

Sleeping

Introduction to Self-State

The soul of a cat is mortal. It does its best.

What can we be purposed for? A parent always instructs their child to do their best, why? The child should not attempt to avoid his/her obligation of effort not suppose to do anything but his/her best. What worsens without this manifest destiny, rather than material shortcoming. Value of fulfillment is an under glorified aspiration that countermines the intentions, infects the solution to social malignancy, and shrouds in stigma.

Dreaming

Self-State

There faces I thought were knives.

The way they pointed them at me.

Plastic liquor still molds my mouth as an inadvertent alarm sounds alarm in a matted head. Cheap shades allow slices of reality to pierce diagonally through the flesh of my cheek, cracking bone, pouring hot through melted eyes. It takes more than resolve to resurrect semblance. Wracking against the strain of placidity, so much outrage so little reason flows. It takes twenty minutes to navigate the rolling linoleum of my rounding kitchen corners into realization of non-acceptance. Plastic thoughts pour shots from my mouth into self-exploited regularity.

Gasping

Introduction to Other-State

Rembrandt painted a drop of life inside.

The drop he painted Rembrandt's stranger.

Passion rips pleasure ripples, but when the escape of our own mind's containment overpowers crippling subjectivity, the rest becomes visible. I heard a teacher say, "Follow the golden rule." As we claim everything we perceive as ours, our notion, our ideas as reality, we blunder through

linear folly. Unavoidably, imbued in our acceptance of reality is our position of perception. We grant and repeal truth, reject and cherish from a wells depth our miniscule vantage point in the dark. We quest to expand that light, human nature kindled into aspiration and inquisition, naturally shackled to drown in ignorance folly.

Waking

Other-State

Spring is always what it used to be.

I woke to find revealed elbows, lines, toes that wrinkle blankets and deceptions away. As the fan skips air across, tightening awkward muscles slackened as crooked necks twinge. Comfortable silence fills the warm blankets, eyes closed waiting for a morning to emerge. The sun never rises accompanied yet still is yoked to accompanying devotion. And realization suffers to pride but acknowledgement simmers swimming, pulling at tongues of supposition unbridled. Slowing from sleeps extraction, softness covers reality snowing flakes of ice bladed razors harmless. Raking the naked day with eyes still new but used from slow trips to fast places but comfort lingers, last lips twisted for familiarities purpose of abstraction. Need dawns a new face for few parades last morning's hunger.

Musing

Kinds of State

This day whenever I pause.

Its noise.

"Big fish bites if yous got good bate, ya I'm goin fishin." Taj Mahal calls in his muddy voice. His rasp reaches through years to shake me from dreams unremembered and unmoored. Each time his harmonica wanders from the speakers, his miracle melts into reality, balancing on brilliant steel strings that echo a muse misconception. Trivial inscriptions decorate the marker board like the absurdity of epitaphs, pointlessly pointing to that that cannot be reached. Needle lashes guards the veil of eyes that search commonality of purpose to affectionate acceptance of another battle lost. Blood sops dots of pain from sharp steel tilted wrong. Subsequent chuckle rides quivers of frustrations subdued and due over. Propane's stench trickles dispersed from steel stripped of practical transaction delayed,

tomorrow's yesterday filling the void of condensation, condescending
contradictions contemplation flowing full from finite form.