

THOUGHTAUDIO



Le Glaçon du Désert
ICICLES IN THE DESERT

Written by Pez de Spenser
Narrated by Michael Scott
Produced by ThoughtAudio.com
Technical Production by Anita Scott



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ICICLES IN THE DESERT

Le Glaçon du Désert
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by
Pez di Spencer



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Collectively

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Revamped & Revisited Edition

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I. A Human Blur

Love. Depression. Is there a real difference? Probably not, but this is not the affair I wish to indulge. Alternately, I will commence by addressing who I am, or rather, who I am not. I am not a being of any authoritative position, nor do I wish to exalt such powers. Merely a spectator of this world, I stand behind no validity to the opinions I express herein. Admittedly, the sheer concept of human existence bewilders me as I attempt to ponder the infinite abyss of emotion and the ever-flowing perplexity of life. Incapacitated to understand the sophistication and intimacy of that which we experience, I feel as though we are eternally doomed by our own fate to confuse ourselves with our own complexity. The time emerges now to declare my objective; I aim not to seek answers, but to seek knowledge.

Why do we possess need? A need to obtain, to acquire more. A gap splitting into the architecture of the human soul creates a compelling urge for something to fill that void. Need is often easily misinterpreted as a desire for something external, resulting in a crazed distraction from the need being soothed. Soothe the need. Need is an unconscious signal from the inner self to travel back inwards. Nothing exterior will induce that transition; change is almost *entirely* counterfeited in the self.

Fear. Procrastination. Both conquered by only one thing, awareness. People hesitate to journey their minds toward new thoughts and ideas because they are unfamiliar with them. Subsequently left in the dust, people are paralyzed at the thought of fabrication and dumb founded about how to go about manipulating creativity.

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To help subdue the tremors of fear, the plebeians undertake affiliations. Flocking to the Mecca of amity and good rapport, some bond of companionship is sought. On the other end of the spectrum, an enemy is derived from this alliance. As two beings form mutual goals, the obstacles formulated around their challenges take shape as the opposition.

Life. So intricately planned and laid out, and yet undoubtedly pointless. The purpose to be served is only lost with contradictions. If we are meant to be kind, we will still be ruthless. If we are meant to put the pieces in the puzzle, we pursue a new interest that is less painstaking. We then ask, what *are* we meant to do?

Maybe more importantly, why were we chosen to face these answerless questions that go in circles? Maybe the only way to find resolve is to step outside of the circle. The only solution is to become humbled by the things that are, and to take a step back. Back to where things began, and find reasoning for all of this.

To balance things seems to be the most logical inference, the focal point where the medium resides. What would this bring to the table? What would it leave behind? In our haste to conclude the situation, resolution eliminates alternative route, method and theory. Remedy the wound, soothe the need.

Worlds shatter, boundaries outstretch. Universes of knowledge with no edge extend to rejoin the essence of existence. What secrets lie around the next bend? Only more bends, completing the circle. Yet in its completeness, a circle is never finished winding. How many times would we go around before something clicked, maybe something that told us to set ourselves free of this routine? If freedom does not exist in this circle, where *can* it be found?

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What are our chances? The chances that this will make it to wherever the unknown end destination is. The chances that we came to be from one random coincidence, the fundamental concept of life manifesting from pieces of nothing. The odds are further obscured when we introduce the notion, *did* life occur? Continuing the scatter, would we believe it if it really didn't?

As many sparks that it takes to ignite the blazing flames of wild fires is how many times existence has failed, only to start over using another of its infinite tries. Has this ground been soiled with systematic dogma in our search for comforting ourselves and pampering the weak? Our hearts grow sympathy for those that fall short, so we grab their outreaching arms and pull them along with us. Has this only weighed us down, hampered our efforts to achieve something greater?

God. Glimpsing into a reflection of ourselves, we hallucinate the divine. A more perfect, ideal self. The nature of mankind thrusts the soul in an upwards direction towards heavenly spiritual purity. Burdening the concept of god as a role model for ourselves, our weaknesses become apparent. But the organic *has* progressed, from simple cells in an ocean of lifeless water, to smothering the face of the earth with blossoming life forms.

Flowering imaginations have now become more than hidden treasures locked away in the mind: they are creatively constructed into cityscapes, inconceivably massive to the effect of primitive ideas on reality. Our cultivation brims with resources and intellectual exchange, with sovereign charter and commerce. Yet however efficient this establishment of freedom and knowledge, it still is reaching for the next rung on the ladder. Imperfect and flawed, our unique and wonderful beauty arises.

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Who will be the one to take it a step further? History has shown us, through many incidents, that great minds are ridiculed and suppressed. It is not until time passes that people can begin to appreciate greatness, only providing further evidence that humans, in general, are drenched in blind and narrow, myopic views. They will stay closed minded and deny the truth, and that is the extent we can expect from them. How many great minds have been slapped with systematic and repetitive routines until their thoughts are bottled comatose, leaving their latent abilities a mystery? How many are yet to be strapped down?

Society. It thrives and relies on individual accomplishment, yet expects everyone to conform to the mediocre. Community poses as The Ultimate, but in the face of personal loss, separates into havoc. Our population operates as a machine, a system, and plays the game. The objective of this game is to overtake the next rung on the ladder. Others argue the *sole* objective is surviving the day. The former have no purpose in life aside from laboring the task they have drawn from the Top hat of high society. This is their fortune cookie.

Strangely, this arouses the core of life. What is to extract from it? Or professed plainly, what is the purist thing one can consummate to acquire and sustain supreme human nature? Oh! Buddha, leave us your footprints to enlightenment. Oh! Christ, we're not going down *that* path.

I have observed this system, and in all honesty society has a simple mastery. The self concentration to remain still through a long, stretched-out process that devours the time of your life and spits out a piece of meat for you to chew on in the meanwhile. It is sitting in the DMV, on malnourished vending machine diets. It is the nail-biting anxiety in the waiting room at the dentist's office. And most of all, it is not soothing the need.

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The question I ask is where does this get us? Nowhere. Preferring conformation to society and its rudimentary basics over embarking on a journey through the dimensions of truth, spirituality, comprehension of morals, and an overall clearer understanding for everything is trading pure gold for sand. Time is valuable, and asinine work is birdbrained. Instead, why not exert the energy in something more characteristic of our natural attributes, thinking for ourselves? It is overdue time for the cement to be poured into the foundations of us as a unified whole. Should the method of the collected pursuit be through television broadcasts, attending ritual seminars, and leeching bone dry concepts, or rather to use eye and ear as vacuums, sucking the inner wisdom that encompasses all things, and utilizing the application of our mind to process and embrace the findings?

Well, I have made my choice, what I believe to be the wiser and more respectable of the two. In many cases, the thoughts we think have been thought before. Many words I write have been scribed before. They have been spoken before, and men will utter them again and again. All ideas, however radical of utmost inconsequence, can be classified into beliefs and -isms. And worse, men will continually categorize them as either right or wrong. I know that the influence factor is inevitably impossible to escape, aside from being the only human being on the planet, but I have tried my hardest to do these things and more.

When I think of the first spark of life, that might have sprung from nothingness and dead matter by chaos and randomness, I will find that in order for this life to survive, it could *not* have been alone. As it separates into havoc, it finds companionship nourishing. It learns how to live, how to assemble and organize itself. With no text, no hand manual to educate these things, our body grows and revitalizes the ability to function without being taught. Life is one with the transcendental truth and extracts what

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it needs from the existence that is embedded within reality. No one instructs it what to do, and no one will instruct us what to do because it will happen on its own.

II. Blueprint for a New Perspective

Often times, I find I am unable to think deeply and clearly. Maybe this is because I am too habituated with the theatre style entertainment of people. A time comes to detach and sever from this benign amusement. We find consolation in numbers, petrified to step into the realm of oneness, despite all learning coming through examination of self. Insanity takes over, and we find ourselves in a world of mirrors. We look too hard for ourselves in *other* people.

In isolation, the gallop of time bucks to a grinding halt. Nothing is rushed. Aspirations are free and creativity wanders into uncharted lands. The plebeians will drain that. They, too, require time and space. I find myself racing to keep up with them, pleading the clock's arrest.

I used to walk a lot. Talking aloud to myself, I would contemplate deep thoughts. Now, I no longer walk. Forced to spend most of my day bombarded by people competing for attention, I lose myself in the crowd. Occasionally, we need to take a new perspective to see things clearly. Sometimes, the new perspective is our own point of view. We grow familiar and comfortable looking at the world through other people's eyes, seeing ourselves in *their* panorama. We become distant from ourselves and relinquish our own aspects.

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Meanwhile, the suited puppeteers of this stage show imprint their half-truth views and ideas on us. Subliminally etch them on our walls, in our books, on television, in schools, and religious sanctuaries. The objects of their benefit mold the beliefs of the people. Even the ringmaster of this three-ring sideshow is incognizant to its fraudulence. As a sculptor does not make his own clay, these craftsmen whittle ideas into the woodwork. The proletariat assist from the assembly line carving their own demise.

Cheat. Steal. Lie. In nature, these things are all powerful tools. Exploited properly, one who possesses these arms with discipline is a lion indeed. If he minds his territory cunningly, he will only be defeated with great adversity. All recommendations against attempting to slay the wicked tyranny is highly advised. With the same sharp wit, and equal blunt force, ratify yourself. Salvage dignity for what it is worth and relax your honor.

Evolution. This is brought on by natural discourse. We need not waste time fretting how to fix the human race.

Without terror, beauty becomes insubstantial. Do away with awful, and magnificence is reduced to just regular. Scolding who deceives, we blindfold our perception with false regulations. It's not always the moral ideas that work, but the ones that fit. Countless men have taken stab at redesign to life and blueprinting utopia. Playing god, *every one* of these men have failed. Life is, by nature, perfect in every way and will quarrel any argument otherwise. As the crescent moon is not a perfect full circle, by missing a piece, it is a *perfect* crescent moon.

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Conflict against this fact is a sign of malfunction and inability to realize what we are given, and is an act of self slander and disrespect. Perhaps, it is better to allow these things to happen and learn to appreciate them.

Fate. From start to end, time is already laid out. Lies sugarcoat the truth, shielding it from fools who are ready to believe what they want to hear. Those eager to follow will respond to the invitation of the pied piper, who leads them into the river. Maybe the flutist is natural selection, or cause and effect. Maybe he is a member of upper management.

Emotions are trifling. Scoring only a hundred on the intelligence quotient, they intermediate averagely. These subconscious perceptions are carbon copied in all walks of life. We all experience from the same universal selection of feelings. Good emotion is candy, the dog biscuit in our cruel punishment and reward system we use to reinforce daily interactions. To beat this test, must one be *heartless*?

Corruption is the linear response. A leakage of mercy seeps through the fingers from the hands of those who hold power. The ones living at the bottom of the barrel encounter the brunt of our suffering, and are dragged to salvation by a thin thread tagged with the excuse that society is humane. The elderly populace is spoon-fed money through social security. The poor are being tossed a bone: a welfare check, food stamps, and a notice of eviction. Forcing men to live like dogs would be malicious, so they are only *treated* like dogs. Brainwashed pets that can be polished and trained to lay down, not piss on the red carpet, and to read a newspaper. While handing out these charitable generosityes as the parade floats by, society slaughters personal freedom behind our backs.

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The human species can only retaliate with six billion shots in the dark, hoping to hit something, while the rest of us stand by and witness the onslaught. Our crowning heirloom is an augmentation of what ancestors have learned and written. We scratch what we can add to the pages, and pass it off as a chronicle of great historic acquisition.

No one directly benefits from this except for general concepts. The flag, the symbol, and the flat paper face of the poster child. We hand over our dynamic vitality on a sterling tray to our country, to the temple, and to big corporations. Patron donors sacrifice not only their heart, but the soul and mind. This altruistic gesture braces both the advantage and weakness of community; its strength is neither exceeding nor meeker than the fair ground. The residual two extremes, lack and surplus, are amputated and disposed.

Much like eating a pistachio, the work exceeds our reward. But, what *are* we working for? What concepts and goals are we trying to eradicate from the surface? Abolishing from the masses, we again find the time is abundant. This fisheye lens exaggerates the horizon, and we can now breathe from farther-endured skies. Only when we take a new perspective on life can we glimpse its splendor and begin to see the bigger picture. Only now, in a conscious effort are we endowed to behold this marvelous spectacle. And for no other reason than common decency, we can leave the puppeteer and pied piper to suffocate laughs over their glass of luxury cognac.

If a tree falls in the forest, and no one is around to hear it fall, does it make a sound? A natural response to this question might be, it is impossible to justify any answer, as no one was around to testify to either allegation. Yet under scientific examination, and through the modern magic of *tape recording*, studies have shown yes, there is a sound. More interestingly, the sound is different due to “Human Stress Syndrome,” a trait commonly found in plants that alters cellular reactivity in the presence

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of human beings. But I feel the riddle of the tree is a rhetorical one, and deserves a philosophical response. I have an urge to get down to the *root* of this question... pardon the pun.

Exercising my objective to seek knowledge not answers, I ask; what is sound?

Movement creates disturbance. This is true in society, as in trees. The disturbance manifests into a field of vibrations, bothersome to the surrounding vicinity. If there are no neighbors, there is no noise complaint, regardless of the decibel. As the tree falls, it too reverberates a slinking wavelength, but sound is perceived only in the mind. Outside the prisoned confines of perceptive sense, sound is unknown. Freedom. Honor. Love. All virtues are alien to our universe, as to a stone. It is effected, but feels nothing. Sees nothing. Hears nothing.

God. This cardinal concept is one of even greater rhetoric. Defined accurately, god would be the collective consciousness of all things irrefutable and unreal, physical and intangible. As aesthetic is to physique, the universe in every realm would be the anatomy of this supreme awareness who bears many names, and has none.

If the conscious mind of the universe is indeed a being, then the tree makes a sound indifferent to man, as god would hear all things in every instant. However, if this universe is a dormant crypt laid deep within the black of nothingness, then a translator of vibration to an audible electrical frequency would be required before hence any sound is revealed to be present.

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If the ulterior affirms true, the world outside of ourselves is very strange indeed, as it is not there at all. No sound, no color, no light and no dark. Only nothingness as there is only more nothing to perceive it. Should this plausibility be authentic, the result of everything we comprehend resides only in the self. The world we know and call reality is an influenced dream, fed to us by sensory impulses, and does not exist.

II. C'est La Vie

Fate. Destiny. Vague. Who are these recurrently misinterpreted spirits? While rendering a force objecting stray from its ordain doom, destiny describes the path in which one walks escapeless to receive their fate. Traveling along this conveyor belt border-bound for death, our fate is anything but vague. This method of life flows congruent to waterfalls cascading into the calmness of pools: as what once upon a time was rushed, lives happily ever after in exanimation. This azoic annihilation is not the solo shade on fate's paint palette; this vigorous energy is the artisan of all consequence, and provoker of the elicit.

Fortunetelling. Gypsies, oracles and witches have for centuries claimed to predict the predetermined. Cynics abide this dodo trick as a sly bluff, and frankly, my hypothesis concurs parallel the skeptics'. Yet haphazardly, the thesis at hand envelops my interest; *can* the future be predicted?

A samurai sushi chef clocks out of work and mounts his apparatus, venturing homewards. The rider is pacing 15 miles per hour, engorged in the music choreographed by his walkman. He is staring at the ground, his vertical vision limited to a 61.928° angle.

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Unknowingly, his proximate destination is slamming into a brick wall. Can we say for 100% certainty he will collide with the blockade? *I say yes.*

Accounting estimated automobile stopping times, it would require 11.25ft to stop traveling at 15mph on a level asphalt. Assuming the rider's eye is 6ft atop his surface, and given ideal situations, at precisely 11.24ft of noticing the wall, it will be infeasible for the fishy cook to circumvent collision with the wall. At this distance, his apparatus exceeds the point of avoidance from smashing into the wall.

Of course, this is exercising his samurai instincts permitting a mere .01 foot reaction time, again at 15mph, of encountering visible contact with the wall. Fast-forward to 1 inch prior to impact with the impossible hurdle. Freeze.

Awaiting the instance in when the samurai continues at his stated velocity arriving his crash, we can deliberate to assess the situation. As soon as time starts again, he may have decreased traveling speed, but there will be no possible way for him to avoid hitting the wall. So for a moment, it is 99.99% positive that he will hit the wall. Scientifically, we could accurately predict contact with the retainer, *but...*

Where is the remaining 0.01% of assurance? What is this sliver of doubt in such a fluid method of calculation? This, dearest reader, is the infinite chance of probability. It is, in all truth revealed, the ever-so-present tariff of being mortal. Most all of us have heard it spoken, "You don't *have* to do anything except for pay taxes and die." With the written nature I possess, I wish to rephrase. "If you wish to die, you *have* to pay its tax."

I am no deity. I am not the force that stretches indefinitely through all things in all instances. I am austere a man. If walls wish, on their own accord, to disappear or be miraculously lifted, this is not my affair. Also, it is not my concern. Anyone arguing that

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we can never be 100% certain due to arcane workings of god, can tell it to the gypsies and witches. For the rest of the sane population, 99.99% will have to suffice as knowledge enough the samurai's journey home is spoiled with hopeless misfortune.

We use this technique of predicting an incident's sequel event often, frequently forecasting results of our actions. If I toss a baseball, you can catch it, eyes escorting its path and estimating approximately where it will descend. Almost naturally, you will move your hand to that location.

Inscribing letters on a page, we must know to relax pressure at the surface and not to pierce the pen through the desktop. Why must gamut of foresight occur only in minute increments of time? Theoretically, if we can predict what is going to occur in one second, we can augur what will take place in the next two thousand years.

Granted, to do this you would need to take account of every possible variable into the equation, and inherently have knowledge to the current and eventual state of energy flow emitted from every atomic particle in existence now and manifested hereafter. Regardless, it *is* possible to calculate the esoteric experience of the universal phenomenon, and what had happened in between these two points of now and never.

Over-sitting and under-standing, we conclude comprehension of these ideas in full. With fate, arrives a definitive turning point in which is the termination of this path. The end of this universe and existence, and the end of this life. Meanwhile, death beckons us all.

There is one underlying controversy of allocated dispute. Choice. Are we truly free? Is it coincidence that the majority of generations will flock to similar fads and

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likings? Mere anti-partnered coexistence that individuals in similar situations react in comparable manners? *I say no.*

The human psyche will act predictable as the matter that structures it. Humanity has a tendency to put itself higher than their might. Reckoning mankind is king of the earth, these egomaniacs are slave to their own primary character flaw. Psychology. Deoxyribonucleic acid, in correlation with circumstance, dictates our every action and movement. Our science is not unique, nor exempt, to any law of physics.

Imagination. Although our actions and ideation may be prearranged to transform into that which becomes, this does not decipher into a reduce of excel, and wave-off in effort. If anything, we should be so compelled to facilitate even more passion into our operation.

A natural response to this finding might be, if my destination is already reached, why should I continue to try? To answer this, please see above paragraph, then proceed to close this book and continue with a less meaningful activity to engross your time.

Second, if you vacate attempt now, you are condemned to abandon its triumph later, as well. Your decision is upheld by the person you are. A true criminal reverts to crime, a genuine addict detours to old habits, and a sincere quitter scours for the easy cheat. The plebeians, with their productive quality, find this pestilence to be an irritating and nerve-racking nuisance.

Knowing this, we peek into ourselves. What do we *want*? Who do we want to be? The decisions we are going to formulate are already made; all we are left to do is decide to choose them. The universe is looming where it will be headed. Destiny. The path

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which we are to take, is already navigated. Fate. The ending destination is already reached. The navigator. God... or is it something deeper?

Throughout history, god has been adopted as a scapegoat for the obscure and unknown. His powers are weakened each time a new discernment is certified. Every explanation we debunk diminishes god from being the aforementioned reason of why things happen. Is lightning the fury of Zeus? Or is it rather sparks of electricity created through attraction of unlike charges? Having once been disciple to myth, we now confirm actuation of life.

But where is this genuine knowledge encrypted? What library holds such faultless legitimacy? In the same method a computer caches data, the truth is keenly veiled.

The curiosity of a fragile mind is not put to waste as a dollar is to be stolen; for all things have their price, and all things affect other things. Every action sends a rippling shockwave across the five dimensional planes. Like a leaf that falls on the surface of the water, change spreads as oceanic waves through time. What about the instant? What has power to affect the whole immediately?

The concepts that comprise the mind tug us all, and stretches far with no delay. We are drawn by ourselves and by mankind. Only truth is underlying and constant. The instant change throughout the entirety. Its metamorphosis alters rapidly, because it has always been within us.

God. Considering possibilities of a supreme being delegating tasks of the universe, his power would derive from the essence found in truth. Only truth's effects are instant. This is on account of truth residing in all things: *everything* has a truth to it.

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If we behold a stone, we can identify it as an accumulation of mass in similar artifact. Beyond the tangible, behind it and unseen, is the truth of a rock. Given the multiple variable differences in shape, size and mineral composition, we still assimilate all rocks as rocks. Simply the idea and name of the alleged rock is exclusively in our apperception. This confusion of reality verse perception of reality is brought about by discretion, and lack thereof.

Is it employable that a curtained realm is the harbor of thought, information, and noble message? That candid logic docks the shroud of vindications underlying art, science, and folklore? This is a pier, until recently, only deep investigation into spirituality could set sail.

Wisdom is incessantly thirsty for learning without the instilled limitations of education. For many scholastics, the limit is just beyond what they know. This is the skirted cusp of their ability. Victimized by a slack-considered disregard to view rotated angles, they neglect to see the depth of truth. Its concrete constitution reinforces the foundation of life, and its vital nourishment enriches the marrow of existence. Similar to the absent-material known as space, truth is infinite. Both outstretching boundless, and collapsing inwardly eternal. No feat acquires full fed entity; life is a famished beast never exhausted. As the universe is constantly imploding and exploding at the same time, its infinite potentiality is birthed.

How is it contending that the universe remains intact if it deflates and amplifies indefinitely? How has this microburst of immense macrocosm not *bogged* itself over preposterous, endless amounts of numbers?

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Chaos. If the universe could be described, I would not dare to speak the words to do so. From truth's sealed lips, the casual mishap of random occurrence dictates false reason. From the insignificance of reason comes the gnarled entropy. It travels completely around, resembling a shark chasing the school. This cycle of life is relentless, yet upon second speculation, it becomes a peaceful sign of symbiotic harmony.

Life's simple nature, for many, impels boredom with strife, and the enthusiasm for lucrative gain is fatigued. Days become a chronic grind, and are filled with methodical chores. We await the date of arrival to a white cloud, so we may walk through the golden gates to lounge in relaxation and comfort. This heaven is here. This heaven is now. Ponder the serenity of a lake, admire the allure of wonder, contemplate the stars, and life will become mystical again.

IV. Aliens in a Deeper Shade of Green

Humanity. Optimists would have it swallowed that we are the strongest force in the universe. That human love and friendship are the strongest bonds. Is there something more? Something stronger, more potent and intense?

People tend to walk on the right side of the line, forgetting half of things. They run from hate. Spurt from fear. Regressing to ignorance of what we wish not to see, we reject who we are. How can you say exactly what color a rainbow is? And what are we but rainbows of emotions and thoughts?

Government. This empire of superior institution commandeers jurisdiction over the public, and confiscates liberty. We are mandated appropriate ideas and sensations

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acceptable to the federation of compliance. Forced to pay back our recourses, or adhere to legislative punishment, we apologize for outbursts of ill doings. Is this wrong to rate and judge emotions? To run from hate and fear is to run from ourselves. Why apologize for our actions if it is characteristic to who we are? If I am a slayer, then I will murder your security. If I am a rapist, then I will savage your mind to bloody pieces.

Insurrectionists believe it may be time for a revolt. But the revolution of the world will turn whether or not we get out and push. Or would it? Is this broken down planet in dire need of a jump start? We need a *new* motivation.

In any case, revolutions will rotate with the wheels and gears of the systematic universe. Our reality is split into two divisions: the scientific facts, and an intangible realm of the unreal. They are woven together stronger than any bond of love or friendship. They are one. Together, they write the most far-fetched fantasy that remains a non-fiction fairytale. Life.

I find most people to be fairly intelligent. Few of the many are even genius, but only the lesser half of this fraction reaches in jeopardy for the branch of life that is hardest to grasp. The majority of man (*women included*) loiters in callowness; others rely solely on gut feeling and intuitions. With roots dwelled into such a familiar burrow, their weight is worth not much more than dirt. These terrace vines and wallflowers are marooned to opposite walls, and still have yet to come to the middle and play in the room called life. What shovel will dig these souls from their tomb, unearthing the richer soils below?

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Who are we? This, I cannot say. However, I do know one thing with surety: just when you thought things were one way, they change faces on you. It is amazing how poetic nature is. How much it works and flows. It is so deep and profound, still at the same time very lucid and flexible. Only its framework is black and white; everything else can be discovered in an array of colors. Take things as they are.

There is a ribbon laced through our eye, a crosshair to quarantine the finish line. This bar of standard results in skill for appraisal of good and bad. Warm and cold. Beautiful and ugly. This crease folded upon our judgment engraves moral, ethic, and value. While differing from one to another, this demarcation is universally present with one exception; the lewdly insane.

A singleton devoid of proper conduct is adequate to perform any exertion of force without batting a blink.

Yet, judging is a method of learning. Like an axe disunions wood, we differentiate the near kindred. But far too often, our decisions are made in black or white. Either welcomed or banished, appeasing or hideous. Take things as they are. Everything is perfect in its own unique accord. Everything will have its place, its time, and its usefulness. Judge without a gavel, referee without a whistle.

The barricade distinguishing the area that separates two souls is a vast ocean of nothingness. This is the loftiest distance imaginable, the extreme finite, and every radical in between. When loose ends are left to tangle and fray, we struggle to connect these ideas. The colossal of nothing becomes a mounted obstacle so arduous we lose sight of its summit. How can you walk across nothing? How can you scale a wall of nonexistence?

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On the flipside of that coin, the copper-head defines *Nothing* in its reversed meaning. In presence of family and courteous household, among the comrades we share glee and cheerful laughs, we find that *nothing* separates our souls. Matriculating a fellow spirit into the exclusive coterie, we may then influence our two cents into the world as a small prize of power. But this power is not a bully, it is not a raised fist. Open palmed, an offer of benevolence is extended to the wellbeing of common man. Control, misinterpreted as threat, rises the defensive wall to greater heights. How do we demolish this hindrance and return flux to the locality we had such a powerful handle on life?

This knowledge is a piece of mail delivered to our doorstep, waiting to be peeled and unraveled. Truth is the sender, and life is the addressed. Simultaneously, yet uncorrelated; we apprentice the orbicular ways of life, but only the apportionment that is revealed to us. Like a cake, we are fabricated only by the sum of the ingredients that constitute us. Are there ancillary secrets left untouched in the cabinet, the auxiliary spices to life? Forsakenly, the answer to this is the withdrawal on a postdated check marked afterward the apocalypse.

Amidst the duration of analyzing fundamentals, we uncover only more complications. Is this unmasking result a copout of finding an esteemed reasoning, or the conclusion to the problems we were facing? Sometimes, it can be *both*.

We are similar to a candle. It burns and lights the way. In time, the candle will be exhausted and extinguished. The only agreement with survival is handing its flame to another unlit candle. Spreading its sole precious possession, we share one collective treasure. The only way a candle may become lit, is by being lit. All the thoughts that we possess are not our own, we merely embrace them. Arguably, the most remarkable sight is witnessing life flicker and change.

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The conscious mind glows with brilliance, but this is a frightening realization. Something so bright and passionate can burn you. It can deviate sour, and change faces on you in the time it takes an egg to boil. Corruption is a constantly opposing menace to society, crouched behind the brush, triggered to pounce on opportune opening. This lingering omen is only further empowered by the aptitude of the human talent for lodging evil.

The ellipse of life cycles and loops aimless until its expire. Deep within its youthful and explorative nature, life seeks out its own decease. One notable and devastating byproduct of human emotion is misunderstanding, evident primarily in the perception of intellectual object. A related side-effect of love is attachment, later maturing into dependency after long term exposure. Compassion also takes its toll, dispersing resources and weakening the self.

Death. This grim hunter tracks all things. Harvesting the spirit as if it were a field of wheat, death is reciprocal to change. Ensuing his feast, he leaves behind only ossein and his cloak of transition. Without turnover and alteration, life would be stagnant. Emotions torment us with tears as we find death to be a grief-stricken event, yet it is a morbid necessity.

Waves and phases sprawl from a pause of time, then disperse to allow a margin for new comings. Notions stored in the hind of our mind are crammed forwards into center focus. As a billiards table is chock full of displacement, conversion of fresh ideas sweep away the dust of old news and replaces it with topical issues. This is the forthcoming of a regeneration within ourselves. But, something remains unchanged, a constant and absolute.

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Truth. From elementary doctrine we conjure the complex. When we scrutinize the broad view spectrum, we find that it fashions identical to the primordial established.

Life is an outward spiraling fractal. The atom's electron spins around the nucleus to form cement molded into bricks that compose the buildings that collect into metropolises which clump over Earth. A globe so similar to the atom, a sphere orbiting the groove of an unexplainable force of magnetism, even our planet circles a star. We find that the simplest structure is the same as the most elaborate.

Does a lunar force orbit our universe? This ultimate pulsar is supposedly the collection of all things, but what may lie outside? Possibly *nothing*. Perchance, there exists inverted dimensions of ataxic science at the outskirts of our cosmos. It might be a spitting image symmetrical to our universe. Who knows? Could be anything, hypothetically.

Future technological advances will continue pursuit for these answers, and travel into outer space. Yet, I highly doubt that it will be what we find that surprises and discomforts us, but what we do not find.

The human race is looking for a utopia unreachable via spacecraft. Invisible to a hubble-scope of any size or magnification, I postulate any realm of such nature and décor is arbitrary.

Caress. Our senses are so intangible, still they tantalize our tactile touch. Although our senses appear to work in ordinance and complete synchronization alluding to reality, are we *really* suspended in this fantastic substance?

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I see the keyboard in front of me, I feel my fingers pressing the keys. I hear the noise it makes as I slam the keys. If I lean close enough, I can smell the usage of it. If willing to do so, I can even taste the salty oils on the keys and stale plastic. Does this prove that the keyboard is real? Even with multiple sources saying they, too, can see and abstract this, does it mean the keyboard is an absolute?

If there *is* a place called reality, then here we reside in this state of materialized item. Maybe with enough deep thought and acuteness of mind we can escape this horrid oppression of limits, but I squabble this speculation.

In theory alone, there coincides several dimensions parallel to this universe. Foreign cultures procreate and participate in a coordinate totally deficient of ours, having created an independent duplication of reality.

However, as we accept the indisputable principle that we are conscious beings, the maxim of god as the greatest consciousness is a proof. Cursive the same plain, a universal existence houses all subsidiary dimensions and is an abyss of great dynamic.

Is a gateway fathomable to intersect the avenues of us and the alien species? Citizen to shanty beliefs, we investigate wormholes and linkage in hopes to find relief of our struggles. But, the Netherworld is a mythology within ourselves, and no land of promise will free us from that. The same social dilemmas and asomatous puzzles reincarnate year after year: the scuffle of rich and poor, the loss of warfare, and the study of medicine. These ancient quarrels have haunted the human breed from the get-go.

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Even before the abrasion of mankind, the animal kingdom has also produced tyrants, as power is not a trait unique to man. Lion is czar of the pride, Shark is executive of the aquamarine, and Hawk is supervisor of such azure skies. These predators guzzle the fuel of life, and are true Darwinists. This method of natural selection intervenes at all levels, and spares survival only for those fit to earn it.

Derailing this train of thought, leaders often fail suitable qualifications for such position. In the absence of a winged-messenger floating from celestial descent, we initiate the lottery dubbed election. Why is the highest grossing movie at the box office not the greatest film in history? Likewise, how is the hit single holding top rank on the billboard chart not the greatest song of all time? We *settle* for the mediocre, and our need is appeased.

The slop they are feeding isn't always the fine cuisine we'd rather be swallowing, but we take what we are given and plug our nose. The crackerjack bamboozle of primetime media paralyzes mental attunement to judge with ourselves as the pivotal reference point. Marketers taunt their sexy hook in front of romantic eyes, but are only concerned with new and more ways to con the consumer out of another hard-earned dollar.

The solution? Boycott expenditure. Of course, this will not happen. Avid purchasers and astute buyers do not sanction the ability to withhold themselves from splurging at Macy's, as blowout sales penetrate their television set and drive them out the door.

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However, commerce and economy, I feel, not only profit corporate gurus and business barons, but are mutually beneficial to the general public as well. Lacking delegated assignment, and persistent monitor of progress, the working class would demote to antic street performers and lemon-juice vendors.

Equality. The universe works diligently to find a balance, and the plebeians seek justice as well. Scientific odyssey and the ethereality shapes us; from a ball of wax, we are smoothed into candles. As we slowly diminish and incinerate by this agonizing infernal heat, we experience life firsthand. Humanity, as a unified assembly, orchestrates a force bulldozing mental blocks and expanding the limits.

Comfort. Secured behind the boundary, we feel at home. Exploring foreign land, we become a stranger, we are the alien. Only what we understand marks the outpost perimeter: it is what we have yet to discover that is our manifest destiny. Today, the world will cower from this frontier, but tomorrow is forever waiting, and so am I.

V. Looking the Gift Horse in the Mouth

I challenge any organism to cut an idea out of their brain and show it to me in the palm of their hand.

Reality. What is the reality outside of our bodies and mind truly like? This, we may never know. As the universe secretes forces and energies, we struggle to learn the ones that physically affect us. Observations made with our eyes and ears, taste, smell and touch reach to discover the unknown. Things like magnetism, gravity and electricity can not be observed, only the effect they create on things can be observed. What other worlds

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lie beyond our visibility that doesn't affect matter or space, making it impossible to see the effects?

Thought. If we have a thought, does it really exist? Undoubtedly, you have thoughts in your brain, and most likely I will too (*when the time is ripe.*) Knowing these things, how can we examine thoughts? They do not have an effect on matter, and they take up no space. This makes ideas an interesting object. Can they be destroyed? Maybe not by weapons or physical damage, but can one thought annihilate another one? Or are concepts etched in stone, and we are just allowed access to use them? Because the real issue is whether the mind creates ideas, or can only sense them.

To spin this in a new direction, we might explore ideas in general. Although new radical ideas are being formulated on a daily basis, were they not there all the while? Do they not trace back to primitive intuitions? One thing I think that needs to be taken into account is that ideas are similar to colors. If we hold in hand the spectrum of colors that have been separated through a prism, we can examine every possible color that white light produces. Some people have a notion that this world could simply be a figment of our imagination, merely a dream. But then why is it limited to a rainbow of colors? Why are there limited emotions? If the mind could create this far, why would it not keep going?

Colors. Emotions. Physics. These things are reality binding the mind, telling us that the human being is not all powerful. Letting us know that we can not bend metal spoons simply with our minds. If we cannot create new things that are as simple as color, then why is it that we think that we have created new thoughts? You cannot create a thought, only extract it from the intangible world. Intelligence is a system that rearranges

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ideas to form new ideas. However, these new ideas are not truly new, just variations. Look into this.

Piano. How many songs have been made that can all be played on the same black and white keys? A lot, and they're all different. As with ideas, you can create numerous amounts seeming to be original, but they are all using the same notes. Because you can string infinite notes together, you can play infinite songs on a piano. And because you can string thoughts together similarly, you can think infinite thoughts. But looking at it realistically, there is only a certain amount of combinations before they become so similar they appear identical.

Intelligence is a mental tumor, an accelerated growth that gives the illusion of reason. Putting logic into the mess of the universe, life organizes matter. But, what is the purpose of life? Ah, the haunting question. Looking at life I notice that it is similar to a breath. It begins, expands, reaches its climax, then collapses onto itself. What it leaves behind is a product having gone through a system.

If two people witness a magnificent sunset, how could they describe it? To each other, they could simply say that it was amazing. But to someone who has never seen an amazing event, it could take hours just describing the detail, still not being able to explain the beauty of such a majestic sight. It is easiest to learn life, naturally, by experiencing it.

If you stop and sit down, look in the past with a friend, you could marvel at all the things that the two of you had gone through. Both fully understanding the same idea. So life takes us in a circle. But by the end we know more about the circle than when we started. So is this just a ride? Is all we get out of life a goodie bag with a few treats and a

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message that says, “Thanks for coming, look what you did”? Is this what it will come down to?

In seeing that our bodies die and fade away, what happens to the spirit? Are we meant to accomplish something? What if we finish early, or die before we finish? Maybe there is no purpose of life. The possibility that this all came about by random chance must not be thrown away, or held onto too tightly. But in any case, why would we bog ourselves with worries and other weights to drag us down?

From the darkness, comes a light. Within the truth is a lie. The pieces make the complete, and that fullness holds the pieces. Because of time, the clock was created, but time does not exist. Moments are waited into eternity, while eternity is in every moment. Each spec of the universe is playing its part to manifest the whole. Does a man control his own destiny, or does destiny guide a man? How can both conflicting viewpoints be possible? Existence is a trinity, and looking at the black and white, we should not forget the invisible.

We can see *this* or *that* quite plainly, and the invisible is clear, too. It is the medium relationship, and the knot that is tied. It is the connection that suddenly becomes apparent between any two objects, solid or immaterial. The man, his bride, and the emotion between them. The master, the slave, and the line that defines who is on which side. As we fall through time and space, we should remember that a triangle is the strongest geometrical shape, and this trinity makes life a very stable reality.

It has been months since I have sat alone in silence, maybe longer. This is taking its toll. I am not feeling the pull of gravity. My mind is drifting into the outer limits of who I am, and imagination creates the me I *want* to be. On certain levels this *is* who I am,

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but those levels only radiate from the center, and are secondary points to the bull's-eye. Was it the center that sent me to journey from myself and find what I needed to find, learn what I was supposed to be taught, then return to face myself with more of an understanding? Or is this just a personal way of denying myself, and looking to others for the answer?

Have I anticipated prior to departure that I would find no conclusion, and be forced to come back and accept who I am?

It seems strange to me that the world is so *real*. In a way, it is even sad. We fight amongst ourselves to reach the highest, to own the most abundant, to be the one in the spotlight. Still, we are all residents of the same world. Maybe a sliver of resentment towards each other pesters under the fingernail, even when we are willing to get along. We accept the fact that we must tolerate, and to some extremes appreciate, that each human being is perfect in their own respect.

Seldom will you find a diamond resting in the street, but diamonds walk the streets everyday in a hustle and bustle of daily life. I suppose what I am trying to say is that the human soul is priceless. Carrying a chunk of burden on our shoulders, the weight of the universe gently rests on all of us. We shouldn't let our potentiality as a race, as a species, and as a unified Mother Earth not be explored. But there is no rush for life, as ample time remains to find our way back to its center. We have eternity.

A friend of mine once told me something that I will never forget, but I do not wish to discuss that right now. Every person perceives the universe from their specific point in space and time, discerning the very delicate differences that are still uniquely ours. But down to brass tacks, we still don't know what's what. Answers will be found in

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death, as many controversies over afterlife, reincarnation, and nonexistence will be revealed to each one of us individually. I aim not to seek answers, but to seek knowledge. And incidentally, my friend said,

“Don’t try too hard at life, you’ll never come out alive.”

THE END