

ANTO SEVEN

Summer

I
n
the
presence
of Life: Now:
Today: In his bright
garden: In this lovely moment
as he gazed from under his hot wet eye
lids at his latest cultivation: The blue rose
Remembrance: Sinfan allowed his mind to wander
like a little troubadour back across the song of the years:
so many notes: so many chords: so many counterpoints into the
precise present: Now: Sinfan gazed lovingly at the brilliant blooming
flower glory in the garden through the perfect mirror window of his empty
mind. This is my real food, Sinfan realized. My banquet. Now the large sweating
Blemish loped into the garden of sparkling roses, a coke with a dash of bitters in each
hand, and a telephone on a long cord under one arm. Sinfan realized wordlessly: I like Blemish,
as he took a deep puff on his cigarette and somehow blew star shaped smoke rings about him. Very
good student. Blemish smiles when most people are grouchy and he keeps his mouth shut and learns like a
very careful sieve, not like a sponge. Very bright. Very pleasant. Lucky enough to need help. I must remember
to remind him not to drag his knuckles on the flowers when he lopes through them. I am. I am. I am. Crazy. It is. It
is. It is. Crazy. We are. We are. We are. Crazy. Sinfan giggled silently. Sinfan said to Blemish: "Sit down. Have a
coke. Don't work too hard!" Blemish said: "Thanks," as sweat poured down his face in the hot sun. "There's a phone
call for you. Want it?" Sinfan asked: "Why not?" as Blemish placed the two cokes on a flat rock in Sinfan's sitting place
and handed the telephone to Sinfan. Sinfan said: "Yes!" cheerfully into the telephone. "Who is it that dares disturb the peace
that passes all understanding of the Poor, Orphaned and Homeless, Low and Weak, Lord of Both Worlds, Thorn of Truth,
Splinter of Reality, Sublime Seeker of Humanity, Recoverer Of The Fabled Pearl Beyond Price Washed Up On The Shore Of The
Ocean Of Being, The Sun Of Man, Discoverer Of The Subtle And Elusive Spark Of Life, Uncoverer Of Just About All Truth, etc: In
short: The Little Giant of Consciousness? Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee Hee." Sir Archibald Blood exasperated impatiently
at his end of the telephone. His voice sounded very fizzy and sweet with a dash of acid in it: "This is Sir Archibald Blood. I
must tell you something." Sinfan realized: It is 96 degrees and humid and I can't just drink a coke and quench my thirst like
any ordinary person could do. I have to listen to this morbid crap. What a pest! Oh, well! I might as well get it over with. I'll
never have to talk to the poor rat again. He's too cruel for enlightenment. And too big in the greedy way in the shit part of the
brain. He really is too afraid to seek humanity inside. He just wants to trade in hurting of feelings. What a poor ambition!
Sinfan asked: "Yes, Archie, what is it? Your voice sounds well beyond the pleasure principle," patiently awaiting the inevitable
attack: compassionately hoping against reason for good cheer and friendship from a victim of too excessive cruelty in child
hood. Sir Archibald Blood screamed into his end of the telephone: "You're not helping me! My poor wife is dying of dryness
of the brain and I've had a mistress for five years! It's painful. You're a monster! You're not kind. I've had to take some of
my poor wife's tranquilizers, you've upset me so much! This isn't right, what you're doing to me! Whenever I lower
myself into fornicating my mistress, I suffer. I come to you on the knees of my mind for spiritual guidance! You
hate me. You shower of hatred and venom. My poor mother. You told me it's good that I fornicated my
mother! That that is what everyone desires to do! Dr. Demerit says you're giving me
terribly bad vibrations, I do not know what you are, but you are never at all
spiritual. You are not at all right! No! You're not spiritual. You are
fornicating with my life. No! You're not my teacher! I simply do
not trust you. You're hypnotizing me! You're
turning me into a robot.
I don't feel you're right for me.
Don't you dare get to fuck my wife!
I need something more spiritual than you!
You lousy little piece of misshapen wog shit!
Don't you dare get in formation to fuck my lousy wife!"

S
ir
Ar
chi
bald
Blood
screamed:
“I’ve been so
wrong to feel so
sorry for you because
you’re so small and have such a
pathetic energy level, but I must speak
the truth! You’re full of self-will! I’ll never speak
to you again! Your work isn’t right! My every instinct tells
me I must follow my own light! You don’t play the game fair!
You’re presumptuous and lack taste uh taste. We can never be fwends.
Fwends as I understand it are people who share the same homesickness and
whose hearts hunger for the same lick uh light. I’ve been pwaying for hours and
my sacred voice deep in the bowels of my heart told me to never pway uh play uh speak
with you again!” Sinfan said cheerfully: “I’m very glad to hear that. There’ll always be an
England! Maybe you should have me put me in a concentration camp on Cyprus or maybe in
Calcutta or how about Dublin or what about good old Reading Jail! Well, thank you, Archie. You
do not hate me. You hate your mother for her cruelty to you and you are afraid to admit it. I am just
trying to defend you from the residue of that ugly bitch inside you. I am not home sick. I am not hungry
for light. I am crazy. Period. And if you’re ever lucky enough to need help, you cruel and greedy pathetic son
of a bitch, please let me know.” Sinfan heard a terrific gasp from the other end of the telephone and then Sir Archi
bald Blood screaming senselessly over and over again: “Shut up! You dirty little Jap wog beast! You pig sticker! I
hate you! Shut up! You bloody little queen fucker! I hate you! You’ll never scream at me again you ugly little yellow
rat! Mother knows just how to get rid of dirty little rat shit!” And then a slam. And a dead line. Oh, well, you can
only help some people by letting them hate you, Sinfan realized. He just wants to destroy me the way his mother
destroyed him. Poor bastard. Nothing is more pitiful than a beaten child holding on to a cruel mother or father by
imitating them. Sinfan smiled wistfully and handed the telephone back to Blemish. Sinfan cried: “You were right,
I didn’t want it. But we must not do what we want, we must want what we do. We must become actively passive on
the inside and passively active on the outside.” Blemish asked: “Do you think Archie will be O.K.?” Sinfan cried:
Enormous rivers of tears flew out of his eyes and drowned his little fingers as he rubbed his cheeks, eyes and neck: ¹
“Sure. He can transfer all his hatred for his mother and father onto me and not have to feel guilty about hating his
parents.” Blemish asked: “Won’t he feel guilty about hating you? Or realize what a stupid asshole he is?” Sinfan
smiled cheerfully: “Always remember: Only intelligent people realize they are stupid and crazy. Stupid people
always think they are the armpit of baby Jesus. A Jap midget? Who couldn’t hate a Jap midget guiltlessly?”
Blemish said: “I couldn’t. You’ve been very kind to me and taught me wonderful things.” Sinfan said:
“Oh, you! You’re different! You’re almost as crazy as I am! Ho.Ho.Ho.Hu.Hu.Hu.Hee.Hee.Hee.”
They sipped their cool drinks. Blemish said: “I saw the suchness of the roses today.” Sinfan
said: “You mean you sensed your own suchness. It’s all in your own mind. Did you
find a girlfriend yet?” Blemish said: “Yes.” Sinfan asked: “Is she beautiful?”
Blemish said: “She’s O.K.” Sinfan said: “It’s all in your own mind.
Man does not live on food alone. Seek humanity inside and
outside and in between when you’re fucking. Here.
A telegram came for me. Read it to me.”

¹ This is the only line in this poem that is not true. It has been placed here deliberately to allow a wider audience to enjoy this poem as I have been advised by friends in the media of Dumbdowner’s Law: The more senseless blabbering, whining, and sniveling that responds to leading, “you must feel bad about this?” questions, the greater the number of imprudent people that are tricked into addiction to fake suffering.

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 In the presence of
 Life: The merciful:
 The compassionate:
 I swear that: The
 cold spring of your giant
 lies will know: My little hot summer

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8 Cherry 7 Butterscotch 6 Strawberry 5 Chocolate
 4 Pistachio 3 Raspberry 2 Sugar Cone 1 Melt Down
 0 Nothing a Sprinkles

And so ends the third part of the life of David Daniels