

my Steelman of Humanism

Life has been: Gaia seeking trumping adaptations.

in Man, she's found her Mind - a Connoisseur of bliss via endocrine research, & a moral Universalizer, god-like.

She's done with speciation, with her long frenetic search thru possibility space! the Phyla we'll supplant with a free Imaginarium, we'll think ourselves adjacent into any niche or body plan we're curious re.

the seas'll boil, eons hence, land'll all be burning sand - the Sun never loved her and her dying won't dissuade it from its torrefactive plan!

but MAN finds SCIENCE and he gets us into Space; MAN spreads the habitat, and Gaia be his ghetto-mom who overlooks his murder, cuz he takes her to her lipo in a Cadillac.

above i make the case of Bruce Damer, NASA shaman. he doesn't quite **advocate** the planetary Takeover - he says it's unavoidable, & what a Girl wantz.

- the selfies coming thru via satellite she LUVVS, sends her kissies for the worship.
- it's odd she's pro-petroleum - whatever helps us get her off-planet, is the purpose?

he never wrote back re the burger/shake exempling plus his history with a B.C. pig operation. he answers every query - he vows it, so i figure that **we're wizards now sparring**, that these Steelmanning thoughts - a morning's sudden onset - **is** his email thru the ether.

who am i argue: rabbits should persist?

the rabbits ask me this! they tire of the chase;  
thus are all rabbits being replaced.

by Man turning heath into wheat - a swift  
trick! - Nature turns rabbits into men.

bunnies fell behind by a long-entrained laziness,  
chose not to fly or claw back. never learnt to  
climb, are a sloth who kept hopping bout the same  
one tree; who always took the easy meal, who made  
the local lawn into a salad plate.

high-climber rabbits, high-placed members of the  
Humans First Institute are terrified of back-  
sliding, can't afford to eulogize the shanty they  
escaped from - a clan not cute to them -  
the low tricks & petty feuds they fled into the  
City from.

a white hindu longhorn, chilling on the loading bay.

the lot beyond empty - an off-day, a Sunday?

a Friday downer risen?

a box at the intake gate: a dozer come to raze it while a boy's curled inside. **there's someone still inside!** - why'd i NOT cry out?

am loud for animal rights, why, and quiet on infanticide?

prior to the dream, a lore known to Dreamer: the site was hit by meteor, implanted with a Prodigy, so Bull/the Boy is **Avatar of Skygod** but aborted. he's trying to land, yet odds are high he incarnates a chick on a conveyer belt, is ground into a bloody mash as eyes meekly peep at this our Slaughterhouse.

an Avatar running thru the history of the nervous system, touring Life widely yet i doubt it moves man-ward.

really, do i doubt it? a luxury of Man: to doubt that we're the best - that WE're what Life aspires at. the Pantheon is **rightly** our

resemblance, do proclaim it! the True & Good do upward tree in **all coherent Cosmoi** into one smart body plan, do grow contra gravity - to periscope the fehren-see above what Death would grind us to.

and Mind should be encased in something skull-like, fronted with a swath of skin our love can freely play upon - if love must take a body, have a birrday.

my Steelman of Humanism. souls interlinked in a Super-being language leaves us clues to, speaks on two levels re: In France, one thousand "emotions" (uprisings) occurred between the 1530s and 1670s, many involving entire provinces and requiring the intervention of troops. [Silvia Federici, Caliban and the Witch, 2004, p 82]



