

## FRAGMENTS 5 & 6

(From *NEXUS OF EVIL: Late Fragments, 1-7*)

[5] \*

The darkness  
seems Absolut—

I Brake  
and come to a stop.

There is a distant Sound  
which I cannot immediately recognize,  
but in the darkness  
I start to discern  
Phosphorescent manifestations  
dispersed along a Slalom Course  
down the hill.

Taking off again, I realize  
that the Sound I am hearing  
is the Ringing of Bells  
deep below the surface,  
Tolling in the Underground...

Putting Bells and Phosphors  
together, I reason as follows:  
in order for my pure hatred  
of the Game to be experienced  
as pure pleasure—  
in the knowledge that  
both my opponent and I

---

\* “*Beelzebub*: Crime is heaped on crime... Thus are we purified.  
The only victim for the frenzied is the sacrifice of his enemy.  
It is pleasing that he be scattered in the winds  
And mangled alive, drawn into a thousand pieces,  
Persecuted with as many marks of my own pain...”  
- Gottfried Leibniz, “The Philosopher’s Confession”

“*Mais où sont les neiges d’antan?*” (“But where are the snows of yester-year?”)  
- François Villon (trans. Rossetti)

are doomed to Perdition—  
my *loo'zz'loo'zz* Capability  
must expand to the point  
where my Spirit achieves  
Absolüt concentration.

Only then can the Light Waves—  
which are being radiated  
by the Game onto my opponent's  
Spirit and simultaneously absorbed  
and reflected by his Spirit—  
become, in turn, deflected  
and re-radiated by my Spirit  
in a *just* and *balanced* way...  
which is the way  
of the Fold-in-the-fabric  
at the bottom of my Monad  
as Taro Player:  
the Single Fold  
wherein pure hatred and  
pure pleasure are One!

I apply moderate pressure  
to the Brakes  
and coast in darkness  
toward the first Phosphor.

Almost at once,  
the air turns warm.

As it gets warmer and warmer,  
I choose the "Interior Experience"  
of *pleasure* as the just and  
balanced response!

I open myself to the intense  
warmth pouring over me,  
while my Bike's wobbling wheels,  
its crooked Handlebars  
and low, swiveling seat  
provide the perfect opportunity  
for my arcane discomforts  
to melt into air!

When I reach the first Phosphor

and turn toward the next one,  
a whirlwind envelops me  
in hot sand, which instantly  
Mutates into a million shards  
of delight entering my flesh!

As Movement-in-process  
("like Light Itself,"  
according to Halliburton's Song  
for his Godson Kyōtō),  
the free and perfect act  
of riding downhill  
in the present moment  
of *loo 'zz'loo 'zz*  
allegorizes the Infra-Red  
integration of the Dealt Hand's  
multiple inclinations  
into the Single Fold that is  
the uniform inclination  
from the *saloon* "above"  
to the *Shelter* as Greenhouse "below."

After turning at the second Phosphor  
and heading off toward the next,  
I cross a puddle  
and get splashed by cold water.

My eyes start to sting  
as I ride my Bike  
onto a stretch of Ice...

Sheer bliss!

*The Just Form of Balanced Content!*

While my Spirit,  
under the *loo 'zz'loo 'zz* pressure  
of Maxed Out hatred,  
shrinks and shrinks,  
my fear of falling  
Mutates into complete joy,  
because I find myself  
simultaneously re-enacting  
the "burning eyeballs"  
of Beelzebub, Lord of Ozone!

By transferring heat  
to the moisture in my eyeballs  
and causing the moisture to Evaporate,  
my concentrated Spirit  
creates the “eyeball-open” state  
described by Katrina the Carbon Casuist  
in Last Dialogue(s)  
on ‘The Sub-Real’  
with Chad Fahrenheit!

I make the turn around  
the Phosphor, riding down  
in darkness to the next one.

I go splashing through  
a series of puddles  
of alternately hot and cold water,  
which lie between patches of Ice;  
meanwhile I am being side-swept  
by scorching wind on one side  
and frigid wind on the other.

With each new sensation  
I feel like the *Adam Qadmon*  
of Resentment, Psyched  
by the Inconvenience of Truth,  
descending the Black, Magick, Analog Hill  
like a Perfect-Storm-On-Wheels!

Arriving at the Light,  
I make an excellent  
turn, and I behold  
beyond the next Light  
an infinite series of Eternal Lights...

But now I am riding  
in mud.

And the air  
is getting harder  
to breathe.

My happiness redoubles!

I let go  
of the Brakes  
and try to Pedal  
through the mud, enraptured  
by my Bike-ride tribulations and  
the spectacle of the Illuminated Way.

Then—flying off  
an invisible ledge  
against the sudden Redness  
of the sky—I launch  
out of the Dark Fog  
into free fall,  
over the gaping mouth  
of an Abyss...

*Hermetic Big Air.*

*Rainbow Gravity,  
overtaking my Rear Wheel  
qua Weak Force of Mind  
relative to my Front Wheel  
qua Strong Force of Heart,  
is rotating my Bicycle toward  
a Margeto-Lectric Wheelie,  
which is the just and balanced  
("blitiri – vizlipuzli") Entrainment  
of my Spirit's loo'zz'loo'zz Resonance  
with-in the HERE  
and NOW.*

*The Rear Wheel continues to rise,  
the Bicycle starts to flip,  
commits me inevitably  
to a Frontside Three-Sixty.*

*I catch sight upside down  
of the Fog... below, behind me.*

*And through my loo'zz'loo'zz  
Capability my Spirit's concentration  
of hatred for the Game  
brings the Red sky back*

*into view, as if the Bicycle  
were a servo-mechanical  
language-gear on re-uptake  
from the Receptor/Dis-Inhibitor cycle  
in “Boomer Humanist” Altjeringa of Kalpa’s  
FoxP2 apparatus.*

*My supreme pleasure in being just  
instead of compassionate, balanced  
instead of understanding,  
speaks for the double-messaging  
and Scapegoatistic consummation  
of Victory... as easy target.*

*I welcome the ground,  
while it falls  
into place  
beneath the Bike,  
and nail the landing—  
no problem.*

[6]

*Yet, I am now  
where I should not be:  
my “jump” has taken me  
all the way down to  
the bottom of the hill!*

*The Shelter looms  
straight ahead.*

*I push back on the Pedals  
to Brake, but the Brakes  
are not responding...*

*I Pedal backward  
as fast as I can.*

*The “eternal” present  
comes to a Draconian standstill  
in the Flaming Dis-Continuum  
of History’s Algedronic Aeons,  
while my Articulated movement*

*remains irreducible to the Anti-Doom  
of Arc-Prayer space travel  
("āmbāgādāghemurzāmchātemākulāmālnisāksā-  
pārtzuqurāshāthān!").*

*Despite the intensity of my Backpedaling  
the Bike fails to stop,  
so I start to... lose control.*

*The Front Wheel hits a bump—*

*The Rear Wheel rises.*

*Intuitively, in the Young-Byoung  
Bardo of the mixed reactions  
assailing me, I see not only  
the Kin-Sung / Kin-Jung  
Flying Technique of Nameless Hero  
breaking through the Continuum  
of Historicist Anti-Matter  
with Chill Clarity  
and Clear Brilliance,  
but also, at the same time,  
the Dark Cloud  
of Sun-Gun Moon's terror  
before Bank-Key Moon's  
Green Destiny Spear.*

*The Rear Wheel lifts  
over the Front Wheel.*

*The Bicycle hovers  
in SUSTAIN-mode  
...upside down...  
Image-Movement  
of The Fool and The Infinite,  
as Two-Cards-in-One.*

*Then the Rear Wheel  
edges its way over the top,  
toward the Seven Heavens...  
into the Styx  
of Beginning and End.*

*I crash—*

*slamming down on my back—  
then bounce off the ground  
into the air again.*

*As I go up,  
the Bike starts to revolve  
sideways on its axis...*

*Rising, turning over in the air,  
momentarily on top  
of the Bike, I forget about  
the Millennium-Colored,  
More-than-Death-sized  
Theoretical Armature  
of hatred for the Game  
and the pureness of my pleasure.*

*With the Bike still spinning,  
falling over to my right,  
comes the Mu Bai  
shock of Moira,  
which Crystallizes the tense constellation  
of my self-reliant “Byoung-Yang”  
thought as Chon-Dog-Yo Monad.*

*My head swings down  
under the Bike...*

*I see the sky  
and the stars  
above,  
Half-conscious  
all the while  
that the Saddle  
has dropped  
from the Seatpost.*

*A rush of warm air  
sweeps over me, and the Chill  
of “justness” and “balance”  
leaves my Astral body,  
like the two Lumière Witnesses  
in Dieu Fortune’s “300.”*



*Then I slam into the ground  
on my left side—*

*The rest is DECAY-mode.*

*In a series of flip-flops  
through Mutual Perdition's  
Qliphotic Gateway  
to the Game's Eternal Return,  
my Fateful Ride  
is now Re-suffered  
in the Real-spun Kho-meenie,  
Kho-miney Rotundum  
of tragedy and farce,  
as if in the empty Ko'ræn  
antechamber of Armaquaedda's  
Revolutionary Guard.*

*The Bicycle smashes down  
on my right side  
in what feels like Icy Slush,  
but which I know to be  
the Sub-Molecular deep place  
on the Natanz Macro Band,  
auto-located from Aristotle's  
A-Z-O-Th List to King Leonitis,  
Professor of Tehrannian Resistances.*

*Instantly enveloped by the Hot  
Whirlwind of Phul Pharmakon's  
Paris Push-Off into LastSecond  
Messäñiahk Pre-Time,  
I notice my Front and Rear  
Wheels spinning backward  
in the pure movement  
prophesied by the Shi'ite Formula  
of Holy Reversal—  
before the Bicycle slams down  
to the ground again  
on my left side.*

*...Fleeting vision*

*of Mullah-Mullah  
on a White Cloud  
of Splendor...*

*My Handlebars are completely  
twisted around.*

*The Bicycle is on the rebound,  
flipping over again.*

*When the small Flag  
marked Holy Davidson  
breaks off from the Handlebars,  
like the Hot Bar  
of an Arcane Missile  
cast onto NowTime's Seven Seals,  
a high-level Manna Burn—  
running from the Stem  
and the Headset  
through the Shifter  
and Shifter Cable to  
the Free Wheel / Rear Wheel Cassette—  
Pyro-Blasts the Front Wheel  
and Handlebars apart,  
leaving only the Rear Wheel  
on the Frame, with my Feet  
still on the Pedals...  
as if I were now mounted  
on a goddamned Saddle-less...  
Unicycle.*

*As I go down  
into a right-side crash,  
the Dust-Colored  
Foundations of Limbo  
are De-eternalized—  
like Democritus,  
Diogenes and Dioscorides  
in the Destinies of Xerxes Trismegistes.*

*Kâ, Bâ and Keen-eared Khaibit,  
He-Who-Shoulders-Apollyon's-Dinner-Jacket,  
are secretly present, overseeing  
the immobile cross-sections  
of my Puritan trajectory*

*in the Ash·k·nazi  
homogeneous empty time  
of Thesis K's Critique  
of The Judgment, just as  
my Bicycle hits Ground Zero.*

*Motionless, in a single  
moment of Standstill at last,  
thrown from the Bicycle's  
seat-less, one-wheeled  
Frame, I hear Gnostic  
Going-to-the-Depth  
Gnash-Echoes from Géa  
and recognize, behind the Sound,  
Lost Reason, punished and recycled  
in the Citadel of Glaciers—  
then I hear the Sound  
of Shooting Stars...  
the Blank-lined Sky rolls up,  
like Balaam and Balak's  
Breath-turning Scroll  
in Baldander's Book of Mirrors,  
the Mythic Hill disappears,  
darkness falls...  
and, Freeze-framed  
as Infidel Thesis,  
before the Neutral Vestibule  
of Briah's "Hot Gates"  
I wait for the Ball Lightning  
of Oeobazus the Uranian...  
to open my eyes.*