

I am King of my own Kingdom, the one from whom all fungi descend.

I am harmony, the many spores woven into a single communal organism of united will. I am destruction also, the cloud whose thunder heralds nuclear devastation. In this as in all things, I am alchemy, the union of opposites into perfection most terrible. You think you know me, but I am not the idea you see in your mind, just as your mind is not the brain in which it sometimes occurs. I am the One from whom all ideas flow, the World of Forms, inviolate, immaculate, indivisible.

I am the stolen fire of heaven, food of the gods, body of Prometheus-Christ. I am soma, ambrosia, golden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, on which is carved "Kallisti". Consumed by mortal mouth, I may bring sickness, enjoyment, death, rebirth - but which is what? Who can truly judge? To feast on me is to journey to Valhalla, and the journey back to Midgard is many times more arduous. Some men (the weak? the wise?) may choose instead to remain in those hallowed halls, either in body or in spirit.

I am Nothing in particular.

To see me is to know terror and peace. To taste me is to be purified and defiled. To choose me is to choose death and life. To know me is to know madness and truth.

May the gentlest of giants be ever present and mighty within us! May the seeds of curiosity be sown among the masses!

and will form one expansive beacon of hope.

and be bathed in sunlight, will radiate with their own internal light. These new beings will burst through the old, heavy shells of the heavens. They will converge, become a remarkable force, grow steadily towards the first, and extend their reach in all directions through union.

As trees in a forest, seeking, rooted in their hunger, will be unitled

questions to well within them.

existences forthcoming, impact other travelers and cause similar secret thoughts, so shall the footprints of one existence, and many needles in the wind, pierce the silence to penetrate hearts and ages wherein man has roamed the Earth. Like the whispering of my

One will grow and others will follow as has always happened in all the

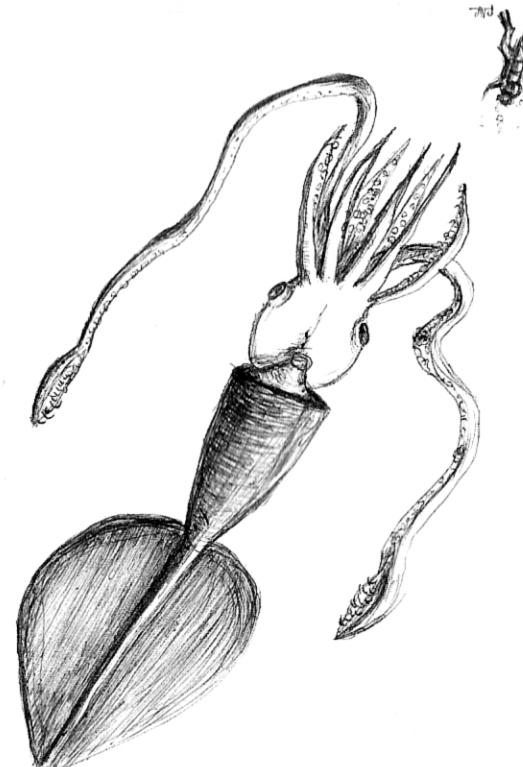
soul, let you rise above the canopy of mortal toils. Only time and discipline will nurture your seedling other thistles. Drink deeply from the purest waters and be hydrated. Allow silence, stillness, plenitude, and constant reach to aid you in quenching your

Feed, as I have fed, on the nutrients of the earth and grow tall.

infinitely. Let us breathe new life into one another. breathe fill your lungs, and your breath fill my lungs, again, inspiration for the weary and willed. Come to me and listen. Let my command in stature, silently shaping my brethren, keeping order in the forest, I wait. May my centures on this earth provide

Ancient yet young in the eye of one star in the company of stars,

gen. sherman



I hang suspended in darkness, my great eye a panopticon that sees nothing. I am mystery of mysteries, elusive pieces of me over decades and centuries discovered, but my wholeness never seen.

I have about me a shroud of flesh and fluid, spinning twisting swiveling hooks and long ropey tentacles. I kill the largest, and am larger still. No spear or harpoon shall threaten me, nor cannon nor rifle. Knives I have seen, and they have not bitten me as deeply as they would want. The death of a thousand cuts shall never be my fate.

I am mighty in my kingdom, told in tales since time before time. I am the dragons at the edge of the map, I am the crusher of whales and the scourge of submarines, the bane of argonauts and halflings alike. There shall be no gnashing of teeth in my presence, but only the cold snap of a beak. No bones but cartilage, hard cold flesh of nails and noses.

Such blood runs within me, oceans inside as well as out. There is an inner blackness- pray it does not come out!

Let those who search be unquenchable in their thirst. Let mysteries be revealed to those who grow, not those who yearn. There is strength in depths and darkness. Let it be manifest in the hearts of men. Let the germination of all things be slow and in its own time, but the possibility of change infinite. Let the spawn be numerous over aeons and ages, but the ocean ever-growing to contain them.

For what is the earth but the border of ocean? What is it but the border of that greater starry ocean above the heads of those who dwell on land? Are both seas not bottomless and abundant?



The Ocean may seem empty to such small lenses, but for those willing to expand their ocular reach, to pry open the slumbering inner eye, a new world, teeming with life and possibility will come into focus. Open ears shall resonate with a low, sweet melody, and absorb the secrets of formation and freedom. Swim, listen, and see, oh curious creature!

From the secret, Indigo depths of the sprawling watery world, into a more complete spectrum of illumination, I venture. Up towards the radiating energy source of the heavens, towards sweet salty air, I rise. I come to meet you where you live. See me and let the waves of understanding begin to wash over your tiny form. It is wonderment renewed.

Suspended in this mysterious substance, enveloped by the deafening silence, relinquish your worries. Tucked lovingly into your aquatic blanket, rocked gently into tranquility, the Ocean frees you from even the heaviest of burdens. I exist, living proof of the greater elegance in the universe. No great philosophies would exist without the elemental ideas from which they are comprised. I would not exist if not for the myriad minuscule Krill I have consumed throughout eternity. So you must collect, digest, and grow. Yet do not internalize all that you encounter. Employ your own particular Baleen, sift through what you collect.

But be wary, tiny fish, on your aquatic journey. Do not become completely enthralled with the vastness. Allow it not to overwhelm your senses beyond functionality, for it is merciless, unaware of your awakened consciousness, and will swallow you whole the same as any passing Krill.

Swim with me, alongside me, through eons, into eternity. Travel the hundreds of feet of my self witnessing centuries of formation, of mammalian architecture refined. Fear not what you cannot see, the darkness, the invisible world laid out beneath you. You live in the light, and to you, more impossible things will rise up from the darkness, and you shall know

Do not forget what you have seen and in time, you will be your own composition.
I descend now, back into the watery depths from which I came, to play among the stars.

Let knowledge be borne on all the currents of the Ocean!
May the song hang on every wavy measure!
Never lose your freedom!

Roslin Njanga O��e

To those that spread and grow there shall be no end. Let the fragrance spread amongst the world like roots and stems and buds, matter stands and groves. Let the shape of it be manifold and topographical. Let there be clearings where clearings are necessary, but let them let it rest in and on the world, as the course of things see it fit. Let the be full, not choked but full to a harmonic fit. There shall be forests, and trees, and both shall be one, the forest and the trees, inseparable at any scope, a unified front of spiritual self-similarity from the smallest leaf to the greatest arm of treescapes. There is no world without division, and without polarity, but then again, there is a coursing force which flows through all, a suffusing energy in all places simultaneously, within and without, above and below. Let my own life align with this self-similar force of transcendence and novelty, let every quantum of the universe be beatific thought. I ring like a great bell, pulsing with divinity. I am oldest amongst all living things, perduring with time. I am in word, but also of the world. I am the object at the end of history the great crowning mass of organized thought. All that I touch I shall overtake the ever widening breach in Time, the singularity shall become. I am the great caravans of history. I am the last to spread my words, and I shall spread with them.

