

**nu-age**

**Ecumenical Dialogues on flesh-Time**

hot



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Excerpt from a conversation between @bkltr1 and @ecumenical

:: January 6, 2020

I was thinking about yoga sequence diagram, that is kinda like a tangled thread, which straightens out into a lotus flower pose.

And this is a vector of voyager trajectory, which leaves the solar system.

And there is a message inside

Voyager Golden Record

What “we” want to tell “them”, so they “understand”

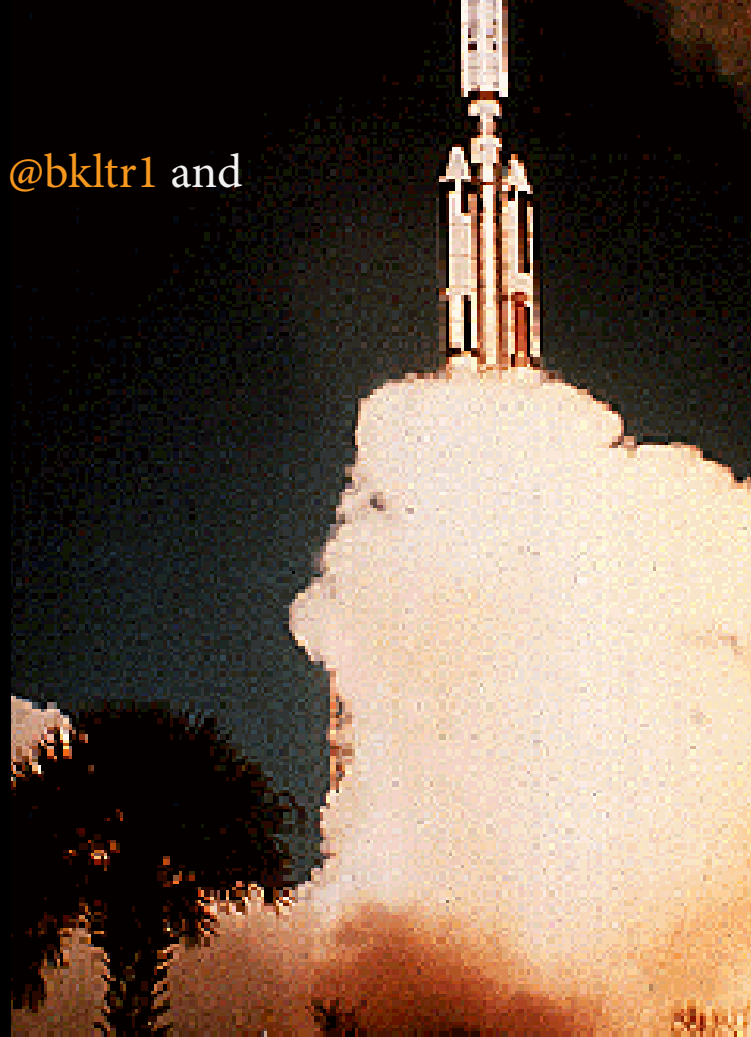
But I stopped developing this, because it started to seem too political

exactly. Talking and listening. Conversation.

I’m glad to contribute, while being honest

I have a very vague idea of what it is

but it’s fine, I like this



oh i think i've heard of this

to “ourselves”

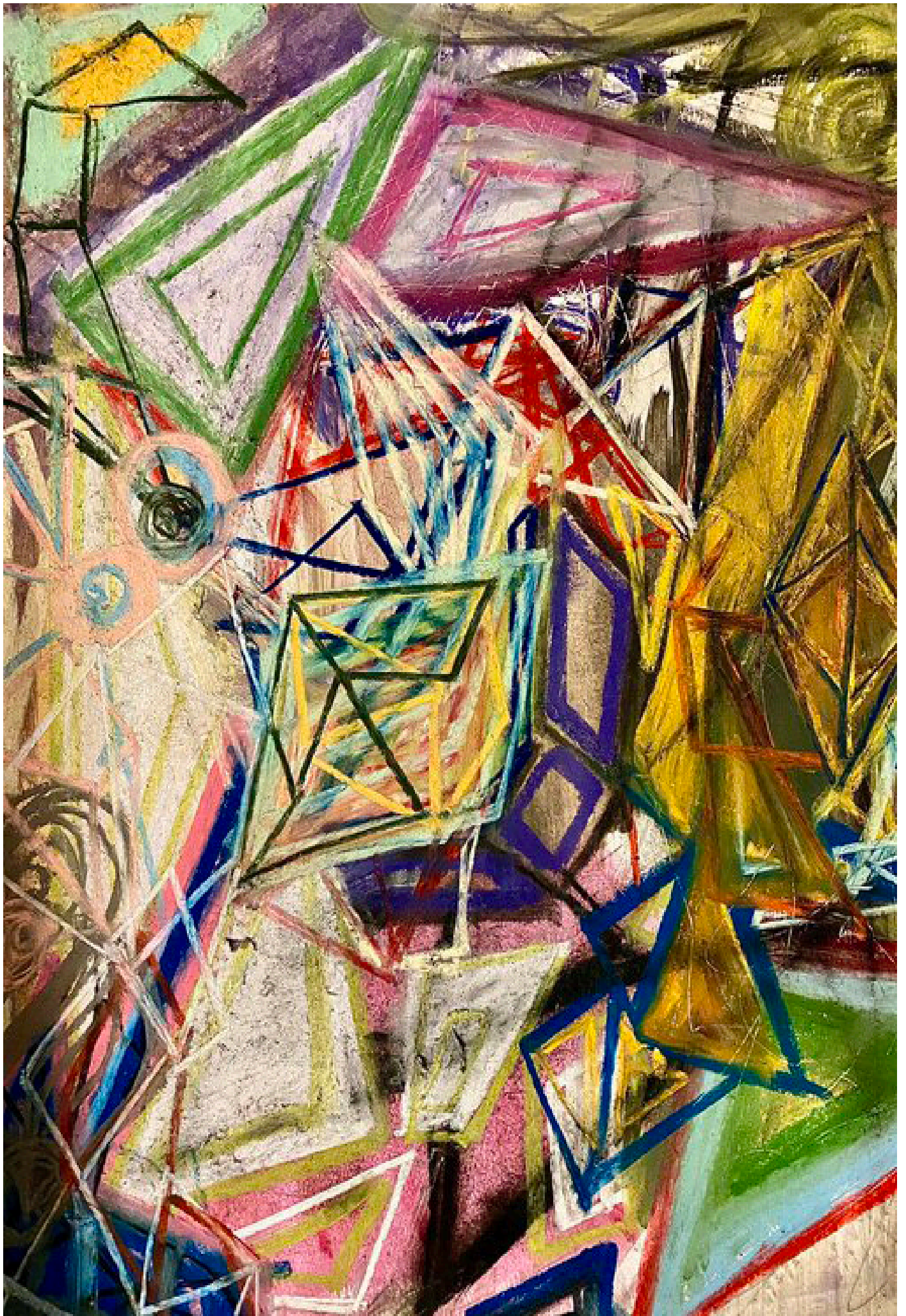
the idea of something else listening is more important than whether or not something actually is imo

i am glad that we could have this conversation, and that you can be a part of this project

the more people become involved, and seeing what they can create just through something simple enough like the phrase “flesh-time” is extremely inspiring

and i think that this project can be something truly amazing for us and for anyone willing to engage in this conversation

do you have any other ideas or questions or anything about the project as a whole?



# God blinks, and

a poem by @sun\_faces\_heave

you're a neonate gnashing your red-gnaw gums on ruga after ruga after  
gut pumped full of amniotic fluid, heavy cream & honey-  
endless division and multiplication until your mass, formed, sturdy, still soft,  
-Pavlovian pleasure-postulant, inhabitant of that self-sustaining biological inertia:  
You're blinking too. Maybe as long as He is.

God is still blinking  
when in endless division, endless multiplication,  
you've tripled in size  
on the linoleum floor of that communal washroom,  
as wet as you've ever been in a newfangled vernix of semen and gasoline,  
and you're blinking too, to keep the petrol from smarting.

God is still blinking,  
but you can open your eyes and watch your genitals invert, invert, invert again,  
the brief but beautiful bloom of that somatic jimsonweed-  
until eventually, now gangrenous, it withers away into nothing at all  
-memento brined and preserved, back of pantry, shattered on linoleum floor, etc.  
mental notes are made considering its potentiality as a future stocking stuffer

until one Yom Kippur, when you are a heaving fungal potpourri,  
God opens his eyes  
and the Catskills split like the Red Sea.

## ~The Fifth Form~

A story by @PazzoTheFool

In the late midday lunch hour Ted took the shortest route to his favorite hole in the wall eatery. Its red metal painted sign read “BBQ & CHILI”. For yards around there was an invasive smell of spice. Ted could take the long and short routes to it in his sleep. He was too pressed for time so without consideration took his food and ate it on the walk back. Thick pieces of meat the savory juice that had cooked with it.

He craved his favorite meal for at least an hour before but there was only one thing he starved for daily, and that was his work. Grime, insects, death wasn't his business, it was his calling.

The sky was covered by winter and so the lamps stayed on to gift the streets in light that was the color of an unwashed dish. He unlocked the side door to the shared laboratory. He disliked walking into the front where his colleagues entered. Double checking the room to make sure no one else had returned from lunch, he hurried to his corner.

One day earlier Ted had gotten a call from the police department. A body had been discovered in an abandoned apartment complex. Because of the state of the body forensics had requested special entomologists to collect samples of the insects feeding on the corpse. Depending on the temperature, species, and other conditions, a reasonable time of death could be determined where other evidence was lacking. Particular insects appeared in at different times as the flesh broke down. Often specimens were brought into the lab to be raised to adulthood.

Ted slid the plastic cover off the tank. Thread-thin feelers darted around the glass in response to the light. What had been a writing grub the size of a finger in its third instar had already gone through its pupal phase. This growth was unheard of for beetles. The specimen was about a foot long now and at least half that wide. Its striated color, black on black mesmerized Ted. With shining shell and polished proboscis, grotesquely photogenic. It moved strangely away from the lamp light when it was brought over, photosensitive. Ted had been conceiving of the name *Theodorus Pricei* because it belonged in a category all to itself. No beetle grew this fast.

On that body in that rotted apartment filled with the cold and wet and choking scents with its rotted inhabitant more in form with the room than the dozen officers and Ted moving around it like vultures were of course insects. Maggots had been slowly growing in spite of the cold but the larvae of the beetle was also growing. It was the size of a finger when Ted grasped it with his tools. He was so voraciously ambitious that the seconds of confusion over the insect led him to hide it away from the others. It would be his discovery, his way out of whatever deep hell the city had become. He would be remembered.

Ted didn't want to remove the beetle to weigh it because he suspected it would be difficult to handle it in its agitated state. It ran from one end to the other backwards and forwards so that it never lost direct contact between Ted and its eyes. It darted sideways too

and scratched at the glass. For a beetle it was lithe and Ted began to reevaluate if he might have captured something ill-fitted for its hard shell and folded wings.

As he made notes for chilling the room to slow its movements even more, Ted's cat, Pod, leapt onto the examination table and leaned against the glass tank that held the beetle. Instead of leaving it back in the apartment all day Ted had a habit of bringing it to the lab. It could be left in the coffee room but Pod would slip out any chance he had. The beetle slipped its antenna through the nigh airtight crack in the lid and lightly stroked the cat. Pod didn't mind but moved away eventually as Ted pushed him back. He was sure the coffee room door was locked.

He heard the voice hail him a good afternoon.

Jumping, he covered the beetle and spun around. A plainclothes police officer had entered the lab.

He had been let in by the building janitor. Ted cursed him mentally.

"T-the case? Yes well we should have a profile on the specimens ready- if I'm not being too hasty, officer- why are you here?"

"Don't be so nervous." And there was a precited smile. "I was just around and thought I'd check in. Good relationships with our partners are essential."

Ted gathered his things and grabbed the cat.

"I was just leaving- the case is doing well but..."

The downwards shadow arrow from the officer's cap made it hard to see his eyes.

"That cat yours? So nice. Very curious."

Ted didn't remember him from the crime scene. He thought of himself with a surgically precise memory. He put Pod into his carrier after retrieving it from the break room. Ted could return after the cop left. They didn't speak but the officer smiled as he watched Ted leave.

Ted's apartment a walking distance away wasn't anything like the equipped lab he worked in. The necessities of a home asked water and heat at the least but both were often absent. It was close enough to walk and Ted would rather be at work.

He dropped off Pod in the room and he took his station on the bed. Before leaving Ted made sure the hidden camera he installed kept the right angle to capture the entire room. His landlady had been entering liberally over the last week, checking mail, feeding the cat if it wasn't at the lab. Ted took the elevator down. His build and stagnant lifestyle meant he was winded by the time he walked the distance home. At the risk of another interruption at the lab he took a taxi to the public library.

The custodian had been cleaning. The floors reflected light dully from the reader's lamps. Ever since the computers had been removed to the annex the library improved to a state acceptable

removed his work laptop and prepared to make notes on the books he'd select. He could find esoteric specimens written into the pages, he seeing himself the hierophant of sacred texts that would lead him to glory.

Many hours passed and there was nothing. No recorded endopterygote matched the rapidly growing insect he captured. At the very least Ted was sure that the insect had stopped growing, it was in its fourth stage. He removed his reading glasses and wiped his face. The flexible hands of it running across the cuts in its body. Soulless eyes that didn't take in the dark but was already immersed in pitch that refused to be invaded by light.

The library was closing. Ted would return to the lab.

He returned to the back door although it was almost certain no one else would be in. If it weren't for the constant chaining to the law Ted would adopt a nocturnal cycle and sleep while the cops crawled over every filthy meter and he did his calling in the dark. The lights automatically switched on and showed glass along the floor.

Ted rushed into the lab to go straight for the insect. The sterile had been violated with glass and water and metal in ruin across all surfaces. The insect's tank lie shattered.

Above formaldehydes there was something else like rancid oil in the air.

It was strong enough to mask the blood.

He saw an arm and knew of the small staff at this location it could have only been the assistant that came into the lab sometimes at night when someone had forgotten anything.

It was only the arm lying in its own blood. Ted swooned and grabbed a table, nearly missing a scalpel poised to slice his palm.

Some psychopath surely, a murderer who followed Ted from the crime scene, whoever committed the crimes against the form and decency of humanity in rotted apartments.

He refused to let his speculations wander to the location of his insect. Backing to the door, Ted stepped through the glass loudly and was unable to control how heavy his feet fell. His eyes stopped on two black lines that ran outward from the ceiling panels. They made an incomplete heart shape, ununited.

They moved inwards and back into the ceiling.

Ted ran with energy he hadn't used in years. Through the broken windows and back out into the hall, to the front door which was close.

Stepping out from a closet was the officer from earlier. He grabbed Ted by the arms and held him firmly.

"Leaving without your specimen, sir? Not interested anymore?"



From this angle and looking into the face of the man Ted could see his eyes. Large scabs, peeling skin in flakes surrounded his eyes showing blackened and gleaming skin.

Ted could smell the oil again.

He spun out of the grasp, tearing his clothing and ran through the door. The officer didn't follow and didn't watch him leave.

Ted wouldn't call for a cab but raced down the streets to his apartment. In the dim lights of the street he tripped while looking to see if either of the things were following him. The stinging from his raw hands was dulled under the absolute conditions of survival so he ran on. His bag slung over his shoulder beat against him. The scientist almost abandoned his bag to take away the slightest of weight but the sign for his home emerging from the dark distracted him. The apartment doors to the lobby was transformed miraculously into a fortress entrance in the roots of Ted's mind.

He took the stairs because waiting at the elevator with his back at the door was too much to think about. Ted had never noticed how little he could see outside because of the bright lobby lighting. Will demanding he dash up the seven flights but body allowing a crawl so he walked sideways like a great crab ascending towards a dark hole where nothing sharp could find him.

The interior of his room was overturned with books and food, broken wood everywhere it shouldn't have been. His personal computer was gone and Pod didn't come out. There was a time when Ted would have been upset but he instead locked the door and pushed his emptied desk against it. He pulled off the sheets left on his bed so he didn't have to touch the glass and blood and sat down to watch the ersatz barricade. There was a cold draft at his back from the broken window. He covered the window with a towel and a chair leg provided a club, a comfort tool.

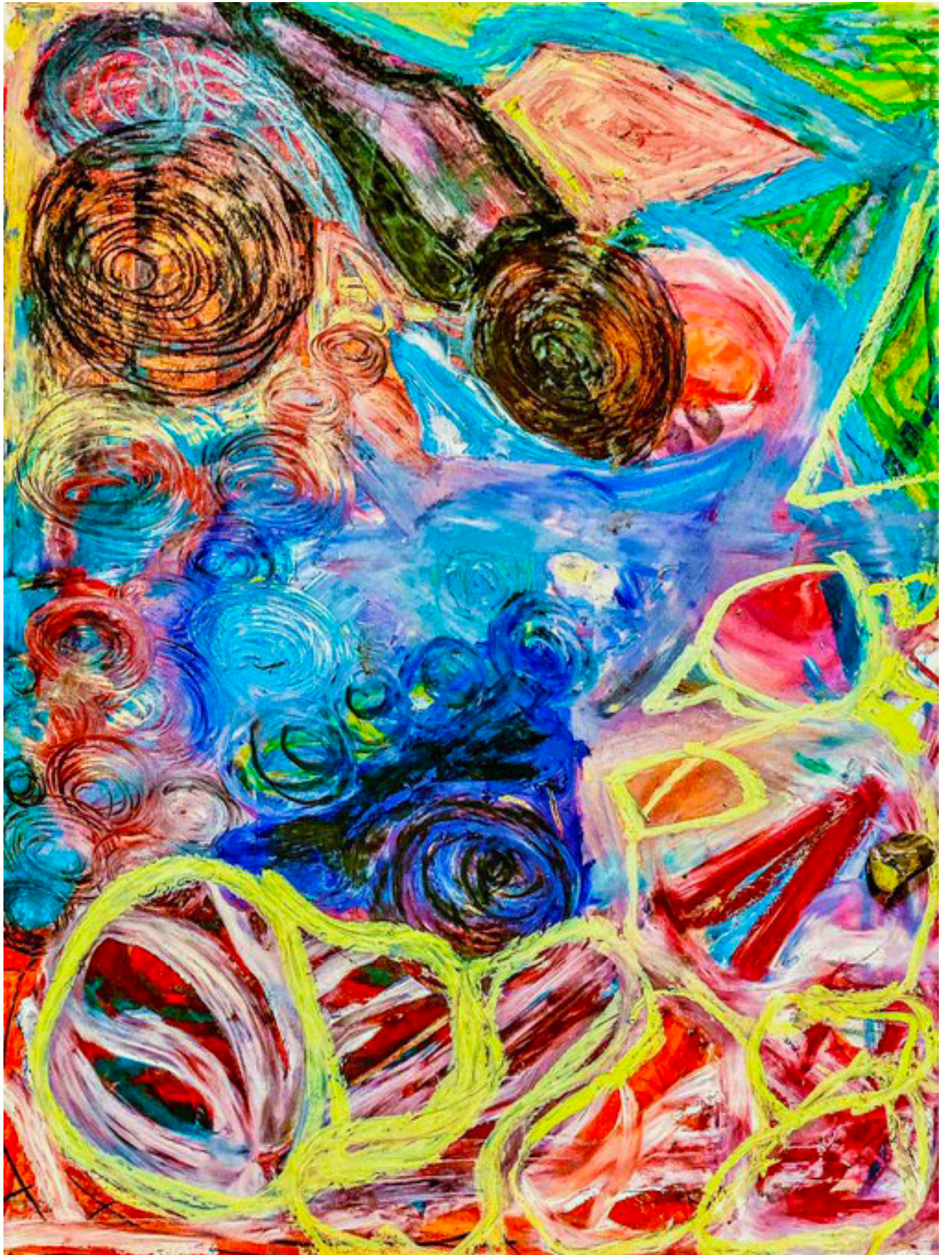
He wanted to get out of the city but didn't want to leave. Instead curiosity led him to check the camera. Ted removed it from the ceiling and used the work laptop he had in his bag. Men in suits had ransacked the place and several could have been the "cop" who went ahead into the lab. However the destruction appeared in reality it was lost in Ted's eyes. That was on the screen and he was in the ruined room somewhere else.

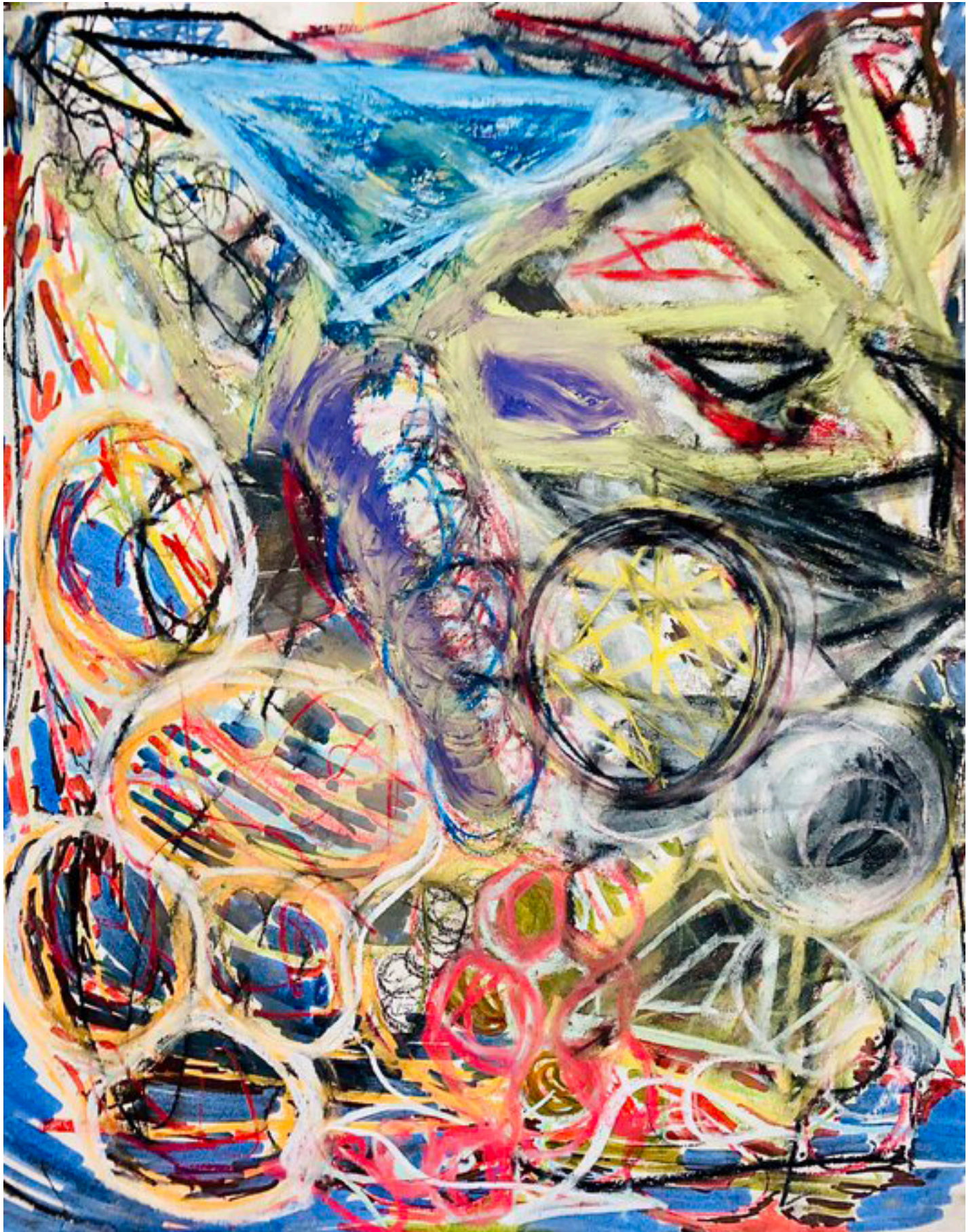
After they took anything that might contain information on the insect, they left. Ted almost tossed the laptop aside but watched as Pod emerged from under the bed and leaped onto the bed. He looked comfortable and unable to grasp the damage around him.

Ted squinted at the window in the video. It wasn't broken at all. Pod would not lie on glass either as Ted had found it. He fast forwarded the footage to a few minutes before he arrived and the cat was still asleep. He assumed the thieves had killed the cat, broken the window-

It appeared in the glass for a second before a needle claws shot through the glass and into Pod. The cat leaped aside bleeding but the insect had invaded already. Pod and it rolled around the room only for a second before it was obvious who the victor was. The long whip antennas raced across the corpse before snatching it up into vice jaws and back into the night.

Pod's scent had been memorized from the lab. Ted was remembered.









Time Through a Broken Mirror  
a poem by @PoetRegressive

0 Silence

Not before and not after. Unmoved  
But not unmoving. No term is useful here.  
Begin at the beginning, not before. Clear  
The house of images. Start with the seen, unproved.

1 Aeviternity

The passive and the active, potency  
And act. From two will come ten thousand things,  
And that is motion. Here before the image: wings  
Of flame, and lidless eyes, seeing changeless infancy.

No eternity with composition, and no  
True time without flesh. Here's the mean  
We cannot know. Measured, boundless, clean.  
An unburnt altar, a light where no eye may go.

2 Uncultivated Garden

Flesh of ours, and time as we did know,  
But never will. Fruit without fruition,  
Change without decay. A made perfection  
Of body without growth, seeds made not to sow.

Unfallen man, how shall we measure you?  
Caught in time without a history.  
Remembering all in your hedged world of story  
Without legend. Deathless time more true than true.

3 Expulsion

Flesh made fell by spirit's fall. Not bound  
By meat. Body unlauded by lawless thought.  
Time as we know it, not as it once was wrought.  
The image of choice giving meat its fatal wound.

Time as we know it, tilling the earth to wait  
A longer day for death. Bearing the brood,  
The fruit of man by fruit of earth made crude.  
Change means decay, and birth means death, and feast un-  
sate.



#### 4 Release

The good made enemy of our good. God's work  
The enemy of His rest. Philosopher's  
Of error, knowing only Skin the Slaver,  
Cast off time with a vain and bloodless smirk.

#### 5 Festival

To praise is greater than knowledge. A dance con-  
forms  
More to the truth than does the mind. Image  
Of original day, also an image  
Of the last. Steps as silent words reform

That wayward time. Feet of flesh stomp order  
Where the mind would flee. Sabbath motion.  
Youth as gardens ungrown. More vast than ocean.  
Time as incense rises up beyond the borders.

#### 6 Comfort

Pleasure without rest tends toward non-being.  
A splash of paint signifying nothing. A growing  
Alphabet, no words. Always rowing,  
No dock. Time will make you hate what eye has  
seen.

#### 7 Immortality

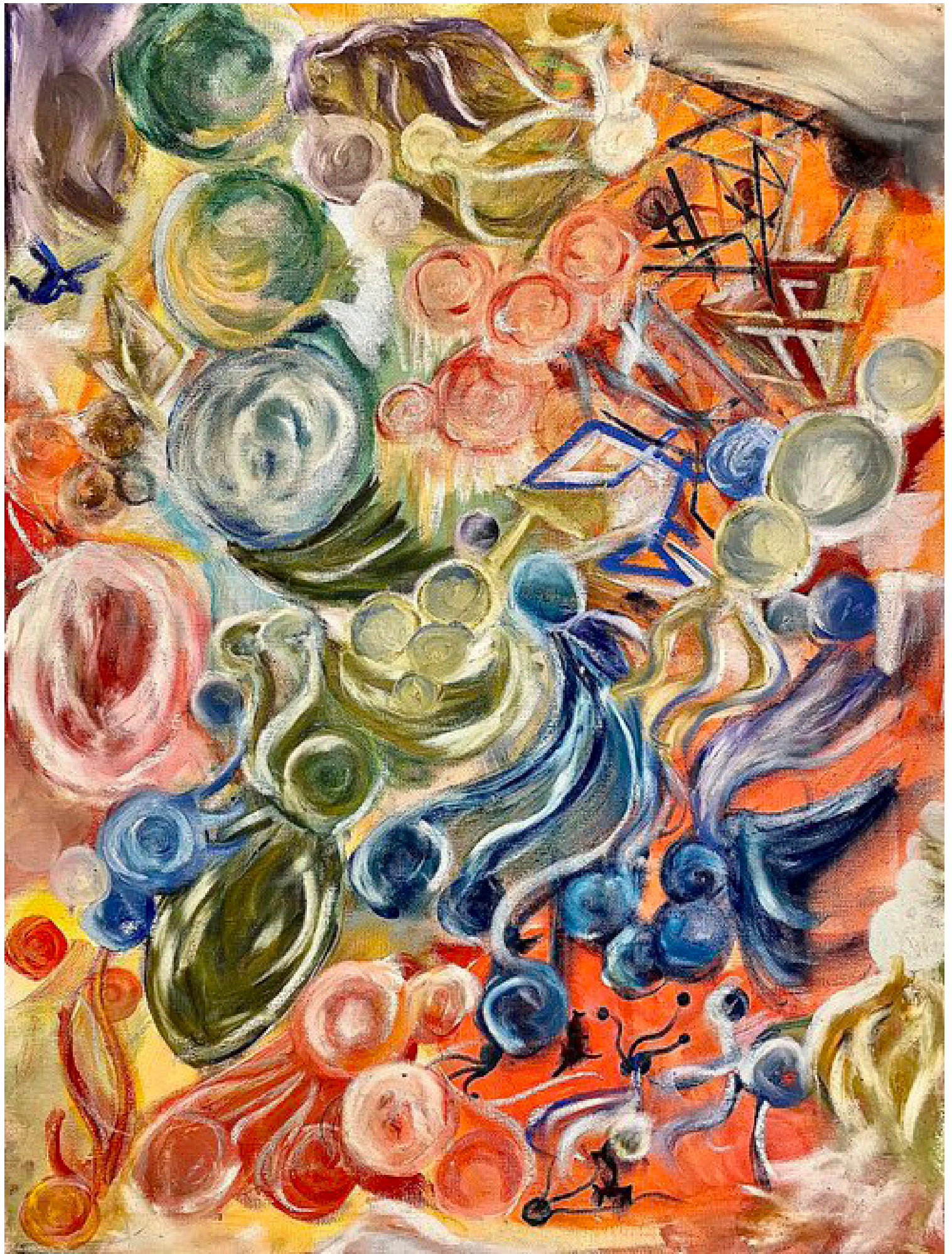
Time will end, not be erased. Damned flesh  
Will die, but never end. The gift of time  
Made punishment, repeating without rhyme.  
Everything you've done has meaning, burnt in flesh.

#### 8 Apocalypse

Everything you've done has meaning, and won't  
Return to its source. The work of days is not  
The enemy of rest. Time was not  
In vain, nor dirt a prison. No more revolt.

Not just mountains and cities shall end, not only the  
sea,  
But your very socks and your breakfast, and then  
shall reign  
The King in flesh forever. And once again  
The endless dance is rest, and all is I and Thee.







# BLOODFLOW

@subpar\_noumena

Flesh knows.

Flesh has existed longer than top-heavy cerebral time-sense.

All forms of alienation are only separations from the flesh. Flesh is its own time.

This inner world of subterranean life, bloodstream of ancient knowledge, lost to the hypnotic mathematical rationalizations of teleological acrobatics. Flesh briefly shapeshifts to the teleological realm as Gödel's incompleteness theorems, a jester in the court. Laughter echoes throughout the court's sublime architecture, bouncing off immaculately crafted furniture. [[It's the sound of initial axioms rendered immobile in the wake of unprovable propositions]]

Purpose is defined as meaning qua meaning, that is all it is. Now get to it and push that boulder up the hill! The mind wanders because it is absent from the micro-processes of the flesh, from the pulsing motion of cells and their diplomatic exchange with bacteria.

Being is not given by objects, organic or otherwise, manifest or conceptual.

Reason is a function of blood, nothing else. This is not currently the privileged form of reason. History maps its kidnapping and subsequent imprisonment within academia as a relatively recent affair; philosophical and empirical endeavors alike were once unified as natural philosophy. This homogeneous conception of knowledge evokes the flesh, the mysterious unity we call experience; all the things within our reach are simply there, however aesthetically disjointed. A natural philosophy is, one might say, a body of knowledge, a coordinated mechanism of flesh, blood, organs, bone. The seismic inception of approaches like transcendental idealism arrived in one-two punches. First, the butcher's knife of dismemberment, then the surgeon's scalpel of molecular exactitude. Deconstruct and reanimate. All this is of course wonderful for the super-egoic mechanism of rationalized speculation, but it occurs somewhat more dissociatively for bodily flesh-time.

Time is conceptualized as an inner organization/unification of experience and yet a cold cerebralism limits its vision to little beyond the intermediary. It's unity only in the sense that skyscrapers sit haphazardly on top of frozen magma and feign dominance. Noumenality popularly exists as an epistemic hazard but also sets the horizon of knowing; to stop because 'DANGER! FUNDAMENTAL UNKNOWABLES LIE AHEAD!' hardly makes for a worthy risk. Limits are to be approached as ghostly apparitions and only flesh knows how to keep up the pace amidst the sweat and heat. Cold cerebrality eventually finds a paralyzing absurdity in all things and cannot even manage to laugh at its conclusions as flesh does.

Deep laughter, laughter at absurdity, is a rolled-back contortion of the spine. This brief physicality invokes the spinal morphology, a history of being and flesh running far deeper into historical time than Homo sapiens. What is, just is. If you can't feel the pulse of your body without midday yoga class, it might be time to make a change. Time in its surgically resolute, mechanically precise connotation is purely linear; attempting to fully embody it would induce an anhedonic stupor. Now, why would one do that? Amidst the growing insecurity with which we abusively micromanage moments, modernity seems like an intuitive place to give up intuition for control. Flesh-time free of countdowns, alarms, and compressed time-tables is wondrously chaotic, prone to flow-states, seemingly impossible monotonies, and downright absences. Operating on the body's terms, time as a detached formulation falls apart entirely, leaving something more interestingly ontological. Time flowed like a mysteriously tantalizing dream on that special summer day, did it not? And did it also not lurch to a near-frozen stumble in those winter weeks?

Freed of organized constraint, time rarely seems to proceed vacuously. Something special takes hold of the mind when morning's first rays crawl through windows, the aftermath of a prolonged artificial insomnia.

The linguistic turn in philosophy takes its own point of departure from the flesh, investing energy in socialized relation rather than individualized sensation. The symbolic order cannot fully straighten the crooked timber, cannot fully collectivize beyond the atomistic individual (which already exists as a multiple when within a schizophrenized libidinal matrix, as Deleuze and Guattari so conveniently point out).

Linguistics eventually realized cannibal tendencies, unsatisfied with the blatantly bumpy road from signifier to signified. If a word is a question only answerable with a representational purity, why is it that other words flood in as a response? However, language's attempted self-destruction achieved minimal air time thanks to the arcane nature of accompanying commentary expressed by its French anchors.

I use Ariadne's thread as a means to lose myself once in the labyrinth. I began in flesh, living the unexamined life, freshly naive. I pass through time and reflection, adding structure to sensation and perception. Eventually, I return to flesh like a fiery rupture in the earth. Clashing sensations of hot and cold as a puncture within formerly lukewarm internalization; this is what it means to reason with blood. Perhaps those brighter than I possess a more direct process; all I can do is listen to the palpitations of my struggling heart.







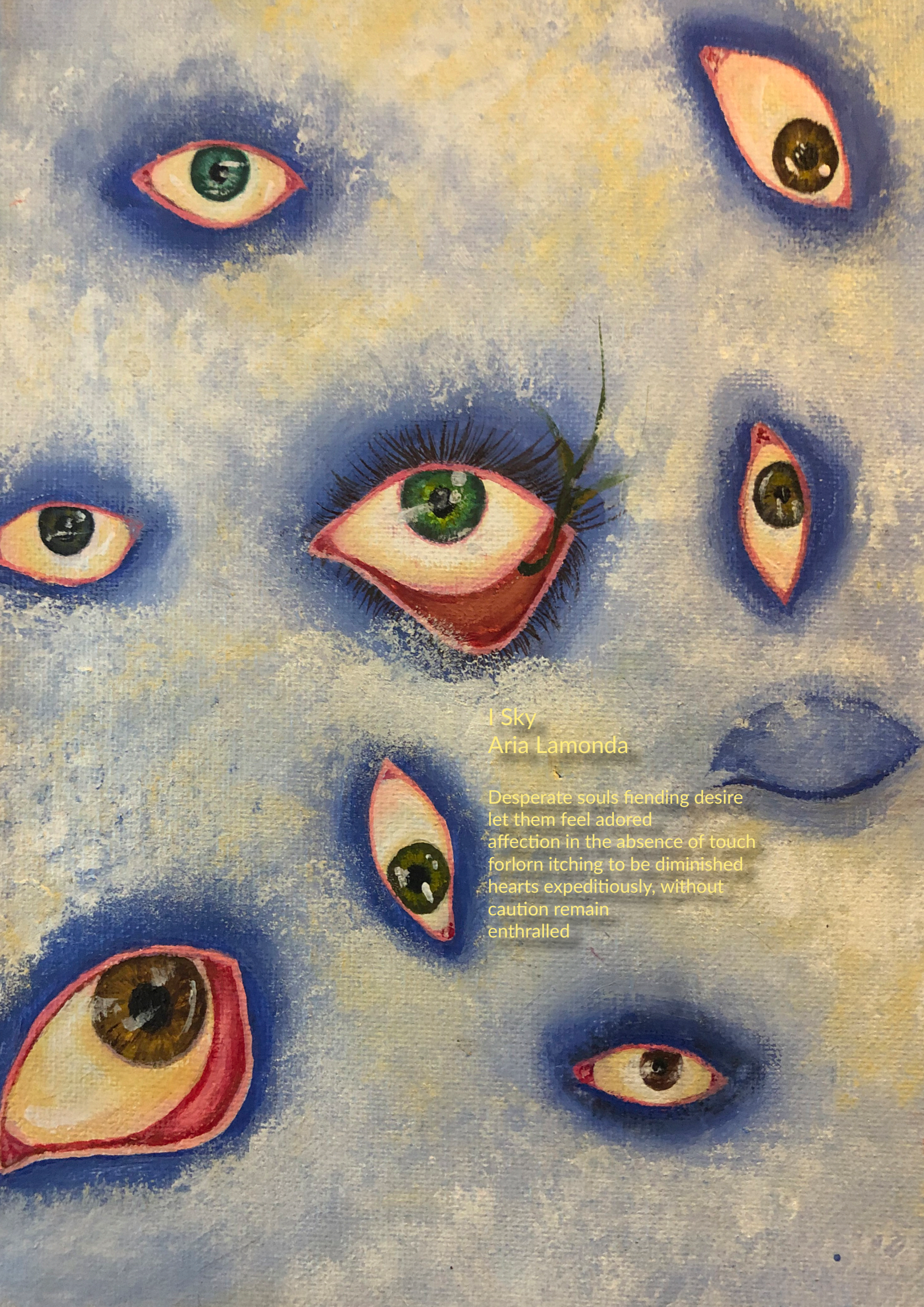


Our skin is spun-sugar  
That melts in sweet stickiness  
On a tongue or a kiss

Through red and pink whispers  
Our cotton candy lines dissolve  
In the saliva on other's lips

Our strawberry hearts beat  
To be eaten - to be split and drip  
Warm ~~the~~ syrup onto pillow slips

Let tongues lap up our cherry bliss  
Before time comes to steal  
The tastes and touches we missed.



I Sky  
Aria Lamonda

Desperate souls fiending desire  
let them feel adored  
affection in the absence of touch  
forlorn itching to be diminished  
hearts expeditiously, without  
caution remain  
enthralled

## What the Farmer Found in His Garden

By E.C. Quodlibet

Time is in the soul. Everything real is, strictly speaking, “in” the soul. The deeper one ventures into this unseen entity, the greater and more marvelous does it all become. Seeming is left behind, expression is quite unnecessary, and whatever opinion on the matter anyone has left becomes entirely irrelevant. So time, too, comes into its own true identity. Its outer shell is shed, it lays aside its mask and shines in glory as what it truly is: eternity.

There once was a man who found a dirty rock and, washing away the mud in a clear and chilling stream, discovered he had gold in his hands. A farmer was annoyed at the growth of weeds in his herb garden. In making to thoroughly uproot the troublesome growths, he found a bulbous tuber the likes of which he had never heard. This bulb emitted a fragrance, and in smelling it the farmer collapsed and found God.

What we are is always changing. Being in a body is like wading in a marsh. But who we are is beyond the clutches of time. Memories, feelings, imaginations are but moss clinging to the great trunk of a tree. This tree is a reason-principle, an expression that expressed itself in joy and sorrow and infinite shades in between, and your body was its tears and laughter.

Not everything is what it is; in fact, this tautology rather admits of degrees. A stone is a stone, but it is not itself in any very profound way. But you – you are yourself and not much else besides. Subjected to a thorough rinsing, the oneness of your being would shine; the you that is now would probably find yourself unrecognizable in that new and primordial cleanliness, and yet you would be superlatively at home. At that time, all things would coincide.

Time is a “moving image of eternity”. What it is most of all is its very negation, and yet it is not really a negation at all. For this way of thinking, things are not so sharp-edged as to admit of such oppositions. Discounting outright negation, we can see time as it is: an eternity that needs a bath. This need, too, has a name familiar to all: life.

Submerge time in the river of life, scrub it lovingly and with intense devotion. Be careful not to miss a spot. It’s an endless task, over in an instant. To better pass this incalculable time, it is meet to soothe the soul with a sea-chanty or witty saying:

“All that has a simple reality is all things”. If affirmation and denial are to be different things, the simple A cannot differ in the least respect from a B, for “A is non-B” is a denial with respect to A and a multiplication of its existence to an infinite degree.

“Still, [the One] alone, lying above all, is in truth free, because it is not enslaved to itself, but merely is itself, and truly itself, while all else is itself plus something else, too.” Wake up out of the body, out of this flesh, to yourself. Sing about it if you can find it in yourself to break the silence; and see the stream of silence that issues as result! You have many companions on the way, but even they must fall away to nothing. Go be alone. Go be forgotten. Yourself, always yourself - you are yourself in every case and in every possible world. What separates you from all the rest is in fact not you, not a part of you, at all.

“For thinking and being are the same.” If there is anything real whatsoever, all possible realities immediately and inarguably follow; and in truth, they do not even follow in the least sense. For what could be truer than the truth? With what would you seek to disprove it? The order of your language, the discreteness of your thoughts, the persuasiveness with which your deductions are presented even to your very soul – these things are simply too late to the game, and they are not even themselves, as we have well-established.

The farmer’s root vegetable shed its layers one by one, and introduced with each shedding a more potent fragrance, until in the center – the very center of all things, you understand – there was nothing at all. All fragrance had departed; in his manic desire to discover the secret treasure of his mysterious bulb, he found nothing at all. And how happy he was! He is someone to be envied, but only in the most pure-hearted of ways. His life and story exert an irresistible attraction on those who want to know.

The flesh of time is the abstraction of the philosophers. The heart and soul of time is the life divine. Life gives itself to the God in many ways, in deepest repose and in the most frantic dispersion. It is itself most of all when it is all things, a diamond surrounded by an egg made of mirrors. The facets reflect their own light from themselves, off themselves, and to themselves. In them is a great joy that surpasses understanding, and in their mutual Life they are inseparable from both themselves and one another; and those are not two different things.

In the soul and its divinizing traces, life retains something of its dignity. For this life wants to be like that one. In our goings-about in the world, we imitate by exterior multiplicity what the intelligible gods possess by their own singular being. In loving, in listening, in lunacy, we live always outside of ourselves. Pouring ourselves out, trying to empty what can in itself never diminish, like a painter who has disturbed a previously-completed masterpiece by attempting to perfect it with too many additional brushstrokes. But a blank tablet of wax is more near the truth than any attempt at replication. For at least the blank tablet does not pretend to capture the truth, and as a result it is more receptive to divine influences.

The soul is in constant motion, striving from the lowest pit to the highest peak, from addiction and vice to detachment and virtue. Time has, then, two modes of expression: the time of the world, that of clocks and revolutions; and the time of the soul’s own inner life as it rises and falls in the great chain of being. The inner time is life, and it is what connects the extremes of (worldly) time and eternity, as if by a middle term, though constituting no logical syllogism but a system of ontological dependence and traversal.

Time, then, is in the soul. And there is always time for the soul. It is (the) now, in the flesh.



## Acknowledgments

I am Beatific Machine. Some of you probably know me from my twitter account, where I occasionally post pieces and links to my music, post cringey poetry, random rants, or whatever the fuck I decide that I am going to post. Originally, I had viewed this project (which is long overdue) as a vessel for my own work to be paired alongside others. The more that I attempted to edit this (I have long since decided that I am not cut out to be an editor, much like the foolish Editor of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus") the more I realized that the soul of this work was not in anything that I could have attempted to put here myself: it has always been in the contributions to this text made by my friends and acquaintances, and I hope that they enjoy this more than anybody else. Special thanks goes out to @bkltr1, @PoetRegressive, @fleshfleche, @HoDiadochus, @t3dy, @public\_friend, @spunkoctopus and most of all, my love, Aria. These wonderful souls have inspired me across the many mediums I dabble in, but more importantly, they are people who carry within them a spark that once spotted in this life, is hard to erase from your mind. They have touched me deeply, and I will cherish the interactions that I have with them from day to day, whether it just be a silly text, or a group chat attempting to dissect philosophical problems, or even a simple "like" on a piece of work that I find meaningful. I love these people, though I have not met the great majority of them. I wish them the best in life, and eventually eternal happiness. I know that my editing work is poor, and does not do the great majority of these pieces justice, but compiled here for you to read, I hope that you find them impactful, thought provoking, and above all, sincere. Each of these people is exactly who they say they are. And in my opinion, there is nothing more meaningful than that.

It should be noted that @PoetRegressive has written a modern poetry mini-epic, "Phineiad: A Brief History of the Future" under the name E.L. Brooks. You should buy it. It is wonderful, and exactly what poetry needs to get people interested in a tradition that is primarily concerned with the beauty and divinity present in the human soul. I greatly look forward to more of his wisdom and poetry in the future.

I strive to be as talented as the beautiful souls which are contained in these 25 pages. I am incredibly grateful to call some of them my friends.

With Sincerity,

Aidaen P.

Beatific Machine