

EVENT OF ONESELF

Nicola Masciandaro



*In the absence of body, soul could not have gone forth,
since there is no other place to which its nature would
allow it to descend. Since go forth it must, it will
generate a place for itself; at once body, also, exists.*

—Plotinus

Event of Oneself

EVENT OF ONESELF

Nicola Masciandaro

New York
2010

COPYRIGHT NOTICE

This work is Open Access. It is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works Attribution 3.0 United States License. This means that:

You are free:

- to Share – to copy, distribute and transmit the work
- Under the following conditions:
- Attribution – You must attribute the work in the manner specified by the author or licensor (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work).
 - Noncommercial – You may not use this work for commercial purposes.
 - No Derivative Works – You may not alter, transform, or build upon this work.

With the understanding that:

- Waiver – Any of the above conditions can be waived if you get permission from the copyright holder.

Other Rights – In no way are any of the following rights affected by the license:

- Your fair dealing or fair use rights;
- Apart from the remix rights granted under this license, the author's moral rights;
- Rights other persons may have either in the work itself or in how the work is used, such as publicity or privacy rights.

Notice – For any reuse or distribution, you must make clear to others the license terms of this work. The best way to do this is with a link:

<<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/us/>>.

ISBN 144956917X
EAN-13 9781449569174

To the one who needs no introduction

Event of oneself, ongoing primordial,
Without way or opening, a very hard fall.

In the beginning, beginning's very middle,
See my blinding opening, your pure white hole.

Summoned by something making answering its call,
Walking an opening where stepping is trail.

Stumbling perfectly, on stumbling, the way a ball,
Deep surface, no opening, feels, cannot, its roll.

Will these clauses, unconcluding, speak being's wheel,
Our anarchic opening, foundation beyond frail?

Or are they, caught underneath, wax to empty seal,
Signs only of opening, of depths unreal?

Event of oneself, so perversely actual,
Queerest opening, a sparrow through the hall.

No joy possesses me in having this or that.
Vacuums on vacuums is the world of this and that.

A something so real that densest stone is a dream.
Just saying this brings real relief from this and that.

The moon was lovely all night long in the window,
But now dawn calls us outward, into this and that.

Will there be time, within time, for our secret need?
Where is the space, within space, for this and for that?

Nothing anyone says ever captures the sense,
The abysmal actuality of this and that.

And no words paint with more wisdom and wonder
Than pointing, the pure deixis of this and that.

Ask Nicola what he means, so that we might know,
And be happy again in hearing this and that.

Nameless desire, new epic longing for home,
Hurts my heart to think it, embers every bone.

Is there a way to sing, to speak so deep within,
Beneath it, out from under oceanic stone?

Where is the impasse, mountain, or immortal foe?
Where is the impossible *it* to face alone?

One foot there and one foot here, I walk all moments
Within it, across the chasm where I am thrown.

Light quilts the jagged, self-cutting city, healing,
Wholing it, sewing wounds for which we will atone.

So many portals, fractals. Each face a monster
And hero hunting it down a hole all its own.

Nicola girds himself in flesh and words and thoughts
About it, ready for what will be always known.

Now in silence I see my most terrible need,
A candor unveiling, killing every creed.

Bless the cold night caressing our lonesomeness,
Polishing the heart to such radiant distress.

The dark associations of the northern wastes
Are protective projections of honesty's face.

Corpse paint, spikes, long hair conceal the sweetest fellows,
Tendernesses only black metal can mellow.

Can I follow this openness all the way down
Into the infinite heat of self-truth and drown?

Will you make it past wolf, glacier, and spear
Into tales of wonder the bright hall will hear?

Nicola knows there is no hope, no room for pride.
The sweet lies he tells himself have already died.

Everything existing is existing right now,
The real impossibility of what might now.

Thinking this space, the place of everything itself,
Is making my heart and head feel very light now.

Look at this hand. Over *soul is in the body*
And *body is in the soul* who can fight now?

Haecceitas. Geworfenheit. Quodlibet ens.
Happy the philosophers who see my plight now.

Know me like this, ever irreparable and new,
So we can start work in the play of delight now.

The next, this moment is nothing less than new worlds.
Pay close attention. Do you still think this trite now?

Next time Nicola worries over when and then
Remind him that all things really are in sight now.

First fountain, nowhere, from which all things are flowing,
A whim from beyond, birthing self in unknowing.

Hear a tale of originary adventure,
See the tenderness an old author is showing.

Hear the text, poor text, which must interpret itself,
Digressing in the direction of its going.

There is nothing beyond its platonic surface
But the pure event of sense, a space for glowing.

There is nothing outside its endless boundary
Because the inside is always overflowing.

The big silence of the loud world is a small door
Yet immense, like the space between snow and snowing.

All fools will know these meanings have no other source
Than the innumerable seeds they are sowing.

Prophet of the present, humanity's future-
Less destiny, weep my words knowing no future.

Crying in space's cavern, mourning musically,
Drown in tears the false prophesied child of future.

Stupid consumer-man, late post-modern wastour,
You fail to forget your by killing our future.

What is lovelier than fullness of desire
Knowing itself as always already future?

The drunken beauty of dawn: imagination
Returning from the science fiction of future.

Ontology of boredom: emptiness being
Unable to enter the presence of future.

Zombie-embryo, never born already dead,
Nicola knows joy flying far beyond future.

Memory, my peephole to eternity, wanders
Forward in recognition, finds you in wonder.

So busy falling into being, there is no time
Not to see you in the corridors we wander.

A little child running ahead of me, playing.
Who is following or leading whom, I wonder?

I am talking about something never, always
Known: a friend returning where I do not wander.

A new name so familiar it cannot be heard
Slipping within the secret chambers of wonder.

Happening does not happen the way other things
Happen, stumbling along a path that wanders.

Event's always-forgotten event of itself.
Why, how this goes for granted, Nicola wonders.

Looking out from the place where everything is,
I am sweetly terrified that anything is.

Maybe whence and whither are about to be found
As a bright ring around the truth that nothing is.

My doubt this contraction would dim our mattering
Is already dead in the fact that something is.

Reality existing is very tickling,
Non-stop playing between who and what a thing is.

Breathe deeply near the spring where all speaking begins.
Be ready for a zero that everything is.

Move over horror vacui, matter is more
Frightening, a shadow that somehow something is.

Nicola is perplexed, wrapped inside and outside
Of himself, precisely the way anything is.

In one moment (the only moment) of silence
Are dying all of my ideas about silence.

As sound beyond sound, beyond hearing, and beyond
Beyond is the densest openness of silence.

There is an endless loveliness in your eyes while
I am trying to say something about silence.

See the past, present, and future of all language
Created, preserved, and destroyed inside silence.

Speak your heart to me, dear one, whoever you are,
In these uncertain moments enclosed by silence.

Word-truth, our rarely achieved alchemy of sense,
Is a sound transmuting silence into silence.

Keep quiet Nicola, failure of what you know,
While we keep listening to answers in silence.

The folly of not following the heart's whisper
Is an unending fog, a labyrinth of whispers.

Wallowing in fiction, drowning in truth, the world
Is something sleeping, waking to its own whisper.

Judgement-seeing another's sin: a kind of mist
(See Julian) and a self-confessing whisper.

Bore a spirit-hole in my crown, for coming and
Going, sweet words through a wall by lovers whispered.

Conjure your snaky heart, the cordiform serpent,
With unambivalent sound, not sneaky whispers.

Not for the sake of projects, plans, or purposes
Is the sheer sharing of itself which is whisper.

When all is said, our real speaking is begun
In tongues splitting the secret of every whisper.

Morning screams bloody murder of the desert world,
My subcosmic tremor mourning the very world.

Waking is enclosure, entering a dark vale,
Becoming already bound in the veil of world.

Each is anchorite, ever living in a cell,
Too poor and rich enough to buy and sell the world.

Tiny free prisons, as eyes seeing only out,
Our pure opening wherein I equals world.

Each is knight, on the quest of being a question,
Blind in bright armor through the dark night of the world.

Hear birdsong's spatial secret: calling-answering,
Every sound says here by asking where is the world.

Do not cry Nicola, missing makes everything
Amiss, when the fact is all is found in this world.

Master of unknowing, true human forgetter,
A question kept open, thus called philosopher.

Grasping is not your secret, but a secretless
Hollow space holding than this nothing secreter.

A fountain pool reflecting all that is as not
Is your Narcissus heart, the more blind the wiser.

The outrageous oblivion of who you are
Is your speech so clear, sweeter when shared treasure.

Animals open around you like Orpheus,
But without becoming human like Heidegger.

We will never meet because we already have.
Between this drop and that there is only water.

Nicola feels like saying things he cannot say
And having a friend to say them with forever.

The fact of our being here is so spiritual
That there is no word worse for it than spiritual.

Like the signature of someone walking, the way
You happen to be, now, yourself, is spiritual.

I would never mind the robes, the haircuts, the beads
If their wearing was not so goddamn spiritual.

Our eternal contract to meet in true friendship
When all is said and done is sort of spiritual.

At the electric limit of my hand, a voice:
The foundation of all touching is spiritual.

Text, entering the eye, opening memory,
Moves lightly like a shadow of the spiritual.

Nicola, forgive yourself for failing to say
As its own negation exists the spiritual.

I cannot believe life is really happening
Nor live without wonder that I am happening.

Uncanny feeling, question, unknowing a cloud
Of what, why, where, when, to whom this is happening.

Have you heard the night, swallowing every being,
Screaming how much pleasure and pain is happening?

This, never to come, always passed, can only be
Because there is no way that it is happening.

How many aeons have you been at sea? Big deal.
Doubting whether only proves you are happening.

Every biography is burning on the pyre
Of the pure anonymity of happening.

Nicola squirms in undersea caverns, alone,
Ecstatic, so happy something is happening.

A face always before me, a face in the air,
Unmoving in my moving, an eternal stare.

I hate that forgetting everything is easy,
Far and away too easy to miss what is there.

What has happened to us? Nothing. It is only
What is always not happening that makes us care.

Shoegazing? This is doom-howling berzerker hordes
Wielding death-lightning, slaying all from who knows where.

Because the staring back is never bargained for
And finds you, reveals you totally unaware.

Because the way up and the way down are the same,
A single winding ladder way beyond repair.

Feeling dark down a humming Lynchian hallway,
Nicola walks without hope and without despair.

Doing interesting work on is not the same
As being fast friends with the other and the same.

The vast fastness of intellect is a threshold
At best brushing the beautiful hem of the same.

Beauty releases from the spell of suffering,
A bright welcoming of the return of the same.

All are welcome, everyone is able to see
That the black pyramid and its light are the same.

When the vertiginous light of your face appeared
I became a knowing of here and there as same.

A becoming anonymity saved our kiss
From being killed in the enclosure of the same.

Before being aware of what we are doing
You and Nicola repeat words never the same.

The one possibility is infinite worlds
Forever intersecting into some one world.

Without beginning, I now always never start
To take in what it takes to fill a little world.

Seeing this hand grow old I know the unending
Lace of becoming merely one thing in the world.

Mock me and take heart in the limitless relief
Of hearing your echoing through a thousand worlds.

Nothing is inert. Perceval seeing blood drops
In the snow knows the open presencing of world.

Lay down the burden of having yourself and rest
Forever in the instant work of making world.

Nicola's ambition is a small unknowing
Swallowing this, that, and every other world.

There is nothing like the sweetness of loving you,
Of being in this eccentric center with you.

The pale fear of ever forgetting how: a mask,
Only a light inside my face for seeing you.

A cosmic fortress of love, with stones of presence,
Mortar of absence, is building this knowing you.

Verse is a slow suicide of goodness, ethics
And aesthetics killing each other over you.

A tiny displacement, a light touch, is enough
To bring my being to the very place of you.

Dead under weight of infinite nowhere, here, now,
For endless opportunity to, I thank you.

Nicola has no reason for talking like this,
But it is not for nothing that he speaks to you.

Walking corpse hallucinating it is alive.
So stupid what we think we are who are alive.

If, when an ego-driver doors you heedlessly
Shout rotting flesh! Be boisterous, surreal, alive.

Angela's scream at Assisi is still being heard.
Her lungs decayed, but the life totally alive.

Moving the mind-dial reveals zombie multitudes.
You tune out all who know not they are not alive.

About to enter body, says a voice before
Waking. Everyday the dead walk and are alive.

It is hard to know what makes the revenant tick.
Gaze empty, mind numb, body sick, and still alive.

Entombed in habit, chained face-down in his own dust,
Nicola thinks there is more to being alive.

The bodies are here only because selves are here.
Wake up Cartesians and see every there is here.

Knowing this is neither meaning nor something else,
A kind of stretching into the middle of here.

Do not let death delimit you, make you normal,
Freeze for an instant the fact of your being here.

Forget now, once, and for all the life of the mind.
Life is always already thoughts, the place of here.

The impossible is inevitable. Hear
Your heart scream this in the irreparable here.

The tricky part is welcoming now what is known,
Like Augustine wrestling to will his whole will here.

The one cause of these imperatives? Nicola
Simply cannot face what keeps making him stay here.

My neck cut free from the millstone of unused lore,
A head floating far far above the ocean floor.

Adventure, event, avenir. A first coming
Of the never-ending quest forever in store.

Interdimensional many-tentacled beasts
Fill the mere outermost surface of so much more.

The bottom feeder's facts have a tasteless flavor,
Nutrients minus the sweet life that food is for.

Two ways out of the matrix of mentality:
Get too big for the net or so small it's a door.

Madness: the last resort of not, not the result
Of seeing that . . . that face of the thing you abhor.

Nicola takes an oath: to breathe words in desire
For direct knowledge of what he cannot ignore.

If not opening a more radical wonder,
Then only fancier blindness not real wonder.

It was hard to hear them speak about everything
And not for a moment at their speaking wonder.

What does Blake say about the doors of perception?
I forget, something I think concerning wonder.

When I met you aeons, a few moments ago,
There was so much that there was no time for wonder.

Humanity will not save itself from itself,
But it may keep prying open gates of wonder.

I adore your hatred of teleology,
But about the beauty of its end, I wonder.

Standing before the world and this evening in it,
Nicola is struck by unsayable wonder.

Now is a perfect time to start thinking about
What is happening, what anything is about.

The sound of a small question not going away.
Maybe you hear it too. Now what is it about?

Half the day was walking between ruins and tombs,
Being now with others before death, out and about.

One asks why animals woof and weep at doomsday?
Not for themselves, for a now no longer about.

This morning a spider floats subtly in my room.
Then as now, no idea what the dream is about.

Robbie Basho has a loving way of sounding,
Like a dead man who still knows what life is about.

Nicola is less interested in talking
Than wondering what he is still talking about.

Finite is more infinite than infinity.
See the secret, lovely less of infinity.

That tree being a tree so invisibly veils
The real ramifications of infinity.

Scholars switch between codes of matter and meaning
To evade intersections of infinity.

Neither subjects nor objects, spirits nor machines,
But drop-bubbles in the froth of infinity.

The love of wisdom wrestles with prepositions,
Falling, grasping, staggering towards infinity.

Let us all convert to each other's religion,
Fill worlds with the heresy of infinity.

What causes Nicola to live without willing
Is not cause, but a little breath: infinity.

How come think you exempt from evolution?
Person, nonperipheral, is evolution.

Enter into actuality, start seeing
The real presences produced by evolution.

Science's *we* and reincarnation's *I was*
Equal one big confusion of evolution.

To dispense with wonder and be wonder itself,
There begins the next journey of evolution.

Anti-humanist mass-murderer I would be
Were it not for the surprise of evolution.

Love, inevitable blood-deep intrinsic need,
Is the ongoing engine of evolution.

I was mineral, vegetable, and animal
Without me. Those were the days of evolution.

Endless journey passing in the flash of an eye,
Both ship and ocean drowning in tears of my eyes.

Rare poison vapors rise from the smoldering heart,
Condense in cranium, and embalm the sweet eye.

Sickening on too many well-meant meaning-sweets,
Must dare to share more deeply what we see through eyes.

Today's tornado dream was true apocalypse,
Killing body-houses from the stillness of eye.

Real beauty moves with a terrifying lightness,
As if its seeing is more than seeing with eyes.

Will anyone ever explain how someone works,
Above all, how seeing is seen without an eye?

Crazy questions blur and bind Nicola's vision,
Cause him too see, not see what falls before his eyes.

Life, impermanent auto-documentary,
Leaping an abyss of duality, scary.

Anywhere for my being here to stand running
The crumbling stone bridge, impossible to tarry?

All points are obviously Archimedean,
But hard to find the right lever and room, very.

Actuality outdeepens all secrets,
Opening into regions more and more airy.

Dangling desperately from Bataille's impudent hook
Or floating heedlessly about like a fairy.

Pondering facticity's heaviness provides
Sense of heroic burden, something to carry.

Nicola needs to fuss, call all into question,
While way way down inside he is really merry.

Like gently leaning back onto a bench of stone
Is this finding, lovely feeling of a new throne.

To sit in the place where everything, anything
Can happen is my desire, a constant drone.

Maybe worry can become butterfly, hanging
Laborless in the near air, not worming the bone.

Probably impossible to keep up this rest,
At least as such. Parasite concept saps the tone.

Real freedom must be in the so-lovely middle,
Unbound by beginning and ending, always home.

The intimacy of *this* is universal,
Unloseable. Exile is dropping being thrown.

Whatever Nicola's lies, do not believe, but
Overleap them to where we are never alone.

My favorite feelings are indescribable,
Khoral, hopelessly somewhere, indescribable.

Do not say love is not the key to everything
When that key is equally indescribable.

My heart is a cosmopolitan simpleton
Talking truths, suffering moods indescribable.

Like you, I need to discover myself, like now,
Not subsist in aimlessness indescribable.

The world-river is washing away all we write.
Lose complexity, find the indescribable.

Capitalistic public discourse has no place
For our real treasure, tears indescribable.

Now that she thinks about it, Nicola does think,
Unthinkably, only the indescribable.

Life is looking for new ways to renounce my life
And to renounce renunciation of this life.

Nothing happier, harder than finding the seam,
Softly unlacing this space between you and life.

History is thinking the world without oneself
As way of feeling, without, the fact of this life.

Civilization suicides to birth silence,
Hear this ancient cry of the unity of life.

Love, omnipresent unconquerable summit,
Only spot to see it, entrance to truth of life.

Every fold of immemorial matter holds
Endless thisness, individuation of life.

A circumstance needing extra circumspection
Is this demanding gift, Nicola's little life.

Negate panpsychism's impossibility,
Live the death of your mind/matter duality.

Becoming dust is way beyond imagining,
The essence of friendship, pure actuality.

Help me fail to forget we live on planet wine,
Enrich impoverished notions of reality.

The pestilence of human labor is a spring
From fertile infernal dimensionality.

Procure me verse to envenom the universe,
Deep inseminating form, not formality.

Around the abyss of your radical event
Angels in bliss sing hymns to abnormality.

Down to his fingers, down to his toes, Nicola
Feels the non-existence of triviality.

Bataille, pale genius of the perverse, visits not
In dreams, but in thought-pegasi, things that are not.

Earth: a sacred temple, godless and unbuilding,
Cooking consciousness into something it is not.

Happy-sad scholars exhale singularity,
This impossible, ordinary thing, or not.

Facticity is God, shouts tell-it-like-it-is,
Insisting on saying a thing saying cannot.

The profoundest temporariness of each thing
Is an unknissed kiss, sublime perfection and not.

Ancient stones also bathe daily in their own blood,
Bound by necessity to be what they are not.

The shock, the horror could not be greater, and still
Nicola finds breath, ecstasy where they are not.

Desire desires only desire itself,
Not this or that, or you or me, only itself.

Little analogy, a slight allegory,
Talking of another and listening to itself.

Far above rabid trees and our viral worries
A singular trembling moon wholly hangs itself.

I am hungrier than hunger, than every else
That interposes me between me and itself.

Prophecy is no big deal, unless you forget
How everything is always forever itself.

Local tombs, drawn nearer by naming, testify
Precisely to what was never slightly itself.

Poetry is not poisonous, it is fatal,
A way for Nicola to speak speaking itself.

See here, there, the pure horror of the human form,
Self-burning, perversest orthodoxies of form.

From where have you snaked your scalar self into being,
You slithering sometimes eloquent mass of form?

If we speak together, even for a moment,
It is as feeling the inner despair of form.

And sometimes a surface becomes like blood-stained snow
And in my entrancement I conquer every form.

Was it you we saw wandering vagabondish
Over the steep steppes of thought, or was it your form?

If the world elects to continue even once
I will smash it as idol of my own heart's form.

Here is where I even get to say Nicola,
Most sincerely broadcast the emptiness of form.

Dust mote dictates empyrean conspiracy,
Ice sings antarctic black metal conspiracy.

It hurts ego to hear cosmos is one big tree
Infinitely ramifying conspiracy.

Witness thought's betrayal of thinking's own body,
Keeping secret everybody's conspiracy.

Who is my only and non-essential essence,
The halo of this event as conspiracy.

A single anything spontaneously kills
All chance of there not being a conspiracy.

Individuation glitches every system,
Endlessly out-conspires every conspiracy.

Ecstatic mnemonic paralysis seizes
Nicola's heart in the sweetest conspiracy.

Your gaze is a speculative reality,
A gradual from an unknown monastery.

Zerodimensionally, it perforates air,
Opening without opening somewhere very.

Disease me. Be for me as I am your disease,
Sack the City of God with love-dysentery.

Their conference, even on the moon, leaves all unchanged.
Professing, they forget to practice, heresy.

Outside opens from within, making all woman,
Whoring world perfectly like the Virgin Mary.

Inside opens from without, manning everything,
Erecting it as infinite commentary.

Nicola's vision crashes right through the windshield,
Thrown by distracting eyes, a fresh fatality.

Question: is something causing cosmos to appear?
I really ask—do I?—do not only appear.

See the crystal growing of all things as answer,
A perfect inverse of platitude that appears.

The more I timepass inside thinking's deep flatness,
The more wine signed *mystery* on my doorstep appears.

From where has everything already been let in?
That is home, not the perspective where it appears.

Funny philosophers, thinking thought as a thing,
Not image in a mirror where each thing appears.

The summit of this life is its not having been.
To be standing there now we suddenly appear.

Be happy only to hear, not catch Nicola,
One who not once to himself will ever appear.

The worry-machine of materialism
Lurches cliffward on fuel of empiricism.

Master and slave take dictation from the same dog,
A rabid cur sometimes called capitalism.

Nor does philosophy exist, being fallen
Into self-fables, intellectualism.

Can hearts anamnesically learn love-sickness,
Self-consumption, via such consumerism?

Tomorrow we will institute the World Center
For the Imminent Destruction of All Ism.

For now, semi-audible complaint will suffice,
A heady, modern luxury: criticism.

Nicola is not bird or cage, light or spectrum,
But something invisible trapped in a prism.

How this life is happening inside a bright cave
I saw blindly, wholly, as in a lightless cave.

Spatial communion with place's solidity
Is a fine phrase for the simple feeling of cave.

Before murder ends, the victim is bathed in bliss,
A quick lethic cleansing of pain's cellular cave.

Tomb-shrine: telluro-magnetic sporangium
Of mystical grottophilia, love of cave.

Shedding life to realize the dawn of existence
Demands millions of creepings through a body-cave.

Gazing into the distance finds universal
Claustrophobia, dream-sense of the cosmic cave.

Nicola's migration passes so much space-time
He even forgets never being born in this cave.

Who writes heart-words holding keys to the doors of blood?
Who hears our silent arrival on shores of blood?

You are the only one like yourself, the sole love
Of whomsoever's heart, with/without stores of blood.

All distant stars will know this love's perfect tenor
As unforeseen joy releases bright spores of blood.

Happiness is (not) proving simpler than I thought:
A couple diurnal, infernal chores of blood.

See me over the next mountain? asks the led one.
Guide says, return tunneling through hot ores of blood.

Dreamer or doer, killer and victim, each one
Invisibly, eventually bores of blood.

Befriend Nicola before his quick, weird demise,
When a silent sword wins himself, not wars of blood.

No predicting this ontological panic,
Inverted reflection of origin: panic!

Flying upside down in an unforeseen cosmos,
It's surprising how infrequently we panic.

Beauty: each moment losing a new argument.
Who provides me so many to lose I panic?

People, if you refuse to share their worry,
Have a shy tendency to essentially panic.

This love's pervading pain is not so much a pain
As a too-profound suprasensual panic.

I throw my arms around Nietzsche and the whipped horse,
Immolate myself on their altars of panic.

You and Nicola are other than space-time rides,
Even unreasons for hope, preemptive panic.

Hear divinity in the corpse's every pore,
A live, hideous gnosis for which you are for.

Inside towers of silence is not what you think,
More like the final understanding of all lore.

Real voice is breathing, ingesting another breath,
Eating the inner child that from a cold mouth soars.

Speculative realism, still dating its desire,
Knows not yet the chimerical wedding in store.

Alpine ibex face off above our first ascent,
Trading poetry impossible to explore.

From the black pit a bleaching, skin-wrapped skeleton
Explains there is never any such thing as more.

Hard to see what mirror-cleaning Nicola's mind
Reveals, to say the clarity we all ignore.

This heart, only one to face the impossible.
No other hunter to chase the impossible.

Poetry wants nothing, only emptiest words,
Passing pen and ink to trace the impossible.

Friendship, found by happenstance only haptically,
Is never one to abase the impossible.

Count me among the living only if my breath
Continually lays waste the impossible.

Real tombs are only full of creeds. All else decays
By special descent of grace, the impossible.

Reality? We only ignore *illusion*
At peril, risking to race the impossible.

Tell Nicola why he only scapegoats himself,
Tragically fails to embrace the impossible.

No, we are not become companions to no end.
My hand does not grow cold touching you to no end.

Evil swims the outermost shallow of our love,
A glistening thing revealing depths to no end.

Truth is, we do not exist, except the way wind,
Unheeded, never stops transpiring to no end.

Wait a moment. Only impossibility
Of guarantee consoles, gives one hope to no end.

Without our invisible smiles and unwept tears
Life is pathetic circus boring to no end.

Willy-nilly, the heart breaks this prison to be
An unseen anemone singing to no end.

Hide Nicola so far away from his blindness
That he forever perceives beauty to no end.

Problem is not anything in particular,
More like the friction of being particular.

Think life deepestly stupid, perhaps on a train,
Not exactly anywhere in particular.

Each day I massage a new spot on Ghalib's heart.
The health benefits? General and particular.

Why *not* let love kill everything, turn all to dust?
Soon you'll begin, stop being so particular.

The sound of death is projects receiving applause,
A hurried knell drowning all things particular.

Empire dies drunk on the taste of its own folly,
Belching worry-consumption of particulars.

If you finally meet Nicola, please recall
His name, remind him of this one particular.

Is it a circus, this world, or a drunken lord
Carousing like a less than capitalized lord?

Blow me away into flaming infinite life,
Says smoldering heart, razed and raked by a dark lord.

Cosmos is not creation, but the real killing
Of all ignorance, every slave who says *lord*.

Burn down the tent of the heavens, every temple.
I want to see the look on the faces of lords.

The kindergarten of taking-giving offense
Graduates so many beelzebubs, flies' lords.

All things enter into endless auto-fatigue.
Blame whomever you will, especially the lord.

Have you spoken? Who, high-placed, hears your little word?
Nicola vanishes the court, exiles all lords.

My planet does not hang suspended in your fear.
It spins in spontaneous orbit, always here.

Two pigeons sitting too stilly against the sky.
Words: nothing measuring something terribly near.

The uselessness of ever asking what you mean
Is trumped by my always being hopelessly clear.

I was wholly there, standing now in the song's midst.
How passed not the notes through one, out the other, ear?

Soon life itself will be something else that happened,
And not. So hard to think anything more, less queer.

Feel how very false are feelings about feelings.
Only the matter, the wax itself is sincere.

Falling for perfection is Nicola's real plight,
An endless fatal sense that I am, right now, there.

Maybe the light of your mind is a dying star,
Longly feeling its no longer being a star.

Entities, old slimes breathing songs of unknowing,
Intersect all, a formic infection of stars.

Home is among the rubble, near grinding to dust,
A material altering things into stars.

My friends are eternally stronger than they think,
With hearts like the dark secret engines of hot stars.

All this plurality is hopelessly shameful.
What the hell were you scheming in becoming star?

The high sound of castrasti-thought fills the courtyard,
Aimed, minus the pull to even wish on a star.

Near the end of the day Nicola dreams treason,
New hidden ways of supernova-ing (t)his star.

Monads are meeting, only in bewilderment,
Conversing in long spirals of bewilderment.

Life, ambivalently overrated deathtrap,
Is stupendously nothing sans bewilderment.

Hold to my standard just those whose standard I hold,
Or lose my sole consolation: bewilderment.

Eking out existence is our actual state.
Slow breath abysmally down to bewilderment.

Time, time, time is forever arriving at this:
Never repetition, newer bewilderment.

Like a green desert, like orthodox heresy,
Like finding home being lost is bewilderment.

The real riddler is whoever Nicola is,
A creature from black lagoons of bewilderment.

I will face the weight of an infinite elsewhere,
Lift the veil of all knowing that was never there.

Not seeing anyone is so hard. Is this it?
Signs pointing to answers are posted everywhere.

When memory gathers into a storm of love
What the birds symbolize is scattered here and there.

Too deep is this sleeping, aeonic and glacial.
At this rate one may wake up almost anywhere.

There is, near the absolute bottom of your heart,
A kind of second abyss that is always there.

Something about the eyes, how they open without
Ever giving away, and not, the treasure's where.

Nicola does not prepare to leave, but to stay
In a place so silent that everything is there.

Here, there is nothing to which one does not belong,
Above all the nothing where everything belongs.

I am lost, and way more so for being with you,
More I, more am, more lost along a way too long.

Unfathomable colors of a comet's tail
Neither trail nor lead this dreaming coma along.

Our infinitesimal camera will photograph
Infinity. The shot does not take very long.

Than time's own slowness nothing is more sudden,
A blast from the past imprinting memory for long.

Habit gives all experience, from gas to this,
An evolving engine that life itself prolongs.

For now, *and* wins the battle of one and many.
Worlds strive to fill the space where Nicola still longs.

A face always before me, a face in the air	16
Bataille, pale genius of the perverse, visits not	33
Desire desires only desire itself	34
Doing interesting work on is not the same	17
Dust mote dictates empyrean conspiracy	36
Endless journey passing in the flash of an eye	27
Event of oneself, ongoing primordial	1
Everything existing is existing right now	5
Finite is more infinite than infinity	25
First fountain, nowhere, from which all things are flowing	6
Hear divinity in the corpse's every pore	43
Here, there is nothing to which one does not belong	52
How come think you exempt from evolution	26
How this life is happening inside a bright cave	40
I cannot believe life is really happening	15
I will face the weight of an infinite elsewhere	51
If not opening a more radical wonder	23
In one moment (the only moment) of silence	10
Is it a circus, this world, or a drunken lord	47
Life is looking for new ways to renounce my life	31
Life, impermanent auto-documentary	28

Like gently leaning back onto a bench of stone	29
Looking out from the place where everything is	9
Master of unknowing, true human forgetter	13
Maybe the light of your mind is a dying star	49
Memory, my peephole to eternity, wanders	8
Monads are meeting, only in bewilderment	50
Morning screams bloody murder of the desert world	12
My favorite feelings are indescribable	30
My neck cut free from the millstone of unused lore	22
My planet does not hang suspended in your fear	48
Nameless desire, new epic longing for home	2
Negate panpsychism's impossibility	32
No joy possesses me in having this or that	3
No predicting this ontological panic	42
No, we are not become companions to no end	45
Now in silence I see my most terrible need	4
Now is a perfect time to start thinking about	24
Problem is not anything in particular	46
Prophet of the present, humanity's future-	7
Question: is something causing cosmos to appear	38
See here, there, the pure horror of the human form	35
The bodies are here only because selves are here	21

The fact of our being here is so spiritual	14
The folly of not following the heart's whisper	11
The one possibility is infinite worlds	18
The worry-machine of materialism	39
There is nothing like the sweetness of loving you	19
This heart, only one to face the impossible	44
Walking corpse hallucinating it is alive	20
Who writes heart-words holding keys to the doors of blood	41
Your gaze is a speculative reality	37

