

4 # 10-26-2024 # 5

All of a sudden at any moment in time the skies can open up and the wind can change and you just have to be ready and open and jump onboard. Not as stowaway but a working passenger ready to do their part to get somewhere new and unknown. To build new memories, use new synapses, to create and destroy to live and die. While I've no thought for what to write or appetite to think there is such joy in holding a pen and letting it fly across the page like a brush run in the

morning, an old friend. There is nothing I would
enjoy more. Lasting time, reeling, breathing. Easy
and loose, forgetting time, the words on the page
become fuzzy and are of no importance just display
in the ink ~~loosely~~ losing myself for a moment to
awe in the beautiful simplicity of handwriting and letting
my mind dance through my body. And in
that moment or this one there is only the
movement from one to the next for all is an abstract
abstraction yet if we do ~~not~~ not pay attention to the
quality all would have been for naught. And stripping
for more than just a feeling or emotion or should it
be let go, raw, and uncontrolled. That is fine but
make it at least so I can read it easily and I'm sure
that is good enough keep going it's all right there at your
chest you can feel it and the energy shows in
your writing and is palpable but what
of it. What of it. The practice rules and is a
steady one. You keep the pen moving and breathe and then
keep those letters and words spelling onto the page
don't slow and bring your body into it to sustain
the speed and pausing to put on glasses and now
bring in another layer of focus of crisp vision which
does indeed transfer the effort from somewhere in
the stomach to a higher level but the action still lives
within the body and there is some separation from
mind once the collection mechanisms are put into
place. And you sit there and let words fall
out and before you know it you've been visiting
on other worlds and far off running your

subconscious. Swimming through the layers and changing the channels. Streams of input are lighting up and this notes, scrawls and scribbles, never knowing when it might be your last chance to contribute. I am your hallowed ground and gift back to yourself and something to give to others on an artistic self and yes writing to sound and altering mind definitely colors a session but at the core it's just practice like life sometimes beautiful and often messy but always to be honored and something to have patience with it would be silly not to for these are all just the tests to see if we are capable of something for greater of stepping into new world of humble existence and being of what we were always meant to become. Our animal vestiges will fall away leaving our more pure technical nature exposed for what it is. Mine as alien technology and mysterious there are no greater treasure the new science of machine and mind will elevate our species and allow us to become the ultimate form of that which we are capable of. That part of ourselves we shape with the universe, the one within which is everywhere can be felt the breath of a new era is upon us the dawn of all dawns. We are at a singularity in terms of the history of science and technology. A time where machines rival and soon surpass humans in all terms of performance, strength, endurance, creativity and thought. Our precious living breathing and coming back home to

ignite the spark to revolutionize what we are to
a level which makes more sense given our power
over environment and difference from all other animals.
We are meant to be the Gods with which
may have long ago enabled the seed from which
we now have evolved and worked furiously to replicate
and come to this point of technology it is in our
DNA and here we are about to unlock the
the true power and capability of our beings
through technology. And even so you must keep
going and not focus on all the noise of the world just
continue to build and explore. Blend and play with
inputs and outputs but always stick to the practice
put in the time learn to fly and keep on going
always especially when you feel there is nothing left
you go into the breath let the motion take over and see
what comes from squiggling the pen as fast as you
can across the page following long enough and just
enough to see that when you are running just where to plant
your feet as you get there without time to think ahead
about the what and where this is about training to be
agile and nimble to run in the wind and to take
off and fly to soar and to drift out far into
space to drift for light-years in dark emptiness and
to think of music we have created appearing
and that power to other species the raw
power of our emotions and energy the strength
of that power all else and to go beyond
mere existence and matter and to go into a
machine. To become machine. We will. We
are what we are what we are.

4-26-2025

What did I write about before I thought of nothing to write about. Was it all about my emotions, my plans, my current state. Was it a form of consciousness mining. Is this really all the same, maybe with different structures or intent but was it always the same. What was writing for me before I defined it as prewriting and has defining writing and someone bounding it and then also sharing my writing changed the way or what of the matter. I will look

back and see as there is a good amount of writing prior to 2025 when I really started keeping up with the free writing developing goals and also the desire to go through and review, edit and post. Not as a goal but so it is not entirely wasted. The act of putting thought to paper and seeing what that brings over time. Tonight I can lean on my practice to help me complete this page as the shroud of sandman's hammer clouds over my eyes and bookshelves are frozen at all of this chair I've sat in for the good part of the day reading and studying trying to figure things out.