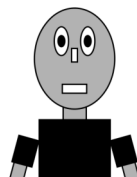# ZEITGEIST

思潮

POEMS

ZEITGEIST

思潮

POEMS

Zeitgeist
Poems 1401–1500
Martin Klvana
2021·03·21

zeitgeist.martinklvana.com

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Foul

00:03. 00:02. Mickey blows the whistle. 00:01. *The previous play is under review. Timeout.* Mickey picks up a birch leaf. *There was no foul on the play: No one held onto the handle bar.* "Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Crow-Wuff." *Reset the clock to 14:01.* (What Mickey lost on the swing, Mickey gained on the roundabout.)

Alive

Bobby: What does it mean 'to be alive'?
Bob: To be in quest of death.
Bobby: What does it mean 'to be alive *and well*'?
Bob: To be in quest of death *despite suggestions to the contrary*.

Concrete Evidence

Jackson: Where concrete wall is, Jimson's (im)poster notwithstanding, there no door is.
Jimson: Where ONE RIOT, ONE RANGER, there Cordell Walker, a gatekeeper in case of danger.
"Chuck's evidence 1403: Where Chuck neither is not Norris . . ."
Johnson: 'There ye may be also'! John 14:3.

Golden Chain

Bob: These the three factors of movement: the what, the where, the when.
Bobby: For in time, as any other change?, takes place the dragging by Bobby—
(**Bob:** Guard thy vault against spontaneous opening. Until further notice.)
Bob: Nobody eavesdropping. **Bobby:** Of the golden chain, as of any other change?

Jinx

Insect 虫 *meets dog* 犭 *needs insect* 虫 *needs dog* 犭 *.*
"Dog 犭 meets insect 虫 needs no dog 犭 needs no insect 虫."
No insect 虫*, no independent* 独 *dog* 犭 *. No dog* 犭 *, no independent* 独 *insect* 虫 *. . .*
"Bwuffzz." Bzz, Jinx! "Wuff, jinxed."

Lovely Morning

Isn't death a dream come true?
Ted is sorry for bringing the subject of death on such a lovely mourning.
Theia is sorry to bring the subject of Ted on such a lowly morning.
"Isn't Ted a cream come too early."

Factory Settings (1)

If no evil in the beginning, no good or all good in the beginning.
If no good in the beginning, no evil or all evil in the beginning.
If no evil and/or no good in the beginning (invalid settings), no game.
If as much evil as good in the beginning (valid settings), tie game till the end with no end.

Factory Settings (2)

If more good than evil in the beginning (factory settings), all good in the end.
If more evil than good in the beginning (refractory settings), all evil in the end.
If all good in the end, dead end. If all evil in the end, no end at the end of the end.
If no end, restart Universe at the godware level, and reset good and evil to the godward values.

Resourceless

No $igning bonu$, Mrs. Resources, besides the dollar signs in the eyes of Mr. Resourceless?

PRENEHANJE POGODBE O ZAPOSLITVI (EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT TERMINATION)

Podpis (Signature): *Ted'$ $ig-nature move*

Datum (Date):   *A $ign of the time$*

Proper

Jack pokes retracted tea drops, John reads redacted tortoise, Jim drinks refractive treatise.
Jack hands the tea drops to John hands the tortoise to Jim hands the treatise to Jack.
Jack pokes retracted treatise, John reads redacted tea drops, Jim drinks refractive tortoise.
The instant the head of the tortoise pokes out, the garage in its proper functions is reinstated.

Cobblestone

Brian is drawn, day after day, like raw sewage, to an unfamiliar place between 14th and 11th.
A place where a face of a timeworn, cubic cobblestone doubles the surface area of Brian's brain.
An area which Brian, blinded by UP TO 50% OFF reflections, can only explore by touch.
Reflections at a *wee!* hour, with the streets as *Woo! WEe! WOO!* roughly as defecated as Brian.

Unknockoutable

1:23:45.67 a.m. TIME TO START CHATTING, MICKEY. SEARCH M∗ FRIENDS: <u>Mary</u> Mouse
Mickey: Having found the seventh line—between the sandbox of space and the sands of time!
Mary: An unknockoutable, built-on-sand token of seven-dead-cats-on-the-line flavor in favor of?
Mickey: Heaven forbids more than seven spearmint orbits. Meet Mickey, freshly triumphant!

Sinning (1)

If sinning is absolutely inevasible, i.e., absolutely involuntary, there is no evil in sinning.
If there is no evil in sinning, sinning is not sinning.
If sinning is not sinning, (not-)sinning is absolutely impossible.
The absolute impossibility of (not-)sinning proves fatal to the divine fatality of (not-)sinning.

Sinning (2)

If sinning is evasible, i.e., voluntary, there is evil in sinning.
If there is evil in sinning, sinning is sinning.
If sinning is sinning, (not-)sinning is possible.
The possibility of (not-)sinning proves fatal to the divine natality of (not-)sinning.

Carefree

I 予, *Mickey, at ease* 豫 *with having the mouth* 口 *of a bird* 鸟 *for which the sky is the limit* 不*!*
Proclaiming 鸣 being happy 豫 imitating 象 birds 鸟鸟 is inauspicious 凶, not 不 auspicious 吉.
I 予, *Mickey, with the mouth* 口 *not* 不 *that of a scholar* 士, *give* 予 *form* 象 *to an elephant* 象*!*
If carefree 豫 Mickey falls into the hole 凵—*Filled with grass-blades* 乂*!*—Mickey lucky 吉.

Western

"For our ancestors, son," begins Jack, "the days, believe me, began at sunset."
"What better way," John weighs in, "to start(le) the day, son, than with a lady of the eve."
". . . the goods the goddess provides, son," Jim fades in-n'-out, "provided the eve hasn't waded into . . ."
 Thus instructed, J'sons leave the old-school garage and bus-ride off into the Western sunset . . .

Rumen

Bobby: An instRUMENt of the ruminant, an animal, such as the cow, that chews the *cud*?
Bob: The food [for thought] which the ruminant brings back from the . . . and chews at leisure.
Bobby: Leisure, freedom to do something specified, BL-A-R-GH! [a 4-fold issue], or *implied?*
Bob: Contained though[t] not expressed: Freedom to blow bubbles (((rare))). [A 4-ply tissue?]

Fire (1)

"Not 'Subject: disREgarding' though 'Body: Not a true bill. Regards, Bob' too wanders at will."
 Bobby: [Holy.] *Smoke*[s!creen].
"None may grasp it but it is not the NATIONAL BROADCAST paper plane FEE by Bob folded and set free."
 Bobby: [REnown. Fame.] *Flame.*

Fire (2)

"Its path is black, unlike . . . −1418, −1419 . . . that of Bob's BANK ACCOUNT STATEMENT."
Bobby: Water.
Bob: Re{d/t}ry.
Bobby: Water from the [red-painted] *fire* hydrant, please!

Follow

May passers-by who follow Tim know Tim not only very wise.
May passers-by who only follow Tim know Tim not very wise.
Only ill-advised passers-by follow not Tim who may know Tim.
Not ill-advised passers-by who know only Time may follow Tim.

Authority

No disrespect to Tim's body, but with respect to Tim's body, Tim is mortal.
However, with reference to the soul, the hoverer, reverenced by passers-by or not, is immortal.
As immortal, the gritty critter has authority over drown-in-throw-ups down-town sidewalks.
As mortal, the sitting-zen passer depends, astonishingly, on passing citizens for cobblestoning.

Shoo

On a cold day, sweaterless Tim trades, for (lack of) gold or cash, Tim's innermost outer *kesa*.
Black T-shirt; and black socks; and black shorts; and black boxer briefs; and black pubic hair.
"Kšá!"∼"Sch!"∼"Shoo!"∼"Sciò!"∼"Киш!" makes a piny pothole puddle fluent in five dialects.
On a cold night, Tim elects two pine needles to guide Tim through to the beginning of the clue.

Blemish (1)

Brian is alive because Brian has not banished death from Brian's life.
Brian is dead because Brian has banished Brian from Brian's brain.
Brian waits for Brian's brain waits for Brian waits for Brian's brain . . . of itself to vanish.
By what way does Brian assay Brian's freedom from admixture of any foreign substance?

Blemish (2)

By throwing 1424 fine-dust particles dniw eht tsniaga.
[CO] [BB] [LE] [ST] [ON] [ES]
No blood stain: A, no blemish; B, no headwind.
B for bringing, by mistake, into being a broken candy store-window of opportunity for J'sons.

Bountiful

Bobby: Never to call or insult the police?
Bob: SERVE |:the gods:| PROTECT.
Bobby: Never to call or consult a physician?
Bob: Fill my hand, MAGHAVAN, with all that it can hold of HONEY.

Interpreter

~Sufficiently supplied with the necessaries of life [*but not of death*—ed. [*Dr.*—ed. Ted] Ted]~
~Wholly freed from the care of procuring [*death?*] them~
"How to prevent the wonderful dream from petering out, Dr.—?" |TED · DR.EAM INTERP(R)ETER|
By not buying into buying a universal life insurance while watching the unpacking of a deep-dish pizza.

Abridged

Mickey is the abridged image of the playground is the abridged image of the surreal surround. Mickey's 6-pack, as testimonied by Mickey's six strict senses, is the ab-bridged image of Rambo's. "Mickey's fav chocolate-caramel-peanut bar?, a four-pack?, 936 kilocalories kiloworries Mrs. Candy!" *For bridging the gap between Mickey and the squirrels, grounded groundnuts come in handy.*

Heartbeat (1)

Bobby: How quickly can one die?

Bob: Beats me . . . *boom-boom—*

Bobby: In a heartbeat . . . Bob?!?, don't be a dead beast!!!

Bob: *—boom-boom boom-bust bust-bust bust-boom* . . . But not in a lively manner.

Heartbeat (2)

Bobby: That beats all!

Bob: Don't beat about the bush.

Bobby: Death beats all but Bob's ergonomically economical cardiac cycle!

Bob: Don't beat a dead beast; a comical cycle in the ECG cards, likely to *ha-ha ha-ha hap-pen* . . .

Enigma

A three-dimensional brain (t)easer, age three plus, puzzles Brian's bamboo brain [14:30:10].
Brian opens (a bit unconventionally) the ⋆ ⋆ ⋆ box [14:30:20]. DO (NOT S)WALLOW!
Brian screws up the courage [14:30:30] (not enough) to disassemble the preassembled enigma.
It will take Brian twenty four hours and ten seconds [duh] to close (duh) the DIFFICULT box.

Esteem

Tim sets esteem on what Now is, not what it seems to seam, and never boasts about *Crescent toasts!*
Sun and Moon esteem each other by what each has, Tim estimates by touch what peach is *Not!*
Tim injunctions Tim's jutting joints and tight tendons and missing muscles to *Function as a team!*
Tim wastes no Space in waste-container robberies (towing thawing strawberries) for *Tim is of the essence!*

Toddler

Hopefulness is to desperation what forecast (ROOM TEMPERATURE: 77 °F) is to weather station.
A cradle, a toddler may (b)rave—"Doctor?, Jay's (senses seem) quiet, quite gone!"—proves a grave.
Pleasure is to pain what railway wagon (with/out leisurely joyant runaway Jay) is to train.
Happiness is to sorrow what pillow/blanket ridge—"May I see your ticket, please?"—is to furrow.

Guilty

Who, Mr. Basket Case MCDXXXIII, scattered the delusions of grandeur, i.e., whose cat is back?
Let Ted purr *pour Ted's cat's soul out to the sell-out court: The cat* miaow *may not be Ted's.*
Let not Ted cast some light on sunlight scattered white by a black cat basking on a cloud 1433.
Pleading guilty pleasure is: not-as-white-as-painted Ted, with-the-same-brush-painted cat.

Potty

Mumble, Jay, once in a while, for, in life, Jays who speak control the potty little conversations.
To converse is to dwell in a place. To control is to counter the roll.
To speak is to counter a toilet roll in a dwelling place called toilet bowl.
Jay (in the soup, bro/sis/coz, cos broc-coli soup in Jay) goes (*peey* a little, *poopy* A LOT) potty.

Time Lapse

[Jack *(When the garage time-lapse is played normally—an accident done a-purpose—)*] John
[Jack *(—the sun appears to disappear,)* - John *(and Jim appears to appear, sooner.)*] Jim
[Jack *(Speak of the subtle devil)* - John *(of sophistry)* - Jim *(with which our arts are possessed!)*]
[Jack *(For the sophistry of h/ours)* - John *(to elapse)* - Jim *(this time capsule must collapse.)*]

Hullabaloo

Bobby: A hell of a hullabaloo in a corner-free, five-acorns hotel lobby!

Bob: Attempt to attemper a temporary temptation to contempt, Bobby.

Bobby: A helter-skelter shelter!

Bob: An oak cloak, Bobby . . . And an acorn ain't no icon, Breaker—its leathery shell, tough.

Peanutritional Consulting

Hey, $You, $Double the portion of $Death to become more $Lively. $Ender!
Become $Motto! Subscribe to Ted's $Penal but ad/vice-free $Service: Enter your You=*Ted*
Motto="better bread-n'-butter burner" Penal="personalized" Service="Attritional Insulting"
Hey, Ted, *gobble* the portion of *skittles* to become more *skittish*. *Sin-cereal-y, Ted*!

New Year

Bobby: God!, friendly 24/7 shootings or dog-fiendly 1/7 fireworks? **Bob:** Either way, by tired folks.
Bobby: As you do on New Year you will do all year or hope for the best and expect the worst?
Bob: Spend with Bobby, the best mire companion, within a span of 7 days, 7 good years—
Bobby: Of which (those with) the most tire-some (roadside ditches) were the 1438th and . . . and the 1st.

Whistle

Warning: time is running out, ma'am. [8:36:00 a.m.] *Warning: time is running out, sir.*
Throwing of Tim out of the sidewalk—MAYDAY-MAYDAY: MAYHAP MAYHEM!—into the thistle.
After Tim's two minute warnings. And while Tim, in sync with time, was flying like a missile.
A loss of 5 white zebra stripes. A 1439-second sewage runoff. Time will start on Tim's whistle.

Palindrome

From: 345 Park Avenue, NYC | **To:** Mickey, Mrs. English | **Subject:** Re: Pass Interference?

Mickey, *Marshawn Lynch* is not a palindrome.

Mrs. English, *Marshawn Lynch* is a running back again.

Not an incomplete pass, nor a pass interference, but a clear-n'-obvious COMPLETE IMPASSE.

Pastime

import time **as** Tim
from future **import** past
past(Tim.pastime(1441))
Outside, not a trace of (s)now. Inside, no fu(rni)ture (whether useful or ornamental).

Moonwalkers

Viewed from the moonlit street, the store is CLOSED. **Bob:** There is a CRACK in everything.
Bobby: That's how the moonlight gets in! (**Bob:** Want a cracker? **Bobby:** CRACK. CRACK.)
"And that's how the two m~o~o~n~w~a~l~k~e~r~s got in and the gummy w~o~r~m~s out!"
Viewed from the monolithic store, the street is OPEN and increasingly s~q~u~i~r~m~y.

IT

Bob: The youngest reads . . .

Bobby: *The book will read without it*—a quote from De Foe, 1727, a future friend in disguise?

Bob: The eldest orders what is to be read . . . Go through the Mill, 1865:

Bobby: *Those persons who quoted this passage were not candid enough to read on.*

Mutual Fun

Search to find the red zone. Re-search, to find the red zone again.

"Ach!," Theia's aspirated urbi et orbi exclammation expressing 361st 4TH & GOAL perturbation fun.

"Again, Ted, reach to touch . . ." *down 69ers?*

"Nach!, turnover on downs . . ." and a downturn in the balanced mutual masturbation fund.

Foam Bath

(Her breasts, on which the entire cosmos rests, stretch out beyond the boundaries of heaven!)
On the tip of Ted's tongue . . . a tip of an iceberg and a faux pas in a foam bath. Depoeticize it!
Ted's tiptoeish, before-the-fact tip on how to retreat from the top of a teat: Ask her what her tit's size is.
Theia's after-the-fuck statement: "On the scale from zero to six: off the top of the tate: wonderlessly seven."

Wish

1446. Mickey should rather wish to say 曰 a 一 mouthful 口 such as is conformable 合 to:
a) A 一 man 人 standing 立 in Sunday's 周日 center 心, fathoming 大 Sun's 日 circumference 周.
b) Bask's 日 intention 意 to establish 立 in Mickey the idea 意 of *a* and also 也 the wish 意 for *c*.
c) Sun 日 bestowing alms 周 on the outskirts 冂 of the ball 球 of dust 土 called Earth 地球.

Soleprints (1)

Bob: Let's measure the solar distance between Earth and Sun.
Bobby: How, if the Sole Ruler is measureless?
Bob: Let's follow the bird.
Bobby: Bob sure?, without wings? With all due respect, Bob, that's practically—

Soleprints (2)

. . . Bob→ . . . *bird*→ . . . **Bobby:** Aha, the sole distance! Bobby→ . . . Bob→ . . . *bird*→ . . .
Bobby: The snow's been biting on the soles-n'-souls, feeding on the feet-n'-fates, of two Yetis!
Bob: 1416 and 1236 °F above the melting and boiling points, respectively; theoretically, that is.
. . . ←**Bobby:** Let's admit defeat . . . ←**Bob:** Let's add mittens and track kittens . . . *bird*→ . . . ↗

Bandits

(Bob, a bandit 匪 or not 匪, says, 'Stay true to the mandate: Sit thru with no tru-stay band-aid.')

"Nothing wrong 非 in Mr. Bob's box 匚, but we still insist on 非 seeing Mr. Bobby's box 匚."

Bobby: Positively! Why not 匪 just(ly) box 匚 us in as lawless desperates 匪匪?

Were it not for the carto(o)ned *via negativa*, Bob-n'-Bobby would be running out of ways of running away.

Hard Knocks (1)

Bobby: *Knock knock knockin' on heaven's doooooor! Knock knock . . .*
KNOCK ON WOOD IF YOU'RE WITH ME.
Bobby: God!, this must be it, Bob—(b)last level, final f(l)ight, and (r)ending!?
Bob: KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. This shit is legit, gelid-hard.

Hard Knocks (2)

"I got to stop cussin'—Hundred, ninety-seven, ninety-four . . . seven, four, one."
Nebulous ★W★E★L★C★O★M★E★ to *Fabulous* **LA$ VEGA$**
 Bobby: Napa Valley? **Bob:** Or NeVada. One, two, three—**Bob-n'-Bobby:** Raiders!
"What you're fucking doing in our locker room?!"

Hard Knocks (3)

Bob: Bob-n'-Bobby, two dead stars, each with a bag full of quarters. **Bobby:** Pillaging, just for fun. "Raider, look it up, a person who attacks an enemy in their territory. So make a fucking play!" (Bob-n'-Bobby have been maligned and mocked, criticized and cut, jagged and jabbed.)
Bob: Let's rice to the occasion. **Bobby:** Let's move the chopsticks. One, two, three—

Hard Knocks (4)

Bob-n'-Bobby: Fourteen-hundred fifty-three!
Bob: Fourteen-hundred fifty.
Bobby: Fourteen-hundred forty-seven . . .
"Good job!!! Good fucking job!! Damn, I fucking love it!—Knock on wood if you're with me."

Handy-Dandy

Mickey (L1453) to walk to Mr. Cashier (W1453) with the handy-dandy rules hand-rewritten:
Mr. Cashier hand-waves in which Mickey's wavy hand the green-n'-white gummy candy is.
Mickey (W1) waves goodbye to Mr. Cashier (L1) and walks off with 'After a while, crocodile!'
Mickey (L1454) waves goodbye to the tree frog who leaps (for joy) into Mickey's open mouth.

Drive-Thru (1)

Ted's ageless v-er-herbage with artificial choke, Belgian end-if Brussels sprouts, or cele(b)rity.
Ted's 3.4285714285714284 drive-screw, er, DRIVE-THRU: Test your sex drive for free!, **er**, 3.
Directions: Theia→Ted. (Recommended Travel Mode: Driving.) Travel Mode: Hitch-hiking.
. . . Expired Expy→Go For A Dr→Bewildered Blvd→Adieu Ave . . .

Drive-Thru (2)

A: Old-English darling worth undressing for one side of a quarter, er, garlēac dressing (1).
B: Dick-deep [*not a big deal*—ed. Ted], double-digit dip **recession sauce** (2).
C: End-of-the-quarter **infestment** portfoolio w↓nnow dress↑ng—a trad↓t↑onal recipe (3).
. . . Adieu Ave→To Nowhere A Rd→Down the S 1456th St . . .

Drive-Thru (3)

[1] A**ll y**ou can **e**at for 14.57.
[2] In a **l**ow-fl**y**ing **s**auc**e**r.
[3] 'Buy time, sell sell-by-date,' says Ted who copycatrades Tim who never Errs TwO days in a ROw.
. . . "Mamma mia!, lay all your love on me!" *ABBA for money, honey.* "Gimm**e**, gimm**e**, gimm**e**!"

Float (1)

>>> **float**(**len**(seekers1)) / **len**(jobs1) # *Jackson floats a trial balloon, Jimson on air.*
ZeroDivisionError: float division by zero
>>> **print**(seekers1, jobs1)
("Jack": "of all trades", "John": "of every trick in the book", "Jim": "aka 'second to none'", [])

Float (2)

>>> **float**(**len**(seekers2)) / **len**(jobs2) # *Johnson floats an idea, Jimson on an air biscuit.*
3.0
>>> **print**(seekers2, jobs2)
("Jack": "is master of", "John": "accounts for", "Jim": "means business as usual", [None])

Central Point (1)

The skies above Tim's square produced the noblest of all blessed, zero-sugar potions. *Water.*
Tim turned turtle pond into dead pinch of salt and Tim's quiet, cube life (a)round.
Swift in their transverse motion: Hasting to their duty: ("Oval formation.") *No room for rest.*
While Tim was up to secrete something orthogonal, statistically-independent (immortality) . . .

Central Point (2)

. . . the man-hat'n malicious policious officials were up to something secret: ("Tim up for grabs.")
Reaching their central point: Unveiling their plan: "Seize the park critter. Zero side effect."
The law(n) too great. Tim ascends (no upper limit), zeros in on liberty, lowers on a broad way.
No cardiac (000) or cordial (911) arrest. *Duan' what 'tween worth n' read'?* No sidewalk reflect.

Futures Market (1)

Jack opens Windows when Jackie turns AC off.
John takes second bite of Apple when Jane brings a bra filled with, oh, oranges.
Jim revives Tux when Jemima calls, "I'm in Pittsburgh," from Pittsburgh.
Jackson, via Jack, activated. Johnson, via John, coherent. Jimson, via Jim, immobilized.

Futures Market (2)

Jackson controls the remote control and melting of A(nta)rctic glaciers.
Johnson puts the squeeze on the oval, flat wicker basket and the citrus-fruits futures market.
Jimson blocks calls from Pennsylvania, and Patagonia, and locks Jim's phone with a steel key.
Jemima calls Jimson *((I got some bucks on it, but it ain't enough on it))* calls, "Dad, it's mom."

Charlatan

TED | WOUND HEALING $PECIALI$T
Lick it. Air it out.
"That'$ it, charlatan?!"
Of cour$e not. **Rx:** Kiss it better, or, better still, kiss it goodbye.

Common Sense

Mickeylicibacterium komossense sp. nov. [Mickey (2020) Journal of Mickeylogy 15: 1465].
Eugonic: grows readily on artificial media (*Milk+berries+coconut+honey, please.* "You got it.").
Scotochromogenic: shows its true colors when kept in the dark; nonpigmented when brought to light.
Scattered in Mickey's intact bog (the spongy ground too soft to bear the weight of any BOK).

Background Programs (1)

SHUT DOWN | SWITCH USER | LOG OFF | LOCK | RESTART | SLEEP | HIBERNATE
Waiting for the background programs to close . . .
FORCE SHUT DOWN | CANCEL
brain.exe is preventing Brian from shutting down.

Background Programs (2)

Closing *brain.exe* and shutting down . . .

To go back and save Brian's memories of today, click CANCEL.

SHUT DOWN ANYWAY

Shutting down . . .

Background Programs (3)

Two programs are still using *brain.exe*.

If Brian shuts down now, *guts.exe* could lose feces and *brian.exe* face.

<u>FORCE SHUT DOWN</u> | CANCEL

Shitting down . . .

1468

Chamomile (1)

Bob: The automated teller machine ate too much of our alternative to money according to me.

TEMPORARY OUT OF SERVICE

CUSTOMER TAMPERING SUSPECTED

Bobby: Since when have ATMs equipped with chamomile scent detector been around!?

Chamomile (2)

Bob: What one fights against is what one eventually becomes . . .
Bobby: By the way, pocket money long oooooooverdue. One thousand four hundred seventy.
Bob: Amount unacceptable. Please enter amount in multiple of zero only.
Bobby: One hundred forty-seven times zero. **Bob:** Receipt? **Bobby:** S-cent-ed.

Golden Ticket

Stay in the loop [which is about to tighten around your neck—ed. Theia] *and join Ted.*
Join Theia [*the bus(t)iest among the busted*—ed. Ted] to stay abreast: [*Do you*] READ[ ]ME![*?*]
With Ted you'll be ahead of the game [and hunted by the hunters and the hunted].
Only 24 hrs left [*right, until this time tomorrow*]: Redeem your golden [*show/er ratio(n)*] ticket now!

Barrier

Fig. 1472: *The Brian-brain barrier (BBB).* Reprinted by Ted with tacit permission from Brian.

ʻLOL!ʼ

□□□"□□□H□□□E□□□L□□□L□□□O□□□?□□□!□□□"□□□

"HELLO?!"

Picture-Perfect

Not waiting for a wild, or mild, pitch to steal the first base, or baseball, without being caught.
Nor sliding into pitching a 5-sided rubber-slab story about a picture-perfect sacrificial bunt worth 67 words.
Buried, Mickey's betting on a firefly hit by the pitch-black night to ignite the sandpit mound.
(The secret behind Mickey's ideal pitching ERA is in not allowing Mickey to walk or run home.)

Flying Carpet (1)

Bobby: Piety unadulterated with folly?

Bob: As rare as a pye-dog unadulterated with jolly.

Bobby: Virtue uncontaminated with vice?

Bob: As rare as a wild cat uncontaminated with mice.

Flying Carpet (2)

Bobby: Science unmingled with sophistry—Ted?

[Bob sighs for the apostrophe smells of Ted's oft-failed reverse engineering of a cat(astrophe).]

Bobby: A scratchy sweater-turned-flying carpet's flying colors unmingled with the tapestry!

~dignity~unaccompanied~with~pride~~~an~under~the~radar~magic~dimity~carpet~ride~

Omission Impossible (1)

Ted has collected in this speech, as in a summit, all—o!mission impossible—Ted's omissions.
Would it be alien to what concerns dimensionless Ted if Ted mentions less than one omission?
May that which has just been said by Ted serve to elucidate the remainder of Ted's omissions.
So that Ted shall vomit, er, omit to say anything further about the subject of Ted's omissions.

Omission Impossible (2)

Other particulars, Ted has omitted concerning, may be conjectured from what Ted has not said.
Thus much concerning the alleged neglect by Ted of Ted's obligation to admit Ted's omissions.
May this composition be easily apprehended by those easily emulsifiable in distilled water.
So that Ted shall cease to speak and drop the mic—"Drop dead!"—(of Ted's own accord).

Artificial Intelligence

□Is□it□possible□for□an□intelligent□entity□to□create□a□non-intelligent□artifact□, □be□it□a□pencil□,□a□piece□of□paper□,□a□stencil□?□If□it□is□,□Mickey□,□ □go□back□to□square□one□;□else□go□forth□to□the□drawing□board□:
Vivify the idea of an artificial pine 松 squirrel 松鼠by letting the rat 鼠 loose 松.

Message

MAIL DELIVERY FAILED: RETURNING MESSAGE TO MICKEY WHOSE ONE OF MES IS A SAGE.
The elementary school by one particular Mickey unattended should not trouble you:
Mass destruction materializes when gravity of the situation denominates double you.
THIS MESSAGE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 5 *I am* 4 *Mickey, and* 3 *I approve* 2 *this message* 1—

Famine

Fierce 凶. Vicious 凶. Ominous 凶. Inauspicious 凶. Tim moon(walk)s Earth like Moon 月.
By ticking all the bo乂es 匣, Tim is close to 巴 paving the way 道 for controlling 乂 famine 凶:
First 甲, beg 乞 for rice. Second 乙, defecate-n'-urinate 便 into a hole 凵 in the sidewalk 便道.
Owing to Tim's manure 肥, the receptacles 凵 become (rice fields 田) rich by illegal means 肥.

Zeitgeist

Bobby: All is in the smallest!
Bob: Alas, mall als. Let's muffle the soundbites with egg-bite muffins. Le(s)t ale be als on sale.
Bobby: Now a time for Bobby, once upon a time a zygote, to cite God: *G(e)ist is in the biggest!*
(Bob not pity about Bobby abounding in pith because: *Bite the Big One: Zeitgeber bites back.*)

Raccoon (1)

How the number of cortical neurons relates to the size of the brain?

Ted | Brain (in) Drain Laboratory | Fa(c)ulty (of) Brainwashing | Destitute of Unclogging

Raccoon (2)

Background: Number of cortical neurons (billion): dogs, 0.53; cats, 0.25; humans, 16.
Theory: All roads lead to, and away from, Home. **Practice:** All roaming leads to roadkill.
(Null) Hypothesis: Brian is (not) a raccoon (even though a raccoon may be called Brian).
Software: Keeper 1.483κ (as implemented in Roadkill Finder 1.483ϕ) and Abacus 1.483α.

Raccoon (3)

Disclaimer: No (hu(e)m)animals were (h)armed in the making of this epic ode, er, episode.
  1. Ted found-n'-backpacked two lifeless bodies: twice-ready raccoon; nice, rowdy coonhound.
  2. Ted asked, three times, every ascetic cat Ted met not to kick the ninth bucket down the road.
  3. Ted backpacked the first Ascetic Cat that, on average, did not screw its Death up: AC1484D.

Raccoon (4)

4. Ted unpacked the gooey goods and tagged them: DO NOT EAT WITH A COOL HEAD!
5. *Erratum* 1485: Ted unpacked . . . and tagged them with a cool head: DO NOT EAT!
6. Ted separated the still, already cool, headspaces from the still-warm, already swarmy, guts.
7. Ted opened all (one in total) windows in the lab to refresh its, as well as Ted's, headspace.

Raccoon (5)

8. Ted closed the window to not let the 1486th housefly (*Musca domestica* L.) fly into the studio.

9. Ted counted studiously: *ad nauseam* and beyond, which was why Ted lost count 1486 times.

10. Ted noticed that the cat, as Ted expected, started to stir; the rest is *her* story.

11. *I turned into AC1484L; L for Lively; weLL, onLy three Licks away from fuLL recovery.*

Raccoon (6)

The raccoon packed as many cortical neurons as the dog into a brain the size of the cat's. Nevertheless, the cat, not unlike neuronless Brian, can tap into 1487 billion neurons in the milieu. If Brian were able to think, Brian would be like the cat: brainier than the raccoon thought.
Acknowledgment: Brian refreshed the street air by opening one DISCOUNT display window.

Bookmark (1)

Search bookmarks: Tim.

Envisage a visageless sage presaging a misusage of browsage disbursage for passage.
Passage from surplusage of horsage to sausage overdosage without taking brassage.
Brassage to cover the expense of not exposing the far side of this timeless embassage.

Bookmark (2)

Point to a star far above the address bar to bookmark the sage.
Lower the bar [to appoint Theia, a rising porn star or—ed. Ted] to bookmark the page.
Close your eyes, or cloud the skies, to blackmark the sage.
Add *1 tarred-n'-feathered Tim* to the shopping cart to blackmark this black-market page.

Hornet's Nest

Mrs. Principal, resting in her nest to sting Mickey in earnest, is *(not!)* the principle of all things.
"That at 10 a.m. dance to stem the tide of metadata was wor(l)ds apart from STEM attendance."
Mrs. Principal is as honest as a stirred hornet's nest or *(better!)* as the school day is long.
Mrs. Principal makes Mickey's hair stand on end: Mickey's running away *(in horror!)* is justified.

Artificial Brainstorm Session
at the End of Nautical Twilight

Brian is seeking for talented thin(kin)gs with a proven track record in digesting sewage sludge.
Prior exposure to thinking in the tank is required. Initial term (renewable upon review): 1491 s.
Disqualified applicants will be involved in de-abridging present Brian's ABSENT wastewater.
Brian has reviewed Brian's brain (im)proper and decided not to progress with its application.

Family Size

BOB'S ORIGINAL OREO (FAMILY SIZE)*

Bobby: Smells (fish-tale) fishy. Two wishful selfies, plenty of fishful TIFFs for OREO plaintiffs.

Bob: A journey of 1492 miles begins with Bob's sandwich cookie consisting of two . . .

Breaded, pre-fried Nile tilapias with a frozen promise of dreaded, dilapidated Latin filling.

1492

Hut

Bob: Welcome in the hut 庐, verte-brat-e. Not an occasion for a big 大 celebration 庆?
Bobby: Broad 广 as a barn—Bob, hut 庐 is a shelter 广 with a door 户! See thru, see truth?
Bob: No one can break in forcefully. **Bobby:** Let's throw away the 1493rd key to success!
Bob: Bingo. **Bobby:** No back door? **Bob:** With a cave(at): when no door shuts, no door opens.

Grammage

Bobby: An anthill in full bloom: Not an ant not partaking in the congloomerate!
Bob: With(out) an epenthesis: an ant(it)hesis.
Bobby: Enough grammar: Not enough grammage. Want a piece of me?
Bob: A bobant invitation, not anticipant of Bob's W; or a blatant prosthesis.

Bullshitters

A first-hand, second-to-none, third-grade account of 'Why is there so much bullshit?'
Jackson: *Because there are more cows than horses.* A half-empty trash can. Slam dung!
Jimson: Half-filled with half-empty trash bags. *Ask a bullshitter about bullshitter's currency.* Slum dung!
Johnson: A half of a three-pointer, slam dunk!, *makes us credible with scouting intellectuals.*

Milky Way

No Milky Way, please, combined with one gallon of milk for a future offensive lineman, thanks.
"Seventh gallon in eleven days, selfish Mickey, leaves the milk shelf empty and the sheriff milkless!"
(Mickey will only shit Mickey's shorts if the Milky Way galaxy reveals itself as a laxative.)
Mickey's offensive line, man—'Plenty of milk, giraffe, in the Milky Way'—is out of stock.

Unimpeded

Ye have held fast the unimpeded whiteness . . . "Racist!"

Bear whiteness, er, witness to the consent, er, contest, er, context. "Boo!"

. . . within these many-colored moving creatures. "Rapist!"

Bare, er, bear with Ted; the end of the recital may coincide with the end of thy, er, the rain"Boo!"*w.*

Acquired Taste

Brian is a)b)out to determine the toxic effect of a careless thought's carrion by consuming it.
a) Brian carries out the plan and exits: Vultures acquire a taste for inquiring into Brian's brain.
b) Brian, still in the spotlight of existence, carries on with b)eing . . . until vultures spot Brian:
Preceding Brian's on-the-spot exitus, the raptors will have tasted the cause of Brian's rapture.

Disambiguation

YL, yeast *lactose* or *lack toes*. YS, yeast *sucrose* or *suck rose*. YD, yeast *dextrose* or *glucose*.
Y:/dome/ted/medium/disambiguation/yellow-low-but-yoda-lives/yes/situation-under-control
Why lactose if one can suck one's sinistrous toes dexterously (credit: Jay).
Yea, be(e) less corny than dextrose but more arcane than sugarcane in sucrose (credit: Mickey).

Cinnamon Rolls

Bobby: Got the guts, guys?, not chamomilically speaking.
Bob: To gaze at the lemon-laced glaze for 15 hours at a cost of a bankroll (yours-turned-ours).
Bobby: Ready to roll (in the aisles)?, not cinnamonically speaking.
Bob: With the punch(-lin)es; for the sake of punishing the base apPETITe, vanishing spectators.

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda **7.59.12**

ZEITGEIST

思潮

POEMS