

## Tumbler

by quill *Sunday, Oct 16 2016, 11:08pm*

international / poetry / post

### (a prose poem)

when i was young  
adults constantly asked  
what i wanted to be when i grew up

my response was always the same,  
even when forced into 'vocational guidance'  
in high school,  
"i already am what i want to be"  
surely, i thought, that was self-evident

i found this question absurd,  
how could i be anything other than what i am?

but of course the question was not related directly to identity,  
tho identity is eventually compromised,  
it was specifically oriented to a location in the mapped social spaces  
of the matrix, laughingly called 'civilised' society,  
though clearly there is nothing civilised  
about any modern society, plain to see

so i allowed my 'familiar' to continue guiding my life  
and it has never failed me, if i maintain the connection

however, i am hesitant to speak of the attempts  
by authorities in that civilised society, which could easily recognise  
i was aware, self-sustained and rejected, intuitively, the mess  
that everyone was offering as a necessity

well, how did i survive refusing, to this day,  
to surrender my sovereignty to a perverse, suicidal social matrix,  
you may reasonably ask?  
easy, i allowed myself to be guided by that one principle  
that had never failed me, and had never tortured or forced me  
to do anything -- it was my treasure, and i knew it, all the more  
as at various stages of my development social forces, represented by parents  
and outside 'authorities,' including police and medical regulators all combined  
to force me to "adjust."

well, to put it plainly, i could see and smell a turd when it was offered so i maintained my connection  
to my sweet familiar, at times grasping it for dear life, which seemed to irritate the 'authorities,' as  
they went to extreme lengths in futile but painful attempts to deal with my, as they saw it,  
"maladjustment;" jailing me for experimenting with mind opening substances and then forcing me

into a psychiatric institution, which of course was an environment in which the most pathological types are the doctors and nurses.

it was all deplorable fun, games and horror/torture in those days - but what heinous offence had i committed? NONE, other than rejecting a turd of an existence and exercising MY FREE WILL, *without hurting anyone*, but those actions are considered crimes, whereas mass murder, perpetual war, and social oppression are not even considered misdemeanors, make sense to you, does it?

i had no trouble accumulating the means of survival, money, as of course if one does not defer to perversity, one's creativity and wit flourishes and supplies all the necessary means for survival, some of which means landed me in trouble with the perverse matrix and its regulatory authorities -- to be expected, but it was nothing i couldn't deal with, i had vast experience with perversion at that stage, even after being forced onto chemical modifiers, which were euphemistically called medications, i returned to myself, as i had previously taken the most extreme consciousness modifiers, i was therefore immune to their toxic shit tho only after it was forcibly withdrawn, my parents were not impressed with attempting to communicate with a turnip.

So my ever vigilant familiar took great care even when i was imprisoned in a chemically induced walking coma. i should say now that fresh clean water, wholesome food and clean air are the only requirements for a healthy balanced life -- but you would all note that in the toxic social matrix these simple resources are difficult to obtain, that fact speaks volumes to those that have an ear and eyes to see.

the corporate stuff consumed by those enslaved in the matrix dulls the mind, wit and spirit, and so the controllers of the matrix, openly commit the most heinous and appalling crimes of mass murder, permanent wars and polluting the earth and killing everything they touch without protest or reprimand by the dulled masses.

so i would now ask you all, was becoming 'incorporated' in the shit-hole in which you live and breathe, worth it? Such is the price people pay for surrendering their essential identity to filth, perversion and lies. Surely you should have been aware as i was, of the principle to which i refer, it abandons no-one. So you must accept responsibility for your pain, hardships, desperation, suffering and lot, as acquiescing slaves.

And what are the chains that bind so many people to perversity? toxic food, air, chemically polluted water and the most debilitating toxin of all, false information disseminated by the matrix controllers via their media apparatuses.

i omitted to mention how i maintain survival in a pan-surveillance, anal matrix; again easy, i have no real social identity that relates to me, or the person i am and have always been, tho i have many names and roles on the perverse stage, called civilised society, in fact i am no-one and therefore everyone!

i wonder, tho i do know why, slaves do not release themselves from their gossamer chains and save their lives and the planet, but i know, slaves are afraid to their core; fear of course is another symptom of surrendering your identity and guiding principle to perversion, you see, u have nothing but evil big brother to feed u shit, exploit you and 'protect' you from ur better essential nature by killing you slowly or quickly, one way or another.

but there is always hope, but it takes a modicum of courage and i'm no hero so rest easy, the courage i have to maintain my Being arises as is needed, but i must maintain the connection always

and surrender to it, and to no other thing or ideological poison -- do you, understand?

*[now i'm stuck with a title that doesn't seem to fit, as i never know what my familiar intends to write; "tumbler" was to refer to me tumbling always in the forever, the saturated void or paradise on every occasion i attempt to explain the source of my strengths and simple abilities, just referring to it plunges me into ecstasy, so my familiar avoided such and wrote the above freely and clearly so most would understand, how considerate. my familiar would not have been able to prevent me from drowning in its bliss had i struggled to explain the ineffable Truth.]*

The birds of the air and the flowers of the field dart and dance for joy today!

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2378.html>