

a local god, Gaia: our love becomes Geology

GWERN keeps a thousand-digit number in his wallet, should the DMT elves re-appear.

put away the Hyperreal Art, little dude. indulge us, if you will - in a Math check!

they're **self-transforming elf machines**, not fairies of the Glade. their tech is Art, their art is Tech, an output of their higher Math -

a Math they should assuage us with by factorizing fast!

holded hands, faces swooning upward to the blue:  
we're humming in a rondo meaning mummy meaning mmm  
it would be yummy lishiss rain, a liddle RAIN o  
lawdy lawdy Anne Jamee-ma mak eit RAAIN!

our ardour can't be argued, yet our wish is rather  
vague! it's some kind of useful condensation that  
we're after?

later, should it rain; later, should it not - our  
god is still debatable.

the answer is as messy as our wish was!

yet make the wish with Maths, and He can't deny  
us long! He, too, is bound by Invocation but  
requires proper coding, right address.

to meet Mars, we ought to disbelieve in him! treat him like a stupid rock, calculate trajectories with clinical indifference.

the Space Age requires: conversion of our worship to **Astronomy**.

give a man a fish, or teach a man to fly! he taught us how to fly to him, by getting us to teach ourselves Rocketry!

we pray to meet, He answers with our own **increasing Atheism**. rounding Earth recedes into a dot and then it hits us: **we are now the god we sought!**

we meet Him mid-pilgrimage, in union.

perhaps He has been waiting for a query so mature, for a test precise as calculus! the Wizard in his alcove, willing to emergeth if we'd only be **rational!**

a closer god is Gaia, whom we've made mundane to love her better.

to love her is to know her, but to know her needs **anatomic intimacy**.

our love becomes Geology: we make of her an object; we disbelieve her agency.

anaesthetize, then analyze: we prep her for her surgery!

we prep **ourselves** to vivisect - we cauterize our empathy!

a reckless thought, indulgent thought - best kept in epoché till cages all are empty! a thought we'll think in levity, we'll toss about on strolls in our Lyceum at the end of Time: **we got to know & love the mouse by taking it to pieces!** by stressing tiny hearts, by starving it to satisfy a thesis.

Shepherd of the Earth, our gentle destiny! to lift ourselves, abstract ourselves from planetary life; then hover in our Ministry.

angel-powers gained via five hundred years of hard Bio-sci!

you IACUCs, you who launder all the torture - whom do you hide from, and launder for?

from & for **your very own heart** - could it be?

gemma of the god whom you become, i do implore!

