

Cubic Room

by harley *Wednesday, Apr 4 2018, 4:45am*

international / poetry / post

storming heaven one more time than was advisable
-- as i hadn't earned the privilege this time --
but i was resourceful
so i leapt, flew rather, over the walled paradise
and into a puzzle

however, as my intentions were known
before i knew them
a mute twitching jester with a fixed smile
and kaleidoscopic eyes blocked my path
presenting me with a question, "what is the result of $2+2$?"
"4," i replied, wrong! he retorted

aha! i thought, i had to apply the mathematics
of the herd, which drone mass of morons
are easily convinced that $2+2$ is all manner of numbers
supplied by propaganda disseminators

i asked questions as all answers true or untrue
reveal the hidden answer, if one knows how the individual and mass mind works,
but nothing, only more twitched movements from the jester,
believe it, this jester was afflicted with St Vitas' dance
which began to irritate me, probably a planned manoeuvre

i was about to blast my way thru risking my life in the process
but i had never been defeated in this realm so i resisted the extreme option

i was motioned into a cubic room
by a group of laughing, hooded entities and informed (intuitively)
that if i found my way out of this three dimensional
puzzle it would lead me to paradise/freedom

i may have lied in my life on rare occasions but this realm allowed no such
misdirections so i proceeded, notwithstanding it was the only offer on hand
and i loved a challenge so i entered, tho no doors were apparent

i entered by consent it seemed and by the same attitude
i would find my way out as consent was the way of the herd, to comply
when they knew it was all a LIE

the room sparkled with all manner of mirrors, trinkets and sparkling distractions,
blinding sight and allowing no visual or mental orientation,
location was impossible as the floor, ceiling and walls were of the same

character, no hint of space/direction was available,
it was clearly designed to confuse and break the mind but
i was lucky as i had already learned to break mind into a million pieces,
dispense with it and reassemble it again to re-enter the pedestrian world of men

this gave me a huge advantage over those that needed a superimposed cultural identity to function,
as all identities are located in mind and i had learned that mind houses all illusions, and all notions
of self are illusory/false and enslave -- i am no-one's subject or slave

i recall how i purged my last cultural bind; the 'virgin' mary appeared before me with her
illegitimate son, fathered by a stranger. they were robed appropriately of course so i engaged her
son in theological and philosophical debate; he failed to make the grade and keep pace, his penalty
for failure was to suck my cock, prearranged before the debate while his mother mary watched --
this punishment was planned to teach this delusional megalomaniac that he was no god as no real
gods are found in books and institutions -- that simple.

his oral performance was barely satisfactory so i taunted him, with good aussie insults, 'cauliflower
ears, custard face and washer-woman's knee-bumps,' what a truly pathetic, tragic character. soon he
begged to be re-crucified in order to escape my wrath, taunts and the truth.

mary, in blue and white robes, of course, remained upright while she watched tho i could see her
eyes widen slightly, she dismissed her son who found the nearest empty cross to hang himself on.

she appeared in her early teens, old joseph was a paedophile it seems.

she wasn't as usually depicted -- facially rather plain in appearance so i lifted her robes while she
maintained an upheld hand with two fingers crossed, this gesture was to make her appear more holy
to the feeble minded.

i ordered her to hold her robe above her breasts so i could admire her figure, crotch and tits, which i
must confess were very pleasing indeed, she had a fantastic figure, the next obvious step was to
investigate her immaculate cunt, which i admit was sweet, she buried my face in it voluntarily and
groaned like a slut while she writhed in pleasure. i forget how long and how many times i fucked her
but she was hot stuff under her plain robes and idiotic gestures.

and so ended the last ideological bind i had, and that was well before i developed my real skills.

it was pointless looking for any signs of escape in this cubic room tho it appeared to hide many, a
trick no doubt to lead fools astray, but i was no-one's fool so i sat cross-legged in the middle of the
cube suspended it seemed by its constant movement which created all the illusions.

i entered my own space from which location i originally opened the door into the cube, tho nothing
was immediately apparent on initial inspection so i ceased looking and let it ALL go, everything.

soon my nerve currents began to move, radiating light with each orbit, until a huge force
accumulated in my solar plexus -- the orbit began in the sacral region and reached the crown then
descended and ascended again and again -- which is none other than jacob's ladder of lights -- tho i
did not allow my crown aperture to open on this occasion which action would have drowned me in
bliss and released me into the void, but not this time, i had a puzzle to solve and besides, coursing in
the void was all-consuming/addictive ...

now reader, i require your help, to solve this puzzle, tell me how it is that claims made by various criminal governments are believed by populations when no substantial proof is ever offered to support these claims? 'We KNOW,' they say, but we never offer real proof just repetition of a lie, like WMD, and that a plane not a missile struck the pentagon on 9/11, or that building WTC 7 was not rigged with demolition charges, plain to see -- BUT you must believe what we say, that 2+2 is 56 or 3,021 add infinitum

you allow yourselves to be herded like dumb beasts with fantastic lies, NOT verifiable PROOF, how is it so? Consent was the offered answer, indeed, as it was consent that opened the door into the cube. consent can be gained subliminally, consciously or unconsciously but the result is the same, consent/agreement -- and with that, entire nations can be led to ruin, reason having been forfeited for idiocy

the jester confronted me again, "answer please," "7," i replied, or any other number other than 4," "not bad, but WRONG! you only have one more chance"

hmmm, this one was tricky so i reached for my medicine pouch and ingested some of the powdered contents. the scene outside became as kaleidoscopic as it was inside the cube so i returned to my location inside the cube, which now appeared as solid stone tho without distinctive features for walls, floors or ceilings -- it struck me that this was the model that formed cultures, a prison without any hope of liberation, which resulted in a totally compliant population of morons-- suck my cock, jesus!

in any case, i summoned the jester, "so soon," he exclaimed, "beware of your fate if you fail to provide a correct answer." one wall became a screen upon which every horror and torture that 'civilised' humanity had committed was projected for me to consider, well, the jester had almost provided the answer with these historical images, you see, humanity considers life less important than a lie, which clearly indicates the answer, the answer quite assuredly is, "2+2!", the answer is the question, forming a circular illogic. "Correct, now get the fuck into paradise, mary is waiting for you, few of the angels are able to resist her juicy young cunt."

This of course was a trick as i had once invested reality into crafted, false and enslaving narratives of mary and jesus, both of whom should have been born on 9/11 and then sent to fight in Syria for Washington tho the London choir is singing, "Russia did it," as i write, no proof offered as usual only the usual repetition by servile choirs, now note that a billion tissue-thin, orchestrated lies are defeated by one verifiable fact/truth.

so readers, herein is contained your folly, weaknesses, enslavement and possible liberation, 2+2 is always 4, and never forget that only one thing is sacred in the entire multiverse/cosmic play, and that is LIFE, which value you diminish daily, until you would inevitably rob yourselves of it!

Adieu, fuckwits!

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3264.html>