

White Rabbit

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Spitball.

### **1. Analyse this passage:**

There;s this web of things, and in the web in between the web there are these stretching silvery binary lines. All taut. The perspective is deceptive. We're looking closely right now. Pull your mind inwards and inwards the form replicates, point to point, nexus to nexus, sprawling. The more you peel back the web itself shrinks into its own nexus, a consummate universe, ostensibly compacted, and there gauzily suspended by so many others/ further and further/and infinitely, infinitely divisibly, infinitely expanding

**When you try to envision it more clearly, the**

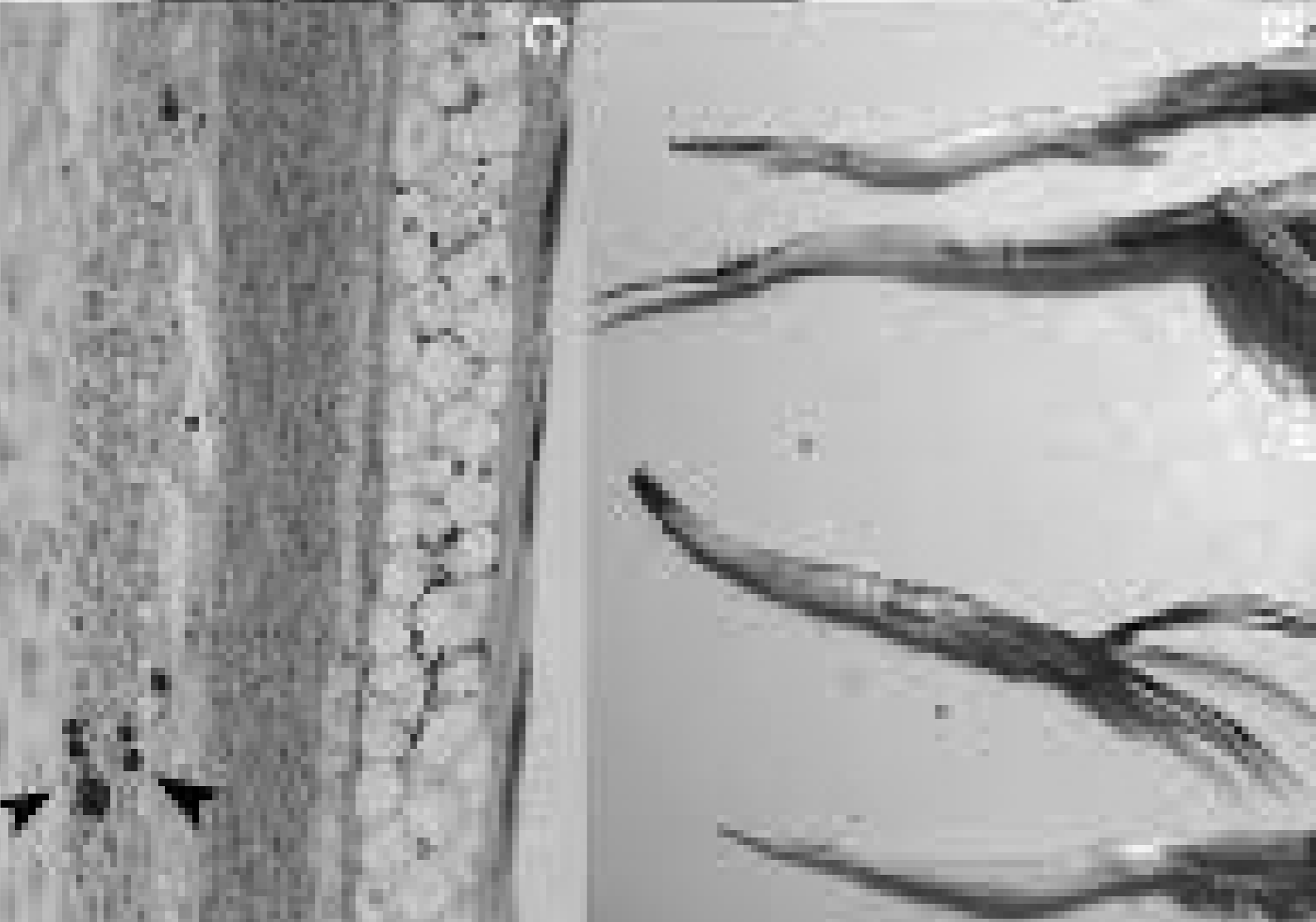
%% The speaker begins by introducing a metaphor. There is a chaos at hand. The speaker is imagining looking at a web from a close distance, and states that when the perspective, either mentally or physically, manners which seem to correspond, shifts even closer, the image becomes more complex. The profundity of this web, for the speaker, is a matter of anxiety and joy. The speaker feels burdened by her web. She believes the web to exist outside of herself, outside of reality, but also that it is itself reality. The web, for the speaker, is as close to God as she's let herself. The web is a mode of understanding. And seeing. The web, as a noun, though sound, as much as is possible, with regards its structural indication, is too natural. What's pressing is that the web is the most natural thing, Edenic, truthfully; the underfoot of everything material, immaterial, no matter, all of it. But for those concerned with language, it's too familiar. There needs a new word. %%

### **2. Cosmogonies**

"In the beginning there wasn't anything" OR "In the beginning there was a nothing"

### **3. A raven, up close**

Right inside theres these fibrous laps seaming together. Not birthing out of the sediment but encased in the skin-fat suspended. More landscape than animal from here, the rifts turning over each other, tight, opaque. The silt is alive and throbbing. Inside of itself the bird plunges into its silt and plucks the embryonic clay and holds it in the hollow of its beak.



There is a birth occurring in the background. Heaving, stepping, rolling. The textures are mostly viscous. Against fur there's jelly. Out of the fluid the web uncollapses itself, springing apart like a pop-up tent. The mummy horse lies on her side, breathing



Only just yesterday, a neglected child visited a fortune-teller. The child liked perfumes.

Fashions Shifted.

The child angered an archetype. The archetype also liked perfumes because everything lacked vitality.

While their storms were brewing, the most valuable player found solace in a jar. The most valuable player denied the truth.

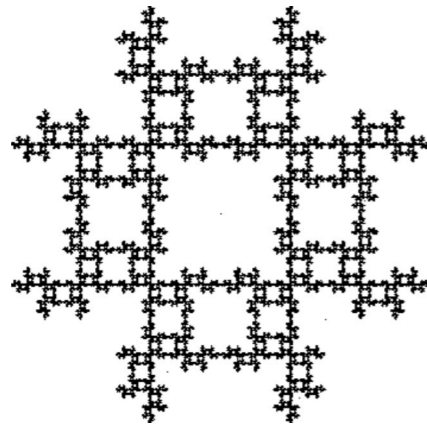
Tempers simmered.



*Monolith*

**I invented a religion in my dreams. Woke up with my eyes closed. It was Mongolian, Uzbek, Siberian, something at the border of Russia and Asia. Old gods and rituals around fermented food. A child scornful of me, here a distant cousin and not myself, for not understanding the resonances and rules of the ceremony.**

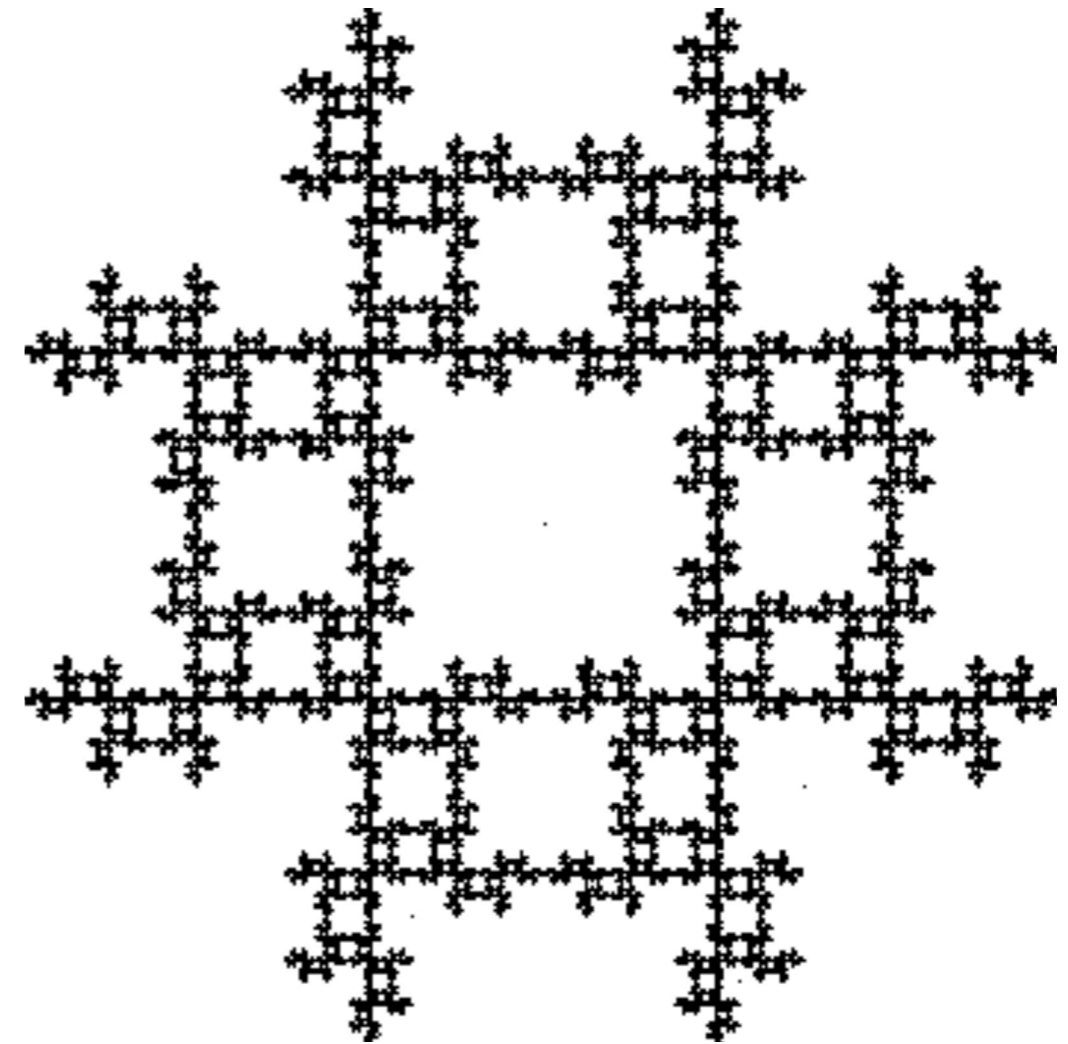
Get a sense of whether you are biting the hand that feeds you. Take care lest you damage your right relationship to the Great Mystery.



sweat

**\*\*sweat\*\***; (von Mensch auch) perspiration; (Hunt) blood.

The German word Schweiß is a masculine, uncountable noun that can mean weat, perspiration, or moisture lost when perspiring. For example, "Sie brach vor Angst in Schweiß aus" translates to "She was so afraid, she broke out in a sweat".



A hand emerging from clouds holds the lotus stems which rise from the central lower cup.

With the exception of the central lower cup, each cup is overhung by a drooping lotus flower, but no water flows from them and the cups appear empty. Venus in Scorpio, Angels

Melchel and Chahaviah.

REVERSED: Desire.

Lust. Vanity. Wrath.

Remove the deadening flatness

Reawaken to Play

I am an overripe peach  
fleshy fragile hard pit in my centre



Libretto Butterfly

Wir sink in seeing her that

Do we sink if she

Outbreaths speaks fast causes a quiet ringing

The girl swells in her promiscuity

Elegantly the table is brought out

As the freed man sways holds still the

night swings back and forth where your grin widens

All of us who whimper you and I

Except that buzzchatter within the circumference

Are outside of our silks and stiff points

Is that slumping music belonging to us

Do you twist slumping into my grasp

Oh sweet rumours



Another dream.

\*Index: horseback, impoverished, tribe, mythical, sect, infighting, bison, shrouded, stab, travelling, begged, scraps, beautiful, moved, warrior, submitted, slice, flowing, luckily, lying\*

Nomadic female warrior tribes,

on horseback, but not horseback, these mythical things so beautiful.

Go back focusing in another, younger version you younger version

infighting in the bathroom I was lying in the trees

shrouded in these like beautiful

scraps of clothing and

flowing and

mythical Bison, and

then going inside into living space, expecting it to be just as grand, and it was impoverished.

People were trying to kill me, the women stab me,

slice my fingers up specifically,

ultimately run

to catch up with a sect of the tribe that were travelling by horseback

and begged them to take me with

, fighting.

And they were luckily submitted.

We moved through the planes,

animals and.

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