DWPCo. Presents –



THE

DAVIAD

by Davis Peacock

VITAE

QUAE·AEVI·SOLLICITI·INIURIAS·MULTAS·FERT

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Produced in 2015.

CTO # (UNR) n3A5

オタ CITATION:

COVER DESIGN –

Pond Waves (rs, 2011) <https://invitedlife.files.wordpress.com/2011/06/pond-waves.jpg> 「Invited Life」

※ USE –

 \* (\*s,cpt/s/w, 2015) 「DAVIAD」

cpt – couplet s – stanza; w – whole work

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ERRANDVM...

*The Wandering…*

1-1. The Two Gifts

In the first year, he was born with indeed a neutral soul,

the lowest, the farthest to the ground, notch on Life’s pole.

But Life, in all its guidance, seeks to upset this formative balance,

to sway those stolid in direction with their own talents.

And so he was entrusted with two things that would tear at themselves,

(these objects being the System and the Imagination)

tear him from the world to bring his mind to their own selves,

for it is the mind that owns its casings,

the strappings it has titled and for which it now sings.

But likewise, it is the minds which properly define,

the thoughts within truly govern the qualities of our kind.

1-2. The Acquisition of Literacy

In the sixth year, he who had acquired,

the Literacy by which so many have been inspired,

he begins to look about him and his home,

he designs to, with a steady eye, comb

through that which finds itself around the eyes

of this youth, ambitious as he does not yet know of his demise.

If one were prone to inquire what he had seen at this tender age,

the answer would merely be “to the extent of this dire cage.”

This imprisonment which has been defined by our manufacture,

Industry and Progress, these may be styled, because they are

not only imprisonment but enlightenment as well,

enlightenment to view our self-created hell.

(To now, the dark aspects of the described have singularly been presented,

but there is, needless to say, more to the greatest accomplishments contended.)

1-3. The Industrial Design

In the seventh year, he looks upon Industry,

with the glare of one just forming the ability to see;

not otherwise does he stumble in pursuit of some regularity,

“Be the world as I see it first, and be it pretty.”

He takes up the mechanization and symmetry of his surroundings,

and commits this uniformity to his permanent reckonings.

When challenged, he, to evade hopeless confusion, backs his mind,

for he knows it surely as anyone might find.

He takes the Industry of the world to paper,

drawing and writing every machine and its caper.

“That which moves with human aid,

that thing is a noble matter, having been laid

by the noble power of our thoughts,

and the plans we make, these will always be sought

with great fury and speed,

to continue to build challenges for another to heed.”

Indeed, he had found the institution of Humanism,

when he looked upon Industry, the golden catechism.

1-4. The Onset of the Imagination

In the seventh year, Life observes the deeds of this fledgling,

with some starting interest, as he has begun to use one of Life’s giving.

It looks at him for evidence of the Imagination,

as the youngster contorts Industry into System and slow animation,

this being a repeated set of similar motions,

to only let him view his immediate with some contentions.

It peers within the mind of the youth,

to find that his use of the great utility is quite uncouth.

For using the Imagination to shift and build

the mountainous structures of Industry; this untold,

he goes creating his own manners for another plight,

an umpteenth effort at alteration of the observation of sight.

“A railway,” he cries, and “An airline sky high,” to Life,

which has yet to see the fruit of the small person’s strife.

1-5. The Primary Efforts

In the eighth year, he has engaged the limitless proportion,

of his other gift, that of infinite dimension and little direction,

that famed Imagination, which Life so twisted for,

completing an Early Sketchbook among much more.

But it is really the novel concepts that show,

the extent of his creations and this so

impressed Life that it, for a time, is beaten back,

permitting him to increase *operis* stack.

With the words he expressed in his sixth,

he begins to define things, though not he betwixt,

to use a cannon of perception and certain focus,

in order to create a Brand, an object to create fuss.

Likewise, it is the Brand which so astonished Life,

a product of the illegal combination of the contrary gifts rife

with contradiction toward each other,

with hatred and bitter feelings toward opposing forms there.

1-6. The Herald of a Dormant Period

In the ninth year, he has begun to decrease his production,

just as he looks again at the world in a stint of gumption.

A Late Sketchbook, a final work, is presently completed,

allowing the youth to become conceited;

in his great fervor, he revels at his imagined accomplishments,

allowing his gifts to recede, letting him ignore good sense.

History, though, a System itself and one unique,

falls into place, rendering him prime to seek,

(among other things) worldly knowledge and that,

which is found in books, these being proven fact

as well as pointless fiction and fancy,

this too, to teach him the way of the dandy

Universe Around him,

here personified as a man not trim.

The large bloke, this Universe Around,

presses upon him the words in books abound,

telling him of tale and lore,

until the youth’s head is sore.

His great fault through this time is that he is stuck,

a singular perspective defines his sight into the muck

of that near him, but in his confusion and stubborn avail,

his mind sees only airships which fly and water-ships which sail.

For it is only Order that he sees, a cover deftly placed,

and a veil over his eyes that twists his sight further defaced.

1-7. The Collapse

In the eleventh year, he begins to show the strain of his course,

he continually reads and understands (but onceing only) to Life’s remorse.

To the youngster’s as well, as he tires of the strife,

draining his energy and stifling the gifts of Life.

But the fanciful works having been cast at him by the Universe Around,

these act slowly to spark a coming revolution, a shift in the sound

which has stuck fast all this time,

but never is late for a change in paradigm.

The youngster breaks his gaze from the stout provider,

to glimpse a fleeting form that seizes his glance, a harbinger

for a new land, the Universe Other,

a place which strives fundamentally to differ.

Presently, the youth stops his shift,

as he views his knowledge start to drift,

away it goes, from the places he thought it,

rather, to the places where might better fare it.

His learning thence undone,

the fool lets himself in the same light run

toward this temptress, toward the East on a whim,

and Life raised not a ray to stop him.

1-8. The Downfall of the System

In the eleventh year, he is wrenched from his learnings,

seized with a fervor and desire to suit new yearnings.

The sly one, dancing far ahead of the youth,

in fact leads him closer to the truth.

She unfetters his passion, previously bound by his blindness,

for it to join in a river of new things, indeed bound-*less*

as this river rips apart its own banks,

widens its own flow without further thanks.

That which is revealed with this gushing

only encourages the youngster in his rushing:

he goes on and notices to his dismay

that the System he so touted, that the rote order he so conveys,

which stands indeed for his assumption,

in no way fits itself on this furtive Universe Other, this temptation.

But in a moment’s work,

he finds himself, a lost soul, firmly stuck to this irk,

the gift given by only Life, the structure,

for he is already entrenched in this culture.

1-9. A Shift in Focus

In the twelfth year, he begins to perceive something beyond;

a specter hither unknown, a wave from an unfathomable pond.

(As Life pushes the youth further into the tumult,

he draws ever East in his misled assault.)

But it is not so foreign to this individual stressed,

unknowingly this trend is a repeat of designs once pressed:

the Industrial (to be specific) Design,

a development in historical value quite fine.

His end, however, has mightily transformed,

to the Imagination now the limits are conformed.

The objects once observed from the Universe Around in great excess,

presently support the inspiration of the youngster’s new mess,

for it is not planned but strewn,

misdirected and the use of the System not his own.

Indeed, it is the wonderful presence of the temptress, who feints,

that teaches him of the existence of the world, teaches him to paint

fragments of his Imagination,

farther from the rigid suction

of the vacuum of the System–

this all while Life pushes him.

1-10. The Temptress Abandons

In the twelfth year, the temptress then turns back,

stops her frantic run, and halts his feverish attack.

“I am not the one to suffice your need,

it is not East but Surreal which you must heed.”

Confused, the youngster realizes her sham;

annoyed, he firmly sends an urgent “I am!

I have been lastingly polluted by your swift direction,

and now my conscience forever shows your correction.”

But this Universe Other is no longer there in face,

disappearing from her own domain is indeed her true pace.

And so the youth looks on with scorn,

but there is not a second in which he may use to mourn.

1-11. The Second Intensity

In the twelfth year, he has been affected by the tumult of the recent events,

taking another look at Industry is his only way to make from these sense.

But the Other has pulled him from the simple direction of times past;

indeed, the present creations are in stark contrast.

As he broadens in focus, the drawings are to the unreal increasingly inclined,

the erratic use of Imagination is now most clearly defined.

Though still the youth works under System’s supervision close,

standardizing his movements and branding his incentives most.

The use of Life’s gifts simultaneously so,

is however a combination illegal, its productivity low;

but presently in him it strangely excites

a new era, and his ephemeral delights.

The unplanned development Life duly observes,

his full rancor is what it resigns from, and now it must another serve.

1-12. A New Figure

In the thirteenth year, just as he might begin to contemplate Life’s path,

that fearful one sends another to attract his surprising wrath.

Because the astonished youngster looks presently above,

he spots the thing having been pushed by Life and its apparent love.

It is blatantly a dark shadow with its source concealed,

a puzzle and expedient to his raging mind from *magnō* development sealed;

in wonderment he is forced to accept,

and in no other way had his mind from its pursuit leapt,

for this arcane object is the Universe Oneiric with which he is in awe,

the strangest yet most familiar thing whose trace he ever saw:

“As I draw the lay of great networks and their resident states,

have I approached the apex of my innates?

By this, I mean my overwrought Imagination and the contrasting power,

as the sure presence of language brings civilizations from desk’s paper to this very hour.”

And also Life, who stood still with his concatenation,

observing with joy the progression of what he gave, what indeed created nations.

1-13. Identification of Source

In the thirteenth year, he looks closer at this figure recently drawn,

this shade lately placed and seeming his subordinate pawn.

Having distracted him from the miasma of the Universes Other and Around,

the Universe Oneiric allows the youngster to climb higher on his supposed mound.

Not without ramification is this trek into Imagination, its infinite depths,

as he learns to manipulate Systems with increasing fluidity and breadths;

if the youth once desired a universe to understand,

the Universe Oneiric beyond doubt fulfills such a demand.

The failing of the Universe Other was that specialty of the new,

as the opposing perspective could not be seen without insight, even with temptress’s woo.

The intersection of Around and Other could be only created,

not observed (one who looks for this finds his hopes deflated).

And with creation, there appears the first inkling of an origin,

this one beginning with the creator, the self, not any other men.

But he is unhappy with his work,

his mind still lost in the imperfect murk.

1-14. The Industry Endangered

In the fourteenth year, the youth further his shadow, the Oneiric, contemplates,

as he surveys the surreal land, the third Universe, and its historical dates.

Not only works dominate this intriguing place,

but likewise Governments unique have a say in this space.

Previous thoughts exclude such an institution,

which lets loose fury toward such in his first confusion:

“Be control of honest actions a flaw in the perfect Industry,

or be oppressive and overarching domination a leech on the noble Free.

Is not business the most responsible and dutiful act in all of life,

raising Free from the dark depths of primordial strife?”

*Dixerat*, and in such a way he continues,

cursing the strange Government and its various venues.

Refusing to renege on the view from his origins years ago,

he seeks unconsciously to meet his demands with that which now shows.

1-15. The Greatest Year

In the fourteenth year, he tops his domain,

producing countless and enlightening developments which even Life cannot contain.

The youth is driven by the third Universe, its pull on Imagination and System alike,

to heights hither and hence unknown, entering phases and stints overloading his psyche.

He formalizes his world and sets his beliefs,

shifts his perspectives and feigns of his motifs.

The rigid enclosure, in which he once so easily put himself,

is presently left with likewise ease, enabled by the new look at Life’s self.

The Design Industrial falls out of use;

he now takes his information slowly and without abuse.

(As a careful child waits for the cookie on oven to of its heat remand,

after once touching the inferno and burning his naïve hand.)

This, an important shift, defines the greatest year;

indeed, two-thousand twelve is that which encourages Life’s fear.

1-16. The Descent of Humanism

In the fourteenth year, he also contemplates in a manner artistic;

what he thinks on is a belief also central to the Design having been so intrinsic.

Writing words into stories symboled and detached,

he slowly finds a feeble handle on the true spirit of humans unlatched;

what most directly he spots is a gouging distrust in the object

by which so many strive to create, use, and reject.

Humanism is no longer perfect to the struggling youth,

and this is well tracked with his philosophy of the time:

“The world appears bent and asymmetrically turned,

in an imperfect way did I see it (this now spurned),

for I, truly blind, did not cast eyes upon it at all,

and refused other ways of knowing in such gall.”

For no other reason does he keep his forced commitment to the second Universe,

dragged to terrible extremes by an illusion of the East unknown more than Life may coerce.

His stories tell of his mind in conflict,

and Life senses a growing opportunity to of its design afflict.

For as the year progresses, the stories of despair and failures tell,

the corruptions of evil and impurity to which their characters fell.

1-17. A Testament to Uncertainty

In the fourteenth year, the youth ascertains the developments,

tries hard to make reason from the nature of his works and comments;

but his mind is duly flipped from its earlier standpoint,

and fixed forever on the moving intersection, the nebulous joint

between the view of the left and the view of the right:

if these were his hands, they would be grasping with all their might

at his neck and thusly quenching their terrible thirst

not for, but as Life itself which is the one behind such a trial worst.

It is this force, indeed, that troubles him so:

Uncertainty is the sole change of this era low.

In focusing on a main idea, centering on something fast,

he had prospered, but the loss of this and the gain of knowledge would be his last.

And so, from this time, the youth begins to erode his accomplishments and his growth,

destroy what has made him great, all in the name of unrelenting Life and its double oath.

1-18. Ebb

In the fourteenth year, this time of great turmoil,

the youth receives little help with his likewise large toil.

Caught in his net created by the two gifts (or shall “curses” be said),

he is unable, or too confused, to reach out with his feeble hand dead.

Those that he comes across are simply shadows of the Universe Other,

which he still tends to (as does a wayward sailor to his lotus), but the temptress is no brother.

Misdirected, he begins to look at Life in a new light;

indeed, the shift has brought on some unwanted spite.

He however, thinks that the Oneiric is his to shape alone,

that the thing he creates is something to call his own.

Falling into a hole, he feigns that the shift was too something of his possession,

that he has entered into an era of enlightenment, not simply of divine succession.

The youth designs to stay and rot without any aid,

but Life, for all its treachery, further drives him with prospects laid

out in front of his growing eyes which take in just too much,

convincing him of obsequious adulthood and rectitude, and other notches of such.

1-19. A Decline Unknown

In the fifteenth year, the gifts are collided with fury intense

as the situations around him become dire and without sense.

His works then expand in their breadth, scattered as in days of old,

but he feigns that he continues in his ascent as in the recent days of gold.

The Universe Oneiric provides, indeed, a board from which he might spring;

in this season, he draws unconditionally and without restraint which Life might bring.

Not without awareness is the youth, who revisits past obsessions in this sad adage,

and conquers again the discipline of building be the work a road or a language.

“Improvement is the stolid goal by which I stand,” says he,

and for betterment of the use of the gifts does he force himself free

from the teachings of objects with single sides,

papers with beautiful drawings which show the time Life bides.

1-20. The Mistake of Emotion

In the fifteenth year, he faces his fancied great trial with a frown,

a perceived struggle against feeling, which seems to bring him down.

“Where has feeling burn after burn benefitted me?” the youth cries,

“This faculty restrains my function and improvement in which my end lies!”

He is not such a fool to think himself better,

(but impure thoughts cast himself above a humanity bitter

with lack, not surplus of the constituent Emotion,

which may be easily seen to create production.)

“Could I just release myself from my sadness,” he thinks,

“and in that approach divinity unbent, and without kinks

from the constant beating of trial after horrible trial,

which tricks me, the perplexing thing, in its furtive guile?”

*Hās omnēs* Life leaves unanswered, a thing which provides him drive to press further his gifts

to the extent that they are spread as thin as the silver used in coin before standard Diocletian lifts.

1-21. The Mistake of the Two Gifts

In the fifteenth year, he thoroughly misinterprets that which suspicious Life placed,

the Imagination and System which have wrought him thoughts turned and problems faced.

(He, at this melancholy notch on the pole does not even know

the extent of the gifts or what tendencies they show;

their names remain faceless to his glowing eyes

though they are only reflections of his blazing guise.

*Verō* he does not know that person in which he travels,

speaking and sleeping with him, and he his identity unravels!)

He forgets that which he has yet to slowly learn,

the thing which he must have to his understanding earn,

and leaves impressions scattered betwixt planar images and throughout uncaring throngs,

one in the Universe Around, one for the Universe Other, one to the Universe Oneiric belongs;

alternate slices of him float in the stereotypes he tries to patch together and with coherence,

to make a whole self which really underlies all such hasty piecing and building thence.

1-22. The Resolve Softly Snapped

In the fifteenth year, the weight of his pitched battle is felt near

as Life stands placidly by, there shedding a sympathetic tear.

He carves himself apart into said slices to the degree that his soul shifts

to falsely mold the identity while Life truly urges further its Gifts.

The Universes three likewise pull him into themselves blamelessly,

as that is their function (how is he to understand) nevertheless-ly.

The disparity is too great for the conflicted face;

it cries to Life: “O! My trials are great and out of place.

I have finally realized the basis of my problems manifold:

Life is the culprit of my horrible vice which is Emotion from old!

What, you think that I am to sit and make like a fool;

what, you design me continue without breaking my cool?

Here it is, Life: leave me now, and I will suffice,

but will this act make my corpse as cold as ice?

No, I do not tremble, I do not my time gamble,

while I am here confronting Life in its slow amble.

I will end Life, Life, and take its consequences,

for I have no care or desire for any more Emotional instances!”

Life’s dark form begins to crumple, which shows something else,

a larger, deeper, statue behind the façade, a force of which he later tells.

It halts his production, shines him in the face, and stymies his eyes themselves,

because it, making him tremble and him his time gamble, is greater than Life itself.

…INTELLEGENDVMQVE

*…and The Realizing*

2-1. A Song of Rebellion

A thousand years swiftly pass, and his face runs as frigid (with great age) as his heart warms;

during this time, he sings and convulses of strange movements (as bees, beginning to swarm):

“Rebellion in all its glamor, is but a sham, a crutch on which I once depended

an act against the self rather than those to which it is so harshly intended.

Better, I say, it is to slowly morph, to in shining and model form surpass

those to which you direct your raw anger and with whom you face impasse.

These others then respect and follow your model blazing,

where you lead them is now a choice of your design amazing.

So too does a society change: not by yelling and screaming are great bodies prodded forward,

but through careful adjustment by “visionaries” or “leaders” are these moved (or by high lord).

Futile to rebel it is indeed, for none shall succeed,

no matter how loud their inspired shouted creed.”

And, in confusion tumultuous: “But why has such a thought my mind crossed while it lives?

*Mihi non necesse est* and I have, besides, never rebelled fervently nor with any fine objective.”

He is not to know yet of the thoughts to come,

or the actions to accompany this weird aplomb;

truly, it is this which will return, happy head and wagging tail to his realizing hands

to be touched tangibly and seen visibly and used usefully while in new lands.

2-2. A Song of Distance

Life, now too a wizened old man, presently approaches, showing the most persistence

and says to his wrinkled face: “As he sings a song of rebellion, I sing a song of distance:

For how long is it that none are placed close enough to a person completely unknown,

that none see what the whole of their given slice makes something novel and of their own?

A slice is only that, a drawing upon a single leaf of paper,

and it has not a depth – even shadows may not feign this caper

despite their hatching and stroking elaborate and detailed,

the trials a person by others is that person having failed;

for if a single slice of one is given to another with open arms expecting,

they may never appreciate all that which is there in that one directing.

The labor of building the whole is left to the one without the instructions,

so he takes simply what is Around, in that first universe, to finish production.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-3. A Song of Direction

And he: “As Life sings a song of distance, I sing a song of direction,

for there is a clear order of the Universes in of thought their production.

With one’s eyes, one presently detects what is Around,

but another faculty is at once in a new way bound.

While these see what is in front of the ever-active mind,

this reaches its invisible hand beyond reasoning of such kind;

it is the Other, the opposite, which the mind seeks,

pulling it far from the sights on which one’s eyes peek,

for the mind, however brazen, seeks a certain compensation and sense,

a Neutrality which has been adulterated by of the Around the presence.

But the reflection true of one is not these two slices as said drawn merely,

these indeed are one’s extremes and thus his false representations sincerely.

What builds one’s mind and is by one’s mind built is the last,

the Oneiric is the synthesis of one’s being and not simply times past,

not simply a key to that around him or that of one’s habits however telling,

not simply a key to what one is not and what after change one’s face is selling.

How tragic, is it, that this third object is so carefully hidden,

and from even one it is of immediate appearance ridden?”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-4. A Song of Self

And Life: “As he sings a song of direction, I sing a song of self,

and the essence of him from my two gifts through such a lens itself.

(Is it, might I add, anything but a person to look at one’s method and appearance;

this gives one’s inner thought and outer action, those truly his own, no clearance!)

The two gifts, I acknowledge, are only his two strengths,

but for things closer he need not go to greater lengths.

What one makes is a reflection indeed, but an entirety must be observed to ignore the slices

(which once befuddled him) and take in all that is a person to the ends of Disrespect’s devices,

for Disrespect is no better defined or with all colors painted than with the lack of Understanding,

a failure to be others, to see from their own eyes, is the seed of this grievance outstanding.

With slices so many ramming against him, impelling a great burden with constant hammering,

what can it do but leave him with a desire to become a slice, to end his useless stammering?

Wherefore I see it – one’s own self is beyond works a few at a time:

it is all of these or simply a collection of his thoughts or his paradigm.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-5. A Song of First Sight

And he: “As Life sings a song of self, I sing a song of First Sight,

which is the reaction to the primary stimulus, the formative blight.

The eyes cannot help but accept the urgent gifts of the Universe Around benevolent,

which make their bearer stubborn and entrenched though not with ideas malevolent.

With good intentions one becomes set in one’s ways and used to a single perspective,

unwilling to shift and therefore easily persuaded to Disrespect and from habits reflective.

Nevertheless, it is here where one can surely understand what (and manner thereby) is seen by all,

for if the seen does not matter, one knows exactly the ‘how’ and ‘why’ of everyone’s plucky gall.

The defining moment is one of great Disrespect, when others see one as one’s ways strictly set,

but that most with Disrespect is that time when one sees oneself as such thoughts from slices let.

And so it creates great Discord, when one is nothing but his desperate surroundings,

for that immediate area is no larger than the outward range of his eyes’ bounding.”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-6. A Song of Second Sight

And Life: “As he sings a song of First Sight, I sing a song of Second Sight,

which is reaction to the reaction, a feeling of forward and heavy might.

The mind is prone to the temptation and beckoning of the Universe Other devious,

which makes its case ever running and shifting from nearer and earlier places spacious.

With good intentions one learns about the locations one has never believed in or ever seen,

but without forgiveness does one approach a wider, inevitable view of his Around of Life lean.

O! Here it is where one is persuaded to spurn his high origins and Disrespect one’s founding,

but is it any different from Sight previous where one becomes stuck in a perspective astounding?

However, the Other teaches its grasping followers to accept with farther vision,

an instrument restoring of Neutrality unlike many methods of Discord or Subdivision.

The defining moment is one of Disrespect great but of loss greater,

when one is determined to be not his surroundings and far from his creator

(as oil from water, it flies from that which once embraced its golden spheres within it),

becoming non-Being in one’s strife to be not this and not that, never to in its suffering quit.

And so it creates great Discord, when one is not his surroundings,

for that expanse is distant and unconquerable by of one the bounding.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-7. A Song of Perspective

And he: “As Life sings a song of Second Sight, I sing a song of perspective,

for it is this which underlies all Discord and allows blindness unchecked to forever live.

Agreement is not simply outward concession but same sight and identical reason as well:

how many revolutions, once done, have evolved into civil war, unto itself an equal hell?

Agreement, complete and unhindered, is Being, for the ultimate uniformity in exact scheme

may be only found in one himself as there is not another with the same though it may so seem.

So, at the basis of Discord is personal Agreement represented as sureness and strong belief,

but never should one Agreement trump another as they are through Trial hard achieved.

(It is not from the womb when we ourselves understand and balance,

for slices of our Being easily overtake us in Life’s difficult dance.)

What then, when perspectives infinitely clash to make fearsome Discord,

and shall there be wars and worse, Disrespect, without a further word?

What molds the Agreement, the equilibrium within that of one’s Trials and struggle much,

what gives another one the conscience to do anything other than accept the occurrence of such?

Disrespect is caused by the lack of sincere acknowledgement for the essence of one’s view,

and it is thwarted with easy and simple attempt at Understanding one’s limits and curfew.”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-8. A Song of Respect

And Life: “As he sings a song of perspective, I sing a song of Respect,

the only thing which a person can give and have reason to in return collect.

We all have our Trials, and from this, one takes his and Life’s plight,

from this one understands all, and from this Respect one may excite.

However one sees a person, he must acknowledge the Trials they face each week

and realize their situation is none different than theirs, though their view is quite unique.

In this, one understands that a person tries whatever methods he thinks good,

and follows his values (or lack thereof, as it may to one seem) as anyone would.

In this, one understands that all are humbled before each other by our imperfections

and Trials, and Respect must pervade all, allowing all to flourish from recollections

and let these dominate our Life just as new ideas have their equal merit;

with each person leveled under their Trials showing Respect as they bear it.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-9. A Song of Righteousness

And he: “As Life sings a song of Respect, I sing a song of righteousness

and, with that, the thought of good and evil as tangible ideas however listless.

Products of society whence one happily sprung one may very well be,

but codes from one culture are not the rules for right and wrong only.

Those words ‘good’ and ‘bad’ change depending on the direction of the wind,

shift with the driving current of the raging river (what words are spared this end?),

and most importantly these are not at all uniform throughout the forceful Three Universes:

every individual adds his Trials to the scales of the Ultimate Neutrality, for ‘better’ or ‘worse.’

A person’s ‘good’ runs into the ‘bad’ of his enemy and so people stratify themselves,

creating Discord among billions while there is always thinking behind actions and selves;

whatever may be the horrid, bloody circumstance or broken, weeping face,

there is always one’s ‘good’ and another’s ‘bad’ into these feelings laced.

Those seeing the deed form their opinions and make great Discord in places just and fine,

assuming they understand completely the ‘good’ and ‘bad’ of the players on the starting line

before they made their decisions and sprinted forward into their personal Agreement

and showed their ‘good’ and ‘bad’ to others who dare not let these Trials equal complement.

Respect must be had for the perspectives of the players to show their actions fated,

and this includes their ‘good’ and ‘bad’ making these words from their meanings unrelated.”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-10. A Song of Indifference

And Life: “As he sings a song of righteousness, I sing a song of indifference,

which is no more Respect than the of one’s perspective into foreign ethics rinse.

*Non spectāre totaliter respectandum certe non est*; while complete Understanding is not feasible,

the attempt shows duly and demonstrates certainly the Respect for another’s perspective viable.

But to help without aim, using one’s own goals instead of that of the one of help greatly needing,

is not un-indifference at all, this being ignorance for one’s views, a Disrespect by the one leading.

The Understanding of one’s perspective grants their ability to of exact aid manifest,

and to accurately place one’s Respect and his inner compassion without contest.

So too is unresponse Discord and Disrespect (it seems not a method may avoid such things),

but – the attempt at Understanding through showing Respect! – one must the assumptions fling.

The least and the most one can do is try to see what is seen by all from another’s eyes pained,

and find placid peace there and forever limit Discord as all the looking feel of Trials the strain.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-11. A Song of Emotion

And he: “As Life sings a song of indifference, I sing a song of Emotion,

the source and single end of all Trials found in Life’s every inspiration.

There is no Being without Emotion, only through combination of process and this is it attained,

yet many of its weighing existence and trace of quick impulse (truly, a burden) have complained.

Trials bring in their hands Emotion to Life’s very table,

and contribute the product to the meal as often as able;

the depth of one’s Trials brings one down to this depth only to excite him so in jubilation fun,

but Trials are not Emotion, though seeming to derive thence, and are not to make Life undone.

For being sad or happy, depressed or rejoicing is not to be of our concern;

indeed it is from the very presence of anythese from which we must learn.

In no other way is at the bottom of every Emotion something in the mind placed in one’s scheme

and gotten from the Trials sacred which shape the individual slowly without raging extreme.

In no other way are the emotions which we follow strangely mistaken;

they do not define us, but only show our change which we have taken.

After the dust has settled and the fervor passed with storms of harsh sand,

one is much closer to personal Agreement and advances on to another Understand.”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-12. A Song of Discord

And Life: “As he sings a song of Emotion, I sing a song of Discord;

that whence Emotion cries is Being, whose presence this also affords.

Indeed, Discord is the yardstick whereby distance from the continuum may be measured,

but there is no disruption to this unending, unbeginning progression that is singularly treasured:

for every shade of Discord is matched to Ultimate Neutrality likewise undertake,

and each Agreement creates Discord with the others to cancel out on this placid lake:

it is set rippling by a pebble merely

but changes only in height sincerely.

The water’s abrasions multiply much

only to run around, and into other such

wounds of Discord these fervently go;

what is left behind by this rushing so,

and let alone by this surface storm,

great and wide in impending form?

The lake is placid yet as seen by any,

as the Discord is so exact and plenty

that the body rises, though swift,

with uniform and complete shift.

In no other way is the only change truly of time the heavy tramping,

and all Discord come to naught despite its great strife and cramping.

Likewise does Disrespect come with this offset and formative disturbance;

unavoidable in nature, it is one to cause Discord through harried turbulence,

exciting within one the lack of Understanding and failure in Agreement,

Emotion is parent of all these and their necessary but hurtful sentiment.”

This Life remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-13. A Song of Being

And he: “As Life sings a song of Discord, I sing a song of Being,

a mixture creating balance and imbalance in its wonderful thinking.

*Ut Anchises ‘Principio’ dicit,* ‘in the Neutrality’ does one originate,

from nothing to compensate for another’s Being does one emanate.

As Emotion mixes with the unadulterated turning of time, Being fights such rhythm and turns

in its own ways, knocking from Ultimate Neutrality the process and sustaining Discord’s burns.

Too produced from this combination is Disrespect, as a Being assumes a direction and stance

from the Ultimate Neutrality in which it is borne, placing one in a prison without outward glance.

There is no Agreement, and perspectives and views of others equal are not through this found,

and the elusive thing forever evades the thinking of Being, and Disrespect makes its sure round,

for as long as one cannot see from other’s eyes, there is no true Understanding and Respect,

so by default must one see others’ Being as they see their own and their misdeeds protect,

for there (as is always with one himself) is a reason for the act, a rhyme to their song;

this considered, what misdeed is really unjust, out of place and to be defined with ‘wrong?’

As Being cancels with that of others, unnecessary at first the tumultuous strife seems,

especially as the terminus of Being is Ultimate Neutrality which fails to brightly gleam.

The strife, the journey, and the great process is what matters for Being vying

as its limits both fore and aft are naught, all without laughing and crying.

These feelings, these Trials are all contained along the way and therein all learning takes place,

as one strives for perfection not for the perfection but the strife, finding Life’s true naked face.”

This he remarked with familiar voice, and left the music progressively rumbling,

exciting the landscape and leaving the columns of previous turnings crumbling.

2-14. A Song of Third Sight

And Life: “As he sings a song of Being, I sing a song of Third Sight,

one’s force upon oneself and so too the world, be it seen as joy or blight.

With much resistance does one think about his own thoughts and see his own,

and without ease does one find the only true Agreement, that within Being’s zone.

Though Agreement complete is (*modō*) possible within the self, the road to such concurrence

is no path up rolling hill; rather, this ride is one up a never-ending (*tam videtur*) river current.

The friction is first given by previous Sights, these showing oneself as a slice in a Universe,

however accurate with details, visible with eyesight, tangible with Emotion, with ideas diverse.

Without method does one look on other things with Disrespect and Discord hence created,

and forgets oneself in the mess and in Trials myriad: truly, there is no straight road delineated.

The Third Sight ensues when the principles of these others are reflected back,

causing a connection previously unknown and anchor to Universes in quick track.

One is viewed as but another, and their reasons become as trivial as that he failed to Understand,

and perspective is removed as this new eye seems to sit atop of the Neutrality’s continuum grand.

One spots his limits, strengths and weaknesses, foremost and goes to awareness quick;

the self now known well blends into others and cannot be discerned from others in this trick.

With lack of perspective does one begin to appreciate Respect and environ without Discord,

with lack of perspective does one now see are and not as are not from along Neutrality’s chord.

Individuals go in their own directions and scatter as does pollen in the spring,

but all to Ultimate Neutrality through Life’s journey Trials and Discord bring.

The ability to examine one’s direction and follow it through careful knowledge exact,

it is, and the quality of true Understanding attained by Respect through internal act,

and after all looking is done with the direction clear and having evaded the shady slices,

one truly accepts his Being and becomes for all purposes himself through such devices.”

*Atque* *Vita perfecit*. Here, the clouds cleared and there, the fog went in its own direction

as he looks upon an ancient man, but only his own countenance, of his face a reflection;

for it that so stirred him and turned his mind from ending Life all the long while,

was the covered aspect of his mind, devious and beautifully helpful in its hated guile.

2-15. CARMEN·ULTIMA – A Song of Realization

And he, now unified at last and settled inside with little seen of internal strife,

with all slices reassembled to make a whole almost foreign to him and his Life,

he takes no time in at once removing himself from himself and putting himself there all the more,

so that he himself finally reaches Agreement, an Understanding and direction out prison’s door:

“May I gather that my past direction is the same as mine now,

and that this seen helps with analysis of Life’s and my vow?”

And so he takes into consideration the acts of the past and of that time the focus,

the system of his thought and the allocation of his strengths at each and every locus.

He sees two great eras when his mind vastly changed in its capacity,

went for expansion, and came out with different emphases and rapacity.

He sees a time as unforgiving as he toward Life and Understands the eternal connection:

for what is less than Disrespect to the self, and of Life’s currents refusing the convection?

Bogged with eras hard and periods of improvement deftly intertwined,

he finds a direction complete in himself, his mind within Life confined.

His own strife, his own Trials are none better than any other’s massive,

and he drives toward Familial Obligation, which is seeming most passive.

“Give without hardship my children their Life, and let not Life my elders attack,

because in this is Respect and treatment selfless, which is what I deserve, in fact.”

He sees his death in his fifteenth year and of Neutrality conscious goes slowly on,

and the meaning Life, himself, is without concern of his own he again sees dawn:

“Why should I worry with delights or pleasures, these worldly things for the self,

when to my own I demonstrate Disrespect contrite and let ensue Discord itself?

My direction stays the same, but indeed has its function duly changed (but no facet I omit):

it is simply an anchor to keep me from Neutrality until my last Discord I carefully commit.”

In such a way does he continue on, keeping in mind his Obligation

and regarding warily the split with opinions and Discorded nation:

“Let me my own do, Respect what is in my mind,

and I the same of you, I Respect whatever I find.”

For it which so realized him and toppled both his order great and to end Life desire,

was the lowest function of his mind, the instinct of defense against a self who conspires.