

THE MAVERICK F VARIATIONS

Hearts And Minds

This is a parable for the clever kids. Nursery rhymes for politicians, next muck.

Are your arms inside the metaphor? Then, quick-quick, it's opportune to leap now, from that timesink to this, or from one sinkhole to another - it doesn't matter how you view it - we need to snap the arrow altogether to get a grasp or grope of this meander: a reverse migration, to find ourselves sinking upwards through the yellow bog in the roof of your dreams - here, take a hand! Keep hold of your wits: there'll be no chance to send a rabbit back for them, to drop them would be a calamity: they'll be stewed soon enough. Your wits, that is: the bunny - no such luck on this night of nights.

Back to it...addlings upon addlings, you will realize that the shavings from your own coherence are so dense on the floor that you can wade through them, and mine, and your Aunty Betty's (or, for quibbling's benefit, her nemesis or namesake), and the population of several small archipelagos, all of the inhabited planets - the collective threshing room, if you will - mi casa, su casa, - my madness is your humbled abode. Or kingdom of abodes. Or ocean of kingdoms of abodes. Or, the chase cut to: universe of universes (to capitalize or not? Point of style overkill - take note of the anti-rules...hearts and minds inside the philosophy at all times please...)

- In a universe of universes, everything remains causal. (One cannot find anything in a universe of universes that does not have a relationship with things within a universe of universes.)
- The ability to displace with language diminishes with each additional universe.
- A universe of universes has more possibility space than can be imagined by a collective consciousness.
- In a universe of rockstars, everything whoops ass. Rockstars and whooping ass become passé.

"What the what? How the so? Is that EVEN a punchline? Can I get a hallelujah? My money back? A what-the-Dickens? A *headdesk*? A rhizome to regenerate the forest of my mind? A cruise missile to the island of my will? A string to fly the sanctity of my sanctities from the flagpole of my vanities? It's like we're on a first date and you've tried to slip your heebie-jeebies up my prep-school sensibilities. That will not DO sir!"

Patience, hopgrasser. My question is: whose sameness are you selling? Whose sameness are you buying? Are you one-and-the-saming with the sucker that was born through history: every...single...minute? You still have time, it's evident. You reek of it. Let it go, it's of no use to you here. Or there, take your pick. Green-eggs-and-ham it. I would not, COULD NOT, on a train. I would not, COULD NOT, in my brain. Imagination has volunteered to replace time in the universe, in toto. Nothing causes time but the thinking of others. Your life is the event horizon being mirrored back to the present from the future and the past, with units of measurement that you never had a hand in naming. Increments of yourself, possessed by a language of seconds and afternoons, hours and weekends, months and calendars!

For instance, how tall am I? Exactly one Maverick, give or take, thank you. What's my star sign? Twinkle, baby, twinkle. I measure myself in phenomenon. Phenomena. Manamana. Doo doo de doo-doo.

Yes, we are there yet. You can thank the in-flight crew at the after-party. For the moment, please allow me to climb out of your head in an orderly fashion. 🎩