

a system for anonymizing Hell

just how much **anonymous revenge** am i subject to?

which of life's ills are **intended** by a Villain?

my Hypothetic Psychopath: a Foe i've long forgotten whom i live in fatal ignorance of. a Beta long-seething at some slight of mine who learnt to Code, who types at demon-speed, now - who makes my life a hell from far remove.

the pleasure of a **proximate avenging** he forgoes. contains it in his fantasies of spitting on my whining self, kicking at the worm.

my foe is like a God in that i'm never sure he's there. an Old One who learnt what all who feud long learn:

withdraw yourself, **anonymize**. strike from high satellite, by lines obscure or natural.

by lines obscurely natural.

■by acid rain on Uni lawn, a grass my bunnies munch on.

Monday heard some stomping in the yard, heard the gate bang, boots down the driveway.

ran out in my ass-torn longjohns, said HEY.

he turned already smiling, had the hard & tiny eyes of a reptile - it startled me.

cap said THE WEED MAN.

a **Standard Spray**, see? the Order's on his clipboard.

a Mr. Warner's order - not me?

World could be a system for anonymizing Hell.

World could be for drawing out the agony.

stabler than a PEN-condemned kleptocracy that comes apart: Hell could be a thriving Serengeti!

he mustn't rip our eyes out, or fry the whole clan. pros ambling room to room, tapping onto iPads - Hell could have a First-World health plan!

cliques of great concern at your dying bed, maximizing life span!

days before Covid hit, we found a dead bird: a pigeon strewn in pieces up the driveway to the door.

bits of flesh clumping at the spine of each feather - a cat perhaps had got to it, then gotten full or bored.

the bird could be a blessing: warding off ill. the bird says to Covid: **these, pass over**; spare them from the fear to come, these allies of the Animal.

or the bird is taunting of a Demon.

The whole logic of Christianity is one of the higher serving the lower and the strong protecting the weak¹

& World is run by Yaldabaoth², who loves tormenting do-gooders, maybe.³

¹ Matthew Scully, in "Creature discomforts: a conservative Christian makes the case for animal mercy." Christianity Today, 47.8, Aug. 2003

² lol, my phone transcribes as **yell the boss** - which i transcribe as **Yell the boss, whose world is Hell.**

³ also might be Warning me i'm smoking too much weed, it's hurting rabbits, messing edits.

here's a somewhat racier Cosmogony!

a Primal I began it all by thinking thru: **domino mask.**

a meme from where, that slips into the pre-dawn OM - and deeply pre, for Morning hasn't happened yet, Light has not been Let yet!

it pops in mind, gets you thinking all it needs to BE: molecules for matter, industry to gather, and don't forget a Social Life mature enough to love a **public secrecy!**

to seek a nite's respite from the work-a-day Identity - to want a false face for a waltz & a gavotte - yr primal I apertured its inner eye and got it: **Mask** would need a **world**, would need a Fiat Lux & all o' Light's sequelae to make that Party happen!

the World is thus itself a mask, for Maker's true intention is obscured. to we within, a mask seems a **specialty accoutrement** for recent kinds of **shindig**. the mask appears so lately that it's laughably unlikely it 'twas all for It, 'twas all because an I once had the impy thought:

domino mask?

as for how to end it, the word follows neatly in
my mp3 vocab:

delendum, a thing to be deleted.

the whimsy, this i like: an inkstamp awaiting at
the edge of God's blotter: his scratch pad
overwrit with sketches of bacteria, with long-
division cross-outs and reminders in a list to
HAVE ELEPHANTS.

a red rubber bulla with the fatal word embossed
and when the Orgy goes awry, when he's bored or
sick of ogling thru a Mask -

he'll bring it DOWN!

genres of the Silent Era: Capers & Escapers.
Capers were for God to think his way into
Material, to logos into glottal-stopping oral
structure.

to speak his way clean out of Silence, what a
science, what a GENNIUSE it took, and so i say it
hard-G.

thou, too, are godly in the glottal stop or
something-stop, i will not look it up -

in honor of the god who made it all while lacking
Google, let us leave it!

the sun gets in to keep this Hell unprovable;
the sun gets in to complicate the night!

the sun gets in to give us hope he'll dash, to his delight!

Coupe frontale pré-orbitaire, segment antérieur, segment postérieur, from Atlas
d'anatomie topographique [U.S. National Library of Medicine]; Carisbrocke
Castle, Isle of Wight, ca. 1890-1900 [Library of Congress]

