

ON HAND HELD HEARTS, GENERALLY. CONTAINING AS MUCH INFORMATION AS NECESSARY TO ACQUAINT OUR READER WITH THE BEGINNING OF THIS HISTORY.

Irrational Exuberance as Roulette; or, The Origins of the Modern Casino, Whereby Our Hero, a Lonely Shepherd of Common Lineage, But Uncommon Valor (By Birth an Itinerant Vagabond of The Nomadic Big Top Spectacle; By Disposition, and IRL, A Lord of Misrule Given to Quixotic Jousting With the Plate Tectonics of His Own Conflicted Soul), Accrues by Games of Chance the Necessary Social Capital to Parlay His Lucid Dream of a Hand Held Heart Offered Prayerfully to the People, A Highly Orchestrated Convocation of the Deepest Yearning, In Which Aggression is Held in Abeyance, Illumination in Ascendance, and The Joyful Noise of Inspiration Serves to Enfranchise the Audience, Designating a Territory of Shared Values, A Gentle Tug of War Between Object and Viewer That Sparks – When The Feng Shui of the Joint Is Seriously Humming – an Emotional Ripple Effect Ending in Blissful, Mutual Surrender.

HIGH-FREQUENCY TRADING, OR SLINGING ROCK WHILE IT'S RAINING, WE'RE ALL JUST HUSTLING SUNLIGHT WITH THE RAPTURE INDEX WANING.

A Very Surprising Adventure Indeed, Containing the True and Only Account of Our Hero's Quest to Gather the Available Flows and Atmospheres and Generalized Ambiences Swirling Within the Hot Winds of the Contemporary Mistmare, and – In an Act of Ritual Transubstantiation Both Symbolic and Sublime – Gently Corral The Smoky Tendrils of This Sentient Murmuring (its Shapeless Spectrum of Dilating Frequencies) into a Scrappy, Ragamuffin Chorus of Chant Stigmata, A Command Performance of Processional Formations Whose Weeping Plainsong Bore Witness to the Resiliency of

Everyday People And Their Remarkable Tendency to Bend But Not Break in the Age of The Shock Doctrine and the No-Knock S.W.A.T. (A Sage Reminder, If One Was Needed, That the Lowest Common Denominator is Often the Highest Form of Consciousness), the Very Poignancy of This Hard-Bitten Example of Grace Under Pressure, Making – It Should Hardly Surprise Our Perceptive Reader – the Lonely Shepherd’s Provisional Platform of Well-Crafted Public Solitude In a Shrill Potency of Hues, Truly Float and Go.

**THE TAO OF POOH, OR “GHOST BEAR: THE WAY OF THE
PEACEFUL SAMURAI TEDDY RUXPIN”**

A Poetic Flight of Fancy Masquerading as an Aside, Delivered Freestyle and With Much Linguistic Brio and Exclamatory Excess, Revealing (In the Deeply Colloquial, Hyper-Specific and Generously Confiding Rhythms of the Street), Our Hero’s Abiding Compulsion – pace Dickinson – “To Tell All the Truth But Tell It Slant,” With Much Matter to Exercise The Reader’s Judgment and Reflection As To The Theoretical Underpinnings of This Enterprise, The Nature of the Audience, The What and When of His Thematics, and Some Understandable Anxiety As to His Designated Role as Conduit, Medium, Catalyst, and Would-Be Muse Befitting a Sprawling Magnet for Glorious Human Assembly Such As This, Whereby the Chant Stigmata – That Loose Tribe of Suppurating Wounds With No Evident Blood-Ties Nor Geographic Affiliations, Must Necessarily Hide in Plain Sight With Naught But Their Perfect Pitch, A Mandate to Hit Their Marks, and A Healthy Respect For The Intricate Flutter of Precedents that Gave Rise To Their Siren Song, A Peculiar Frequency of Longing Whose Urgent, Tugging, 24/7 Tether, Will Come To Be Known In The Logic of Folkloric Rumor, as “The Roar in the

BLACK SWAN SAFARI IN THE TELLURIAN OMEGA

I'm Done With King Lear's and Their Endless Entourage of Sightless Seers

When the Levee Broke, Didn't Nobody Stop Using My Tears

Streaming, and No Media For the Omnivorous Prosumer Who Can't Be Sated

In a Million Years These Vectors of Contagion, Chernobyl Belated

The Spirit World When Black Elk Speaks?

On Peyote Vacation as The Bodies Began to Reek

One Nation Who Fled the Reservation,

Bored With Plenitude, Collateralized Debt Obligation

How You Figure "Post" in the PTSD? The Trauma Looks Continuous To Me

Deprived, 24/7 Injury of Sleep, Google, the Syndicate Wipe-Out List With a Subtle Fist

Or Limp Wrist, I Can't Remember, Short-Term Amnesiac on the Ambien;

Exfoliated Surfaces and Particulate Debris,

But the Blackmail of Bourgeois Realism Looks Like A Bouncy Castle to Me

Entropy is Clever Juju in the World of Fatal Thresholds and Telematic Milieus

You Think Cocking the Wigger Trigger Makes You Look Tough?

To Us Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When The Rainbow Is Enough

That Hard Nigga Dreamcoat of Yours, a Technicolor Shangri-La?

Radio Goo-Goo, Baby Boy, Radio Ga-Ga

A Tuba Tied Round Like an Ouroboros, Horn-a-Plenty, Mute,
Admiring Its Last Meal, Wondering Aloud About the Lyric Chorus,
He Never Bore Us
Mile High, Trickster In The Rye, Desolation Angel Without Wings,
Puffed Out Cheeks Like Dizzy Getting Ready to Blow Bebop Wagner Rings
Cycles of Life, Baby, In The Everlasting Don Kingdom,
No Mas to Inebriated Punch-Drunk Wisdom
The Rumble in the Jungle, The Brawl in Montreal,
But The Pugilist at Rest Is the Best That I Can Do
This Business of Fancydancing As Fast As We Can With Feathered Headdresses
I Know They're Not Real Tresses, Best Guess Is To Transvest It
Diversify Your Portfolio, Invest in Racial Peek-a-Boo, I See Right Through You
Quo Vadis? Got Us Static, Lost and a Bit Erratic,
a Storm-Tossed Buoy To Crash My Raft On
Clipper Ships and Inner Tubes On The Middle Passage
The Stations Of My Cross to Bear, Hood-Rich, Vernacular, Don't Stare
At The Junkyard Dog Who Makes Scarecrows in Twisted Contrapposto
Autistic and Solipsistic, Bricolage Electric Boogaloos With Too Much Wattage
The Radiant Child Equation: Style Plus Alienation Divided By Eros Equals Kaching!

The Roshis Were Right, It's All Monkey Mind,

Occupy the Hate, Blame the Other Empire State

I Got 99 Problems and Now I'm the Bitch,

The 1% of Me With The Energy to Think About Petro-Politics

Has Nothing Left for Mecca-nomics and the Jihad of Apostolics

Striking a Pose of Contemptuous Certainty Masking Their Unease,

A Guerrilla Resistance Getting Funded by the Necrostocracy

Was That an IED That Just Tore Through My Humvee Like It Was Crocheted Out of
Lace?

No Legs, Amputated, All the Better To See My Mestizo Face

Mexterminator in the Border War For Gringostroika, a Couple in a Cage

A Warlock and His Mage, Living Fossils In an Ethnographic Display of Rage

For the Inscrutable Oriental Pigeonholed as a Model Minority, Transcendental

Cannibalizing My Ensemble of Resemblances,

the Adjacent Complacent Failure in the Master

Narrative Taxonomy as Augury, The Rhizomatic Branch of the Giving Tree that I Smoke

A Tributary, Spelunked Secret Tunnel of Inputs and Outputs and Sockets and
Peripherals,

An Extension Cord That Lets Me Plug Into the Motherboard Pointing Toward True
North

Well, True For You and the United Caucasians Lost Among the Asiatic Blazians

But I'm Still That Raisin Transgressing the Notion of What's Appropriate,

In a Good Cause,

Thus Enlarging The Scope Of What's Permissible, What's NOT Dismissible

Is My Intelligent Pattern Recognition for Well-Oiled Prestige Machines,

Tyrannized and Tantalizing, The Lasso and the Leash, A Bhurka at the Beach

Live and Direct From the Sunday Morning Easy, Big as Life, City of Strife I Offer You

A Benediction or Beatdown, Depending

On Whether You See Me As Rouged Clown or Kabuki Mime For the End Time,

Insult To the Cargo Cult of Personality,

Minstrelsy of the Pop Culture Variety Continues to Afflict Me

For Example: Lando Calrissian Was a Fair Weather Friend to Han Solo and His Wookie

Does That Make Me the Death Star As Oreo Cookie?

Al Jolson the Favorite Son, The Sum of Pluribus in Unum,

When I Grave Rob The Burial Grounds in My Bison Buckskin Chaps

Is There an App For That?

Theaters of Dominance and Submission, the Mission, Should You Choose To Accept It

Is to Crawl Out From Under Your Laptop and Stop Hiding Behind Relational,

Post-Studio

Get Rich and Die Buying, Incarcerated and Yet Still I'm Trying

To Figure Out This Omnivore's Dilemma,

Three Hots and a Cot Down on the Farm Where I'm Staying,

Organic? Monsanto Ain't Saying

I Finally Have Time To Catch Up On All My Reading, Ha! Gallows Humor, Stop Playin'

Eustressed Me Out When You Placed that Eucharist on My Prostrated Tongue,

A Slaving Leviathan Dreaming of Escape, My Soul on Ice From Petty Vice

Like a Magnum of Crystal In Da Club With No Bottle Service, of Course I'm Nervous!

Training For My First Alcatraz Triathlon With No Endorsements, No Sponsor,

Dig Dash Dive Gathering Distance to Restore My Honor, Not to Mention Dignity

To Elude the Lighthouse Beam Sweeping 'Round Like Bentham's Panopticon,

Circumnavigating The Warden's Plush Corner Office As He Prorates My Sins With Glee,

Excusing With Bureaucratic Flourish, My Debt to Pleasure's Ledger,

Please Sir Parole Me!

Bugged Out Trance Dimensions the Results of My Solar Responsive Behaviors

Disorders, In Lieu of Infrared Goggles,

Monarchs, King of Kings, Butterfly, Feel My Sting

Chalkboard Palimpsests Suggesting My Erasure From History

Again? Seriously? Deleted By Modernity?

How Can a Language Built on Ones and Zeros Have Gone So Wrong?

21st Century Gong Show, Just Saying

Am I Getting Warm? Marco . . . Pooolllooo, YOLO, How will I know?

Magic, Right? The Distraction Before You Saw the Woman in Half,

Make the Elephant Disappear From the Room.

“NOTES FOR NOW . . .”

GHOSTBUSTING THE POLTERZEITGEIST / WHO YA’ GONNA CALL?

A Slim Digest Attached, So As Not To Further Tax the Patience of Our Good Natured Reader, Voiced In the Curious Esperanto that Clings to Our Hero’s Trade, Retailing, Among Many Common Matters, the Various Manifestations of Eloquence Flush With Innuendo that Lie Dormant in the Notional Platform’s Bubble of Pregnant Silence, (The Flexing of Its Bona Fides in Sotto Voce Matter of Factness and Insouciant Understatement, Thus Killing Them Softly), Up To and Including: Calculated Uncertainty, Conscious Incompleteness, and Strategic Ellipsis, (A Kind of Curatorial Semantic Jiu-Jitsu, Acknowledging the Cosmic Sweep of Time, And Thus Our Limited Significance in The Grand Scheme of Things, The Sound and Fury Signifying Nothing Part), So As Not to Be Seen in the Unflattering, Overly Presumptuous Position of Promising An Encyclopedic “End All, Be All” Show-of-Shows, or Three-Ring Circus in the Coarse Manner of Hucksters, Revivalist Preachers, Carnival Barkers and Charlatans of Yore, Hence Nimble Setting Himself Apart From Their Relentless Ideological Proselytizing (And Fundamentalist Insistence on the One True Path or Next New Thing)

to Better Focus the Audience's Concentration on the Chant Stigmata's Collective
Hymnal, Allowing it to Speak for Itself, As it Were.

And to Those Who Rightfully May, and to Those Who May Not, Write Such a History As
This, A Cautionary Warning About Calendrical Mirages of All Kinds in The Perpetual
Dawn of Our Zen Then, and a Knotty Point in the Global Court of Conscience Indeed,
Regarding Pluralism, Its Very Protean Nature and Multifarious Forms of All Kinds in a
Persistent State of Flux, and of Things Writ in Stone and Things Writ in Sand, With
Accompanying Mood Music Hinting Toward The Greater Later and – One Hopes –
Tilting the Karmic Needle Back To Black.

“ . . . Just Thinking About Tomorrow as I Step Into the Melanin Plaid Mystic / Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost a Pantone Mosaic Rendered as Triptych / Pretty Damn Quick I'll Be
Betting That Bottom Dollar/ A Tomorrow on Borrowed Credit, Western Union, Gotta
Get It, Holla! / Modesty Dictates the Circumspection of Unfinished History / A Partial
Snapshot Wunderkammer of Fleeting Contemporaneity / We Don't Need Another Creole
Ode to the Napoleonic Code, Opaque, an Imperial Language in a Broken String of
Algorithmic Code / My Angle of Repose is Necessarily Rickety, Neo-Primitive Exoticism
Hidden in a Skeleton Closet of Isometric Eroticism, Outed / Bain de Soleil Tans in the
Land of Reclining Odalisques, Uncle Toms Peeping, Caught You! Tsk, Tsk / Lickety Split,
Roasted on a Hot Spit, Sedimentary Layers of Accumulation a Luau of Linearity / Lava
Flows of Homogenous Disruption / Density Destinies for the Center that Cannot Hold,
Silence Drenched, Pompeii Post-Eruption / A Parade of Quel Horreurs for the Alienated
Voyeur in the Heart of Data's Darkness / Information as Chronic Astonishment, Deus Ex
Machina Medusas to Zeus 'Ya / Wild Style Glare of the Gorgon Stare, Bubble Letters
Spelling “Curare” (In Italian, That Means “To Care”) / Will The Sun Come Out

Tomorrow? That's the Forecast: Blue Skies, Calm Breeze, Open Road, Only a Day Away,
At Last. . .”

Plus, A Few Telling Remarks, In Lieu of Excessive Gaseousness, Revealing Our Hero's
Stance Vis-a-Vis the Preservation of Memory, Immanence, and The Eternal Recurrence
of the Personal and Political as an Epiphanic Disturbance Par Excellence, to Counter – If
Not Entirely Cancel Out – the Mass Synchronization of Prime Time Consciousness, the
Scalar Dilemma of its American Idolatry, and Other Abject States of Compliance and
Compulsory Self-Interestedness, Narrowcasted and Self-Selected to the Paper Thin.

EQUUS

“RETURN OF THE MACK OR THE BLACK STALLION RETURNS?

GET GRATEFUL FOR THE THOROUGHBRED,

HE'S GOT MAJESTY TO BURN”

You like horses? I mean did you ever? Well I like horses. And if I was one, well . . . the
kind of horses I do like are the really sensitive jittery ones that are doing all kinds of
somersaults in the gates – just spinning around, rearing up and freaking all the other
horses out. I like majestic horses as much as the next guy – Man o' War, Secretariat –
those horses just stood stock-still and scared all the other horses away. Seriously, if given
half the chance, the other horses woulda run home rather than cross the finish line that's
how fierce those horses were.

But the sensitive horses you can't even use the stick on them – that won't work ever.
When the gates open sometimes they just stand there and forget there's a race going on.
Then they're like, “Oh yeah, I see some creatures up ahead, who fill me with a kind of
wonderment. In particular, it is their fine musculature and the silky sheen of their coat.”

They might be 10 yards outside the gate and it's 15 seconds into the race, which is an eternity in horse racing time. Snorting and pawing and self-admiring and generally making like James Lipton on the Actors Studio doing the Macarena if James Lipton was a three year old at Aqueduct. But the sensitive horse, despite his flamboyant tendencies and adoring self-regard, tends to scrutinize things; he's what you'd call a parser. He looks up ahead again: "Those ain't creatures, those are mere sprites. At any rate, their presence is unknowable. Giddyup!"

Guess who won that race? (Hint: It wasn't Seabiscuit.)

That horse started last but finished first. He required a lot of maintenance, but don't most fine things? In fact, there was never any race in his mind, just a question of mind over matter. It did take quite a long time to rev his engines but when he eventually flexed his plumage it was a beautiful thing to behold – part levitation, part teleportation. He was never in competition with anyone else, not even himself, and hence never had an ill word for anyone around him. Additionally, he didn't seem to be expending an effort to vainly express true joy – joy-wise – he was the thing in itself. Finally, the whole enterprise smacked of true narcissism and yet the gift to all was plainly one of pure humility. It was a riddle.

I've been thinking a lot about it though, lately, and I think I have an answer. You see, irony is my friend and brother. "To know true things by what their mockeries be." There's only one subject for fiction or poetry or even a joke: how it is. In all the arts, the payoff is always the same: recognition. If it works, you say that's real, that's truth, that's life, that's the way things are. "There it is."

That's why I told you the story about the horse. You know you're the horse, right? All coiled energy and not even knowing what's all in there. Pure spirit but best to dislodge it

with the finest tortoiseshell brushes. It is an inarguable principle put forth by none other than Einstein himself which suggests that you should slow down lest the other horses appear to be going backward, light, when traveling, having the tendency to cause ripples in the space-time fabric.

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