

Recent Poems-Pomes-Peoms

Poem no. 1

World:

o

Poem no. 2

Multiple ejaculations:

i i i

Poem no. 5

Upside-down teepees:

V v V V v V
V vvvv V

Poem no. 6

Toilet seat:

o

Poem no. 7

Eroticism:

VV

1

Poem no. 8

Often I awake
in the middle of the night
to check if my heart is still beating.

The light goes on
when I flick the switch.
Friend Whitman had no switches flicking.

I see the things -
light, lamp, books, clock, pen,
near to finger touch always reassuring.

The woman asleep,
body turned on her bed side
with private dreams always recurring,

The daughter upstairs,
angelic fourteen dreams her life,
with cat in the midnight garden roaming.

Yes, the pump is on
having not yet decided
to shut down and end its time working.

Poem no. 9

people people people who say they know
those who are ready to kick and fight

those deadly sure of being right

these are the creatures that surprise me most
 always turning soft warm bread
 into hardened day-old toast

they are not alone thinking they are right
 for there is nothing easier on earth to find
 than a big shiny silver simple cock-sure mind

we are in the middle of nowhere's deep
 but the truth sayers all want to pretend
 we're tight and cozy as a herd of sheep

Poem no. 10

Facts.

There are no facts.

This fact is very difficult for people to understand.

The first fact you must grasp is that you are not a fact.

You exist.

Yes.

But no one knows who or what you are, including yourself.

So you are not a fact. Nothing you think is a fact.

Even a number like "1" is not a fact as it refers to nothing factual.

You are an infinity of moving parts, not a fixed fact.

Your mind and all minds are mysteries.

They are known to no one.

Anyone who thinks she or he understands a mind is a strange
 person.

Minds know no facts.

Heraclitus understood all this two thousand five hundred years
 ago.

He would be laughing today at all this talk about "true" facts and
 "alternative" facts.

Many strange people have lived these last few millennia.

They have been wrong about everything.
Heraclitus and I don't think we're right about anything except
being wrong about everything.
We are right about there being no facts.
Fuck facts.

Poem no. 13

have you ever thought that every thought you have ever thought
has nothing to do with the real
which if true shows that not knowing reality and truth does not
keep any of us from going cradle to coffin in many different ways
all other animals do it...if you still want to call them "animals" and
you still like to think they aren't nearly as intelligent as you and i
but if you consider yourself an animal too you have probably
thought about all this already and don't need me babbling about it

Fly poem

words
are flies
at the table
that is earth

they buzz
they leave
or quickly get
swatted squashed

rare
are those
that mean anything
to anybody

tomorrow

tomorrow begins as next year slowly
 then becomes next month and
 next week
 when it is tomorrow it accelerates and
 crashes into today
 and yesterday

the book of love

-
 the book of love can't be told or sold
 just the lovers know what the words hold
 but words on paper written in ink
 will one day fade disappear and sink
 not so with the things the lovers know
 whose seeds planted in the other grow
 making the book of love like a vine
 limbs entwining in body and mind
 tender tongues thoughts legs arms and fingers
 are the pages whereon love lingers
 no one can know the contents inside
 the secret of love will always hide
 inside the lovers ever to be
 a world only love itself can see

Lover's Goodbye

Okay, if you really
 want to be free of me,
 Go
 And I will be free of thee.

Lover's Hello

if we can live until the tomorrows
 we will always drown out any sorrows
 with the love we have shared all the todays
 that entwine forever the yesterdays

Peom no. 1

this is not a poem
 it is a peom

have i baked in the oven of life too long
 have i come out dry and hardened
 too much suffering too much war too much killing
 for reasons silly
 too much love gone sour like milk left outside on a day
 clear and sunny
 have i thought too much about the truth of truth
 is it too hard to live when the rocks all crumble
 of course one can spend one's life being tender and kind
 to creatures of all size shape color and mind
 but somehow that is not enough
 for one like i
 who cannot kill spider or fly

you didn't know what a peom was
 now you do

Peom no. 2

we should all invent words like we should invent ourselves
 otherwise what are you except somebody else's thing

my shoes should feel more sacred than language
 because they are mine and my feet have formed them

and made them leathery soft

only when words like “of” look like swedish or something
does one begin to really understand what words are about

“peom” is our word now yours and mine
it is starting to look normal already after just two days of life
when i see it there on the page it rings like a church bell

Peom no. 3

Why do we want to put words on things
Big small cheap expensive useful useless junk important

Why do we want to put words on people
big small fast slow intelligent stupid good bad ugly beautiful plain

Why do we want to put words on the world
big small bigger smaller moral immoral complex just beautiful
tragic lovely

Why do we want to put words on the universe
vast infinite glorious empty created machine free random
determined

We don't ask permission to call all this stuff what we call it
kind of like it's our god-given right

The other day I sensed that maybe we should all shut up
that's when I started writing peoms

Peom no. 4

Why do we try to explain it...

Ask the fellas
 Hegel, Heidegger, Nietzsche, Kant,
 Schopenhauer, Einstein –
 mostly German guys
 with names that sound like ideas
 But there are others too
 ones like you and me -
 pots and pans of them
 After a life of smelling underwear
 I have decided
 That we all fail
 Miserably

Peom no. 10

what is the piont of peotry?
 same as the piont of braething and colpualting,
 or is that colupating?

Peom no. 11

If you were the tiger
 you'd be just like the tiger.
 If you were the ant
 you'd be just like the ant.
 Think you're special?
 Think again.

Peom no. 12

human life is a misunderstanding and
 language probably only makes it worse
 the rest of life doesn't try to understand

at least not any parts that i know of
 so other than birds singing dogs barking
 earths quaking meteors colliding and so on
 the universe is a big godless silence though
 it might have a hum like a refrigerator

Peom no. 13

Here's the problem with life:
 When we were sitting on that couch
 and you had my manuscript
 annotated in your hands,
 we were surrounded by infinity
 and there was infinity to talk about.
 But I had to get home by five
 to fix dinner for three and the cat.

Peom no. 14

one of the dumbest things in the world
 is finding an old bone in africa
 and then saying this is how old the human race is
 and this is where the first man came from

bones disintegrate so there is absolutely nothing left
 to show for most creatures of long ago
 which means that finding an old bone means nothing whatsoever
 about how long we've been around

one day the smart people will admit that they don't know
 and they will be proud to admit it
 saying you don't know is not a sign of stupidity
 but usually something like the opposite

Peom no. 15

when you take a trip in the car
 from say california to utah
 you stop every now and then
 for things like gas or food

but what about the mind
 does it ever stop
 can it stop
 doesn't it just keep going and going

let us imagine that the mind has no driver
 but no, you say
 “i am the driver”
 then you think, “hmm, maybe the mind is driving the me”

have you ever thought about the mind trying
 to think about itself
 and how it might do it
 at least there's a gas station in Winnemucca

Every Woman and Man

Every woman and man is caught in an ontological quagmire.

Their minds are stuck in the “historical” context into which they are born and thrown.

This context-quagmire is “invisible” to them – like water to fish - because they are so entrenched, tied, locked, stuck, surrounded, engulfed, glued, imbued, and impregnated. They each have a consciousness which they think is somehow free and on its own.

But it isn't. It is fixed in a context-quagmire.

We are all eternal prisoners for as long as our eternities last.

Some of us are able to step back a little and at least become aware of the context-quagmire.

But even then, where can we go and hide?

We are condemned to swim in the sea of the world.

All thoughts of “freedom” are absolutely delusionary.

Yes, of course the context-quagmire changes and rolls on in what we like to call “history”, but no man or woman can escape the totality of the one he or she is born into. We can leave a family, a country, a political party, or a religion. But we cannot leave the world. We cannot escape language, time, space, the way in which things are cut up and causally linked.

How can a woman or a man *not* be entrapped in some context-quagmire? Were one without a context-quagmire, one would be dangling alone in nothingness.

Just look at women and men and listen to them. They say the same things over and over...the same thoughts, the same a priori, the same premises, the same “truths”, which of course are not truths at all.

When one is aware of the context-quagmires in which all women and men swim, one has differentiated oneself, but not freed oneself. We are all condemned to be in the *world*...the world we are in even when we might think we are out.

There is no solution to the context-quagmire problem just like there is no *solution* for the fish that gets washed up on the shore; there are simply two possibilities: either it gets thrown back in the water or it perishes.

Given that most women and men are unable to see the context-quagmire netting in which they are entangled, they will never even imagine that there is a problem when it comes to talking about things like *truth* and *facts* and *moralities*. They will all have their sets of truth and facts and moralities that they will hold to dearly, for these truths and facts and moralities are what keeps them being who they think they are and what keeps the world being what they think it is.

This Night

Here is what I saw this night
between sleep and wakefulness
when one doesn't know where or when one is:

A child is born.

Think of what had to have existed before that child in order for that child to be.

Now here everyone wants to find a beginning point, like Adam and Eve or "the first man" in Africa or some such silly idea.

Few - if any - can conceive of no beginning. But do it...with me...this morning, in middle of the night.

No beginning takes us to the raw state of existence...we could call it "raw existence"...*is-ness*...that kind of thing.

This is not *prior* to the human type...no!...the human type is part of it. The human type was not "put there for a reason" any more than any other type was "put there for a reason"...Nothing was put anywhere for a reason. - Being is...beginning-less.

So imagine the child that is born. She or he will undergo a constant bombardment of reasons for everything being what it is. All is nonsense, but the child will never be able to "understand" this because the nature of human type is that from the moment one is conscious one gives sense to everything beginning with oneself and everything around oneself. This will go on until death...Birth and death are part of the nonsense the child will make sense of, as is everything in between. The raw fact of

existence in all its forms will never be *felt*...*Everything will always be felt to have a reason.*

Everything will be deformed.

Everything will be de-formed.

Everything will be formed to fit the human deformation of the rawness of all existence.

The human stories will always hide the truth...

This is what I saw this night

between sleep and wakefulness

when one doesn't know where and when one is.

ninety-nine point nine nine percent

of all that is on earth and forgetting the rest

of all that gets to take this curious test

ninety-nine point nine nine percent

will be forgotten and not leave a dent

this brief phrase we should all remember

as we taste our boredom and bliss from october to september

gods and countries dylan dante and proust

shakespeare cleopatra and the treasured lrousse

all will one day turn from diamond to dust

the way of even the best napolitan pizza crust

we tend to move forward with our heads in the sand

and it need be thus for we kings and queens of the land

for here is where our ultimate salvation lies

believing we matter and in our heavenly ties

onward onward we terrestrial warriors roll

never imagining that when all the bells toll

that there will be not a trace

of the so-called human race

there will be neither relic nor sign

for other creatures to divine

of these there may be many or perhaps none

living and dying like us and even having some fun

but it makes no difference as the great wheels turn

and we billions and billions for eternity yearn
 all will one day be gone and done
 except that point zero zero one
 so what is that speck that will not die
 the tiny beast resisting futility's cry
 no no it is not god or truth or a granite soul
 yes yes it is the sacred space in every heart's hole

The Nietzsche Discussion

French TV
 Onfray and Luchini wondering if they're Nietzschean
 What does it mean
 No gods
 Nothing higher
 No truth
 No revenge
 Everything innocent
 Acceptance of everything
 including tragedy
 Nothing
 absolutely nothing
 can be other than what it is
 No salvation
 but the eternal return of all things
 But there really are no things
 because all being is in flux

Luchini says no
 Onfray says yes
 But really
 wouldn't Nietzsche say what he said about Christ

“There was only one Christian
 and he died on the cross”

There was only one Nietzsche

and he died alone and speechless

harassment à la sexy

put a hand on a cat's back or head
 stroke it gently with fingers spread
 from neck to tail the motion can flow
 and it need not be a cat you know
 often the kitty will commence to purr
 as you run your paw through its fur
 now compare this to human interaction
 where a hand on a hip for a second's fraction
 may trigger fire, hell, hate, and dismay
 and ruin many a lovely terrestrial day

hasn't something gone amiss with the human race
 when between the sexes there is so much disgrace
 is it all the fault of horny pecker-packed males
 who can't keep themselves out of county jails
 it seems that with most other creatures on earth
 the males and females understand the other's worth
 but humans have taken the game to rocky heights
 where they talk about morality far into cloudy nights
 where an old man's hand on a damsel's behind
 is a sin to match sins of almost any kind

haven't we complicated life beyond all measure
 forgetting its beauty and intrinsic treasure
 perhaps from the cat we have much to learn
 and some of our good books we ought to burn
 from tall towers we call for dignity and respect
 but our nuts and bolts we seem to neglect
 we too are beasts of curious flesh and blood
 risen with the others from oceans and mud
 some walk some slither some fly in the sky
 but none are apples in any god's eye

please don't show anger with little old me
 i'm only trying to see the forest and tree
 the over-petted cat may sometimes scratch
 but a lengthy court case would never hatch
 my simple point is that man is but another beast
 stuck with silly hormones begging to be released
 some do it discreetly while others are pains in asses
 and make fools of themselves with unlucky lasses
 of course if force is used the beasts should be put in cages
 but simple banter and pats should be ignored for the ages.

Perspective

For the umpteenth time I will my dirty message send
 Existence had no beginning and will have no end
 Beginnings and ends are childish human dreams
 stacked in bathroom cabinets with Q-tips and creams
 The way we count and dissect time is infantile too
 like not knowing on which foot to put the shoe

This big that big this old that old
 The same silly story keeps getting told
 But the universe is not a big machine
 that can be understood and brushed clean
 It is simply there and put there by no one
 not for reason or rhyme or anyone's fun

Man's proclivity is to think he is the center
 And his God created space for him to enter
 But the day is coming when we will finally see
 that all we have thought and believed is purely pee
 For really which is more miraculous - a man a monkey or a sun
 or are they equal in mystery and the answer is none

climate change

we thought installing a “kitty door” in the window would be advantageous for everyone...for us and tilou
 you know, the cat can come and go when he pleases, even when we’re on vacation

it took tilou six months to figure out how it worked

we laughed about his I.Q. but we never blame

no, we only love our cats and dogs, though the dogs are all dead

one thing about the dogs was they didn’t go out at night and hunt

they slept on the floor next to us

not tilou

he goes out every night and prowls

mice are most certainly his prey of predilection

when we didn’t have the “kitty door”, tilou stayed out all night

we would find the dead mice on the door step the next morning

but now tilou brings them into the house through the door in the window, alive, in the middle of the night

he wants to show off

he plays with them and makes horrible guttural noises that wake us up

we hear him chasing the mouse around, sliding on floors

sometimes the mouse finds a place to hide

the jungle noises continue and we can’t sleep

we’ll see how long this goes on

the disadvantages

honestly, tilou has killed so many mice i don’t know how there are any left in the neighborhood

where do they keep coming from

seven years now he has been killing them

and they keep coming and coming

yes, i have a feeling climate change won’t live up to the fear mongers’ lofty expectations

two sides are not enough

for more than two thousand years
 people in the western world
 have perceived the human race in two ways
 first
 as the creation of an almighty god
 this has lasted for a long time
 second
 as evolving from monkeys and gorillas
 this came on the scene much later and is now rampant
 today these are the only two versions we have of who we are
 for the western world there are only two sides to the human story
 stop for a moment
 step back
 think
 open windows
 gaze
 do you see how we are so stuck in our weltanschauung
 we cannot imagine anything other than god or evolution
 we still believe in some kind of *creation*
 we still believe in something called free will
 we still believe in justice and equality
 will still believe in evil and devils and spirits
 we still create causal explanations that satisfy us
 we cannot imagine other possibilities
 we still believe in a first man
 we still believe in race and country
 we still believe in saving souls and worlds
 we still cheer for the home team
 we still see suns and animals as *below* us
 we still ask if eagles have *souls* and if suns are *alive*
 and to think we think we are so goddamn intelligent

Sintra Poem

When you believe something, the following cycle may occur:

1. You begin to doubt the truthfulness of the belief.
2. You think others who continue to believe (in what you now doubt) to be of inferior discernment.
3. The belief eventually looks ludicrous, but you no longer look down on those who believe it.
4. You begin to doubt other beliefs.
5. You begin to doubt all beliefs.
6. You begin to doubt “*doubt*” itself.
7. Having doubted doubt you now begin to doubt the nature of all thought.
8. You become an animal again.
9. You understand what “evolution” really means. You finally have attained a state of freedom, the freedom of no longer being a normal human type.

The Airport in Lisbon

The Uber driver coolly and calmly takes you to the airport in Lisbon. He is a single father with a well-trimmed beard and has family in Lausanne where you have lived for forty years. He went there once to find work but it didn't work out.

In spite of the foot cast on your broken Achilles tendon, you worked out at the gym in the Pessoa Hotel yesterday afternoon.

O what a lovely hotel where everyone smiles and treats you kindly as if you were a kind deserving human being which you might be.

There was an old typewriter in the lobby with a poem in Portuguese that you presume was Pessoa's, but you have only read him in English. The paper didn't look too old so you think it's a reproduction. You have chosen the word “reproduction” instead of “fake” because you're that kind of person. But of course you really don't know what kind of person that kind of person is.

As you sit waiting in Terminal 2 for your flight back to Geneva

you think about how people divide kinds of people in so many silly ways.

Five of the people around you are looking at their I-phones and two are not, so you could divide people into those who look at I-phones at 11am at Terminal 2 in the Lisbon airport on August 9th, 2017, and those who don't. But that would be a silly way of dividing people.

You don't know how to divide anything so you think that is why you write poems.

Lisbon Airport Poem II...SSAMI

Some say it's finite
 Some say it's infinite
 Are there only two channels on the human TV
 Maybe it is neither and as usual the words mean nothing
 In any case flight 1448 leaves at 17h10

Lisbon Airport Poem III

Let us assume for a moment that the finite is infinite and the infinite is finite.
 Ah! Now we're getting somewhere!
 If only somewhere was sitting next to me,
 And had a tender lovable body and mind.

Lisbon Airport Poem IV

Only locked doors
 need keys to open them.
 With the wrong keys

you will never be within.
 The same is true for life
 except life has no inside or outside.

Love Commandments

Thou shalt love thyself before loving another.
 Thou shalt love another as thou loves thyself.
 Thou shalt not put another before thy self or thy self before
 another.
 Thou shalt not understand from whence love originates.
 Thou shalt be a courteous slave to love's unknown gods.
 Thou shalt embrace the suffering and rejoicing that love inevitably
 engenders.
 Thou shalt not command nor comprehend love.
 Thou shalt not desire that the candle of love burn forever.
 Thou shalt respect love's seasons.
 Thou shalt feel eternity within the ephemerality and vice versa.

Bird Poem

watched a big bird fly over my head
 looked down at me as if i were dead
 so why can't he fly
 it thought with a sigh
 probably too dumb or just underfed

Ten Line Pome

Dead fish on beach
 Dead fish in boat
 Dead fish in fisherman's bag

Dead fish floating on top of aquarium
 Dead fish on plate
 Dead fish in market
 When I look at the eye of a dead fish
 And the life and death of everything I see
 My sole salvation is not knowing
 What life and death might be

Pome G.

G as in God. I'm tired of thinking about God. I've thought about God since I was old enough to think. Sometimes it was God and other times it was god. When you study anthropology and comparative religions you realize that there have been so many Gods all over the world that you think the capital G is probably a mistake. Then of course you think that though God is a mistake, God is and was a necessary inevitable mistake because men and women everywhere - for as far back as we think we can see in history - have believed in Gods of some kind or another. I have decided that as of today I will never think about God or gods again. Both are a total waste of time because we have no idea what we're thinking about because no one knows the slightest thing about God or gods. From now on, when I am tempted to think about creation and divinity, I will instead think about fried tomatoes. Sometimes I will call them Fried Tomatoes and other times fried tomatoes. When I see them frying in the pan of my mind, sometimes they will be red, other times green, and a few will be yellowish given that I have seen yellow tomatoes in stores recently. By moving from God (god) to Fried Tomatoes (fried tomatoes), I will have taken a small step toward the ontological garbage bin and a giant step toward a good pot of ratatouille.

Pome R.

In Pome G I wrote, "Then of course you think that though God is

a mistake, God is and was a necessary inevitable mistake because men and women everywhere - for as far back as we think we can see in history – have believed in Gods of some kind or another.”

I sent Pome G to a dear friend by the dear name of Ojanguren. He is a retired mathematician of whose mind I am very fond. He answered back, “I vehemently protest. This idea that men and women everywhere - for as far back as we think we can see in history - have believed in Gods of some kind or another is completely wrong and easily disproved. It is just propaganda to spread the idea that disbelief in a cosmic dictator is pathological. I like the Piraha who, when asked who made the trees, just laughed at the stupidity of the question...”

I stand corrected.

In spite of their obvious superiority, I doubt the Piraha would stoop so low as to call the people of Rio de Janeiro – or anyone one else living outside the Amazon jungle - “primitive”.

Pome W.

With every pome I write
I try to glimpse the core
But as there is no core
It's quite a husky chore

Pome X.

for every truth there is a lie
if you ask me why
i might start to cry
not because of truth's goodbye
but because my daughter's mouse will one day die

Pome CC.

mozart
 one of our main men
 look at the word long and hard
 no...longer...harder
 what does it mean to you
 what is the reality of mozart

we've heard the music and seen the movie
 might even have read a book or two
 "the life of mozart" or some such silliness
 how accurate is any of it
 how close to the infinity that lived old and died young
 the real wolfgang amadeus mozart

i don't know about you
 but i'm so tired of people thinking they know things
 things about things they really don't know
 of course we must meet the mozart man
 and many of other mozarts dead or alive
 we must bottle and package the chaos

but don't you wish we were a little humbler
 less certain about words and perceiving and thinking and sorting
 the garbage
 it just might be that the mind is a stranger to us all
 in our case we have trouble doubting our doubt
 if you feed us truth we get diarrhea
 fry us some plato and our tummies growl

we don't walk on cement sidewalks
 we crawl on wood chips and grass
 when we talk about mozart we're standing on quicksand
 if we're honest which we never are

we know the earth doesn't stand still
and the word mozart is already looking strange

Sicily

on a beach in sicily on a longue chaise
looking where the greeks romans arabs and phoenicians gazed
don't know who the phoenicians were
greeks romans and arabs are hiding from me too
who the hell were they
to say a greek is from greece says nothing about either
world deeper that any head can dig
so i look out where the blues meet
and where the water blue meets the sand brown
what did these people-of-old think when they saw what i see
i think o out there is sardaigne spain portugal america
and australia japan vietnam and indonesia
that kind of thing thinking
i think i know where i am
and how they didn't know where they were
but i am so wrong
just as dumb as they were
and those who will be sitting here a thousand years from now
because all thinking has its limits
we are all dumb
remember that jack
any day now the lights will go out
and there will be no blue or brown lines for any of us

O Sea

O sea that covers seventy percent of mother's surface
O sea that is said to house ninety percent of mother's children
O sea that never starts and stops but encircles mother like a shawl

O sea that stretches like skin both the baby's and the old man's
 O sea that feeds billions every day both within and without
 O sea that welcomes many dead and refreshes many living
 O sea that I see before me ever changing
 O sea that the sun reveals and the night hides
 O sea that whispers forever but never tells its secrets

bandwagons

upon which bandwagons do you ride
 as humanity flows with this and that tide
 we are but an ocean of flesh and steam
 a whirl of minds struggling to redeem
 to recover our worth and claim our place
 in the choking vastness of outer and inner space
 we will join any movement that fits our needs
 always believing it has sprouted from sacred seeds
 always certain we are just and never wrong
 we simple carolers all sing the same song
 all over the earth i find an identical story
 coming from left and right labour and tory
 christian muslim communist or eaters of no meat
 all certain they are right and not ready to retreat
 they have joined a bandwagon and don't want to get off
 at opposing beliefs they snicker ignore or simply cough
 when ninety-six percent of scientists say something together
 this proves for the bandwagon that man causes the weather
 or if all major religions claim that humans have a soul
 the bandwagon will be sure that heaven becomes the goal
 if your wagon is convinced that god gave us the rifle and gun
 you will follow it blindly all the way into the setting sun
 when the world wagon was certain that the earth was flat
 upon disbelievers and doubters the masses spat
 the whole world once saw itself as the universe's center
 the bandwagon was full and no dissent could enter
 eventually all that changed but the people did not

in new webs of certainty their minds were caught
 today we hear new claims of truth from schools of science
 yet no one knows what matter or existence is with any reliance
 onward the bandwagons...i hear their wheels creaking every day
 but i am so sick and tired of the noise i hardly know what to say
 sometimes i wonder if i'm the only one who doubts them all
 as i search for men and women who from the bandwagons fall
 it can be a lonely journey walking through the day and night
 trusting not a soul on earth to know what is true and right
 ah! but it is a most interesting road my friends and i follow
 that started six decades ago in a place called sleepy hollow
 if you are one who is still walking and laughing close by my side
 we share our jokes and canes limping to the last stop on the ride

The End of the Human Race

I am herewith predicting the end of the human race.
 Not for any of the standard reasons like nuclear war, climate
 change, Kim Jong-un, Trump, pollution, etc.
 No, this will have nothing to do with the end of the human race.
 Here is what will do the job:
 It started a long time ago when humans like Plato, Aristotle, and
 the Apostle Paul decided that man was not part of nature. This
 was a horrible thing to do, but the idea caught on and has only
 gotten worse. Even Asians are starting to see man to be “outside”
 the “natural” world, “*above it*” if you will.
 We don't need to spend a lot of time with the origin of this idea,
 but when Jews and Christians came up with a monotheistic God
 who created man in His own image, and the rest of nature
 (animals, plants...even rocks, suns, and moons) was somehow
lower, this was the beginning of the end. Mankind began to have a
 totally distorted image of himself. He was “free”; nature was
 “instinctual”. He could “sin”; nature could never sin. He could
 “know” truth and morality; nature could not “know” the “truth”
 of the world nor “right from wrong”....
 These ideas are so deeply inculcated in the human head that most

people cannot even *imagine* anything else. And the consequences of this kind of thinking are enormous. We don't have prisons for animals, only for people. We slaughter animals by the millions every day with any pang of conscience, but "the death penalty" is reserved for humans, and only in *uncivilized* countries. Humans can engage in pornographic acts; there is no such thing as animal pornography. Humans consider themselves to be the only free creatures in the known universe, and hence the only creatures who can sin and be immoral. We never consider animals or earthquakes to be *immoral* (when they do something it is a "natural tragedy")... So what am I getting at?

First, the human species already started to destroy itself when it took itself out of nature. Why – o why – would we want to do such a thing? Because *we* are divine...*we* can live forever...we are *different*...we are *moral*...with God's help (today God has essentially been replaced by science but the idea has stayed) we can make the world *good, pure, right*....

All of this has today created the Kingdom of the Politically Correct.

The Politically Correct know what is good, right, just, beautiful, pure, ethical, and true...even more so than the Christians, Jew, and Moslems. They have "dehumanized" the human even more than the Jews, Christians, and Moslems did. They want man to have *nothing* to do with nature...they want a man to be so much higher that he can't even put his hand on a woman's leg without being considered a "dirty" human being. Have these people ever watched copulation rituals in "nature"? Have they ever seen the shenanigans that turtles, rabbits, cats, eagles, skunks, grasshoppers, butterflies, and rhinoceroses go through before they copulate? There is enough "sexual harassment" when two frogs fuck to make Weinstein, Louis C K, Rose, Spacey, and company look like gentle pussycats, gentlemen deluxe, angels of good behavior...

For a species to continue it must copulate. Soon men will be afraid to do so. Being unable to go through all the "animalistic" rituals to get them in bed with a woman, men will become weak, downtrodden, and will slowly disappear. Perhaps woman can collect sperm and bank it for a few thousand years, then inseminate themselves and keep the species going for a while

(without having a filthy hand touching a virgin thigh). But the species will eventually die out.

The politically correct copulation cops will win the battle that the Christian Puritans could never win. Sex between men and women will finally disappear.

Many years ago I read an article written by a biologist who argued thus: During the history of the planet earth, species disappear when the roles of males and females become similar. A species is strong and productive when males and females are very different. When they start resembling each other the species will slowly degenerate and die out. He gave many examples, none of which I can remember. I was too busy thinking about men and women in today's world, dressing alike, talking alike, doing all the same jobs, etc. Some call it equality, but it might be suicide.

Now before you want to shoot me, please understand that I hate all forms of violence and aggression. I hate guns, knives, bombs, boxing, rapists, etc. But what frogs do in ponds is not violence or aggression. It is frogs making frogs. Of course there must be limits to what men and women can do to each other. A hand on a thigh is one thing; forcing a woman to the ground, ripping off her underwear and forcefully entering her is something totally different. Those people should not be sent to prison...that is not enough. If we can't understand the difference between a hand on a thigh and rape, we have lost all sense of discretion and judgment. If you won't allow a hand on a thigh, you might as well cut off the poor guy's prick...so he won't waste away his whole life on porn sites. And a hand on a thigh is not a prelude to rape. I know, I've had many women put their hands on my thighs and none of them raped me. I've had a woman masturbate in front of me in a train at six in the morning. She didn't rape me either. And I've even had a woman hide in the back seat of my car and say (in French), "If you don't fuck me, I'll kill you." She didn't rape me either. In fact, after I talked to her calmly for a half an hour we became friends...

Please also understand that none of this has anything to do with equal pay for equal work. The people who don't pay women and

men equally for the same work are the ones who should be shot. And they should have been shot a long time ago...way before guns were invented.

Speaking of guns...they're what should be wiped from the face of the earth, not men's desire to copulate. Unless of course we want an end to the human race. If not, we must understand that we are absolutely and totally part of nature and nature is not a politically correct place. And as far as I know, all species in nature have reproductive rituals that reveal a certain beastly side to male behavior. Yes, the human beast must be controlled. But we must not put out the flame if we want to avoid extinction.

Instagram

I do not know what "Instagram" is.

I do not have a cell phone.

I presume it comes from the word "instant".

An instant in a very brief amount of time.

It must mean that information or pictures can be exchanged very quickly.

I do know what Facebook is, and Internet, and I know that my TV has 1,000 channels.

I also know that recently in less than one day, Mr. Charlie Rose went from being a cool, calm, highly respected interviewer of important and famous people to a totally disrespected asshole sexual beast.

That's all it took...one day...worldwide.

He had worked for decades and had a stellar reputation, one almost like the great Walter Cronkite of my youth.

And then...BAMM! SPLATT! SMASH!!!!...In one day he became a louse, a sexual predator, an exploiter of women, a dirty old man, a pig, a dog, an unclean selfish human being.

Why?

Because a few women he had worked with said he did things – years ago – like putting a hand on a thigh, dreaming about them

naked and actually telling them so, and - worst of all - coming to a hotel room door with only a bathrobe on (after a shower) which might have been slightly open revealing part - or all (heaven forbid!!!) - of the piece of flesh that dangles between his legs and is used to eliminate liquids and make babies.

Don't get me wrong. I am not out to defend Charlie Rose. Not at all. I never really watched his show because I didn't like the fact that he seemed to know everything about everything. But I do know how popular and respected he was because some days when I was tired or bored and I would turn the TV on and zap from channel to channel, he was often there on CBS, PBS, or Bloomberg with some famous – or becoming famous - person.

What I am defending is the idea that people are consummately unthinking and in today's "instagram" world are essentially not informed, but are rather *misinformed* about everything. They think they know everything about everything, but the truth is they know almost nothing about anything, except maybe when they need to go pee with that thing between their legs (different thing with women, but stationed there just the same).

Here is part of my point. If all our Western world pre-Instagram heroes like Plato, Caesar, the Apostle Paul, St. Augustine, Michelangelo (I'll bet he and Leonardo touched a few bodies in their day...), Shakespeare, Christopher Columbus, Cortez, George Washington, Tom Jefferson, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, the Kennedy brothers, Marx brother, Martin Luther King, John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart, etc....if all these men had lived today, I'll bet all of them would have – or could have - been destroyed by our politically correct *Instagram* world.

Do you notice that I put no women on the list above? Have you also noticed that in the last few months no women have been accused of sexually harassing men?

Women must be very different from men. At least women's place in history has been very different from that of men because I can think of dozens and dozens of *men* to add to the list, but only three

or four *women*...the Virgin Mary, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, and maybe...what was that nurse's name?....

My points are these:

The world is an unthinking place.

The world is a zoo.

Man is not outside of nature, but is one of the most vicious beasts in the jungle (let us never forget that World War II alone killed more than 60,000,000 people...nobody counted the so-called "*animals*" that perished in the fighting).

Men have had most of the power on earth, not because they are "good" or more intelligent than women, but because they were physically more powerful. Their power is no different than that of the dinosaurs when they roamed the planet. It is simply there, like the power of the sun.

Men are not moral creatures. Some might be kind and gentle, but none knows what the *good* is.

I purposely left Jesus off the list of heroic men because he is probably the most misunderstood man who has ever lived, if in fact, he actually lived.

Given what we know about the "history" of the world, women have every right to be mad at men.

Do men have any right to be mad at women? (Hmmm?)

Would the world be a better place if men didn't exist? (Hmmm??)

Would the world be a better place if social media like Instagram and Facebook didn't exist?

Should Charlie Rose have been fired without the slightest investigation into the accusations these women made against him?

Is seeing a penis a horrible thing (see my book, "The Flood")?

Are penises immoral objects?

Why did the Puritan vision of the penis win out over Michelangelo's?

Is dreaming about a woman and telling her you dreamed about her a crime?

Is anything in the media actually "true"? Isn't everything simplified *beyond recognition*...like a body that gets hit by a bomb or thrown into a fire?

Who really knows anything about anything?

It is unlikely that all-knowing gods exist. Isn't it even more unlikely that all-knowing humans exist?

How are men supposed to approach women without "harassing" them? Is a love letter a form of "harassment"?

Will the day come when neither men nor women can approach each other without being potentially accused of "sexual harassment"?

If I desire you, and you know it, haven't I already *rocked the boat*? Isn't desire the first step toward "problems"? Was Buddha right?

If human beings are, in fact, part of nature, shouldn't we accept them for what they are and just get rid of the bad apples (like we do with "animals") and try to survive as well as possible?

If God does not exist, who should have power in this world?

Would the world be a better place if women had power?

Is women's boxing a good thing...?

If women did take power, would power corrupt them?

I could go on and on, but my mind is squirting in too many directions. I think I'll go play a little golf...

j.f. november 23, 2017, morges, switzerland (i think it's thanksgiving day in america...perhaps there is really only one real philosophical question: should we be thankful that existence exists?)