

am NOT the Messiah

my sympathetic engine runs hot so not to scoff my way through Tolkien's **Silmarillion!**

how petty seem the ramparts / what a sliver be the **Medieval Middle Time** & Middle Earth that's clearly **Little England!**

yet i'm big enough to grok, am Hegelian enough to get that **the Eternal must accrete these ludicrous localisms!** all of them are laughable: the frog-throat patois and the non-rhotic **aaah** of the **Jedi** - and the **Aramaic God-man!** i'm Johannine and can't deny it's hard to stop the Silly if you'd translate the Transcendent into **Rush at the Agora, 1974:** & their Lady of Protection, **Donna Halper**, co-Programmer at WMMS - she who spun "Working Man" with **savoir-faith** her Demograph would dig it & these over-border boys would stay true!

stay they did, she steps out from retirement to Testify, to re-proclaim in podcast land -

ludicrous i know, but i believe it, i profess!

always have my headphones on, my dicta-notes of
new vocab.

they talk me thru my day-chores, so implicate
with what's at hand.

a word becomes an omen by a surge of serotonin,
or a surge of serotonin is from sensing it's an
omen!

by

berm, a narrow ledge

i am called to step careful, i am warned that i'm
ON one: this path i'm hacking ice from, my coming
day of Eminence.

bisht : a dark cloak [Arab.]; a chieftain's wool stole

has me wonder: is it me?! is it i who chiefs the
Tribe?! i always have my blanky on, my mangy
faux fur that i clamp to make a collar, so i pace
the yard mantled, i am regal in my privacy.

i'd long kept it open: am i the new Messiah? i
lately tend to chuckle and return to sweeping
hay: a well-earned humor, a soft & happy lethargy
allowed by spent intensity - a welcome
dissipation of the over-serious Striver.

am forty-eight, waay past my Jesus best-before-
date. the Question am i him, it must allow i've
barely been; yet i'm ever taking notes, still i
dictate & i ruminate & collate a Persona - and
there may be my answer:

i'm a Writer!

perHAPS i chant vocab cuz my longer Self seeks in
it provision for my Mission - items in my
armory - clews of yarn to get me through the
Maze.

yet Maze could be the solo task of sorting thru
my scribblings; and armory the words themselves,
crucial words for what i'm called to SAY.

am NOT the new Messiah - but maybe i'm his Scribe,
so i need my words to pen a proper monologue, i like
this: freedom from the ego-trip, the heavy trap of
Destiny -

Hallelujah baby, i'm a Writer!

hmm, yet so is God: Conceiver of the Passion Play,
He whose Hand traces out the Prophecy.

and Prophecy is causal: it shapeth Him to come
via cues among the Verse.

by Richard Carrier's Mythicism, his **one in three**
odds that the Nazarene was real, i'm analogously
swayed: am trending **one in two** re the **Godman's**
historicity, a 50/50 cancelling to epistemic
unity -

exACKly how a **hidden** God would incarnate!

Son, like the Father, is evasive to belief. the
Father **may** exist, and the Son, too, recedes into
Hypothesis, he lingers as a **Literary Entity** -

exACKly as a Logos would substantiate!

re the five vying Jesi in Josephus, re the
Messianic Joshuas, the Christs of Ypsilanti -

Jesus is a **composite** of these, goes a Theory.

the Word enters flesh in a very wordy way: the
Story comes true, for the people do as Jesus
would -

a notion fine & good, but tell us: WHICH ONE IS YOU?

i'm all of them, he says, sitting tiny propped w/
books upon his battle throne, his open face a
Specter filling sky behind the play-board, his
moony eyes level with the pieces.

- our multitude of Steves are the Cult's first
martyrdom returned, they bring us **Stephen**.¹
- **Steve** is thus like Jesus: if Jesus came today
among the many, as the Brethren!

¹ Steven Pinker tells this story in *The Stuff of Thought*, 2007

