





THE NEW SYLLABUS

THE SUN BOOK

otherwise called,

The Book of Coming Forth as Heru
Descending ... the "Son of God"
Awakening ... the Manifestation of

EL KMT / MDU NTR

*The Principles & Attributes of Creative Will-Power
Kemetic System of Cosmogony*

by

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Art (cover “Coming Forth by the Boat of the Fish of the Ka of Ra's Perception”; back cover “The Mother & Mercurius Christ”; page 1 “NS logo”; page 3 “The House of the Lord”) by Antarah Crawley

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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 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.

****This Cosmogony, its symbols and dogma, are informed by an extensive and ongoing study of Ancient Kemetic and Dogon Holistic Science as presented in Dogon traditional drawings and Kemetic Medu-Netr, as well as the criticism of R. A. Schwaller de Lubicz, Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, William G. Gray, Mdm. Helena P. Blavatsky, Aleister Crowley, Laird Scranton, Henri Bergson, Jacob Boheme, John Dee, Israel Regardie, and Marcel Griaule among others; the Traditions of the Rosicrucians, Freemasons, Taoists, Kabbalists, and the Nation of Islam, among others; and the Sciences of biology, quantum and relative theories of physical mechanics, greater philosophy, theosophy, comparative literature, craft arts, mathematics and geometry, music, textiles, and astrology, among others.*

Reu Em Pert Em Heru

The Chapters of Coming Forth by Day

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*

Re Em Pert Em Heru

The Chapter of Knowing the Bending Force of Waves into Orbit

Know not that from which is born
the Straight and Lighted Path.
Yet Knoweth the Path and knoweth yet its Passage.
Know that it is bent and given mass by Perception;
That 'I's sight ripples waves in the once-still pool of the night.
Know that it increases that place of duration in which
The bending forces lines into waves that swell up and spiral;
The spiral coils over and the coil achieveth enclosure,
It increaseth its dimension
And foldeth back on itself, contourous then angular,
Its degree decreases within the deep.

<(O)>

Knoweth now
The Bent Path
By which Light
Moves into the Body.
Perceive that which is is not
The Whole Thing and it's Rate of Growth
Which is born out into waveforms
Swimming spinning whirlpools
Spinning spools of thread in worldpools
Looms that sew of fibers cloth.
Fish whose fins are finely weaving
Lightwaves into fibrous salt.

Ever doth it swimmeth toward land.
It passeth thereupon in the form of snake.
It extendeth itself from whence it was unborn.
It standeth up on four legs. It barks.
It taketh flight and alighteth on the Tree of Life.

)O+

It seeketh its image in its reflection
In the pool of its creation.
It desireth its own manifestation.
Ever doth it move its barge toward land.

It cometh forth into awareness;
It kindles the flame in its breast.
It committeth its knowing to vapor;
Condensation giveth rise to waves.
Its word becometh flesh.
We perceiveth light in the waves, yet
What we perceive precedes the waves.

<((6))>

It cometh forth into the light. It bendeth forth the waves. It maketh its way into the Body. It returneth into the night. 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.

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A crescent is a crease in space;
it has not enclosed its body;
incomplete, it looks not on itself.
Its shape is of the closed [eye] which looks on nothing.
It is bent forth. It becometh part of the whole.
It desires to be touched by what it is not so that it may be moved
into completion.
It seeks itself in the circle.
It is but a silver sliver of itself.

O

The circle is none; 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 symmetry of two closed [eyes] creates an open [eye].
Therefore that which is complete has within it its opposite.
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.

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Space and Time are [2] divisions.
[2] pairs make [4] poles, or [4] even parts of [1]. A plane:
A space becomes to track the light's duration.
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.
[I] become two genders and [I] fall from the light place.
Then must [I] rise up the selfless self from selfish ego,
and [I] shall center [I] between my paradox.
[I] must suffer in my matter on the cross to become whole
In holy union with the circle of the rose.

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Spirit is the Substance of which matter is the gross manifestation.
The Lord's vahan moves between them conducted by the seeing,
the sea:
The crest and trough of light waves in spacetime.

The motion of the ocean is the karma known as energy.
Energy is defined by velocity and frequency;
it is the vital principle, lest the spirit be impotent by stagnation.
Therefore motion is the Law which speaks through rhythmic
rotation.

Whirlpools spooling out the cosmic loom.

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.

Matter is the spirit which has condensed through its rotation.

Consciousness is thought that wells up in matter When it
condenses, the more complex the structure.

Thought is conducted by and through matter like an electric
current.

Matter is conducted through space by gravity, or love, which
balances effects and effects causes,

And which informs reincarnation which forms and reforms great
bodies

From round to round toward the [1].

The body is any systemic, prolonged interaction of Spirit, Energy,
and Matter which partakes of a karmic round.

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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 O-thing. Wherever there is dense matter there is a womb inside, and the son will grow inside it and come forth into the Light of Day, and grow into

the new One, until his Mother's Love compels him to return inside her hole, and therein he will come again and be reborn.

Re Em Nu Maa

The Chapter of Waves Perceived
or, Coming Forth by Boat

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Know not *Khem* and giveth praise,
For it driveth forth the waves of 'I's Perception,
O, *Source*, known not by which it is transmitted;
We offer ourselves to that which thy waves are given:
Adoration to Ra; the barge of thy perception
Who bendeth forth and maketh waves to be transmitted.
Praise that in the Day o'er which thou reigneth victorious
Thou hast bent forth thy waves to 'I's perception
And hast given mass to them. To I thou has grown thy mass
today.
Praises to the Source known not by the waves
Which it doth issue from no duration, once unmovable paths.
Praise that it has gone forth into movement.
Praise that which its waves are moved toward:
Into the body of Asar, Phallus of Ra who perceiveth,
And taketh thy cock and cometh into the Tuat
To birth itself anew to-morrow.
Praise the path it taketh over the Black Land
When it riseth in the Horizon Eastern of Heaven
And giveth forth fibrous waves, sewn into the soil,
Which doth drink of it and sow itself the seeds.
Praise it in its majesty: the Sphere
From which Point we doth extrapolate the Line it maketh

Which it began in the Source which knoweth not
Its image, yet which is it and is not, and yet again
Has gone forth from it is not into it is and reigneth over exIStence
To return again into Tuat Is-Not.
Adoration to Ra when I bendeth forth the light into 'I's Body.
Praise its coming and going forth
In the boat of 'I's perception.

It precedes perceptibility. It has no duration, it has no length.
It is not bent toward perception. It is not. Yet it *is* not, too--
It is splintered in the not of not is not. And so not is not is not.
It is. It is that which is not yet come to know it is,
It's self, that is;
Yet it conceiveth itself, though it has not pushed forth the waves
of its perception,
It radiateth with cold understanding.
Is not, thou hast come forth from what thou art, not what art not.
Thy name, my Lord, is *Xepera*, and thou beginneth the Work of
Creation;
Thou spinneth of thyself the is in not is not.
Thou art that seed which hast been sown in the Not.
Ye dost thou seeketh the moist place where thou shalt give forth
the waves of thy perception,
And drink of the expansive waters of life,
Yet what soil before there was land hast thou sown thyself inside?
Wherefore hast thou moved from the stillness of time?

When was not? It was not ever.
Though we perceivest not the waves of no duration

It is sure to have been moved from its resting vibration.

Who moved it? or was the will its own?

Whose breath bent forth the unwavering line?

Xepera knoweth alone.

Yet some-One breathed, and from that went forth the seed of the Word.

Into what? what soil amongst the unextended and ungrounded?

Into what did it take root in the Not?

There must have been, it must have been inside that which is Not, Yet must it have been so porous with emptiness. Though the unmoving, the is in the Not lay splintered across millions of years, resting without duration.

And when came *Xepera* it coagulated through the thick, slow, and cold mass of non-vibrating waves,

Slow was this work of *Xepera*'s, rolling the ball of is throughout the Not;

It collecteth the is of eternity into the One and First Thing from whence the World was born;

It collecteth the platelets of millions of years and gathereth them all in the moist place,

And the moist mineral soil of time becometh the clay of the future worlds.

And *Xepera* looked on it and it was good.

Yet this was not enough. Where, yet, was the space for it to be?

It knew itself by its design, though it had not yet come forth into the waves:

In the the same breath which bore forth the seed of the Word into the clay of time which formed round it in the soil of the Not,

Sprung forth the Tree of Life from the place of *Xepera*;
Yet did it remain falling and ungrounded on the landless
masslessness:

The Tree upon the Isle of Solitude which Our Lord sailed through
the Is-Not-Yet,

Which carried all the matter of the future World, and all the craft
of its Work:

Ye did it sow the divine seed and tend the unmanifested earth;
Ye did it gather the clay therefrom and compact the celestial land;
Ye did it nurture the Tree of Life from whose bark *Xepera*
emerged when its work in the seed had been recorded on the
papyri made of its fibers.

And the Not was not any more, as it had come forth in the breath
of the seed

And the breath was good,

And the seed was good,

And the platelets were good,

And the moist place where they gathered

Into clay was good,

And the land it made and the Tree which grew therefrom was
good,

And *Xepera* when it emerged upon the Celestial Land as the
Master of its Craft was proud,

Yet it was not enough.

It had come forth from Not and it was,

But it had not yet been placed into perspective;

It was not perceived,

It had not been bent toward perception.

This First Work *Xepera* destroys:
It uprooteth the Tree of Life from its plot in the moist earth.
It hurleth the ball of clay far from it:
It increaseth in distance at a constant rate of duration
And the clay spreads and scatters into the ever furthering.
The trajectory of the pellets is straight like a line;
With the greatest speed doth it meet the limit of the rate of
motion, for it surpasses the motion of all else;
Upon its propulsion from the right hand of *Xepera* doth the
velocity of it set it to flames and incineration;
Though the clay is ashen, its truth, the light remains, and it doth
illuminate the straight path which was taken:
Lo! It hath sifted the dryness from the water:
From the solution hath been wrung the sediment and the ray.
Lo! It hath obtained perspective of what has gone forth from it:
Thereupon is the trajectory of it bent forth and wavered by the
perspective of *Xepera*, crafter of Ra's perception.
Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a second ball and
propelleth it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction above it.
Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a third ball and propelleth
it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction behind it.
Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a fourth ball and propelleth
it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction below it.
Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a fifth ball and propelleth it
straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction east of it.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a sixth ball and propelleth
it straight and fast,

Giving forth waves of perception in the direction west of it.

Lo! *Xepera* remaineth and doth perceive:

The seventh ball of clay remaineth centered among the six
directions of the straight rays of *Xepera*'s propulsion,

Which give forth the waves of Ra's perception and bend them into
bodies.

Lo! The eight cometh forth and encloses these.

The limit of space expands without it,

The limit of duration the same.

Within the enclosure lies its soul,

The seed which has brought it to be.

The seed of the World of Perception giveth forth its rays to fall
and be bent toward our perspective in space-time.

Lo! How it doth rest ablaze tethered in place

Sending forth illumination from its face.

Praise, thy name is Ra, who art the Great Work of *Xepera*, and
whose work propels the World.

Who shall propel thee, my Lord?

What barque shall carry thee across the sea of space to thy
destination upon land.

Who will cart thee upon the waves of the 'I's sight to the object of
thy desire?

Guide thy Holy Light through the uplifted branches of the Tree of
Life into our hearts,

Yet where lies it? In the left hand of *Xepera*

It taketh the Tree which hath grown in the soil of platelets of
millions of years
And maketh of it a boat.
And it thereupon cometh forth into what is perceived.
It hath stripped the fibers from the branches of the Tree
And woven them into baskets to be filled with salt.
It has taken what's left of the clay and fired it and hath made of it
a kiln,
And these it places upon its barque
And the boat forthwith descendeth into the waters of Perspective:
The rays are rippled by the barge of Ra's Perception.
Hence doth it move upon the water.
It departeth thence from motionlessness and maketh waves.
The boat bends forth the water
By the force of Ra's perception.
Inside the boat is the sun.
It maketh hot the kiln.
It goeth forth bellowing smoke.
It is helmed by Xepera.
It goeth forth collecting all the clay that it had flung.

It rideth upon the back of a fish
whose circumference spans the sea.
It projecteth itself forth by contraction of its sides
To generate waves of flexion.
It extendeth itself into the waves and snakes throughout the sea.
It creates spheres of vibration where it moves Ra's Eye to see.
In its motion it embodies waves perceived.
The fish's tail's a knitting tool;

The loom which weaves light waves from sun
Wheresoever goeth it, makes nets and webs from fibers spun.
As it propelleth itself thus the boat submerges into the water
Along the circumference of the fish. On its belly
It rideth upon the river on the firmament
Which lieth above the regions below.
Lo! There is a wheel spinning there, yet is it unknown.
Xepera collecteth the clay from its barge and casts it thereonto
And spinneth it around and moldeth of it a bowl;
It fills the flame of Ra's perception into the bowl and makes it hot
And it gathers up the moist and molten substance into a pot
And sends forth the waves to give mass to them
And make them stand up and bloat
And maketh a kiln of its atmosphere
And when it hath made the pot a sphere
It fans and cools the Worldpool and calleth it the Earth
And for it hath been made from the platelets of celestial land
cooked in the kiln of millions of times,
And hath given life to the Tree of the barque of perception,
Now doth it give life to the vegetation and animalia of the new
land,
Whose crust drinketh the light of Ra's perception,
And whose volume is filled with the waters of waves perceived.
Lo! The pot is tied by a fiber of thread to the barge of Ra
And it swingeth thus tethered, orbiting the barge as it navigates
the fish of waves perceived.
Thus the boat of Ra's Perception is manifests to man:
The Sun riding upside down in the boat
Upon the cosmic river/sky, reigning o'er Earth.

It turneth back around the fish
Each night into the Tuat to defeat 'I's enemies.
I cometh forth again to reign victorious over to-morrow.
Ever doth I sail I barge toward Land.

Paut Neteru
The Ennead (Nine Numbers)
(or, The Tree of Life)

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Our lord is I whose bending force projecteth many forms,
who one by one increase the waves of light and mass of waves:

Xeper conceives and thus perceives of what is not what is.

It deviates from stillness and maketh waves

In *Nu* the waves are bent before the barge

And moveth upon the water of the sea.

Net weaves webs through the fish's fin, and strings thread through
the feathered loom.

Am knows thus that it moveth through the waves.

Maat examineth the web and perceives Order in them.

And Perception entereth into the *Tuat*:

the perceiver becometh the object of Perception

And sustaineth its image in the mirror.

Perception bendeth back unto itself and becometh self conscious.

The bending forces waves to coil and give growth to mass;

Thus it projecteth its image into the world.

Skhet makes waves rise up and spiral such that

The eight spin tears into enclosure

And thus *Paut!* It goeth forth: matter comes to be.

This is the Boat of Perception which bringeth forth the Sun of
Ra's procession into the Day, and goeth forth again each night

into the *Tuat*, whose ruler is *Asar*. These are the names between *Xepera* who cometh for as *Ra* in his rising, and *Asar* who goeth forth in the name of Ra's erection.

Adoration to Ra and those within his train:

Xeper-Atum the 1 who maketh waves.

Shu is 2 who moves them.

Tefnut is 3 who weaves the sea.

Seb is 4 who sees it.

Nut is 5 who perceives it.

Asar is 6 who retrieves it.

Aset is 7 the mother of Son

And *Set* the 8 hates the Sun

Nephthys is the nurturing 9

10 becometh 1.

They are as 1 the Bent Path by which Light moveth into the Body.

They are the fluid through which light is sifted into salt.

Light projected through spacetime moveth downward into matter

Spiraling around the christened core:

It is a wave which is perceived as an orbit;

It is a line which is perceived as a point.

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.

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

0 – Nu

Naught – No Thing – Space – Amen
Thou comest forth by Night:

Ain Soph, limitless nothing
the basis of [all] variation
the cosmic egg, the potency, the pleroma,
abode of the self-existent Lord, the boundless all wu, womb, *Om*,
Mother
the ancestors, the source
night of brahm, dark energy
The robes invisibly clothing
The Virgin to whom the world is to be born
The black body from which we come, into which we come into
our being
The impersonal reality pervading the cosmos, which is the pure
noumenon of thought
Parabrahm primordial, non objectified subjectivity
Thoughtless thought, causeless cause, wordless yet all-word-
breathing breath

The darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life

Absolute 0, the womb of the 1
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 Value, and be whole
ly absorbed by its inversion.
0 is the tomb of the negative precedent.
0 veils the ancestors from the descendants.
0 is the womb which issues forth the positive.
0 is “not 1” to “1”, thus creating pressure through paradox,
division through duality, ultimately spinning out
the whole 1 again, over and over.
In 0 is the divine thought, the immaculate conception,
the mind of 1, of which there is but a singular
and infinite potentiality.

1 – Ng-k

Xeper – Unity – Mind – Idea of Life
Atum Tehuti (Wisdom) - Te
Ra Maat / Mahat (Understanding) - Tao
Thou comest forth by Twilight

Aur! Kether, the point, the peak,
the crown, the emanation
the positive, the unity, the monad, the beginning
the line derived from 0 by extension

the ray of light, the wave, the string
the seed, the germ, the sperm
the self-born, yolk, the nucleus
the self of deity, Mahat,
The divine thought conceivable
son of the manvantaric dawn
the immaculate conception
phenomenon as perception by thought
The which comes to contemplate itself.

Singularity, that ineffable
place of origination. Instantaneous,
Unstable period in spacetime at which
1 is at its absolute densest, primal, and active state.
This high state of energy and concentration
achieved only via the condensation
of a previously infinite 1
who has brought together its Totality
into the negative state of completion (or
expenditure) known as “10”. The density
of negativity contained within the inverted 1
is what causes +1 to manifest
from the ever-unmanifested 0. The “0” of the “10”
that ineffable, inseparable essence of
from which the new Number is issued
with a correlative amount of heat and velocity [a “bang”].
The germ. In this the thought expandeth and taketh form,
and becometh Mahat.

2 – Shu

Ptah – Zodiac – Fire/Heat – Air – the Breath of Life
Fohat Expansion Yang conciousness/will
Thou comest forth at Dawn

Bet ! Chokmah, the wise one
polarity derived from 1 by reflection
Its revolution begets the spectrum
the All divided against itself
the diameter against which the cypher defines its circumference
the will, the father, the fire, the serpent
fohat, the messenger, the steed of thought divine,
who scatters the atoms and builds
the divider whose work begins life manifested
cosmic electricity, the vesica pisces, the sweat-born

Inflation begets creation
when 1 explodes and rapidly spreads
the infinite differentiations of itself by mass duration
and velocity [speed=light]. [0+time=1^{infinite}].
Here are scattered the atoms, the sperms,
the milk-white curds, the smokestreams.

3 – Tefnut

Svbhvt – Saturn – Moisture – Salt – Violet – The Word of Life
Coagulation Yin matter/energy

Thou comest forth by Morning.

Gimmel ! Binah, understanding

Thy pyramids complete

The first plane, from which all the rest descend

The principles, the solid derived from 1 + 2

The cosmic substance, the web

The divine body, the mother

The soul, the holy trinity

The egg-born, the unfallen

Primary Accelerated Expansion

when Fohat-Ptah-Xepera 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.

Daath ! The knowledge between ideal and actuality

Whence manifestation breaks forth from the nous;

the seeking, the search, the tunnels,

deep waters, black pool

Jupiter – Indigo – Earth – Mercy – Lung of Life
Thou comest forth Mid-Morn

Daled ! The door, opened mercifully, *Chesed*
The square, the quarternary
The solid existing in space and time
Matter as we know it
The elements, the directions, the dimensions
The father made of flesh, thy memory
Jachin, the white pillar in the Temple
The monad as tetrad
animals with bones

Accelerating Expansion continues into the Limit
after the 1 is scattered without prejudice throughout
the belly of Mother during the Initial Expansion period.
At such points in the continuum where waves coagulate,
particles collide and heat up with each other,
the gravitational attraction increases and these centers grow.
More of the scattered 1 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 – Nut

Mars – Sky (Heavens) – Red – Belly of Life
Thou comest forth at Noontime

He ! The great mother, *Geburah*, force
Motion, Will, Severity
Life in its procession
The mother made of flesh
Boaz, the black pillar

Nebulae take formation.

The 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; the 1 consolidates inside them.

The value of these large bodies continues to increase, drawing in the 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.

The Sun – The Christ the Lord – Sulfur – Orange – Heart of Life
Thou comest at High-Noon

Vav ! Tiphareth , the point self-conscious,
capable of existence, defines itself by the above
Centeredness, balance, harmony
The body set in motion
...the son [jesus] [sun] [satan]
Imagination, the carbon

Stars collapse
when the love of the Mother manifest in gravity
causes the particles of the nebulae to become more 1,
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 perfect
ly harmonious opposite to void
space because they balance matter,
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, ever 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.

7 – Auset

Venus – Water – Blue – Desire for Life
Thou comest After-Noon

Zayin ! Netzach , desire; the point's idea of bliss
The pleasure experienced by Being in the course of Life's events
Victorious emotion, queenly devotion
Animal mother

Black holes form
inside of Stars
under a mantle of trapped matter.
Sun spots are black
because they are vortices in the mantle
exposing what's concealed below.

A star of critical mass will collapse under the pressure
of its own gravitational pull.

This is the son of the morning
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
[Event Horizon].

Yet, although inverted and negative,
the Value remains constant.

The Value is condensed within the deep, deep inside
the hole where the body resolves its size
and siphons the infinitude back into the 1
[Black Hole Singularity].

Although hidden from the light
the suns, the gravitational pull of the Black Hole
draws within it the matter and energy around it,
and as more 1 is absorbed,
the wider the Event Horizon of the Hole becomes;
the higher the 1 increases.

The 1 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 – Skhet

(Set) Mercury – Raphael – Green – Reason for Life
Thou comest forth this Evening

Chet ! Hod , Intellect; the point's idea of knowledge
The ogdoad which rides upon thy barge, O, Ra
Change in stability, the faculty of separating into categories
Animal father, evil embodied and put in service of the God-Man

Expansion Decelerates
and Total Value in the Observable System decreases
while the 1 of the black, hidden [Occult] System increases.

9 – Paut

(Nebt Het) The Moon – Gabriel – Yellow –
Life in Perpetuity (the Act of Reproduction)
Thou comest forth at Dusk

Tet ! Yesod, the essence of being [*sat*], thy foundation
The ennead which rides upon thy barge
Stability in change
The animal son
The unconscious self
The freudian id, tides guided by the moon

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 the hole filled with the whole of the 1.
1 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.
1 comes in Not 1.

10 – Tem

Nature – The World – Indigo – Birth – The New-Born
Thou comest forth at Night

Yod ! The great father, *Malkuth* the point's idea of itself
Fulfilled in its complement
The decad, the divine end
The 1 returned to 0, *Sankofa*
 $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$

The fallen daughter, bride of Atom
The scaffolding of the building

Singularity
again achieved
as the potent consolidation
of the 1 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 inverted 1 (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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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

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; exoduses 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.

It Rustles in Dry Leaves

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 windowsill. Smokestreams spiral in the light and 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 breathéd 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 divorcement 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 whose 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 wizenning, 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