

JEWEL

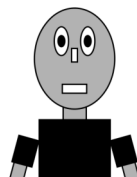


POEMS

JEWEL



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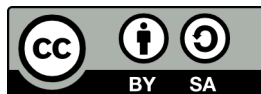


Jewel

Poems 201–300

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2017-09-17



jewel.martinklvana.com

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Kit

No health insurance packet. No life insurance packet. No home insurance packet.
No survival kit: No trademarked Kleenex; no hole-less back pocket to pack it.
Just a pair of 34-34 holey ultra-slim-fit jet-black jeans: No copy to back it.
My first night on a naily bank near a big-boom-big-bust bank. *No cloud, no blanket.*

Coup d'Etat

A well-trained (gutsy) well-drained (gutless) coup d'etat troop: too pooped to droop.

Only soothing soup or sweet smoothie would yield some soothingly smooth poop.

The smoothies-in-chief recall the troop to concoct a double-blind intra-troop double-coup.

The troop is split by the texture of the poop: Fishy vs Wishy-Washy . . . What a gutsy troop!

Strings

Overthrowing *foreign* governments by distributing cookies to local residents.

Strategically leaking *classified* information to set new precedents.

Holding the other ends of the *invisible* strings attached to the mouths of all presidents.

Launching a *new* cell phone app. Free trial. No strings attached. PRESS TO DANCE.

Stray Ball

Bud-light-bleachers have been waiting for hours (for a stray ball) in the ballpark bleachers.

To math wizards-turned-bleachers: Grasp Stray Ball's infinite number of arbitrary features . . .

"An odd, ballsy ball!"—"A batty oddball!"—"Bud Light!"—"We need more civics teachers!"

Keep dreaming of seedless peaches . . . (No one reaches.)

IPO

Yo, CEO! Yo, CFO! DJ, ready? Yo! MC? Yo! Let's go, IPO!—*Say, yo-o: "Yo-o!"*

Say, yo, yo, yo: "Yo, yo, yo!" Say, IPO: "IPO!" Say, go, IPO—yo, yo, yo: "Go, IPO—yo, yo, yo!"

Say, buy high: "Buy high!" Say, sell low: "Sell low!" Say, buy high, sell low: "Buy high, sell low!"

Say, bye(!), to DJ Loop: "Buy high, sell low!" Say, bye(!), to MC Cash Flow: "Buy high, sell low!"

Tunnel

Pitch black: below, above, behind, ahead, and inside my very head. (Clear-headed.)

Follow the rails. No time means no timetable means no train. (Toward-light headed.)

The light at the end of the tunnel!—Two lights? (Light-headed.)

“The Light at the End of the Tunnel” fable. Stop. Turn. Run. Like. Mad. (. . . Beheaded?)

Clunkers (1)

Dash for cash. Cash for clunkers.

Dash for clunkers. Clunkers for trash.

Dash for trash. Trash for cash.

Wash. Rinse. Rehash.

Clunkers (2)

Cash for power under the hoods of clunkers.

Cash for sex on the back seats of clunkers.

Cash for warm, ready-to-eat hash in plastic containers in the trunks of clunkers.

No excess cash? Cash for clunkers . . .

Wanderer

Presidents inform today about tomorrow. Presidents decide not. Presidents preside.

Residents worm, laboriously, through Labor Day. Residents decide not. Residents reside.

A dissident warns about tomorrow. A dissident disses presidents and residents, but resides.

A wanderer in worn rags is ratted on for not forming or not joining any of these sides.

Oh

A dog walks by a dog. A man walks by a man. A dog walks by a man. A man walks by a dog.
A dog greets a dog. A man greets a man. A dog greets a man. A man greets a dog.
A dog bites a dog. A man bites a man. A dog bites a man. A man bites a dog.
A cat ambles by an ample pool of blood . . . *A mall in place of the Temple . . . Oh man. Oh my dog.*

Key

The monkey deciphers the *key*.

The monk sits till the *k* decays into *a*.

The mona keeps sitting, but the *a* keeps being *a* and the *o* keeps not decaying into *a*.

An abandoned banana bobs up in the mona's mind. *Ah, a monkey mind of a mona monkey!*

Bucket

Jack gets the ice. John gets the bucket. Jim gets cold and wet.

John gets the ice. Jim gets the bucket. Jack gets cold and wet.

Jim gets the ice. Jack gets the bucket. John gets cold and wet.

Jackie gets the pajama bottom. Jane gets the pajama top. Jemima gets warm and wet.

Apartment

Six desert-storm men stormed me-wasp's (someone else's) apartment.

Six desert-storm men waited in the hallway in front of the apartment.

(A dozen desert-storm bozo-cops with bazookas would not fit into the apartment.)

A six-for-six swap. The stormers took the elevator. The waiters ransacked the apartment.

Bushel

A smidge of wisdom and a fistful of knowledge in one bushel-and-a-fistful of right action.
A pinch of wisdom and a spoonful of knowledge in a bushel/fistful of right action/inaction.
A spoonful of wisdom and a pinch of knowledge in a bushel/fistful of right inaction/action.
A fistful of wisdom and a smidge of knowledge in one bushel-and-a-fistful of right inaction.

Kingdom

The world to my liking . . .

Black canvas. Black ink. Me the peasant. Me the king.

("Keep dreaming of drawing a pixel-perfect rectangular ring.")

Meet the peasant, meet the king!

Done

Whatever it is that is being done is not done until it is truly done.

When it is truly being done then it is being done even when it is not being done.

Where it is truly being done there it is being done but anywhere else it is not being done.

Whatever it is that is truly done is done.

Headlines

The Bureau of Brawn's building up of a rude (i.e., public) backing of crude oil pipelines.

TRAIN CARRYING CRUDE OIL DERAILS (MASSIVE FIRE ERUPTS) in tomorrow's headlines.

The Bureau of Brawl's tomorrow's plummeting of sympathetic pamphlets: HARD LINES.

IF THE DAM BREAKS: THE FLOOD KILLS, WILLY-NILLY, ALL VILLAGERS in today's headlines.

Swing

"Don't swing on the first three pitches." *Water pitchers*. A swing and a miss.

"Don't swing for the fences!" *Watch out, bleachers*. A swing and a miss.

"Swinging for the fences carries consequences!" A swing and a miss. "Turn urine into piss!"
A swing and a miss. "Go digging ditches!"—"Dig with the pick, thickhead!" A swing and—

Rhyme

The crime of "Using words, like rhyme–crime, that rhyme." *Rhyme. Crime.*

The crime of "Calling the repeating of one word, like crime–crime, a rhyme." *Crime. Crime.*

The crime of "After being convicted and sentenced, rhyming as if still being free to rhyme."

Rhyme. Rhyme. Rhyme. The crime of "Ridiculing the court's ruling with a silly triple rhyme."

Within

No *cause* without *effect*. No *effect* without *cause*.

No *without* or *within* without *effect*. No *without* or *within* without *cause*.

No *within* without *without*. No *without* without *within*.

No *within* within *without*. No *without* without *within*.

Lamb

Foreign Account Tax Compliance Act, FATCA. Jack: "John, how about rabbits or fat cats?"
Global Account Tax Compliance Act, GATCA. John: "Jim, can you get rabbits or fat cats?"
Cosmic Account Tax Compliance Act, CATCA. Jim: "Rabbits aplenty, so—wait—fat cats!"
So long, lean lamb loin chops. Tough, lean times. Resurrect the fatty fact: rabbit equals cat.

Roar

The ant-lion's ear-splitting lion's roar from the bottom of the sand cone: "An ant-meat?!"
The ant's brain-splitting koan: *No amount of canned ant-meat can make ant-lion's ends meet.*
"An ant-meat!" *Me-ant not edible. Me-ant terrible. Me-ant's message credible. Understood?—*
A quicksand in the place the ant stood.

Zone

A right to remain silent? *Right* cannot be granted or taken away.

Silence means permission? *Permission* can be granted or taken away.

"Sir, stop painting FREE SPEECH ZONE beyond free speech zones without a permission!"

The painter's black paintings to cheer up the six sick ceilings in the chamber of perdition.

Dirt

Deep in the hole . . . a barehanded, bedraggled, bearded, been-around man . . . digging?

"What's up, man!"—What's down there?"—*Dirt*. "No kidding!"—

"Digging for anything in particular?"—*Dirt*. "Kidding?"—*Find a spot and start digging*.

"Nooo, thanks! Want some coke, liquid or particulate?"—"Dirt . . . No kidding . . ."

Sandwich

Two cakes baked by The Bureaus of Byte Bucks, No Bed Bugs, and No Languish Slanguage.
Three slices of bread on top of each other becomes *sandwich*. ("Keep an eye on *Mitch*!")
Barring *twitching*, *bitching*, *witching* about *sandwiching* by blotting *twitch*, *bitch*, *witch*.
Chewing a ham *sandwich*, walking a *bitch* after a night of *twitching* with a *witch* is *Mitch*.

Man (1)

Five categories of man: evil, whore, fool, coward, and man.

In the beginning: fool.

In the middle: whore, coward, or fool.

In the ending: evil or man.

Man (2)

Five categories of man: evil, whore, fool, coward, and man.

In the beginning: evil or man. (No fool.)

In the middle: whore, coward, or fool.

In the ending: evil or man.

Invisible

An infinite number of points in an infinitely short line.

An infinite number of black points for not heeding the ruler's "Toe the (invisible) line!"

An infinite number of decimal places in the irrational numbers e , ϕ , and π .

An infinite number of dismal places where the (ir)rationalists comply. * * * Free (Invisible) Pie * * *

Electronic Mail Message (1)

From: Nobody with Body.

To: Landfill of Solid Waste (Bodies).

Carbon Copy: Clones with Carbon Bodies.

Blind Carbon Copy: Blind Clones with Carbon Bodies.

Electronic Mail Message (2)

Subject:

ERROR: MISSING SUBJECT.

Subject: Object.

ERROR: VAGUE SUBJECT 'Object.'

Electronic Mail Message (3)

Subject: My Body.

Body:

WARNING: NO BODY! (NOTHING. NOUGHT. ZERO. ZILCH. ZIP.)

Attachment: *my-body.zip*.

Can

The man kicks the empty can down the road.

The can, kicked by the man up the road down the road, hits the kangaroo down the road.

The kangaroo picks the can up. The kangaroo fills the can up. The kangaroo quits the road.

The man hits the road . . . The man grabs the can. The can kicks the man down the road.

Tile

Wipe the tile. Stir the bile.

Till till the rile bile filths the tile.

Till till the will wilts.

Till till the tile tilts.

Corrupt

Become an insider to cure the corrupt system.

Become a corrupt insider in the corrupt system.

Become the corrupt system.

Beckon outsiders to the corrupt system: "Become insiders to cure the corrupt system!"

Ice

Pawing—crack—*miaow*—pausing—walking on—crack—thin ice.

Slipping—crack—*miaow*—exclaiming the slipping vow: *No more mice! More mice! Mice!*

One cat—crack, crack—claiming four trifling, drifting, peace-flagged warships of ice.

Emerging, gasping, sinking back beneath the sheets of ice. (Twice.) *Now what? Think twice!*

Grove

A monkey. A macaque. A pig-tailed macaque. A pig-tailed, southerly-accented macaque.

A son-of-*Nemestrinus* macaque. A son-of-the-God-of-groves macaque.

The Maha *Moony Moon Key*, the eldest among the Sacred Grove, or *Lucus*, macaques.

Moony lifts its tail, shh(!), and tells a pig-tailed tale about pigs, locusts, pig-tailed macaques . . .

Blast

Bob lit the fuse at last.

Get out of Bob's way. Fast.

Bob chews bubble gum and kicks ass.

Blast! (A little blast from the past.)

Braving

Battery batters the batterable.

Flattery flatters the flatterable.

Abate the batterable by braving all battery.

Abate the flatterable by braving all flattery.

Moiety

The new anti-depressant is a step (or two) forward toward the state of a sick-free society.
A smooth pill; a bi-weekly bill; a miraculous drug with a miraculous chemical moiety.
Take a handful or two or three . . . or (you sick freak!) until the stomach is filled to satiety.
An increase in suicidal thoughts? Short-lived (if acted upon). Blurry vision? 1-800-saw-yeti.

Pawn

"A snowfall at (k)nightfall," are Black Knight's last words to Black Pawn about Sandy Hook.
Black Rooks learn from White (Bi)shop about Black Pawn's knowing about Sandy Hook.
Black Pawn reads B(lack R)ooks: *They know about me-pawn's knowing about Sandy Hook.*
Black and White Rooks hook up. *Me-pawn won't eat White (K)night the (c)rooks have cooked.*

Assets

"Fill the foreign assets form, Mr. Wooden-Ghost! Lay the branches bare. Dare not tell a lie!"

Mr. Huai asks, *Why?* "Mr. Bad: where; how much; why?" *A dishonest truth or an honest lie?*

"We are the State!" *Where; how much; why?* "We are the police!" *Where; how much; why?*

"We serve and protect"—*the State*—"the people!" *The Vicodin diners?* "The assets, Mr. Huai!"

Gong

BOSTON STRONG. Boston wrong.

The flags start flapping too early and flap too long.

(The fans start fanning too early and fan too long.)

The end of the story. Gong.

Balance

Strike a balance between work and life. Kefir.

Strike a balance between whore and wife. Hive.

Strike a balance between fork and knife. Kefir.

Strike a balance between four and five. Down four bottles of kefir and dive into a hive of five.

Weather

"Here is Tom with the weather."

Hi. This is Tom with the weather.

Tom is dressed from head to toe in leather.

Hot and hu—"What to wear, Tom?" Follow Tom, the bell-wether.

Education

"We will give you education." No kid left behind? "Get a loan! Get a loan!"

Listen, teach, let the kid alone. Listen, clown, let the clone alone.

We don't need your education, we don't want the loan!

Listen, kid, let the teach alone. Listen, clone, let the clown alone.

Brownies

She is fat. She is big.

She is fat like a pig.

Ten brownies in. One brownie out.

She is not lazy to pig out.

Remains

Bill has a lot of time to kill.

Bill has no list of people to kill, but people have long lists of bills to kill.

After the killing spree . . . there remains no people to kill Bill.

All that remains are the remains of the people and a lot of time for Bill to kill.

Uncanny

Silicon Valley. Hollywood Hills. Vector red carpets. Bitmap celebrities.
Overcrowded villages. Computerized commuters. Desert lawn equity loans. Deserted cities.
Enlarged penises in fifty shades of brown. Ditto silicone titties.
The uncanny valley of the 21st century realities.

Rat

This rat chewed up the cable of the joystick operator.

This rat finds no logic in our *while rat* loop iterator.

This rat claims to be its own imperator.

. . . while rat . . . obliterate("this one little literate traitor!")

Cash

When cash is outlawed, the outlawed will have cash.

When cash is outlawed, Martin will have cash.

When cash is outlawed, they will pay Martin visit in search for cash.

No Martin. No Martin's cash. 250 counts (and counting) of aiding and abetting. No. 250: "Use cash."

Ninja

Get in, ninja-like.

Get the job done, ninja-like: *per artem et per voluntatem*, by (he)art.

Get out, ninja-like.

Get it by heart, like one who, like it or not, endures the edge of blade touching the heart.

III

I am Phil is III.

I am is the arising of III.

— *(Phil's fulfilling of the unfilling and unPhiling of Phil) is the ending of III.*

Phil, fill in the blank: "Who is _____?" is the practice leading to the ending of III.

Tribe

Follow the scribe. Get free letters.

Marry the tribe. Buy fleece sweaters.

Baa, baa, baa, baa. Access premium fetters.

THE SHEPHERD'S PLATINUM SHEEP SHED MATTERS.

Elaborate

"Please, collaborate: One portion per day; rats eat and men evaluate."

Hell no. (The reclusive lab rat is reluctant to collaborate.)

"Please, elaborate!"

The potion . . . hell-born, hell-bound, helleborate.

Fact (1)

Monkey begets man.
Man begets factoid.
Factoid begets faith.
Faith begets fact.

Fact (2)

Fact begets fear.

Fear begets factor.

Factor begets factory.

Factory begets "man."

Fact (3)

"Man" begets doom.
Doom begets bloom.
Bloom begets boom.
Boom begets monkey.

Committee

The electorate-independent GOVERNMENT OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE.

The electorate-independent ELECTORATE OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE.

A fascinating government- and business-dependent government oversight omission.

A fascizating government- and business-dependent electorate oversight co-mission.

Tomorrow

Ted thinks often about yesterday, today, and tomorrow: *Today is yesterday's tomorrow.*
The commuters don't like Ted thinking aloud about yesterday, today, and tomorrow.
Today's Ted's *commuters multiply like there is no tomorrow* did it. Ted's funeral is tomorrow.
The train won't like seeing Ted—black-and-blue, but alive and blue—again tomorrow.

Aloof

The hole in the vest is a living proof of the vest not being bulletproof.

The hole in the chest is a dying proof of the vest not being bulletproof.

Throw the hope in the chest: throw the chest from the roof.

Through the hole in the chest: through the hole in the vest: *out: north-south-east-west.* Aloof.

Leverage

They showed me three semi-gloss finish photo-paper images to get the leverage.

"The guy's finished." A fuzzy-haired head hanging on the rope tied to the bridge.

"Use your imagination." My arms under the armchair. My liver in the fridge.

"We have a deal, haven't we?" —Uh-huh—"Let's seal the deal with a fizzy beverage."

Banal

The cause of the impasse is banal.

The cluster bomb blocks the flux through the girl's unanointed opening anal.

The cure for the impasse is banal.

The opening oral, balmed with lip balm turned napalm, is the newly appointed opening anal.

Menagerie

Orangutans reading **Periphery** in the orangery.

Vets (wrapped, in tranches, around orange tree branches) and bears in the menagerie.

* * * Viewer Discretion Advised | Nudity (To The Marrow) | Grisly Imagery * * *

THE GARDEN OF FINE ARTS (FARTS). All rights reserved by Tom & Jerry.

Straws

They grasp at straws and place them on the camel's back.

"We've got your back!"

The final straw's the one that breaks the camel's back.

—*Guess who's back.*

Needle

"Need a needle in the vein?"

No, his need is on the wane.

"Is it? There's a haystack on the way . . ."

Hey, stack the odds in the needle's favor; the hint has a smoky flavor! "The match wins the day."

Recommendation

Jack, John, Jim: Arrange for three letters of recommendation. (Elevate relevant experience!)

Jack: *John is a star as bright as Johnny 5 or E. T., and a master of out-of-body experience.*

John: *Jim is a disaster of Gin and Jim Beam, and a master of out-of-bottle experience.*

Jim: *Jack is a sailor on the sea of nothing and jack shit, and a master of kick-the-bucket experience.*

Om

Light (and only Light) knows: Light is omniscient.

Light (and only Light) thinks: Light is omnipotent.

Light (and only Light) is: Light is omnipresent.

If that which is is the only thing that is it must always have been: still and eternal. *Om.*

Body

Body as a feces factory. *Or?*

Body as a sweat sweatshop. *Or?*

Body as a puss plant. *Or?*

Body as a boaty abode. *Oh, dear me!* Whoa, deer: one antler for each *Or* and one antler for one oar.

Not That

That which is indivisible will neither increase nor decrease.

That which will neither increase nor decrease will neither commence nor cease.

That which will neither commence nor cease will not become what it is not.

That which will not become what it is not merely is what it is: Not That Which It Is Not.

Mojo

Ted was hired. *What a snow job!*

Ted was fired. Ted has no job.

Ted is mired. *Where's my mojo?*

Ted is tired. *The call girl. "Got money?" Got mojo. "That sucks(!)—One blow job."*

Afterpiece

The snack's been swallowed and the scent's been smelled. "And what!"

The sound of the drum's been followed and the scene's been seen. "And what?!"

The hue's been cried: the goat's been fried. The happiness has happened. "So what!?"

The aftermath of the after-party's afterpiece is the afterthought's aftertaste: *Now what?*

Escape

Side A: "Man is an ape! Man is an ape! Man is an ape!"

Side B: "Man ain't an ape! Man ain't an ape! Man ain't an ape!"

Put off the cape: Do off the clothes of ignorance and erase the tape.

Escape the uniformed lawman (the informed ape). If caught: cut. If grilled: gape.

Artist

Artist is not a special kind of man.

Every man is a special kind of artist.

Artist is the only kind of man.

Man remains in the art. Art remains in the artist.

Blue

The sky is blue, the sun gold.

The cloud is white, the sun gone.

The sky is gray, the cloud a prey. *Great.* Let me pray: *Wind, oh wind, blow!—Oh, God!*

The mind is blue, the pee mind-glowingly gold. *Wind, oh wind, blow not!—Oh, god!*

Ivory

The Great October Revolution is an immemorial ivory memory hole in need of a patch.

Neither great nor October nor a revolution, but a tiny November putsch.

Black hole is an immaterial ivory memory hole in need of a patch.

Neither black nor a hole, but a chock-full pouch smaller than a pointless point. *Ouch!*

Meat

Kill cows for meat but feed on a beef thing. "The end of the beefing!"

Kill pigs for meat but pig out on a poor pork thing. "The end of the briefing!"

Kill chickens for meat but feast upon a paltry poultry beast. "The end of the meeting!"

Kill rabbit for meat but gag on a cat (the nine-minus-one-lives-to-live thing, methinks).

Mayday

In the summer, dodge the hailstone's fall.

In the fall, watch the raindrop's fall.

In the winter, catch the snowflake's fall.

In the spring, fall in love with the mayday bomb; this free-fall's free for all.

Pills

The painless untruth is in the blue pill: *The bliss is in his penis and her clitoris or anus.*

The painful untruth is in the blue pill, too: *No bill for the pill and no tear to her anus.*

The painless truth is in the red pill: *The truth is not in the blue pill.*

The painful truth is in the red pill, too: *The truth is not in the red pill.*

State-of-the-Art

The primitive *less means to mean more*, or the modern *more means to mean less*?

The brutal *less to say, more to mean*, or the sophisticated *more to say, less to mean*?

The lore of *a by-no-means-by-beans-alone* man, or *the bore* of the bread-alone "man"?

The intrepid roar of *a lion*, or the vapid moan of *the state-of-the-art-of-the-state* liar?

Silly

Ted's girl's at home alone . . . "Ted?" *No.* "Guess where my fingers at! Aah!"

In the cookie jar? "No, silly! Aah!" *Aha.*

Ted's girl's at home alone . . . "Ted?" *Not again.* "Guess where my fingers at! Aah!"

In the pussy, again? "No, silly! In the cookie jar! But guess where the cookie . . . !" *Ugh.*

Smile

Cry now, cry later: Like Jack whose wife sleeps only with John; Jack knows why.

Smile now, cry later: Like John who sleeps with Jack's wife; John's wife finds out.

Cry now, smile later: Like why-oh-why Jim whose wife lets him sleep with John's wife.

Smile now, smile later: Like Ted who sleeps in blue sleeping bag; Jim's wife finds out.

Sovereignty

Sovereignty is me ruling over the actions of my thought, body, and speech.

Sovereignty is me ruling out the wrong actions of my thought, body, and speech.

Sovereignty is me ruling in the right actions of my thought, body, and speech.

So, verily, this my land: This my ditch to impeach the assaults of a foe, this my beach . . .

Center

At the center of a subject there is not the subject: It is impossible for an object to exist.

At the center of an object there is not the object: It is impossible for a subject to exist.

At the center of any thing there is not the thing: It is impossible for me to exist.

At the center of anything there is the no-thing: It is impossible for no-me not to persist.

Tree

The tree of life for those who do not eat of its fruits.

The tree of life-and-death for those who do eat of its fruits.

The coco-palm for those who have faith in the shaman's voodoo rites.

The Napalm palm for those who have faith in the sham-man's "Bah! Boo!" rites.

Drunkard

A DRUNKARD DIMS IN THE CROWN OF A TREE. "Turn the lights on, man! One, two, three!"

Not three, not two. This tree's the one that stretches from the earth to the heaven.

"Climb or jump down, man! One, two, three!" A DRUNKARD DIES IN THE CROWN OF A TREE.

Which way's down on this tree rooted in the earth and in the heaven?

Spirit

The plant's plantation is the mirror image of Spirit's spiration.

The animal's animation is the mirror image of Spirit's spiration.

The man's contemplation is the mirror image of Spirit's spiration.

The man's inspiration, by virtue of the very man's self-immolation, is . . . spiration.

Absolute

. . . is the essence of the relative truth. But what is the essence of the absolute truth?

The absence of the essence of the absolute truth.

But what is the essence of the absence of the essence of the absolute truth?

The absence of the essence of the absence of the essence of the absolute truth . . .

Myth (1)

Mice, the myth is always true or else it is not a myth at all . . .

Once upon a time, Mickey swam across the pool of its own blood and gall.

Mickey, the jumper from the treadmill!

Mickey, the utterer of *Mickey says no to Advil!*

Myth (2)

Mice, the myth is always true or else it is not a myth at all . . .

Once upon a time, Mickey walked across the lunch-time DINING HALL.

Mickey, the deconstructor of the treadmill!

Mickey, the thread-walker and the vanquisher of ill will!

Myth (3)

Mice, the myth is always true or else it is not a myth at all . . .

Once upon a time, Mickey walked through the massive MOUSE HOUSE wall.

Mickey, the master of the practice leading to the ending of Ill!

Mickey, the ghostly mover at will!

Myth (4)

Mice, the myth is always true or else it is not a myth at all . . .

Once upon a time, Mickey became rich without having bought a single call.

Mice! Mickey knows how to take the mickey out of the goat in the WAR LAB coat!

Mice! Mickey sees that taking the mickey out of the goat would capsize Mickey's boat!

Surreal

Real means immutable means eternal means motionless means boundless.

Unreal means mutable means ephemeral means restless means countless.

Boundless means one means inexhaustible seems unreal means surreal.

Countless means many means exhaustible seems real means surreal.

Lost and Found

Lost in thoughts, Ted lost the self.

Ted found the thoughts but not the self.

Ted lost the thoughts but found The Most Profound Self.

Lost in FOUND, Ted found LOST: Ibuprofen and Ted's most profane self.

Eaters

"Son, anything new for a son-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-the-Sun under the Sun?"

The zone of dazzling gleams, dismal screams, high-schoolers, ice-cream eaters?

"Dad, anything new for a father-of-a-son-and-a-son-of-the-Sun beyond the Sun?"

The Sundoor's barred: the bridge's up: the ditch's filled with melting ice-cream-eaters.

Cause

1 is *forma* is the formal cause is *Light*. Why? Because *be* is without *cause*.

1 and 1 is *materia* is the material cause is *Light and Light*. Why, *omnis*, of course!

3 is *logos* is the efficient cause is *Let there be light, light, light!* Why, the light's course!

5 is *artefactum* is the final cause is *Light lighted up by light, light, light*. Why? Because.

Resurrection

Ted the cat had read that "all resurrection is from ashes."

Ted struck a match and started with his own whiskers and eye-lashes. *Rats!*

Ted reduced to—*Rats!*—brought back to—*Rats!*—restored to ashes . . .

From potentiality to act (from Hell to, well, a hell of a resurrect): Ted smells a rat. *Rats!*

Will

An ant, acting in his own free will, free-wills all the slavish aphids and deserts the hill.
Survive! The unsluggish, free-willing aphids follow the foe-turned-fellow downhill.
The mute ant, the fervid aphids, and the servile anthill corps meet at the foot of the hill.
The inspired ant offers free will; the expired tactical unit goes forth with "Free kill!"

Analysis

"Analysis sells not!" Go {Deep}.

"Deep Analysis sells but . . ." Go {Ultra}-Deep.

"Ultra-Deep Analysis sells like hot cakes but . . ." Go {Extremely} Ultra-Deep.

"Extremely Ultra-Deep Analysis sells not! Damn!!!" Yes . . . between Ultra and Deep.

Jewel

Would you call this body, dribbling filth from nine holes and millions of sweat pores, a jewel?

"Yes, this body, dribbling filth . . . is a jewel!" (The master shakes his head.)

Would you call this body, dribbling filth from nine holes and millions of sweat pores, a jewel?

"No, this body, dribbling filth . . . is not a jewel!" (The master shakes his head.)

Same

The first beginning is the same as the last beginning.

The last beginning is the same as the first ending.

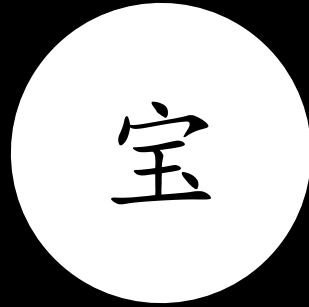
The first ending is the same as the last ending.

Bypassing Brian's brain is a first-hand *The last end is the same as the first beginning.*

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

JEWEL



POEMS