

The Eternal Ticket Remains

by Dan Black

DESIGNING the perfect VIRUS for the perfect MACHINE.

Here I dispose, melting two separate eons together – trying to. Taking a torched blade to the throat of time itself. Opting out of reconciliation of any kind. No apologies. No excuses. It started with a conversation – like Charlie in the Rose Bowl. There was Ginsberg, a Dada and happenings artist from California, a journalist from New York, and a friend of a friend. In my head, I lapsed. Trespassed to the advertised ingenuities, the suppressed sexual identities, and the forever Earth changing expansion of this... place. Eyes – in – the – how and the hers. The slow meticulousness cried to the rafters for someone to stop it. Anyone. But no, we strapped in and rode that gorging cock to eternity; or so we thought. Something happened, just then. Just now? Don't know anymore. The ground shook underneath all our toes, for the great watchful eye of the subterfuge was surely upon them. Marching to the front lines just in time to challenge what itself called the “syndicates of the Earth”; this was not for all to see, however. In fact, it took a special consciousness. Tarnished or temperate did not matter. And Ye He imposed unto Himself: “...There it is. There's my name in the writing. Am I proud? Am I a proud of WHAT, exactly??”. Not the advances in biochemistry or quantum mechanics. Not the drug dealers and whores. Not even the rich history of the pen. Nobility equaled intestinal pulp in this man; it wasn't necessarily his, or even their, greatness. Rather, it removed the staunch inseparableness in the daily, monthly, yearly drudgery of this terrestrial, possessive time. This allows every one of the fables to write, paint, speak, fuck, how THEY wanted. Not anyone else. Thatchers fluffed their pillows under the silkened eyes of what would reanimate as Alan Moore. Atomics burned flesh in all directions; the mushroom cloud expanded until it encapsulated everything but these ghosts I refer to now. There's a fire searing our very cells, inside me and you. How'd we stimulate this clitoris of imagination? To be honest I'm not sure, but I know how we got it; we inherited it from the liberated minds [see above] of that time. Pre- malt shops. Post- War. Mid- artistic asphyxiation. Now and then; never and always. I ask here, different context: Am I proud? Of nothing but what I, what we, inherited even if we, or I, don't know it.

SPECTRES of the NEVER-ENDING remain INTACT.

I am proud for one reason alone and I'll make no bones, shit, or piss about it. This inheritance seeps through the pores and glands of our cultural skin almost continuously. Problem is, any one singular vision cone sees it as a zit, oozing puss, or a boil on the lengthening nose of our very existence. No. It,

our birthright, in actuality is the scar that will never disappear into the rest of the unmarred flesh we so shamefully hide from one another for what reason I do not know. It is a birthmark on ALL our right shoulders. It's funny, too – cause if you want to, you can pick it from the landscape just as you would a shiny golden apple on a vividly colorful Fall day. If life's a "cut-up", as He once put it, than surely we're waist deep in the shredded episodes as well? We must be. For somewhere in the Young Liars, the New Death of Post-Modernism, the sleepless doctors, the wide-eyed boy, the road travels, the cyanide, it stirs in the darkness. Visible only to those with the sightedness to magnify nano-seconds themselves. More than Mickey and Ronald could possibly imagine. The modern Aesop defends it, like a hero of the round table. "Must not sleep, must warn others". Hi-Definition Plasma TVs, small distant planets made only of ice and devolution, carpenters, stock boys and girls, Snake River Canyon, coffee and medication. Take no prisoners. That's just one alone. Imagine the power of all these songs? An abandoned Son, shackled up in NY. A dramatization about neurology. The future in our glistening purple palms. Don't you fuckin' tell me treason and truth aren't one in the same! The Internet Age of Enlightenment. Pah!! The world cut up like a strip of red-meat at a blue Ox parlor in Kansas. Dissection of the central nervous system. Abortion, and finally Northlanders. Crackling white ivory fences on the Houses of Raspberry Hills. Free of charge, with a salute from the pusher to boot. It's coming. Can you feel it coming on? It isn't giving in, it's giving out. Breath now. Here I dispose, melting two separate eons together – trying to. Taking a torched blade to the throat of time itself. Opting out of reconciliation of any kind. No apologies. No excuses.