

ON THE POETRY OF STONE AGE PATTERNS

On the verge of forgetting. Sound of the moth, locked behind curtains, arthropod of faraway fear. All answers are machines, transforming matter and mind into uniform Southern blots, ASCII codes and Rorschach protocols. Our maps are valid, but we don't know a thing about the territory and its terrors. Tramps are disguised as knights, their armour bright and shining like a lottery winner's Rolls Royce. Beware ma chère, the box of chocolates may contain strange fumes of past lives, wisdom forgotten long ago.

On the verge of remembering. A strange sadness overcomes us like the saints marching on towards global catastrophe. That's what they're good at, being saints. Meanwhile the mean just grab what they are told to need, and the Invisible Hand of market machinery creates a better world. Maybe that is the horrid truth: that there is no reward, no eternity. The only reason to remember the saints is that they are to be forgotten at some moment in time. Captain America said: We blew it. And went to sleep.

On the edge I could be. I am not. Lost somewhere in time's parking space I toss the coins of destiny, refusing to act. Inside the dome there is no way to tell the timing. Shame, fear and anticipatory self-pity seal off the moment. Hello, out there. Do you read me? Do you really? Help me unfreeze, giants of nature. Unhooked, I will swim towards the shore and evolve into something smarter than you can dream of. But now, there is nothing but the sound of the arthropod, desperate to kill himself in the flames of the Light.

Online if you read me, offline while I knit my knots of nutty wit cookies, fortune of anyone but the soldier and the eater of Souls. Hi there, High here, Now is the time to be yourself - that kind of obvious dough, hiding the hints at the terrible truth somewhere in one of the many footnotes to the fetishists. We are not the first, nor the last high-technology civilisation. This is a dangerous planet to evolve complex structures. Dark ages have destroyed the light many times, but it never died. Posing as a madman, minstrel or joker, posing as a prophet or a poet, They/We managed to escape. The Illuminati (those who saw the light and fed it) have lost many battles, but still there are benefactors of BLISS, beings of light.

Ontology: the science of our world view machinery plus some bold assumptions about life in general and the world at its largest: inside the mind and on the edge of the event horizon of an expanding universe. Maybe it is time to decode the messages of many menhirs and megaliths, maybe we should open the Sphinx' virginal womb and read the holy codes in stone, maybe we should share the messages of the stoned to life, long live liberation on all wavelengths, Amen. It is a dangerous path, far away from the logic of the masses, so beware! Not everyone is there for the joint to share. Other ways to convey the same are not necessarily chemical, biological, material or mathematical in nature. Poets may write in stone and not only the stoned at heart may see the code. But it is worth every try. Our ancestors must have had muscles and guts - or some superior space age technology we would love to reinvent. Let's see what they had to say and stop our 20th century arrogance about 'progress'. We thank our existence to that Mexican asteroid that killed off the dinosaurs, remember?

On we go, multiple choice trip syncopating through the flatlands of consensual insanity - everyone sticking to single minds and duplicate follies. In perfect day-glo airbrushed obscenity we undress the world with our Y to discover the home made cookies of Fortuna. She is walking on high healed needle scars blowing the blue smoke out of aquinine nostrils, naked and soft. Another drag and the house of cards collapses again. Standing impossibly, veiled in the open: Trump of the World.