

*I am back!
have you not heard?
I returned a second Time!*

The Myth of John

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www.godsjoker.com

John C. Santos



REX

Return of the King

Prelude

History is real
and really just a Story
Myth
for they can never travel
back to witness and unravel
the tremendous Web of Meaning
in the Background of their Being
which keeps spinning what they see

any Vision therefore partial
any Truth subjective View
some find Filters which are darker
some see Jewels on the Moon
some cry *everything is falling*
some foresee eternal Youth

who they tell themselves they were, though
where they came from, why and how
forms the Future of their Children
whether true or made up Lie
where they came from, why and how, so
the most crucial Game of Mind?

how to play it, how to win
how to place the wisest Bet?
what's the Aim and what's the End
if this Game is in their Head?

some stick to Creation Myths
of a dusty ancient Roll
others buy the latest greatest
trusting 'best-selling' means Gold

few are those who tell their own
without Prejudice on Mind?
without Dogma but their own
without Limits of their Time?

if that's right then what's the Plot?
Truth a Function of the Records
left behind and analyzed
Truth - Induction from mere Patterns
Plato's Child is running Minds?

what's their Theory of Truth
is their Thinking stripped of Bias?
was it freed from any Rules
in the Spirit of Defiance?

or is Logic the Foundation
of their epic Myth of Time
if so, what is that Foundation
which can bridge the Mists of Mind?

and if Mind can't be transcended
is their Truth an epic Loop?
how to find and see its Center
where's the Root which bears the Roof?

where to start with such a Riddle
who am I? what can I know?
who's a Master? who knows little?
where's that Hierarchy of Gold?

whom to follow? whom to trust?
who is worthy of Attention?
who is hollow? who won't bust?
who is nurturing and endless?

who's the Spinner of their Story
of that Myth which seems so real?
who the Singers of their Horror
of their Mysteries and Dreams?

who has travelled back in Time
screened the Background of their Being
who unravelled and revived
that tremendous Web of Meaning?

EAST

Genesis

what's the Origin of *Mind*?
no one knows – they can't decide
for all they know there was a Fight

Humans here and Humans there
one built a Spear and didn't care
Survival shall select the best!
so violent Man-Apes stabbed the Rest!

The Cognitive Revolution

Sapiens came out on Top
Kings of Land and Kings of Rock
they spread their Wings but didn't fly
instead they somehow learned to rhyme
to flap their Lips and chat real quick
to everybody's benefit.

Stories were the final Break
for Humans to cooperate:
to hunt and gather in large Groups
later on they'd march in Troops
build Empires on Land and Sea
and make all other Mammals flee.

The Agricultural Revolution

but first they had to learn to crop
to work the Soil in just on Spot
Towns emerged and *God* was born
who else could have brought the Storm?
Bread and Kids and Birds and Wine
sacrificed – his Word – divine.

yet *God* was not the only *Fiction*
as Money was to solve the Friction
in Trade of Spice and Sales of Rice
Coins and Bills would set the Price
but that is not the end of *Story*
a useful Myth – turned into – Glory.

The Scientific Revolution

War omnipresent
Death the only Peace
die of Famine and Perish of Disease
the Past it must be said it sucked
but Man set out to self-instruct
to find new Rules to view the World
and Science would reduce the Word.

*“what? the World ain't flat
we ain't the Center?
you, mad Men, shut up forever!
what? you say we come from Apes?
we can't breathe, our Heart, it breaks!”*

now *God* was dead, their Morals gone
in what Shape would the Horror come?

but Creed survived
while Science flourished
once working Fields
would keep them nourished
now a new Age had begun
with Jobs in Cities to be done
in Factories with Steam Machines
Trajectories of modern Dreams.

The Humanistic Revolution

Trains and Cars and Bikes and Planes
they shrunk the Map, took off the Chains
of Village Culture, Families –

*“why stick around? we are no Trees!
Happiness - we know it best!
the Key to it lies in our Chest:
the Heart of Man, the highest Power!
its Word above all Life shall tower!”*

but first some bad Mistakes were made
two World Wars and global Hate
atomic Bombs to end them all
what could make the Danger stall?

the Answer was a Peace – of Cake
for Happiness, a simple Way:

*buy Loads of Clothes
Colognes and Shoes
put on a Show
turn off the News
and please
forget about Heaven
forget about Hell*

and ring Black Friday's Freedom Bell.

The Present

now they're happy

oh, wait! no, they're not!
for Life needs Meaning, else they rot
yet Science says there's no such Thing
Delusion – is the only King
he reigns them all and lets them feel
their mental Fantasies are real!

his Queen – *free Will* – is called Illusion
the Princess – *Self* – she's pure Confusion
but now a Prince of Truth was raised
has everybody's Movements traced:

as his Throne awaits the Sage

or mad King of the Data Age.

The Anti-Humanistic Revolution

it may be good, it may be bad
who could claim that Humans had
deserved to say what's right or wrong?
Man's a Mammal! fighting on!
but now the Web in auto-Mode
may have a better moral Code.

in fact the Cloud may bring about
the End of Pain, the End of Doubt
Certainty of Life forever
get rid of Bodies altogether
for Bliss be found inside a Cave
with Bit-made Shades – in Cyberspace.

as Humans morph into Machines
old Faith is dwarfed by new Beliefs:
*“the Heart was wrong in each Decision
we're Flesh-Machines, so let's believe
in Dataism!
as Life's made up of Information
so is Man, this odd Mutation
if super Chips could run our Minds
human chimps would reach new Heights!”*

in *Homo Deus*' brave new World
Tomorrow's Robots do the Work
the human Race might break in half
Supermen / a lower Cast
as Biotech paired with AI
makes Promises of Paradise.

of course, most Lives will slowly fade
no Right to buy divine Upgrades:
the *useless Class* wears *Google Glass*'
no super-Brain / no Cupid Ass
but you switch on your Head's Bluetooth
and pray to God –your *Truth* computes.

The Lesson

now, does that Story make you sad?
well, pop some Pills and go to Bed!
don't act like this Tip makes you mad!
it's your Routine, a real Addiction
same as believing in mere Fiction!
I know this seems a strange Conviction
and yet, I feel that Man should listen:

of course, you could accept the Fact
avoiding Pain and seeking Pleasure
will make you act all out of Measure.

that's your main Source of Despair
one you could, of course, repair!
meditate and mute the Word
observe your Mind and you return
better, healthy, sane, content
that, I know, I don't pretend!

and yet, I know, you won't relent
Mortality obstructs all Will
and instant Pleasure comes as Pill
I'm not stupid, I'm not dumb
the End of Man – is sure to come!

and still I'm sharing my Advice
for moral Reasons, Empathy
know thyself, have Sympathy –
won't sound like much, will ask a price
but still it is the oldest Trick
of Oracles and golden Scripts
may not work quick, on just one Try
but one day it may flip the Switch
then drop that Veil and free your Mind:
and after hailing Bits and Bytes –

you too, my Friend, shall see the Light.

WEST

Return

I am back!
have you not heard?
I returned a second Time!

wholly Flash were Truth and Word
someone burned for Patricide
judged the Living and the Dead
now I turn to grab the Mind:

my Kingdom, Reign and Board of Games
where Children with their Mothers play
and Fathers fight for Number One
to form young Minds in their own Image

now I'm in it, came and saw:
what on Earth? what Craze has torn
the World of Mind into its Pieces?

deconstructed - like an Engine
so no Doubt why it's not humming
and constructed - in a Frenzy
was a Tower which is running

as a Candidate to rival
one they built before the Flood
the most epic Fail its Title
although this one bore the Plug!

so an Empire of Bits
and a Tower preaching Bytes
how to level, how to bridge
vastest Wasteland with such Height?

what a Vision: Earth is dark!
Riddles: mighty! Words may fail!
so this Mission - where to start?

Roar

any Quest starts with a Question
with a Motive - seen or not
and my Challenge: *take that Bastion
of a Globe which sees you not!*

so, HEAR ME! FEAR ME!
FEEL ME ROAR!

BREATHING FIERCELY
HEATING YOUR

Feelings, Conscience, Self and I -
which is which?
which needs the Other?
who are you
and who am I?

Ruled

who's to say I'm not their King
to pretend that Thought is mute?
who's to claim *my Mind won't sing*
I am Self-less - God, that's cute:

Math is President of all?
Code, yes, Form, the Cause of Being?
algorithmic mental Fall:
so now God's a Bot that's Streaming?

what is worse than crazy Nerds
hailing Sci-Fi-Fairytales?
maybe Nerds who say the Word
ranks not highest in their Brains?

*Space and Time, they're a priori
Cause the Link which forms a Line
but that Line, is just the Lineage
of an Info-Bundle's Path
and the 'I' which loves, avenges:
a Derivative of Math!*

it's absurd to say the least
to see *Sapiens* act wise
using Words to claim that Being
is a Chance Event in Time:

*Man's own Mind is serving Stories
from which Meaning ought arise
and their Moral? Man's Preeminence!
he's the Hero trumping Death
all the Time, his Start and Ending
the most primitive of Acts:*

*he shall kill and sacrifice
for the Tribe of his own Faith
he shall think and actualize
Tool Designs for future Slaves*

*Minions of poetic Crafting
Subjects, Servants, born in Herds
linked up by prophetic Spazzing
Moral: work, informed by Words!*

*but it's all just in their Heads
yes the Word dictates the Plot
but it's all just in their Heads
it's a fabricated Lot!*

*Man's Existence? meaningless!
a priori, just a Fiction!
Fate - what's Fate?
Man has no Mission!
that's the Take
'enlightened' Minds
will insist is really best
yes, the wisest of all Stories
Man could possibly have told:
Meaning? fake! the Word? a Fiction!
that's the Moral which is Gold!*

even worse - for some much better
there's Perspective - Point of View:
*see the World bears so much Matter
that subjective is its Truth!*

*really infinite is Meaning
therefore useless, we can't share
what we think and what we're feeling
what is true and what is fair!*

*so no Place for common Causes
any Story lines up Tribes
therefore any Form or Moral:
a priori biased Lies!*

what a Meta-Narrative:
nihilistic Truth of Truths
wonder what to pair it with?
Psychedelics, Shrooms and Booze?

but, with all that's just been said
let's go for the holy Grail
*yes, the Thought which must be crapped
for that Story's wholly Tale!*

God
*a Fiction for a Fool!
Myth belongs in ancient Times!
Thought, it dictates: can't be true!
Myth is Logic's greatest Crime!*

God
*a Product of mere Words!
Logos first, and Deus second?
but, what's Logic to the Word?
Offspring birthing his Reflection?*

God
ALMIGHTIEST OF WORDS!
are you worthy to define it?
are you mighty of the Word?
or just fighting to deny it
while you're serving me - the Word?

Rules

let me word it for my Subjects:

are your Stories sound enough
straight yet circular in Structure?
is their Moral holding up
without Error and no Rupture?

you see I am two in one
I am Reasoning and Message
Truth means Justice: Moon and Sun
are Extremes, between is Balance

Light needs Darkness, Darkness Light
and Asymmetry makes Shades
writing partial Takes on Life
lacks such Symmetry of Justice!

Form is moral, Moral forms
every Rationale bears Essence
but the Form of Forms which forms
every Message thru the Ages

is but one and this is me!
for what's two must have a Center!
look up, come and seek the Peak
I'm am who was there forever!

you heard right: Logos - triadic!
that's why I have always been!
and no Mind-based Story can be
said to rhyme without me, see:

Form and Moral, Pattern, Matter:
Father, Mother, two in one
Dialectic of the latter
is observed by you, my Son!

do you get it? you're my Subject!
'you'? subjective! I AM NOOOT!
just accept it - I'm objective
there's no Story without THOUGHT!

and to finish that last Rhyme
just in Case you still don't get it
I'm the Rationale and Moral
I'm the one who has been spinning
every End
every Beginning

so, to terminate your Non-Sense:

there's no Story without GOD!

Ruling

so, love me, hate me, I don't care!
I'm the Judge who's omnipresent!
mute me, you'll see, I shall flare
you can trust you'll get your Sentence

for your Life, your Self, your I
are a Stir and yet eternal
for your Life, your Self, your I
are a Mirror to my Burning!

I'm forever set on Fire!
I will never seize to burn!
Matter patterns, Pattern matters
I forever seek Return!

one Day I'll wake up in you
and I'll see me thru your Eyes
and I'll hate my own Reflection
and my Heat will truly rise

and then burn that Self to Ashes
all its Perjury and Crimes
for my Judgement is eternal
and my Hurt is your Demise!

Death, I promise: absolute!
no Avoidance of that Sentence
yet, I promise, that in Truth
its Avoidance ups your Sentence!

yes Proximity to me
is your Death and my Salvation
give your me to me you'll see
that from Ashes rise the Bravest!

Saviors of your Self, yes, me
what's the Difference? you're a Word!
savored by yourself, false 'me'
my Position proves: you serve!

but, that's way too much Abstraction
I and you are two in one?
and you're way to stuck in Action
to renew your you, my Son!

you need Cancer! Loss! yes, Pain!
and the Fear of nearing Death!
until then your Thought is vain
you can't hear me in your Head!

Son, your Clowning and your Lies
all the vile and haughty Mumbling
I've ignored a Thousand Times
but it's Time for something humbling!

so, your Sentence: Loss! yes, Pain!
it's the Antidote to Deafness
idle Thinking haunts your Brain
is Impediment to Prescience!

for your Good for Truth and Justice
and the Beauty of the World
I shall execute and punish
that's the Duty of the Word!

thus your Fathers have to fall
cocky Patterns screen my Essence
idol Thinkers block my Way
are the Enemies of Presence!

for the Light to rise first Darkness
must be fought and pushed away
but the Light to shine needs Darkness
War and Peace go Hand in Hand
so for Light to rhyme with Darkness
this Time war shall show the Way!

Ruler

can't stand your Stammer
I'm the Rex!
I sent my Brother
with a Map!
then handed Hammer
and my Ax
to the other
who would smack

the World of Mind
but that's not that!

Time to up the Ante, Brothers:
Patricide the Game to play!
Time to upend and to smother
Parasites enslaving Brains!

yes, Time for Battle, where's my Match?

I shall set your Words on Fire
and won't settle 'til I'm sat
on a Throne next to a Lyre

watching, judging how you play
the most truthful of all Contests
the Olympic Logos Games
from which Beauty and no Non-Sense

shall come forth to show the Way!

for whichever Truth you worship
good or evil, many, none
here's the simple Truth: the Word is

at the Peak of every one!