

Dying . . .

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Revealing the past,
forthcoming within the sphere of discourse,
death will have given me more to designate,
more to degenerate my initial frame of reference.
Always distrusted,
because it is the first glance.

Highway hypnosis,
a losing battle,
an understanding of disconnection from the object,
the object trapped in degenerate space.

Someone find me the original,
if it still exists!
My memory is broken,
my ideas are ugly.

Searching copies of objects,
less than truthful fragments of reality,
force with light bending within force,
force negating itself,
force losing battle with light,
all that is left is a thin dark mist.

This misty morning of consciousness,
reveals some truth.
This misty morning of awareness,
is filled with blissful lies.
Why misty?

When I put the 'thing' in its 'place'.
A thing outside of reality,
still clinging to forgotten dreams.
A place where venture or contemplation,
or bending truths once told.
This all exists as a void of sunken repulse.
A place for mind to lose all 'idea'.

Oh,
what a great idea of mind.
Mind which can traverse the distance without halt.
A barrier separating thoughts for higher cogitation.
Maybe leading to higher discourse?
Or realization?
Or concepts understood and not lost to time?
Why attempt to realize anything,
if this object will simply dissipate,
when no one is looking?
This impulse justifies itself,
and we are still expected to wrestle,
to locate the boundary conditions.

How will this impulse be reconciled,
making peace with my mind/body/soul/matter/time/space and
nothingness?

No homecoming follows from this empty promise.
The essence of thought will break,
if it attempts to penetrate the 'original' concept,
the first piece of life that burdens this world.
Where is this place located if it really is nothing?
As if I am merely throwing a switch on a simple machine,
turning it off.

Now,
in the distance,
as my soul evaporates,
giving Charlemagne his proof,
I can see the first set of ladders in the distance.
Ladders I must climb despite the futility.
I want to reach the top,
but this is impossible.
I am bewildered by the climbing and I grow tired.

Will there be intersections on the next level?

Will there be crossings for those with feet instead of wings?

A lower resting place for souls arriving?

I feel cross-ways,
and back ways of disruptive movement.
Do I go right or left?
Slipping,
falling,
farther into the the unknown.
Despite the pointlessness of this navigation.

I fall.

And then,
As if by accident,
I see a light emanating from the center point of mind.
The natural state floods with drugs,
with distractions to keep the body fooled.
A perspective of what control must become,
in order to subdue 'its' flight.
The soul rises,
and I stay motionless,
awaiting my own invitation.
Charlemagne was a fool.

One cannot escape the depths,
the realm of monsters,
that is this life/lie/finish.
Develop as they will and as they journey the world,
looking for victims in the shadows of consciousness.

Ladders,
Climbing to accept the distance and the strain.
Excess height forming,
new shapes born.
Along new margins of emptiness.

Escape the excessive depth of this nothing,
but do so at your own risk.
The side show is nothing,
even the ones that return are fooled.
The side show is filled with false rays of hope.
The sirens stand near to awareness,
even as the last breath is taken.

Mind,
Soul,
Try,
Stop,
Repeat.
Please, leave the mind and soul alone.

Let me build new walls to protect the core of self,
before the envious consumers of decaying matter take over.

Please try to leave my mind and soul alone,
Let me build new walls protecting the core of self,
The core of which can only mean,
To a self in connection with itself,
Could only mean freedom.

From here,
to where?
To what area?
Or Plane?
Where shall we go searching for that which has been,
Or is already,
Within the grasp of the searcher.

The "where" can only be in such a place,
the "where" is misleading,
As that which it definitely cannot be,
The place where one finds the "where" is almost certainly
where it is not.

Breaking free of the origin,
how do the exterior lines of contact break free this
'spirit' beyond original mind?
Spirit not transcendental of any object or existence from
which no transcendent mind could possibly emanate,
for the original which might require the transcendent no
longer accesses it's own memories.

In relation to freedom,
freedom can only be it's own freedom,
for thought in ideal voids of negation,
or freedom from "something'ness",
pervading the comic void.
No longer just void in void,
but void of reason,
void of nothing,
of which void could be.
No real stopping point at this juncture,
no point in stopping.

Forget the loss of direction,
directions only confuse their own essence,
direction leads men/women/children down indirect paths of
understanding.
Only after chaos is given toll will there be new paths to
follow.
No words will-shall-can pretend to bring me closer to the
fugitive spirit dissipating around 'me',
of me.
I am chasing clarity,
what a stupid pursuit.
It is not in or on or close to me.
It is on the edge of yesterday/tomorrow,
perpetual motion toward what is perceived from a convoluted
standpoint.

This brings forth the
objective/deceptive/perceptive/subjective realization of
the original form.

An original,
which should have made copies,
but did not.

Form content,
the seen or the heard,
forms without names revolve around me,
centering themselves on my splintered heart.

Why?

What reasons do these forces have,
natural or otherwise?

Do they come from the abyss?
Maybe not.

They do not come,
it is 'I'.
I am returning,
they do nothing.
They do nothing but watch,
and mock as we pass.
They are devils.

I am returning.
I am trying to return to the irrefutable 'I',
the 'I' in betrayal,
the 'I' in collusion with nature,
at war with 'me'.

It is 'I' who now joins with primal energies,
boiling,
burning the eyes with fire,
with entropic disintegration.

Moving the first mental landscape into frontiers,
only seemingly having spatio-temporal attributes or
boundaries.

Source of what?

From what?

To what final end?

Possibly,

looking from the inside out is a failed attempt at
objectivity,

perhaps it is 'I' who has forsaken truth,
for some other object of my own desire.

Perhaps?

From this 'objective' to a real subjective end,
to these ends was this project set?

Is there a goal,

a duty to understanding?

A duty to know,

to understand normal motivations?

A duty from which the inner reverses,
receives the first caused motion?

Ladders do continue to present themselves to me,
not the glaring light of apocrypha,
of goods sold in empty boxes.

Only a few ladders are left to fall now.

Only a few stairwells will be built to escape from this
place.

Points will inwardly regress,
lines,

vectors of energetic idea (ideal for whom?),
intersecting somewhere inside the heart.

Farther below,

deeper the journey will lead,

with some interesting finale - an end for endings without
shape or size.

These endings eclipse themselves.

Where,
how do I contemplate the final stage of evolution?
An idiotic question.
Question for which only dubious answers will be found.
Pseudo finality,
unreal demarcations.
No finale,
for there can be no step ending upon zero,
or less than that.

Step back from the walls,
watch the ceiling fall to the ground,
observe destruction,
in a form purer than any thus far.

Simple-minded bliss,
as chemistry fills the brain,
is the only sort for which a happy lot,
a silly foe will give recommendation.

Simplicity then becomes no more than a protective wall,
or condom,
which eliminates sunlight,
and prevents the solar from clouding this noble sort of
happiness.

Bliss and hedonistic pleasure,
have complete inconsistency.
More of the 'good life' can ensure the 'best' kinds of
happiness,
with the least regretful ends.
With credit card entrails hanging from behind,
lingering in the ozone of my car.

Slow,
angry attempts at the knowing this impossible world,

an inferior past time that brings no contentment.
In the extreme,
this 'knowing' destroys the personality,
no person will advance far within this realm,
the mud will be.
A soft freshness that only lemon fresh Pledge can offer,
only Lysol and bleach can remove.

Ladders?

None of the original passages are left open,
ladders present the possibility of escape,
a break from the dismal evasion permeating all of my body,
a burning pain of loss,
as each beat is dull,
as each beat is quiet,
as each breath is filled with pain.

Ladders.

They are here,
to help bring forth a darker world,
with less sunlight to cloud my thinking,
less pain for the soul.

Wrongly understood,
a true misapprehension of the 'object',
an avoidance of the original spirit.
No real ladders exist,
do they?
No real transfers,
from one energy state to the next,
no transfer was given,
or will be found.
The bus has left.

For what reasons,
or on what basis,
have these 'entities',

we call ladders,
been conjured?

The "original",
may be that hidden force,
that devours the mind,
absorbs it into itself,
for further use.
This force of originality is the mind,
setting itself free,
to move within the universe,
and not just any universe but ours.

An act of moving beyond.
Jumping over my being,
my state,
my awareness.
My duty becomes this obligation,
to move beyond the unworldly state of mind.

Night,
like the cold wind,
with light cutting through my eyes,
like cool sharp knives.
Razors scraping away a last touch of day.

Night,
forgotten heat dissipating into the void,
memories only now we recalling,
by the street lamps.
And these street lamps are the only real sentinels,
watchers in the night.
The street lamp is my angel,
here to usher me home.
I glance out the window.

Ladders continue to bring me pain,
knowing in which the act of thought is unknown,

to the actor,
an agent constantly pretending to know.
Stairwells,
staircases,
gateways to this beyond,
these are really openings of searing fire.
From a hell such as this,
come the monsters and a new place,
where evil wreaks havoc on the pure selves.
I welcome it.

Purify me.
Bring me the light that has no pain,
Bring me to the loving glow of night!

Deeper into the cave I wander,
I travel into the void,
looking for corners.
No escape from the glorified "I".
There are spatial configurations here,
even if you look beyond the encompassing time.
There is time traveling slowly and quickly,
simultaneous backwards.
The motion is unstable,
dimensions bend before a stream of particles,
bending away from the painful/painless light.
Motion,
forward steps which only bring "me" farther,
into the depths of my glorified "I".
The miraculous "I" is dissolving,
something to view from near or far,
to contemplate with spirit and insight.
I welcome its dissolution.
I welcome what is to come.

How far have I traveled yet today?
How much further into the "I" must I go?
Only echoes resound,

where answers should be.
Answers were promised,
by the local priest.
My core is cooling,
and the mind is impatient to go.
But I wish I could show that charlatan,
the truth behind the curtain.

Trembling footsteps,
sadness,
despair at the thought of missed-direction,
mistaken identity,
of being lost in enveloping madness.
The solemn characters of truth
other player that cannot be the "I",
or the "me",
but where do they come from?
They are not angels.

Is there someone else here?
If they are here,
they have come to take possession of my soul.
Spirits of the underworld,
ghosts,
monsters,
bacteria,
the sound of feet,
criminals in wait for an easy mark,
all wish to see deeper into "me".
Their nourishment is the fear of one identity,
identity separate from an indivisible self.
Sanity loses all meaning when you wear these glasses,
the person becomes distorted and bleak in nature,
his/her texture becomes drab,
gray,
dark.

Now mirrors appear,

where ladders once were.

Reflections of the "I" are used,
reflections which confuse the self,
or frame the self?

Now frightened spirit is running,
panicked,
filled with regret.
Melancholy for the end of one journey into the self.
The last journey I will take.
I welcome this too.

The reflection seems so near now,
as the spirit keeps running from this new image,
but the distance increases.
Explanation of action brings personality to an abstract
stalemate,
so many people are to be found in this province.
None of these people speak,
they look coldly at my folly.

The reflection remains at an equal distance from the
spirit,
in search of its beginning,
and with this an apparent expansion of space,
another lie I will not miss.

Spatial boundaries are inconstant,
space fluctuates from one pole to the next,
DE-polarizing reality.
Fluid motion,
dimension,
extension,
forms of every type,
identities of any shape surround the mirror,
enveloping this icon (mirror) from one moment to the next.
A body cooling from the outside in.

Suddenly the spirit grows tired,
spirit no longer has energy for an adventure,
spirit without spirit?
Standing still,
the figure tries to assimilate the outside,
spirit considers the "universe" around it.

Many years ago,
in the beginning of this quest,
spirit felt at ease,
spirit knew its own potential,
and then got lost in regret and failure.
These quests have only brought pain.
Only deep regrets for having wondered about the origin at
all.
The welcoming wind is cold.

Why ask questions about the origin?

The question only tears the identity to pieces,
and leaves the "I" with an amorphous mass.
A mound for creatures always at work,
to recover what was lent,
to try once again the futile life.
Infinitely useless concepts,
which refer to nothing.

Recollecting all of the observations,
reminiscences made while on the journey.
What a waste of time,
when so little time is left.

Figures,
hidden pictures lost inside the void,
devoid of any insight beyond the image.
Feelings are making themselves known,
in this motion of introspection.

Yet,
a feeling remembered only brings another negative element
into existence.

The multiplication of these beings is becoming obvious.

When will this be over?

When may "I" return to the other?

No one is answering.
No mystery here.

Destruction of any objective intuition,
now part of the chorus,
destroying other parts of the self,
to gain liberty,
so part of "me" can be free.

Every bit of strength still available will help,
from machines glowing faintly in the hollow air,
some more lies the mind will tell itself,
until it can speak no longer.

Destroy,
annihilate,
disintegrate,
ravage,
wreck,
spurn desire,
a segue for the aggressive forces,
willing to act in my defense.
This will not be mourned.

Once again the nurse comes by,
with eyes fake,
with heart half full,
half empty,

tired.

At least,

I can say,

my job is done.

Her job only worsens,

and then she will be invited.

She will be ushered home,

where there is no home,

but only ladders.

When a symphony begins,

you hear a cacophony of song,

a random mix of beauty,

a burst of tune,

a burst of life.

The mind does the opposite,

it saves the overture for last.