

“Foreign Isolation Drives a Philosophical Contemplation”

written in 2014, revisited in October of 2017.

...no rational basis for believing in God.
How about absolute freedom?
We might ask the furthest star..

Of truth?

Subjective, eternal, rhetorical..
Brains; 10% 20% 50%..
Rational animals creating destruction..
distracted by mind..

Aristotle & the black blobs..
Paradoxically contributing,
dreaming..
of everything in-between,
of all that goes unseen.

Ideographic writing; we might get caught up in a cave.

while tiny suns light up the night sky.
nobody really knows why..
we may think that we do.
based on what someone once called true
tomorrow her thesis may land on my desk,
I'm sure you could figure the rest..

my little red pen was a weapon,
little did I know..

it had the power to destroy

Monkeys conceptualizing,
restlessly babelizing this language in which we live.

Conflicts. contradictions at best

Artistic visions;
communicating, inside and out of contempt

until theres nothing left to resent..

but do the Judges really judge?

or simply pretend?

Could a decider ever really pick a side?

i'm sure it possible, every now and again..

Materialists may flip a coin,
sensationalists won't even join.
unconsciously, it might not spin,
if nobody's watching.

but now it's the "New Age,"
and were still asking questions of time & the unnatural mind,
as it seems;
collective and kind.

i'll wock my own way..

synchronizing;
bubbling, babbeling neurons
might sparkle and shine.
in the depth of a mind
creative and kind

a turtle could fly, if it was in space..
but lookout!
then it would fall to the floor once gravity set in..

In and out of harmony,
I live in a world of music and art,
being with that; i'd start from the start.

Cultural-relativism..
was a word that I heard you say..

we've moved in different directions, at different speeds.
nevertheless a hero was born to bleed.

egocentrically;
something dwells in the west,
or so it seems..

self-destructive Neurons, burn in the night air..
we'll hope for the best.

*“Professor Buckley’s Preoccupation With The Big Red
Elephant”*

(2014)

Professors log, raptor city funk submission 349

On the border of blasphemy,
I’m justified..

Behavior; organic, like the cosmic tree..
but you shouldn't follow me.
elements, social, philanthropic, empathetic.
emotional dependency,

but thats not me..

Graduations, emancipations, constitutional proclamations..
In the end, these memories, all aboard the space station

My cup of tea, mad magic, but don't follow me..
Some call it insight,
some a damaged psyche in fright,
lost between whats alive inside, and what I can see in the night.
some memories we burn, and some grow toward the light.

The Professor orders the Ink blot test,
why?

Some may be better than the rest

Instrumentalism;
he skews the social norm.
in what form?
Optimistically..
Characteristically..

He says: “My word, it seems that the influence of this information may be leading to
progress and innovation..”

& orders a reconstruction,
or rather,
a deconstruction..

Behavior; organic, like the cosmic tree..
Don't follow me!