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John C. Santos

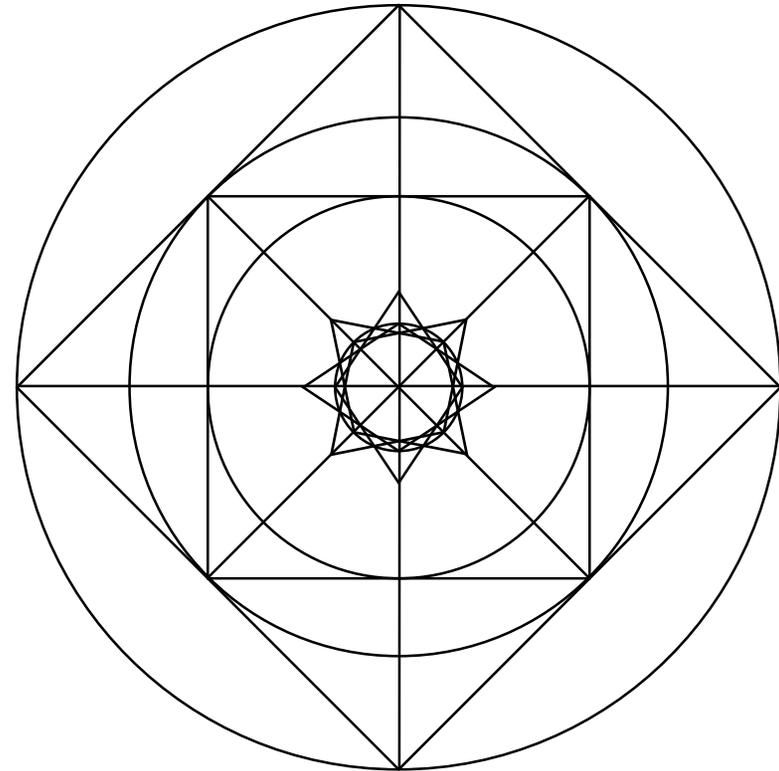
Poetic Dedication

Plato
John
Dante
Blake
Mathers

Geometric Dedication

Hegel
Spinoza
Plato
Heraclitus
Parmenides
Pythagoras
Thoth

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Pyramid

PROLOGOS

Logos
out of Music rose
like a Flower slowly grows
to reach for Heaven
Sunlight-thirsting
so would Man
whose Words made Earth and
those who'd serve their Life to shield
immortal Soul
the Goddess
real?
and God as highest Word
a Dream?

I. Mythos: Ears

what is Language? what is Tongue?
no one knows, yet, out of Song,
the Self was sung into Man's Mind:
Motion, Image, Pattern – "I" –
the Muses made the West their Child
and tamed a Beast – ignoble, wild.

Homer's Epics, Hesiod's Rules
imposed Gods' Order and produced
heroic Group Identity,
sculptured Culture, Tragedy,
and though Greece fell, She would revive
for Centuries, Europa's Pride.

II. Mythology: Eyes

what was Myth to Ancient Greece?
was it real? no baseless Dreams?
was it Self? without Reflection?
like a Face missing a Mirror:
"who am I?" – an aimless Question?

something happened, something cracked
the Mind in half, just like an – Egg?
for from the Yoke of Myth would rise
Logic's golden Eagle Eyes.

see, Poets had personified
the Forces of the World and Mind
as Acts of Gods, in Song and Verse,
but then with Math, the Universe,
would thirst for new Forms of
Expression:

Symbols –

lacking Music, Flesh and
with Papyrus, Ink and Feather:
would Metaphor descend forever?
Literacy – what hellish Powers!
World-Creeds to be signed in Towers
of Crosses, Gold or Ivory –
a War of Words, one Rivalry:

to rule Man's Mind, with just one God,
in Poets versus abstract Thought
and Music against mute-deaf Math –

who would have the final Laugh?

yet, Gods were all around, in Athens,
little Doubt, as for their Presence,
but, Man himself? a Mystery –

and thus, begins our History.

III. Philosophy: Pursuing the One

"who am I?"
the Founders' Question
"Know Thyself!"
their Shout for Action

ask, what is? what is becoming?
what is Death? why is Man running
on and on and on and on:

Philosophy –

Man's darkest Song.

a Tunnel
into hellish Search
thru Circles, Chaos, crypt-ic Words:
infernally Longing – for that Light!
eternal Fire – burning bright!
who would make it?
who'd succeed?
who would fail, and brood too deep?

many steamed, their Brains in Pains,
many Seekers, claimed by Flames,
plenty Genius, lost in Darkness –

Logos: Game –
for Tightrope-Artists?

most don't know, or won't remember
the Path to Gold is lonely, cold
so, most won't go, or soon surrender
fewer reach the Peak of Thought:

Philosophy –

the Road to God.

IV. Ontology: Will to One

Being, God and Time – is there a Difference?

“all is Change! – no, all Existence!
Nothing happens, Senses lie!
Matter? Pattern! Forms in Mind!
Fire! Water! Air! – no, Earth!
all is War! no, all is Love!
all is Music! all is Math!
all Emotion! all is Thought!
all is Image! all is Song!
all is Number! all is Dance!
all is Justice! all unfair!
all is Boredom! all is Awe – “

the Will to One:

Her only Law.

V. Reality: Love of Oneness

what a Chaos! holy Mess!
the Mind awoke to playing Chess:
what is Truth, which way to test?
which of Moves, improves the Quest:
to know what’s true, earn Sophie’s
Chest?

a Riddle, Maze, a Cave and Web:
is that you, who’s in my Head?
or is it me, who’s asking, mad?
who am I? what’s Psyche? Soul?
Self, unbroken, fully whole?
and Reason, Mind, the Meaning, Goal:
of being human, growing old?

oh, what’s Beauty?
what is Justice?
what is Truth,
the Good which just is?

Socratic Method – Dialogue:
“say, what’s on your Mind, you raw
pedantic Sophist – taxing Fool!
your Thought means nothing – back to
School!”

define your Terms, believe you’re clever,
then lose your Face, for you will never,
beat the Master of Destruction,
of your petty Mind’s Construction!

he means to heal, so
jail him! nail him! shut him down!
for he’ll say, that you’re a Clown!
poison him, who doubts your Order!
kill your ‘Truth’-Destroyer, torture
him who knows that you don’t know –

since he knows, that he won’t know.

Humility of Thought is rare –
Hubris, its Default, beware!
of him who’d rather choose to die
from Hemlock or get crucified.

VI. Harmony: The One

his Pupil, Plato, Scapegoat? no!
but, ‘caped GOAT’ – Greatest Of All
Times:
a Godfather, to Western Minds
and Founder of the School which now
betrayed him, kicked him out of Town –

until his Heir will claim his Crown.

Plato – Wizard – Magic Poet!
as you read him, better know it:
what he wrote? Europa’s Finest!
how he wrote? the Globe’s Sublimest!

what Golden Mean of Music, Math!
Plato’s World is dual, halved, where
half is ‘Forms’ and half is ‘Feeling’ –

Pattern versus Matter, really –

for what matters, if not Feeling?
touching Hardness, that’s a Feeling,
not an Attribute of Things,
but Experience within!

Pattern matters, surely, true, but
isn’t Pattern, due to Seeing?
isn’t Pattern, pure Appearing?
is the Mind, just like a Cave,
where the Self, is watching Shades?
are these Images – unreal?
like VR – a 3D-Dream?

well, Math destructs such stern Illusion
of a Vision, that’s bamboozling –
while Music has your Body moving
so ecstatic – Self – you’ll lose it!
see, Music, Math, they’re dualistic,
Feeling, Form, antagonistic,
yet, in certain golden Flashes:
Strife, Division – blown to Ashes.

Plato called such Light ‘the One’,
then compared it to the Sun,
named it ‘Source of all of Being’ –
formless Being, beyond Being?
of course, his God is felt by Beings,
though only by a lonely Group:
the ‘Kings of Mind’, yes, Sophie’s few,
and they can’t spread the ‘Word of God’,
for Tongue won’t capture golden Flashes,
Flavor’s fleeting, Taste needs Practice.

so, Plato, wise and gray, designed,
a City ruled by Sages, kind,
who with their Eros and their Rhymes
would make Life’s Darkness holy Pain:

a Logos-Drama – noble Play.

the Church Fathers would choose him
quick,
his Wisdom, his Republic’s Wit,
as Blueprint for a Thousand Years –
to rule Man’s Soul, the Crowd was
steered
by Poets’ Words, all powerful,
while Kings sat in their Towers, full –

full of Wisdom? what a Joke!

the ideal Self, of Justice, Right
requires Love, not Power, Might,
so, more than Books and Thought and
Reason –
Faith in Love of Sophie, meaning:

Faith in the Idea of Truth!
that’s Faith –
in the Idea of You.

VII. Theology: One's Logic

first Destruction,
then Construction,
then the Master of Instruction:

Aristotle – him who knew
how to think like later Science:
group, observe, induce mere Pattern
of a World, produced by Matter.

Logic? well, its Steps are three:

if Greeks are Geeks and you are Greeks,
then you are Geeks, but Geeks ain't
Greeks!

at least, not by Necessity.

'Syllogism' – what a Tool!
to rule the West's Scholastic School,
where all was moved, by God, unmoved,
beyond this World, as Absolute –
and Science? dead! for Ages,
'til they started printing Pages.

VIII. Chronology: Circle vs. Line

some say: "Money runs the World!"
others: "even makes it turn!"
"Money? yes, that is an Engine –
engineers what's Man's Attention!"

now, how did abstract Thought arrive?
out of Money! easy Life!
excess Wealth, means excess Health,
and Thinking's Object passed to Self:
Meditations – Subject: Mind –
only due to funded Time.

another Thought is dark, obscure,
lacks Evidence, yet will endure:
was Money more, than just a Concept –
yes, Abstraction's – very Onset?

Money, Dollars, I see 'Symbol' –
works for all, wow, it is nimble.
Money: 'universal Sign' –
circulates the World like Time.

who knows if Money did unlock
the Idea of linear Clock,
for, what is the Economy,
if not a credit-Time-Machine?

IX. Technology: Math-Machines

Money topped the Church, its Word,
and dropped the God of Poets:
Truth of Being, had its Moment,
now, matured, the West was running –

Progress, Science were becoming.

what a Turn, dramatic Shift!
out of Darkness, Math would lift
Man to Mars, a New Atlantis:
where Software Code and Science-
Fiction
would dethrone the Bible's Dictum.

yet, 1666, well, no one knew
that Newton made their God anew:
from Plato's balanced Muse's Path,
the West would fall –
reduced to Math.

but, first, Descartes wrote: "here's my
Doubt:
is Man awake – or mere Machine?
is this all fake – the World a Dream?"
and in the End, he came around:
"all is Doubt, yes, even Doubt –
except the one, who is in Doubt!"
what a Breakthrough: 'all' – in Question!
except the Mind, asking the Question.
later, that would cause much Trouble,
when Romantics loved to bubble,
some made Ego God of Cause –

did Reason cause the Holocaust?

politically, a Liberation!
Creation of the State of Nation!
with Trains, then Planes, and then Space
Stations:
Technology – became Salvation.

artistically? a tragic Death!
slash Form, smash Rhyme, trash Artifice:
find a Toilet – Art is Shit!

Philosophy?
would slowly die,
but, still was Time, for Logos' Shine.

X. Geometry: Monism

divine Spinoza – "Heretic!
says God is Nature – ban the Prick!
his pantheistic mental Shtick
claims Man is free, like falling Stone – "

free Will – a Lie? God runs the Show?

the greatest of Geometricians
read Descartes with golden Vision:
"if half is Body, half is Mind,
then God does both in One unite!
Nature, Thought – they're really one!
and you, young Man, you are their Son!"

Monism – a Revelation?
Geometry – weds Separation!
God is 1, in 2, that's 3 –
Subject, Object, Trinity?
and is Infinity a Circle?
'Zero', Myth – the World eternal?
and if the Earth circles the Sun –
why is Man searching the One?

well, no one cared, Spinoza's Jewish,
so, French and English went with brutish,
(if they love Sophie, just blame Cupid,
must have shot their small Brains stupid –
)

"all is Matter! Stars? Machines!
So is Man – ("enlightened' Dream?)
"the Laws of Nature run or Lives:
Utility – the Code of Minds!"
(Nash, the Schizo, whispers: hi!)
the Scot said: "wait, you English Nerds!
Laws? Illusion! Man infers!
from the Bible, he trans-
fers: Laws to Science, Reason's Verse!"
Rousseau went: "Laws? that's pure
Intrusion!
into noble savage Schmoozing!
Reason? Hoax! Man's Feelings will
always domineer his Will!
the Truth is: Truth? well, what a Lie!
noble? no –"

and Sophie sighed.

XI. Symmetry: Humanism

what is Truth? how do we know?
what the Rules? which mold this ‘Show’?
this ‘VR-Game’, yes, Plato’s Cave –
which of Organs, throws its Shapes
on the Wall, of Vision, Senses –
are these ‘Things’ unfiltered Ends and
is pure Reason without Borders –
not trespassing mental Orders
when it claims that Time! and Space! and
Cause! –
are ‘objective’, extra-sensuous, Godly
Laws?

“nein, nein, nein, nein – NEIN!”

the Judge of Reason, raised his Voice:

“the World of Mind, it makes much
Noise!
objective Things? Appearances!
God-Proofs? Non-Sense! Space and
Time?
in your Head! not out of Mind!
Math is human, not – divine!
Newton’s World and God – a Lie!
so, Priests, be humble, stick to Faith!
and Scientists? well, zip your Cave!
God and Mind – beyond pure Reason!
fall in Line, commit no Treason!”

Hegel got him, thought him thru:

“the World only exists thru you.
if God is Light, like Plato knew.
then God must shine – God’s Light thru
you!

JA! Infinity – needs One –
to conceive the mighty Sun!

thus, it’s God who sees thru you,
Nature, Objects, Things and – wait!
JA! that’s it! I found the *Line*:

Man’s an Inter-Face, a Rhyme,
between natural-divine!”

XII. Asymmetry: Trans-Humanism

Kant’s ‘Critique’ – a Revolution!
Copernican? no, for Pollution
killed the Fire, he had kindled
Sophie choked, when Thinkers swindled
–

Hegel shrank, to Marxist Ire
Arthur felt, the World was dire,
and Nietzsche’s Feather turned to Bow:

Christ, his Goal, he pulled and aimed
a poisoned Arrow, hitting Home,
and Sophie fell, betrayed and raped
as ‘Telos’ – Fate! – reclaimed the Stage:

“all is Will, Man wills to Power!” –

Prelude to his Darkest Hour.

in England: ‘Fitness’ – that’s the same!
Darwin-Dogma! Babel! Shame!

so, Logic died, before the Wars,
the Light of Logos, lost its Shine,
the Word turned lethal, against Man,
looking for God –
Man’s Search for Meaning –
he survived and washed his Brain,
when Newton’s God, Turing renamed:

“Ex Machina – a God-Machine!

since all is Data – so are we!
Man’s Telos, Fate? the selfish Gene!
now, pass it on, to Math-Machines,
our Time is over, Mans a Means!”

no more an End, he means to end, now,
all that is, for Memes which trend:

the *Über-Mensch* –

trans-human Dream – and human End?
the newborn Creed – where ‘human’
ends.

XIII. Death of Logos

what’s the Moral? what’s the Story?
how did ‘Homo’ lose his Glory?

sleep-walk Brutes, to Homer’s Epics –
Greece to Newton – oh, what happened?

first the Center of Creation,
then mechanic Bot, producing,
Memes of Blindness and Delusion:
“Man’s a Product, lacking Features,
finished Good? no! transient Creature!
a Vehicle, for Data, meaning:
pointless, insignificant!”

what on Earth, Man, did you do?
did you lose it? are you lost?
to confused to – find your Spot?

‘Sapiens’, its Root is ‘Taste’,
Words mean plenty: Music, Face /
Sound and Image, tuned and placed
into Order – Harmony –

now, Man’s Tongue went Schizo, Psych:
“am I made of Bits and Bytes?”
Zeroes, Ones – he spits and bites?
then re-forms, as Math on Paper,
saying: “oh, oh, Homo, you are Data?”
well, what’s the ‘Root Cause’, Engineers?
buggy Source Code? Death – he fears?

‘enlightened’ Echo, ripples Time:
“Utility – the Script of Mind!
Man is Machine!” – factitious Lie!
and English Thought? Fact is: a Crime!

the Truth, Man, Truth, shall set You free,
but, Truth is pricy, never free,
afraid to pay the Price it takes,
joyful ‘Science’ prizes Fakes.

yet, Truth is simple! blink – just once!
Self-Transcendence – what Man wants!
the Christian Way?
“Platonic Scheme!”
new Mission: Cave!
hear Plato scream?

lonesome Nietzsche moaned and dropped
the Hammer of the Death of God:

“Truth serves Life and Life is Strife!
Mind is Butter! Body? Knife!
Man believes what helps him live,
and God has always been a Myth,
but, Reason? Treason! makes Man sick!
until he blows – his Wick his lit!”

Freud went farther, shocked the World:
“killed the Father, now he’ll turn
to screw his Momma, out of Mind,
and then he’ll cut his sad Face blind!”

was he joking? was he kidding?
or was his Choice of Words a Riddle?
Father? Pattern! Mother? Matter!
kill the Form-er – rape the Ladder?

Logos – Son of both – unites,
lost, the Child, the Fam’ divides,
or worse, Sir Reason goes all Tyrant,
kills Life’s Fire, like a Hydrant,
floods the Globe with Blows of Lies –

and Sophie, Matter, Soul:

She dies.

XIV. Pathology: Onelessness

what is Language? do we speak?
or does She speak thru us? indeed,
if it's Voice, which made the Mind,
can mere Noise, enframe our Kind?

if Tongue made Mind, is Language –
Time?
and Space and Cause, of World and –
“I”?

for too long, Man had been asking:
“what’s the World?”
at last, he forced his Thought on Words,
for Words make Self and Self says:
‘World’ –

must we say that “all is Word”?

but, Words are Music, Taste and Vision –
which prevails, upon Incision?

Frege/Nietzsche – split Man’s Tongue:
one sees Math – and one hears Song.
Legacy – one Field, two Sides:
one is mute-deaf – one is blind.

‘Analytics’ seek Division –
‘Meta-?’ no! Infra-physicians!
of extra-sensuous Space and Time,
Words are Non-Sense! Numbers? prime!

Frege–Russel–Wittgenstein –
what a Chain and what a Mission:
“to mention all, but that which isn’t,
Letters and semantic Prisons!”

so, ‘nothing’ is – or ‘nothing’ isn’t?
Space-Time: Sense – or mental Prism?
“let’s pretend beyond Existence” –

what is Man? well, some odd – ‘ism’!
now, he peaked – it’s Aut – ism!
the New World’s English-speaking Kind,
dislikes Words and ‘God’ and ‘Mind’,
while ‘Continentials’, aim to rhyme
God and World, with ‘Will’ and “I” –
their Language dark, obscure and vile:

read Derrida, boy, you will cry!
and Heidegger – go suicidal!
Nietzsche? that’s the maddest Text!

Ludwig, yes, you said it best:

Language? Limit! – of the World!

in the Beginning: Logos –

Ending: Word.

XV. Renaissance

20-20 – Hindsight? no!
all seemed hopeless,
Reason? Smoke!
the West’s blurred Vision:
“Man is Code”
and careless Talk, would poke, provoke,
him who’d rather go for broke,
than paying Frauds, to broker Gold:

Sophie’s passionatest Lover –

an Ax, a Hammer, blood-filled Eyes,
a Store of Arms, Man’s sharpest Minds,
Achilles’ Wrath, and Plato’s Rhymes –

Avenger in a World of Lies
whose Words would quake the Earth like
Thunder:

*“MAN, AWAKE! dogmatic Slumber’s
over, yes, I’ve checked and pondered
all your Views, and then rejected
most your petty Minds’ Erections!
now,
Newton, Darwin, Turing – burn!
English Boys, go fetch and Urn!
for your Fathers’ Ashes, pray –*

Patricide, the Game I play!

*and once you’ve cried in Pain a While,
wipe those Tears, and gaze up high,
forget the Stars, forget your Mars,
but, watch the Blue, for Lightning –*

*then bend your Knee,
to thy new King!”*

XVI. Judgement Day

he feels entitled, nay, ordained,
to reclaim his Fathers’ Reign,
to bring back Beauty, Logos’ Shine,
to restore, that *Line*, divine!
to rejuvenate, Her Smile,
see Her jubilate, and proud –

for too long, She’s been led down.

worse, Her Children, been abused:
“Robots!” – “Accidents!” – “no Use!”
“Homo Sapiens? Machine!”
“Human Dignity? Machine!”
“Human Destiny? Machine!”

but, he would shrug off all their Lies,
Atlas-like, Prometheus’ Style,
and dig up those, who came before,
Spirits, Ghosts, across that Shore,
yes, he would blow, thru Hell like Thor:

“D., enroll! let’s end this War!”

an Anvil, Hammer – Ammo-Forge!
what was lacking? Metal, Force –

magic Rapgod, gave him Rhymes:
“bash these Academics, nice /
slash their Axioms with Knives /
smash your Ax into their Minds /
trash that extra-sensuous Time –”

and from the Maximum of Heights –

the WORD MADE FLASH –

a Lightning-Strike:

*“say,
why am I,
yes, who am I?
come again, and don’t you lie!
Telos, Fate – my End is – why?
why? why? why? why?
WHY! WHY! WHY!”*

*why, Man, why, does Man keep thinking
that his mental Shit ain’t stinking?*

*has he learned no single Lesson?
does he dream he can be messing
with the Son of Kant, Spinoza –*

*Plato and the ancient Sages?
does Man dream, he can skip Ages,
mock the Past, treat it like Fables,
scorn the Dead, like they are nothing –*

does he dream, that God is bluffing?

*Fate, man, Telos, Man's been paging,
dreaming no one will be raging,
writing up the harshest Pages
ever seen in abstract Thought –*

*does Man dream, the Son of God
won't come down to judge his Work
with the Power of the Word?*

*clueless Hubris! Perverts! Nerds!
old John knew: the Herd deserves
a Lake? no, Sea! of Fire! Burns!
Mercy? Pity? why? absurd!*

*Blood I'm tasting, Blood I thirst!
Blood I'll shed, my Bloodline's Curse:*

*JUDGEMENT, yes, my Ax, Her Scale –
carry Letters:
'ALL SHALL FAIL'!*

my Fate? they hate! it's Love of Fate:

*Sophie's Rapists – nailed – not jailed!
banged with Hammers! and defamed!*

*ETERNAL LAW, I reinstate,
ONE COMMANDMENT, to be hailed:*

*WORDS MAKE SELF
AND SELF MAKES WORDS –*

WHO AM I?

*YOU DON'T KNOW, NERD!
and NEVER SHALL!
and NEVER WILL!
now, LEARN IT FAST!
or BURN YOU WILL!*

XVII. Revelation

poked, provoked
by careless 'Thinkers',
"English-speaking Reason-Sinkers",
Academics, "Herd of Fools",
'Babel-Tower', far from schooling
Minds to think as Law demands:

on behalf of him who couldn't,
on behalf of her who can't!

Duty: Beauty – She commands!
love Her duly! and feel loved!
use Her Flame, for Peace! not War!

and yet, Her Law,
it has been broken,
and to him,
Sophie went broken,
broken, tortured,
broken, hurt,
raped for Decades –
thrown to Dirt.

and when Her Hope, seemed all but lost,
John C. Santos took Her in:
saved Her,
healed Her,
loved Her right,
praised Her,
hailed Her,
hasta blind,
named Her Queen:

"the World is Thine!"

and for His Care,
She gave him Feathers,
Fire, Might, a lucid Stare,
to ignite the dying Ever,
fly to highest Height, that Sun:

His Throne, Her Reign,
where both are One,
and all is Light,
with Dark, behind,
where She feels him,
a Serpent, wise,
and he sees Her,
with Eagle-Eyes:

a Dance of Fire –

Lion,
rhymes.

EPILOGOS

who am I?

"yes, who are you!"

me, well,
I'm just writing, writing,
writing 'writing',
writing you!

"wait, what?
I'm you
and me
and you are really you?"

that's true!

"I am confused, I thought I knew,
just who I was, and who you were!
but, now, I'm not amused, no,
no, I'm truly, truly, truly scared!"

I know, I know,
that you won't know,
no, you won't know,
what's real and true,
what's green or blue,
what's dream or cue,
so, you don't know,
no, you won't know,
no, never, no,
no, never how to read me!

"oh, you're so mean and evil and cruel!"

well, I guess when you read me,

you're only reading you.

so, as far as I know you,
you will only know me,
once you see what's true:

infinite, you.