

...and Kyroot said, (first in an aside:
[If it'll make it any easier on you,
Consider this one as strictly metaphorical]):

...and Kyroot said:

If ALL of your time is not your SPARE time -- you're enslaved.

...and Kyroot said:

What is another antonym for freedom? --- Seriousness.

...and Kyroot said:

A man with a hero has the makings of a tumor.

...and Kyroot said:

Bankers count days by profit-&-loss;

Ordinary minds, from one small catastrophe to another.

...and Kyroot said:

A sophisticated city sent word to a revolution:

"Adding a bass drum to a string quartet is not '*our idea*' OF originality!"

...and Kyroot quoted:

"But, soft", said he, "What new physics through yon reality breaks?
It is this life, and I, part of the equation."

...and Kyroot said:

This one band had a heck of a time keeping a record deal
Cause they refused to record anything they didn't
Really, really, REALLY, 100%-REALLY like themselves.

...(Hey guys! -- you can't live your lives like THAT!

--What would your *brains* say to such foolishness!)

...and Kyroot said:

Ordinary leadership has nothing to do with intelligence;
Neither in the jungle, nor in most cities the way things stand today.

...and Kyroot said:

One of the referees in the rest room in city park relayed this tidbit:

"One man had a stake in his own future,
And through forty years of astute management
Was able to turn it into hamburger meat."

...(He stopped right there to call a foul on the fellow at the third urinal.)

...and from Kyroot:

A warning: The universe is bugged.

...and Kyroot said:

If speech is the most subtle of the senses then thought is the most seductive.

...and Kyroot said:

A man who believes he has a "serious mission in life",
And who also has twenty-eight cats,
Had better think again.

...(A gent who says he sometimes experiences,
"Unusual urges"
Asks if this is intended as some kind of "hint"?-!)

...and Kyroot said:

A certain reality that had some creatures came to this conclusion:
"Only the ill can tell time correctly."

Item: File under, *"The NERVE Of That Guy"*:

Outside of his office

This one local god posted this sign:

"No Job Too Large Or Too Small -- But ALL Too Pointless."

...(P.S.: Regarding my title for the file for this piece of nonsense:

Many humans just L-O-V-E to intellectually grovel

When it can APPEAR that they have no choice.

...["I say," said one silly chap,

"If stupidity WERE an option,

We could all become 'Futures Traders'

And get bloody, overnight rich!"])

...and Kyroot said:

Just as the existence of cobwebs prove the presence of cobs,
So too brains, thought.

(...and Kyroot added:

In your dreams!, oh fine citizens - *In your dreams!*)

...and in our audience a man wants to ask:

"Am I to take it then that we should redefine what we think of as thinking?!...."

...then, addressing the Neurosurgeons, Rap Convention Kyroot delivered these words;
(Which some attendees *surmised* had something to do with the workings of the human brain;
[And here I quote directly from his speech]):

"A man with two-sided paper needs less *white-out* than one without."

...(There will once be a man who,
When caught, cornered and accused,
Will *defend* his "mistakes" by *redefining* them as, "works-in-progress".
That time should be now -- that man ought be Man.)

Over in the near woods

A rebel sergeant noted:

"There is no '*thinking-about-living*' that is greater THAN living.....

.....(but there's some that's almost as much FUN!)

In one land an edict was issued which stated that
No one smarter than the king had to serve in the army;
They could simply stay at home, and His Grace would send around
Someone to execute them where they were.

...(As told by one obscure myth,
When Solomon found out what the pay was for being wise
He immediately sent off for some mail-order assault weapons.)

A viewer writes:

"I enjoy your program;

My only question is: Should I find this encouraging?

...(Okay, P.S.: If so -- encouraging of WHAT?)

Captioned: *"Are Some Things Constant Or What!"*:

The force in charge of this one section of a certain solar system,
Whenever it'd see this one talking-creatured planet headed its way would say,
"Oh no! - here come the guys with the back problems!"

...and Kyroot said:

In routine city minds,

The only ones who don't believe that, "the worst is yet to come,"

Are those who think it's already here, and just waiting on dessert.

...then,

During an, "E.E.L.",

(A moment of "Extraordinary Ephemeral Lucidity")

One man thought:

"You know,

If things WERE as bad as I think they are

They'd BE a lot worse than they are now.

Hummm", (mused he), "I guess that's proof of SOMETHING."

...and Kyroot said:

A three eyed man in a two dimensional world often sees shadows preceeding events.

A more creative and originally rebellious part of one man's intellect

Told another more ordinary part:

"If, as many believe and call it,

The '*Ultimate Battle*' ever DOES take place,

Don't take sides,

Cause they're BOTH going to lose."

"Remember, son", said the old man,
"Ordinary people are ONLY idiots if you SAY they are.",
"But", asked the kid, "What about REAL idiots?",
"Ahh", he replied, "Now THAT'S a different story!"

Message found in a bottle washed up on a beach that refused to stay still:

"Man is both free AND captive,
And his boundaries of limitation are marked by
Bullets, cholesterol, greed,
And an imagination that runs downhill after the age of maturity."

...(Later, a "P.S.-bottle" floated in which added: "Change your concept of 'maturity'.")

One rebel had a motto SO good -- SO hard -- and SO-0-0 true:

"Don't look for help if you DON'T know what the problem is."

...("The Anti-Motto-Squad" says, "We're w-a-t-c-h-i-n-g you!"
...[In their spare time
Many of them carve tombstones].)

...and Kyroot said:

For inclusion in your chapter headed:

"History Is Not As Complicated As The Mind Wants To Believe:

But Which Is All, '*Oh-So-Understandable*' Since It Made Up The Idea In The First Place":

(The item): Many wars were started by men who

Couldn't-get-their-cars-started....or maybe their sexual parts even.

Moral *a la mode*:: No matter what ELSE you can say,

You can ALWAYS say this -- *WHAT?* -- THIS:

No matter what else you may say about it -- the past DOES have a
sense of humor.

The opening shot in the newsreel announced the title: "The Truth Marches On & On & On":

The scene is a nice neighborhood yard in Delaware

Where a father is heard telling his family:

"Let's move to Texas and we'll all be bigger." -- (*March, march, march, march;*
March, march, march, march.)

...and Kyroot said:

Even hermits get to dance;
That's why your brain HAS a right and left foot.

...(One guy would hum to himself:

*"Ho, ho,
Where 'er I go,
I join myself out
On the floo'."*

...[Many people's mismanaged complaints with life
Are actually unrecognized carps regarding their own entanglement
With themselves;
This differs from a revolutionist's attitude toward himself
In ways I can't go into just now.]

The Hey Man says:

"Hey! - Only those interested in success *care* whether they succeed or not!.....
...Hey! -- I should've thought of that!"

The Two Verbal Cousins were talking and the first one said:
"If the primary world is the silent '*IS*',
And the secondary, '*fiction*',
Then what would be the revolutionist one?",
And his kin replied, "How about, '*A blank dictionary*'?!"

...a viewer writes:

"My brain gets tired;
So do my feet and back,
But especially my brain."

...and Kyroot said:

All ideas can *say*, "Time is on our side.",

But only original ones will have the ole fourth-dimension standing in line

WANTING to join up.

Cute Myth From Another Solar System:

One guy laughed at the gods -- and they didn't even notice;

Then he cheated the gods -- and they ignored him;

Then he gave out their unlisted number -- and THEN! --- Well...I don't think you even
want to HEAR about it.

One kid said, "My feelings mean more to me than my thoughts.",

And his ole man replied,

"That's right!,

Now grab the gunshot to your stomach and say, '*I wouldn't have it,
Any other way*'."

...(A by-stander shuddered: "When life begins to imitate Kyroots,
We're ALL subject to severe tire damage!")

Every time this one man would fall into that state
Where he believed he was Hank William's widow, he'd moan,

"I can't help it if I'm still in love with me."

...(This seemed to be as close as he could afford to a real mystical experience.)

...and a viewer faxes us:

"Dear Kyroot Said,(and-so-on) Show: That reminds me:

I sometimes think of that man who wrote you once
Who said that his only regret in life was that he
Didn't marry the Pointer Sisters,

Or get to hear Hank Williams Sr. sing,

'I Heard It Through The Grapevine',

I sometimes think about him,

And wonder if he ever amounted to anything more;

(My brother, sitting here beside me as I write this

Says HE wonders how he could have ever

Amounted to anything LESS....

...[But that's my brother for you]).

Bye."

...and Kyroot said:

On this one world only ants and bats take it all seriously.

Whenever this one man would have more than one thought on a particular subject
He would refer to this as his "argosy";
He did this for three reasons:
First was that he didn't know if he'd ever have any additional ideas on the matter;;
Secondly because he didn't understand at all,
What connection if any,
"Argosy" had with the bright colored socks real intellectuals might wear.

...(It is indeed,
A sad story to relate,
But one that must be told.)

Folk Wisdom from a planet that has funny, (like in, "strange") folks:

A man with weak kidneys HOPES he has a choice of a bus or a plane.

...(Galactic Down-Home Addendum: In primary worlds,

"Hope springs eternal",

Some where SOUTH of the human breast.)

One city's untranslatable motto was in fact:

"It's not enough

To be a man,

To only do

What you can;

But must always WANT to do more."

...(Twisted the right way,

In fact,

This could serve true for a rebel -- eh what.

...[In fact,

One man mused:

"Just because you leave town

Doesn't mean the clothes you left in the cleaners

Will no longer fit."])

Greatly encouraged by his recent, breath-talking success in this verbal area, Kyroot kindly revised it, and presents it again tonight for your continued edification: ...("Hubert, is this a joke or something?", "Shush, Margo, let's just wait and hear what it has to say."; And here IS what it has to say tonight):

One guy says that reading a book is like talking to a man with his head cut off.

...("Hubert, is this a joke or something?....")

...and Kyroot said:

Trying to explain, excuse, or justify what your hormones *want* you to do
Is akin to apologizing to a freight train for having burped.

...(Irrelevant footnote:

Many, many people would actually find the revolution liberating -- IF
They were able to actually *want to be* liberated.)

...and Kyroot gave:

Tip On The Fourth Race:

Some rebels have expressed suspicion regarding the propriety of sequential time.

...and Kyroot noted this related,
Necessarily anachronistic, rebel's update of a city proverb:

To ever escape the limitations of linear existence
A revolutionist must be somehow able to,
"Lie DOWN with fleas, and get UP with dogs."

...(Hint, cleverly disguised as query: Might ALL ordinary wisdom make more sense
If it were reversed, or turned inside out,
And like that?!....)

...and Kyroot said:

No matter their proclaimed allegiances,
All the religious are Polytheists,
Inthat they have just as many gods as they do brain cells.

...and Kyroot noted:

The legends in one galaxy say that men came up with the idea of "god" .
Because it was easier to spell than, "Local Reality".

...and Kyroot said:

Like the local stalks the universal,
On lesser levels man looks for gods as he presently trails.

A Kyrootian Public Service Announcement:

The rerouting of the parade now will take it from your jockey shorts,
To your billfold,
On to your stomach,
Right through your *worry-centre*,
Into your brain and saliva-serviced *whiney-district*,
Then ending up back at your private parts, (or whatever's LEFT of them by now.)

One man told a more complex area of his mind:

"I don't know how you got here, or what you're doing here,

But I personally don't much like being presented with the possibility

That some of the important and serious things I believe are just metaphors or symbols.",

And in the nature of good-hearted-banter that part of his intellect replied:

"Take a flying fuck! -- metaphor THAT!, you dense son-of-a-bitch!"

One spring afternoon,
Just as it was cooling off,
A rebel stopped by a stream and thought:
"The revolution, and original thinking is to the mind
Like having twenty-four thousand different kinds of cake & ice cream,
A new one for each day of your life."

One ole man,

(Who the state would stop if they knew about it),

Instructed his own kid thusly:

"Everyone in the past was dumb -- not then -- but they are now.

You might, my boy, care to compare this to your own education thus far."

...and Kyroot suggested:

Consider: Diseases withOUT men are not diseases at all.

...(It is the PAPER that defines the word -- not the printing thereon.)

Sitting smugly at his desk he smirkingly said:

"I keep the cap on my pen same as I keep a hat on my head.",

Then,

Acting as a tag team,

His wife and typewriter kicked him smartly in the groin.

Moral: In a three dimensional world -- even an intellectual one --
Justice will NOT be denied.

The unpublished headlines would have, could-have read:

"Justice Rained - (or, 'Reigned') - Down To Such A Relentless Extent That Even People Already Drowned Began To Cough And Choke.":

*The more seriously men take the secondary game, the harder they play;
And the harder they play, the more serious it becomes.*

...and Kyroot said:

According to certain seditious mythology,
There was once in one land
A rebel teacher who was known by the title,
"The Philosopher With Four Legs Who Walks Upright."

The old sorehead spat -- "Politics makes me sick!.....

...used to religion did! -- but I've progressed."

(Spit, spat.)

...and Kyroot notes:

A correspondent asks:

"If I understand this correctly

That you can't do the revolution with somebody else,

And you can't do it alone,

Then just how CAN you do it?" --- Have you tried Thursdays?

...and just behind that,

Still another person inquires:

"Just for '*fun*'

Could you maybe say that the revolution is like,

Answers-that-don't-make-any-sense, yet answer the questions?!"

...then with his pointer Kyroot pointed out:

Uncertain weather makes some creatures feel better;

Note: This is poets and depression-lovers,

NOT dogs and brick-layers.

...(Then,[apparently regarding this, AND many, many, many other related things],

Someone in the city said, "I don't *get it.*",

Then his wife and husband joined in, "We don't get it.",

Then all of his children said, "We don't get it.",

And all of his neighbors added,"We don't get it.",

And well - Jeeze!, SURELY you get the picture.)

The sign on the front gate of this one reality said:

"Those who insist on answers that make sense must take delivery in the rear."

After he'd run out of money for any more party favors,

He walked out on the terrace alone and pondered:

"Which would be worse: To be dumb and believe you had a 'serious calling' in life?,
Or to be fairly intelligent and think so?!"

...(Thankfully,

[As life so oftentimes does],

His "*pondering-ice and ass*" was saved

When someone brought him another drink, gratis.....

....["*Compliments of life*"].)

One ole man told the kid,

"Don't worry -- civilization's not even breathing hard."

A person writes us:

"Before seeing YOUR show

I used to think that religion and philosophy were spooky!!...."

In city park,

The speaker-without-portfolio, or nicely-pressed-pants told the morning crowd:

"Regardless of what the psychologists -- or even your own 'common sense' - may tell you,
Dreams arise not from the thoughts in your head,
But from the food in your stomach.

This is the sort of thing", (he went on),

"That once you see it you think - *'I should've known that!'*,

And kind of makes you wonder just what kind OF 'common sense' we do have."

(He looked away for a moment, then added),

"Or else makes you wonder what unrecognized effects

Such areas of expertise as Psychology may have HAD on our common-sense."

...(He paused as he looked off again,

And the listeners stood still and quiet,

No one apparently inclined to ask him for more, or to leave.)

And to the Advice Doctor comes this inquiry:

"Dear Doctor: If you're NOT going to think along *pro-or-con* lines

As regards what other people are already thinking about,

Then just what in hell ARE you going to think about?!"

...and Kyroot said:

One of the *real names* of the revolution is, "The Thing",
But it's not quite exciting enough for most people.

...and Kyroot said:

Blood may be shallow, but it doesn't *come* any deeper.

A nicely dressed man from the city says:

"I just love sexual inuendo --

-- In fact I sometimes like IT better than sex itself."

(You would-be neural revolutionists could trip on something significant here
If you'd substitute another *certain-word* for "sexual" in his comment.)

An older thought told a younger one:

"No matter how ugly you are -- somebody will dance with you.",

And the junior thought thought,

"All that insinuates is that there's always someone else as ugly as I might be;

...but, *Hummm*," he further pondered,

"Why would I ever want to dance with somebody THAT ugly?!"

...(Okay, again,

All you would be rebels:

You might could stumble into something profitable on this one also

If you'd take out the words "dance-with" and "ugly" that the younger thought used,

And replace them with something that a more original mind might come up with.)

"Number Above Eight In The List Of Otherwise Unknown '*Political & Hormonal Laws*'":

Men with urges

Often start purges;

Many have urges — few, the wherewithal.

A viewer writes:

"On your last program it was said that it didn't really MATTER

Who might have sailed around the world first

That all that counted was who did it and WROTE about it first;

If this be valid then could not a man make his mark and reputation

By just WRITING about some professed accomplishment whether he

Actually did it or not?!"

Dear Sir: Yes, but he would then be a mystic, not an explorer.

...then this tale from Uncle Kyroot:

Many, many years of yo',

(So the story goes),

Shortly after creation

One man got SO-0-0 silly that he actually figured out what was going on;

But then this scared him SO-0-0 bad that almost simultaneously

The concept of "seriousness" was also born.

...(Hey! -- are we talking "justice" here or WHAT!)

...and Kyroot said:

To save himself valuable time
One man carried around extra blisters in his billfold.

...(And a guy observes:

"I'll bet that the revolutionist's world is a strange one;
Of course my OWN world is strange,
But I mean - *strange* - in a different kind of way....")

Now for our daily combination lesson in Fluid Dynamics and Theology:

His face lit up like 42nd Street as he said,

"When you're alive -- every moment is like '*opening night*'.";

But then his lights went out,

And the remainder of his city swept up the debris.

Another unregistered Law-Of-Nervous-Systems:

Any "god" a man's mind can conjure up will *HAVE TO BE* dumber than he is.

...and Kyroot said:

Everybody dances with the inevitable.

One guy,
(Who in private, often pretended to be two people),
Was talking to himself and said:
"The mind is a delicate thing.",
And replied,
"Hey!, don't go soft on me now!,
There ain't no WAY you're gonna hurt HORMONES without some outside help!"

...(And at night some of the little grey cells fell to their knees beside the bed and said:
"Protect us, oh Our Father,
Who art in Bogota, Rome, and Vienna....")

At "Prime-&-Gut"concerts in this one urban goo area,
When the music would really "get down",
And the crowd really "get up",
Many of the kids would pump their fists in the air and chant,
"Drugs, religion, & analysis! -- Drugs, religion, & analysis!"

...and Kyroot said:

•
If originality *returns-home* it is no longer original,
And EVERYBODY'S glad to see it.

Chemical formula from the secret files of the revolution:

The less talent you have the more you want to be *appreciated*.

...and Kyroot said:

The creative urge in man is tomorrow trying to get out.

And someone else writes the show:

"But isn't opposing what somebody else already thinks,
A form of creativity?"

Okay, if bleeding is an original response to being shot.

...and Kyroot said:

Reality, local --- the future, universal.

A man asks Kyroot:

"If I followed this neural-revolution

And disassembled my ordinary world,

How could I be sure I could ever put it back together again?!",

(Kyroot's reply): "*'Put it back together again!'* -- *'Put it back TOGETHER again!'* --

Why the hell would you ever want to 'put-it-back-together again?!!"

...(Of course methinks K.'s engaging in a bit of dramatic hyperbole,,

.....but then again -- who knows.)

Kyroot's, "Definition For A Definite Wednesday":

The Revolution: Genes running up hill.