

The Contemporary Mind: Pointless Rural Fragment and Phosphenic Threading

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The Contemporary Mind: Pointless Rural Fragment

"...lateral thinking is generative... Richness is what matters in lateral thinking.

-Edward de Bono

The mind, systematically scattered during our current phase of late Democracy has been presented to itself as unquestioned design imbued with itself as being no more than a partially functioning fragment. A fragment that has reached crucial amplification as fragment understanding that its higher nature has been disgorged, living as a corrupted mechanism that now merges with itself via the arc of pervasive confusion. This being none other than suppressed evolutionary tension, having long now inhabited this terminal phase by continuing to explore its current housing as it exists within a neurological question mark. Thus, the individual is suffused with basic distraction due to allegiance to its own negation. And this distraction appropriates numbed in-dection vis a vis non-functional clairvoyance. Of course this instigates a realia constrained to tenebrous leaning. The resulting amount being a mislaid being, bubonic, laced by curious indifference. These being lauded characteristics that have ascended no higher than pointless gerunds, than "dangling participles," than fraction-less particles. Thus the general psyche remains parched, staunches as the root by mimetic generality, all the while remaining painfully isolate in perpetual silos and fragments. The mind in this state being a chronicle feckless with freneticism, with distraction as the ceaseless metier of its blood. This resulting in insistent irritation, culminates with bottomless ire, in dark intransigent posting, in pre-inscribed obscuration, in hyphenated verbal panorama. The body in this state results in broken cellular affliction, in inductive psychic mazes ignited by blockage. But above all there exists chronic conflation with error.

Such a state possesses no call to evolutionary tension, to apogee that opens onto the panoramic. Instead there exists thought scattered as thermal neurosis, as protracted inclemence. Thus, the mind becomes a damaged storage mechanism incapable of endemic creation. Struggling with itself via a superimposed sequential threading that weaves in on itself, repeating itself ad-infinitum. More simply put, thought remains trapped by the tenor that is sequential surcease. This being the sacrophagous of the overwhelming majority being those I call well-diggers, attracted to the stationary semiotics of ill-use. And by ill-use I mean activity over the span of the past 21 centuries being none other than a disabling stationary mantra. This

being none other than psychic arthritics, none other than pointless en-trainment prone to energy that de-reveals itself, thereby producing predilection for perpetual opacity. Such a mind has nothing in common with the mind in its aboriginal state, the latter having the capability of movement in all directions at once. This simultaneous state being incapable of self-pillory, of self-dishonoured mis-suggestion, always hounding itself across the ends and outs of existence by the drone that issues from self-derived soliloquy. A soliloquy that issues non-stop from super-imposed commercialised tech-tonics. Unlike the motion that is geology, commercialization as movement is rapid, capable of feigning itself through opaque transposition. It thereby produces a state that pointlessly susurrates and deadens, giving rise to epi-genetic misnomer that spans generations. The elasticity that was its original condition is topologically angled towards graceless abandonment. So what normally happens is that a fragment is extracted from surrounding misnomer and is hailed as being superior to the rest of psychic climate as misnomer. Choice is falsely summoned by a myopic patriotism to received belief, or perhaps, from generational family allegiance operant as the mind consuming itself as pointless rural fragment.

Thus, one embarks from such a juncture in the mind enacting a life long chronicle of fatigue. Such endemic hypnotizing signifies a mind that only lingers, ensnared by after-thoughts, by bulletins stressing envy and the pleasure of the moment. Thus it becomes territorial, plagued by regression leading to a skewed temperament vis a vis its own possibility. This being none other than consensus senility as regards the subtle states and deeper grasp. Only the surfaces configure, and because these surfaces contradict and overlap themselves there seldom transpires clarity or rest. Thus, a magnified sterility accrues and inhibits the alchemic state that is synaptic juncture. As for higher disengagement nothing transpires so that being remains stifled by contagious glacial a-rhythmia.

This being nothing other than generic debility where inner alternative wizens and is seen as improbable sluice incapable of opening to planes occluded from mystery. Thus the individual is obscured by derivative agglutination, thereby committed to the epi-genetics of imprisoning self-regulation. The latter being the ultimate policy of global controlling regimes. One becomes as individual a galaxy of isolation, always in need of mental oxygen, always juggling suspicion with expectation of the worst. Respiration becomes a soliloquy unto one-self prone to de-basement and crass result. Thus, one has nothing in common with one's peers except the common similarity of numbness. This is destructive, psychic carnage replete with base distracting mesmerism. Within this mesmerism the impulse to greed is inspired, along with the grammar of doubt that spews psychic miasma, that always besieges possibility, the latter condition possessing nothing but the seeming power of interior mirage. This mirage always kindling psychic drought by retaining its negative character. According to Breton this formula that combines rational mechanics with simulated Christian praxis merges as collective design for directing the after-life thereby containing one's spontaneous commingling with paradise. To this mechanical mind paradise retains its character via sufficiency as quotient. It is none other than the spirit striving towards a plane of non-existent sequence. Fluvial dissemination is thus decried as being an overextended multiplication that can only bring to bear the red flag of trespass. As for paradise, it remains cognizant thought never capable of realizing its own inner destination. Because it remains self-conscripted according to the general colonizing principle it becomes party to a select group of Europeans who astringently dole out non-existent religious reward. Of course a moribund populace should never be grateful for such compensatory wrath fuelled by such debility and arrogance. This being the very shadow of colonized regression that hangs over the populace meant to obscure and detain the mind keeping it impaired via the

detritus of that exudes external trinkets.

Poetry by its very nature destabilizes these particular externalities by delving into the instantaneous through blinding salvo from the un-nameable. It is this tenor that blinds as finely wrought glass, being empyreal, morphological, transcendent. By its very nature it gathers distance from Greco-Roman minutiae thereby flying via its own example shorn of gravid classical bunting being impervious to previously wrought example.

As one poetically rises one is no longer obscured by the anti-kinetic as obscuring dust that issues from purpose-less precedent, from cauterized mental shields that call for verbal angular wolves to tear open its cauterization so that stationary plotting and the defective cognitive model gives way to proto-instigation thereby creating microscopic summons that magically devours lack. Of course this paraphrases the praxis of Cesaire's microscopic summons for interior grammar that inundates the view being praxis of the panoramic that evolves to organic view incapable of cognitive self-hounding. Not the Protestant body as it occludes itself by general shadow furtively built by capital and guilt. Instead, I am speaking of totalic germination via liberty rather than by generic transposition. Transposition always feigning erstaz recognition of itself as a forceless cascade that attempts to assassinate the unknown. Thus, the vitality of grammar is blocked, it is subverted by keeping council with the day to day dossiers of quotidian mismanagement. The latter being nothing other than stifling amplification skewed as random cups and saucers that by their very nature take on a quality of motionless inherence. This being a gulf of objects that ruminate as tin. They being tenebrous obstruction always failing to generate the alchemic. Thus the exponential becomes privately arrayed via limit, via dazed pessimism always crowning itself according to measurable summit. When Bob Kaufman utters his spectacular lightening kinetic he verbally leaps from balconies of light, thus leaving behind a prescribed notions of perception. He allows us entry to primal experience, to the basic circulation of atoms. Thus we espy something other than the parenthetical expectation that separates and inspires the mind as mortal fragment. The latter being cognition cobbled together as a commonly wrought thesis in league with unassailable blockage. This is what is called the gist of living. Thus Kaufman enunciates a paradoxical state other than closed proposition, something other than a sullied diacritical odyssey. Language at this level being simultaneous with telepathic contact, with a skill-set of motion never conversant or contiguous with cognitive restraint. Of course it is never en-trained by quotidian tutelage subject to living misnomer.

Across the Occident living misnomer is the mind expertly skilled at wandering across roadways towards ruined destination. It possesses a falsely skilled timing in that it absorbs as its generic current that which empowers generic incoherence. Because the human mind remains genetically ensconded in the zodiac it remains bound as fragment, as tainted tablature marked by its own susurrance as decay, as module of the in-accurate, where neural motion collapses, stunned by its failure to organically perceive.

Within this condition there is the failure to address from one's depths uncountable stellar possibility. This being failure to understand the true structuring that is depth, being failure to perceive beyond immediate perception the swarming presence that remains daily realia. I think of daily realia as wizened scrutiny that evinces toxic evidence marked by the fatal misperception

of Anglo-Saxon stewardship stranded as it is by the "leprosy" of imitation. The latter being fraught with the failure to organically implement itself, no longer having the confidence to fuel its own inflammatory yield. Thus, one is surrounded by a group of moribund Romans who have bound and gagged themselves to such an extent that the power they now project remains a deadly misnomer. This misnomer is pointed out by Peter Van Wyck in his book "Signs of Danger" concerning the half-life of Uranium 238 that equals a half-count of 4.47 billion years. Uranium 238 being none other than our atomic accompaniment, constant, without antidote, across the span of each known measurement as time-frame.

Within this context the imagination needs to condition collective neurology so that it becomes capable of transmuting differing cellular planes in order to create transpiring leaps of the physical mechanism so that it becomes capable of primordial transfer to more transparent planes thereby having the capability of telepathic summons. I am thinking of hyper-dimensional summons from other forms of seeming alien registration. A registration rife with contiguous properties that become open to organic contact understood via stunning morphology. Not contact via the flight of honed rockets, or the mortal mechanics of technical mesmerics so that non-physical frequency can be broached thereby opening contact via grace of the cosmos itself. This being formation beyond dualism, functioning as unbelievable electrical communion.

Conventional perception will look askance at the above, seeing it as abstruse transference, as shamanism seemingly de-limited by the idealism of suicide. On the contrary this being a frequency capable of communing with the living dead, with their hallucinatory aural forms that combine the verbal exploration of say, Vallejo, with the invisible sub-text that continues to populate the indigenous shamaness Maria Sabina.

Recently, the zodiac has been broached by the velocity of A/2017 U1, an asteroidal form that has hurtled towards Earth for the past 300,000 years, having issued from unknown system circling the sun that is Vega. A specimen that is other than our zodiac, the latter fueled as it has been by endemic hesitation and fragmentation. Thus, we need open specific aural exploration to such a momentous degree that individual patience and fire can transmute to an occulted inner scape, capable of en-firing its power as a trans-personal capable of morphology that can cast itself beyond the remaining life that exists as our Sun.

Phosphenic Threading

"...our miraculous names...in the reserve of a dormant oblivion."

Aime Cesaire

Phosphoric threading being the plane where analysis dissolves, where hyperspace into dissolves into alchemic flashes, into meteoritic flares, thus cognizant exploration remains null and endemically null on behalf of itself. As for dissecting alien visitation to the realm of our Sun this remains research that remains research that is none other than exoteric psychic manoeuvre in comparison to what I'll call the nth or reversed dimensions . This latter realia taken as an isolated fragment produces bafflement in the context of matter itself. Say, even the shape of owls fails to exist, failing to find themselves reflected in the mirror of causality. Thus, they no longer exist as a propulsion of items, trans-dissected from forms derived from a stationary surface.

Perhaps these owls are refracted as index phantoms, as uncountable forms, perhaps analogous to phantom turquoise lakes on Titan. Can one say that they have been gleaned from anomalous astronomical projection, or from a slurred unknowable grammar? Perhaps one can say that they are vapourous centigrade via flotational liberty, or codeless definition? Perhaps these owls could exist as repetitious hellebores non-sustainable as regards human psychic limit. Perhaps dark proportional physics, perhaps fractious amphibology, perhaps prone to deliberation gone missing. Perhaps, in another register, one could say that they are ambrosian dietary hatchlings without air or food, as we know them to be. Perhaps through the thermal apparition of sleep this plane can possibly be approached as if entering a curious mystical winter, with its anonymous light, with its in-cognizant location. As for optical alignment it is part and parcel of co-ordinated deafness embellished by blinding projection, projected no further than delimited corrosion. It is like stating an irrational tautology, such as whisky as leather and leather is whisky, the latter being analogous to magnetic fading worms. The latter being the result of partial refraction being primal energy primed by the flux of partial withdrawing.

Let me say that because I have consciousness of unnamed fractions I seem absolved of tensions and the variations that seem to plague the human neural field. Say, a force was conjoined via a nun's darkening, via her stony grammar of self-neglect, this would continue to deploy savage marks upon upper vibration. Then one's blood would amount to nothing except a dangerous and elliptical cider. The latter taking the character of unending negation. Not amphibian forms suddenly sprung up from soil, or perhaps occulted green snakes making an appearance out of sand, but a feral kind of sigil, making note of itself as an emptied form of dampness. Perhaps one can say, a darkened translucence, perhaps array of views. A strange inconstant colour, self-magnetized as rays peering into the partial incandescence that Linde understands to be the multiverse. This of course is not sight scattered and recondensed so to promulgate ancient scandals so assiduously arrayed in the chronicles of Suetonius. Instead, I am speaking of the disrecognized history emitting itself through rays being colourless seepage. Not as knotted sexual glare propounded as phantom scorpion's blood, nor a worried leper's ransom coiled inside reclusive viper's beds. The latter, not unlike fumes from invisible lucre exchanged across counters of shadow. An exchange scribbled on bartered notes attempting to enliven erotic factual memory.

This is psychic vehicular reason igniting itself as scrawls from emptied space, analogous to a kind of saffron exploding, being emptied transmigration mingled with the uranian spaces that daily glance the soil of Ceres. I say this not to mine meaning from mis-apportioned events, but to work through present astrological assumptions with its delimited observation, static, with its 12 signs and their sub-component units, meandering their through cosmic isolation. They seem

stunned, as they heard flashes of themselves issuing from unknown psychic moraine.

Unmonitored gall, mortal beckoning, kindled marching ghosts. Uncountable portions suddenly emerging from invaded solar fire. Of course this is not slowly winding one's way through self-deluded solution so as to seemingly dispel eternity. As for moral opium and its tributaries, humanity is given unseasonable lizards to consume so as to provide stamina to the cells when called upon to fuse with neural strengthening procedures. Because the mind/body in its present form can never rise from what I consider to be a fixated nautical grammar. This being a grammar consumed by neurological confinement. Thus, the ladder of chemicals and proteins leading to nerveless root events are other than concluded neutron graves. Since I seem to be sequestered via the vertiginous grammar of self-tautology I seem to be individually transfixed by mirror after mirror of effigies howling. Perhaps a hurtling feast of effigies that possess no other example than that of spectral dilemmas storming the eye from every angle of the compass, as dazed saffrons, as territorial verdet spun from endemic turnings.

They carry as a form of power the mingling of voices plaintively airing their future traces. As if they were beasts feasting on infernal sources being of super-imposed stress marks. This is why I've refused to meter the mind according to self-imposed strength reeking of sterility.

Let us take the occidental mind as it's shaped itself say, for the past 300 years via its official poetic praxis. Let us move, say, from the mechanical monotony that was Pope to the learned edicts that was Borges always tending to curtail reckless verbal advantage. The latter having configured Lorca's New York fertility as pointless verbal largesse not being of acceptable poetic address to the rational mind proactive with delimited threading. The latter's fertile glossary has not gone unnoted via higher critical assessment. In one of Paz's Norton's lectures he notes Lorca's crystalline velocity as a kind of aural scotch emitted through spotted biographical lenses. Poems such as Lorca's now seem as none other than aboriginal threadings, none other than first phosphenic threadings, emitted through alchemic Indian corn.