

ירוי ענ ישי

意志の祐里

ישי ןע יורי

衣類 音 医師

The King moves God's Light,
with aim to help the village.
shoot Or load; God is:
His robes, they count the steps.

The dimensions of this corridor are only aware of walls, ceilings, & floors.

詠歌の生保

えいか せいほ

Song of The Square

(no. 1)

by

HLB

VII:III

Thou intoxicant -
Thou Vine of the Wise!
Lord, in granting we, unknowing,
worketh as masters over nature,
grow & cultivate thy branches!
Remind thine Earthly Workers,
“O! To me! To me!”

31.

XXVII:XV

Thus it is - his magick shield!
Who hums, guiding our ascent?
The old go to molt, and the youth to grow weary;
Love-slaves at the cardinal directions, all together.
Weaving the watcher's Will,

ἡ ἀγάπη

as she grooms him into nothingness, as an island unknown...
“Giveth thy Will, be born & die upon her ample bosoms”

55.

IV:I

Receive revelation
From fire,
See the harvest's completion.
O, faire maiden of the sea -
My darling, bring down the city!
The Magus takes Earth
From fire
To the camel's path above.

31.

.

YEAH, WAY!

count my strokes.

3.

|
| put this in box. |
|

4.

O
Aiwaz?
Eheieh!
Ain.

3.

Th' Octopus has every limb necessary for foundation

8.

= 55.
[mystic number of malkuth]
= 31.
[AL]
= 86.
[eheieh adonai]

= 45.
[mystic number of yesod]
= 78.
[TARO]
= 123.
[Péle]

יגג?
= 15
[mystic number of geburah]

火イガイ私目オ閉じた
ココチイ暑さ臥わたしニ抱っこおアタエタ
シズケサトヘイセイ
ソシテイタミわシズカニカワッタ

ひ いがい わ め お とじた
hi igai wa me o tojita (X)

こちいい あつさ が わたし
に だっこ お あたえた

kokochiii atsusa ga watashi ni dakko o ataeta (XXI)

しずけさ と へいせい

shizukesa to heisei (IX)

そして いたみ わ しずか に かわった

soshite itami wa shizuka ni kawatta (XV)

.55.

.23 // 23.¹

+

.Ayin // Ayin.

¹ i closed my eyes except to fire
a pleasant heat gave me an embrace
tranquility and calm
and the pain transforms quietly away.

A Prayer Unto The Incense of Dragon's Blood

Let it be whispered amongst our enemies
That we have perished of a punctured throat,
Or that we have made fat the stomachs of lions;
And let them dread of our return in the night,
Proceeding towards them in silence
As blood-soaked daemons
Painted in the light of Tum's chariot.

The secret shall be that we are really in earnest
Celebrating victory & the other spheres
As we dance around bonfires of aged oak!!
We will leap madly, widdershins about the flame,
Whilst recounting the endeavors of our past names
Stories of our all's perseverance
As destitute beggars
- As those whom in truth have done naught at all -
Against our myriad of holy antagonists
And against their ghosts.

Thereby we endeavour to understand
The magisters of earth have none, and all,
And neither
Has any other recourse eternal
Than to place thou,
Thine alembic in the proper place
To be dissolved, purified, & united
As the alchemists of old
Attempted to hide within their pebbles.

It is told that the apex of this rite
Be the capture of Apophis,
The snake ascending, held between
The thumb and first two fingers
Of a reflection
Wearing yellow.

Then thine hour shall have at last arrived -
in silken robes
of violet, thou shalt bag the destroyer
wearing the yellow-brown
socks of your father, his true home
and favorite playground
back into the flames, yearning for more!

**Les Fleurs de Paradis:
The Torture of Yoga**

*My Temple, Remonstrated & Rejuvenated -
An aside of Δir-borne illness pt. 1*

It was upon reviewing the previous [REDACTED] with vehement disdain that a certain awareness hit me - or rather, an awareness of a lack of awareness² - or rather, an awareness of an awareness of a lack of a lack of awareness - or rather a - or rather my brain was suddenly, overwhelmingly befuddled, a puddle of pudding piled upon the peak of a play-dough carcass. I found it difficult to make heads or tails of what I was attempting to write, I had become absurd; I felt a flash of lightning conquer my carapace; I fell to the floor, where I had fortuitously placed my tatami mat merely three melancholic bouts ago. Weakened, with my forehead become a veritable perspiration sweatshop, I played Swollen Slug (which looked rather like Tired Tongue) and slid myself toward and into the tub. Overheated from fever, the water was experienced as a lashing whip of fire, burning into every pore's core, and I felt the bath become covered with Judgement's shadow, whereupon all became frigid - as if I were encased in the very heart of a Utilitarian³ (afraid of ⁴?) itself! The sensation was found to be inescapable. It seemed no matter how many silken covers and sultry women I cloaked myself in, laying on my floor, staring up at the shattered glass and the Tarot de Marseilles, my body refused to cease it's seemingly satan-sanctioned shivering - the one upside being that my typical ill-timed twitches & tics had therefrom subsided entirely.

² In *Being & Nothingness*, Sartre says, "consciousness is consciousness of consciousness" - And that is the story of how came to love mantras.

³ 化け物 rmn. "bakemono"

⁴ 8, 9.

After some years, I lost hope in adorning my being with such comforts as Comfort & Comfort, as they oft cut my arms - and always with the same razor - sapping me of what little liquid I had left, and even at their performative peaks I was never insulated by even an extra degree. Distraught to the point of numbness, bleeding infertile dirt on my mattress from the east, I submitted myself to the care of the chill, fully prepared to be assaulted by the gusts of icy air's ghost until death.

*"Eyes closed to all but frigid wind,
I found calming cool caress my flesh.
Submissive stillness come again,
And anguish transmuted to resht."⁵*

My blood turned thin obsidian syrup and poured upon the dead dirt until it's wellspring had dried, whereupon the fallen fluid created an opalescent body, making fertile the surrounding earth for future generations in a beautiful display of dissolution. However, my breath, irregular as it was due to the strain of sickness, seemed to distress this pregnant pond, promising disaster and physical death for the newborn ecosystem. Believing that it would be quite pleasant to witness a little paradise blossom, I deigned to constrain the movement of my lungs (as coated in pot resin and tobacco tar as they are) via a quadruple-linked system of chains; to treat my holy 'halations as the movements of the sun upon a planet imperceptible to all but me - to imbue my breath with the rhythmic dignity of natural law.

⁵ What I imagine Sean Connery sounds like when he says "Rest" / Resh, Shin, & Tau as the navitoh / Resh as Sun + T, as the cross.

*The Birthing System, Ragged & Regulated -
An Aside of Air-borne Illness pt. 2*

I opened my eyes to find myself in a horrid dungeon, lit by a single candle and besmoked with thick perfumes. My eternal nemesis, body-consciousness, had astounded me with its ever-accelerating destructive prowess. Never have I endured such agonies as when the fist of Queen In-Hold tortured my lungs with loathsome longing, nigh jealous of their former freedom; or when her daughter, Princess Out-Held, placed an infernal growling stone in my throat, which itself imposed a vacuum-seal upon my chest.

My sole solace in those depraved times was an incessant remembrance - in sync with the slow sine & square rhythm of my breathing - of the entire history of the universe, and the hope of one day again seeing my blossom in paradise

Myriads of moons passed until I, light-headed, with brow casting a salted torrent toward my feet, hallucinatory & defeated, said au revoir to my hope for paradise and resigned myself to merging with the viscera splattered upon the royal garments.

*“Eyes closed to all but flickering flame,
I found humble heat caress my flesh.
Submissive stillness come again,
And anguish transmuted to resht.”*

I felt a shiver run up my spine - no, it was more akin to a large sliver of silver banging against my coccyx from the inside. I cried in ecstasy as the sliver became a serpent (it was a marvelous sensation, I assure you), and when it broke through its original confinement, I sensed a shift about the chamber.

It had been an aeon now crushed into no-time, and I fainted before I could think to open my eyes.

A Set-Up For The Application of A Defining Number's Simultaneous States In Relation To The Concept of Being:

A famous painter worked day & night for years to complete what was forebilled by anticipation as his magnum opus. Whilst painting in his studio, he suffered an aneurysm and died. When he was discovered and his belongings divided, his Great Work was gifted to a museum. Now, when the artist lived, the painting was considered "almost finished," and therefore was not taken for a whole work by the average human's standards.

However, when he died, it became "whole", in that the museum owns it in the final stepping-stone of its progress; they are in possession of a complete Unfinished Work.

In this way, being and non-being are simultaneously observable in physicality.

111.

"Almost Three" is still Two, "Nearly Two" is still One, but "Basically Zero" is always, at minimum, a "Deficient One"

20.

THE
PHICE
NIC
IAN
AGG
REG
ATES

0.

In the beginning was a serpent
Endlessly writhing about,
Unaware of Self,
Until one
Day - It caught sight
Of its twisting tail,
Whereupon it thought its first:
“What is this? Is it me? What is ‘I’?”
Desiring an answer, it
Took its tail and placed
It in its
Mouth,
Sucking it,
Pulling it down through
Its bowels, out its cloaca;
Whence the serpent was turned inside out
And divided into two.
Magnetically, they
Writhed in lust,
One.
This made Heat
Which emanated
Up from under the skin of Earth
And mingled with Waters from Heaven.

I.

The Heat and Water mixed, making
Air that sifted the dirt,
Stimulating life.
One day
()
Was born
A lone flower
Inside of which grew an
Androgyne, Siamese Phoenix.

II.

The female said to the male,
“Let us become two,”
After which
She

Ripp't

Him
Out of her,
The Tangible One
Taking flight to explore Earth.

III.

In the sky, she saw much -
A glorious
Landscape -

Wonders

Unknown -
And mysteries
That baffled consciousness.

IV.

Desiring knowledge,
She returned
To

Her
Other half
And

Asked
Him if he
Had explored the world.

V.

He had seen some
He said

But not
Enough to form
Any

Solid
Reckoning by.

VI.

“Perhaps we
Could

Take
Our stories,
Mix up the pieces,
And birth a
Few

Kids
To aide us.”

VII.

In the

Air they,
Without passion,
Raped one another dead.
Shitting children,
They fell

To Earth.

VIII.

These

New
Children were
The myriad of
Existence, and they flew off
Desiring knowledge
Of themselves
Once

More.

IX.

The first
Two Phoenixes
Were reborn in the same
Event that bore them their children.
However, they had changed.
Only slightly,
But still ~

X.

Pain
Was unknown
To most of the young,
But in the Air some argued
Over inconsistencies of view;
The weaker ones were murdered.
Their corpses rotted,
And became
Dirt.

XI.

In turn,
The Phoenixes
That begat, were begat
As they filled the Air with incest -
Shitting babies all the way down.
Furthermore, all of their corpses
Became naught but more land
For them all to
Ponder.

XII.

As it goes,
One day a Phoenix
Wondered what was up - up there,
Where eye and wing could not penetrate.
Desiring knowledge, they went
And sought counsel from the other birds.
As they listened in silence
To their words, Mother
Phoenix smiled.

XIII.

“Here’s what we’ll do,”
She said once they finished.
“The piles of your siblings grow high.
We shall have an endless orgy,
Stopping only to die,
Or to murder, or to give birth.
The accumulated bodies
Shall reach to the heavens,
And then we’ll see.”

XIV.

The Father Phoenix
Agreed, and stated as much.
So began a perpetual war -
A massacre of All Things,
Amassing mountains
Upon which sacrifices
Were made in the name, “Holy What’
And whereupon the Phoenix
Who begat All cried.

XV.

The Ancients, watching All,
Basked in the glory of their young
Humming hymns that stir up frenzy
And leveling the ground.
They spoke no longer,
But communicated
Exclusively through odd symbols.
The children noticed not, in their
Fighting and their Fucking.

XVI.

By Night, the parents were gone,
Dissolved into the Aethyr, et al.
Two Phoenixes survived,
Brother and sister.
They married
And consummated,
Birthing no children this time,
But becoming one in name and flesh
And in aim for the Heavens.

XVII.

Arriving at the topmost peak
They were able to catch a glimpse
Of some magnificent,
Vast spectacle,
Pitch black
Yet radiant.
A voice came from On High:
“Kill yourself, that I may Become.”
And immediately they did.

XVIII.

They flew straight up and pierced their God’s Heart
With sharpened beak and talon
Even as they died from such Heights.
Nu,
Falling down,
With the wind knocked out
Her lungs, spat out a snake’s egg
Before suffocating the whole world
With her Absolute body
Including the snakes
Still writhing
In
A Nowhere
Underneath an Earth
Turning into stone - Πέτρος
And becoming the serpent’s Homeland.