

POST-INHUMANISM

“How is it that anything so remarkable as a state of consciousness comes about as a result of irritating nervous tissue, is just as unaccountable as the appearance of the Djinn, when Aladdin rubbed his lamp.”—Thomas H. Huxley

“The vow to meet each other.”—Joan Halifax

EACH OTHER’S YOU

Unless we stop, how can we see? Until we stop cold, how can we hear the red-eyed vireos sing in the top branches of the tallest dead tree. They sing to be seen; that their song may carry, their species live on.

Hiroshima Day—August 6th—today. Beloved friend Iki Nakagawa living in the apartment just below my apartment. It’s only been 80 years. Same peoples. Bitterest of enemies. Best allies. Unpredictably pendular. Will we ever catch on? Differentiation is commonality. We are both I’s. Each other’s you.

I ask my daughter (code name *Miracle*) “Can a poem stop a bomb?” “Can a poem stop a bomb from being dropped in the past.” I’ve asked this of myself my entire life. Can a poem—a tone—stop a bomb, or a bullet-about-to-be? Not a trace of hesitation in her response: “of course it can.” I’m asking the bomb itself “Can a bomb stop a bomb?”—as people are in all probability deaf to the poem, deaf to the bomb. May the bomb be listening. May the bomb be greater than its purpose. May the bomb not listen to us, who make the bombs to begin with. The brain of the bomb. The brains behind the bomb—once the mind is lodged in the brain.

It only took 7 years to set the mind in motion, to go from A to H and make what may split the planet in two; from knowing there are neutrons in nature to the Manhattan Project Gadget, 13 years. After Kuzka’s Mother—Tsar Bomba—it should take no time at all to stop. Sustained chain reaction is a simulacrum of civilization, an anthro-morphing of nuclei. Insight into its physics can’t stop the chain reaction in a poem. Insight bombardment are the neutrons splitting fissile mind. 300,000 years to come up with a peace plan for human, we’ve had.

Is bloodshed fissile or indivisible? Is ochlocracy? Is malevolence from manufacture separable? All compound things will be made simple. That’s why we’re upset. That’s why we suffer. That’s why we explode—while the sheer beauty of the world is our only need.

To be in the heaven of humanness—

had the force of the Tzar bomb not already resided within us, deterrence would not have been intimidation

had the bioswales been in place for our most violent outbursts, had only forest bathing, mud bath and sweat lodge preceded wars that would then not-have-been, it would have been enough

had we applied annihilation to greed and grasping ego, without our truces, treaties and ceasefires, it would have been enough

had we kept the vow never vowed, our virtues would not be valueless; egregious acts on both sides would have gradually subsided

nonha onha nonh nhar onhar onh nha hahr mbh hahrmhbha unha, nuh uh, un ahr, nonharmbda, unahrmhbha

hostility toward poverty, hospitable militarism, humanracism, had we not hosted all hatreds

unco uncon uncond uncondit unconditi unconditiona unconditionalgia unconditioninalienable

unconditionaleatorily

ambiunconditionallaying omniunconditionalimentary equiunconditionalignment

protounconditionaltruisticiatricracy

peaceoidopsy

pathyplegic

misopnea

misophic

love. The mind is not the brain's lightbulb. We don't have to invent freedom from fear. It would have been enough, had we *stopped*, rested ears, eyes in order to see, hear, feel.

Jeffrey Epstein pictured with Pope John Paul II, Mick Jagger and Fidel Castro, with birthday greetings from Noam Chomsky and Woody Allen. If we could explain this. The great deprecation, praying against ourselves, lying in wait.

Make annihilation positive again. Skip the news that creates the news ex nihilo, that does not create the news ex nihilo to be salutogenically accurate.

It's simple to frame all the pain as a 16th century Euro one-off, and not human consistency. Wipe our worst from the face of the earth, replicate, repeat.

Had that with which they pursue their knowledge been in question.

Had Galileo taken up the toy-telescope and peered past the *topos hyperuranios* to *Sukhavit*, as well, or seen luminosity itself;

had van Leeuwenhoek peered into the space between his animalcules, beyond the *khôra*; either would have been enough.

Blow the mind, *before* casting off.

Psychosis would not have been the export. With all the rigor with which the west observed, had it observed that which observes, remembers, desires; voices raised only to warn of danger.

Stromatolites—earliest life— were not only enlightened...they are enlightenment. Intimacy is the most accessible natural phenomenon of all, yet it has no physical correlate. Touch itself does not touch.

What we think we know but don't ... sends us to war. I saw language coming from the outside.

To the victor go the spoils: depression, anxiety, PTSD, guilt, suspicion. The biochemical definition of distrust is a recipe for the blood-red, gleaming, fickle, fiery, lethal elixir of immortal life.

The cause of consciousness is being conscious. It turns out that the most advanced technology is either a prayer wheel or cheerfulness. In the exact science of dreaming, the oppressed, in power, admit they would be no less oppressive, the ruthless admit the reason for their ruthlessness is never the reason admitted.

To suffer less, why do anything at all? The despot is also fighting against authority and occupying common ground. The body is exposed and vulnerable while we can't even find the mind; feelings that are hurt...we'll never know where they are. Endless sky will set you free; the right set of beliefs will bind you. Were Abrahamic dharmic and dharmic Abrahamic. Had we not drowned ourselves out.

Had we only not known, not gotten it all wrong,

it would have been enough. Not only peaceful, had we only known what it is that is at peace, there would be peace enough to go around.

per pertu perturba perturbat perturbatata perturbati perturbatio ovation

Contemplative inquiry starts with the basic impossibility of being unethical. (Of the contemplative being unethical, if it is indeed the contemplative.) If not *so*, we forgot to not prepare. And if *so*, we couldn't possibly be more unprepared.

Unquiry is unscience. Cast off without having first discovered that which seeks? For the entire worlds of bluefin, loggerhead, rhino, otter, whooping crane, sandalwood, flytrap, glossopteris, cry violet, coral reef, leafhopper, sugarfoot moth, copper butterfly, panther—human footstep is a total detonation.

BARBARITY OR BLISS?

TD Bank is advertising itself as "Unexpectedly Human." "We now presume our inhumanity to such an extent that humanity may come as a surprise, a delight, a treat, and not only from the financial services sector. This effect falls

under the hypernym humanure. Humanity has encroached upon itself to such an extent its imperiled sightings are actually relic or prescient pareidolia. An inhumanity you can bank on.”

To write this impossible writing, live—whether this means to write or not write, I don’t know.

In the greatest reversal of all time: we’re seeking a totally technologically dominated human nature. To surprise ourselves, AI (or II, Imitation Intelligence) must be even more arrogant than *us*.

To write a sentence I may never fully understand. That we’re human owing only to the backdrop of the denial of nature’s impenetrability...is the cause of our inhumanity. I’m scarcely concerned with a future technostic agnostic Homo Deus, and wholly fixated on current, life-threatening, inhumanity.

Our present is a matter of getting ahead of ourselves. We may not have a future, as we innovate to overcome aging and death, an indeterminate life-extension that would compound all problems exponentially. I can’t *make* this writing say anything, one way or another.

To take on the discourse of impossible peace; to be forced into reiterating that killing each other is not necessarily a constituent feature of humanity, to prove it—is not only exhausting and aggravating, not only distracting but, by its own design, dispossessive. I mean, discursive destitution keeps me from *abundance*, from making an offering far beyond, or minus, my making or any making of a morbid body of words.

One step at a time, where there are no steps.

Last week, a Director of Marketing, Communications and Public Relations asked me if I was a “posthumanist.” I’ve been rather deeply disturbed ever since. It’s explosive to restrict the genealogy of hegemony and humanracism to the last 500 years (or, to the past and present alone). And it is *explosive not to*. I’m willing to say that I’m a *post-inhumanist*, but only this once.

Nietzsche referred to democracy as an *idiosyncrasy*; a freak (and unfortunate) event allowed by the suppression of life-force, by the “ascetic ideal” if you will. (Altruism is ascetic: the suspending of one’s own good for the good of another—could get you killed, right? Could be confusing, for the confused.) We’re so democratically self-assured we have difficulty sensing our liberal social contracts as fragile, fledgling, wishful, fizzling ephemera.

Equally fleetingly is my mission: to set up an irreal, irreligious, Ascetic Ideal versus Power Ideal zero-sum game. I won’t state that John von Neumann-esque zero-sum framing is a cause or contributing factor for guaranteed warfare, or hold out any minimaxed hope that worst-case scenarios and probable mutual self-destruction have a credible equilibrium solution. I will state that the Power Ideal is assured self-destruction while the Ascetic Ideal is survivable soft-destruction (buying time, so to speak, to see the light). I should have first said that Nietzsche is *zero-sum incarnate*. Am I at war? At war with—i.e., against—zero-sum, the constant that keeps us at each other’s throats, as the story of my life, having thrown away worldly victories left and right? Having played to beat, not opponents, but the game itself? Am I at war with war with war, and not “against”? No, war is the most intense complicity.)

Power inverts. Authoritarian rule is overturned by another form of oppression. Virtue turns to vice. The Age of Enlightenment has been played by the Age of Dark Enlightenment. The will to power can only become the nihilism it rails against.

Binaries don't exist, even relatively speaking. Power is inverted, subverted, controverted, diverted, perverted, obverted, extroverted, etc-verted. Democracy seeks a despot to dominate.