

ONT vol 5

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i. for Shakespeare's **Richard the Third**

i hunch before you, harry your periphery.

my bad skin, my very appearing is obscene, yet -

a Theory accrues in your whisperings, that i've **come**
here. i **intrude** into your Polity, yet from *where*?

and why do i smile?

i fascinate you as a mangled corpse would - you
thought of it naked, i know you.

as a serpent would, waving in his kill-trance over you.

your ladies of the court cannot agree, is he *ugly*?

i compell you as an uncanny android would, as a
cryptic monster, bald & malformed would.

your rumours & your hot suspicious glances, they
adorn me & your punishments exalt me.

i'm the darkling at the village edge, and all the
village girls agree, i'm *interesting*.

ii. the truth is i pass over so many words

dun is brown-grey. a brown so bland it feels like grey. a synonym for **beige**, where beige means **forgettable**.

the truth is i pass over so many words, i do not love them. i see this word **vestibule** but will not look it up. i swipe thru my biography of Emma Jung & will not get up.

it's some kind of alcove, a small internal architecture.

gavagai, gavagai: is **spavine** the wear or the sag? is **bevel** the angle, or carven line that runs the edge?

louvers let in light & air. **louvers** keep out rain & glare.

the truth is i pass over so many words, i do not love them. i fear new words, find **mandibles** and **scapulae** strewn thru the shrublands.

your **yurt** you've partitioned with a long, blonde butcher's apron. a hard-cured sheepskin. smeared in years of candlemog, and herder's greasy hands.

gavagai, among your tribe, means **undetached rabbit parts**. the **bits** in **rabbits** show your fiendish intent.

iii. the boori nazar / nadhar

the **boori nazar** / **nadhar** in Arabia. the **pehri nazar** in Punjab.

in Sanskrit, **drishti**, & gypsies all warn of the **deochi**.

an eye-like spot, as on wings of a deathmoth.

emblem on our airplane wings, in kilim patterns.

a trans-Caucasian psychic datum, a common fixation.

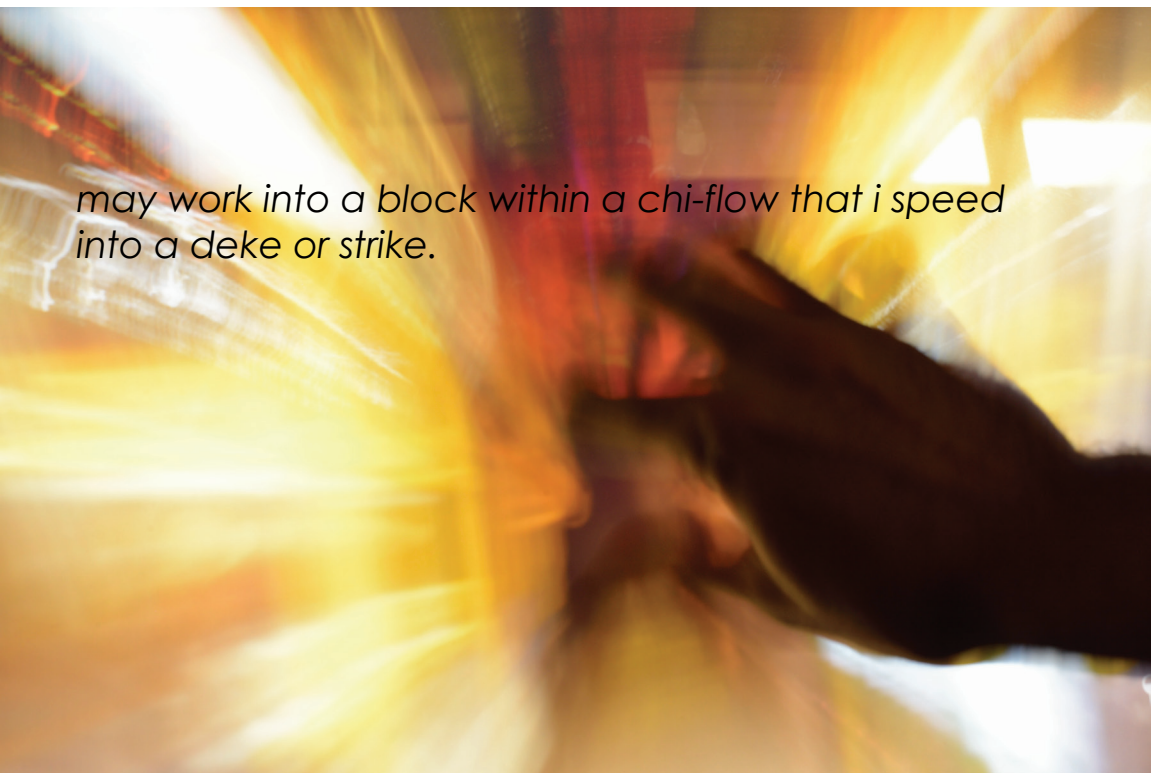
iv. i've awe for jihaad

call it extreme but wahaabi madrassas make serious young men.

in our age of tweetbombs, i've awe for jhaad.



any dsana may densify for war,



*may work into a block within a chi-flow that i speed
into a deke or strike.*

it's not that i'd win, but you'd learn, mid-fight, that i'm just not into winning, or life.

i'd show my dead indifference so am *better* than your win, a bit.

v. short review: **Hail, Caesar!**

it's just as Mannix promised: a tasteful depiction of the Deity. the four holy fathers are impressed.

DIVINE PRESENCE TO BE SHOT

by eyeline match, these words are high, they overhang the dusty highway.

a title-card is hyper-real, akin to the score, ontologically.

title card is center calm in a storm that Paul of Tarsus squints thru.

title-card replies to Paul's demand, **who's there:** the Maker of the Drama speaks.

Paul & God are dispartes colliding. Paul is small, is humble now. he walks into his martyrdom, smiling. there's something that he's getting now, constantly.

vi. a minute of Nothing, gone from YouTube

my notes are from a version now erased.

it opened with a dark & silent minute: no dancing scratch of light nor phonograph crackle. a pristine digital void untill the Modernist-gamelan score came on, with the logo-screen.

a minute of Nothing, gone from YouTube.

i thought it was an auteur's own audacity. it may have been an upload glitch, ammended since.

vii. we were rivalrous friends, again

we went down-river & were rivalrous friends, again.

my ringtone was a raga riff he phased into a monotone, Tonic in some subtle Mode he wove a low motif from, w/ quarter-inch turns of the pitch-knob.

viii. my bardo pdf

my research is easy & local. to prep for death, i skim thru the top downloadable pdf. get high & sip wine, briefly mind-blown.

i've stayed in school by working over some minimum i hesitate to state.

i once could read philosophic German: slow & imperfect, with an English-German dictionary. my German now is barely phonetic, is not even comedy.

in winter youthcamps, i knew Gurbani but only know the swearwords in punjabi, now.

i could've used my boyhood room for working thru my custom prānāyāmas. anxious i'd be heard into the hall as masturbating, i masturbated, quietly.

today were you to catch me in the re-distribution of personal energy, find me in my self-absorbed intensity, i'd go silly. i keep the vibe jokey just in case. i putter thru my day, i mutter my soliloquey. with every slumping trip out to shed, with my showings in the yard in my bathrobe, the neighbours won't suppose that i'm deep inside, meditating.

ix. within i'm a weak old mandarin

within i'm a weak old mandarin, full of regrets.

four years back, i vowed i'd watch **Earthlings** if i ever went complascent & easy.

i'd be a different man, complascent & easy - so i'd not be bound by that younger man's vow.