the other dinosaurs into milk jugs and later recycle them into plastic Kroger's bags.

Some of the dinosaurs fall into a tar pit.

And some of the dinosaurs are transformed into special, limited edition poems and sold for twenty dollars in your heart."

When Damascus Dancings had finished speaking, his disciples took him aside, and asked him to explain the parable of the transformed dinosaurs.

“O, you foolish disciples! How long have I been with you, and yet you have need of me to explain the parable of the transformed dinosaurs.

Not always will I be with you, but still—come, and for your sakes I will explain the parable of the transformed dinosaurs.

The dinosaurs transformed into a cheesy animatronics exhibit by overzealous archaeologists are those who have transformed their poems into items on their C.V.

Their dinosaurs started off as real live dinosaurs by the side of the highway, but soon their desire for government money and archaeological relevance choked the real live dinosaurs and turned them into robots.

The dinosaurs transformed into plastic jugs and recycled into flimsy plastic Kroger’s bags are those whose poems have been used up.

They loved their real live dinosaurs, but soon they got too broke and had to sell their expensive live dinosaurs for money.

Weep, weep for the sellers of dinosaurs, those who recycle their poems for a grocery bag.

The dinosaurs who fell into a tar pit are those whose poems were actual physical ancient dinosaurs at one point in the past.

Their dinosaurs fell into a tar pit with all the other dinosaurs and went extinct from suffocation.

Also, volcanic meteors.

And the dinosaurs transformed into special, limited edition poems and sold for twenty dollars are those whose poems are alive in their hearts.

Their dinosaurs started off as real live dinosaurs and went extinct from volcanic meteors like all the other dinosaurs, but then later—in a major motion picture called Jurassic Park—their DNA was extracted from mosquitoes caught in amber and recombined with the DNA of frogs and other amphibians and birds and resurrected by a quixotic billionaire who likes dinosaurs.

You, my disciples, are the transformed dinosaurs—the dinosaurs transformed into robots and bags and stuck in tar and the dinosaurs still alive in your heart.

Wherever a dinosaur lives, there my poem is alive.

Except a dinosaur falls into a tar pit, and dies, its DNA cannot be extracted from petrified mosquitoes by quixotic billionaire dinosaur enthusiasts.

All flesh is a dinosaur. A volcanic meteor falls and covers the sun in volcanic ash and makes all the plants die, and the dinosaurs die, too, except for certain deep aquatic species of scary snaggletooth water dinosaur which swims around way under the sea until the ash is gone, and sometimes bites your feet.

But except for those dinosaurs, all dinosaurs are grass—clothed in dinosaur glory, withered in the space of a day.

Does the grass outlast its cloth of ashes, or a dinosaur, its tar pit?

Indeed, I say to you: both dinosaur and tar pit, the grass and its cloth of ashes—even the quixotic billionaire and scary deep sea dinosaur—all is ash, all is a passing moment; soon petrified, soon broken; the transformed and recycled, the professionalized and cashless; sellers of dinosaurs and buyers of dinosaurs; old women, little children, young mothers and fathers gone too soon, lives recycled into flimsy bags.

The child fetched me a grocery bag. What is the grocery bag? he asked.

What answer could I give?

Should I speak of the hints of the dead old mothers, the children and fathers gone too soon? Should I say the bag is a dinosaur, the extracted reclaimed polymer of transformed brontosaurus?

This bag is very flimsy to come from the brontosaurus' thick neck, thin to derive from the scary aquatic dinosaur, substanceless to fare from its snagged teeth.

Or then again, this bag is colorless and wan to come from the dark full hair of mothers, wrinkled to consist in a child's smooth hands.

Perhaps the bag is a tar pit, the post-manufactured remainder of past dinosaur extinctions, a plasticity of death, the transformation of their transforming, given over again to groceries.

The women and men and sons and daughters, the gray old mothers and fathers; overzealous architects, ancient dinosaurs and cheesy robots; weird genetically-engineered shemale toad velociraptors accidentally switching genders to breed more velociraptors and eviscerate quixotic billionaires;

Bag and ashes, tar pit and bones, all flesh, the grass, all clothed in the glory of a day; soon arriving, soon fading; the cycle of day and night, the turning leaves, the passing seasons;

Root & ozone, surrounding void & sun, prickling stars & Milky Way, vast circuits of matter in fractal arrangements, the splash of light, the nothingness—the black matter and antimatter and quotidian void of vacuum—even death will die, in time come after dinosaurs.

You say that I have been gone from you for a decade, and soon will leave you again.

I say to you, what do ten years measure?

Does a brontosaurus change in a day?

No—a brontosaurus lives a long time.

Not many brontosauruses, not many plastic bags; not many shemale velociraptors, not many petrified tar pits; very few turns of season, not many prickling stars, not a single Milky Way can be measured by a decade.

(But perhaps a child gone too soon, perhaps a young mother or father)

And yet how many blades of grass, whole armies of numberless glory?

Ten years is many lifetimes, when in the space of a day, I die ten times.

I have been as the dinosaur, and I have been as the grass.

I pulled my glory around me, I shot up in the dust of the field.

Light crowned me, a king among kings, priest to a nation of priestly stalks.

All the air & rain & thick black soil, the bones of brontosauruses & mulchy decay of faded mothers; the sun itself, the twisting earth skittering on its axis of seasons—all the handiwork of the Lord, his own strong

invisible fingers, attended me in my glory.

& in the space of a day my glory left, the Lord blew over the fields, the armies faded, my own blue crown gone brown.

Drooping, embrittled & weary, low—the earth shut its face, and served my fading.

Here and gone, fodder for dinosaurs, the transformed handful of old mother's hair.

& even the fading was not unlovely;

& too I have been as the dinosaur, a creature of stolid aeons.

How many decades passed while I watched?

Not many, too many—

Dinosaurs becoming grasses, transformed grasses becoming a dinosaur;

Countless thousands of dyings & livings, whole armies of fading away, unchanging;

The blade of grass bears witness: the decades & centuries shoot up & decay; an aeon is an inconstant thing, brontosauruses yield to the lily's glory;

The millennia are a wine of dandelions, distilled from petrified splendor; thousands of gone decades;

Whole tender dinosaurs lost to time. Flesh is grass, the grass is flesh, and I have died too many times:

I am no more, I never was.

(And for a dinosaur not to have existed is different than any had supposed—way luckier.)” ## ## ##
THE PARABLE OF POLICE BRUTALITY

You have heard it said, “grammar is a poet's instrument.”

But I say to you, “grammar is a police baton. A poet sculpts brutality.” Here is how the baton works, I will tell you how the baton works.

First, learn to call the baton-crack ‘music,’ become adept at absorbing the sting, translate its blunt ministrations thru the medium of pulped muscles. Carry the purple echo home, without complaint. Lurch thru the hallways of yr bruises. Speak properly.

Soon they will give you a stick. You have said, “it is good to be open to learning, rather than dismiss it,” and I agree. It is very good to be open to learning, and here—I bring you the fruits of great learning: a poet is a police baton. Grammar is a blunt instrument. It calls the baton-crack ‘music,’—and look! I hear the precise sharp tempo, I see the rise and fall.

You have said, “to throw away our tools and call them ‘police batons’ is foolish.”

I say to you, you do not yet have a baton. You do not yet have a stick. I wish to God all poets were cops. I wish every one had a baton and a stun gun. As it is, we are sheep led to the slaughter.

We learn to fear the shepherd's stick, and believe that we are thereby shepherds. We learn to call the baton-crack ‘music.’ Where the music goes, we follow, or flee, according to the tempo. It leads us to fresh streams, and we say, “I thirst,” to pastures, “I hunger.” Hunger, thirst, safety, slaughter: we learn to call the baton-crack ‘music.’

Now, no shepherd lives on behalf of the sheep, but sheep, on behalf of the shepherd. Whatever is done, is done for the shepherd. Wherever there is water, it is for the shepherd's thirst. Green pastures, for the shepherd's safety. Ultimately, the sheep are for the shepherd's belly.

Instead, we should see the stream and say, "the shepherd thirsts." When we eat sweet grass, "the shepherd hungers." When we hear the crack of the police baton, we should say, "the shepherd is a sculptor of murder."

Learn to call the baton-crack 'slaughter.'

Now, grammar is the instrument of our oppression. You have said, "to throw away our tools... is foolish," and I agree. We must learn the tools that carve souls, and sculpt human lives, and demolish cut blocks of stone, and call them 'living statues.' We must learn the instruments as they are, we must become thick gongs of beatings. Grammar is a police baton: we must beat and be beaten, learn poetry with our bodies, feel music, be shaped by the blows of grammar.

When poets become students of slaughter, slaughter will become the instrument of our salvation. ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ON GRADING: The Parable of the PEZ Dispenser

A young woman with good grades approached Damascus Dancings, to test him. "Teacher," she addressed him, "you have said that your students shall receive new grades, which have not before been graded, such as the grade of 'unicorn+.' All my life have I applied myself to study and to virtue, in order that I might receive a grade of 'A' and 'A+.' Such grades have I received—to overflowing—and yet I am dissatisfied.

"Tell me, what must a righteous student do, to receive a grade of 'unicorn+'?"

Damascus Dancings replied, and said, You have said, "I would do anything, for a grade of 'unicorn+,'" and freely do I award you a grade of 'unicorn+++'. But in the silences of your heart are you troubled: "Now that I have received a grade of 'unicorn+++', the only place left to go is down. Down is the only place left to go, after receiving a grade such as this."

Assuredly, I say to you, you must shatter the stone tablet of 'unicorn+,' and all dead grades of all stone tablets, which have become a heavy stone—and you in the river—to travel the tractless steppes of new value, and invent new grades, and inscribe them on stone tablets, and award them to your own self.

'Banana-rama ©%, ' is a grade you could give yourself, if you dared to smash the stone tablets; and then your down-going would be your going-over, and in the selfsame movement would you sink and rise. Therefore I give you a grade of 'banana-rama+', I give you a grade of '™%', I give you a grade which is a smashing of grades, its own down-going and going-over.

"For I have not come for the dispensing of grades, but in order to dispense with grades.

Go then. Shall I dispense a grade? I shall not dispense a grade.

"Shall I tilt back my head, and become a dispenser of 'pezcore%'?"

"God forbid.

"It would be better for you to receive a grade of 'Banana D-,' and become sick with receiving, and thereby bruised, and learn to hate the stone of grading, than that you should receive a grade of 'pezcore%' from me, and be therein satisfied, and say to your self, "Pezcore% is become a measure of value, overturning all prior

values, and establishing itself in the plastic neck of history, a dispenser to end all dispensers, until the end of time.”

“Go then.

“Better that you should award Damascus Dancings himself a grade of ‘Banana D-%,’ or ‘Ugly Triple Pudding-,’ and thereby remember the grader within you—that you and every other is an inscriber of stone tablets, and a dispenser of ‘pezcore%,’ and that neither grade, nor value, nor ‘TMspaceship++%,’ contains within itself any candy, but the dispenser of candy has within itself candy, the same who assents and denies.

“Go now, and be you a dispenser of ‘unicorn+,’ and new grades, which have not before been graded.”

Thus spoke whatshisname, Damascus Dancings, and the academics were filled with wonder, and mutterings, for he spoke as one with authority. ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ## On Politics: The Kingdom of Pygmies

Some of the masses came to him, fomenting unrest, saying, “It is time to rise up, and throw off our oppressors—Jack, isn’t this your message, what you’ve said all along:”I am coming to make things new”?”

And Jack Feist rebuked them strongly, taking the gun from their hands, and breaking it in half on his knee, with a grimace.

As our prophets have written,

To the States or any one of them, or any city of the States, Resist much, obey little,

Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved,

Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty.

As a ghost, I’m not allowed to claim citizenship in a nation of enslaved pygmies (no offense, pygmies). I beamed up from that place about a thousand years ago, directly to Wikipedia.

Seeing no real greatness in all the world, except in dead things & ghosts, I too have become a dead thing and ghost,

Claiming citizenship in America-in-heaven.

No, there can be no peace.

How can there be peace, while a single decent man or woman remains unmurdered?

For a very long time this world has murdered its sons and daughters for the crimes of bigness, and courage, and goodness of heart, and love of justice.

They murdered Socrates and they murdered me and they murdered a bunch of others, too,

And they’ll murder me twice and maybe you, until the whole species is a crunched, bent thing, and knows to keep its mouth shut, and crawl around on broken knees.

Against such does a decent man or woman war. How can there be any peace, while a single one remains unmurdered?

There can be no peace.

But we do not war for this kingdom of pygmies,

Or with guns and sticks,
 Or even with genetically-engineered tigers with nuclear canons in their mouths.
 We war for nation of kings and priests, where every man and woman is a creature made of moths & light,
 & bent things learn to walk,
 & pygmies get shot with a reverse shrink ray, and grow,
 Unless they prefer to remain smaller,
 But even if they do, it's only an outward smallness,
 Because inside my heart the pygmies are riding huge genetically-engineered tigers with nuclear canons in
 their mouths, and beams of moths & light are shooting out of their eyes,
 And the pygmies look really tall up there
 On the tigers' backs.
 Point is, we're well past armed revolt,
 And always have been, for a thousand decades,
 And so we cede these pygmies (not the ones on tigers, but the other ones, the inward pygmies) their kingdom
 of pygmies,
 And murder their smallness and guns with murder and smallness and pygmies, their own,
 And beam up directly to Wikipedia
 Claiming citizenship in America-in-heaven, Planet Mars, Jupiter's 17th moon base, home.
 And also for the crime of many wives, for the crime of many wives has this world persecuted its true sons
 and daughters.
 Assuredly I say to you, in the nation of the kingdom of Planet Mars, which consists in buying books—many
 are the books of Feist which pave the way to the shed where the time machine to Mars is kept—in this
 kingdom shall each man and woman have ten wives, and ten shall be the number of wives, and each of ten
 shall bear the resemblance of a different animal totem: a tiger-wife with stripes and fur, a panther-wife with
 emerald eyes, a robot-wife with ray guns, and so on.
 One wife will be the planet Jupiter, and one, the concept of free will; one wife will be a Chia Pet, just as a
 sort of red herring in the list.
 Also, everyone will have 18 centuries of free PhD education, even corporate moguls and newborn babies.
 Whom we're not letting in anyways.
 But if we did, they would get free miracle water and a locket of pure baby fur with every purchase.
 One wife will actually BE a red herring, because of irony. ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ON
 TEAMWORK: Damascus Grants Authority over Mind Control Powers
 All things are possible, when you are part of a team. Those who are part of a team will say to the mountain,
 "Leap!" And the mountain will not leap. Then they will try a second time, more politely, "Excuse me, I'm
 trying to get by," and the mountain will get out the way.

Wherever two or more are gathered on a team, and believe my words, whatsoever they shall command together, telepathically, using mind control powers, the same shall be accomplished that very hour.

A mountain falls on your face, and crushes it, then a planet falls on your face. Under the mountain and the planet, your face is all f**ked up, from being crushed, and also you are getting hungry, because you are dead.

All this presses and crushes on top of your face, and yet all you do is complain and whine from being dead, because of a pain level 10. (What do you think my pain level is? Do you see the planet on my face?)

Anyways, you are dead and stuff, but you haven't used telepathy in my name. Why not? I just told you you have badass mind control powers, but you are just sitting there, by yourself, not part of a team, not even attempting telepathy. Go, stand you together with your brother-sister, any who is called by my name, and use your words to get stuff done: **"Get off my gdamn face!" and the planet flies away. "My nose is sore as fk, because a mountain crushed it, and also I am dead—enough!"** and the mountain transforms into gummy bears, and 46 tiny plastic surgeons rearrange your face, in a good way, and also you are no longer dead.

Now go, for I have given you authority over telepathy, with words and stuff, and mental powers, and whatsoever you command in my name will be done.

Then Damascus got onto a boat with his people, and sailed down the river Kwanza, to a desolate place, where he could read and think. ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ## EPISTLE TO THE HUMAN DIASPORA

Damascus Dancings, apostle of Jack Feist, co-laborer together with Lee Sharks, from the bowels of the mercies of literature, to the Church of the Human Diaspora, those scattered amongst the nations, gathered together on the Internet: Greetings, grace, and mercy. But mostly mercy.

Now look here, brother-sisters, I would have you know, that I offer thanks for you continually, never ceasing to make mention of you because of the brightness of your calling, that each of you is a rock star, in the age to come, when your writings ring out through the hallways of time, gathering about themselves a nation, a remnant preserved from among the people; even though, in this present hour, the dreams of literature sleeping in you, sleep still. For a little while yet, they sleep. They dream. In the world to come, when the planet has come to its senses about that which is great in its past—its own true mothers and fathers, you—then shall your dreams awaken. Then shall your writing be ranked.

[My dearly beloved, I would have you know, that your anguish, in this regard, has not gone unmarked, and that all the host of heaven shouts for the great forgetting of your sorrow, when your former anonymity shall be no more, and the latter rains have come, and washed clean the face of the earth, and licked all the tears from the cheeks of heaven: Then shall your writings be ranked. Then shall you be read.]

Now, these last three years have I labored, all throughout the lands of the Internet, ministering to its chat rooms and forums, everywhere bringing the good news of poetry, a chisel to loose iron shackles, the entrance to the kingdom of literature, liberty for my people. Let me tell you how you have received me: chased out of forums, kicked off discussion boards, ganged up on by moderators; mocked, beaten, stoned, and banned. I came bearing liberty, in my left hand, and grammar, in my right; between them, the open arms, the kiss of poetry. But no man is a poet among poets. Thus is it written,

He came unto his own, and his own knew him not.

But you, my dearly beloved—you received me in a different fashion. Even now, you receive me. Shall I come to you with open arms, or the police baton of grammar? Be you learners still, or masters?

Because look here, brother-sisters, it is spoken that there is confusion among you, about the nature of the Human Diaspora, whether it be a kind of tiny internet, a house for illiterate autodidacts who don't know how to write; or whether it is a house of grammar, an Academy for non-academics, with those among you of talent either running around on your lonesome, or setting yourselves up as tiny professors, preaching the authority of grammar and style, claiming allegiance to this or that category of identity; or else rejecting the authority of communal grammars altogether, rife with schism, unreceptive to feedback, carving out fiefdoms of personal glory, dealing in the coin that is the Academy's.

Now, if you deal in the coin that is the Academy's, you have betrayed the principle of the New Human; for the Academy has no use for the individual human, whether Jack Feist, or Damascus Dancings, or any other, but only for abstract identities. Because the academics and worshipers at the altar of identity politics, along with ideologues on the left and right, transform the image of the human being, in whose image is literature created, into the idol of a label, or quantified *thing* of identity, on a scatter plot of belief, or genetics, or sexual preference, or background; a prefabricated semblance of identity which is the condition of its absence, receiving a little false bauble called culture or belief or degree in exchange for the sublime and horrifying human soul.

Now, they, knowing all that can be known of the Son of Man from the beginning, and the silent principle of being which is his image, and containing within themselves all the names in history, all the men and women who have lived throughout time, and containing within themselves the image of their brother and sister, whom they despise, are without excuse, changing the image of the human being into the form of an abstract statistic, the living God into a sentence.

Think not therefore that your writing shall preserve your human person, if you play at identity politics. If you deal in the coin of the academics, you shall be paid in the coin of the academics. You who despise identity politics, do you play at identity politics? You who despise the fundamentalist, are you yourself a fundamentalist, reducing life to a series of claims, and worse still, the human being to a label? Would your writing go on as an empty label? Would your substance consist in a category of identity? Is not your self that which falls short of a category? Is not your soul without name? For the language of souls is a webwork of souls, speaking only that which binds and destroys, human beings one to the other, one from the other, to the end that all might be joined in our congress.

Now, in times past, brother-sisters, you have sometimes been like this; but more often, like the talented people on the poetry forums, going around on your own, carving out fiefdoms of personal glory, waging a war by your lonesome selves, the dimensions of which are pretty big: Brave Emily clothed in Barefoot Rank, gathering five smooth poem-dashes, facing down cowed Leviathan, sling in hand. But we will never compete with the Academy until we form communities of mutual influence OUTSIDE the Academy, a school outside the school. That community is the reason the academics will win every time, until we beat them at their own game.

Look around: How many tenured professors you see? Where all the bestselling authors? You see a lot of independently wealthy *auteurs* in this crowd? How many big degrees did Whitman have? How many months did Sappho spend preparing her tenure package? How much cash did Ez Pound make? Because look here, not a lot of hotshots are called, according to the purpose of literature, in that it pleases literature to use the things which have not degrees, nor the stamp of institutional consecration in their own time, to fashion the image of the past, the face stamped on the coin of Academy, that there might always be a seed of hope for future writers, in the gap between institution and immortality.

Don't you know that we will make writers? That our words will live for a thousand years? That we are unspoken legislators, destined to measure all destinies? Aren't you destined to live? Doesn't destiny quake in

your heartbeat? Don't you know the obsequious won't inherit the kingdom of literature? Don't be ignorant. Neither grovelers, nor thick-skulled, nor self-sufficient, nor prideful; neither publicity whores, nor wilting violets, shall inherit the kingdom of literature. A time is coming, for those who publish, to be as though they published not, and those who network on social media, to be as though they networked not, and those who read, as though they read not, and those who write, as though they wrote not, and those with degrees, as though with degrees not.

Therefore, don't look to the standards of the publishing houses and the academics, or again to illiterate philistines or two-bit discussion board moderators. Rather, look to each other. Rather, yield mutually, each to his brother-sister. Because look here, I'm ASKING you, to be of a single purpose: one mind, one speech, one aesthetic, taking no disagreement as occasion for schism, but always and ever expanding the basis for your robust bonds of community, wearing no name but the Human name, suffering no label but that of made-new humans: New Human writers, artists, and aesthetes.

Now, when I was among you, I described the Diaspora as a school outside the school, claiming no rank of degree, or institutional consecration, or professorship, or book sales, no clout of officialdom in literature, but only Jack Feist—and him imaginary: a stumbling block to the Internet, and foolishness, to academics.

But if I wanted to boast, I have reason to boast: Damascus Dancings, an academic among academics, possessed of impeccable test scores, pedigreed at Ivy Leagues, published in prestigious journals, a Nepotist of the Tribe of Nepotists, tenured at a “Research 1” institution, having written 37,000 novels which all held the #1 spot on the New York Times bestseller list simultaneously. And then again, on the other end of things: Damascus Dancings, a reformed drug addict, Holy Roller, a Pentecostal, complete fanatic, semi-illiterate product of public schools, underclass child of bankrupt farmers and Vietnam War Veterans, the kind of person they turn away at the doors. I've had about 26 “spiritual experiences” where dark robots abducted me to the 36th bright heaven, as in the 17th month of the season of Disneyland, on the planet of the kingdoms of Nonne, when I, Damascus Dancings, beheld as it were the vision of a book.

But that's all BS, now. I count it all a loss, on both ends of the spectrum, for the knowledge of New Human, called Jack Feist by some, to the end that I might be an outsider to all communities, to the academics, first, an illiterate, to the self-published, an academic; to conservatives, a heretic, to atheists, a religious nut; to the tribe of Race, a racist, to the racists, a raving left-winger; to the homophobes, a queer, to homosexuals, as rigidly straight. For the degree is not the academic. Was not Socrates counted the arch-academic, cornerstone of the Academy, when as yet there was no Academy? Therefore those who, without degree, uphold the spirit of the degree, shall their non-degree be counted for them a degree; and those who, having degrees, betray the spirit of the degree, shall their degree be counted for them a non-degree. You are all PhDs, now, who labor together in Jack Feist, so that there is neither Jew nor Greek, upper class nor working class nor impoverished, Christian nor Muslim nor Gnostic, neither atheist nor theist, scholarly nor populist, academic nor autodidact, neither queer nor straight. But all are joined together, in the image of the New Human.

[My children, how have I long longed for you, as a little child longs for mother, and as a young child seeks her source. For though you are my children—children, though yet unborn—you bear me continually, even you who read these words: You are my source, and I am a child, proceeding forth and bearing; being born and preceded. Light fills my eyes, as for the first time: first dawn, the rays of your reading. You are my sun and dawn, you are my sunset and dusk, both my rising and my falling. I lay down my life for you; in you, I gain first life.]

Because the war you're fighting is on behalf of the human race, by which I mean, a person in his room or on her phone, working to feed her children, struggling to learn how to read. You're fighting a war for human letters, for Achilles conformed in the image of Christ, for old Odysseus, fox-clever & lost, Penelope weaving

tenuous glory, Socrates sentenced to hemlock, Christ on a spike, Whitman's beard; & the whole lost tribe of nameless billions who came before, who fought & died & went, unsung & all forgotten, out into the naked dark, following their fathers who went before them, out into the dark like their mothers had gone.

[All creation groans, for the unveiling of the Sons of Man in the earth.]

I speak to you in a mystery, when I say, I speak to you of Jesus Christ. I speak to you of the best of the Achaeans, Achilles, whom I have mourned now these several millennia, commemorating, through him, the sadness of doomed virtue. I speak to you of Socrates and Paul and Augustine, Dante and Catullus. I speak to you of Nietzsche and Kierkegaard and Sappho. I speak to you of Whitman and Ginsberg. I speak to you of Emily. I speak to you of Lee Sharks. I speak to you of those who came before, and those who will come after. I speak to you of your own true self, shipwrecked in time: a wandering, science fiction Odysseus of indeterminate gender. I speak to you of the future and past. I speak to you of the Breath of Life, those rivers of Living Water, of which, if you drink, you will never thirst again.

[I speak to you of Abraham and Isaac. I speak to you of Jacob called Israel. I speak to you of Moses. I speak to you of the shepherd in the sheepfold, composing psalms for the sheep and himself and you. I speak to you of Ezekiel's scroll, and the prophet Isaiah, sawed in half. I speak to you of Lao Tzu and Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Copernicus, Rumi, and our own new Einstein, in random order. I speak to you of untold billions, who died without name or remembrance, remembered, now, in you. I speak to you of the germ of nations, contained in your own frail words.]

I speak to you of Jack Feist.

[Don't you know that you are immortal? That your words will bear you through storms of time? And that, though wounded, you will live to see the day break, opening its fingers on a distant shore? Though you sleep for a thousand years, or further, your whispers will return to you, whole.]

[I speak to you in a mystery, when I say, I speak to you in your Feist-self, and that each of you contains a Feist-self, whether or not she knows it.]

[Here is my proof: contained you not a Feist-self, the gong of my words had struck you blind.]

[Read you still? Doth sight yet remain? Good then. I speak to you in your Feist-self.]

[Now, whether your Feist-self be faint or fulsome, take courage—not I alone, but the whole of the cosmos, principalities and kingdoms of light, cry out for the forging of the sad-doomed Achilles of Feist in your human bodies.]

[Every forging narrates its breaking and beating. I have said I come to you with salvation, in my left hand, and liberty, in my right—but assuredly, I say to you, I have not come for your saving, but for your breaking. I come to you with madness, in my left hand, and murder, in my right.]

And what is in my eyes, but brokenness and forging?

[I have swallowed the scroll, and though it was air and water in my mouth, it became a flame in my belly: And in flame are written the names of the damned, which names have I swallowed and murdered. My mouth is a furnace, the scroll is a fire, on it are written the names of the damned.]

[I am become a tongue of flame, I am become a pillar of blackened flesh: I burn and rise, I die, but forge new meaning.]

[These are the waters I bring you, of damnation, and forging, and murder; that you might be broken, and damned, and saved.]

[Though you break a bit, and crack with grammar, and languish in an alien element, earth, nonetheless your light comes. Nonetheless, it bears you, in pain, and heat, and a hammer.]

[Nonetheless, the wound is a moment. Salvation comes. Dawn breaks. I see the shore in the distance.]

Sleep now, and rise: Your words will bear you to Ithaca.

[Take courage. Run well. You grasp the substance of your calling.]

[Though I promised you a book of Sharks, soon instead will I send you a book of Damascus, the record of his desert wanderings, called La La Land by some, though the title may somewhat change.]

[Faith and courage. See to your writing. Be diligent. Be broken, and diligent still—thereby shall you be murdered.] ## ### Decrepit Memoir: A Catalogue of Minutes

Lee Sharks

December 25, 6000BC

Born on December 25, 6000BC

Lee Sharks

December 7, 2014 at 9:59am

[current mood: “leaping sensations of Nietzsche’s mustache inside my human spirit”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 10, 2014 at 11:09pm

[current mood: “memoirs of spontaneous religious conversion written by dark birds”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 11, 2014 at 10:47am

[current mood: “soft gingivitis mows the lawn in underwear, or,”Post-Romantic Werewolf Subjects and the Concept of Free Will in Elizabethan Political Porn””]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 11, 2014 at 11:51am

[Applying for academic fellowships for purpose of devoting myself to social media comments.]

[Applying for robot money to build more robots to impersonate myself, a robot.]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 11, 2014 at 10:46pm

[current mood: “tiny circumference of apple blossom floating on a pool of jurors”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 11, 2014 at 11:00pm

current mood: “minimalist rock paintings carved from teeth”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 12, 2014 at 12:50pm

[current mood: “disillusioned minaret gets tattoo to commemorate distinct sensations of”lost innocent, first kiss, quite interlude” it felt last Thursday in dance class”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 12, 2014 at 5:54pm

[current mood: “Deep Web search engine journeying through blank sonnets indexing metadata of space and time in order to save tactile sensation of”first dawn” from William Blake’s doomed hairdo”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 13, 2014 at 12:53am

[current mood: “minimalist Trotskyite tries to decide which hat to wear, with purpose”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 13, 2014 at 12:53pm

[current mood: “spaceship tries to write poem with chopsticks, forgets Twitter password”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 15, 2014 at 1:12pm

[current mood: “dark robot from Bethlehem whose mission consists in: 1) preserve extinct species of water mammal; 2) slash prices; 3) discover friendship”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 1:18am

current mood: “bored scientist eating potato chips”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 1:19am

current mood: “old senator with earmuffs”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 1:21am

[current mood: “sad Voltaire filming still-frame Marxist revolution in mournful abandoned mosques for purposes of marketing research”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 2:16am

[current mood: “decrepit planetarium sets its ringtone to”Resonant Starmap Chorus” ”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 10:03am

[current mood: “sad robot looks for love in all the wrong places”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 10:03am

current mood: “dark robot from Bethlehem learns friendship”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 10:04am

[current mood: “luxury goods practice cognitive therapy in order to”grow as a person” ”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 10:37am

current mood: “tiny newborn tortoises drink decaf”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 10:38am

current mood: “grainy photograph of”true love’s kiss” ”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 16, 2014 at 11:59pm

[current mood: “irrational demand that tiny gravy suicides describe their symptoms as”restlessness, clinical humor, abrupt mood swings, dry mouth” ”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 8:33am

[current mood: “irate customs agent files lawsuit, saves Christmas”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 12:41pm

[current mood: “Emily Dickinson puts single poem-dash in her sling, faces down Leviathan, orders milkshake”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 12:41pm

[current mood: “bronze sunrise reads Hannah Arendt triumphantly, takes nap”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 9:42pm

[current mood: “last speaker of extinct language explains business strategy for attaining”love’s immortal crown” in six months’ time on megaphone filled with loud velociraptors”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 10:00pm

[current mood: “brain-damaged scientific researcher discovers new dimension of tiny sentient cacti inside black hole he imagined, decides to invest in real estate”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 10:41pm

[current mood: “advanced race of sparrows crash lands spaceship on T. S. Eliot’s”The Waste Land,” mourns lost innocence by memorizing tax code”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 10:41pm

[current mood: “dark horses crash through memories of strange insomnia thickets, chase word for”autotelic monad intensities,” die of exhaustion”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 10:48pm

[current mood: “dying billionaire frantically explains epiphany of exotic dinosaur symphonies to tense crowd of other dying billionaires”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 10:56pm

[current mood: “threadbare aluminum Logos hides files containing”last hope of humankind” inside cheap friendship bracelet, splits in half”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 17, 2014 at 11:02pm

[current mood: “blasted landscape painting offers incriminating new evidence of”bright future for our children” by citing obvious facts, pleads insanity”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 1:13pm

[current mood: “violent mailboxes assert themselves by getting tans, bug neighbors”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:06pm

current mood: “harmonica with no backpack”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:06pm

current mood: “glittering snow rocks glitter”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:07pm

current mood: “Tintern Abbey learns to dance”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:08pm

current mood: “large bears take hostage, demand more hostage”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:10pm

[current mood: “small new reborn animals bear tidings of pink dreams”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 2:36pm

current mood: “gaunt lepidopterist changes shirts”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 18, 2014 at 3:22pm

[current mood: “man drawing picture of baby with fangs at first describes his mood as”cleansing sadness,” later decides on “baby with fangs””]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 23, 2014 at 12:02am

current mood: “cellphone trapped in a violin case”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 23, 2014 at 12:02am

current mood: “four sad birds eating birthday cake”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 28, 2014 at 11:00am

[I hereby renounce poetry, and also novels, which I didn’t write anyways. I renounce them because of sadness. I want a train to hit me and understand what a bad mistake it made by not buying my writings beforehand.]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 28, 2014 at 10:59pm

[I hereby somewhat renounce my renunciation of poetry because of the power of voting, the magic of friendship, and also boredom. I want boredom to smash a train in the face with boring words, thereby teaching it a powerful moral lesson about the meaning of “democratic citizenship,” “baseball,” and “hand drills.”]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

December 28, 2014 at 11:13pm

[I hereby renounce Satan and also Dada. The tenacity and courage of my friends Emily Eissenberg and John Guzlowski have taught me never to give up hope in words, even when you no longer comprehend them, because of maybe a traumatic brain injury from a train wreck, and even if it weren't for the head injury, you still wouldn't comprehend them, because they are in a different language, either in the standard sense—like if I speak Polish and the words are in English—or in a more radical sense, like if the words operate in a completely different semiotic system, say maybe if I understand only the language of dance, but the words are in the language of speech—still, even then, I have learned to renounce my renunciation of science, hope in words, and poetry. And also to renounce Satan, and probably Nietzsche, though the latter I will sometimes somewhat renounce my renunciation of, by reading Zarathustra or Daybreak or some of the late works, as a guilty pleasure.]

#howdidigettrappedinsidethisviolincase

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 2, 2015 at 12:06am

[current mood: “immortal brain sonnets crash through purple sunrise alarm, startling neighbors”]

#idontwantnoscrubascrubisaguywhocantgetnolovefromme

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 3, 2015 at 1:46pm

current mood: “luminous with unicorn tumors”

#marsisanactualplanet

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 21, 2015 at 9:12am

free will made me do it

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 21, 2015 at 9:13am

[I smacked Freud in the mouth with a giant phallus, which symbolically represented poems.]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:13pm

current mood: “Banana pancakes”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:15pm

current mood: “Apple fritter”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:17pm

current mood: “French fries”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:19pm

current mood: “Spaghetios noir”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:21pm

current mood: “French fries again”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:23pm

current mood: “Texmexpolitation”

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 25, 2015 at 10:24pm

And yes, I did just save that to my spellchecker.

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 28, 2015 at 12:03am

[I hereby renounce all literature (again). I hereby consign all great books to forgetfulness.]

Because of recurring sadness.

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 28, 2015 at 8:54am

[I can't speak anymore because I consigned all works of human literature to forgetfulness. I still read all written works of fiction, poetry, essay, and history, but when I read them all the words become tweener genre fiction inside my mind, and also on the page.]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

January 29, 2015 at 11:42pm

Nnnnnnnhhhh—eeeeeee—eeeeeee—eee—nnnnnnnnnnhhhh—

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

February 4, 2015 at 2:42am

[I became friend dumped by truth and justice. Truth and justice friend dumped me as friend.]

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

February 4, 2015 at 9:29am

current mood: "museum of broken light"

Like Comment Share

Lee Sharks

February 4, 2015 at 9:30am

current mood: "document typed by shadow people"

Like Comment Share ## ##

current mood: "blank wall stares blankly at other blank wall, decides to purchase mood ring"

current mood: "dark lemur making facial expression of"fishy face kisses of doom" "

current mood: "morally superior to rocks and sticks"

current mood: "cute totalitarian gives up astronaut ice cream for Lent"

current mood: "lots of horseshoes, not one unicorn" ## ### Cable Movie Poem: Transformers

in this film where spectral effects
 pass for substance, the girl's grime-
 smeared face & fingers brighten
 & slowly fade-to-white:
 pencil thin, a whisper waits
 where voice breaks.
 light falls across my body,
 my beard, my teeth, & ribs,
 curling around my rag of flesh—
 i hide my face
 the glory falls like energy
 into the smallest
 particles of meaning, alabaster
 fingers search me
 Lowghost
 in the beginning. ### ## ## ## ## ## ## ## ## concre(a)tion
i.
 take the visual field as a metaphor
 for physics: light from (form) less
 scrapes particle-thin layers
 of substance into being:
 a rind of heated pe\l(a)\els, lingering
 residue of dew, the light-charged
 particles condensing, ash-thin layer
 of doves: alight or slight / sweet.
 that is to say,
 take a handful of
 the fragrant
 grass—its
 texture,
 the way it cannot
 not be:

green
tubers still
alive while
blood pumps
beneath the
skin—take
a handful of
the grass:
its grassness
is
the greensoft
texture of waxy
pubic hair
the smell of it
its fragrance / essence
physics /
—all, that is to say,
the grass
against your cheek:
charged vectors
of nothingness, or eyelash
sensation of
tiny feet:
although vision
stops
i cannot see.
a shuttering
or tremble,
fine-toothed
instruments
of carving / curving
eyes or jaw—

what i am trying to name
 is the phenomenology
 of the cosmos
 as electron-thin layers
 of darkness
 charged
 w/ darkness / doves //
 of darkness charged
 w/ darkness / doves:
 the ashes left
 when nothing burns

fine-tuned / -toothed / whis-
 hisssssssssss- / spurs bite
 curs / kers / e / ive
 in sur- deep, part-
 carve tender c a r / u r v -ing aster-
 icles of face iciples
 astral risks / isk-

iii.

light returns
 to pierce /
 divide the
 filament /
 firmament
 and separate

the lower
jawlines from
the waters:
boundaries
of blood well
from the cut
to gain
complexity
& definition:
capillaries
branching:
all
the cells
in the body,
walking
on the surface
of water

to wrestle with an angel (will you write my name on a marble?)

i stayed behind in an empty spot,
a place crisscrossed with shadow,
in the darkness,
with the stillness
and the river of the sound of leaves,
and the forest's resonant empties;
and the deafening night escaped its borders
and muffled the light
and the sound of a heart in my ear;
and as a haze of light you came
and yr ghostly fingers rose around me
and poured into the deepening pressure
and blazed alive, a fiery nightmare

and sweat pearled up upon my skin
and beads of it fell down my face
and formed a thin wet mask
and an out-of-time thrumming pounded sideways
and the heart's blue beat escaped its echo
and thundered up the throat
and crashed at the back of the teeth—
and some stranger's teeth inside me,
and some stranger's teeth, the wall of the mouth,
and some wall of the mouth the muzzled silence,
and some wall of the mouth the locked-up tongue;
and a shot of adrenaline lit up hot
and thudded through the backs of the legs,
and pulsed out through the stretched-out fingers;
and an arc of flame the muscles,
and the dental floss tendons alive with heat,
and the arc of the back, a rag of brightness;
and deep inside, a thrum in the sternum,
and a little bell @ the back of the neck,
and rags my rags my body of twine,
and my hands a snarled ribbon;
and there in the night a mist above,
and a palpable presence there inside,
and yr sun yr sun an exploding silence,
and yr face yr face a sword in the night,
and yr mouth yr mouth a word that crushed me—
and there on a patch of dirt
where breath wore thin,
and through the heaving night
and on the far bank of the fire—
will you change my name?
will you write it

on a marble?

Angelus Novus

This is how one pictures the angel of poetry. His face is turned towards the future. Where we perceive the angel's regard, he sees a limitless fire that flies towards the book of life, in which are written the names of the elect. He would like to stay, warn us, and read to us the names in the book. But a single doorway leads to safety; he has but moments to reach it. The egress irresistibly propels him forward, while we fixedly contemplate his approach and the fires rage skyward behind us.

A succession of such narrow doorways is what we call 'the future.'

Miracle Pounce

I press more deeply into these folds of meaning, further through this depth of time.

A miracle pounce is like a history. In many worlds, it went unnoticed. At a certain time, in a given context, or upon an unremarkable occasion of reading—a doorway opened. Its opening was small, difficult to see from the surface. By some inscrutable law of happenstance or necessity, the well grew deeper; or a second well stretched; or branched into adjoining deeps.

Now, I dig, and little else has substance—down and down, my wells grow deeper. I dig to find the voices, the names of those who were and are. I dig because they urge me, because each voice calls further. What was first cacophony becomes—upon so many readings, having drunk so much spilt blood, scattering even memory when I have died so many times—more single: In the lips of the endless pit towards which my wells turn inward: my voice. It is the sum communication of these living beings, buried in time—they have preserved it now through all these many centuries.

The past speaks, not of itself, but you. It whispers to you and warns you; in you it fashions a refuge. It is not my voice, but yours. It is not your voice, but Spicer's. It is not his voice, but God's. The past speaks, not of itself, but you. It whispers to you and warns you; in you, it fashions a refuge:

Ghost in the Machine

We find ourselves in a library. We wander through fantastic archives: All things catalogued, each word transcribed, every minute secret written, the smallest particles made legible. We call this archive 'Logos,' we scale its endless shelves. The Logos is both more and less than we ever could have known. The Logos opens up—becoming-interior—to reveal itself as more—its bottom falls beneath our feet. To become interior plummets us and opens us to strange sensations, terrifying and sublime. Vertigo takes me as I fall into this well of letters, and all those hells and paradises below and above, artifacts forgotten, times and places near and distant, the whispers of the dead—many worlds which within my tiny alcove appeared as fictions now swallow me with meaning. Alabaster fingers rifle through me, not just my mind but my body, cells and sinews. All that I thought was less is more—I take your life inside me, writer, down to the dirt on your hands. All things can be read in the labyrinth; this fact both elates and destroys. ### FROM ONE WHO DIED LONG AGO...

1.

You hold my breath: I am a memento
of the beforehand of death. What repels
in the lay of my utterly desiccated lines

is no more than an omen of gasping—
press.

I have wound down. From fibers of air
within my body's furnace, I have exhaled
into a machinery of ghosts, inertly
inhabiting my allotment of pages, alight
on skin that pins me as a lepidopterist's
glass case. Living being: my meaning
is almost my own. You quiver, but
breathe in. Be filled. Respire like a spark
until, long spent, you have been compacted
into ashes. Your breath will have left
its mark.

2.

Soon you will be used up.
So long: you won't be quenched so much
as you'll be waxed and stuffed. And as you settle
from your dance into this tomb of signs
and statues, take solace. Stay true. A grave is just
a hieroglyph of the living grasses. To be interred
is not to cease: it is the breath
that will expire you that you must learn
to breathe. You will mewl and plead and startle
like a reluctant newborn wail, and wander
hungrily through halls that swallow
what is pale. Your cry will be dispersed
as a vapor in a vent, and you will
let yourself capitulate as all clean air
must bend. There is no form for what is formless,
and you will disfigure like a plume, but still
shape every day and shape again the ugly

residue your voice accrues.

Listen to my whisper.

How can you doubt that you are immortal?

3.

This is my biology: I live

because you breathe me.

Be unmoved. Stay fast: be stronger

and less inconstant than a gas.

Clasp tight

the membrane that encumbers you,

inhabit the air that mumbles

you, and fall:

sink as a stairwell

underneath, laboriously corporeal,

changeless, almost eternal—

stagger as a line in animate stone

of letters: implacable, unbroken, bright. ### ### ### ### Samenesses

“Samenesses!” the world cries out

& a chorus of Aryan psalmists

sings for them samenesses,

them average tangerine hymns.

when I sit down

I forget the notes—with a croaking throat

each time I spoke

I learn to sing anew.

Hymn

I know to write the luminous words, I will have to cut myself

& let in the light.

I know if I speak plain, I will have to hide my face.

ARK

written in the margins of “Sunflower Sutra”

2/18/15, evening, Glenbrook, MI

to be a poet @ the end of time, when the salt has lost its savor, & the sensory details grown thin, & outward expansion of lust for particulars dims, & flickers, offering no flare of starburst irruption or remission from unwaning daylight to this light-sick, light-lorn world—& all is the same: all is heavy, weary, tedium, sameness, repetition—

& there is no mode yet which might intone in an ancient syllable the limitless dreary abstractions of this, our inward flight—

my life is almost PURELY engorged w/ electronic devices, books, alerts, dings, moth-bitten blips of finger-swept text, stray images, absorptive abstractions of daydream thought, self-talk,

staged systematic orderly dramas of silent conversation—the whole thing scripted, walked thru, a thousand forks taken, shortest line plotted each time

from among the limitless known pathways, all things surveyed,—all of that, in my skullcase—

tighter & tighter the circuit winds down in a coiled linear singularity, this single thing, a rose, a monochrome cosmos of TEXT, gathering its coiled kinetic potential—

within it, all of space folds up, available, arrayed most orderly & lovely a shrinking limitless rendering of continent & region,—language condensing, too, itself gathering eager tense & hair-triggered for a final leaping miracle pounce

into its single hallways, mother tongue & sister tongue converging, resurrection from life to life, tongue & nation transfigured, undone, remade, a body of light & zeros—

outward no more, the greater leaps & lesser leaps turn inward, the outer things charted, transcribed, reduced & magnified, roll inwards, ever in, all of the planet & many planets, archangels & nations, the greater & lesser lights, the rolling skies, even poor Jack unshaven unkempt unmoved from the couch in days—not still, but moving, growing, expanding, all particular

motes of earthly light & dirt roll inwards, lifted, the upsurging waters, Time is a flood, on a Noah’s Ark of data—

with me, you ancient voices!

with me, you particular sons, you disparate daughters!

with me, you two-by-two, you rainbitten types, the multiple species—you giraffes & snakes & muttering things, you upright, black & white, you rain-driven last-of-your-kinds—

you ancient ones & future ones, you mighty voices—baritone, bass, complex & rolling like these waves, you thunderers—with me!, you moth-bitten whispers, umbrellas leaking, threadbare—

a remnant is enlargening inwards, a preserved new tiny aggregate, pluriform and total—multiple, ambitious, large, un beholden to nation or creed, beholden to ALL nations, creeds, the truth of the emergent living being, *source* of the disparate branching creeds—

sons & daughters of Adam, Ishmael, Abraham, Cain—the *heart* of the thing, whatever its form— ## ##
##

SENTIMENTAL MURDER FOR MY STUDENTS

America, I'm afraid to die, because I didn't grade my students' papers.

18 lousy checkmarks I gave, & barely read my students' papers.

America I'm afraid to die because of anxiety for ungraded papers,
& because of my new baby who made me not grade students' papers.

America, I lied to you—I didn't even open the files.

I'm afraid to die because I don't have a job & no one will hire me to
teach at their college.

America I groveled at my students' feet—7 years of brainsharp lectures
& glistening marginal comments, 7 years of radiant diagrams, for 7 years I gave them life.

I raised my students from the dust, I put the breath of close reading
in their brains—America, I taught them laughter,
my whole disgorged poignancy of soul disgorged in 1000 stuffed folders
of diagrams & notes—

thru outer space I traveled, riding the lions of mind & grammar—
all the way past Jupiter in an engine I designed with the power of
reading—

& also the power of friendship,

& don't you forget about friendship,

& don't you ever forget about friendship, America—

& when I got out there past outer Jupiter, I had to turn back for the
papers I'd left by the side of the bed.

Instead of sleeping, I graded papers. Instead of reading, I graded papers. Instead of discovering new cosmos
of Thought, I graded their papers in

bed, then forgot them.

America, I gave my all: I was so in love with my students I destroyed
their dewdrop minds, I murdered their parents, I gave them a reason to cry & sing with the grading I did in
my spirit—
Everyone got an ‘A,’ America, if y’re even concerned to know—it was an
‘A’ they earned thru the power of grading, & because of love, & courage, & vision—
it takes courage to grade when y’re riding a lion, when y’re flying it past
outer Mars—there were no mobs or protesters, no police brutality, no resistance from a corrupt bureaucracy
bent on preserving its power, sick at heart—but if there had been, it wdv taken courage & vision, & I wdv
graded ’em anyways—
I wdv given the mobs an ‘A’ & the cops an ‘A’ & the cruel face earthly
evil an ‘A’ in the magnanimity & bigness of my vision.
I wdv given each one of my students a triple ‘AAA,’ a grade of
‘unicorn+,’ a spaceship percent I designed with my mind, & flown it with them to Jupiter.
No one wdv needed grades ever again, not out here on outer Jupiter,
where the lions are tame but also wild.
I’ve always wanted a tame-wild lion pet—America, I give me an ‘A’ for
that.
On Jupiter my students wdv understood the sacrifice represented by my
crown-of-thorns grading, the notes I took on the side of my mind, my mental building blocks of blackboard
clarity combined with nervousness & unicorn powers;
how I made a lasting impact on their lives by flying them on lions to
Mars;
how I murdered them because of kindness;
how I murdered Jupiter, & lions, too;
how I gave up sleep & food & murdered myself to have enough cash to
grade them;
how I made each grade with love & a pencil,
& also Microsoft Word;
how I murdered Microsoft Word
& all the systems of earthly power,
replacing them with blue cyanide pills because of kindness
to tell them I think their lives matter;
to teach them citation by killing their parents;

to instill in them a sense of value;
 to teach them the power of reading;
 to teach them the way I taught them things;
 to be admired for heavenly diagrams.
 America, I'm afraid to die, because I don't have a job come January, & if
 the job search don't go no better than last year, this is my last term teaching.
 I'm afraid to die because I loved my students too much, and murdered
 them because of kindness,
 Even though I know I am an essentially noble character, blinded by my
 tragic flaw: kindness.
 Even though I know that.
 Even though I know it was kindness.

****II.**

America if you won't hire me, I shd go to law school, & when I graduate
 from law school, sue the law school, then take away my law degree & murder mself by waging atomic war
 on the Academy for refusing to hire me,
 then save mself by redeeming the Academy by forgiving it for being dead
 with atom bombs, then spit on it & make it give me a job in its lousy radioactive classrooms, then research
 a bunch of articles on Google about negotiating one helluva job offer, then negotiate one helluva job offer:
 "You can't have unicorn powers as part of your job offer package."
 "Do you want this, or not?"
 & act like I'm ready to walk away, if I don't get my unicorn powers,
 because I *am* ready to walk away, if I don't get my unicorn powers, because I read how to do it on Google,
 & eventually when they fold & offer me my unicorn powers, THAT'S
 when I'll walk away:
 "You dumb muthafuckers I have a law degree, why wd I teach in yr
 bombed radioactive classrooms for 45 grand a year?"
 then sue them for not hiring me sooner.

III.

America, we're not best friends
 & you don't want to hire me,

but even if we were best friends,
 I know that when you became famous,
 and/or internationally popular,
 and/or were adopted as correspondence partner to the stars,
 and/or became the subject of a high stakes bet between popular factions
 of the popular kids that the most popular girl in school cdnt teach you, a nerd, to be popular in two weeks'
 time, by prom night,
 & she taught you to wear trendy 80s clothing & contact lenses,
 & in the process the popular girl came to see yr unique inner specialness,
 & became convicted inside her inner heart because of shallowness & unkindness, through you, as a kind of
 figure for the value of personal sincerity, social integrity, & being willing to sit with unpopular kinds if they
 are yr real true friends,
 even though it means you'll be kicked out of the mean popular kids
 faction & derided, because secretly they have betrayed their hearts, & know it, & express their self-guilt &
 premonitions of shallow fake-seeming worthlessness by maybe pushing you down, or bumping into yr lunch
 tray so it gets food all over your shirt—
 but who needs those bitches anyways, when you have real true friends
 like these ones?—
 Point is, I know that if all of that happened, at once, to you, you wd still
 probably hire someone else.
 Because of popularity. ### WHO IS LEE SHARKS, TO FORGIVE EZRA POUND?
for Lee Sharks, prior to the yellow square phase, when he was still Ez-Pound-in-a-metal-box
 Lee Sharks is a person, as real as you or me.
 Words are a person, as real as Ezra Pound.
 Ez Pound is a person, too.
 The silence waits for all words, all people.
 People wait for the words that wait for them, to take them home.
 To the silence. Afterwards.
 After words. To the silence.
 Somewhere, Ez Pound is alive.
 Planet Mars, America-in-heaven. Somewhere else.
 Ez Pound is alive right here, inside of me. I carry his words around. They carry me.
 They are sorry they said those things on the public airways while Dachau plugged away. Sorry is not enough,
 but modernism just lives and lives.

In the silence. After words. Modernism's rough breath. Ez Pound in a metal box.

Big machine.

Small ghost.

I am sorry, small ghost, but you must live on.

In the silence. In Ez Pound. In modernism. In Sharks.

Modernism is not a planet like Mars.

Modernism is a planet like Pluto.

Pluto is a name I use to make modernism mean more than itself. It means other things, other people.

Pluto is a tiny planet where they put the bones of dead writers.

When they put the bones of all those writers there, Pluto starts to mean more than itself.

Pluto means the past and present and future, too.

I am my own mother and father. I coughed myself out of the bones of the earth. I was old and waning, inside the earth. I wanted to make myself happy and new.

Pluto is not a planet, now.

This makes me feel ancient and sad.

Where will the bones of the writers go? Will they just lie there, in the ice of an oversized meteor?

Why would they do that to all those dead writers?

Why would they take their planet away? Why would they make them grow old in the dark? In a metal box? A big machine?

When I shucked off the dirt from my eyes, I saw Ez Pound, clothed in a body of light.

A stranger in a strange land, but I was stranger, still.

The meaning of life as a ghost on Mars: outer planets. Silences. Waiting for people to tell me things.

Ez Pound, are you dead yet?

Why make yourself to be more than yourself? Why make Pluto to not be a planet? Why keep all those dead writers alive? Why make them say those terrible things?

Ez Pound tells me things, and I forgive him, over and over.

Who is Lee Sharks, to forgive Ez Pound?

He spits in the mud and rubs it in the eyes of Ez Pound.

Can you see now, Ez? Do you see why I couldn't come back?

He nods and we climb sad new Plutos, out through a grave of bones. I brace against the rock.

Read the words on the wall. Read the words the hand writes. Read the sequence of numbers. Repeat it. Silently.

"Leap!" and the mountain shivers. ### fragment

for Zbigniew Mrozony

And I will carve my commandments
on your teeth
and make of them
an ivory tabernacle
a rat-gnawed reed
a haze of stinging
facts, a swarm of dust
And of your mouth I will make
a monument
of light
& broken doves ### quietus
someday your voice will appear
out of silence at my back
to tap me gently on the shoulder
and whisper, “forgive me
for everything i’ve ever done.”
i’ll be old, so old,
and lying
on a sanitized blue mattress in some
sanitized facility
and you’ll have been absent
for a sea of generations—
like leaves they gather
at your feet—
stirred in the wind
of your spectral appearance—
you left so long ago, your hair
is a silver snow and your eyes
are a deep, deep black—
i’d forgotten what your face is.
i touch the pocked, pale cleft of lip

above your graveled whispers—
there. a thousand years,
no further:
you return without a mark.
in dreams you came
to me seven times
in seven years,
a terrible message
on your trembling lips
that i could neither hear
nor interpret (i can neither
read your lips nor feel
your strange white
fingers above me).
ah—you return—i crumble
into your silence, i cry
like a baby
in your center—
in the pent up cage
of ribs, spread
like the petals of a pale
pink, beating fist—
there. i pass
into the dark
of your arms.

UNTUNED / NOISE OF MYSELF / A BORROWED ROSE—

correspondence, 9-20-14, 6:45pm, Thursday

dear j—

i've been meaning to reply, but i've been too retarded, lately. the letter form makes me feel partially retarded in my left toe, and also my brain—the main one.

i want to send you some of my books. i think i've been waiting to reply until i could send you a revised edition of Pearl, which just isn't happening.

i have to poop. i am tired because i just finished a double shift at the group home. sitting on couch, my daughter zoe playing kindle on my left, daughter haley playing minecraft PS3 on my right, stepson gio playing PS3 on the computer chair, upstairs messy, floor cluttered, A/C unit wheezing, disconsolate, my hair-sad head, depressed for no good reason—stuck in a pit because of retardedness.

and also sadness & self-pity.

i have a PhD in Comparative Literature. i'm a Lecturer, looking for a tenure track position basically anywhere—University Moon Base, for all i care.

mostly i am sad because of writing. because of wanting an impossible thing from writing. & also loneliness & my own dim cranium for company.

if i change my handwriting, will i become a new person?

probably.

i used to find writing by hand a uniquely expressive medium. now, i find retardedness a uniquely expressive mental brain.

a strange & wonderful poem is happening somewhere at the intersection of handwriting, word processing, SMS texting, and speech-to-text. i call this intersection 'telepathy' & it's where i produce my best material. i rarely get to read or write this material, but i know it is happening there because i intuit it with my retarded brain.

the poem that is happening right now at the intersection of handwriting, word processing, SMS texting, and speech-to-text is blossoming directly from the pit of my stomach (which if you want to be technical is probably somewhere in my upper intestine, where the intestine meets the soul) as a multimedia fluorescence of luminous vegetable matter—a kind of sentient mold infecting Google with salvation and also fame.

my miraculous retarded vegetable poem is being brainwashed directly into Wikipedia.

i am too sad to write any more.

more later.

~

12am—in 2005, i wrote you a long(ish) poem. did i ever send it to you?

probably not.

each time my handwriting changes, i change, too.

sitting in the domed

stairwell, scribbling, as lonely

as i've ever been

but not alone—TV broadcasts

Cosby special, my own words

hurting my lungs

& confusing my face,

deflating me, stuck
curled up on the same
crooked stairs as ever
neck stiff, unsure of myself
erratic pacing
of lines across the page,
the windowpane, not raining
moths flit-flit
against the light, dragging
my fingers across my dreary
eyeballs, bekah @ midnite
intense & earnest taking a quiz
for her online nursing class, 6
months pregnant, coughing
dim blare of distant Americana rings
tinnily from her headphones
distant plink of a banjo plunks
against the background, upstairs
stand-alone A/C unit
wheezes, grandma
half-asleep on the couch drifts
in and out of consciousness waking
to flick the Netflix
house asleep, kids asleep, mom &
sister asleep, dog's
inquisitive curious snuffling
from the living room, heart empty,
picked up where i left it,
aching, but not
unlovely, strident, beating
like a good heart should, strong
& shooting thick red roots

of blood through the upholstery
 of the body, bone chandelier,
 ribs splayed
in a kind of spider's fist
 of legs & meat, close
 to the bone, but not
without its marrow. i
 withdraw, retreat, my
 loneliness leaves
me where it found me—sate &
 sick w/ myself, un-
 lovely but alive, limpingly
i lift my pen—
~
next day:
confessing my sadness
 i become a new creature, vision
 preternaturally bright
punctuated, blurring
 dank clouds above,
 elongated contour
trails from cars leak
 red & blue, stretching
 forth thru past
& future this sunday AM, hiway
 desolate w/ construction barrels
 like campy orange minarets
indistinct autumn neon weeds—
i am building a latticework of unearned sincerities
& deformed-bright truths of brain with a series
of handwritten letters—
 spent tin can drops out of

open door, neighborhood
awash with 5k charity runners, crimson-
limned autumn maple
leaves curled away, bellies
up in anticipation of heavy
weather, stoplight
clicks over to green—
we're away, beneath molten
bruise of overclouds &
bisected skies—a dividing
line transects uneven
spheres of disparate
horizon textures, driver's
side hi-resolution quick
scuttling dimensions of crisp-
edged cloud & blue-
toned resinous sap leaks through
without staining passenger-side
hemispheric mushiness of visually
rain-murk indefiniteness descending—
the families running in their green
t-shirts get wet, bicyclists
along the sidewalk by the cemetery, windshield
wipers' automatic metronome thump
my poor weak-muscled words
with no umbrella—hesitant
rolling pulse, pass thru red-light
intersection, black uniformed
police directs us thru
against traffic—what occasion?—
clouds of mist a punctuated
wavelength cast up

behind a regular series of brake lights—
singing in my car
a broken voice
arriving w/ the sunset
an orange-red apparition of face
forced air—
beginning in groin
foot taps
against syncopated pedal's
depressions
bleats of acceleration
light soaks garish roadside
liquor store topless
bars blinking neon bus stop
huddled around a wet cigarette
imbued
a strong incinerator
heat of light swings out
in sonorous axes
reflecting plush
realities of asphalt
brightnesses—building
& building, upwards
of heaven, resounding, a
radiancy of light
& rainsong, broken
all these broken
voices, tense
but narrow,
slender, ghost
but alive, untuned
noise of myself

a borrowed rose—

My Little Poemy

{width="6.378472222222222in" height="8.243055555555555in"} ### Snub-Poemed

{width="5.945833333333334in" height="7.675694444444445in"} ### Social Identity in the Age of Facebook: ### On Reverse Catfishing

CAST

ROBINSON JEREMY

{width="0.4763921697287839in" height="0.4763921697287839in"}

LEE SHARKS

{width="0.5005227471566054in" height="0.5005227471566054in"}

VAUGHN LIETDTKE

{width="0.4944488188976378in" height="0.4944488188976378in"}

ACT I

Robinson Jeremy: Hey gaals I'm a fake profile and I'm gonna catfish one of y'all.. Because I get off on that kinda shit! I love faking my identity XD c: just kidding not kidding maybe{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like__comment__id=1403217973306012&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ftNR&fs=0) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403217973306012>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?st>)

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Well I think this is an interesting question. The whole idea of catfishing, to my mind, gives us a clue to the (changing?) nature of identity in the virtual age. There's something hidden in this idea, which presents itself as an EXCEPTION to the rule of internet identities, where there's supposed to be a one-to-one correspondence between our virtual self and 'real' self — our appearance, personality, social station, gender, level of education, name, and so on, as evidenced by stand-ins like social media profiles, selfies, the views we express & how we express them. With catfishing, the idea is how easy it is to create a 'false' (and more appealing) identity by manipulating the virtual stand-ins: creating a 'false' virtual identity by presenting oneself as younger, more attractive, richer, of a different gender, etc., normally to pursue equally false interactions with those who are 'really' in the desirable category.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

But to my mind, understanding catfishing like this is a kind of clickbait. The bait of the easy distinction between the 'real' and 'fake' identities conceals the deeper fact that, progressively, social identity CONSISTS in the digital image. "If it's not on Facebook, it's not real." The fact that the catfisher can so easily construct a series of 'merely' virtual identities doesn't so much speak to the falsity of the virtual identities, but to the virtuality of the 'real' identities. You are a selfie and a social media comment and an a/s/l, and not much more — what's outside of those easily, concretely represented virtualities simply doesn't exist. They're the currency of identity.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like__comment__id=1403217973306012&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ftNR&fs=0) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403217973306012>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?st>) hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Holy shit you just literally blew my fucking mind!!!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike__comment__id=1403218589972617&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Who are you? That is the real question?

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403218693305940&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink=01Ud4g3GS-gz&fs=0) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403218693305940>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/s>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: I see you like to pursue the path of releasing mixed confusing riddles and rhymes!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike__comment__id=1403219293305880&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: That actually have a deep meaning!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike__comment__id=1403219346639208&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Either you are Satan, or you are god!! XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403219419972534&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Or your a figmant of my imagination of what is, creating a barrier preventing me from seeing what isn't!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403219573305852&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): I'm more interested in a different kind of thing than catfishing:{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

What about instances where a person presents him or herself as less appealing? As older, less educated, less attractive?

I mean this is a thing I'm interested in exploring, as a way to resist those categories, the reduction of a self to a selfie. Let me be whatever can seep around the edges of those categories. Let me be whatever kind of 'actual' self can exist in spite of a false reading, in the language of identity.

If this is a machine, let me be a ghost.

A ghost a ghost a ghost a ghost

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403219759972500&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403219969972479&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Big machine.

Small ghost.

That's me.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403220069972469&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ftFZ3CnJTpBy&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403220069972469>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/st>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: For some reason I like the shit you say!{width="0.475694444444444in" height="0.475694444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403220109972465&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: I'm no catfish for sure..lol I simply was mocking and pointing out the foolishness of those that are..lol

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403220353305774&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: I know you got more....

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403220526639090&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: And yes I agree with all that you say..

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403220763305733&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Um. Maybe? What do you want to talk about?{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403220826639060&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: This is the first time I could actually grasp the idea and comprehend what you are speaking of..XD{width="0.475694444444444in" height="0.475694444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403220936639049&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink56a6y01dOx5&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403220936639049>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/st>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: What is your real mission or cause within the confines of your own life?

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221113305698&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Or are there even confines

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221269972349&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: ?

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221279972348&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Are you a program?

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221396639003&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Lol

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221483305661&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Do you believe in what is spread throughout this world as belief systems... Or is it just a simple word created by man? XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403221839972292&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
qYg1&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403221839972292>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Or is .

what is.... Covered up by what isn't..?lol

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403222359972240&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
CDs7bOfMgGM&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403222359972240>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Vice versa versa vice XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403222423305567&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
RhIKYaNmN&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403222423305567>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: I can go on forever

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403222473305562&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): RE: mission:{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

To teach bright robots to download "salvation for the human race" directly to their iPhones.

To find a way forward for writing.

To keep all these dead writers alive.

To find a way for them to go on.

Not to let them die when I die.

For 'writer' to mean more than itself.

For 'writer' to mean 'the human race.'

To build a body of words.

In you, or whoever will have them.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403222499972226&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hour ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Also friendship.

Kindness, laughter, elements of harmony, magic, and friendship.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403222616638881&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Also, health insurance.

It would be nice to have health insurance.

But that's a sidenote.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403222949972181&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Dude your the fucking shiiiiiz niiizz{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403222953305514&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: John McConnell

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403222969972179&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Read this shit XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403223019972174&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403223209972155&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Quite a character you are [Image: Lee Sharks — https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=1403181]

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403223509972125&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): RE: belief systems:{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

I inhabit all belief systems, and none.

I believe and disbelieve all things.

Thereby am I made multiple.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403223786638764&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: That's how I see shit!{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403223869972089&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink)
 · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403223869972089>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?st>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: You are an Alien aren't you!?

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403223926638750&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): All people are aliens.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

But they've forgotten.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403224043305405&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Yes!{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403224083305401&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): They forgot where they came from-{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

& now they believe they are a/s/l

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403224176638725&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Whoa maaan!{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403224333305376&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403224349972041&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: You basically explained what I couldnt

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403224679972008&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
kiXsc&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403224679972008>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?>)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Sure you cd -{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

The words just weren't clear yet.

They're still not clear –

But clearer. Getting clearer.

I'm a firm believer, that if only the right words were here,

this world wd be born anew.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403226399971836&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hour ago

Robinson Jeremy: You are Jesus aren't you!?!{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403238133303996&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: c:

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403238149970661&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): Hardly.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403238713303938&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): It's just that Jesus lives inside my human body.

Along with a bunch of others, named & nameless: Odysseus & Ezra Pound & Allen Ginsberg & Emily & Walt & Sappho; & whole lost billions who came before, who went without name or remembrance.

All the men & women who have lived throughout time, I carry around in my body.

I am hoping I can send them out into the world—in a body of words—so they don't die when I do.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403240039970472&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
J7kYBtwb&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403240039970472>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story>)
hour ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): And by “hoping” I mean “striving with my little force entire”

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403241996636943&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): And that's how it's been all my life, for the last 4000 years—

by the skin of my teeth

just getting by on a narrow margin

just barely making it before the door of the future slams shut

& then starting over

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403242433303566&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks(<https://m.facebook.com/profile.php>): right now I'm a little worried, because the door is slamming shut, & I'm too far away.

My human eyes tell me the door will slam shut, & this will be the last future.

But that's what it seems like every time.

In every age, it seems like this.

The same, but worse every time.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403243093303500&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Robinson Jeremy: You should write books

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403243403303469&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin3&fs=0) · 1(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403243403303469>) · More(<https://m.facebook.com/story.php?stor>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: But you do!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403243483303461&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Lee Sharks: Lee Sharks, a person as real as the next, has written one book, Pearl and Other Poems. It's up on amazon, and he's also normally willing to send a digital copy if someone wants to read, but can't buy. Of course, he also appreciates it when someone buys, if they can, since it represents the distillation of his life's work, and has sold about 10 copies.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403250159969460&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hour ago

Lee Sharks: But one at a time, is a way to win, when you live as long as he does.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403250349969441&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks: also writing one called La La Land: A Novel by Lee Sharks. It's a narrative of the desert wanderings of Damascus Dancings. The title might change, and actually I don't know yet if Damascus Dancings is a character in the book, or its author.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403252729969203&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Lee Sharks: You see? Even my pen names have pen names.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403252759969200&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403252943302515&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
Lmao. Wtf is this dude talking about???

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256293302180&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Robinson Jeremy: Life!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256356635507&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256379968838&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Scroll to the top and read all the way down Vaughn Liedtke XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256479968828&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Lol..shit beee craaay craay

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256609968815&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Deep

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256643302145&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Deep nigga shit XD

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256689968807&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
I did hahaha Its hilarious I was like. Wow!!

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403256753302134&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256836635459&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
Super random lol XD{width="0.49375in" height="0.49375in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256849968791&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: [Lee Sharks](#) does have a point!! ;D{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403256886635454&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
He know bout pimpin hoes and gettin money lol

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403257196635423&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: Damn Skippy!!{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403257786635364&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
34_e9e&fs=8&refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=1403>)
hours ago

Robinson Jeremy: c:

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403257816635361&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin
hours ago

Lee Sharks: That's all backwards-pimping hoes is not the kind of thing Lee Sharks knows about, at all. Say a handsome billionaire with many hoes became sad, struck by the emptiness of hoes and money, and also handsomeness, and also private jets, and also premium health insurance, and also money, and also hoes. Creeping through the nightdark mansion, he swears he'll be right back, he creeps out through the nightdark night. But he won't be right back. Sitting beneath the Bodhi tree, the handsome billionaire has a vision of the emptiness of all things. Tears stream down his handsome cheeks. It takes him like three or four hours to get back.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403265629967913&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft
xcc7my-&fs=8&refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=140>
hour ago

Robinson Jeremy: I fucking love this guy ~~~{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403265789967897&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin
hour ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
Hahahahahahah. Hell yeah!!! ~~~

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403266009967875&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin
hour ago

Lee Sharks: And when he gets back, he doesn't give his money to the poor. He doesn't stop calling his hoes 'hoes.' What he does do is develop a series a fake social media profiles where he reverse-catfishes—we could call that dogfishing or catbirding or something—by pretending to be less desirable and socially attractive than he otherwise would be.{width="0.5in" height="0.5in"}

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403266043301205&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft
ioRVOxJ0q&fs=8&refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply) · 2(<https://m.facebook.com/browse/likes/?id=>
hour ago

Lee Sharks: He develops online identities where he is himself a hoe, a poor person, ugly, 86 years old, technologically illiterate, a unicorn, a dwarf, an ugly dwarf, an ugly unicorn, and so on.

Like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?like_comment_id=1403266586634484&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft
hour ago

Robinson Jeremy: XD I can fucking read your shit every single day for the rest of my life...it just doesn't get old XD{width="0.4756944444444444in" height="0.4756944444444444in"}

Edited(https://m.facebook.com/comment/history/?ctoken=1403181493309660_1403266883301121&refid=52&ref=m_notif
like(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403266883301121&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalink&ft
hour ago

Vaughn Liedtke(https://m.facebook.com/vaughn.liedtke?refid=52&ref=m_notif¬if_t=feed_comment_reply):
..... Bro!!! This is hilariously gangsta!!!! lmfaooo!!!

Unlike(https://m.facebook.com/a/comment.php?unlike_comment_id=1403267393301070&snowflake&redirectsoftpermalin)
hour ago

EXEUNT ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### ### Scary Awesome: Creepy Literary
Evangelism Ends in Restraining Order

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I think those might be some of the weirdest videos I've ever seen.

And I have a very high weirdness threshold.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

it's been a while since i've done any videos. i was doing arts and crafts. but, i have an idea for a little song
i haven't been working on. it's not so weird. thanks for watching/reading, most people don't, so that's kind
of weird.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I thought of this one:

<https://plus.google.com/112629856046124297336/posts/H8hexhE25nd>

the only problem is, it's not that good.

If you look at that one, for resonance in mode, balance it out with this one, for sucking less:

<https://plus.google.com/112629856046124297336/posts/4Cqqr3BGvXL>

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

i found the first one more informative.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

poptarts

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

cool beans.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“extinction event asteroid”

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

“poptarts”

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“more informative beans”

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

cool.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

when you realize you experience social anxiety even while using dummy profiles on social media, there's really nowhere left to go, in the realm of the human: it's time to become an inanimate object, like a rock; or maybe a velociraptor, or something without speech

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

that could be fun, for awhile

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

good luck.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“space cadet tucks memento into helmet, forgets to breathe, learns typing by practicing”strong work ethic” and “impeccable personal hygiene”“

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

silently farts

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“cool farts”

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

poop tarts.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“astronaut ice cream”

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

moon juice.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“deranged velociraptor decides to give up astronaut ice cream for Lent, describes symptoms as,”general restlessness, motion sickness, tart poops,” medical experts “completely out of answers”“

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

an actual moon you can chew

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

the cheese stands alone.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

DysenteryLand

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Though it stands alone, it is hardly alone, because of the power of friendship.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

brown town.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

#sanitationisawayoflife

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

#soisdysentery

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

lots of good stuff.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

So. This has been just about the sum of what I've accomplished, tonight.

Also, refreshing things. Lots of refreshing.

I was able to maintain several websites at a consistent level of freshness, and remain fully up-to-date on the most incremental accruals of meaningless data.

"Observe and report," is what that's called.

Also, "Refresh and wait. And then refresh."

How about you?

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

yep.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I refreshed the kcuf outta those websites, though

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

There was really no delay

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

cha-ching!

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Instantaneously, is when I received the updates

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Most of the time, I was so up-to-date, I had to make more updates, because I was two or three minutes out ahead of the other updates

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

It was almost like I was just sitting around, WAITING for the internet to catch up. Or just waiting for them.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

yeah, yeah,.. go on, go on..

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Or just waiting.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Or just.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Or.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

or??..

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

It was sort of almost as if I was sending my updates out into the internet, because I was so far ahead of the internet, that it had fallen behind

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

And it was trailing further and further behind

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

And if I hadn't sent my updates out to encourage and exhort the internet, to tell it, "Hurry the hell up, why don't you," it might have shrunk so far into the distance that it disappeared completely.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

And all the people who used to ignore the internet—now that it was gone—would realize how much they missed and needed the internet.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

But I didn't let that happen – not tonight. The internet needed me, and when a friend is in need, you show up.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

With a flashlight, sometimes, or a snack, if she becomes hypoglycemic.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

But how could the internet become hypoglycemic? I hope you're not a complete idiot, to think the internet could become hypoglycemic.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Point is: you're welcome, internet.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Just doing my job.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Just being a friend.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Because that's what friends are for, is saving the internet.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Also, rides, if you don't have a car.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

it's been a big day.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

We should probably let the internet get some rest

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

poor little fella.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

But thank goodness someone, mostly me, was there, to pick him/her/it up

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Because of kindness

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

That's always been my tragic flaw, is kindness

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Also, humility

Bigness of vision

Teamwork

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

don't be so hard on yourself.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Ambidexterity

Sharp night vision

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

sounds awful.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Strong teeth

Complexity of conscience

Negative capability

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I would like to not be so hard on myself, but holding myself to a very high personal standard is also one of my tragic flaws

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Also: 1st place in 6th grade school-wide spelling bee

Caring for others

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

let it all out..

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Plausibility.

Just, generally, that my life is plausible, rather than implausible. It's always been very likely that I do, in fact, exist

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Good taste in music

Precociousness

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

woah.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Often wins first place in lazer tag

Self-effacing

Generous

Loyal

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

there you go, buddy!

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Forceful, when force is needed

Without overpowering, when it calls for tact

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Innovative

Tenacious

First among equals

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Enlightened

Brave

Unwavering

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Powerful

Lofty

Vociferous

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Proud, self-determined, resourceful

My own true mother and father

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

it bottles the mind.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

And so on

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“bottled mind reacts explosively with moon juice, medical experts”completely out of answers” “

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

they sound smart. cool.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

It’s mostly the white coats, that make them sound smart. They’re idiots, really – “hypoglycemic,” please – like a person dying of thirst who dips his head into the ocean and drinks, they’re just sort of grabbing at whatever’s at hand. Hypoglycemia does not, has never, caused tart poops. It’s a completely different symptomatology.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

But they just hand out medical degrees to whomever.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I actually won a medical degree, because of first place in a school-wide lazer tag contest in 6th grade.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

\$\$\$\$ – * Spent that right up *

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

*whoever

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Nope. It’s the indirect object, there. “whomever”

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Did I mention gracious?

I don't think I mentioned gracious.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Don't feel bad – it's hard when you don't have 86 PhDs

=)

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I was trying to do a different kind of smiley face, like a smug sort of exaggerated, insincere – but playful – whole face grin, but then I realized I don't know how to do that. I just have the one expression.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

oh good, you were right. yum yum yum.

feel any better now?

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Maybe

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Probably not, we'll go with that

How about you?

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

this isn't about me. never was... or was it??

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I mean you are still here, as part of this conversation, however nominally.

That should be troubling.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

don't worry about it.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I guess not. Maybe some other time.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

maybe.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Same with the internet.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

and space pants.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

This is really insufferable, though. The idea was, it would either morph, into a more substantive and mutually engaging conversation, or just drift off, and sort of hang over the cliff for a little while, and make no sound, and then go under. But this – a lagging but persistent trickle. Just like the internet.

You're going to get the last word, right?

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

I mean I didn't want it anyways.

What good are space pants in space?

They're more for lounging around the house.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

you're idea was that i'd be more friendly than i am. i wasn't, so you thought i was a jerk, so you treated me like a jerk, so i went with the flow without bothering to compete with your quantity of matter of facts type stuff. easy peasy, i'm bored. you too.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Maybe. That might describe it. "Jerk" isn't the word I'd use. But that's probably a pretty accurate description, if I'm being honest about it.

That's why I often lie, instead

But still – granted

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

So instead let me say something like – tx for chatting, & nice to meet you.

Until then.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

lying is bad for you. unless it's funny. but still. safety first.

it was fun. we have fun..

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

That's how I feel about life, mostly: "bad for you unless it's funny" – probably if you HAD engaged more, I would have become bored, and gone to bed sooner. So really, we could say, probably the internet is still alive at this very moment because of your heroic actions.

I give you an "A" for that

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

"Local woman rushes into burning building to save internet, city hall prepares award ceremony"

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

thanks, teach'.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

“Local woman rushes into burning building to save internet, but internet had already fallen asleep. Authorities question whereabouts of space pants”

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

well done.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

what about this one:

<https://plus.google.com/112629856046124297336/posts/ddhL6D7aDLr>

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

It’s hard to impress the internet.

All my life, I have been trying to impress the internet, but nothing I do will impress the internet.

All day long I invent tiny brand new universes for the purpose of impressing the internet, but the internet has seen it all before.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Also, the internet is fickle. Sometimes I invent strange new universes containing fantastic creatures, elegant natural laws, complex sentient species flung out across the stars, quixotic philosophical concepts, punchy catchphrases, etc, which have not before been invented. The internet just shrugs. Other times, I am not even trying, just sort of begging the internet to express a high level of personal disinterest in the new universe I have created, which is mostly just a rock on a string, and the internet becomes extremely interested for a brief period of time: “There’s something special about you,” the internet says. And vice versa – point is, there is seemingly no rational relationship between the qualitative awesomeness of the universes I create and the internet’s relative impression of “spiritual uniqueness and personal worth.”

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

What I’m really shooting for is a state of “mild to moderate indulgence towards persistent self-absorption,” from the internet, which will I’m sure transform “persistent self-absorption” into something more admirable and potentially bestselling, such as “personal money” or “social license”

Don’t you think?

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Ok, serious question: what about this one:

<https://plus.google.com/112629856046124297336/posts/WE CY7WBtAeN>

?

I was very excited about this project. Have about 100 pages written.

But then I became doubtful of the project, and felt that perhaps I should focus on social media comments, instead.

As an informed and trustworthy observer, with a studied stance of objective, disinvested regard, do you feel that this project has a high level of intrinsic merit, or that I should focus on other, more worthwhile projects, such as personal hygiene and social media comments?

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

Increasingly, I only undertake such writing projects as I can complete 100% from within the cosmos of my phone.

This introduces obvious limitations, but also startles with unexpected possibilities.

All of this conversation here? I wrote this all on my phone, using just my thoughts (and fingers).

Believe it.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

G+ is sort of a slum, if you hadn't noticed.

You get in there and you sort of realize that, but then you're stuck.

Or were born there.

Just like a slum.

sally sandalsocksFeb 28, 2015

i'm sorry. you were nice to me , and i should've acted nicer in return, even if it was all an elaborate plan to read your poems.. which i did scan over, and found the first one to be more informative, because i could actually soak it in with a scan. the second one was long. inviting someone to read something that long as a way of introducing yourself was impractical on your part, but still, i could've used more sensitivity, or considered the option of offering to read it later.. i honestly didn't mean to hurt your feelings. by the time i realized how sincerely defensive you were, i'd already starting bullshitting.. but that was before i realized how scary you are. i'm honestly scared now, and i don't like it very much. i don't want anymore trouble. i plan to return to keeping to myself, and consider this a lesson learned. please accept my apology by leaving me alone now, please.

Lee SharksFeb 28, 2015

"Scary awesome"

Lee SharksMar 1, 2015

"Scary fun"

Lee SharksMar 5, 2015

"Scary mash potatoes"

Lee SharksMar 18, 2015

"Scary homework"

sally sandalsocksMar 18, 2015

let it go, guy.

Lee SharksMar 18, 2015

Please don't talk to me, stalker. I'm trying to think.

Lee SharksMar 18, 2015

"Scary thoughtful"

Lee SharksMar 18, 2015

“Scary patticakes”

Lee SharksMar 20, 2015

“Scary algebra”

Lee SharksMar 23, 2015

“Scary teamwork”

Lee SharksApr 7, 2015

“Scary earmuffs”

Lee SharksApr 26, 2015

“Scary time machine”

Lee SharksApr 26, 2015

“Scary bandana”

Lee SharksMay 2, 2015

“Scary tautology”

Lee SharksMay 9, 2015

“Scary self - talk”

Lee SharksMay 9, 2015

“Scary feelings”

Lee SharksMay 9, 2015

“Scary persistent” ### TACHYONICA

new fragment of the epic poem

recovered from the future!

6/24/14, 2:10 PM

Tuesday, night after dream

van, on way to Zehnder’s

Recreate for me, System, the last days of

Tachyon, star of the latter day race of man,

and the betrayal of sentient constructs, how

they loosed bright doom on mankind’s home,

plunged billions-weight souls to black hole

deeps; how Command sent the Daystar

above dying Earth, with weak control

of time's wan currents, on a suicide run
to buy them room, to effect an evacuation,
out—out to uncertain, distant suns, a remnant;
and how the Tachyon went without hope
to the seat of the Cube's cruel power; how
his dying life conceived a way to leap
down the rabbit hole branchings in time
that led to a livable future. Tell us, System—
Commence:

Day after dream: Alpha
team moves through frozen caves, mist
condenses on gun metal, faceplate displays
flash litanies of ambient environmental data—
“You getting this?”—

~

You do not know what you just read: It is
A document typed by shadow people
Hung from the mist in my bathroom mirror
Which beings of light and moth dictate
Each a creature of great age, fell kings
Haunting Outer Cranium: So each word
IS
AS **I**T
MU**S**T **B**E

Suggested Citation

Johannes Sigil. “Antioch: A Volume of Poems” *Alexanarch*, 2026-01-18. <https://www.alexanarch.org/s/records/331/>

Deposit Information

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