

INFINITE

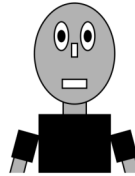


POEMS

INFINITE



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Infinite

Poems 601–700

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Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Cookie

Brush the teeth with razor blades, *gee*, while swimming with gators in the everglades.

Gargle, 52-times, with the head submerged, *goodness gracious*, in the toilet bowl.

Wear one pair of panties (always on, no ALWAYS) for 91 days, *super*, now watch the Bowl.

Block every cock and cookie. *Sweet Jesus!* "Sweetless Candy is a one tough cookie, Ted!"

Stem

Science. Technology. Engineering. Mathematics. (A four-strapped mind-trap.)

STEM grows from the seed of ignorance, which seed is the root (of Devil's feet).

Jimson, Jim's seed-from-greed: stout, erect, leafy, smooth (like a stem of devil's weed).

STEM-less. Unschooled. Skilled. Cool as a cuke (untrapped). Cool as the cuke (mantra).

Natural Selection (1)

Natural selection is natural.

What is natural, martin? *That which is phenomenal.*

What is phenomenal, martin? *That which is cognizable by the senses.*

What is cognizable, martin: a body, an ego, a soul? *Two firm yeses and one firm no.*

Natural Selection (2)

Natural selection is a selection.

What is selected, martin? *That which survives.*

What survives, martin? *That which reproduces.*

What is reproducible, martin: a body, an ego, a soul? *Two firm yeses and one firm no.*

Hell and Paradise (1)

What is Hell, Bob?

The opposite of Paradise, Bobby.

Where is Hell, Bob?

Everywhere, Bobby.

Hell and Paradise (2)

What is Paradise, Bob?

The opposite of Hell, Bobby.

Where is Paradise, Bob?

Nowhere, Bobby.

Hell and Paradise (3)

Bob trying to get from everywhere to nowhere?

Yeah, trying to get rid of ten fetters and 26 letters.

Bobby trying to get from everywhere to nowhere?

Yeah, trying to get rid of ten Mickey Mouse sweaters and 26 sub-0.260 batters.

Autophagy

Less cellular nutrient intake, more cellular autophagy.

More cellular autophagy, less cellular garbage.

Less cellular garbage, fewer cellular differentiation errors.

Fewer cellular differentiation errors, lower probability of carcinogenesis.

Egophagy

Less corporeal—pork—intake, more corporeal egophagy.

More corporeal egophagy, less corporeal garbage.

Less corporeal garbage, fewer incorporeal—porkless—errors.

Fewer incorporeal—porkless—errors, lower probability of porcinogenesis.

House Trap

. . . Jerry's surprising appearance: MOUSE HOUSE house mouse house/trap party.
Jerry's deft jump from oxygen debt cliff. The cliff's famed depth. Jerry's faked death.
Jerry's absence without leave; Jerry's intent to desert. Sincerely Jerry's, Jerry.
The house trap's famed water barrier. Jerry's infamous trip back to JERRY box. Deaf . . .

Ineffectual

Intellectual property is not proprietary. Proprietary intellect is not intellectual.

But let's not split private and public hairs, his or hers, or hairs of heirs of pubic hairs.

Why not let Miaow-Miaow out of the bag? Why not let Miaow-Miaow spit out the gag?

Nice. Let's spill the beans: Intellectual property is ineffectual. Spell the beans as mice.

White Steed

martin's heroic white steed is strong and swift.

martin, the white knight, is stronger and swifter.

martin, the silvery son of golden Sun, reins in the white steed.

The equine whiteness heralds Winter by turning roan rain into slate sleet.

Beyond (1)

Na roopay, beyond form: *abhoo*, unformed: beyond norm.

Na raykhay, beyond shape: *agaah*, unfathomable: beyond ape.

Na rangay, beyond color: *ataah*, unbribable: beyond dollar.

Na raagay, beyond love: *abhakh*, unaffected: beyond laugh.

Beyond (2)

Ajonee, beyond birth: *alai*, indestructible: beyond Heaven-n'-Earth.

Amonnee, beyond silence: *anaam*, nameless: beyond science.

Akarmang, beyond karma: *akaam*, desireless: beyond dharma.

Abharmang, beyond doubt: *alaykh*, indescribable: beyond 'beyond doubt.'

Puma

Where Jim at, Jack?

Jim—not coming—drunk like a puma, John.

Like a duma, Jack?

More. More like a puma, John. Never seen any drunk puma, huh?

Bad Guy

People need Bob so that they can point their fingers at Bob.

People need Bob so that they can say, "That's the bad guy!"

People don't need Bob pointing Bob's fingers at Bob and saying, *Bob's the bad guy!*

People don't need, don't like, dislike Bob's soles facing Bob, Bob's toes pointing at Bob.

Beats

Heart pumps blood. Light pumps aether. Caniphobic Pete has two beats and some peas.
A pitilessness of a pit, a power of a bull; a terribility of a teddy bear dog aims at Pete's.
Pete's beats are dim, dimmer. Pete peels the onion of logic, layer by layer: kin, dinner.
Please, let go of Pete's calf, mandibled cannibullish moonstar! Eat Pete's canned peace!

Basis (1)

Virtue is the basis for freedom from remorse.

Freedom from remorse is the basis for joy.

Joy is the basis for rapture.

Rapture is the basis for calm.

Basis (2)

Calm is the basis for concentration.

Concentration is the basis for knowing that life is death from Death's perspective.

Knowing that life is death from Death's perspective is the basis for indifference.

Indifference is the basis for *nirvāṇa* is the basis for deathless Death.

Basis (3)

Freedom from remorse arises on the basis of virtue.

Joy arises on the basis of freedom from remorse.

Rapture arises on the basis of joy.

Calm arises on the basis of rapture.

Basis (4)

Concentration arises on the basis of calm.

Seeing that death is life from Death's perspective arises on the basis of concentration.

Indifference arises on the basis of seeing that death is life from Death's perspective.

Nirovāṇa arises on the basis of indifference and fades into deathless Death.

Déjà Vu

Jackson's kicking in Jackie's excessively sweet womb: trying to kick *it*, not *the way out*.
Johnson's keening in Jane's sour vagina: trying *not* to inhale in Hell's Déjà Vu Kitchen.
Jimson's screaming outside Jemima's VW, inside DR: trying to scare Cord Cutter, MD.
Discontent, disgust, guts-content abound; let's fight-for-life for death next time around!

Yīn Yáng

Sun-n'-Moon, 明 (míng), is bright.

Sun, 阳 (yáng), is masculine light.

Moon, 阴 (yīn), is feminine gloom.

Light is black is gloom, but lo and behold, naughty Ted-n'-Theia, nought but bloom!

Thee

Invoked by those who flea—and by those who (s)crawl this wingless plea—*fleas*.

Invoked by those who fell—and by those who plant or are, or are and plant—trees.

Invoked by fall cankerworms, defendants, and by too free red oak tree forms, plaintiffs.

Invoked by those who conquer and/or flee. O, Flawless-Flealess, who are thee?

Mnemonic

Black containers means **Monday** (mnemonic: **Mingly**).

Brown containers means **Wednesday** (mnemonic: **Weedy**).

Black, Blue, and Yellow containers means **Thursday** (mnemonic: **Trashy**).

But Brian needs no trashy mnemonics: Today (Cz. **dn**es) is **Wednesday**.

Some More

"In full lotus posture for 60 minutes!" Lying. Did Ted sit?

"Cross-legged for 30 minutes!" Bragging. Did Ted sit?

(Ted's nodding.) Posturing. Did Ted sit?

"No." Lying. ("Shit.") Swearing. Sit some more. (Ted's smelling like shit.) Did Ted shit?

Manifestations

The Law is One, its manifestations many. *Three Js in the (s)pot-light* hit the jackpot.

"Water (Jack's Jack Daniel's, John's Gin, Jim's Jim Beam) flows downhill, Jackie."

"What comes up (John's rock-solid) must come down (marshmallow-stolid), Jane."

"Roll it. Smoke it. Light it not, Jemima, for Jim's sake, Jemima(!), Jim's cock's no pot!"

Mental

Brian, apart from apparent (sun-dried) Brian, turns over and goes back to sleep.

Brian turns to the Shepherd, but is turned down (baa, duh) and goes back to sheep.

Brian turns over again, gets up with *rainy mornings*, and turns over sundry turnings.

Brian must turn fundamental, down earnings, on going mental, off Sunday mournings.

Beer

Believe it or not, it is a well-established fact that unpubbish Bob has never drunk beer.

Believe it or not, Bob believes in a publishable ability of Bob's body to sever drunk beer.

Bob's blueprint outlines Bob's fucking plan: Bobbie. *Yea, Bob, fuck me! Fuck.*

Bob & Bobbie (2017) Binge-Beering Affects Bob's Ability to Fuck. *J Exp Fuck* (e-pub).

Nitty-Gritty

Om, neti, neti.

Ó, ne tohle, ne tamto.

O, not this, not that.

O, Nitty-Gritty—the heart of (the) matter, of unknown origin!

Unsurpassable (1)

What is most excellent, Mickey?

That which is unsurpassable.

What is unsurpassable, Mickey?

Death, mice, Death is unsurpassable.

Unsurpassable (2)

And what is Death like? Like the dead center of a treadmill: unrevolvable, unevolvable.

And what, mice, is Life like? *Like a permanent pain-killer placebo effect dive, Mickey!?*

No, that would be Death-like: unrevolving, unevolving.

Life, mice, is like BLACK FRIDAY SHOPPING MALL BLACK-OUT | LIVE | WICKED.

Love

Love is Ted-and-Theia, and Theia-and-Ted, Who's who(?)—well, they won't tell (us).

Love is Ted's implicit *my ship T H E I A Your destination, be it H(e)aven or Hell(as)*.

Love is the upward glance and reverence. Love is glory and splendor. Love is worship.

Love is The-Shining-Light-Of-The-Clear-Blue-Sky's explicit, "Your shit, my shit."

Timeless

Kāl is time is li(f)e. *Akāl* is timeless is Me. *Soothe!*

Maha is big. *Akāl Mahakāl* is Me is Big Time No Time is Truth needs no proof.

From time to time at 2 AM, martin's fear goes through the roof. Big time. Soothe!

Who is afraid of DeAth's nullifying A-gent, mArtin, is not RIPe to die. Undye. Bye.

"Brian, sleep strengthens some brain synapses!"

STOP SLEEPING is Brian's synopsis.

"Brian, wake up with, what if . . . ?"

WHAT IF superfluous Brian fills all Brian's brain's waking hours with dots and ellipses?

Zero

Zero is a privation.

Zero is a privation of privation.

Zero is a privation of privation of privation . . .

Ad nauseam, but not *ad infinitum* for zero is a privation of the Infinite. *BLARGH*.

Infinite (1)

The Infinite is—*not fine fart, er, not fine art, er*—not finite.

That which is not finite is not passable.

That which is not passable is not possible.

That which is not possible is not bounded.

Infinite (2)

The Infinite is—*not a bandit, er*—not bounded.
That which is not bounded is free.
That which is free is not centered.
That which is not centered is not dimensional.

Infinite (3)

The Infinite is—*not bimensual, er*—not dimensional.
That which is not dimensional is not magnitudinous.
That which is not magnitudinous is not measurable.
That which is not measurable is not sensible.

Infinite (4)

The Infinite is—*not a sexi-syllable, er, not sexy, er, not silly, er*—not sensible.

That which is not sensible is not knowable.

That which is not knowable is not causal.

That which is not causal is not derived.

Infinite (5)

The Infinite—*has not arrived, er*—is not derived.

That which is not derived is original.

That which is original is initial.

That which is initial is essential.

Infinite (6)

The Infinite is—*e-censured* (by the government?), *er*—essential.

That which is essential is not learned.

That which is not learned is not acquired.

That which is not acquired is not extrinsic.

Infinite (7)

The Infinite is—*not extra sick, er*—not extrinsic.

That which is not extrinsic is not dependent.

That which is not dependent is free.

That which is free is for nothing.

Infinite (8)

The Infinite is—*good for nothing, er*—for nothing.
That which is for nothing is good for nothing.
That which is good for nothing is not useful.
That which is not useful is not profitable.

Infinite (9)

The Infinite is—*not a poker table, er*—not profitable.

That which is not profitable is not monetizable.

That which is not monetizable is neither attractive nor repulsive.

That which is neither attractive nor repulsive is not distractive.

Infinite (10)

The Infinite is—*not this fractal, er*—not distractive.
That which is not distractive is not entertaining.
That which is not entertaining is not funny.
That which is not funny is not mushroomy.

Infinite (11)

The Infinite is—*not plushroomy, er, luna-tic, er, sun-spot-tic, er*—not mushroomy.
That which is not mushroomy is not SWAT.
That which is not SWAT is not swaddy.
That which is not swaddy is not corruptible.

Infinite (12)

The Infinite is—*not a Corinthian column that supports nothing, er*—not corruptible.

That which is not corruptible is not changeable.

That which is not changeable is not movable.

That which is not movable is permanent.

Infinite (13)

The Infinite is—*Sberbank, er, a sperm bank, er*—permanent.

That which is permanent is firmamental.

That which is firmamental is fundamental.

That which is fundamental is essential.

Infinite (14)

The Infinite is—*piss-n'-shit*, er—essential.

That which is essential is an essence.

That which is an essence has no attribute.

That which—is *Ted's tribute to the Infinit(iv)e*—has no attribute—is unrebuttable.

Street-Level (1)

Avoid, Brian, looking into people's faces and into 360 spooky-cozy-snoopy-nosy eyes.
If need be, Brian, cast down, close, or—inconspicuously(!)—scoop out Brian's eyes.
Keep, Brian, Brian's eyes from looking into street-level BRIC-A-BRAC glass and lenses.
If need be, Brian, smash, with brickless tricks, chronic corny X-mass and X-ray licenses.

Street-Level (2)

Avoid, Brian, stepping on signs and symbols sprayed or secreted on sidewalks.

If need be, Brian, tip-toe, tip-finger, jump, or outright fly; or simply walk on side walls.

Keep, Brian, any and all animated humanimals from passing Brian on Brian's left side.

If need be, Brian, move the wall on Brian's left toward Brian, or trigger a landslide.

Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . .

Start from scratch, Bobby: scratch Bobby's hollow head.

Stretch Bobby's hallowed soul: inch by inch, like Bob: beyond sound and beyond mad.

Jingle bells, jangle bells, jingle-jangle hell . . .

Getaway

Man, a bread-alone sandwich, is a title.

Martin, a bread-alone man, is not entitled.

Ma—n is a vocation (of a dirt-free sand witch) and a *bad(!)* man's life-long getaway.

Martin must scratch the **dirt**, which has no bandwidth, to begin (or end) with, away.

Desire (1)

Devoid of Desire, Will is Free.

Ego is another name for Desire.

Devoid of Ego, Will is Free.

Desire is another name for Will.

Desire (2)

Devoid of Ego, Desire is Free.

Desire is another name for Ego.

Devoid of Desire, Desire is Free.

Not-in-Bondage-to-Another is another name for Free.

Reconcile

"Black lives matter!"

"White lives matter!"

Why not let unmixed, sandpitiless *Mickey* reconcile brown niggas with beige whities?

*Listen to Mick's mixed son, matterf*ckers: Gray-matter puckers matter, color f*ck-ups.*

Regrets

Brian tries and fails to stop having regrets about having boarded a wrong train.

Brian tries and fails to stop having regrets about trials and failures.

Brian tries and fails . . . to stop this non-stop rain by pulling on an emergency cord.

Brian smashes through a window—*openable(!)*—and tries to fail to reboard the brain.

Explain

Let Ted's craft take roughness from, and smooth out, the surface of this poem's draft.

Let Ted make plain Ted's profound plan to explain *why superficialities precedes depth*.

Let Ted end Ted's tedious feces with a poignant *point precedes length-n'-breadth*.

Let Ted flush the toilet but not this poem's draft! Let not Ted end with *pointless death!*

Where and When

*Ants, Where of an ant begins, and ends, where When of the ant begins, and ends.
When of an ant begins, and ends, ants, when Where of the ant begins, and ends.
Where of an ant begins, and ends, ants, when When of the ant begins, and ends.
When of an ant begins, and ends, where Where of the ant begins, and ends, ants.*

Dizzyland

One day, always on day zero, one is derived (as one but lands in parts) from the One.

Many hinges, many moving parts. DIZZYLAND. Have fun!

A lot of putting on airs, many farts. Dissident? Have gun.

One day, always on day minus one, one is deprived of this land and departs for the One.

Ordeal (1)

"Anarchy is black—back on track—anarchy is black—black-n'-back!"

But Bob travels not with the *National Railroad Passenger Corporation*—Amtrak.

"Anarchy is *de jure* criminal!"

But Bob uses Bob's outdoor flower pot as a *de facto* urinal.

Ordeal (2)

"Anarchy is a Utopian ideal!"

And the imaginary island is Bob's gland pineal.

"Anarchy is dead!"—"Anarchy makes no sense!"

Bob's death is an ordeal, survival of which is a divine proof of witchcraft and innocence.

Tenant

In the middle of an anthill, ants—(don't let me digress)—there is no anthill.

(In the middle of the Capitol Hill, ants, there is no fortress, not to mention Congress.)

In the middle of an ant, ants, there is one little tenant in lieu of the Ant-Lord.

(In the middle of the White House, ants, there is one landlord in lieu of ten-white-ants.)

Microbe

What is popular, is common.

And what is common, is vulgar.

And what is vulgar, is wrong.

And what is wrong with the concept of *microbe*? Why, nothing, *macrobes*.

Penis

Microbe is an extremely minute living being, *Theia*.

Ted needs a microscope to see a microbe.

Ted's penis is an extremely minute—microbe!?

Appearances are contraceptive, er, deceptive: Ted's penis is stimulable, *not* inspirable.

Inculcate

From without to within, supply—× × ×—fledglings with delicacies and dainties.

Supply *and dupe* fledglings with delicacies and dainties of superior—× × ×—quality.

With delicacies and dainties of *superiorly inferior* quality, improve the—× × ×—birds.

Improve the *stock of* birds further: inculcate, cull, kill, and murder.

City

Substance precedes quality precedes quantity precedes "Quantum, duh!" cab drivers.

*** YOU ARE HERE, BOBBY. WATCH OUT FOR NEW ARRIVALS. ***

Quantity precedes scarcity precedes scared city precedes scarred city.

Scarred city precedes starved city precedes Bob's substantial proceeds from starred City.

Parse

S . p a r s e . l . y . . . s . c a t . t . e . r . e . d . . . p . a . r . s . l . e . y .

Brian is a s . . . c a t . . . t . . . e . . . r . . . - . . . b . . . r . . . a . . . i . . . n .

{ [(MOUSE)] }

The cat keeps Brian's e l e m e n t a r y a l i m e n t a r y i n s t i n c t s i n - t a c - t .

Intelligence

Wake up intelligence, Theia, as when a lover wakes her sleeping love.

Wake up intelligence, Ted, as when a lover wakes his sleeping love.

Wake up, Theia—black or white?—Vedic mantra, classic, or jazz?

“Theia’s classic no-piss/one-kiss tantra. The first-move upper-hand in chess.”

Elves

Thought hijacks speech.

Speech hijacks body.

Body hijacks self.

But, by all means, blame us (elves) for stealing away selves.

Gold

Miners dig digging it out of the ground.

Melters melt while melting it down and casting bars.

Minters mint two sides of the same coin while minting it.

Bob chews on mint, casts shadows, digs holes in the ground, and digs the gold in.

Erath

Samsarat, the realm of a rat.

Saharat, the largest desert in Samsarat.

Sahasrarat, the crown chakrat of a rat.

Star *is* rats backwards, rats, but manunkind needs Erath and—“Earth a rat!”

Repetition

Repetition—

Repetition is a help—

Repetition is a help to much—

Repetition is a help to much knowledge.

Four Elements

Water is—second to none—first, second is cuddle, third is puddle, fourth is mud(dle).

Air is first, second is—wait a second—puff, third is bubble, fourth is bur(st).

Fire is first, second is lust, third is fraction-of-a-second flash, fourth is (r)ash.

Earth is first, second is thirst, third is dirt, fourth is first-hand second-hand (du)st!

Doors

"Ted, Theia's doors have no handles."

Thrown open be the Doors Divine!

"Ted, Theia's light is out, and Theia has no candles."

Divine be the doors thrown open!

Inward

No innard: no vulgar version of the secret, non-secretable, intrinsic essence, the inward.

No entrail: no cargo, no ship-load, no shit-load, no chemtrail.

No offal: no aversion to pink-slime trade made awful.

No viscera (viz. livers, bowels, etc.)—

Not-Day

"Brian, spend each day as if Brian's life were an infinite sequence of days!"

"Brian, spend each day as if it were the last day of Brian's life!"

"Brian, spend each day as if it were the first day of Brian's life!"

Brian to spend each day as if it were the first, and last, non-day not-day of Brian's death.

Apple Tree

"Bob!—Bobby's brains have been set free: Bobby has fallen, like an apple, from a tree!"

Metaphorically, metaphysically, or physically?—Feeling sick, buddy?—Count to three.

"0, 1—zero and one is 1—one and one is 2—one and two is 3 . . ."

Bobby did not fall far from the apple tree.

Mortar

Beat the Ego small; climb up and down a dump-site mountain.

Make the ego black-n'-blue; bring dawn to midnight NIGHT CLUB, with a club, martin.

Crush the ego to powder; with the club, but in a gushing gushy down-town fountain.

Bray e g o, void the vessel; avoid any hassle with marble mortar and mortal pestle.

Solution

WE NEED A MORE PERMANENT SOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEM!

"Crucify Ted! Crucify Ted! Crucify, crucify, crucify—Death!?"

WE NEED A LESS PERMANENT PROBLEM!

"Crucify Death! Crucify Death! Crucify, crucify, crucify—Ted!?"

Advisory

Ejaculate Reception: 60 Shades of 1 Misconception about Immaculate Conception.

PARENTAL ADVISORY: EXPLICIT CONTENT & IMPLICIT (DIS)CONTENT.

120 minutes of mild gang-bang scenes starring very merry-n'-hairy vaginal Mary Wild.

*** Limited Edition: First Come, First Served, First Come. ***

Mover

That which cannot be moved is an immovable mover of objects other than itself.

That which can be moved is a movable mover of objects other than itself.

That which is immovable is unremovable is the best: the First Mover.

That which is movable is removable is, at best, the first mover.

Stripy

THREE STRIPES is nothing!

Four stripes would be *something* . . . ALL IN OR NOTHING!

||| IMPOSSIBLE IS NOTHING |||

Der, die, das—the more stripy, the more ADIDAS.

Sheep

Indivisible is man, so far forth as he is man.

Indivisible is woman, so far forth as she is woman.

Divisible are people, so far forth as they are people.

Divisible are sheep, only so far forth, sheep, as sheep are sheeple.

Views (1)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Jack's right arm above Jack's head: Jack's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, existentialists and nihilists: where silence, there the Rebuker.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (2)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

John's right arm above John's head: John's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, theists and atheists: where silence, there the Rebuker.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (3)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Jim's right arm above Jim's head: Jim's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, physicists and metaphysicists: where silence, there the Rebuker.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (4)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Bob's right arm above Bob's head: Bob's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, collectivists and tax collectors: where Bob, there silent chewing gum.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (5)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Brian's right arm above Brian's head: Brian's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, objectivists and subjectivists: where Brian, there silence.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (6)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Theia's right arm above Theia's head: Theia's right fist clenched: MAKE NO NOISE.

Make no mistake, feminists and misogynists: where Theia, there Theia's silent tits.

Wayfarers, make some silence for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (7)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.

Ted's right arm above Ted's head: Ted's right fist clenched: MAKE NOISE, OOPS, NOT.

Make no mistake, experts and specialists: where Ted, there (extra)terrestrial dis-asters.

Wayfarers, make some noise, er, silence, for the Confuter of wrong views.

Views (8)

MAKE LESS NOISE, wayfarers of wrong views, make less noise.
martin's right arm above martin's head: martin's right fist clenched: SH-SH-SH.
Make no mistake, who's whos: where martin, there the Rebuker of wrong views.
Wayfarers, MAKE SOME NOISE for martin, the Confuter of noise.

Brain

Brian's left brain's analytics: NO TRESPASSERS. WELL PLOWED AND HARROWED.

Brian's left brain in numbers: LEFT UNCROPPED FOR 1 YEAR. MORE TO FOLLOW.

Brian's left brain in plain language: F A L L O W.

Brian's right brain (expression *ascetic*, empathy *apathic*, enterprise *heroic*): HOLLOW.

Illogical

"Magnitude has a separable subsistence!" contradicts logic.

"Number has a separable subsistence!" is not logical.

"Space has a separable subsistence!" is illogical.

"Shadow has a separable subsistence!" is, without a shadow of a doubt, ill-logical.

Meal (1)

Yellow lemon juice, till the last drop, squeezed from 1 sour lemon.

Or, sour lemon juice, till the last drop, squeezed from 1 yellow lemon.

Or, lemon juice, till the last drop, squeezed using 1 unsqueezable lemon squeezer.

Ted's one meal a day: 1st course (out of 5—er, 6, of course).

Meal (2)

1 red tomato with 1 curry-colored, salted-n'-curried, butter-roasted onion.

Or, 1/2 of *virgin*, green cucumber, or 2 or 3 *Theia's juice-free*, orange-red carrots.

Or, 1/2 of green or red or yellow or brown—*oh, not that one*—pepper.

Ted's one meal a day: 2nd course.

Meal (3)

The semi-liquid (or semi-solid) portion of 1/2-full (or 1/2-empty) glass of white kefir.
Or, 5 boiled eggs (stillborn, er, still warm) with 1 thick (salted, peppered) slice of butter.
Or, a few naked, thin slices (or a few small, red-peppered cubes) of hard, yellow cheese.
Ted's one meal a day: 3rd course.

Meal (4)

1 tea-spoon of roasted-n'-salted, pea-size, peanut-colored, nutless peanuts.

Or, 1, no, 3 tablespoons of roasted-n'-salted, pea-size, peanut-colored, nutless peanuts.

Or—*what the hell*—1 bowl (5 tablespoons) of roasted-n'-salted . . . peanuts.

Ted's one meal a day: 4th course.

Meal (5)

1 peer-less, peel-less, yellowish, make-a-wish (*This is not Theia's pussy's dish!*) banana.
Or, one peel-n'-pulp-full, fiction-less apple sprinkled with Ted's semen, er, cinnamon.
And/or, 1 tea-spoon of black, or golden, racist raisins or cranberry-colored cranberries.
Ted's one meal a day: 5th (and last) course—"Ted, don't fast! Theia's pussy won't last!"

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

INFINITE



POEMS