

1.
 - a. Having an eye makes it hard to see.
 - b. The visionary is right to be blind, and sees best with no eye left.
 - c. Know yourself: I believed me until I discovered I was wrong.
 - d. To know yourself is a black I.
2. When looking for things which are buried deep, never hide and never seek.
3. What we ask of art: We are comforted and heartened, warmed from within to receive the news of any anguish or torment, once made sweet and enduring, a word upon false lips, transfigured into the shape of an alien ghost. Only once naked and unclad in illusion, is our own tale too bitter to endure.
4. What we ask of science, is simple: The rape of art.
5. Nothing is so beautiful as science—thought becomes elegant and cruel—we know best in blood.
6. We love best in the shadows.
7. To know: Beauty is unadorned and gasping, her black kernel unhid, her pain a nectar for an eternity...lurid and monstrous.
8. Our eternal offering: Hungry and never bashful, so do we fill her cup and gladly meet her lips, and her gaze, should we find luck enough to know them. So do we shed ourselves for her, and hope only that she is pleased in holding and forgetting—so do we offer ourselves naked and trembling, stretched open before eternity as lovers and fools...each moment as a swollen pearl to burst upon her lips.
9. Better to risk being refused than to ask. Life is best served without reservations.
10. It is in the common place that one must look for the reasons which underlie human events and attitudes. That which has become ordinary is unobserved. What was once counted on for a reason, is now unnoticed, and so, conceals a very old secret.
11. Someone who proclaims how little they care for praise, has either had far too little or far too much of the same.
12. One who over-values praise is a spittoon who hopes to make your mouth water.

13. Ah...how clear and bright are the waters of my happiness, the brook of light which spreads its shining arms around all silent things until they are coaxed to whisper their secret, and reveal their music. No longer bashful, eternity knows we are alone, and spreads the cloth of singing silence upon my shining world, for she knows, I will forget or be forgotten, and cares little which, only that I listen to the shining waters of her happiness, as she bubbles and whispers her joyous longing, her vanishing bashful boast, and shares the chill colors of her bright glowing happiness, as a warm and subtle ghost, purring, bubbling in my ear, wrapping herself around my laughing soul—for a moment, aware, glad and knowing, caught in the folds, of eternity's hidden secret.

It is the present and future which find voice, substance and form, a careless whisper held in Eternity's covetous solitude.

14. To console the prattling conscience: "A moment stolen from the present will never be missed."

15. To know one's self is to know the real reasons we worry, and to become the truth the worry hides. To know yourself is to be past worry.

16. The profound lies concealed in the ordinary.

17. Trust yourself and you might do anything—such is our highest hope, and our lowest fear.

18. Pity is the most unflattering and egoistic emotion, and hence, the most seductive. This is how she has coaxed history to name her Virtue, rather than Vice.

19. Nothing is so satisfying as being strong enough to pity another.

20. We help those we love; we laugh at those who refuse help; we pity those undeserving of help.

21. Pity is the highest insult, and the lowest pleasure.

22. There is nothing so painful as that which was dearest, once it has slipped between our fingers.

23. Happiness which eludes, becomes pain.

24. Once disappointed, happiness is forever bruised.

25. Where rage and impotence meet, humor hides.

26. When we can not hate, or love aloud—we tease.

27. What of evil can not be heard...humor feigns jest.

28. Humor knows: "clever" is cruelty concealed...but not too well.
- 29.
- a. We often speak and hear, in the arrogance of solipsism. One tells a story to please and flatter one's self, and another hears it about himself, and imagines a veiled reproach aimed at his conduct.
 - b. It is the most clever method of insult to leave the task to the hearer, and never to reproach another to instruct, but instead, to reproach one's self.
30. It is easiest to appear kind and keep a friend at a distance with wit and indirect conversation. It is hardest to brave the storm and risk being understood.
31. Most conversation is guided by what we wish to avoid.
32. A topic chosen for thought or conversation is selected for what it is not.
33. We observe ourselves only when it is safe to look.
34. It is the highest form of courtesy to be selectively absentminded, and never to listen too well.
35. The only thing more obtrusive than good advice, is repeating it after the fact.
36. We despise he who is right, and despise most, he who is right, and knows it.
37. "I do not care to be right—only that you may cease justifying your error with yet another."
38. What we will not see, we will not change. What we will not change, becomes us—let us be sure we look the better for it.
39. What is prideful and unwise may yet and still be what is healthiest for the soul—our unsightly virtue.
40. "I would be a liar not to indulge myself."—such is the glad hunger of true friendship.
41. Courtesy insults life.
42. When we are still and listen, when we care enough to hear and take pause, we come closest to understanding, nearest to the nuance of true meaning, and closer still, to the casual truth of mortal insult.

43. When we approach someone nearly enough to appreciate, we are also close enough to refuse, and so, are in the most tender spot of all—this is the place where true friendship lives.

44. Here in this meadow spun of Evening's thread and moon-drops suspended in dew and frost, where the most bashful and brash mists and scents of heaven stir together, sumptuous, unnoticed and unseen...and all the sweeter for it—this is the meadow of our tender forgetting: Time's present.

45. Of amber days and evening light poured into dusk's ample cup of purple black, so does our sky answer us in forgetfulness which is pure, and does not yet know—so do the old, imagine youth.

46. We pity that which we may not despise.

47. The psychologist is a burglar of the soul: "Let us creep into our night and see what has been stolen."

48. Behaviorism is psychology, without psychology. Their motto: "We only acknowledge appearances." As a result, they may hide every human ugliness, cruelty and falsehood in their nature, and exercise them on others, while remaining safe from their own observation.

49. Behaviorist "insight"— When someone ill is exposed to what they find, as a result of their sickness to be most painful and intolerable, if you persist, they will surrender—or— "If I hurt you enough, you will let me." Behaviorists are sadists without insight enough to notice.

50. When a behaviorist stops short of finding the underlying causes, it is because they will discover, they themselves behave this way for a reason: Pleasure.

51. That which is unseen, is unchallenged, and so, is most enduring.

52. What is hidden is timeless.

53. To ignore, is to preserve.

54. That which is hidden is never realized, and so, always apparent.

55. We are defined by what we refuse...the rest is an accident of appearance.

56. We collect what we are, after deciding what we are not.

57. Self identity is a blind reversal—we choose what we are, to conceal what we wish we weren't.

58. It is the tender heart, which is the birthplace of hate.
59. That which is concealed stains time.
60. Virtue? Kindness often feigns respect to conceal cowardice. Silence: the golden lie—the unseen, unspoken currency—of fear.
61. The human soul is a shadow most vile, which becomes beautiful in discovering the fact.
62. The writer is hopeful and hopeless, arrogant as starlight. He knows his infinite sun will soon again be swallowed in blackness, reduced from its white boiling fury to a frozen pin prick in a black fist, a tiny puncture of light which might travel, endlessly speeding through, puncturing the darkness of Time's dense eternity, long after he is gone, this light from which the dead had long ago parted, might first find your eye.
63. A dew drop drinks in Morning's sultry breath, until it grows fat, heavy and ripe, round and full enough for the earth to draw its hunger upward, and pluck its sweetness to earth. So might our longing, pluck loose the promise of our days.
64. Knowledge is the result of passion fruitfully applied, but is often itself poisonous or inedible. Wisdom is knowledge made fruitful.
65. The knowing have the facts, but the wise know what to do with them.
66. A knowledgeable man possesses the facts. A wise man understands their meaning.
67. "If I understood myself, I would no longer believe me." Hubris has found strength lies in ignorance.
68. "I defend myself from the sight of myself, and believe." Ego defense is unsightly.
69. An all-consuming culture: The American ethos is an opportunistic infection—the sort of "culture" which grows anywhere and consumes its host.
70. A mold of human character: American culture is worth incubated in the damp furnace of greed, and although it grows quickly, as mold, it is utterly without value.
71. Greed believes money is worth, and so, has no value.
72. Greed is valueless.
73. We are a full hand which grasps an imagining, the voice we hear in time's vacuum.
74. The immorality of justice—What is moral and what is just are often at odds.

75. To punish is just pleasure.
76. To mistake profit for value is to be at a loss.
77. "I follow no one." All leaders know one smarter than the rest.
78. To believe in yourself is to follow no one.
79. Who else do you really know? No one, knows one better.
80. An immoral admission: Punishment is just—I am a just man—Fear me!
81. "I am just a man." Have any more dangerous words ever been spoken?
82.
 - a. When we understand our hope, we name it purpose.
 - b. Sometimes, to name a lie, is to find a true road.
 - c. Hope lies in purpose.
83. To need other people is to create the world—a hollow cruel facade, a disappointment and an empty thing. To create yourself, is to discover the world has become beautiful, a voluptuous accident which follows after you, a secondary aftereffect which seeks your attention, a beautiful irrelevance—like other people.
84. To believe in yourself is to create the universe, to doubt yourself is to impoverish the world.
85. Only the excellent are worthy of belief. Confidence begets excellence, after words.
86. Philosophy without psychology is an intricate and beautiful home with no foundation and crooked floors.
87. The best philosophy is psychology which remains beautiful, and so, only lies a little.
88. The best psychology is an insult with beautiful results.
89. Great systems of philosophical thought are monstrous contradictions waiting to unravel—lurid contraptions masquerading as simplicity. Great philosophical thinking is a simple method, a flexible tool for unraveling each various truth. One becomes ever more complex to encompass the world, the other, cleaves the world's complexities into their simple constituents.
90. One who synthesizes many philosophies into one, compromises them all. A good idea, is an act of creation, not of compromise. Truth is a mother, not a bastard.

91. Even the most lowly fisherman is blessed, his world a simple perfection amongst setting sun, now painted and pure, anointed, returning to a familiar shore, he slowly dips his ore into a pool of golden light.

92. From the break we may yet know an end: To find the wound has struck the man dead, and left in his place, a child most becoming.

93. I Will Not

Struggle is complexity
A convolution hungry for ending
And in defeat—simplicity wakes
A pause which enfolds all splintered things
Truth is a broken knot.

94. To peer out from the cave of humanity and cast our vision into the world: to dream the world awake with new eyes: to discover that it is we who have been dreamt, the dreamer gladly spilt into form amongst his imaginings.

95. It is a man's conscience which bleeds fear into his ear at the thought of our unknown. Death is a question unknowable, and as an ink blot, we see but our self reflected, accepted and rejected, in its hidden folds.

96. The most potent soul refuses nothing, and in the taste of even blood, finds seduction. Beauty is but a wound strength might gladly suffer. Who else is able?

97. Life requires risk...if she survives.

98. Domination is but a manifestation of impotence. Who but one refused could be seduced by this ugliness?

99. The abyss is that foolish cleft where we have refused the fact of our happiness.

100. It is we who dream our Gods awake...at last!...reason to believe my prayers will be answered! I have heard them!

101. The sun is setting, the day now over mellow, as honey drips from the spoon, slowly yielding her heart of sweet longing into the next...and so evening will swallow the day, cool her and hold her in silence...until the first drops of new heat spill up from the lost soul of knowing, and kiss the next memory awake. Good night, my friend.

102. Trust rises upon a cloud, her steps too subtle to pierce, as light held in silence, she might tread even upon the heavens themselves, un-betrayed.

103. Mankind is hope itself, a signpost to avoid, an error most proud, a starting place and an anti-example—indication of what is to be overcome.

104. Limits are for those who believe them.