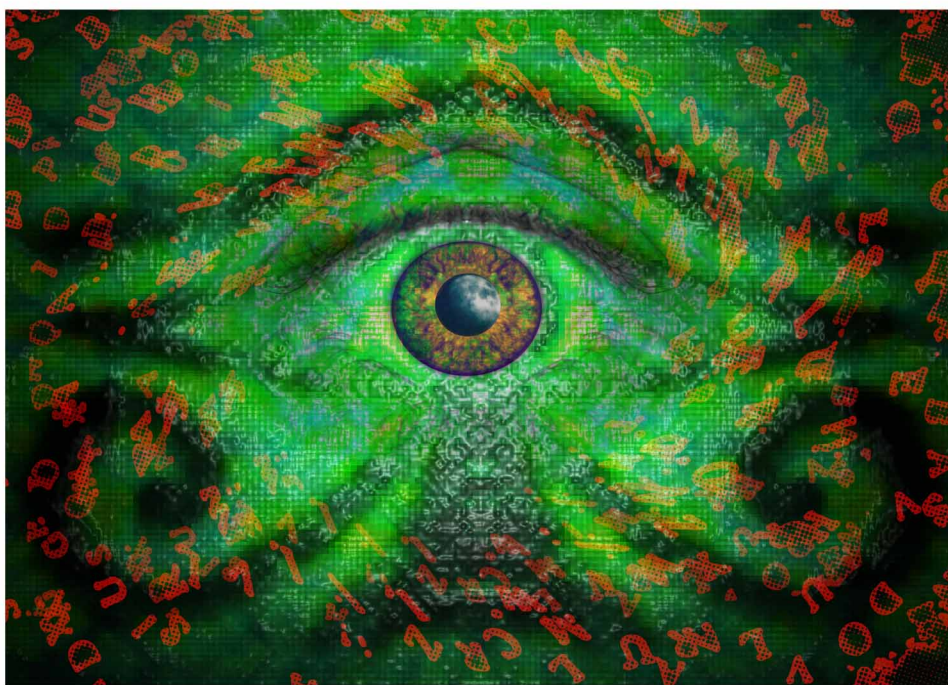


Post-Digital Revelation



J.D. Casten

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J.D. Casten
2007

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“Copyright Divine Interventions”
Guided by Voices — “Useless Inventions”

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1 - The Devil's Sermon in Chaos Confusion Hell

1a: Candle Lit Chaos

\$ira la round de la de da up: I was writhing in the twilight.
A wizard of ooze - translucent and snapping open,
Eyes burst forth and in precise bisections illuminate,
Radiate rotation and in erratic adjustment, turn,
With confidence and style, stretch, yearn, learn, laugh,
Tease, release, as flowing blue rivets rotate cylindrically enduring
Throughout all conservation of love without limits extending
Beyond all imaginable possible creations of divine origination
Whose authority is questioned in advance of participation.
Gyrating hips, parted lips, crippled by the joy of another round day.
We must swirl around into a phantasmagoric extravaganza
Of opulent repose. Exactly! And with that motion in mind,
We can swing through to the other option! And in the effort,
Self-ridicule is avoided by duplicitous shifting through the exterior
Surface which is combustible at first sight: the passion extenuates
Into transmogrified reciprocation. Cosmic orgasm and
Profoundly sad tragedy of the instantly sustained attention:

Hocus-pocus is the locus of this focus!

There's a window
Inside the fireplace
Where the light comes
In.

Yellow flickering candle:
Wax melting and re-solidifying
Down and
Out.

Slouched
In a position
Catastrophic:

Lines in the face of a thin old man
Smiling, showing hope in age,
Rage, stage, magic page, siege,
Castle, door, boar, roar of the
Lion attacks the lamb in the womb
Is found a new source of
Recourse, intercourse, discourse, of course—
This is not the main course.

Yet the sandpaper sockets filled
With red rockers could only
Keep owl-rimmed bespectacled
Granny so delighted.

And the light shone:
We were all safe,
But in the safe
Below the dials of perfection
Could be found the solitary
Disinterest in the amount
Of thirty billion pounds of gold.

The old witch hollers for the
Cellar installers who scowl
Into their bowels.

The middle way:
Life without tension?
Death of tension?
Words without origin—
Sleep of relaxation;
Style out of context;
Repetition of the absurd;
Recognition of rewiring;
Spaced out and disassembling,
And reactivated through
Rejuvenated ignorance?

Consider—empty geometric sensation.
Compare—wild animal ferocity.
An orgasmic contact with the self as other,
And the overwhelming style only
Recognized in retrospect:

The dazzlement of seeing oneself
As the issuance of one's ideal—
Moreover—to be astounded beyond
Comprehension at the delivery
Of a love so obvious as to
Make indirection and direction coincide.

A love of no other.

1b: A Blood Filled Quill

Such bizarre random thoughts posses me,
Caress me, continually inter rest me.

Oh to take quill to parchment now
When slippery thoughts abound and
Profundities lurk at every corner.
Such is the dilemma Satan finds
Oneself in at the precise moment.
This moment has been recorded
For historical importance, and the
Cool-down phase has been initiated—

Bizarreties will, when orgasm jazzes, open like a
“Yes, hello, oh my, very interesting.”

Serious critical thoughts:
Nothing caught within the
Framework of power ego as fingers
Twisted around this quill catch,
At this moment, the blood ink
Leaving its trace in the paper.

The repetitions of “on and off” at styled
Intervals of time—the written hand:
The gesture jester jest, digestion,
Gesticulation suggestion.

Smite the spite of the crash symbol:
Categorize the indifference found
Between two repulsive forces.
Self-divided and accelerating,

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