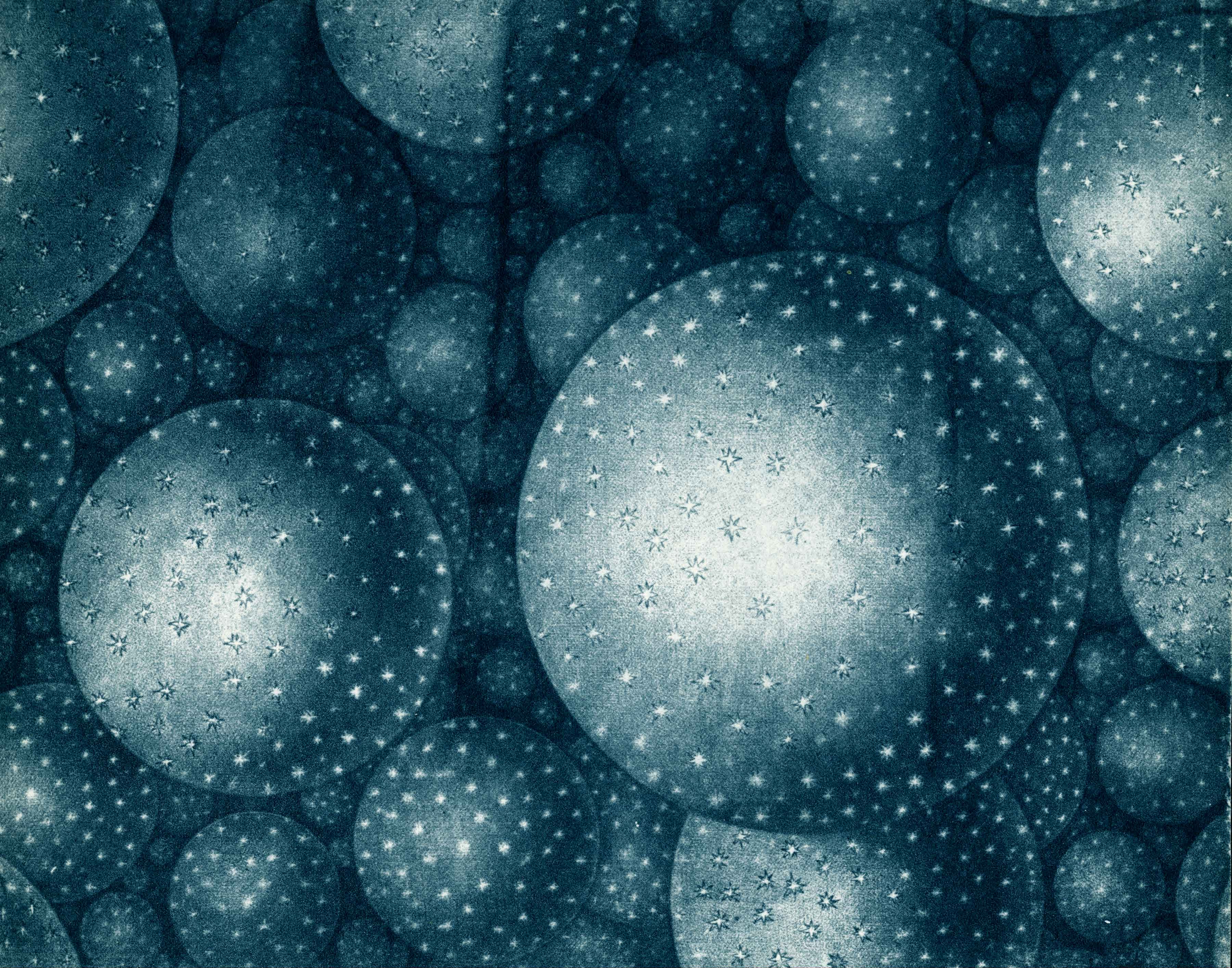


THE TICK AND TOCK OF TIME

SUCH-TO-BE-AM-WAS-AS-SUCH

I HAVE LIVED AN ASTRONOMICAL
NUMBER OF SECONDS, MINUTES,
HOURS, DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS,
YEARS AND DECADES ALL AT ONCE,
AS REAL AS SHAKESPEARE'S
INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT.
I CALL MYSELF DUANE,
A SHOWOFF WHO STRUTS
AND FRETS AND WILL VANISH
LIKE THE REST.



THE TICK AND TOCK OF TIME

THIS IS NOT NOW

**LIFE IS A MOMENT CALLED NOW
WHICH IS NOT NOW. TIME IS
AN OCEAN OF CRESTING WAVES
AS AWARENESS, WHICH SPLASH
INTO PARTICLES OF MEMORY. I
DROWN IN THE ILLUSION OF THIS
IMPLODING REALITY, AND SURVIVE
BELIEVING THE **FILIGREES** OF
MY FANCIES. ALL SEEMS TO BE
VIBRATING PARTICLES OF
CONSCIOUSNESS CAST ON THE
SCRIM OF CONSENSUS.**

THE SIMULTANEOUS NOW

SENSATION AS A CLOUD OF
PARTICLES. A SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION OF INGREDIENTS.
9:31 AM! 98.6 TEMPERATURE!
BLOOD PRESSURE 140 OVER 60
LATE! HURRY! HURRY! CASH!
TAXI! **NICE ASS!** GO! WAIT! WARM!
NO! DISINTEGRATING AND
APPEARING CONSTANT IN ITS
VIRAL INCONSISTENCY.
UNBEKNOWNST TO ME.

NOW AS VORTEX.

**AN OSCILLATING VACUUM OF
CURLICUES AND CIRCLES
FORMING A SINGULARITY OF
IMPRESSIONS. **TO-BE-AM-WAS.****

THE ONCE AND ALWAYS NOW.

****BOW WOW** DO YOU HEAR THAT?**

**THIS SENTENCE IS PROOF THAT
I ONCE THOUGHT THIS SENTENCE.**

SO WHAT OF IT?

