

Our Two Worlds: Essay, Verse and Pearl

We take it for granted, that we know the world. We go to the mall and look around, all things have a value and it is clear what that is...just look at the price. What is something worth? This is a demonstrable and specific monetary question, or so it appears. Our survival and the idea of worth, our self-respect and inner value, are all inexorably and duly defined in this system, and quite clearly so. This is the way man assigns value, perched atop his current ideal: greed and competition. Greed insists: the lowest common denominator is of the highest value, because in monetary terms, it is true. In these terms, the fellow who invented the pet rock is a genius. In these terms, under our current monetary paradigm of value, an arbor filled with trees is something to be exploited, cut to pieces so it can be strapped into a truck and hauled off for money, which is itself printed within a false fiat currency system, with no value behind anything. As the stinking plume of black smoke rises from the truck to foul the air, the scent of money fills the nostrils of the investor who will profit for all this ruin, and perhaps, the forest is better off paved and built up into a mall anyway. Why not? There are jobs to be had and money to be made! This is the world of man. And soon, it will collapse, and leave many people suffering for having bought into the idea, the worst idea ever to have been created: the idea of money as an arbiter of value.

Man is essentially a falsehood unknowing of the fact. He has his entire world defined by his unconscious ideations, and knows nothing of them, he believes in his wars and his anger while knowing nothing of their genesis but lies, and has no empathy from which to understand his love or his hatred, and most of all, his noble virtues are steeped in violence, penalty and judgment...which he calls justice and morality...a cruel joke, for our courts are just as our shopping malls...they are to be bought and paid for with lawyers...and that means money.

Art is held hostage to sales...and now, writers are part of a commercial team! How horrible for those of us who still read, or even worse, write. Old books will save us, how blessed is quality! Did Goethe have an editor...did Nietzsche? When a man has a clear, original vision, we have value...when that vision is corrupted so it can be sold, we have necrosis...we have money.

Quantum physics itself, as I have so often said, has within it a psychological paradigm: entanglement, and the potential simultaneity of pathways which psychologically means, identifications and object cathexes both! We are connected to everything. To exploit, is to exploit...ourselves! How infantile is man. The world of man, is on the brink of self-extinguishment...the monetary system near collapse. I believe, the sooner it dies, the better.

There is another world, a true world: Nature. To have moved away from the horror, and into the heart of Oregon timberland, with only the occasional helicopter spraying vats of poison on me...I am in the main...free of the world of man. I have seen, and know, both of our worlds...the valuable and true, and, the world of man. Let us take a moment to reflect upon this distinction, and look into his hollow head, in hopes, that one day, the

mind of modern man, will at last find the truth, and himself, develop: actual value.

Our Two Worlds

Listen softly, between and beneath
Sweet is the emerald kiss
Of silver sun spilled bright
Upon the rustling bower
Her heart of warmth
Spilling into my eye
Enfolding my brittle heart
Warm and golden in her cradled hands
Now beating rich and sweet
Returning unto her
A treasured mirror
...twice blessed
A golden whisper, cupped in silence.

There was a time
When I did fill my ear
With the crumpled sound and sour taste
Of this world
From ugly crooked mouths
A word most acrid and pungent
—did slip
As broken teeth spat out
In a spray of brown blood and clotted heat
...so was the world
Vile and pungent
Crooked and cut
Uneven and snarled
Is the spirit of this world
The spirit of Man.

Satchels of filth
Holding and keeping
Spitting upon my golden heart
Soiling all tender things
Smearing filth upon light
Until the Sun pours but slough and fat
...upon sight
The scent and sound of filth and pus
Smeared upon all perfect things
—disgraced
Hung as a tree with crooked broken branches

A noose twisted round the neck
Of each moment
Now creased and soiled
Spinning down and drowning
Cast into a pit of yellow, slippery fat
Scrambling, reaching and grasping
With mad hands and fists
Broken and sallow is the sickly need
—for Money.

Each tender note, once soiled
...is sold.
Each perfect moment, once sullied
...is virtue.
Each promise cast, once fouled
...is right.
—Once sold—
Her wrists bound together
She might serve us best
Life now named
—as a Whore.

So is the heart of Man
A bitter coal of greed
To be split with a blade, of silver steel
And struck in two.
So is the heart of Man
A worthless empty crevice
A pit of ugly hunger
To be extinguished and cast out
So we may watch it die.

Look! Look upon the sight!
The cities filled up
With teeming insects,
Greedy licking sour phlegm
—filled with Man.
Look! Look upon the sight!
The bower paved and burned
Cut, and bound into trucks
—sold and ruined.
Look! Look upon the sight!
The world curdled and bitter
Her heart poisoned and cut out
—so it can be sold.
Look! Look upon the sight!

For the world is dead.
Her womb cut out
Her gift, and heart—necrotic and stinking
Her soul—sold and spent.

Ah! How beautiful is the sight!
The sight of Mankind in his noble act
...of suicide.
For this
—I am grateful.

Here, I will show you the world
For you are pure
As am I, a child weeping
Too tender...not to feel
The tears which grace the meadow
As dew
Gathers upon the cheek
Of morning grass and glade
Shimmering and bashful, she winks and holds
The silver heart of platinum light
Cast down as jewels before the dawn
...waiting.

And into the valley's misted cup
Dawn does coax her rouged heart
To warmth and waking.
Can you hear her whispers of light and warmth
As she first imagines the day?
Can you feel her honied soul of new warmth
As she dreams the day into your eye
Swept as rippled grasses in wind
...rustling?

Did you know
...that this
—Is our world?

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1. The sweetest sunrise is that which is compared to no other.
2. a. Philosophical solipsism: If I am part of the universe and I am self-aware, is the universe then self-aware as well...even by matter of necessity?
 - b. In his moment of self-understanding the philosopher believes it is the universe which has changed...and in this he becomes a poet.
3. a. So stunned by the meaninglessness of his life is he, that man begins to imagine the play has purpose, and perhaps cheats the truth by the measure of his belief.
 - b. That which is without meaning may be given meaning—this is the highest of both man's promise, and his vanity.
4. On those who covet public consensus: The blind and the deaf call to each other to find their way. It is little wonder they are guided by their imaginings and profess to be other than where they are. Their destination is clear: Belief.
5. What is "daring"? A splash of "chum" in the waters, confidence sprinkled with a healthy hint of masochism.
6. The greater one's daring, the closer one aims at the eye of defeat.
7. As a brittle ghost in shocked sunlight—so is man before his morality.
8. To create yourself is to be alone and full, to have met someone you have never known.
9. The blow lands double sharp when the hand be thine own.
10. The wish to justify past mistakes insures the compulsion to repeat them amidst praise.
11. When ethics become malleable, we speak of diplomacy.
12. Ego exists—evidence withstanding.
13. The ego will doubt that which is true and proclaim itself prudent, believe that which

is false and proclaim itself open-minded.

14. Ego will create as much falsehood as is healthy for itself, and so, defines the world: "It is not the truth, but how true the result," which is necessity's first rule.

15. The most true, tender and noble feelings for another, those social feelings of the most delicate sort, are born of empathy, and so, are a function of identification, an anthropomorphic projection—the very highest function of selfishness.

16. Everyone is selfish. It is in concealment of the fact, that divisiveness is born.

17. In shame and guilt we soon have reason and method to forget our ugliness, and so, preserve it.

18. The best leader is the best follower: He soon learns to anticipate each step and motion, each shade of the dance soon precedes itself, is known and embodied before it is presented, and so...the leader emerges.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at *Mind* magazine:
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