

...and Kyroot said:

Any place of measurable dimensions is too confined for a revolutionist.

To a revolutionist mind,
To think of "some success" is to not be thinking at all.

...and Kyroot noted this item:

In their City, Chumped-Up, Booster Brochure,
This one people boldly listed themselves as, "Folks With Attitudes."

In a confidential moment,

Life once mentioned that men just *made up* the word, "ostensibly".

...and Kyroot said:

When questioned,

One neurally rambunctious sort said, "Going straight never even occured to me."

In the secondary world man's paramount orifice is his mouth.

...and Kyroot said:

When the creatures of this one area would complain to the local god
About his tardiness in responding to their supplications
He'd just say, "Don't sweat it - The lie's in the mail."

...and Kyroot said:

Man's intellect is the nearest thing visible in a finite realm
To a self-sustaining operation.

Only in the land of the serious can a rebel survive.

("Well thank god", thought one chap, "I may be in the proper place after all.")

...and Kyroot said:

To know what he'll say today the king checks to see what he said yesterday;
That's why HE'S king and why the people seem to admire him:

To know what HE'LL say today the revolutionist THINKS more than he has to - TODAY;
That's why he's intellectually explosive, and some others remain
Sticky wiring hoping for an electrician.

...wiping some dirt from his hands, Kyroot sowed:

New thinking can turn an un-mapped undergrowth into an unexpected garden.

One man asked his kid - I mean, himself
If there's a different reality for revolutionists,
Or the same one as for everybody else and he just SEES it differently.
(He - I mean his kid, didn't have an immediate reply.)

From the City Religious Bulletinboard: The latest entry in the field is called,
"The Intellectual Church Of Epsom Salts."

...and Kyroot said:

In the mortal landscape,
Those who believe pleasures can be sins
Are also likely to be those in charge of revising the bus schedules.

(Hey, where else but in human life can you:
Stand in line,
Take a trip,
Go no where,
And all at the same time.)

After the major, and apparently, final battle was over,
The victorious general, (I assume, just to ease the tension),
Announced that the conquered would be forthwith forced to eat "Truth muffins."

...and Kyroot said:

A man who can understand everything with a single, quick glance
Is technically known as "A Single, Quick-Glance Man."

One city guy's personal motto for several years has been, "Dig it!",
And he doesn't have the foggiest notion what it means.

In most cases,

Letting your mind dwell on one thing will keep it from dealing with another. -- (Dig it!)

...and Kyroot said:

One ole city sorehead - (yeah, I THINK that's what he was), told his nephew,
"If someone tells you they got 'YOUR best interests at heart' - and actually MEAN it,
You can be sure of at least ONE thing - They've somehow come to have
YOUR heart in 'em.....

Don't ask me HOW?,
Just trust me,
They done got
YOUR heart."

...(And Kyroot offered an un-asked-for "P.S."
Things that unquestionably seem cynical -
Even properly so - on the secondary level,
Might be more straight forward and
Uninteresting at the primary.)

...and Kyroot said:

Men are made to believe that one thing is true while others are not
So that comparisons can be made, and so that he can breathe.

Once the king of a certain quite agitated neural kingdom realized *what-was-going-on*
He announced - to himself - "Any body with a *bad-memory* can marry my daughter."

(How else COULD it be?...

Why else would the hungry hog herd run again

If they could remember they'd just eaten?....

Why does the ordinary mind think again today

What it thought again yesterday?

How else could it be.)

...and Kyroot said:

The joys of the verbal world are such that a man can be instantly
More sophisticated by simply calling his double-boiler a *couscouserie*.

...(And one guy's tongue said to his brain, "Don't you just LOVE it!")

...and Kyroot said:

Then there was this one god who,
To help reaffirm his credentials,
Began refering to himself as, "The OFFICIAL god."

On a most curious day the Commissioner of the city's
Cultural and Intellectual Affairs had this to say,

"Through the toil and perseverance of our people,
And the helpful hands of fate
We have managed to raise ourselves
Down to an acceptable level of mediocrity."

(He invites you all to come visit-- those not already residents, that is.)

The difference between causes and symptoms

Is the same as between heredity and environment -(which everyone knows barely exists);

The difference between causes and symptoms

Is the same as the difference between the

Front door into here, and the back door out - which everyone knows CAN'T exist.

...and Kyroot said:

In an unnoted manner, singular to a three dimensional world,
The sum of five plus minus-three is NOT two $[5+(-3) \neq 2]$, but actually something less;
As in trying to produce some equitable standard between
Two peoples, or two ideas;

What is turned out is never the best of the two - not even the average of the two,
but nearer the level of the
WORST/LESSER of the two.

And one kid noted: "It's hard to know what's going on where you're a part of it."

Servility to one's own collective-based thinking is damn-near a revolutionist sin.

...and Kyroot said:

One chap, after pondering the proverb, "There's no fool like an old fool"
Concluded it was based on man's recognition of the benefits of experience.

One guy finally said, "I believe I'll just let 'I' be tacit.",
(And a bit later his partner asked, "Did you say 'placid'?")

...And a viewer writes:

"After listening to you I've decided that I AM my own partner."

...(Why that's wonderful -- that's just what the world needs - More momentous decisions.

...and Kyroot said:

One guy began to think of himself as "A man full of strange ingredients".

Even after twenty-six HUNDRED weeks,
STILL *Number 1* on this one guy's internal, intellectual Hit Parade
Is that golden-oldie, "*Shake, Rattle & Rot.*"

...(And the Big Boppin' Bard en-crooned:

"No matter its name,

The mind remains

An odious wonder beheld.")



One non-linear father told his equally off-center son,

"Don't EVER let 'em see you sweat it -- and if they ARE - then don't SWEAT."

(Some daddy neurons told their little baby synapses
That they too could benefit from this.)

Within the hour of this being read,
Someone in the audience responded,
"Hey, wait a minute - Ideas don't perspire.",
And his partner suddenly responded, "Yeah, but they can still stink."
(There ARE those who claim the quality of audiences is in a serious decline.

...[And the baby synapses asked ole neural dad,
"Are WE not audiences?"])

...and Kyroot said:

Near the intown recycling center

A chap stopped me and said since he's begun to grasp

The pleasures and possibilities of the intellectual to subversively "feed itself"

That he's become as happy as a woodpecker with a peg leg.

The neural revolutionist has ceased to BE a revolutionist
If he ever becomes his OWN intellectual equal.

...("Praise be to acorns", said a squirrel, "Another reason to live.")

...and Kyroot said:

On annual Choice Day, the king gave 'em a choice:

They could either "Burn the biographies" - OR

Those who write them.

One guy had a smart-ass comment for all occasions;

He now seems to have run out of occasions.

(But, Hey, nobody ever said life was perfect;

Hey, nobody ever said life could BE perfect - except FOR the many disguised
versions OF smart-asses. Hey!)

...and Kyroot said:

Then there was one man who thought more about his thoughts than he did himself.

...(And the gorky, Greek Chorus arose singing,

"We believe - I say,

We believe, the boy may be ON to something."

...[Well, that may be, guys, but that's sure NOT the end of it.])

Neural history thus far has provided that many lead and keep control of the dance
Just by making all their partners feel guilty.

...(Yes siree, lots of 'em,

So: *Read 'em and weep,*

And back on your feet.)

Graffiti on a tree near a rebel camp:

"A revolutionist trying to *seriously* 'help' a civilian
Is like trying to spit-shine the inside of a cannon barrel."

(Many good revolutionist tales HAVE no punch line;
No REALLY good one EVER does.

...[And one trooper thought,
"If you feel the new information you get needs a moral,
Then you need MORE than just new info."])

...and Kyroot said:

During a slow time,

A couple of local gods were sitting up on a high place looking down at the creatures,

And one of them said, "It's a shame, most of them haven't even got a CLUE.",

And the other replied, "What do you mean '*a shame*'?"

As a kind of "cautionary reminder", and "comfort food for the forebrain",
One guy would tell himself, "If you '*go back*' there's no '*COMING back*'."

...and Kyroot said:

When the kid read that,
"The Law says EVERY dog gets *one free bite*"
He realized his days of naiveté were numbered.

...and Kyroot said:

At another time, after some certain reflection, life commented,
"Boy!, just think what it'd be like if I really DID have a temper!"

...and Kyroot said:

A city thinker once said, "Man's madness is of the heart - not the head.",
And this has some substance in that ordinarily thought can never adequately
Describe its own felt flaws.

Just because something has a history that can BE studied
Is not proof that it would be profitable TO study it.

...(And one guy - [symbolically representing "one guy"] - said,
"Well SURE I can 'think-about-it,'
But what good would THAT do?!!")

,...and Kyroot said:

A certain city thinker, after decades of study and dreaming, was finally moved to remark:
"After decades of study - (of the past), and dreaming - (of the future),
I am moved to remark that the present seems mostly moot and a waste of my time."
Street-level thinkers don't seem much interested in the present
Inasmuch as it is ONLY then that anything could actually "be done";
Thus routine mentation is drawn primarily to studying the past,
And dreaming of the future
So that it's not subject to expectations that it might actually DO ANYTHING — NOW!

And a chap of few words added - "Hey, why do you think they CALL it the 'intellect'."

...and Kyroot said:

One rebellious sort, after a good solid survey of his own neural lands
Arrived at the startling, but undeniable realization that although
Fencing seems initially an absolute must,
It also attracts cows — and these sweet bovines are NOT quite the
intellectual beasts he had originally hoped for.

Thus, the quandry:

You can't keep 'em home unless you've GOT a home,
And once you've GOT a home you can't hardly ever
Get 'em to leave,
And if they won't ever go
YOU can't get on with building that NEW house
You've always dreamed of.
Yes siree, Mr. Levitt, therein lies the quandry
For the first-time-buyer.

Last yesterday morning, one guy said...or thought...or thought-and-said:

"My own personality-and-intellect is like a cast iron lawn-horse:

It'll stand up, but it won't run."

A certain intellectual warrior and rebel stated in secret to himself:

"Rest assured, Oh Great Self,

What I have begun - NO one shall complete."

(Thus was he neurally RE-assured.)

(Combination travel and fashion tip): Only the "crude sort" will actually GO
Where they PLANNED.

...(I don't think there's any need for me
To claim that "Some viewer wrote in to say that
He didn't LIKE that one." -- IS there?!!)

...and Kyroot said:

One morning when it was about fifty-seven degrees, one man said,

"When you look down at yourself you should be happy.",

And his partner replied, "If I COULD see myself BY looking '*down*' I'd BE happy!"

...("Look son", said the instructor,

"Loosen up,

It's ALL in the wrist action of the neck."

[30 - Love,

Advantage, uncertainty.])

And a viewer writes,

"I find sports analogies tacky....."

.....but then again

I find most EVERYTHING

Less than fashionable and tasty,

So who am I to say."

Signed, "The guy-who-said-it".

...and Kyroot said:

Conformity may get you into Court, but not into the king's good graces.

...and Kyroot said:

Those prone to impotency require increasingly exotic stimuli,
While the neural revolutionist can still find the "everyday" pleasurable and provocative.

...and Kyroot noted:

When life bleeds, someone gets cut;

A revolutionist thus derives a diverse view of cause-&-effect.

...and Kyroot said:

A father, inquiring as to his son's unseemly conduct asked him, "Why did you do it?",
And after several times receiving the reply, "I don't know.",
Told the boy, "THAT'S no answer!", when indeed it is THE
ultimately truthful,
supremely human
proper reply.

...and in addition, Kyroot noted:

Inthat words are symbolic,

Anything that gets its own word becomes then itself in part, symbolic.

...and Kyroot said:

One guy began to feel unusually anxious and antsy,
So the local god did a quick study of him then said,
"Well THERE'S your problem right there:

Someone YOUR age shouldn't HAVE a nervous system still that active and excited."

- (and with that,
Kyroot said, "Bye bye" for the evening.)