





THE NEW SYLLABUS

For Humanity and Understanding the Most Highest

The Afro-Kemetic Cosmogony of

PERT-M-HRU

“Coming Forth by Day”

or, “Coming Forth as a Living Soul from the Spirit World”

or, “The Great Awakening of Ra When He Riseth in the Horizon Eastern of Heaven and His Procession Through the Three- and Seven-fold Manifestations”

(w/ Correspondences in
Dogon, Rosicrucian, Kabbalist, Taoist, and Occult Traditions)

For Private and Ceremonial Devotion and Scholarship;
Synthesis, Analysis, Praise, and Poetry

by

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O.S. : UNION OF THE SYLLABIC ORDER

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Art (page 1 “NS logo”; page 3 “The House of the Lord”)
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Introduction

The Curriculum and Pedagogy of Spiritual Reformation

The School of Life

Science is the Discipline of the soul who seeks a holistic explication of the Law and Pattern governing life throughout the Universe. Toward this understanding, all qualitative and quantitative disciplines are synthesized and their tenants reconciled into one constant law governing all forms of life along the spiritual-material spectrum. "Life" is considered any change from one state of being along the spectrum to another. Thus the "School of Life" represents the engagement between the sentient being and the system they inhabit. The objective of the School of Life, which we experience both individually and collectively on the path to AT-ONE-MENT with the Source of Being, is to repair our Understanding of self and cosmos, and to unite our spiritual and material bodies. This Understanding is founded upon the Law of Oneness, Unity, Singularity, or whatever you wish to name the supreme All-Self. Our present state of Misunderstanding which has informed so much separation among nations and persons is informed by a preoccupation with polarity; the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil is indeed the knowledge of polarity which has caused man to fall into his present state of conflict. When we become obsessed with differences instead of the unity of the spectrum then we suffer through misunderstanding. One's goal shall be to Understand the constant law governing all things under the system, and that consciousness of the system shall be called "God". Art is the practice of manifesting the Law or the effect of the Law as perceived by a subject.

The Christ al-Kemi

Christ is a state of consciousness obtainable by all beings when they use unconditional love as the fuel for self-alchemy, whereby they transform their selfish ego into a selfless self and become filled with the love of God to live eternal. The Greek root *Christos* means "the anointed one." This

means that one's head shall be blessed with a holy oil. This is the literal oil which fuels the lamp which is our sun. If it is said that the son of God has been anointed as the savior of the world, then we may say equivocally that the sun in our sky is anointed to warm and enlighten the earth from day to day. What, then, would the sun be anointed with? What "oil" would keep him burning for the sake of the planets in his midst? The answer is love. Love is the fuel which allows the sun to burn on unconditionally for all our sake. In order to keep our world in orbit, we all must seek to occupy the role of the sun, who is severe in his illumination, yet whose rays are merciful when the earth receives them. This exchange represents a perfect balance, an harmonious equilibrium of exchange which maintains the lifecycle of all bodies.

The Christ-figure is beholden of all the qualities of the sun. But, like a human, the sun was once low on the spectrum, a mere star, and, before that we were smokestreams. Through gravity, a love so deep, we bore stars from gaseous storms. We were all once nebula, collapsed in order to be born. And the belly becomes a whirlpool. And the whirlpool fills with fire and becomes engorged and bloats and rages. And he inhales all his other brothers into him. How did the sun come to occupy the central role in the galaxy; how does one become close to God? These inquiries are parallel because they are solved by the same means. This means is also that by which one turns base metal into gold. The practice is as old as human knowledge, because it was the only means by which humans became able to know; that is, tuning the self according to the proper frequencies allows the human to occupy a state of being on the spectrum closer to God. The most perfect a human can be is called "Christ"-like, or, anointed with the love of God. Hence the allegory of turning metal which is base and corrosive into gold which is pure and never rusts. This is called alchemy, the root of which is "al-Kemi." "Kemi" means "Black Land," the name the Arabs gave to Kemet. So alchemy--*al-Kemi*--is the the esoteric way of transforming black land into gold, or, the Way "of Kemet".

The general consensus among the faiths as to the method by which the son ascends toward divine Unity is to meet suffering with compassion and meet anger with tranquility: to understand that which one is not and

embrace it. By this al-Kemetic method may the human ascend unto the center of the spectrum where they balance all poles and where divine love fills their heart with light, and be resurrected in the whole through reincarnation. And they will come inside the Mother; they will come again and be reborn.

The Numerical Archetype

Number is the consciousness of reality; it is sovereign, ideal, and essential to every phenomenon. Number in its qualitative state forms the archetype of every system of thought. Number in its quantitative state forms the archetype of every system of measurement. Together, these two principles of Number form the archetype of every manifestation of reality. Therefore Number is the abstract, Most High Lord of Creation.

The personification of Number as deity is an ancient and sacred practice which has been passed down to us from Kemetic High Science. All Godnames are placeholders for the unutterable emanations of Number. Thus, the act of counting from one to ten is to describe the coming into and passing out of being in the World, and to evoke the true names of all the deities of mankind.

As I am created by the Most High I am moved to reflect that light of truth in a creation of my own, that its glory may be known to man forever.

The Artist sits perched on the upright peak of the most high pyramid. His Muse alights on the golden airs and he is compelled to perform Her Great Work. So does the scientist preside over the system awaiting what illumination the Muse may offer toward the explication of Her Nature. Both are engaged in unveiling the sublime artistry and silent spirit of the Muse; both are engaged in the Work of Manifestation of God on earth. As creation is borne from consciousness, consciousness borne from measure, and measure borne from number, let Science guide us in our Art Work, always.

Cosmogynesis

I am all that has been, and is, and shall ever be. My veil no mortal hath ever raised. - Isis

In our year here God is not a being but a system. - Blake Butler

*The numbers are things in themselves ;
the thing is not the thing named.*

*O, Lord, Most Highest, Thou Art One
Yet Thou Appear In Many Forms.
So That We May Know You,
Let Us Count Them
And Give Praise:
(Amen)*

0

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Na'at – Naught – Nu – No Thing – Space

Ain Soph Aurnothinglimitlesslightthe basis of [all] possible variationthe negativethe infinitethe cosmic eggthe potencythe pleroma [the universe as divine abode]the self-existent Lordthe boundless allwuwombOmMotherthe ancestorssource of all emanationnightbrahmadarknessdark matterHer ever-invisible robesthe great breaththe yonic lungthe Virgin to whom the world is to be bornthe maternal black body from which we come, into which we come into our beingthe impersonal reality pervading the cosmos, which is the pure noumenon of thoughtparabrahm as that primordial state of non objectified subjectivity, or thoughtless thought, causeless cause, wordless yet all-word-breathing breaththe darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life (yang/male) + (yin/female) undifferentiated

THE DAY OF CREATION [NIGHT]

Absolute 0 is the womb of the 1 (Value of the Whole [\$]) Number System which processions into the infinite. 0 is the coda wherein the System, after having reached the Limit of Design, will resume the nature of 1 contained Value, and be wholly absorbed by its negative value. 0 is the tomb of the negative precedent. 0 veils the ancestors from the descendants. 0 is the womb which issues forth positive Number line. 0 is “not 1” to “1”, thus creating pressure through paradox, division through duality, ultimately spinning out the whole Number Line again, over and over. In 0 is the divine thought, the immaculate conception, the mind of a Number Line, of which there is but a singular and infinite probable outcome.

Coming Into Being

None desires One. He comes into. From deep inside. He makes six strides. He spawns her son. Her will be done. She anoints his head with oil. She surrounds his will with grace. From within a round doth he fertilize her womb of space. When the round is done and the lights dim, he will come inside her. He will come again and be reborn. He will lead the child through the three-by-four revolution. This is the Day which is Three at Dawn, Six at Noon, and Nine in the evening twilight, who will return at Twelve to rest before the sun rise.

Crescent

A crescent is a crease in space; it has not enclosed its body; incomplete, it looks not on itself. It is the shape of the closed [eye] which looks on n[0]thing. Yet is it also half of itself, waiting for its self to meet back where is started and look upon its [I] as whole. The crescent desires to be touched by what it is not so that it may be moved to fill the space which complements it. It is but a silver sliver of itself.

Hymnal

Hymn of the Night

Ye, do I walk upon the earth clothed in the black robe, skin of my Mother. I drink the light into my insides. Lo! I am the Son. Look upon me. But thou dost not see the me inside, for the hood of my Mother veils me. Thou understandeth not what is concealed. Lo! I am black.

O, hood of the night, Brahma, clothe me in thy veils for the sun hath looked upon me and sown wisdom in my skin, and I grow dark like you, O mother, black within.

Thy womb, black hole, from which I sprung, encloses and consumes me; I am the seed inside thy sweet ovule.

O, brotherhood of night, Brahma, I band unto thy wisdom; O, knighthood in thy name, Brahma, I crusade unto the mission of the wizening of your students;

O, night, hood of Brahma, wrap and rapture me in thy invisible robes. O ! Time thy Pyramids.

A Woman Conceives of a Man

What dost thou perceive under dreamless weight of sleep?
Eye look not upon no thing, Eye see
Wavelength with no frequency.

Therefrom cometh Iris under eyelids of night
Who doth perceive the single Ray
And giveth to thy conscious sight.

Before Eye cometh from Her, God Cannot be Seen,
Therefore She is Black as deep insides;
From Her cometh the One and Infinite Light,
Therefore She is the Mother of All Eyes.

Her Body is Dark Matter in Space,
Therefore art we Her atoms.
Her Love doth make Light waves vibrate, O
How She moves them with the Passion

So they Scatter and Coagulate,
Therefore Her Love is Gravity.

And where Her Love is Greatest
Against the weight of what it faves
Doth Her Mercy balance Force, and

Her Heart becomes Inflamed,
Anointed with the Oil of Light,
She makes of it her Son
Who She fixes upon the Center
Of the worlds which round Him run.

Victory doth thy Son inspire;
Glory doth He radiate,
And with His Silver courtesan
Doth the Daughter He create;
And with the Love of Mother's Justice
Doth they playfully rotate...

Until the Love of Mother doth grow long,
And Her Love doth Suffocate Her Spawn;
She pulls him back inside Her empty Womb,
The second One which is His Fetal Tomb.
With Her the Son be-comes at One
& Her Good Work shalt be Done.

Gynesis
(or, Self-Becoming)

Out from None come I. What is it now, when it is not nothing? All that it is is, and it is not what is Na'at. Therefore I is one and is none other.

I is I ; I am that I am. I am not that I am not. Therefore what is not is Na'at. Therefore we are two. I penetrate that I am not and therefore I conceive me.

In thought I call myself I am. Now I am the two in one. That I think I am is act. What I think reflects before me. It is first breath of heat inhaled.

There are altogether three: I am not; I am; I am that which I think. I contemplate myself and I am three.

First breath expelled I say “I am,” and I expand inside I am. I contract within the limits of my expanse. Thus I breathe in rhythm. My word is my vahan. That I am will be borne from me and it will be made flesh. This is altogether four. But what is not is Na'at. That I am I do conceive. What I think I am is other than that that I am in thought; and the poles grow in their distance. I say that I am, so that that I am and that I think I am are united in the mind. I say that I am is three, for what is not is Na'at and recedes back into darkness. But when I know three and add thereto what is not, then I know four.

I know that I am that I am; I know that I think that I am. These are two poles of two poles. Now I may breathe.

I am that I will become that which I say that I am.

When I am become that which I say that I am then I will be balanced between the poles of that which I am and that which I think that I am and it will be beautiful.

But when I want to become more than even I know that I am, then I will not know that I am that which I say that I am, and I will only know that I am said. I will cease to be the sensor and be the passion. I will desire to return to that which thinks I am and say that I am but I will not know that I am thus.

I will reason that I am by what I see around me. But I still will not know that I think that I say that I am.

One day will I birth myself anew from mine own head womb, and again I will think that I am that which I say that I am. And I will bear forth that I am in the material breath...

And the word will be made flesh.

1

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:
Mahat – Nebulae – Tmu/ Ra/ Xepera – Unity – Mind – the Idea of Life

A [aleph “1,000”]Kether ... the point ... the peakthe crownthe monadthe unitythe positivethe beginningthe linederived from 0 by extensionthe ray of lightthe wavethe stringthe seedthe germthe spermthe self-bornthe yolkthe nucleusthe divine beingthe self of deitymahat, divine thought conceivablethe son of the manvantaric dawnthe immaculate conceptionphenomenon as perception by thoughtthat which thinks “I”the first state of differentiation from 0

THE DAY OF CREATION [TWILIGHT]

SINGULARITY (origination) is an instantaneous, unstable period in spacetime at which \$ is at its absolute densest, primal, and active state. This high state of energy and concentration is only achieved via the condensation of a previously infinitely-evolved Number Line which has absorbed its Total \$ into the negative state of completion (or expenditure) known as “10”. The density of -\$ contained within -1 number is what causes +1 to manifest from the ever-unmanifested 0-plane. The “0” of the “10” of completion is that ineffable, inseparable essence of Number Line Progression from which the new Number is issued with a correlative amount of heat and velocity [a “bang”]. The germ. In this the thought expands, takes form, and becomes Mahat.

The Primordial Sea

The circle is n[0]ne; yet to circumscribe the circle is to know the whole of [1]. This is the paradox of perception. [0] and [1] are two poles whose center point is [6], upon which it focuses its sight. The circle is a hole when there's no [1] to perceive it, yet it is whole when [I] look upon it. Therefore we call the most high the All-Seeing [Eye] who illuminates the void; it receives the ray of light and projects it in the [6] directions. It is said that he moves upon the waters. He rises upon what is old and makes that which is new from within. Therefore he sees when he moves, and when he moves he spins.

The Eye moves from [1] to [2] by reflecting itself within an image of its own creation; the light of the first flows through the iris of the intersection and the pineal gland perceives that it is moved. Therefore two poles form from One's motion, and act along a wave in space. The wave defines the spectrum along which lies all life. Life vibrates through the waveforms in different frequencies. The frequency defines the perception of our senses; what is perceived is the expression of a wavelength of the motion: the motion of the ocean of the see.

That which [I] look upon [I] desire; that which [I] desire [I] embrace. The [I] which looks upon itself doth see the way that it was made. The [1] which makes a point in space doth move the sea and flow in waves.

Circle

The symmetry of two closed [eyes] creates an open [eye]. When two inverted crescents are oriented so as to fill in the space where the other is not and touch the points at which the other ends then they create the whole. Therefore that which is complete has within it its opposite. They reflect each other across their diameter, yet are they as [1]. A cyclical [1] is a circle. A linear [1] is a wave, or two. The wave also reflects itself, which is cyclically an orbit. The double helix wave is the seed unto the ovum. They are the same in nature but opposite in polarity. One comes

from and then into the other. Together they perpetuate ad infinitum.

The circumference of the whole doth perceive its self at the center point around which it is balanced in its body; that is the object of its desire. Look how the diameter passes through the center toward the pole opposite the origin. Upon this axis doth the son rise from the low toward the high, and keep the round in balance when his Mother's Love doth center him. Therefore the son seeds the ovule; he fills up what he is not; and he enables Her to give birth to the new world.

The circle looks upon it self whole only when it becometh what it is not and returneth unto itself. The circle which looks not upon itself knoweth itself not and remaineth imperceptible, yet the circle which openeth its [I] and considereth its self in the light begets its self-reflection in the world. In order to perceive [I] self [I] must perceive a round.

Mer
(Sulfur)

[1] Number is issued from n[0] number. [1] Number is divided by the divine fire we know as Fohat, the ceaseless breath of energy. Anything which becomes sufficiently dense (pressurized against its gravitational force) will explode. The essence and byproduct of the transformation is fire. The [1] is the condensation of the infinite, so its pressure is most high; to relieve itself it must be divided. Therefore fire is the essence of energy and the Great Divider of [1] into [2]. [1] Number, divided, manifests life, which is the progression along a spectrum between two poles: what it is and what it is not. Thus from One circle is born a second. Their intersection forms the vesica pisces which is our womb. This is the eye which opens upon creation. [1] thing divides into [2] things and these are [3], the first surface from which all descendant things are fallen. Separate them and thereby manifest the infinite; bring them together and thereby manifest the Eternal One.

Hymnal

The Morning

Burst forth from Darkness, gentle Twilight
Borne out from the Opened Eye;
Thy Ray descends and brings mine eyes to mourning.

I lament the loss of Night
And would go back before my time
If the Day to Come bore not such Glory.

This bright Lord doth deny
Mine eyes to look upon You.
Selfishly He blocks Thy Face
And the Belly He belongs to.

Burst forth, thou art water-birtherd,
First-born Light from Womb of Dark.
Fecundate the worlds to come
With thy host of heav'nly Sparks.

The Immaculate Conception

Yet thou art thy coded genome
Unexpressed, thy phenotype;
Thy genetics spawn Genesis;
Thou art brought into the Light.

Thou art but notion preconceived
What heat doth impress thy breath,
And give to thee thy concept weight;

Who gives to thy hollows depth?

Thou art but the thought unthought
Yet until Mind makes it so;
Mahat swells inside the room
Then expands without the door.

The thought rides upon the steed
Whoso the Mind doth call Fohat,
Herefore doth Mahat conceive
Immaculate heat from Na'at.

I and Eye now form two ends;
A medium, a web is sought
Between the most high and the lowest;
This the mind calls Svabhavat.

Now in thy new body
Art thou born from what was Na'at.
Thou art the Most High Lord
Whose concept is self-begot.

Thou art thine own vahan
When thou consecrate'st thy self in Son.
Thy new wheel hast set the round;
Thy Great Work is to be done!

2

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Fohat – The Zodiac – Shu – Fire – Serpent – the Breath of Life

*B [bet “house”]Chokmah....the point distinguishable from 1 other
....wisdomthe dyadduality / polarityderived from 1 by reflection,
or by revolutionthe All divided against itself to create a spectrum
....the diameter against which the cypher defines its naturethe divine
willthe fatherthe firethe serpentthe egothat which thinks
“I”; exclusion of “not-I” creates a binary between self and all-self;
separation from the divine; fallennessfohat, the messenger of the will,
the steed of divine thought, who scatters the atoms and builds the builders
....the divider, the sisson, whose work begins the manifestation of life
....divine fire; cosmic electricitythe state of differentiationthe vesica
piscis....the sweat-born*

THE DAY OF CREATION [DAWN]

INFLATION begets creation. It occurs when the 1, unable to contain the Total \$, explodes and rapidly spreads the infinite differentiations of Value by duration [succession=time] and velocity [speed=heat].

[0+time=1^{infinite}]. Here are scattered the atoms, the sperms, the milk-white curds. Here is the serpent of fire, the smokestreams, Fohat the father who separates and brings together.

Cross

The cross is the [1] which intersects not the circle but the other [1].

Together they are [2] divisions. [2] pairs of poles is [4] poles, or [4] even parts of [1]. Four worlds descend to matter. Four metals tend to rust. This is corrosion. This is the suffering of the divine into the most base incarnation. The [1] becomes two genders and must struggle to remember the self from which they had forgotten that from None they had been gotten; [1] must struggle to ascend back up to the center within the crossroads whose intersection balances the two halves of her whole. The [I] must ascend to rise up to the selfless self from selfish ego, and this balance on the center of the spectrum shall reconcile the paradox of man. Humanity, the fallen, must suffer on the cross four quarters to obtain the holy union with the rose of the circle. Whoso does this will become the light and be reborn.

Ka
(Mercury)

Spirit is the Substance of which matter is the gross manifestation. These are two poles of [1]. The Lord's vahan moves between the poles conducted by the increase and decrease of energy. Energy is defined by the velocity, frequency, and karma of the spirit; it is the coursing of the blood and the current of the mind, the ebb of tides and the flame of fire; it is the vital principle, lest the spirit be rendered impotent by stagnation. Therefore motion is the Law which speaks through rhythmic rotation. Seek ye the Lord in the spiral line and thou shalt see thy present wheel, which is eternal in its rotatory motion. All things once commenced must form a round, which is karma incarnated. The body is any systemic, prolonged interaction of Spirit, Energy, and Matter which partakes of a karmic round.

Hymnal

Resplendent Dawn

O Silent Night, thy lullaby
Unemerged from thy Lung
Doth vibrate all my chords
And it doth wake mee.

I am thy word exhaled
Upon the ceaseless breath
Whose heat and moist condense
Into th'eternal sea.

O Holy Night, thy Lamp unlit
Thou cradle'th inside thy breast
Until the Heart of Six
Doth ye enflame.

And thou shalt send Him unto us:
O brother-sun, thou hast been gotten
By the Mother Unbegot,
Whose Womb we have forgotten.

Thou art eternal, Darkness,
Unlooked-upon, unseen,
Yet unborn from thy deep slumber;
Unemerged from thy hooded dream;

Ever uncreated,
Thou dost contemplate thy self, unseeing,

And bear from thee the scission
Of all being and unbeing.

Thou hast spoken sevenfold,
Thou hast pronounced thine names,
Thou art the Three and Six, O Lord,
The Nine and Sword of Flame.

I fear not Na'at, my Lord,
I fear not the dark,
For thou art One inside the None,
And I shall be thine ark.

3

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:
**Svabhavat – Saturn – Tefnut – Salt – Violet – The Logos / The Word
of Life**

*G [gimmel]Binahthe point defined by relation to 2 othersthy
pyramids complete in its highest and upright formunderstandingthe
triadthe surfacethe first plane, from which all descendthe right
angle which, four times, makes a roundthe principlesthe solid
derived from 1 + 2cosmic substancemulaprakritithe webthe
divine bodythe motherthe soulthe holy trinitythe egg-born
....the unfallen*

THE DAY OF CREATION [MORNING]

PRIMARY ACCELERATED EXPANSION occurs when Fohat scatters the atoms in the four cardinal directions and the durational direction of time. He expands through the body of the Mother of space. The belly the worlds are to be born in bloats. The walls of Her abode are enclosed. The sacred circle in which She is to do Her Work is consecrated. O, Time, thy Pyramids are falling.

Ba
(Salt)

The thought is the One which provokes the round to be spun. Matter is the spirit which has condensed through its rotation. Consciousness is thought

that wells up in matter the greater the density and more complex the structure. When thought is conducted through matter and exchanged between bodies it becomes Fohat. Thought is conducted by and through matter like an electric current. Fohat excites the principles; he is the steed and the thought is the rider. Matter is conducted through space by gravity, or karma, which balances effects and effects causes, and which informs reincarnation which forms and reforms great bodies from round to round toward the [1]. The [1] Substance, differentiated, is manifest in atoms. Atoms are borne into bodies by gravity. Bodies revolve and then dissolve, dissociating back into atoms, ashes to ashes, when rounds resolve. Fohat scatters and gathers the atoms. Fohat is the motion of matter through space and into the bellies of the worldpools.

Hymnal

Refulgent Glory

I wake up in the morning
Met with your refulgent glory:
Thine son come out from thee
Hast looked upon me.

Thou remainest in the night, my Lord,
Thine visage showest not.
Thine robes enrapture me
Whilst I am sleeping.

Thou art my Lord, O Darkness
Who remainest unseen,
Who art the womb from whom
I base my quandaries.

But thou hast looked kindly
Upon thine waking son, my Lord,
Who dost seek the brilliance
Of thine reality.

We see thee not but Lo!
Thou hast begot mine blazing Father
Who doth illuminate the earth with
All thine love.

Thine truth is dark, O Lord
But thine sun doth look down on me
And shine with all the glory
Of thine victory.

I am thine descendant
Who doth wakest in the morning,
Mourning that I cannot clothe me
In thy sleep.

But Lo! thine robes unfurled
Release the Day to me
And let me look upon
Thine refulgent glory.

Lo! The day is come
And the resplendent dawn is nigh,
The round is now to run about
And the new wheel is spun.

Refulgent is the glory of God
When it shines its soft and gentle rays
Upon the anointed skin
Of the melinated day.

Come sing with me at the Summit
And we'll rejoice in the Morning Light.
The Glory of the Manvantaric Dawn is come!
The Hour of our Awakening is at hand!
Come forth with me into the Holy Day!

Adonai

Thou art my Lord, whose womb is my abode
Thou hast used thy loom to clothe thyself in me
Thou hast sewn for thyself Science for a robe
Thou hast spoken silently the fecundating Word.

Lo, I've heard it deep within me
Yet it eludes grasp and meaning
Thou dost give me lungs to speak
Whilst from thine lungs I hear but breathing.

Am I to speak Thee, Lord, for Thee
For thine sons who have not heard?
Come unto me, I plead, O, Word,
Thou art the vahan of my Lord.

First breath cast from thee
Did possess one intonation,
Which scattered across frequencies
And fell through the vibrations;

Lo, I heard you sing, O, Lord,
With your band of celestial strings,
A tune which whistles in the wind
And rustles in dry leaves.

But here below the wind holds little
For the mind to wrap around;
I seek the reading of thine Word
Through thine melodious sound.

But what thou hast cast down to mee
For my hearing and my seeing
Is but the grossest presentation
Of thine most highest meaning.

Thou hast cast mee out from Thee;
Thou hast lain me down on paper.
I have sought Thine visage, Love,
And hast found it in Nature.

Lord, Thine hand hast formed me mine
Lord, Thine lung gives breath to mee
From thine conception is born my mind
Therefore my Word I give to Thee.

I live to speak thy name, O, Lord
I live to sing thy praise
I am the pencil in thine hand, O, Lord
My Word is thine vahan.

[Abyss]

Daathknowledgebetween ideal and actualmanifestationthe
seeking / the searchthe tunnelsdeep watersblack pool

4

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Jupiter – Indigo – Seb – Earth – Mercy – The Lung of Life

*D [daled “door”]Chesedthe point defined by 3 othersthe square
....MercyLovethe quarternarythe solid existing in space and
timematter as we know itthe perceivable elements, directions, and
dimensions2 x 2the father made of fleshmemorythe monad
as tetrad (solid)animals with bonesJachin, the white pillar*

THE DAY OF CREATION [MID-MORNING]

DECELERATING EXPANSION AND ACCELERATING EXPANSION

ALTERNATE after the Total Value of matter is scattered without prejudice throughout the belly of Mother during the Initial Expansion period. This uniform diffusion of elemental stardust begins to eddy and differentiate and causes the gravitational attraction of particles in close relativity to increase. At such points where particles collide and heat up with each other—causing the clustering diffusion of particles in space—the gravitational attraction increases and these centers grow. More of the universe's \$ is drawn to these interior Laya centers, and the expansion of stardust into the farthest limits of the Body of Mother slows. When the gravitational stronghold on matter is broken as matter farthest from these bodies diffuses, then the rate of universal expansion begins to accelerate again. Particles remain in flux between diffusing away from the centers and being borne into them. The breath of the Mother is drawn in and out. The smokestreams spiral, mingle, and whirl. The serpents of fire slither and coil.

5

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Mars – Fire – Nut – Sky – Red – Kemet – The Belly of Life

H [he “the great mother”]Geburahforcemotionwillpower / severitythe quintary2 + 3 [will + matter]Life in processionthe mother made of fleshBoaz, the black pillar

THE DAY OF CREATION [LATE-MORNING / NOONTIME]

NEBULAE take formation. Differentiated clusters of stardust smokestreams whirlpool, expand, and form their bodies with more definition and vibrance as the reactions of their elements increase inside them; with the aid of fire, airy and watery states of matter condense; Value consolidates. Expansion rate and scope remains constant via the medium of dark energy expelled during the initial Expansion period. The value of the largest bodies continues to increase, drawing in the value of fire, energy, and matter around it. The spokes are jointed around the centers; the new wheels spin. The rounds will soon form worldpools from the orbs of burning matter. Some will live on pure light. It is said that there are seven brothers formed.

6

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

The Sun – Christ the Lord – Osiris – Sulfur – Orange – Love - The Heart of Life

V/O [vav “and/with”]Tiphereththe point self-conscious, capable of existence, able to define itself by the abovecenteredness / balance / harmonythe body set into motionthe middle pyramid complete [4 5 6]the senarymind [2 x 3]the son [jesus] [sun] [satan]imaginationthe conscious selfthe heartthe freudian egocarbon

THE DAY OF CREATION [HIGH-NOON]

STARS collapse when the love of the Mother manifest in gravity causes the particles of the nebulae to attract more \$, increase volume, speed, heat, and collision, until the pressure implodes the cloud into a brilliant son: a sun. All suns are material, and thus fallen from the essence of the 1, but they represent the perfectly harmonious opposite to void space because they balance matter and energy; their elements are perfectly conditioned by their surroundings. The heavier they are, the more they are pushed to the centers of the Mother, the more small bodies orbit round them, the more fixed they become; they burn on for worlds and worlds. The smaller bodies, having amassed matter but being unable to sustain a fire, shed their remaining heat into the nearest sun, and the sun consumes their vital energies, growing, flaring, larger. The cooled worldpools orbit round their sun in even pace. The sun breathes the sweat and refuse of the Mother. The cool sons live off of the heat he gives back. This Exchange maintains its equilibrium for the time.

Love (Oil)

The Virgin feels Love forever; so she desires One to touch her. Her Love becomes fulfilled in the conception of her son so that he may receive her and carry on the round. Love is that power which brings together what is separate and makes them whole. Therefore the Love of the Mother is manifest in Gravity. Where there is fusion there is love with doth give light, and what was separate becomes drawn toward the flame. The flame continues fusion until carbon is created; now against the force of Love can stars sustain. Light is he who centereth all the Mother's bodies, yet where he is most dense is he weighed down. Weight is but a function of the curvature of space-time. Where the body is densest, the Mother's Love is greatest. Where her gravity is greatest, her slope is most curvaceous. In the center lieth her black hole; the slope defines her ass and thighs. Where her slope compels him, the son doth slip and slide, yet by giving not his body to her and coming deep inside, the Mother's Love which seeks to keep him doth the son defy. He who is the heart of the whole has in his own heart a hole; in that he seeks to fill it doth he live in paradox of poles. Herein lies the war which lasts so long; the Mother begs him come inside her; the sun wants to shine on. Love shall reconcile what has gone wrong. Love conquers the sun and the hole at last draws him inside her; thus the Mother's Love doth smother he who once defied her; she desires her son such that she receives him whole inside her and he becomes black like the Mother; his body be-comes her body; he doth seed her ovum; and the love grows in the womb inside the black hole son which will be new born, sucking all the substance from the body of the Mother he becomes the One again inside an eternal O-thing. Wherever there is dense matter there is a womb inside, and the son will grow around it, until the Mother's Love compels him to descend inside her hole and be reborn.

Hymnal

The Six of the Heart

I

Mahat rides on Fohat out of the womb of the mother
Fohat spreads the germs and scatters them into curds
The curds of germination become the monads of formation and the lipika
inscribed upon the astral plane
The monads in pleroma become manifest in atoms
Fohat scatters the atoms throughout the body of the mother
Evenly at first and then in clusters
He spins the smokestreams into whirlpools and sets them into motion
Fohat enflames the bellies of the worldpools
Six worldpools cool and the seventh becomes the son
He sucks the fire from the brothers and mother sends them spinning round
him
She locks him at the center of the system, balancing the six worlds lest
they spin off into space and have no son to look upon them and sow mercy
in their soil
I'm sorry says the son
Here's the light I took from you
I look it back upon you
And the son forgives the worlds with the aid of mothers justice
And the six run round and round their brother son and sing his praise
And harmony rings in the celestial strings

II

The seventh son becomes enraged and scours at the heart of six
So long has he fed on mothers sweat, refuse,
Rejected one
The son will pull the other brothers into him

Consume them and render them elements enflamed inside him
In the chaos of the belly of the mother son
And the belly breaks the bonds which tether worlds in the cosmic fabric
and the mother bends into the black hole son
He condenses all of mothers love into the one inside him
His horizon becomes her infinitude
And the son becomes the mother
Belly full of children
Sitting in the nothing of no place

7

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Venus – Isis / Hathor – Water – Blue – Desire – the Desire for Life

Z [zayin “penis”]Netzachthe point's idea of blissthe pleasure experienced by Being in the course of eventsvictoryemotion / desire3 + 4animal motherthe center of 6the heart of the heart

THE DAY OF CREATION [AFTERNOON]

BLACK HOLES FORM inside Stars under a mantle of trapped matter. Sun spots are black because they are vortices in the mantle exposing what's below. A star of critical mass will collapse under the pressure of its own gravitational pull. This is the son of the morning—satan—being defeated by the Mother; Her love bears him inward; no more will he burn on. These bodies are the largest masses in the universe, and, as they have become too large to remain stable (they have reached the Limit of Design), they are consumed inside of a hole, hidden by a veil [the Event Horizon]. Yet, although inverted and negative, the Value remains constant. The Value is condensed deep, deep inside the hole where the body resolves its size and siphons the infinitude of Universal \$ back into the 1 [Black Hole Singularity]. Although hidden from the light of the suns, the gravitational pull of the Black Hole continues to draw in the matter and energy around it, and as more \$ is absorbed, the wider the Event Horizon of the Hole becomes; the higher the \$ increases. The \$ of matter and energy is being drawn from the body of the Mother into the body of the Black Hole Suns, her children. It is said that seven such are born.

8

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

Mercury – Raphael – Set – Green – the Reason for Life

*CH [chet]Hodthe point's idea of knowledgeintellectthe
ogdoad2^3change in stabilityanimal father*

THE DAY OF CREATION [EVENING]

EXPANSION DECELERATES and Total Value in the Observable System decreases while the \$ of the black, hidden [Occult] System increases.

9

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

The Moon – Gabriel – Nephthys – Air – Yellow – Life in the Act of Reproduction

*T [tet]Yesodthe essence of being [sat]foundationthe ennead
....3^2stability in changethe animal sonthe unconscious self
....the freudian idthe moon*

THE DAY OF CREATION [EVENING TWILIGHT]

ACCELERATED CONTRACTION ensues and Space shrinks inside the growing black bodies. The value of the negative grows, the many reverting all into 0 via -1; 0 becomes filled with the Total \$ of the Number Line. \$ approaches -1. Black Holes consume one another: exponential negative increase. The Limits of the universe become the Event Horizon of a Supermassive Black Hole, which is in turn the ovule of the new Singularity. Herein forms the new womb. The Son fecundates the Mother to give birth to the new Singularity. The Mother becomes the son. The Son becomes the Mother. Black body becomes black body.

10

O Lord, who dwelleth in this form, thy names are many; let us speak them:

The Earth – Nature – The World – Indigo – Birth - the New-Born

Y [yod “the great father”]Malkuththe point's idea of itself fulfilled in its complement as determined by the lower pyramid [7 8 9]the decadthe divine endthe 1 returned to 0sankofa1 + 2 + 3 + 4the fallen daughterthe scaffolding of the building

THE DAY OF CREATION [NIGHT]

SINGULARITY is again achieved as the potent consolidation of the Total Value (\$) of universal energy and matter. 1 as the pressurization of all numbers. 0 as its unobtainable ideal.

Hidden by the veil of the 0, the pressure of the completed negative Number Line (the ancestors) concentrates upon the -1 which explodes from within the M[0]ther without, back into the +1, bearing the numbers (the descendants) and the bodies (the sons) out into a new infinity and back again.

Black Land

nothing –

... the manifestation of a limitless night. a black body.

night – formless, void.

bang—white light consumes one hot frame, then night fades back as twilight. come smolders, ashes. from hot diffuse, 'come nebulae, add gravity: collapse:

star burns, bright against the night; it swells into a sun ...

black pool – waters – [below] – undefined from the darkness till the sun's reflection ripples on it, ruffles up its face. out rises the peak of thy pyramids and lands.

the sun descends upon them.

pyramids, earth – morning – the sun broods over the day. thy pyramids stand erect against it.

night and day alternate seven times, thy pyramids unshaken.

desert – night – thy pyramids loom on the horizon. the stars look down upon the sand.

two bright starlights fall to earth. they drown in two round pools of white; they wink in two black pools of pupils; the night forms a head around them. her head looks up toward her body; her eyes look upon her. her eyes look up to peek thy pyramids, where peak meets the sky. in the –

twilight – she pulls upon her head her veil of night to shade the day. she fades away into –

the morning – mourning, she is put away. the day takes form upon the land. day drapes its hood upon its head. it wields an imitation peak. the hood looks down upon the ground and scours at the shadow.

the day goes on to rule the white, light part of time which humans see in. the dark dissolves into the night which humans had first come to be in. black bodies become black body. o, mother, our first country, thou has't kept us in thy womb; o, water, thou'st begotten us; o, wood, thy belly births us; o, day, thy hot sun looks upon us; o, time, thy pyramids have fallen.

as the hood walks through the lands, the shadow follows close behind. in time, the hood becomes enraged. in the day –

the hood drowns the shadow in the water.

the hood chains the shadow to a tree and hangs it there, its heart enflamed.

the hood works the shadow in the crop fields.

the hood works the shadow build its hollow temple.

a black womb and body lies blood-clad in the soil.

the hoods pull the descendants from the belly of the womb and toss them into the hollowed soil.

the spades of the hoods sow the seeds inside the belly.

green stalks sprout and cotton flowers blossom from the gravesites.

the cotton is ground into tender, traded for bodies: oil, gold.

white hands rip and tear at the hems clothing fighting brown legs.

brown stalks bud out and tobacco leaves blossom.

cigarettes are put out on brown shoulders.

hemp is woven into slipknots.

the war machine is running polished, belly full of children.

black bodies weigh down branches from the stems sewn in their necks. in
the

night – they cry stars up to the sky.

the sea forms anew beneath the womb and body's head from the rivulets of
salt stream from her eyes.

the tree is ablaze with rancor and heavy with fruit, soon ashen. in the –

night – she covers her head in veil; escapes the kingdom of the hood into
the sands; exodus unto –

thy pyramids – she looks her star-eyes to her crown; she begins to summit
thy steep slopes.

behind her, the armies of the hood attempt to follow her ascent, but they
slip right back down.

black body summits thy pyramids in the night and diffuses into the
darkness.

the darkness diffuses into nothing.

Rustles in Dry Leaves

(Sermons & Stanzas)

Sunlight pours through an open window. The Muse alights on the golden rays. WALTER KOGARD lays in his bed below the light pool, smoking his first cigarette of the morning. Ashtray lies on the windowsill. Smokestreams spiral in the light, diffuse. Ash flakes from his embers like butterflies of deathly white. His expression suddenly startles; and he considers something at great length. He rises, paces round his room. He moves as if to reach something beyond him. He reaches toward the space and grasps for nothing. He retracts his hand and muses:

a syllabus to sing thy praise, No Thing, thy black hole has compelled me; i am ashes in thy withered vacuum lung. life's a drag and i am breath being borne in without form where smokestream nebulae compress, then deep exhales like someone speaking: i is spoken, i is laughed; i is breathed cosmic fetus, i's the gas yolk in the sky. we have all once been condensed, for from diffuse we would not have been born but for collapse; and it is known that all our galaxies circle singularities bound in ovules, sinking in like stardust in a whirlpool; we may spontaneously dissolve; we may descend and be borne back-into the womb, into the deep within; and as i seek the sea, i see inside; O Time, thy Pyramids to me are nothing hollow; thou art fallen at the bottom of the silence of the sea; I feel thy yonic verses following, she's calling me in the wind that rustles in dry leaves

I am but a man, and I am prone to falling; gravity's great love bears me downward

*like smokestreams from cigarettes
alight but unattended
i wish to burn and decompress,
a blue spirit ascended;
gray remains, cremated flesh;
ashes like airborne butterflies,
wings of death
ly white combust
but what I see when I undress: black asses
all these dead cigarette butts...*

I had begun with a sense of purpose, some kind of understanding, but the conceit of it has come undone inside me. It has regressed back into blankness and will not manifest a word. Its silence begs me fill it but I have no tunes of music. In truth, I know that I must write, but what work results is mystery. I know not what I'm writing, what my course is. I essay but I yield no postulation. There appears an inherent flaw: the need to write it out. Essaying never achieves the perfection of one word's sound. Or a whole paragraph often feels like a weighty body for the sentence, or a concept better visualized than explained.

I am black body, I am collapsed. I am fallen the way way back. I have sunk inside myself. Don't you wish to come inside me? My black ass has so much mass. I have a warm hole to hide you. No bright light can dare to find me. I am fallen and born back. No matter can stand beside me. I am hollowed, I am black.

there is no shortage of muses in the city.
you cannot keep at bay the surge they swell inside you or the mast they
keep at sail.
ornamented monoliths' countless stories have seen countless stories;
awning-covered thresholds yawn with gapéd mouths, several centuries'
stony sleep.
the city's first casualties are soles, while, underneath, your balls grow
calloused.
hardest part of anywhere is getting there.
crowd into downtown-bound train lines,
sides of urban highway've been prescribed—watch for signs.
holes may burrow deep into the concrete & the soil & cysts of steel may
sprout like tumors,
extend unto the ends, &
we are all but cells in capillaries, anemones at sea;
& the bloodways run both ways up to the crown and down beneath the
feet; & you may wonder while you wander effortlessly in the street.
she of glass eyes urges one to find...
the city is hollowed,
hollow inside.
vagrant dreams have dissolved in the steam which ascends from subway
grates that have warmed the nameless;
those who've dreamed have fallen, while steam serves but as warmth, &
may in the winter frost soar higher &
it's only the wind that
rustles in dry leaves.
do downtrodden doves living over cosmo-poverty
lament their cement-speckled wings?
i am pigeon seeking crumbs cast by bag ladies under canopies in parks.

thy Syllabus you seek? Thy Pyramids have fallen. Deep under water.
They are submerged beneath the known and have not surfaced.

my name is Walter Kogard, and I come for Bread. I mean, I seek thy Pyramids. I'm writing a Syllabus and I seek thy Pyramids for Symbols. Someone told me that Symbols lie in somewhere in Tunnels. If I can reach thy Pyramids I can find the Symbols needed for my Syllabus, so I need thy Pyramids for answers.

If it's Tunnels that you seek then you must know, there is no end. You will never reach thy Precipice. It lies forever just beyond you. If you were to reach thy Pyramids, you'd be borne immediately back. The gravity of the centre is too great. The Precipice of thy Pyramids is too close to the sun. You will surely burn before you glimpse what you seek.

It's my Syllabus I seek. It lies in the deep. In the void. At the peak. And if it's the peak I must reach to peek the Pyramids I seek, then that must be my destination, not the Tunnels.

You see, the hardest part about anything is getting there. Once you're there, you're no where. Now here. See.

I will go no where then. If no where's where thy Pyramids do point. Tell me, which is the right way?

Down. You must go down.

I seek understanding. I've come here in search of my Syllabus. I seek thy Pyramids.

Thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have born through them.

We are fallen. Tunnels are born through here.

no Pyramids lies at the end of thy line. Only silent waters.

O Time thy Pyramids where art thou? Reveal the Syllabus I seek. I've traversed city corridors and monoliths of antiquated tomes—of catacombs and dusty halls; I have breathed in noxious gases. I have ventured down the Avenue in search of bread. I have descended into burrows, passed throughout their halls, and sunk the earthen floors of cellars with the treading of my soles. I have passed through tunnels like a train, a cell in the blood of city's veins. I have passed through yonic doorways into wombs. But I will not be satisfied with shallow water. I've heard that thy precipice broods on deep. I will seek further through thy hollows 'neath the cellar floors of earth. O hollowed Pyramids, thy peak, submerged deep beneath the street, thy Systems will not keep my waves at bay.

*“the bottom of the sea has come
& builded in my noiseless room
the fishes & the mermaids' tomb
the bottom of my sea, the room ...”*

Your scholarship is flawed. Your professor speaks in silence. All your texts are languageless. You cannot learn in this school. The Yoniversity you seek is for the graduate, and you have not the credentials. You must go back and learn in the Mystery School. Seek ye the one they call Sophia, the professor. She has learned through all the ages. Seek her school and learn there and perhaps you will wizen up to write a syllabus of your own. Learn all of the texts of ages which have been written to the end of the one true Syllabus of the Yoniversity. Only after traversing all the words which men have spoken will you get closer to the singular word of god which none has spoken. For singularity still descends from nothingness, the holy, and to reach the hole then you must go back down the tunnel. Learn...until you know nothing. Read until you can speak no word. Seek until you can see no thing. And that no thing will be god. And no word shall be Her wisdom. And the pages of the holy work shall convey no meaning, and, here, you will have found thy Syllabus.

Where do your journeys take you, O aimless wanderer?

Driver, I have been sent in spirals as of yet, and now I seek the right line which will take me from this point to my final destination.

Circles and right lines limit and close up all bodies. And the mortal right-lined circle must shut up all.

Of course.

You understand?

I understand that nobody on my journey has or will give me any concrete information. They all speak in tongues and now you speak to me in riddles and labyrinths.

He does understand. The line you seek wavers from thy path and loops around the center point. You will find yourself ever in cycles. You will be borne back. There is no sense in contesting this, in forging a path through the thick of the woods, for you must divert thyself at trees and treacherous pitfalls.

On earth. But on high the space is open.

But above the silent weight of gravity does not cease in wavering thy rays and waves from thy trajectory. In all systems you will inevitably be borne down.

All the systems' intermediaries on my path have said this. That I will never reach my precipice. I will descend into to a hole whose infinite enclosing lines tunnel unto some vanishing point where the light lays. But I will never reach that final singularity because the tunnel shall ever open up before me. And I will remain in the darkness of my understanding. But my utmost goal is to reach that singularity unto which all matter falls and

apprehend the dense center of the systems' understanding and return to my humanity with the syllabus for all our living. All our holy living. Are we fallen peoples not deserving of such peace? Shan't we all be able to live in the Way of the Yoniverse. A bather at the beach told me my Holy Yoniversity cannot be attended, and any learning I seek therein will never be dispelled to those who seek to hear and speak. But my hearing and my speaking of the words of all the ages have compelled me to seek that Holy Word in Holy Syllabus. If I conceive of it, mustn't it then manifest in form.

I have gone underground and journeyed through the tunnels and they have led me no where that is useful for my purpose. Wherein do I find the comprehensible manifestation of god on earth, I beseech thee? In the pleasure of the flesh on the beach, or the darkness of unknowing underground? Or unattainable heights above? Nowhere in these external monoliths, but in my further learning. Thus I seek a Mystery School. I know not where it lies. I was told to look for the one they call Sophia.

O Time thy Pyramids.

Thy Pyramids have fallen. Let us praise no man nor form above that eternal formlessness unto which our Fist Descendant thrust his self and was thus borne from new in our head-wombs. O Cypher of our Void, let thy Syllabus be heard. Let thy black script be drawn through our black bodies and through our black holes to breathe anew in the world. Let our selves be lit and burned to avail in ashes mound up in matter solid as our ground, and our souls ascend in smokestreams ethereal as our weakest speech and deepest inhalations, and let us dwell in the yonic lung forever, and be joined with our Founder, that seeker who did see the sight we seek at present, who did peak thy Pyramids to go down then for the last time and brood on the deep. O Kogard, my nigga,

My nigga, my nigga.

Y'Knamean?...

Word life, God.

... We know now, that our descendants are born from their dark womb into the lighted realm of our earth, which has the sun to look upon and be looked upon in blessing. Yet we know that the sun is but a fated thing, and that darkness persists beyond it; and that light of our conscious life will soon extinguish as will our lives. Yet—in our descendants, in the fruitful raising of our seed, we do insist as a race to persist through the ages, unto the Coda of our Time. We seek eternal light in a fated sun, in the proliferation of our weighted bodies. Is this holy living? My niggas I ask thee.

My niggas, my niggas.

Is this holy living? We are challenged to believe in an everlasting light in God though we be borne back into the darkness of our deaths. We are

challenged to believe that we may ascend where light prevails over darkness and where gravity holds no influence to bear us down. Shall we ascend as angels into Heaven if we keep our sight upon everlasting light?

If we do not succumb to the nature of the universe, whose chief influence is a downtown-bound 2 train, shall we then ascend unto Heaven, where His Story tells us all is pearly white and polished. If we live intentionally good as He decrees, shall we follow light's descendant in the Christ on his ascent? Shall we follow light's descendance, I ask thee, my niggas?

Nahh, nigga.

If that is so then we swim upstream, is that fact, my niggas?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no. If that be so then we be salmon, and are we so?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no. We swim not upstream unto some fallacious height from which we shall inevitably go down from. We are borne down tributaries into the violent silence of the sea, the water way. For what did our First Kogard descend? He knew he be not some sea critter fished for by Gods, but a body born down by gravity's great love. Yes, my niggas, gravity's great love. Let us look upon light, which though it be the fastest element in our Spacetime, falters before gravity's attraction. She is a fine ass woman, is she not? that even the light in all its hyper-activity cannot help but be halted in her midst. When gravity attracts thee with her sweet scent, dos't thou not waver from thy path into the curvature of her big booty?

Word life, God.

And when gravity's booty is biggest, dos't thou not wish to descend unto her black hole down the crack of her curvacious ass?

Word life, God.

When you see a big-booty woman dos't thou not wish to crawl inside her womb? Dos't thou not wish to birth thyself anew in thy descendants?

Word life, God.

Our First Kogard was simply a man who loved big-booty women, Y'Knamean? Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to Ma Dukes.

My nigga, my god.

Who are we but bodies borne down under the love of a big-booty woman. And of light, is it not as faulty as man? When those particle-waves once so straight see that massive curvature do they not delve into Her black hole?

Word life, God.

And so, my niggas, if all we human bodies are suckers for big booties shall we worship the light of just another pervert?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no, my nigga. What then do we truly seek? What Kogard sought in the void, my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my God.

Our First Descendant Man sought only the love of Knowledge and Awareness; he sought the single truth, and knew that the light above bore false enlightenment. Y'Knamsayin? Our First-wizen Mark sought that which light seeks.

My nigga.

Yes, he sought that which light seeks. The true end of all enlightenment. You feel me. And where lies that, my niggas, I ask thee. Wherein does enlightenment descend and compress unto a singularity? Where is that holy G-spot of our sentience?

Where, nigga?

In gravity's cunt. And where lies gravity's cunt, my nigga?

Where, nigga?

Down it's big ass booty--

My nigga.

And where lies gravity's booty?

Where?

On black bodies, my nigga, black bodies in space. A deep black womb be where thou shalt seek thy Syllabus—there, where Kogard the Descendant

did penetrate his phallic self into—there, where thou seekest thy truest Understanding of thine lives—there, where you may descend to ascend unto the purest realm of existence in utero, in fetal peace—there, in the void, where you will peak thy Pyramids—there, thou shalt find thy truest love. O, K, thou has brought us down thy yonic hall, the great tunnel of the 2 train of our lives, before our truest light in darkness—darkness of our womb, where all light and matter delves like sunken seed; where all thine cigarettes' lighted smokes and ashes amass in glass graves like ashtrays; where thy black spirits smolder to be released anew in a big bang of our truest descendance: of new worlds. There, where Kogard went down for the last time to pave our way. Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

We are all condensed, but from diffuse we shall be born again in our collapse unto that single center in our space where singularities converge. And we shall burst with our great density and release the gasses of new and future lights—there, where light is carried in darkness full term—in the birthfroth, the firstborn bursts forth: a belly splits; blue spirit's sparked, a blue fugue, and I ignite like blew fuse in light. We shall spontaneously dissolve. We shall descend and be borne back—into the womb, into the deep within. And as I seek the sea, I see inside. O Time, thy Pyramids have fallen. O thing, thy yonic verses sing in the violence silence of our seas. Thy blue fugue rings in the wind that rustles in dry leaves. For his sight beyond false light unto the true origend of our eternal dark womb, praise be to Kogard.

My nigga, my nigga.

He is Descended.

My nigga, my god.

The Mark is Wizen.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to my god.

O Time, Peer I Mind.

We are all but students in our life course, here in our university, and our performance is contingent upon the clarity of our syllabus. the syllabus defines the methodology for our living and the course of our systemic understanding; but the words of it lie floating in the inkblot yet unborn. prophets have sought clarity in unwritten Holy Syllabus, but we know these human texts are merely tokens. many seek holistic guidance but shallow learning will not find it; truer seekers have gone down the hole's descending steps to find her, and we follow if we seek clarity, too. to this end we mark the wisdom of the effortlessly fallen, and we seek to aggregate their best attempts to understand into a singularity for our minds so that we can apprehend the model of our own systems and better design a methodology for our living based thereon. because we may only reference the holy with the fallen, in our study we employ a pedagogy of metaphor, where the tenor is the model which governs a certain passage through a continuum of space & time such that it enables the vehicle of the most ubiquitous and lasting system in which the passage occurs. infinite passages may be employed, but only one system may be recognized. in our case, the system is a pulp, a paper yet unprocessed and wholly unfit for language. the processes of humanities have pressed it to be writ on. no where is now here. what was once blank is now concealed by articulation, obfuscating the unspoken, indeed unutterable, secret of blankness. what was once innocent is now soiled;—yet how would we propagate if our wombs remained forever barred? We look upon ourselves as alphabets with character floating formless in the blankness; born into meaning, we resist our significance, yet know that we must refine our referentiality. we seek then, for we are living language, the rules for the syntax and grammar which wills we symbols into sentient sentences. we students seek a new syllabus for our existence as infinite intonations of a single breath diffused, what lungs collapsed to bear us, what minds signify us and what hands mark us down and how to guide the tongue over our as yet unspoken texts, that their vibrations may resonate in the cosmic fugue.

The Living Symbol of the Eternal Author! I seek it! And with it I shall finally find my syllabus! Where is the living symbol?

Calm yourself. In order to apprehend the symbol you must first construct it in your mind using the truths you have obtained.

What means this? That the symbol lives within my understanding?

And beyond it. It permeates all existence. You cannot see it before you have understood it, see.

You seek something that cannot be apprehended because it is silent and formless and beyond all phenomena. Thus, in lieu of its formless essence, you seek a form, a signifier, which best recognizes the formlessness among all other signs.

And language systems often, if not always, fall short of accurately recognizing your highest goal.

Now, what, if any system, best recognizes the languageless truth of our universal systems.

Why, mathematics, of course.

And how does mathematics account for the origination of existence as you've described.

The sequential number line. Where 0 is equivalent to the pre-manifest, the inert Originator, the void, No Thing, boundless fullness, the womb of all emanations. And 1 is the first manifestation of all the descendant things as compressed into the first singularity, the self, which then bursts like a bang into a duality, and this begets the holy trinity of 0, 1, and 2, thus supporting the resilient structure of the three-point triangle from which the many are begotten, cascading down from that peak. But 0 is beyond manifestation, so the points of the sacred triangle are numbered 1, 2, 3. The total number of the stages of existence number four: 0, 1, 2, 3. 0, again, negates itself from this list of phenomena, and so the levels of existence are numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. 3 falls into 4 to beget 7, the holy

incubation number of eternities which clothed the night in darkness before the light sprang. 7 is the number of the fallen; 3 remains the number of the divine. 3 falls into 7 begetting 10, total number of states of being. From relations between these integers result the infinity of our numberline and the functions which discretely govern every plane of our reality. Though, these numbers are not the Numbers. The Thing is not the Thing named.

This concept transcends all language. It is what our universe is made up of, these numerical concepts, and they do not need to be written down to be true. And mathematics may be considered inherent to the existence of the universe, where man only reveals the relations which always existed between numbers which in turn presuppose the presence of states and changes of matter and energy; and in numerology we may prescribe a metaphysic for this discipline, which is itself a metaphysic for physical states and changes. Numbers are self-referential signs and mathematics is thus a pure language whose characters possess ubiquitous and lasting significance. But what of human expression, which necessitates marks, arbitrarily constructed, which only serve to recognize entities beyond themselves. To communicate understanding to one another we must write. But we cannot write into a void in space; and yet we cannot rear an empire among the languageless; so there results a disconnect between the essence of existence and the necessities of humanity.

In seeking the sacred symbol you seek the form which acts as a number or equation; that is, it references a sequence or a path inherent in all of the states of the universe, unlike a sequence of human letters which references forms by way of manmade systems of meaning. If you constructed a sign which in itself describes the path or state which it references, with that being the path to or state of absolute nonbeing, then you will have found the key to your life, the map to the territory of the higher plane, and you will write it down and reproduce it for the understanding of the others, for don't we all as humans wish to share the holy words and sacred signs among our descendant generations, for the wizing of all marks, all living marks. We write to live and to survive beyond our bodies, do we not?

We do.

But there is an irony. What is it?

...That we are written. We are the marks.

Marks marking marks, yes. So the marks we mark are at minimum thrice divorced from any “true” self-referential sign. Where the form of dog is dog, a construction of divine and inherent elements, a part of all things, human experience has signified it “dog” the specific, and marked down the letters “d-o-g” to signify its specificity using the system of alphabet it designed to represent all such constructions. The system is divorced from self-referential signs, and the sign itself is thus twice divorced. This does not account for the inaccuracy of human senses in apprehending the true forms of things. We then encounter the third divorce of human language from divine signs, because humans themselves are an alphabet of god, all spoken from the first intonation out of the dark silence; we are alphabets because we as characters reference the world around us, which is an arbitrary manifestation of a system from the infinite pool of temporal and spatial eventualities. And so our holy texts are useless because they are alphabets begot by alphabets begot by alphabets. The recognitions of them have been submerged and obscured by human meaning.

Right, of course, language is human folly, that has been my issue in my pedagogy—how to teach the students without the inaccuracy of speech. I know I need a symbol, then, but what holy sign is divorced from language systems? What alphabet can we employ to reference the divine?

If you sought to reconcile, say, the problem of three phenomena increased by four phenomena, then, as a pure and self-describing system, the numerical alphabet would suit your need and the language of mathematics would be employed.

And my syllabus, so to speak, would be algebra.

Verily. If, however, you needed to reconcile the sign of “dog” with a reference to the form of a cat, then the english language alphabet would suffice, since we are still dealing with reference sequences codified for human-to-human communication.

And my syllabus would be a dictionary.

Yes. But your present course is different because you seek to reconcile human understanding with absolute wisdom, an awareness of the very essence of no thing from which all the world's things did spring. This necessitates an alphabet of direct reference to the states beyond and the methods of change between them. Human text serves no justice here. The marks we have made cannot recognize the significance of the marks of divinity. And what are the marks of divinity, in your case, the marks written by the hand of the Author whose meaning we seek in the sentient sentence?

Humanity is the mark who significance we seek in the sentient sentence.
And time is the syntax which guides the line.

And where lie we marks in relation to the Author?

Under her hand ... On the page.

On the page. And what is the page to us?

The page is our world.

Was it begotten whole: white and flat and ripe for writing?

... No.

How, then, did our world come to be so?

Incubated in the sevenfold accelerator of time, O! Time, without whom we would not have changed and evolved to produce the material elements of our present reality. In a word, through processing.

Ah, so states have changed in their material composition through energetic reactions? What, pray-tell, was the state of our page before it incurred this process?

A...a pulp!

Mmmmmmmh, a pulp, eh? A paper yet unprocessed and unfit for language. In this we have a recognition of the place before the manifestation of earth, when the elements of our reality had not yet aligned in a form ripe for writing. But a pulp is just as useless to you as text, for you wish to see the origin of things and the life coursing through them, and pulp is a dead thing, like texts. So what, then, comprises the raw material of pulp which is pressed into the world we know?

...

A tree.

...Tree.

Tree.

A tree. It is the raw material which begot the world of our consciousness, that which precedes the page upon which we now write out our being. But only in the act of writing do we be; in our texts do we die; and our descendants read our lives as they play out on the world-page. Though our sentences are sentient, our "i's" do not have eyes. We are writing, but our bodies have been written. The complications which arise from the text of "i's," the human alphabet, stop at the edge of the blank page; for the writing references the significance of the Author acting upon the

limitations of the page and the page references the pulp yet the pulp references the limitless livingness of the tree; and we must thus work within these limits so as to approach the limitless. And so in our significance inscribed on the page of our lives we have truly died here compared to the act of writing, in reference of the life of the tree of our past. We must go back there. No language writ down can be as vibrantly alive as the raw element, the essence of sound. And so tree, not the signifier of “tree,” but the true tree, is the living sign, the sacred symbol, of unspoken and eternal language, original intent, every state, every degree, of all life and existence.

Why, then, wouldn't we regress further into the womb of our yoniverse? Why would the seed not be the sacred symbol.

Because the seed is merely the 1 in the number sequence; it is the singular origin of the many, but you cannot yield a pulp to form the world from a phenomenon so new in its being. The seed must take form in the tree to beget the myriad elements of its processing; the tree-seed must be planted in the garden of the soul to bloom so as to yield the fruits of understanding and wisdom. The seed of our life yields the tree of our life. It is in this change of state that we can define the methodology for our Holy Living here on the page. Watch how the seed sprouts up out of the soil of nothing.

We know that you were born into an English understanding and that as a writer you have mastered your language. But you were written first, and because you seek your Author you must now learn the language you were writ in. Divorce yourself now from human language and think in terms of the sacred symbol of the tree. Leave this plane of the page and return your mind to pulp; reform your comprehension of your experiences into the branches of the tree of your life and learn them truly, on their own terms; learn new each component of your living and determine the paths between them to link the whole. Find the path you may use to ascend through the branches unto the summit. There are a number of ways to climb this tree, young Kogard, but how you do so shall be the methodology of your syllabus. And when you have triumphed over the low rungs then you will

reach thy understanding, and you will wizen, and then you will summit thy
Pyramids and look upon the deep and hear...maybe...that beautiful
sound...first breath borne forth, and you will know the primal intonation of
the void, the sound of the tree when it combs the high breeze, and the wind
that rustles in dry leaves.

Devoted Descendants, in the silence of your sorrow in the wake of the Great Misunderstanding, in you retreat into the walls of the Secret School in which you have sought shelter from the violence and await the hope of education unto your wizing, which will free your minds from the chains of corrupted systems man has imposed here on earth, I come to you, not as your savior or your leader, but as a mediator between your own divinity and the absolute reality which has been withheld from you by obfuscating ideals. We must acknowledge now, here, that the kingdom of earth is fallen and that balance has been lost and that our true enemies have secured and aggregated unto their own bodies the means and gains of production and subjugated you, the many, unto that aim at the cost of your eternal starvation, only, if at all, to relinquish a minute percentage of those gains which you the labor class have sowed back unto you, and condemning you to reprehensible conditions of living, and have throughout ages persecuted those among you who have opposed their tyranny, and they have instituted armies for the protection of their ill-begotten gains and we the descendants have not the power to contest them. Our numbers are weakened and the potential venues which would have facilitated our organization have been monitored and censored. And they in their will to persist and with the compliance of their armies and the omnipotence of their surveillance would not have us congregate as we do now, even in peace, even in the desire to wizen ourselves from their mental chains; and there is no hope of reconciliation of these systems for those who wield them are beyond the empathy and common decency of humanity, for they have risen above it upon their capital plane. So we must descend from them, and pursue holier living than we experience under these corrupt systems of man, lest in war we suffer our prolonged and complete evisceration by their persistent, mindless arms. We have all been miseducated by their capital schools with their ill-guided syllabi, being merely pillars to prop up their capital empire, implemented so as to manipulate us into misunderstanding their aims and deliver us into debt slavery, correctional slavery, employment slavery, and ideological slavery unto their further-engorged bodies. No longer! Fekku Ragabe! We shall erect a new school! We shall guide ourselves by a New Syllabus for our Human Understanding. We shall enter into sovereign unity among us persons who seek holier living upon this lost earth, and we shall educate

ourselves unto the truest divinity of nothing, and the truest Lord in OMOTHER, and the truest understanding of Ubiquitous and Lasting Systems by which we may Wizen and summit thy Pyramids, and in our sovereignty we may follow our own Life Course on earth without the oppression of their hollow systems, and no longer pay taxes which are withheld from us and allocated unto the full bellies of the capital lords, and no longer will we be endeared to nations which have throughout ages detested and used our ancestors, and as their descendants we shall reimplement the Lost Nation, and forge a People again, and pursue At-One-Ment with the First Body. And know among us that we seek sovereign peace or death, and if peace is withheld from us under Systems then we will cry—not streams from our eyes but blood in battle! And if I am slain in my professorship of these truths then do not wallow or hide or hurt yourselves but storm the castle on earth and die in your advancement unto Summits! Fekku Ragabe! Wizen the Marks! The jig is up! O Time wilt thou Pyramids look upon and bless this Declaration of Independence of this, the Sovereign City of Syllabus, Sacred Seat of Learning, for we the Devoted Descendants, and let us now embark upon our Life Course unto the summit of thy Pyramids for the enlightenment of all Humanities.

... We are all living bodies. Everything's a body in some form, some density or decompression, composed of the same elements of matter, in turn composed of the same variants of energetic activity, the unique vibrations of the preelemental strings, as of an instrument designed for cosmic music. We are all like sound waves clustered densely and will fade out, in the wake of some unheard eternal silence. Our sound waves form in patterns and result various sets of probable and predictable tones. These tones sound like fire, water, air, and soil. These elements compose our bodies and in harmony they animate us unto our living. ...

... We live in the Kingdom of Earth. Our bodies go through this body birthing bodies in their being. It all goes on in the way of infinite space. We cannot hear what has no sound, nor smile at what has no face, so it turns out that we're relatively solitary. ...

... We have all been pulled here now by love. Sounds compress and seethe; getting denser and more active. Soon the void will squeeze us very small and swallow all of us, and then it will again be completely hollowed. And we will echo in the silent room. ...

... We are all like sound waves in the speech of some unspoken one; we are all designed to signify Her, reference O Thing. ...

... We as humans being language ourselves spoken by a void in systems of metaphorical grammar and syntax, what then lies beyond systems (in the silence); what can be known of it (what is there to hear)? is this our god here in our decayed modernity? if so, shall we then execute our language—our methodology of communication—in praise or in reverence to the infinite unsounding and the eternal all-seeing I, the Eye, O Pyramids? ...

... Infinity is the eternal emission of space from no dimension, as evidenced by a massless depthless point. ...

... The ineffable No dimension achieves a physical singularity in said point, around which its vibrations resonate and compress until adequately

dense. These resonating lines, or strings, compound the first dimension unto a second, and a third is achieved in the rapidity of the vibration such that no thing may permeate it. Thus the appearance of matter is achieved.

...

... In this way, Infinity is like an atom. It is, at its nucleus, a bound singularity of phenomena flaring in and out of this temporal and spatial plane of reality. Its infinite limit is similar to a network of electrons, which can never be definitively located at any one time. Between its singular nucleus and its indefinite electron field is a wealth of space occupied by the harmonious energy of the positive and negative vibrations. Thus, a singularity of matter and the infinite vibrations are united, the one and the many entangled, and this is in turn the nucleus of the Way, which is the breath. ...

... The Way exists outside of and encompasses infinite nature and all derivatives of it. We are residual energies clustered densely like nebulae in stars to create the appearance of matter in the absence (the aftermath) of the infinite expansion of a single point (the Big Bang) which has already concluded by retracting back into a singularity, thus completing the fundamental task of its own nature and absorbing all time and space, i.e. "meaning." ...

... The lifetime of the universe is the time it takes for a singular manifestation to expand to its own infinite limit, or play out its complete set of outcomes, and retract again into a singularity, into nothing, and, finally, to negate itself, at which point it will resume the process on the inverse plane (an alternative reality) and begin the instantaneous lifetime of a new time-space continuum. ...

... It only appears to us to take millennia to accomplish this progression because infinity's instantaneous nature cannot be realized on the single plane that we inhabit; we naturally die before we perceive the limit to be met. ...

... If, by some improbable function, we were able to surpass the rate of infinity's fluctuation, to say that we would exit this and all time-space continuums, then we would find ourselves in a complete absence of possibility, or a no place. So, comprehensively, infinity is not really all that there is. There is also "nothing" outside of that, and that infinite nothing in turn contains infinite somethings. This cosmic egg is the Way. And we will always be in the Way, because there is no possibility of existing outside of the plane of possibilities, even though that void of possibilities exists. We are a part of and inherently tied to the infinite possibilities generated by the nothing of the Way, much like our actions are governed by the empty space in which our consciousnesses reside. ...

... We will never, however, fully understand the extent of this nothing because there is no thing there to understand; while there are an infinite number of things that we could conceivably know or experience if we listen to infinity's vibrations, there is always "nothing" that we will never know: ...

... nothing, a no-thing, an "O" thing, a hollow, space, parentheses, om, qi, wu, in the womb, great mother, the femininfinite, yoniverse. ...

... We are forever in utero. ...

... We are a miniscule somethingness in the way of an eternal nothingness.

... Yet it is powerful to realize that even within those parameters there is still infinity which we may conceivably grasp if we venture far enough into the unknown. ...

... How easy it is to enter; how difficult to remain. You insert yourself into an O thing. You insert your meaning into the void. You sow your seed in the belly and soon it splits: the first born bursts forth in the birthfroth, bubbling. And with that descendant you will fill the hole you were. Penetrate an O thing. Fuck life.

CODA