

# Searching For Fertile Ground

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For F.B. & R.D.

CAPIAS ULTAGATEUM

ALL ART BEGINS  
WITH SUFFERING.  
IT EITHER CELEBRATES  
THE WILL TO TRANSCEND  
SUFFERING OR THE IMMERSION  
OF THE EGO IN PAIN AND SUFFERING.  
SUFFERING IS THE FOUNDATION  
OF CREATION. AND DEATH  
IS ALWAYS THINKING  
ABOUT RECONSTRUCTION.

-1-

I wasn't looking  
for anything in particular.  
I loved being in the movie  
monks' breathing exercises etc.  
Christ, the ideal, breaking the bounds  
of the Terra Imp  
and how  
the ideal has been translated  
into American commercials  
for beauty and success.

-2-

Christ told me to transcend the ego  
to allow the innate grace  
of the feminine to take up residence  
in the soul. To excite, entwine,  
circle.

-3-

It's weirder than hell when you  
look around and see all these people  
talking basically about the same thing  
which is what they're getting  
from radio, the TV and the newspapers.  
I listen to it and I hear the pattern  
in the mind that has no mind behind it.  
The old in and out the breath of fire  
the mind intending the body  
to rise above the hackers!

-4-

Back in the old days  
when people postulated  
there was no God  
the retorts were often  
then life is absurd.  
Many said and still say  
there are gods of  
the earth, the heavens and  
the mind.  
Life is absurd  
if one cannot hear the voices  
of this world.

-5-

Most people believe money  
is God.  
There's a big world out there.  
Money might give  
you a chance.  
No one over time  
thinks love is anything but a diversion.

-6-

Our civilizations rise and disintegrate  
every five hundred years or so.  
Sometimes our gains are disseminated  
Often submerged.  
To see ourselves clearly;  
to be happy, motivated  
and free. Sounds simple,  
doesn't it?

-7-

When we look at a piece of art  
we tend to see and feel our own  
reaction. Our emotions block  
the composition. This is  
also true of our relationships.  
Some of the time we're  
Just "too tangled  
up in blue"  
to see what's true.

-8-

Let me draw a picture  
And you tell me if you think  
It is reflective of reality.  
60% of Americans are lower  
middle class imbued with all  
the values that category indicates.  
20% of the people are computer  
literate and those numbers will double  
in the next 15 years. There  
will be more people over  
70 in the West  
in proportion to the overall population.  
As we speak, our Empire  
Is shrinking.

-9-

Our beauty hides in the bloodstream  
Waiting for the  
proper combination  
to release it from bondage.  
All around us flies the digitalized information  
age. Feel like I'm living in a dark  
age, on this haunted  
earth, surrounded by encrusted meso  
morphs diaphanous Bull  
shitters selling whistles and  
bells to the upwingers.

-10-

I hear phrases like “you  
The people who are too  
eager to slander your  
Gov’t when it has been  
we who created  
the climate of peace and,  
an ever growing economy;  
When it has been we  
Our own policies, who have  
led our nation to dominance  
“You the peace people, have  
been wrong from the get go!”

-11-

All over the planet the people  
are confused and sad.  
My colleagues tell me everyday –  
you see what we've been experiencing  
since the death of the intellect.  
During our childhoods,  
in discussion of cultural matters,  
we could always count  
on the N.Y. Times and the Herald Tribune  
for inspired reportage.  
The responses were as varied  
as the individuals  
who examined the new work.  
Sure, there was plenty  
of mass marketing and yellow  
journalism, but if you turned  
your head away from sensationalism  
there were serious people everywhere  
examining profound things.  
In 2005, all that profundity  
has vanished. Monopoly  
and the building of Empire  
has brought commodification  
to every sphere of our American  
Way of life. People have been reduced.  
Like to like, differences  
don't interact. We are all  
niched out.

-12-

In most of life on earth  
sex is used as a weapon  
to combat the aggressive  
tendencies of the other.  
Have you seen the baboon mother  
still the hunting tiger  
into dreams of copulation?  
I know how the tiger thinks:  
love is a tender feeling  
for something you can't have.

I watch myself on T.V...  
I'm a literary critic  
a perfect example  
of impassioned ignorance.  
At the moment I believe I'm an  
expert on Francis Bacon dead  
in 1626.  
I notice a fatuousness  
creeping around the edges  
of my face.  
The psychology of the human  
is on display  
in the terrain of the face.  
There, the shark, the obstacles,  
the joys cohabit.

**This is the new woman**

-1-

The little things she  
possesses. The ultimate things  
really – the goods.

Am now staring  
into the creatures eyes  
all aglow with joy  
being in existence  
with its fine eyes tuned  
to the world.

I hear her  
little gurglings  
and burblings  
her way of impressing herself.

Eat and run.

“My lady my lady moving  
in the new world  
with April feet”, Cummings said.

“My soul totally  
obedient  
wanting you to stroke me  
into mumbling”.

Alas,  
it's not to be.

Thinking I'm clever I call her  
the Controller. She twitches  
and goes to the kitchen  
and comes back holding  
a glass of water which she promptly  
throws into my face.

It's funny how such an act  
promotes intimacy  
between the victim  
and the aggressor.

All sorts of weird sexual thoughts  
cross my mind,  
but she's putting  
on her coat  
and leaving.

-2-

Seldom do I find her  
in a loving mood  
building confidence  
or holding this creation  
with the proper tears  
in her eyes  
Though she does work  
On her past.  
I speak to her for what  
May be the final time.

-3-

Both are presents have failed.  
Keep emotions to a minimum.  
My real work is to keep  
the dialogue going,  
and most importantly,  
hear her soundtrack,  
every nook and cranny of her voice.

# Rex

I stand in the middle of the stage.  
I think I'm going  
to organize another show. I breathe  
deeply and begin to dance,  
a kind of Tai-Chi thing – elongating, a  
stop and go motion.  
I enlarge myself until  
at the end of the dance, I am  
an enormous fixture  
standing in the middle of the stage  
with nothing to say.  
I am accused of fraud.  
I am being dismantled. Standing  
in the middle of the stage I feel,  
curiously enough, like Hannibal  
Lector. His consciousness (as a God-feeling)  
wants to know, to understand  
everything about reality.  
It leads him to dissect the whole.  
I am nothing but parts

Moments Dismantled.

I set out to create a new kind  
of woman  
for my mother was somewhat defective.  
A new kind of man  
for my father couldn't cut the mustard.  
I analyzed information in the media,  
in business and the arts  
for clues to who and what they might be.  
Evidence there was of growth  
patterns as well as seeds of debasement:  
contradictory at best.  
I could go no farther  
With the project.  
I hid my inability to love  
my family and found a way  
to fit in  
without creating undue alarm  
or detection.

**1997**

-1-

I sit on a bench  
outside Dan Tana's.  
It's Valentine's day I'm feeling  
pretty good about myself.  
The people look beautiful.  
Beverly Hills is growing gooey green stuff.  
I'm watching the valentines  
disembark and enter  
either Dan's or the Troubador.  
I have a smile on my face  
and a slim well dressed black cat  
walks over to me and says,  
"got it all figured out, huh?"  
I say "you know where the time goes."  
You know where the time goes, I think.  
None of us knows that:  
streaming across a seemingly infinite space.  
Maybe this guy can help me  
make my movie.  
Wait a minute.  
I've got Pat coming.  
It's Valentine's Day.  
I wait patiently for Pat.

-2-

That's the difference between a hustler and me.  
Nothing will stand in the hustler's way.  
To make a movie you've got to hustle, man.  
By the time you make the deal  
you haven't any energy left for the movie.  
Who's better off the one inside  
or outside? Each looks at the other.  
The insider is constrained by legal constraints.  
The outsider by jealousy.  
This lack of synergy clogs the drain.

# **In The Blue And Red States**

-1-

We are all beautiful things really.  
Test dummies working quietly;  
Don Quixotes staring at the sun.  
Buddhas perched on ledges.  
The ordinary lives we lead,  
scurrying about the feet  
of our Great Motif – the military  
machine – provides us  
with a warm and fuzzy  
backdrop to our daily  
role of Protector of the Universe.  
In many ways it's true.  
We inherited it, were inspired  
by defeating a monstrous evil.  
Yet, now, in 2005,  
our addiction to superhype  
has made us vulnerable  
to believing in ideas  
that have no meaning.

# **When He Was Homeless He Was Free**

-1-

OF THE NEED TO LOVE:  
PENNILESS, SUNLIT,  
GROWN BEYOND SPEECH  
EXPERIENCING  
THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE IN MICRO

-2-

Dreaming cloudy, white and gloomy  
I had been stealing things  
then running. One night  
a man drove by and parked  
a few feet from me.  
He had ten TV's on the back  
of his pickup.  
Nonchalantly, I lifted two.  
One was encased in an old tan  
leather exactly like one of my old tote  
bags. On the top of Taylor St.,  
Inside Poet's Corner, I spent  
the evening watching two TV's.  
I have been under surveillance  
since June 3, 1965. I am haunted  
by the thought that all my actions  
are a fake, a ruse, a play  
that has no backing.  
Dear Establishment, everyone  
struggles for power. No one  
wants to be controlled.  
You are rich; you make money.  
What do you want from me?  
To control me and you do,  
keeping me at bay.  
That's ok.  
I need the discipline.

# Agent 13

-1-

Frank (the agent) says to Michelle  
who has been complaining about how  
she is being marketed,  
“we’ll grind you up  
into dog food and sell that  
if you’re so fired up about this!”  
Michelle retorts, “I quit. I am not perfect  
And I’ll not be marketed  
as if I were. I was taught by artists,  
painters mostly, to embrace dust, dirt,  
and imperfection.

Frank says, “my lawyer  
will be in touch with you.”  
After she exits, Frank turns  
to us and says, “we are going  
to have to get rid  
of most of our traditionally  
inherited fears if  
we are going to form  
a new brave world.”

-2-

Like Michelle

The Neanderthals proved to be inefficient  
gold diggers!

The Ananochi (Sumerian name for  
the Aliens) began tinkering  
with the genetic code of the brave  
but incorrigible Neanderthals.  
Eventually, they created Cro Magnon.

Entertaining a movie?

We know who the real gods are:  
Sun, wind, water, catastrophe,  
transformation but were we  
only created to mine gold?

One Ananochi, who loved us  
more than any other said, "no".  
Was that alien crucified  
and did they leave the Experiment ALONE?

# **I Am K.O.'d (for Keith Oliver)**

People are constantly insulting me and my intuition.  
Intuition will expose the truth, I say,  
long before the rational mind....  
I am fire falling, why? What had caused this journey?  
The indelible image  
of the praying mantis. The push,  
the struggle, to release the inhibiting.  
The total delirium.

While I said that I would never  
sell my soul I knew that at any minute  
I could give it away. I was feeling that  
my circumstances at an early age  
had placed me in a casket.

Fire falling is easy as long as I  
don't let them close the casket.

Stranded, in the line of fire,  
suspended by light observing  
and feeling but not being able  
to touch.

It is as if I were looking  
at people being born, growing,  
laughing crying and dying  
and not being able (ready)  
to tell them how much I admired  
and loved them,

In, this world desire distills (through inaction) into a Paul Valery – like  
concoction of sweet but alien affection.

## People

Beneath it all  
a battle  
over style and content,  
the angle of intent.

If you look at them  
under a microscope  
you see the stress  
of their everyday reality is  
so great, as seen on the  
screen of their emotions, as  
to make the observer feel  
they are on the brink of dissolution.

Amazing how they can sit  
in one place  
and pattern themselves  
after what appears before them.

Their delicate bodies contain  
a feedback mechanism.  
If the outer subject  
doesn't reciprocate  
their bodies harden.  
They despise killing  
but eat a lot of it, and need plenty of tits and ass.

People are megalomaniacs, and mystical.  
There are visionaries among them  
who can point to any event  
as justification for their theory.  
For them each event has meaning  
If it can be shown to be  
part of their theory.  
That a theory exists  
and can be proven  
is not the proof  
of its effectiveness.  
For that, the seeker must answer  
the question what kind  
of world is brought into being  
or encouraged by the theory.  
The main point about a theory  
is its net effect

on the theorist's survival.

Within them  
there is a deep belief  
that beyond negligence,  
luck or malicious interference  
there is another reason  
people win lotteries  
or fall off mountains.  
It must be the will of God  
some think. The action  
of the all-connected tissue  
raises some into the light and ends others abruptly.  
O! Omnes ab Ova!

O! Yahweh, Krishna,  
Buddha, Allah  
blessings upon you.  
Make me strong, O Christ,  
to withstand the demons  
of this garden Earth.

## People 2

When their minds are free of worry they become incredible receptors. Unfortunately, as they grow, they assume more and more of their mother's and father's anxiety.

The children feel it is their responsibility to exorcise the demons and fears of the parents. Often, the children are buried by the enormity of the task.

It's just now dawning on them that each thing is on it's way to becoming something else. Consciousness is an individual moment. Each meeting between these momentary individuals is unique and obeys its own laws.

Within them there is a deep-seated need to follow others. Early they are taught to coordinate their efforts. The outsider's value is something they are not taught to appreciate.

Their bodies speak the language of their minds. Their minds are monads, mirrors. Their egos swell on and off, appear and disappear like the phases of the moon. This sense of themselves, as transient, angers them. In fact, these black holes in their psyche provide sustenance and relief.

All want to construct a personality, a subject to carry their banner. If even the best of them are too many people to be contained in one body you can imagine their difficulty in selecting one face.

Without principles, which are formed within them over long periods of listening to and reading what others have thought, without having struggled within themselves for centuries, they haven't a chance.

The people care for money, soap operas, inner weaknesses and they dream of being a star. Listen to what one of them says: "Now that I've pretty well moved beyond the physical aspects of the depression I'm really discovering a lot about myself, most of which needs some sort of improvement or change. I also find that my cup runneth over. It's like I suppressed my feelings and denied them even laughed at them for so long that they put themselves in one big storehouse, waiting for me to open the door. It's hard to deal with reality when one grows up pretty much sheltered from it. I find a little resentment toward Mom and Dad gets the best of me, something I must control. I must control it if I want to keep my happy home.

I'm just overall confused and frustrated at not having any power. No one will help me. I'm not sure what life and reality are, what they require. To be honest it scares the hell out of me. I keep having dreams where something fearful happens such as being confronted, being followed, being confronted, alone in the spotlight.

The change individuals and nations seek among the rocks and changing music can be found in a job, a working belief, a means to end weakness and despair. People must stand for their beliefs. There is no getting around that, but certainty doesn't exist if people use it to butt their heads against a wall. The purpose of certainty is to expand and develop the soul of man, to create in man, livable internal land.

### **People 3**

Aware of the difficulties of assessment

After all these fading years I still maintain we humans are blocked at the core; our souls sealed by our animal past. Yet, we have maybe the most exquisite stories about the way out of our quandary. All the sign posts to freedom we have written in our own hands?

Yet, we build mazes which allow only a few to find the way. There are great historical debates about the proficiency of this or that maze but the theory that life is a game which only some people can win builds in a series of interlocking elites which enslave us all.

Discussion on trying to get the humans to alter their definitions.

1<sup>st</sup> definition: inner peace equals inner strength.

I told her I had inner strength, inner peace, She said, "I don't believe you." I asked her to reconsider her response. Look I said how do you know you don't even know me. "Your response indicates you don't have it, or you might have it, but you don't know what it is." Is that right I asked. "Looking at you, talking to you now I know you don't have it." In your mind what does inner peace or inner strength look like? "Not you", she said.

# The Future

-1-

We walk around the house nude  
she in her astound Aphrodite  
and me in Bacchus  
most old and gentle.

-2-

Dreams of the marriage  
the journey across borders  
the mock gun battles.  
In the living room  
where I am talking  
she may repeat my last syllables  
with love but I think she mocks me.  
You're like my father, she says.  
You think you can get whatever  
you want when you want it.  
That's funny, I say. I thought  
I had to pay for it.

-3-

Our logic is not really logical.  
It excludes either purposefully  
or through ignorance of our militancy  
the actual elements of the paradigm.

-1-

Unlocking the heart  
releasing bent, pent-up  
emotions revealing true concerns. Not possession,  
rather value.

Too many beings wasted for want of a crime  
too much power devoted to control, not enough  
power invested in the pain.

-2-

Someone recently asked what do you  
think would happen not make it  
happen but happen  
if the house of Reps and the Senate  
broke down and cried  
Sobbing as you and I  
not for something they  
or their families did wrong,  
but just simply  
for all the pain all  
our families have endured?

# **The Politician In The Main Arena**

-1-

He stands, a chronicler of destruction,  
an epic-maker. With his hand on the mic,  
he leans down to the grid, and whispers.  
All the fine, fluid-like characters,  
malleable as hot plastic, explode;  
hot wires, wisps blow across this  
picture from the one soul dreaming.  
Their souls are hung abundantly  
from a crooked tree. They turn,  
slowly, to look and stare at one  
another, incanting the phase,  
over and over, until it is a thunderous  
rain, "whose direction will be altered,  
whose... direction will be altered?"

-2-

We spiral from a world of death. The sea contains a quickening motion. Like the fins of a fish, we are a metaphor for our own motion. We hem ourselves in, legislate by what is in fashion, describe the past. Safe beneath the tent, we cheer and continue to register pain and bafflement at being trapped inside an ever-expanding wall.

-3-

Can we become bolder?

-4-

In our homes, Desire murmurs over us,  
bending over one another, sipping each  
other's teats. Like the rest, I pull her  
dress up, along her waist, and undo her  
garters. I push her closer to the door  
and pull her legs clear. I bend over her,  
on the passenger side, fingering her delicious.  
Crazy me she says crazy me; don't push

-5-

I hear her music. I laugh at her  
child-like language. My ear hurts,  
she says. She is arranging and rearranging  
her feathers in the rain. Above us, above  
the couch, on which she now sprawls, the  
calendar of a gaudy steamship company  
displays a painting of their new ship.

-6-

Will we always be sailing away?

If the world had been provided for just that,  
then the world would, also, perish for it.

It is not easy to stay, to register dissent,  
but a suicide is a failure of courage, perhaps,  
a passion gone limp.

-7-

Our unity is the single truth to which we can lend ourselves. With that goes our shot at immortality, our chance at discovering origins, love, a lasting universal concern for beauty. The present emphasis on plasticity opens costly avenues of destruction. The marketplace changes us into another extension of ourselves, into the spokes instead of the wheels.

-8-

I am standing in a park that was built,  
in the 30's, by depression workers.  
They tiled the gutters, founded the stone  
walls, set them with seeing-eye temples.  
In the corner stones, and in the branches  
of the bigger trees, they laid the bodies  
of the hardest working scorpions. I walk  
there and see a naked couple in the bush.  
Their song flashes across the long, curving  
blue like magic. Are there finer words  
for billions of nerve cells in travel?

-9-

We are moving. The skies are moving. Maybe there is no curve or it is shrinking—The Incredible Shrinking Man's battle for survival: running from his house cat, now a great orange predator; in his cellar fighting a spider with a hat pin. Against all odds, he resigns himself. Let a home fly out of such a match. Through a green square, in the window netting, he contemplates his fate.

-10-

In his suffering, in his felicity,  
The games of God are bared.  
He has absconded with the funds.  
Poor man's flesh, probed and eaten,  
then thrown to the dogs, whistles  
and works his time away without recourse  
to any other intelligence. Somewhat afraid  
of love, insatiable when set loose, she sings,  
With the lights dimmed,  
a lullaby of love.

## THE GENESIS OF REVOLUTION

In the tomb yard of desire  
a frustrated alchemist  
plays with the bone  
of a frightened hare;  
twanging it. We are  
screaming from the pain.  
Can't he feel us? He's  
trapped us in a crossfield  
of wailing emotions.  
Come, let us lie down.  
To distract him, we will  
cover ourselves with the  
fallen pine needles,  
and make faces as radiant  
as stars.

# Releasing herself from the pain

-1-

Her nipples orange.  
She lies in the Universe  
suspended between earth and sky:  
The curving triangle of her mouth,  
her ears like two ancient  
musical notes.

-2-

In the aftermath of lovemaking,  
She is serene  
smooth ruffled by  
an occasional crying.  
Ages of women  
pass through her  
like knives,  
Syllables of light,  
nests of barbed wire.

# A BRIEF HISTORY OF LOGIC

The problems which deeply concern us stem from our need to control our environment. Our need to control and our obvious lack of control caused us to invent art, astronomy, mathematics, engineering, law and logic.

Certainly by 4000 B.C. we are in exquisite control of our logic: building dams, mining, writing epic poetry, creating abstractly patterned vases, discovering the medicinal properties of all things surrounding us.

-2-

We express our grasp of the world through conquering and trading. From a biological point, we are intermingling; unifying disparate peoples. Like a mushroom, we spread across the globe.

This conquering and trading is a natural expression of our new found logic. It takes about 3,000 years for the next phase to begin.

It is not until the Greeks – Thales, Hippocrates, Socrates, and Pythagoras; and the Chinese with Confucius, Lao Tzu, and the Indians in Buddha when we begin to shift from the logic of the Territorial Imperative to a “new” form of thinking which represents a major change from building and exploring to the investigations into internal logical procedures. This is the beginning of the scientific method from which all subsequent logical procedures will be tested.

To Thales we owe the notion of the unification of the physical sciences; to Hippocrates an awareness of man as a dynamic link in an ever unfolding chain of events; Socrates gave us the knowledge that a rigorous analysis of one’s own thought could be of social benefit; Pythagoras gave us a method of delving into the world using numbers, and to Confucius, Lao Tzu and Buddha we owe the notion of a quest for an internal moral logic within the power struggles of one’s own civilization.

# One Poem

-1-

Beauty  
has been banished  
from our kingdom

Skewered  
On its own petard

Refer to Christ

-2-

Schisms  
wall clouds  
encase enclose  
embrace

-1-

In the struggle with our unconscious, a term I am using in both the genetic and the psycho-analytical sense, we see the self-defining force of our individual and communal existence. The unconscious is often the enemy or, at least, the enemy is the other. Wrestling with the fear of the other is a way of defining who we are and are not.

-2-

The brain gives rise to the mind. Both brain and mind are synthesizing mechanisms. Amazing the mind boggling attention to detail that goes into building a mind and how that mind can't then build or rebuild say the Twin Towers site.

On the surface, we behave as though we have no understanding how such attention to detail can be applied to our own lives. If such a lack of attention was applied to the infrastructure Civilization would collapse.

The unconsciousness is like that underground. Without understanding its satisfying intricacies, its ambiguities, consciousness, as I'm defining it, does not exist. Perhaps the mystery of our indifference lies in the mercurial nature of consciousness itself.

If we are aware of what we are dreaming we are conscious. In waking life, the same equation applies. As in a dream one's conscious life is shifting. To be aware of the depth which surround us would prevent us from action: a truly meditative state.

-3-

Most of us achieve balance by shutting the mind off to the complexity and by adhering to hard won slogans.

-4-

Can outside interference transform the individual character or is the character drawn to it's predetermined conclusion? A very old question which cuts to the heart of the programming issue.

Can I put intelligent shows on T.V. and attract an audience similar to the shows I put on which cater to a much lower common denominator? Of course not. Like to like. I can only get about 10% of the audience for the intelligent shows. In politics and entertainment we see a true reflection of our demographic.

-5-

Everything eating everything expanding energy to eat contracting and reforming. In this we stand cognizant of the ramifications of our own programming.

One of the crucibles which challenge the formation of the ego and there are five is 1 - when the ego becomes aware of the hatred that others have for it. The initial response is shock, then a desire to hurt if not kill the offender. In most cases, reason follows until perhaps the shock is buried, hidden in the unconscious.

Step 2 which many do take is to comprehend the reason which compels and surrounds the hate. The one who is so despised can perfect a stoic indifference, or a slight, almost ceremonious nod, or an evangelical love to buttress the shock.

3 is to embrace the ignorance of everyone eating everyone else; to see the love and hate as the malleable mess it is.

Step 4 which is hardly ever taken is to look at yourself from all sides, top to bottom, and to see yourself through the eyes of the one who hates you.

(I believe this state is the crux of that religion and philosophy known as Humanism.)

Step 5 embodies the greatest threat to the formation of the human ego – to be born into a chaotic, poor, and violent world from which very few escape. Predestination! Rape! War! you gotta be there to appreciate it.

Other Than Your Sincerity the Only True Goal In This Life Is Clarity of Mind,  
Peace Within the Larger Context of Conflict.

The pinnacle of my consciousness I equate with God. Not God is love as John would have it, but rather the Bhagovati Prajna Paramita evocation: Where there is no fear, no passing, no power, where there is only the essential nothingness,. There I will be nourished.

The apogee of this consciousness is the feeling that one has stepped out of local time and embraced an ancient never ending world of life formed and destroyed over and over again. Thus this consciousness so understands this moment of transcendence that all other pursuits are only means to this end.

**Sun**

Immerse myself in Thy liquids, the broken particles, thy loving power. Do not get too close to this moment. The Earth's pink nipples spiral to the blue plastic sky. Yet, the Terrakians mostly moan, bent in fear of the potential loss of their so fragile Gods.