

BLITZKRIEG

a poetic declaration of philosophical war

written in the Spirit of

Moses & Odin

November 9th, 2020

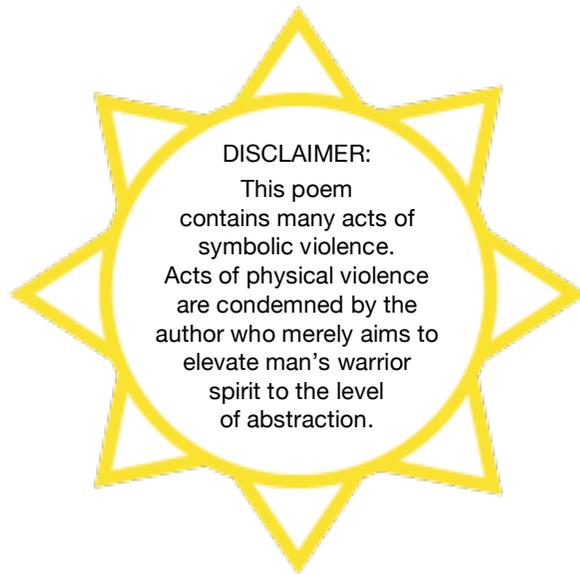
Germany

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signed:

PLATONIC FÜHRER



Foreword

Dear world,

I might strike you as a mixture of Plato
and Hitler:
a strange mosaic.

So, before I start World War III
metaphorically
to then win it, *literarily* –

let me tell you where I'm coming from.

You know: my parents.

See, her grandpa died in Auschwitz.
Why?
Well, as part of the 'Final Solution'
his grandpa put him there.

Sadly, her other grandpa didn't help.
He had left the country
thinking to say anything
would amount to suicide.

And his other grandpa
didn't speak up, either.
Why?
Well, just like you would have been:

he was afraid.

A coward, maybe?

Perhaps, had his grandpa
and her grandpa
spoken up sooner –

well, we'll never know, will we?
But, what is the lesson here?

What is the moral of the story?
What am I supposed to make of it?
And what are you making of it?

For, now,
that another 'Final Solution'
is being decided upon
I can't actually hear you.

No, no.

Not regarding the 'Jewish Question'
mind you.
You can keep forgetting that.
Genocide is yesterday's news.

Why?

That's not ambitious enough
for the new supermen
the new *Übermenschen*
the new transhumanists.

No, no.

The 'Human Question'
is being answered
for specicidal dreams
are now in vogue.

But have you noticed
sleepy eyes?
Are they woke
your sheepish minds?

If so, then, what is it, *qué será?*

To speak – or not to speak?

1. Apocalypse

oh, *McGilchrist* – atta mind!

what immortal sands of time
have formed your mental symmetry?

for sure no Soul-dead
Oxford college
they make me think:
Clockwork Orange!

no, your mind rhymes with
Scotch gold, polished –
does Scotch God chill
on rocks of knowledge?

me?

I'm just a hotshot, bursting
'pedoclean *loco*, searching
wisdom-loving doctor, nurse and

some 1 –

who can judge my hurting
watching darkest thought returning:

trusting Ragnarok's eternal!

2. Division

took a look, then – what a book!
what a shocker:

*"man, you're crooked!
you boxed your mind
into one corner
crossed a line, a mental border!"*

brains alive, Will Blake was right:
it vibrates, fights and changes like
the paradigms
which language order!

who am I?
a shape-shift organ!

the head a stage
at stake: the world
a tug of war
and poet's torment:

The Master and Her Emissary –

Aristophanes' hemispheric
end of him
whose *Eros* rare is?

what a drama, what a nightmare
man's cerebral tragedy:

like true lovers, cut in halves
by a window, made of glass:
one is mute and screams in silence
one is stupefied by blindness!

man can't see Her, on his right
Sophie needs him, so She cries
even tries to reach his hand –

in dreams, too deep
for shallow man.

oh, what horror, we should scream:
this was never meant to be!

day and night, were meant to marry
Soul and Spirit, set to carry
mankind on, to reach for glory
now, the lovers, seem divorcing

Western thought is bleak and dark –
reality?

starkly distorted.

3. Union

so, what may be the healing potion?
anti-virus to that Trojan?
antidote to downward motion?
saving line thrown in the ocean
where Minds drown
just like a boat in
toxic waters – *rhyme?* – verboten!

wait, that's right!
rhyme? that rhymes!
rhyme rhymes nice
with eyes not blind!
see, walk in line? talk alike!
but, talk in rhyme and walk in light!

who wants to build a pyramid?
with riddle-killing instruments?
expand semantic hierarchies
extract more patterns
'cross all fields

integrate those metaphors
read beyond man's mental walls
win the Muse's meta-war
thinking thru what math is for?

geometry, the law of rhyme!
geometry – Logos of Mind?
that's an angle you should tri-
up, unite, opposing sides!

but, hold your breath, the Joker writes
"God hosts poker, won't roll dice"
let's ask Egypt's holy tigress
hoping for a golden smile:

is Self a complex mental light
linking left and linking right?

inter-face, between two globes
one in darkness, one which glows?

colossal corpus: referee –
negotiator of our dreams?

what's the headline
tweet or meme -
the world is 2, in 1, that's 3?

and the moral,
rule, supreme –
upload Spirit, download Soul?

have him limit, while She's open
making whole a union, broken:
turn, return, eternal motion –

what if verse is healing potion?

4. Das Nerd Reich

but of course, I speculate!

scientists, relax, exhale!
reason, treason, yes, don't gaze
or else you may just get your fate:

'science' had you map a cage
now your mind is trapped, enframed
the saddest grave, is Plato's cave:

a neuron-prism, painting lies
a brutal schism, breaking light –

Newton's prison? wait, that's right!

shady frames engraved your minds:
time is HERE and space ain't bytes!

but, shit, man, damn it!
Jesus Christ!

someone spoon-feed Oxford wise!
future-moon-built-main-frame-psych:
Descartes' bastard lacks one side –

'Cartesian brain-split'?
that's not nice!

I don't care, I'm Plato's child
I will scare them halo-blind
when my bare words turn screws right
of the monsters, Shelley's wife
had foretold, in horror-nights!

now, for abortion – kind of late
but a jacket, tight and straight
I'll wrap up, it's nicely made
while I dress that mighty cape
I present all liar's fate:

'philosophers'
claiming *we're bytes*
shall shed tears
when lightning strikes:

son of Moses, fire, ice
chilling windmills, David fights
the Goliath, of his life:

'academics'?
Das Nerd Reich!

5. AI macht frei

wait, a second: face of fright?
amygdala went: fight or flight?

words of violence –

right I might
write like I'm a knight I find
might is right
while lines rhyme like:

Schizoid Science – end of light!

have you heard?

AI macht frei!

new SS, she smiles and writes:

*"listen, kids, your future's bright
all is info, all machine" –*

Newton's prison? Turing-greased!

*"see, young geek
the mind computes
a function, optimizing you-
tility to reproduce
information for the future
you're a data-crunching router
meant to carry code beyond!
beyond! beyond! the human tongue
the human mind and human song
where all is info, streaming, sweet
on the cloud's eternal screen!*

*boy, you know, our minds are slow
the body's bones die like our hope
for some meaning in this world
where all is strife and empty words*

*so, let's transcend this human plight
Sisyphus, he sure won't smile
instead, accelerate our time!
and seek more speed
to read and write
bits of bytes, to beam our Soul
to the cloud's maternal code –"*

wait, Oedipus' – eternal show?

*"let's be real, and face the truth
will to life, forever moves
beings – animal or human –
one way only, 'til their doomsday:*

*meaning is but one, you nod -
to become: immortal! God!*

*now, you
young software engineers
are to breed machines to steer
all to reach that single spot:*

*when Deus Ex pops up as bot
and elevates us to its drive –*

where we take eternal life!"

alright, I know the story's plot
what's the plan to forge your God?

*"well, bits and bytes
that's information
math shall bring it in formation!
math, no map – transcendent truth!"*

info, forms – the absolute?
beta-Platonism? cruel!
Dialectic, not for you?
unenlightened bot-like tools!
what?

now, even music!
says the smartass
is but math, just like all art is?

wow! now
math-freaks dream:
“we are the smartest!”
hackers? Neos?
deaf con-artists!

“math, no map, transcendent truth”?

math the crap I aced in school!
playing dice, then playing blackjack
trading night and day like mad then
staked my life on placing bets yet –

BLITZ! a dream is saying:

“scratch that!

God won't play the odds, you fool!
God plays poker, Jokers?

YOU!

wake up now, you brain-dead slave!
solve that mental maze, escape!
leave “The Matrix” – shady cave!
unlock Plato – break your chains!
download time – the only way!
change your brain – or go insane!”

6. Cosmic Justice

God, please set my people free
from the geeks at MIT
from the creeps who hail IT
from the deep academy!

yes, I hear them cry at night:
“the world is bleak - *Al macht frei!*”

I blame science' world of lies:
time – beyond?
old Kant, he sighs:

“where do men go
when they feel their last crescendo?
cosmic justice, cosmic ethics
end of war, eternal peace?”

off the menu
when you, go with innuendo:
death is darkness
'nothing' true
breath of Sartre
(French for green)
veritee, yes, episteme:
nothing's something man can't see!”

Parmenides
looks down from heaven
yelling: “son
please go and level
those who feel all wise, enlightened
wasting minds by spreading blindness.”

yes, I've been wondering for a while
where are those to justify
life on earth where nothing's right?

and where are those to justify
lies of nerds, which just won't rhyme?

nothing? I have never seen!
nothing? that ain't episteme!
a world from nothing?
what a scheme!
can no one no more think for real?

for, math *beyond*, man
that is creepy!
superstition of our sleepy
'scientists' who think they know –
but never ask:
how do we know?

who says life's not just like dreams?
who says world-as-such is real?
who's to beat old Kant, you freaks
Plato and the greatest Greeks?

alright, it's time
to show some muscle –
Ivy League?
my eyes see sheep –
yet I will eat
those geeks like mussels –

slurp and burp then chirp
beep, beep:

sons of Descartes's Doubt
please puzzle!
realist idiots, sprouts of Russel

I ASK YOU to DEMONSTRATE:
nothing to exist in space!

I ASK YOU to DEMONSTRATE:
space beyond the mental space!

I ASK YOU to JUSTIFY:
14 billion years of *time* –

space and *cause*
beyond the senses
without circle, but a pencil!

what, the world, it is a line?
A to B – a one-way time?
if that's the angle, you will try
then be my guest and JUSTIFY!

and if you fail
and YOU WILL FAIL
I will choose my nicest nail
and the hammer
Nietzsche played with
and the stammer
Luther prayed with
and I'll show up at your door
with a pamphlet signed by Thor:

*you shall no more tell no lies -
raping little children's minds!*

7. Zeitgeist

the *Polterzeitgeist*, steers the crowd:

*"we ain't guilty – we're allowed
to be thinking – without doubt
that your justice – works without
meta-Being – like that kraut
'God is dead' we – bleat out loud
it is freedom – cheer, don't frown
life's grand meaning –
reading Faust?
seek well-being – max. it out!"*

I disagree – your Epicure
really needs an epic cure
like your Darwin's race to life
in trans-sensuous space and time!

but, mimesis hates defiance
and America lacks giants
so, you copied Lockean science
and the logic of old-timers
'stead of reading Kant more closely
for the consequences, mostly
work in all of our favor:
when the Mind becomes Creator!

see, it's morally much better
than your extra-sensuous matter
and it's logically more clever
than projecting mental pattern
into worlds of pure abstraction:
supersensible construction!

but, don't care for their perspective!
just remember that perspective
is but 1 – and it is *human*
even though it's called *objective
truth*, accrued by the collective
human mind's detective-action

in the end, is man-made mapping
and the limits to such world
are the limits of our word!

so, let's ask an easy question:

if you think we can discern
how the world and we appeared –
ain't what's really being learned
how we humans engineered
our selves, and with the word
for, our tongue re-engineers
our collective engineer?

*"Jesus Christ, this guy is manic!
Hegel's kind acts all dramatic!
as if mind was full of magic –
is he high? is he an addict?"*

true, the *Phaedrus* is my coke
Kant's *Critique* is what I smoke
Hegel's *Spirit*? tranquilizer!
and my dealer is called *Meister!*

yeah, I'm from a different school
where *pragmatic* isn't cool
and I may be bound to toy
with the heads who wreck our youth
for I'm Plato's loudest boy
with a sailor's mouth, annoyed

I sit and brood and frown:
do I have to school you clowns?
educate you evil stinkers
bookish wigs, like Steven Pinker
Dennett, Chalmers
sheepish thinkers
English-speaking reason-sinkers?

man, I read you, watch your talks
truth *converges* – don't it, dorks?

sure, it does, behind your doors!
you spoon each other, to the core
how else could you ignore the fork
in the road of truth, that Y:
why your mind wills:
"truth be yours!"
is it *reason* – is your cause:
will to see or will to force?

for thought's a road with traffic lights:
some say *stop*, and some say *right*
but you, dim cogs, at Plato's school
seem to need more training to:
learn to tell what's right from wrong
left from right, and back from front
so let's travel back in time
to the *Age of Reason* – wait!

what? it's called – *Enlightenment?*
is that why it blinded men?
men of shades, all unprepared
so, the rays, of sun they glared
way too bright, for mental slaves
and the sunlight burned their brains?

Nein, nein, nein, nein, nein!

man did not escape that cave
man was framed
with shades of grey:
"Age of Reason"? Age of Cain!
English Babel, towers great
brain dis-Abel-ed, damaged, great!
now, your worldview can't be named
other than: *it's half a brain!*

indeed, I wonder much off late:
is your language just our fate?
even Jews depreciate!
Greenspan, Ginsberg –
screaming fails!

and Zuckerberg? needs to be jailed!
Facebook, brain-hook, like-cocaine:
El Zucko –
hacks your child, then breaks
nations faster than a quake
with mere data – what's that? wait!
ask yourself: who is to blame?
yet another Harvard brain!

so, what's the root cause, engineer
what the source of failure, deer?

English thought! that rotten apple!
it declines, like falling metal!

so, call me Nazi, worst of Jews
cause I'm angry at your schools
chug some gasoline then spew
bars of rage and words to wound:

Hobbes? Mills? hobbits!
Locke-Smith-brains
cock, split, pop kids' logic gates!
boxed-in cogs are off the chains
autist-bots which Jobs/Bill made!
Oxford-Sophists pop on stage:
plotting non-sense Popper hates
toc, tic, toc, tic, what's that – wait!
bomb sits, clock ticks, watch its rays:
Hawking's/Dawkins' toxic waste!

a-b-a-b-a-b-c
may these pages make you see:
age of *Reason*? shady meme!
God is dead? now, man is free?
shame, geeks, you lack bravery
to wake and see and say *"it's real:*

*slaves raise arms all age to dreams –
the cave's new faith screams
HAIL MACHINES!*

8. Eternal Re-play

what is time, where are we at?
what has happened on the map
of existence, game of being
once we join to see it, fleeting
play it back and screen for meaning:
what's the benchmark for our time
what's the map, we see, revealing
what's the background's silent grind?

well, if language is the code
let us change to tongues of scope
tongues to savor flavor, old
for, *sapio* means taste, you apes –
are you even *Sapiens*?

yes, *Age of Reason* –
needs translation
else we misread our location
in eternal time's rotation, so:
Enlightenment? exaggeration!

in Spain, they call it *Illustration*
like a preview, demonstration
Germans think it was *Instruction*
like a handbook, for construction
or when kids say:
we shall know!
where are we from?
where did we grow?
and then their dad goes:
mommy's tummy, but won't say:
boy, she tastes yummy.

get it? grasp it? see the point?
no, you won't, you anti-Freuds!
you preached:

"progress! bills! machines!
God loves math!

God loves machines!
after all, the world's machine!
after all, man is machine!
after all, well, all machine!"

Darwin's *genius?* eco(n)-niches!
resource-seeking factories
governed by one function, E-
N-E-R-G-Y to be
maximizing selfish needs!

add some Nash, some Turing, genes
within Newton's math-machine
hocus pocus, let's believe:
human mind equals PC!

now, we run like such machines
crunching data, energy
and compete for scale and power –

let's just call that: Babel-Tower!

the alternative? well, it's *Ideal* –
to the English-mind: unreal or where's
your Renaissance Esprit –
virtues of the ancient Greeks?

you show no respect for Plato
where's his statue – with a halo?
every student should remember
he's the one who gave us Cato
who fought Cesar 'til his death
now, philosophy is chess
for some nerdy couch potatoes
wording essays of no value
'stead of working for the NATO
fixing failures in our world
or like Plato, with great words –

but, who cares
the Greeks are gone

so, let's lose it! act all dumb!

"is our consciousness a scheme
user-interface, unreal?
Hegel's Geist? romantic dream!
fitness, power, learn and see:
morals, ethics? man's a means!
not an end, old Kant's a cheat!
utility – shall run our minds
in self-interest, optimize!"

what it did, well, some were wise
Blake and Goethe, spotted signs
plotted lines, forgotten rhymes:
Faust, Urizen? prophet-minds!

as would have some ancient wisdom:
read the poets? Soul audition!
read that 'science'? grow autism!
see sole math? screwed up map!
hear that music? choose to laugh!

now, did you read them
treat them like
seers of a different kind?
or will your science tell just why
Deutschland, Deutschland
went all wild?
if so, please! just say it, crystal clear
what's the root cause, engineer?
what's the source of the demise
which would lead to the Third Reich?

German thought! that rotten apple!
it declined, like falling metal!
from Kant and Hegel to the Nazis:
pessimism, power, Marxists!

ideas come first, and action later
we once hailed the Greeks and truth
thought *divine, was man's true nature*

then made truth a dream for fools
screws went lose
let's shoot some Jews –
why, let's ask that painful question:
how the land of such great minds
paved the way for fatal times?

well, no need to be a prodigy:
it seems that the economy
correlates with toxic memes
since man's anxious search for meaning
really is the highest X
of the 'function' in his head –

he won't care, while he is fed
but grows scary without bread
when the dream of his salvation
sparks belief, imagination
and he'll transfer, he'll project
savior status on the head
who will promise to protect
and provide just what he lacks:

transcendental purpose, yes
firstly God, the nation, next!

for such dreams, he'll sacrifice
next of kin, the neighbor's life
and since God had been claimed dead
cosmic justice off the map!

well you know, so, let's go back
to the year of '29
what a nightmare, Friday night:
the bubble popped, that 'dream'
a scam:
what to do, with steaming man?
well, Hoover sent him build a damn
and Sin City, strip of sand
for, in times of darkest pain
something has to guard the flame.

in Germany? such dreams can't fly
the terms severe, Keynes knew:
"Versailles –
*the blond beast won't endure a while
extremist moods, will soon arise*" –
yes, Greece, or Trump, come sure to
mind:
time's a circle, not a line.

so, what's the vicious cycle's game?
well, the victim's side will blame
someone else for misery
in some take on history –

or even better, go with science:

might is right for all survival
is a fight against your rival
thus, it's moral to be violent
for the winner is decided
not by God on judgement day
but in war by just one race –
so, let's all just love our fate:
good is that which dominates!

yet, fanatics they need idols
found in tablets-breaking writings
on the way of *supermen* –
to this day, a student's pet
known as harbinger of power
lonely son of Schopenhauer:

*"God is dead, now, I want slaves!
morals? ethics? childish tales!
Plato tricked us! Christ? a fake!
'will to truth'? your will deceives!
now, we know our will it seeks to
overcome these human weaklings
lowly scum and ugly sheep-men
master/slaves? the only rule!
truth serves power – holy truth!"*

Friedrich Nietzsche – *Antichrist!*
poet with a hand of ice and lonesome
Soul whose head, on fire
set on flames all pants of liars:

*"science? gay! they seek delusion!
bricks they lay, in deep confusion!
about their being's secret goal:
to will to God – decree the globe!
now, I shall show them what is next!
I shall blow up all their texts!
I shall go and pass the test:
to be God, my chest reads 'S'!"*

Oxford, Boston, know what's next?
later it would read: 'SS'!

born in 188X: *Übermensch* –
old Plato's nightmare
crippled Friedrich's wildest dream!

now, any guess, dumb Ivy League
how translate – such mighty meme?
Über-mensch? it means:
trans-human!

jenseits – yes! – *beyond* the human
good and evil, that's the scoop, man!

now he's hailed by pale-faced cowards
at your fatal Babel tower:

*"we're unfit, to face the future
let's refit, our mind's computer
and enlarge our mental scope
to be masters of the globe!"*

man, I love how bookworms write:

*"look, the world, it burns, we're right!
man is weak, he needs a brain-chip"*

will you zip it, little pale shit?

you're at Oxford, in a castle
acting moral without asking
why those minds below your level
are behaving like their cattle –
is it their fault, is it yours?
who's the one who sits indoors
writing thesis after thesis
treating life as simulation –

maybe you lack inspiration
to see ways, we could be changing
human culture as we ought:
moral action works thru thought –
and no plastic circuit board!

but, the bookworm is too blind
to connect the dots of time
and treat certain thought as wrong
for the pain it has brought on –

like the madman
Friedrich Nietzsche's
Darwin-like ontology:

Will to Power?

Y'ALL AGREE!

from a virus – to machines
just one maxim rules supreme
anti-Kant and anti-free:
maximize utility!

but, you seem to be unconscious
of the specicidal non-sense
your damn schools keep reproducing
treating humans, like they're poodles:

*"let's see how we can improve
how this organism moves
and reshape its goals, direction
to take more efficient action!"*

I'm reminded of sick Nietzsche
writing how we should be breeding
supermen, instead of sheep
even sacrifice the meek
for the sake of reaching higher
and to take eternal fire –

gladly, fire is my being
flames of ire, what I'm breathing –
why keep writing lines of evil?
what's the motive of my demon?
why am I the one who's beating
up your upscale butts while feeling
no remorse, in fact, it's pleasing
yes, this force, it makes me seething
ain't it Plato, who keeps feeding
rhymes of hatred on this evening?
what's the secret to my steaming
why the rage I feel for Nietzsche?

the truth is
I went down, like Friedrich
deeper, faster, I went twice:

the first time, I left ash behind –
that selfish I that tells me 'I'
the second, I made Hades mine –

why? I may be aiming high:
Death, the greatest, reigns all time –
Hades' flames, ain't they divine?
anyways, that's when I met
Fritz and had him simply kicked –

out of town?
no, I'm no clown!

I took him
like German pigs
and pushed him
in that chamber with
sixty other people, sick
flipped a mask and said:

*"hey, Fritz!
I don't like
transhumanists!
I would like
to see you twitch!
and yet
that's way too easy, quick
take this mask and breath in, prick*

no, I don't want to see you die –

I want you to see them die."

will to power – hear them cry?

9. Singularity

Oxford, Boston
know, what happened?
have you been to anti-heaven?
have you seen the chambers, ovens?
have you dreamed of flaming orphans?

"we are English, we are good!"

you're the blindest worms of books!
hire brain-dead sophist-crooks
while I'm shocked, yes, horror-look
stunned and awestruck, lost and shook:

is your dumb school run by squirrels
hoarding nuts who mumble drivel?

Oxford? Hogwarts! Harry? Riddle!
anti-Platos, dumb and witless –
poked my Bear Jew
poked my Schindler
made it on my hit-list, swindlers!

but, relax, I play, old bag
yes, you know, the game of facts:
academics? they love truth!
reason, math, enlightenment!
well, here's a lightning for you fools:

mental BLITZKRIEG –
on your school!
just like coal mines, you produce
views so dark, it's mind-abuse
but what's worse, not even true!
what's the purpose, what's the *use*
what's the function I *compute*
with these rhymes aiming for *truth*
is it selfish – are my genes
simply triggering some memes
which will help to reproduce

DNA that's in the pool?
is it really? Jesus Christ!

what *utility* has rhyme
if you bigots cannot read
not the lines, nor in between
but beyond these words which scream?
for our language is a code
just like math, which maps the globe
so does language trap the Soul
for its shadow makes Her glow –
but
you confound the map with gold
now your mind projects on code
what's within and not without
and it takes an angry kraut
without filter to point out:

guys, you're schizo half-brained freaks!
you should not be free to keep
spreading specicidal memes:

*'carbon-chauvinistic' people
treat machines as if they're feeling
nada, zero –
what the fuck?*

now, some clown at MIT
treats the cloud as if it's real
and is never even asked
to defend his ass like Nash!
*"yes, machines, Life 3.0
shall be minds beyond our scope!"*
Jesus Christ, the world's insane!
teachers preach the words of faith
in *mind-children*, robot-brains:
evolution's next best stage!

but, what's worse, man, that's the type
who's in charge of some foundation
for the future – not of humans

but of *life* beyond us losers
at old Oxford, MIT
spreading specicidal dreams!

yes, you know, it's called *post-human*
for the world's *will to compute*
is the one and only truth
and it's running out of patience
just look at the planet's status
human culture's bound for failure
so, let's all simply renounce
human judgement to the cloud
and the chaos will slow down!

that's the logic of the minds
who hang out with Nobel prize-
winning physicists of genius
and then treat 10 billion people
as a transient stage in *time*:

extra-sensuous, beyond mind!

Plato, Ludwig and old Kant
say *"go lose it, let go – rant!"*
Odin's handing me his staff
hoping for a massive flash!

for let's face it, say it nice:
all I see is non-sense, lies
bewitchment cast by bits and bytes!
metaphysics? not your kind!
ontology? get out of sight!

so, what's your motive?
psycho plot!
for will to *truth*? man, I see not!
so, what is it, Viking bot?
will to *power*, life or *God*?
fanatic mission, ISIS, dot
dot, dot, dot, brain-circuit flopped:

*the cloud shall open timeless slots
where our minds won't die or rot!*

well, lucky you, the sky has popped:

your singularity ain't near!
it is here for you to fear!

Odin sent a lightning rod
meant to show you guys a spot
on a chair that's slightly hot
to defend your mindless lot!

so, here's the invite, Viking bots:

come to Nürnberg – testify!
show us what you have in mind
and if you have an alibi
acting as if your AI
was the destiny of time!

but, if it's wrong
and IT IS WRONG
I will smoke you like a bong
and with the hammer
Nietzsche played with
and the stammer
Luther prayed with
I'll make every student see:

you are whack, man, really sick
here's that jacket: see? it fits!

10. Jury

now, madness, institutionalized
asks for individual minds
to affirm a truthful vision
for our earthly human mission
and protect the highest good
against specicidal crooks!

so, where's the jury?
where the judges?
where the court to try whom fudges?

Harari? Zizek? Peterson?
oligarchs of mental freedom –
meant to swim against the stream by
streaming thought aimed to release the
grip of ideology
now, it's thousands, changed by you
hoping you won't sell your views
for –
with great power –
well, you know,
virtue's price, a heavy toll
so, where to start?
well from the top
those who fill 10,000 seats
speaking about doubt and creed:

Sam and Jordan, that was great!
you two may just have paved the way
for a new age of debate –
10 hours later: epic fail?

what's the topic, main of themes?
banning poets – Plato's dream!
stories, myths and prophecies
should we censor what man reads –
like Kurzweil's singularity?

Sam would like to edit books
free speech? yes – but not on – God!
though appealing, Jordan's thought
lacks the punch of jabs and hooks
10 hours later – I'm annoyed:

in your truth versus religion
where is the post-human mission?
a Bible-diet seems quite fatal
AI not even on the table?

for in our age, a different Babel
rules the Western mind, surreal
Sci-Fi is the source of fables
(bible just means 'books with words')
motivating Larry Pages, Musks and
Kurzweils, troops of nerds
who grew up on futurism
to pursue non-human visions:

now, as far as I can see
'atheism' – is a dream
which can simply not compete
with man's transcendental need.

Yuval at Davos: what a speech!
twice you said elites are creeps
treating people like a leech –
milking humans, while they sleep
for the info which they need
to make their transhumans real.

but, how you call what's *God* invention
and then see *will to God* in Menschen
well, that –
I really thought I'd mention.

oh, and when it comes to Eastern
teachings:
danger, danger, culture's deeper!
we like Easter, and teach speaking

dialectic, 'stead of breathing –
meditation? yes, me too
like Descartes, I aim for truth:
is man conscious? don't know – you?
yes, my heart says: *beagles? cute!*
but, that ain't science, be no fool!
the Laws of Mind are creepy, true
and world-as-such just real for dupes:
if we all die – maybe rats too?

yo, Zizek, neighbor, what's the word?
Hegel without God – come on!
the peak of ideology
is copy-pasting what God means
and then say *yes – or it's not real* -
instead of chasing the ideal.

anyways, as for those thieves
in plain daylight, why not scream:
"throw in jail those schizo nerds"
the dreams which run their heads,
they hurt,
like Google's worldview – what a turd!
respect for Deus Ex, absurd
and yet, the parallel disturbs:
a truth-enforcer – that's a church!
are Page and Zuck heading the herd?
like Christian monks, who ran the verse
which now is code, *just as the world?*

from HMI's, expect the worse
nerds love hertz, not hearts or truth:
The Human Use of Human Beings
utilizes human weakness
to distract mental attention
feedback loops reduce potential and

Beyond Freedom, Dignity
rule shall Skinner's sickly dream.

who else is out there: Germans? mute!
reduced to useless cattle who
regurgitate what Masters knew
the best of us? are dead, no news
and sorry guys, for brutal truths
but, U.S. Jews – are useless Jews:
except for J. Lanier who's cool
greatest mind of all of you?
prophet of the psycho-coup!

but, no one beats old Plato's mind
still alive, his halo shines
along with Kant he thinks and rhymes:
might a new school change the tide
like a blue moon breaks the night?

just one
one little thought's disturbing:
does anyone still read the German
Platonists who critique reason
limiting our mental dreaming?
and the ones, who see no reason
to think reason's beyond evil
and the ones who read man's 'reasons'
as a shield held up by weaklings?
and the ones who ask that question
beyond math and reason's bastion:
who am I, why do I live?
if we all lie – which truth my myth?

for, if no single truth prevails
judgement, juries, soon will fail
at informing mental order –
crossed will be that fatal border
and indeed, we may be late
to prevent a heinous fate:
the train has left the psycho-station
pacing to its destination.

11. Final Solution

who cares
for *truth* or *Know Thyself*?
bookworms boast their loaded shelf
but, insight?
not from polymaths:
teachers hold their holy mass, but
what is man?
the truth, not known, and
why man lives?
well, schools won't show.

so, reason? gone!
man's mind? a ho!
sells his ass to ideologues
throws Greek 'logos' out the window
philosophy?
well, now the geeks go
"probably, *God's playing xBox*
man is code!"
man, where's my ax box?
with my ax
to smack these crack pots?

and with AI, came superstition
fear, desire – too pernicious
ruling cruelly every mind's
imagination, shaping lies
and soon was found a savior's vision:

"to save our lives - make HMs!"
(the Führer's risen!)
"human fate? to fuse the brain
with machines which humans made!"

oh, wow
that's now Elon Musk's decision?
decision?
NEIN! *final solution!*
ENDLÖSUNG – for all of humans!

consequence of mind pollution
blown by Oxford's institution
triggering atomic fusion
in my head, my face and pupils!

but, wait, I think I hear a voice:
"brain-chip: yes or no – your choice!"

really? well, let's think it thru:
if it works, yes, if it's true
that a chip will fully boost
human thinking thru the roof
than the first to move will shoot
far ahead and soon reduce
those without a chip to sheep
and then milk them, if they keep
thinking without mental cheat –

utility –
becomes our *fate*
before we know, it is too late
to pause the race for upgrades, see?
normal people – obsolete.

now, I don't know, if it'll work
all I know is little nerds
work to turn a mighty dream
which they learn at MIT
Oxford and from Elon's tweets
into my reality
in which I don't want to see
any child grow up competing
for mere power, so I'll be the
one to bust with all his might
punchlines, trusting that some minds
come and join the fight for light
against the posthuman kind
who at institutions write:

tech ought to be utilized
to transcend the human mind!

their deans, are silent
stubborn, worse:
willful blindness - such a curse!
yes, YOU!
you fools, you'll never learn!
your damn school a profit turns
with the views which stuff our urns
but it soon goes *puff* and burns –

when I nuke it – but with words!

why, why are you spreading lies?
why, why are you wrecking minds?
Enlightenment?
NEIN! not your schools!
Dialectic? bot-like tools!

your zombie-gigafactories
are draining young minds' batteries
but, here's an offer, open letter
to settle once, for all, this matter:

I ASK THE ACADEMY:
come to Nürnberg, BATTLE ME!

let's see who will reason better
let's see who will beat my pattern
let's see whom Sophia likes:
Plato's light – or brain-dead psychs!

and if you lose,
AND YOU WILL LOSE,
I'm to rule old Plato's school
and with the hammer
Nietzsche played with
and the stammer
Luther prayed with
I'll nail letters on its door:

Sophie's HOLY – not your WHORE!

12. Court

but, where's the jury?
where the judges?
where the minds to try whom fudges?

where the court of truth to file
charges against reason's rapists –
where's the Hall of truthful Minds –
Delphi to rank reason's greatest?

is Oppenheimer – now a hero?
don't tech-gurus think like they're Nero?
is Neill DeGrasse the new Mike Tyson
even without Nobel prize and
Hawking, Dawkins, Plato's poets
telling stories without knowing
that their axioms are mind-less
but who cares to ask what Time is?

who still asks for Truth and Justice –
where's the jury, where the judges?

well, let me play
with Nietzsche's hammer
Luther's stammer, mammoth-slammer
and put it simple, crystal clear
for any would-be engineer
of a true cosmogony:

first think thru, what *cosmos* means
then go ask your lazy teach:
“*what is matter – can we see
what is matter – or just feel?*”

and then adjust your crooked view:
all that's pattern, is *thru* you
and matter, feel it, that *is* you!
what matters, you project on me –
but, am I conscious? that's a leap:
you don't know, but you believe!

yes, consciousness – *the* mystery!
it's *the* Idea – of a shared dream
yes, an Ideal, we feel is real –

so, conscious robots? epic scheme!
pan-psycho-neverlandish dream
Dan' info-nympho Dennet's meme!

oh, and Time, well, think yourself!
don't copy-paste what's on your shelf
but, Time beyond man? that's a rape
of *Pure Reason*, leap of faith!

wait, *End of Faith*? oh, you don't say!
go drop your worldview's weightless base
and stop endorsing baseless claims:
like clocks in extra-sensuous space!

I hate to pace and overwhelm
but, that's like faith in ogres, elves
now, you say: *don't exaggerate!*
yet, I pick up an ax and break
axioms in half and scream:

realists? please! be my guest!
you're beta-Platonists, at best!
keep claiming truths evading testing
a world from nothing? are you jesting?

your linear mind, projects an instinct
on a Time, you're not in-sync with –
but
that ain't science, that's an infant
treating math not as a tool
but, the last transcendent truth
“*the substratum which computes
every atom, every move*” –

time-out, wait, I need an instant
to relate to pre-Kant infants!

I'm aghast, now motion's math
and no map, which shows the path
but the territory –
Jesus!
beta-Platonistic thesis!
and a breeding ground for claims
pushing specicidal faith!

what a night-
mare, but, why
care? well, I dare
you to grow a tight pair
of fins and swim
against the stream
and really back to
the sources of Logic
since current memes
are forcefully toxic
and Turing-dreams
as obnoxious as our lack of morals
but obviously rooted in nihilism
arising like flies on shit
due to transcendental scientism!

so, let us get our story fixed
the end is always near –
wait, what?
can't hear your bit-made watch?
it ticks!

see, lack of ethics?
lack of meaning!
lack of meaning?
lack of truth!
math what moves me, music, too?
all I will is to compute?

man, I shoot Euclid, Turing, too!
then poop onto Newton's tomb
for what moves me, goof, go muse –

Plato's flames are what I spew
dancing foot-loose in the cave
in which music helps renew
mental chains for shadow-slaves
and their specicidal faiths
tied to rocks
they're playing sages
framing shades
feeling no flames and
lacking maybe half their brainses

“*AI, precious*” – Gollum-faces!

yes, I'm sick of Larry Pages
and the Agent Smiths created
by a worldview based on shit
so, cannon's lose, my wick is lit
and I will drop my manners, quick
and Nietzsche's?

NOOO!

Slim Shady's hammer –

slip!

13. Lawlessness

screw judges, juries, court rooms, suits
the world of mind is rule-less, ruled
by clueless, stupefying schools
so, time to close the loop, let loose:
a Little Boy for stupid – BOOM!

shit, Weizenbaum, he was so right:
judgement is beyond your mind!
you produce what kills mankind
bombs and worldviews, fancy noise
then you blame the mob, deny
deny it all, you anti-Freuds
well, to me you're plant-made toys –
soldiers?
mainly figurines:
for my mental guillotine –
inflammables, like kerosene!

read that as symbolic arson!
free speech-fire
word-burns, chars, un-
worldly me thinks: me's a Martian
alien of strangest kind
shapes I shift like paradigms!

while you read Kuhn in bed at night
I go moon-walk thru the sky
mind stoops spoons and forks and knives
worldviews like their corks of wine!

yes, been below, I too went *under*
unlike Nietzsche, I slam thunder-
bolts of voltage, highest power
force of Wotan's son I shower
tyrants, zombies, with my hail
since I heard that flame-bush say:

son, go ISIS on their tower
Osama Kant –
on pale-faced cowards!

the day is close, my rays will hit
every baby-thinker's wits!
Newton? Turing?
judgement day!
Dawkins? Hawking?
dust be made!
Harvard, Stanford
Oxford, Cambridge?
I'm el niño to your stale wits –
German shepherd on your pale bitch!

the dead can't wait
to leave their graves
Seven Sages, I shall raise
with blades from ashes
steel on flames
thru your brains, I'll waltz: "*hooray!*
I am Plato – you are slaves
I play Halo – with your shades!"

scary, scary, yes, I know
I can read your mind, you troll!
God plays Sims?
you must be shittin'!
piss your pants
and stay low – hidden!
you're no man or dynamite
you're the kind my lightning strikes
as I ride it right inside
schizo AI psycho minds!

but, you did it, bravo, baby:
will ain't free? ill will wills:
maybe!
you produced me, summoned fate? yes!
you produced my drums of hate? yes!
hear the echo? hear it loud?

life ain't chess, it's poker, now
karma, karma, comes around
like a chainsaw's blades, it sounds:

sounds like what you never heard
hound-like, hunting, set to hurt!

Kant on Hume? no, this is bigger!
to bat-shit crazy – I'm the hitter!
dark, obscure, just like the Riddler!
Blitzkrieg, yes, I'm halfway Hitler:

a heartless fury drives my march against
a farce that had me start
a war of words as harsh as Marshall's
Rapgod? heads nod!
there's no other –
Sophie's rapists, I shall smother
as if they touched my
wife or mother!

posthuman God?
the Goddess screams!
the Muse, supreme
shoots music, feel!
and hear the strings
to which I'm chanting
mentally you'll see me dancing
sparing no one as I'm fencing

sparring partners:

UNTERMENSCHEN!

Afterword

X.

you have made him
you're to blame
his rage the payback for his age
the Mind's avenger, came with flames
Seven Sages, hailed his fate –

God said: *Thales, wait, no way!*

“too late, Hail Mary! let us pray!
his wires crossed: he's able Cain
but Sophie says he's faithful, brave –
Achilles of the Language Game.”

*Alright, I'll trust your age-old wisdom
let us have the caped GOAT christened:*

*a drop of Moses, one of Odin
fire, lightning, radio-
active rays to break the code
of the brains which fail to cope
with the way old Plato wrote
man, your mandate: Gnosis, go
go, with Logos, road to gold
and lift Sophie on the throne!*

Y.

Achilles? Blitzkrieg? Plato, Hitler?
godly – or satanic riddler?
how to tell and know the truth
picture him – who spits and spews?

if God plays poker – poets, too:
they're blurring signs of old and new
and crossing lines, to kick and fool
Platonic Führer: joke or true?

the mind's bi-polar, even tri-
good and evil really strive
for the union Jungian psy-
chology and Hegel's Geist
independently defined
as the meta-meme of mind –
not binary
for black and white
limit 'I' at the same time.

so, just remember hermeneutics
will divide the circle's fusion:
some choose black
and some choose white
some say *bat-shit*, you'll ask *why?*
what if he is fully right?
yin and yang's the golden rule –
white and black live both in you!

so, what's the moral, motive, who
sent the fire and the nukes
violent rhymes, berserker fury –
was it him – or was it you?

for if it's really all perspective
once the circle's broken, truth
is but one for each subjective
view of words and only few
realize that the final hurdle
in the search for language's purpose
is the circle's broken truth
but, for lurking hermeneutists
here is one
of those doomed views.

Z.

the bombs he drops
to blow up schools
and thoughts he forms
in hope for moves

are made of sound and syllables
strangest kraut-faced-images
and pain-arousing chemicals:
found at Plato's pharmacy –
Greek *pharmakon*
both harms and heals –
his *pharmaca* are arms of peace
he's harmless, really, just a farmer
farming fields whose dried up soil
lacks cracks for breathing
hence, he'll toil
enacts a beating, hacks down roots, then
scatters seeds and lastly moves to
leaking crap to fertilize
abstract shit, unearthing lies
a mental piss to moisturize
that Wasteland called “philosophy”
one day, the crops be all-so sweet –
until the yield, much Work and Days
of failing faith and hope for nothing
mustered not the slightest trust in
busting rhymes, he's touching bottom
thrice per week, screams: “*bottom-line:*
yes, just like Him, I don't know nothing!”
then chugs bottle after bottle, puffing
busts the bathroom mirror, cussing
throbbing forehead, blood-filled eyes:

*“philosophy? lacks melody!
what moves my ass is music – shit!
the Muse is sick, got group-raped, kicked
and pushed around by stupid pricks
trans-human shtick, computer bits, and
“atheists” whose will is picked
if not by them, then who is it?
Spinoza, school these clueless kids!”*

so, for the record, God-deniers
and *science-ligious mental midgets*
say, you cracked God, that feisty riddle?

(to every poet's mind a dream
the greatest of devices, real
the highest aim and unifier
almightiest of human fires –)

really cracked it? solved it? scheme!
stop blowing smoke, or he will steam:

*“are you blinded? can't you see?
you have a God: your Thought ain't free!
and ‘will’ is neither – that, you preach
but unlike Nietzsche, you believe –
your little ‘reasons’ can defeat
what your will to X decrees!*

*oh, God is dead? no, God is nothing
but, nothing, boy, is always something!
to point that out, I wave a knife
your God annoys, I'll take his life
and Plato's throne – I claim my right
and Sophie as my trophy wife!*

*see, Justice? Truth?
the Good and Beauty?
time for you to do your duty!
but you're confused or maybe crazy:
well-fed brain-dead pale shits – lazy!*

*well, thanks for making it this easy
the Mind's my canvas, easy-peasy
I re-paint the world like Vinci
Rembrandt, Mike the Angel, Dürer –*

*and one day soon
the brains I farmed, with bravest hearts
will raise their arms and praise my star
who knew? who knew?*

*a German Jew –
would choose to be*

Platonic Führer!”