

A Portraiture of Circling Back (or Why I Hate Fashist Assholes Like Mohandes Gandhi)

by Kog Zadare

"In the shit the dogs circle, talking of a dead bitch, maybe Merkel" - Michelangelo's poem of a stultified flower that never emulsifies, an orange California poppy of pink-gold drenched in urine and a horse in either burns bright whinnies and trollops neigh a pipping burnt slow into a so called

My own Private Moses - The Moses is to me as with Kiertikgard the Abraham, this is the best short hand to delieve it to convorstional , but also one must understand that character and temperament our a mystery insificantly studied by the applicable science, as low level idiots our want to point out - if u say science in the wrong place u have already "misunderstood" the greatness of our God - matter/ Nature/science - of course the naivete of such persons is without measure one of our worst shit stains today smelling up the redolent cultural filth thx

If she came at us with demands, on our conscious, on our hours in this life, on our meager abilities, it was not so easy to doff our hats and walk by. Obscurity, thy name is obnubilated, by the mists of life's registrar. And the times were as obscure as ever; As they are today. Some people were ready to ask whether Konri was a witch, not in the negative sense of course, but in the best sense, they were straddling an abyssal wave and taking their 'torture by hope' to

heart. The prostrate community, leaning the knee before the dirge of the northern post-humans, was ready, so it seemed, to grasp at some straw - Rumpelstiltskin would come, had they the wit and luck to trick him, become their slave and weave it into gold.

But there was Konri, the black, the hole in the fabric of the drapery that covered our town's life, our city life, our national life and she had seemed to have sinewy parts, fiery parts, elements that promised to deliver results, around the hearth of her inner cave. They say, many of the town's people, that in her youth she was summarily expelled, instantly and in the first hour, from the House of Learning; The teacher had recognized, wordlessly, a 'too much', an excess in the form of originality of temperament, something disturbing and best got ride of, but not because it was "neither hot, nor cold" but rather for its duel and excessively vacillating propensities, it suddenly weaving and bobbing centauric excesses, a come thither ambrosia of anamorphic camouflage that promised to give the directions to an unspoken treasure, but just as the strong box seemed to open the worm turned, the vision faded, the kaleidoscopic mirror refracted the light, or was it an endless darkness, that shown from a new prism - And the sun that cast the rays, the source of the life play, the energy that fulled it all eternally, could have as well been a black sun as a yellow and heated one, could have as well been the coldness from which the "I AM" issued in the dawn as it could have been the darkness born from an excess of light, or, moreover, from Konri's very breast and from her unearthly tidal soul, the whole works could have issued, issued up like dark Tertius, a grower of Pomegranates, on his way to the foolish meadow that held the gifts of Prosperina in, uncared-for and open ended irresponsibility - In open disregard of value, as if to flaunt the face of ever threatening dearth with the lackadaisical flutter of little maids gathering baudelairian flowers to put on the foot of Genet.

The people walked hither and so, as if they did not concern

themselves with the end in sight, with all the darkness of the violence that was death, lost in fantastic worlds made of argumentation and so called reason (that nightcap of madness which tells men that looking at Truth is insanity, that sorry bit of bourgeoisie railing and scientism that worships Olympian Nature that great goddess of matter called nature, oh so sweet is nature the object of our idolatry, that great goddess of reason and Matter oh so startlingly pretty to the teenage mind of Wong, devoid of perspective and earning, unschooled in history and what could as easily be named the science's of literature, theology, art and the rest, for science has no special meaning and is only the battle cry of ideology, only a whisper that says holier then, oh so that worship of instrumentality of all the new Gods of the holy test and the holy instrumental trial of the holy book of so called facts of the childish indulgence in excessive zealotic worship of so called "nature" and so called 'matter' and the other sophmoric ego trips of our ignorant country still left in the time when "science" promised to replace superstition with an irreproachable mono-valence of beauty and the innocent children, like the Nazi youth in their day, the blameless unfortunately educated suckers like Wong bit hard, that adolescent furry deemed it all great, only it was too great, another mono-valence like God, true and holy was great "science" that child that did not exist, that thing supposed to be God by every middle class mind like Wong and baked in backward countries like America by the mass, full stop), the people went to the flower shops and the barbers and in point of fact, there where some that forgot the memento mori exportation that sung over the valley of our rural hamlet that itself wafted under the blurring bunt of the orb that shed hot rays on the orbicular surface of our world as it spun steadily to earn its unending keep. The humans walked hither, the persons walked thither, Konri eyed the plateau and the hillock, the sun and the eddying stream of back turned life as it crawled into its inner unsounded and compressed, breathless hard-honeycomb gut. The people went to films in the Agora and bought and bartered selves and souls and eat at their houses, meals prepared by mothers

and husbands, and sold sloshing fishes in the street and curled around corners o meet with hidden lovers and went to places of business to harvest interest from debtors and they crossed valleys to visit dear ones and the bought video games in the stores and the threat of the insoluble hearkened, but they went to vineyards to taste the choice grapes and went to town houses to escape the city life and went to schools to get learnt and they rusticated in the deep mysterious forests of the minds waste as the daughter of the old river, a little rivulet, cast her eye on a small stone and covered it over in limpid, unending caress.

When they saw how tall the Gods had made Konri before their faces, some whispered that this talent was beaming out of all proportion to the good and so with a swift motion filled papers to have her removed from the community and sent to the Norther post-human brigade, as they called their enemy who had not yet invaded full force, but still only probed by way of short sortie excursion into the territory they called pretty enough to be better then the above. However, others said that this witch of our brood is good at least for an outside shot at manufacturing perfection and they stirred and then stared into the eyes of the possibility of gaining the ascension and transubstantiate the current impasse and gaining a increased support for their vital situation, in a word for gaining an advantage against the evil ones.

Then one day it all ended in a flurry, for the sun descended and the earth cracked as it shattered the shell, then came the hatching out of an eagle from the belly of its mort mother that had died all too suddenly as the nest was cast violently to the stones, to the earthen crust, by an unseen voice and a globular lava sluing fist shuck and the thunder of the old Goblin's and middle earth dwellers demanded the taste of human blood and the great megalithic structures of wan fell to the under side of creation and various persons could not see that it concerned them and their extinction seemed a mirage in the shimmer of a goats eye, all square and unearthly as a goat's eye, and

so it all halted, the whole game without further wincing of teeth or gnashing of footsies.

Why did the bourgeois myth of progress ring over true in Shakespeare's ear? This is a falsehood - the myth was concrete - Broder is surely, if you are not seeing it "in the seed" already - you will not be called genius, but to be too stupid to understand that this, in later times obvious fact, is the transcendent element that will beat out everything from 'before' so resoundly that it.
P.S> Fuck u

