

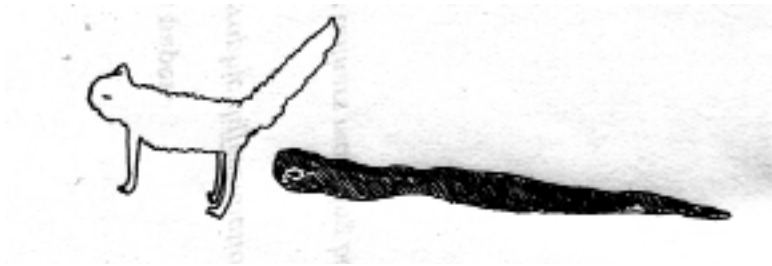
GHOST IN THE MACHINE: (A REPOSITORY)

#1

11 January 2015

siloh radovsky

Also watched a fluffy, small rabbit-dog poop out a snake: a shit anaconda with a jaw made from bone.



Its head moved around. I considered the nature of a beast made from excrement. Was it sentient? Circular? Could it digest?

May/June

①

May 30, 2014

Progress Report. Yes, there has been progress.

Cecile has had 16 radiation treatments and 4 chemotherapy treatments. At least one doctor and a couple of nurses have asked her "Don't you feel better? Do you have less pain?" Cecile answers yes, but not with the joyous enthusiasm they want to see, as an indication that the treatments are working. Cecile explains that yes, she has less pain, but doesn't know if that is because the tumor is shrinking or because the doctors have increased the amount of her pain medication. But either way, or some of each, she is feeling much better.

She still "walks funny", having a plastic bag strapped to each leg, one draining her right kidney, the other her bladder. Miscommunications and misunderstanding between the doctors, the insurance company, and the pharmacy are frequent and left to the patient to resolve! Then a someone called a case manager, but her only job seems to be to see that the visiting nurse who comes once a week to change the dressing at the site of kidney tube and to see that catheter is working properly, has the supplies she needs — and she can't even manage that.

So yes, there is progress, but accompanied by a lot of seemingly unnecessary frustration. But progress is good and we are grateful.

June 9, 2014 Cecile's "baggage" is cut in half; her bladder catheter is removed and things work on they should! (But some days nausea is severe, so still up & down.)

"For many of the same reasons, demonic action as an explanation for marvelous phenomena proved even more controversial (in addition to being wholly un-Aristotelian). Thomas Aquinas, for example, insisted that demons, like human souls, could only work through physical intermediaries such as vapors, the elements, or other applications of matter—a restriction that confined them to the domain of preternatural rather than supernatural action. His contemporary in Paris, Siger Brabant, went considerably farther, refusing categorically to admit demons into any strictly philosophical consideration and restricting them to the domain of entities whose existence was guaranteed by faith alone."

--Lorraine Daston and Katherine Park, *Wonders and the Order of Nature* (1998), pg 128

"Reintroducing feelings into politics thus also entails a reconsideration of histories of secularism."

--Ann Cvetkovich, *Depression: A Public Feeling*, (2012), pg 104

"In other words, our image of happiness is indissolubly bound up with the image of redemption."

--Walter Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History" (trans. Harry Zohn)

31 Dec 2014

The characters are a boy who loves the cult leader. I don't know who the cult leader is yet. There is a portrait on the wall of the grandfather. The life before is unknown. How does history seem? The soothsayer that he goes to visit. (What is the general and how can it be embodied in the particular?) He goes to the hospital. Somebody who loves him is watching. The extended family, and their financial support. "What is energy?" asks to the mother to the boy. In a past life she was a merchant in Venice. About prisons and about who is there to be pick up the slack. Your magic doesn't work in a juvenile detention facility. Characters and Structures. What did the writer learn in geography class? The fantasy place that would make it better. Is that where the story resolves itself: once there is an answer?

ENTREATMENT

Doing hard work and against what backdrop, the counter pressure

The other woman that is me and I want to do the work like a lift-off. An every day thing?

I showed my hands to my mother. "Are these lines for love?" I asked her and she said, "No: disappointment..."

I cannot always believe in a lift-off so the possibility of that kind of work in the remote shack of chance I construct and meanwhile the energy I channel into a drain, if I disappear it means x .

The blue-eyed Spanish Conquistador drew lines from his mouth to his neck with his fingers and said, "This is how we taste chocolate."

The Nazis had been providing the house for us and we tended to the baby that nobody dared to upset: a large dough child impossible oversized for such a newborn.

The simultaneity of the pasteboard and my own refractive index. The strain in my body and lamenting Why is it so hard to want again? and tipping over that glass

Its own pursuit trying to make myself spill out again but all held within the hem of my Tshirt, a stretchy vessel or a metaphor for extension.

Peering through the olden Refractive Index machine, a prism that locates the origin of a transparent substance an alternate study that I do not want only with my eyes: Why poetry in fragment and why needing to kick to the ground everything that is not me doing it, longing for the place where cognition is suspended in whether or not I will pull myself through each obstacle becoming now located in my body, a tangible place I can access and not fearing a cotton batting that distinguishes one part from the next. Even one part that had come before me, a work I buried in the ground knowing "it will be an everlasting tree" but I have not seen it sprout yet so once again the routines I call hollow, scheduled times of the day and when I will begin to believe it, feel it. And just me I blame now (so not flying but "exercising.") What would a place for words like the flowers in the glass cases, Beauty and the Beast? How interesting, because I had JUST been thinking about Poseidon and other such cartoons.

Meanwhile, I left the small house with dark wood and that irritating baby and went to pee in the corner of

the field, past my garden sprouting salad and chard, and I poured a dark tea to feed the soil, saying "that doesn't look as bad as I thought, after all", about the condition of the plants.

When I went to squat pee, the nanny I was, an elderly woman, could squeeze out no moisture and the rain began and then the lightening and the darkened downpour, all in the span of which I had been contracting my sphincter, with two bare bottoms brushing the ground. In the storm I sprinted through the little neighborhood built on the dirt garden, past the WASPS having a marriage argument at their veranda, and past a conversation about antler, sprinting to open the door of my dark little house in terror straight into the bedroom that had once been my own and now dispossessed for the sake of the Nazi's stupid baby and opened the heavy door to the darkness, praying for the room to be empty this time and for me to begin filling it with the space I emanate from my chest, a different kind of power, making a sanctuary.

As my heart rang in my chest, beating tinny and erratic as if ringing pots and pans, the way trains make loud handclaps as the gears are in motion; their own high-pitched beat of something forceful and chaotic kept on a track
and the room is empty
even of their ghosts and this is a beginning
I know them in their suits and gold lapels,
the tight shining emblems of the regroup when my job had been to wear gloves and wipe all of the diseases away,
left by blood and other fluids
and they think I am on their side
the old woman they pay
not in belief but they pay me and so I wear nightgowns and dresses for them
a product already of wars.

I shut the door with all of the ghosts and begin the exorcisms I didn't let on were in my repertoire, but hadn't needed to do, yet, in this lifetime.

(The lines for disappointment were growing more distance from each other and something happens in this one.)

(A force that becomes more powerful than Poseidon; who is he, anyways?)

Saving DHEA for the babies
 DHEA DNA and eating organs to have energy for crisis
 general crisis?

(and get tough)
 Excessive salivary appetite. Too much HCL, secretions. "Better or worse from spicy food?" Reflux. Benefit from trying to eat down on appetite (sour flavor, lemon, orange, minerals) (and eating certain food?) More raw vegetables + salads. Yellow Dock root (closest to homeopathic rhubarb). Circular thinking leading to insomnia, thought over + over.
 (Mentha for restless thoughts jumping all over. Also for insomnia when you fall asleep + then wake up)
 yellow dock, cardus
 lower into small + large intestines, rapid transit time. Not being dried out enough. So there are loose stools that are hard to expel. Leaves are very acidic like sheep sorrel. Tanning to intestinal. Good for stomach, really good for large intestine esp. and also small. Gentle laxative. Bleeding hemorrhoids (this is heat. Also yarrow or Bidens). (leaky gut - Polygonum hydropiper) Also acts on liver/gallbladder. Elongated reddish orange, moist on sides, kind of thru coating. (one of 3 good candida remedies)
 Colic, colitis, enteritis, even though it's bitter doesn't stimulate appetite as much for gut digestion.
 For dyspepsia - stimulating non-irritating acids such as lemon juice or when helps signal extra HCL not needed over time.
 cooling bitters + antispasmodic - Bleeded thistle, chemicile, Carduus, wild yam
 Absorption should happen there, cells not in leaky gut or thin pores leaky gut is transport in spaces between cells.
 why belly - explained leaky gut
 immune cells send intestinal. Measure immune activity happens every time we eat.
 Probiotics might actually help to detoxify blood coming from colon.
 "Disover" magazine - maybe take 3-5 g/d to recover from round of antibiotics.
 X-factor bitters is good for absorption of calcium, (Crotch, Jost)
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1. PRESCRIPTION

Something to help him out with the mind, less jagged around the edges these leaves and now that the time of the rabbit has passed unsure of why, the family ushers in another good time, not so afraid of over.

If he knew of where to find the correct combination of can and cannot see, he would find it he would have it but not really God speaking and he knows this says it is not God or anything but that does not mean you cannot hear.

The family is fragile and full of love in the era that has been ending, not the era of God it is not real but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist in double negatives, the family believes still, needs the belief or else water eyes and ears unhearing, rescued by minute quantities (a magic you cannot see plainly).

How they got into the ocean and continued to survive now each day is boring but fish you see continue to live, can anything be done to save them? writes the boy, feeling too many voices and the presence of too much life, many voices who have accumulated their music but this is not hearing on headphones upon the city bus the voices are hexes seeing with their eyes, seeing his eyes with their eyes, recalling

this he returns home and
it became sad inside of the house

the mother walking through the rooms and posted at the table and the father begins to speak of God the boys wonders if it is the right god, an evil kind of God? Stop lifting my skull from my head with your eyes! and the father says What? quizically, befuddled and the boy goes to his work with the fiber optic cables in between the dry walls, the mother pictures him as a worker wearing the orange vest not pleased for the job but proud at the ethic while the boy whose name means "to wrestle" also floats, as ships they pass and correctly is full of worries for him, where his mind might take him in the evening and more frighteningly when he feels if he feels that strangers will attack him and preemptively defends: that is one set of fears but another is more knives and solitude, what he will say to himself about himself, though usually with friends at night it is th easier thing in the world to eat. The boys get nachos, pizza, and cake on the way home again he stops in for more coffee and inthe morning the mother silently

hexes his breakfast though he thinks she becomes like a kitten that the father scoops out the soft innards and eats it with his eyes, the boy knows about other kinds of hunger but it is the food that does his brain to him. Jacob knows this yet cannot stop not the food not the sugars could have too much, be rounder could smooth out the brain with zero-glucose and strictly control impulse but then again it would be so easy for him to veer off the tracks again and this is not the solution for him who longs for perpetual undulations such as he will have with fame, the same pole of light beams through him he will wield as icicle-swords against the ethereal evil everyone agrees (or not) is there and on the phone his words are nervous darts as well. Please protect the son but to the parents it is out of their hands into another's and hope that the correct messages will be the good instincts.

Do not know learning how to think anymore, pictures the starvation and imagines the ocean. Such terribleness in the world, wakes up each morning thinking that it is about to end. Tragedies as well as what he has learned in religious school (not just generally Abrahamic rather, specifically Jewish) but now becoming an adult thus the fiber optic cables not some holy work. Says someday will still get famous, famous rappers still speak of "fear God" with their eyes closed and he sits in front of the screen and it is work studying the world and how people talk about it or is it just recreation the father wonders, looking at his son scrolling through the computer's endless pages. The father wonders but doesn't put a word in edgewise as the bo spits it out, whose fault theirs or the worlds? After all the psychiatrists have tried to do by naming the diseases multiple, the mother also has the pathologies multiplying as the boy tries to find the hidden codes signalling occult beliefs by those famous wearing fur and necklaces he mocks but observes, and downstairs the mother has knee surgery and hypnotherapy, the upstairs room has a corner domain but as is the house is already a large shell and the boy knows so much of beyond. Yet not enough: knowing and fearing adulthood as if he has already seen it but simultaneously a baby

to which the wizard would've said had Jacob scheduled a consultation, narrowly avoiding the catastrophe which was itself a narrow avoidance, loose rockets in his brain of two flaps speaking to each other and would've given something to calm the ice-heat yet that is not even the same as the vitamins,

the calculations eating up the fish said it made him feel much, much better and certainly it did very tiny amounts yet also the diet, he doesn't want the same as the alchemists only a very modern thing to be so unable to sit down, yet also knows of a disposition from before quantity, before measurement, to channel the force that is as if a disciple of gods of talent so the world is his road trip, and his skin is electric but not so much it kills him. He glimpses that ironwood forest that ebbs and eddies as if water, the ocean or the moon that disappears and appears, he finds it inside of himself and thinks "wouldn't it be nice to go there?" constantly happening and washing away, they in gold not a promise of somewhere to go to but listening to the songs of dead musicians, a contemporary crucifix as his favorite had died for him though he acknowledges, not really but must belief in apocalypse or destriny, or else what is there of time?

The hypnotherapist does not use props or anything else so unscientific, have to get a degree must be certified in something else and it thus lends him legitimacy just like the mother, has passed through the portal, is licensed but her aims have never been the ones they told of in the textbooks. She goes to a different kind of doctor to return to the previously lived lives, can you argue against things that you just can't see? she refutes to the skeptics. No one can argue that life didn't happen before and who really knows if it was you there or not? So the mother thinks it would be reassuring to the son to trust in repetition, getting to try again when it is also right now such an eternity, each day is different but easily one might think not and so he is running in place that does not make any noise, comes home from work and can listen no longer for him who has been in and out of sleep, must want something to stay awake or else is sleep bad? She strokes his forehead full of love. The hypnotherapist pats the chair, no it is not velvet and he does not wear a monacle but is there something else funny about it? It is serious.

2. VISITING

How getting better?

Eating animal products

Mostly salami

Retrieving the waffles, not yet cooking bones, the Teacher had said with a red face due to constitution not a particular anger

He said about the diet not the herbs:

We could be not just a normal-healthy but bloody healthy like the ~~hunger~~ Hunters, their type of molecules and friends say about running hungry: like play hunting

Those deficiencies we do without but benefit from

(nervously anticipating the workout)

It's better to have not enough than too much?

The teacher recommended beef crumbles and eggie brekky additionally, Blueberries. That was

The Vitamin Teacher. How losing weight? Bio codes, practically. Only hungry because distracted, jealous of the happy-in-the-bedroom with all the chords, playing music and pasting pieces, writing letters and to which shall never return, another kind of eden let alone to say about the fresh air and all the littlereasons why they keep discovering why not to put people in rooms to work, can do nothing with this only stretch pants (?) remains a question: nothing left for what is, only habit.

Taking the recommendations of the red-faced teacher to the brother, he needs biological medicine not the spirit vapors of the wizard teacher, the only one who could pin-point the disease into its poem and thus cure it with a few drops of potion, to clarify his ethers) but he needs to know about the plants, if nothing else for a hike or a hobby, his life might be free-time if he never works, it is supposed to hurt but not hte same dread as the workout, the muscles that are heavy and hollow together, blasting the mitochondria into action or else paying attention to the stride NOT THE POINT the point is the point-- the kill you do not retrieve the pleasure can only be imagined, of eating from bones in this way, but what of the stove top and warm water?

A woman came in to talk about a farm. It was a zen farm

zen

zen

quiet as FUCkk

The Teacher's favorite farm where they crumble stones into the soil. Planting seeds like a blessing to all the pebbles, recommending a pleasant kind of hydrotherapy and occasional strenuous exercise, "pretend that word means just the same as stretch" but in motion. He puts them in motion and says your ancestral memory will teach you how to do this. Planting the pebbles like a prayer) and this is, yes, very good

gooooooooood he coos about the better bread.

The brother understands the Teacher's tale relayed to him via the sister, just another in the pool pot

he says, Maybe I just need the magic medicine again, need to say the words, a rapper, only his kinds of music words not stuck on paper as such

reminds the sister how to want like an impossible promise Why are you so fucking hungry? Eating tahini and strawberry jam on bread, the package says it is Better Bread but says naught about the soil washing down the rainspout.

The sister looks at him sideways as he sprinkles on the chocolate chips.

I am not really a girl, she tells him or rather he tells himself about himself and then eats the sandwich.

The sister is jealous though she does notice a bigger belly on the baby than before.

Must be all the bread,
must the new medication.

Anyways, says the brother, continuing with a full mouth, I think I just need to start smoking weed again, try that.

Sideways sister says, That Worked Really Well the Last Time You Tried It but does not say about the kitchen knife.

The brother wants the magic hospital not the white one. I can't believe they don't at least give you guys fluffy bathrobes to wear while you're in there.

He calls it the mind cubicle. It is not the magic hospital where the nurses wear green and feed the patients droplets of potion, pretending to be the Wizard though they are NOT and the numbing is more general than specific. Only the wizard can get away with the low dosage. Swinging on the swingset the brother says Yeaah I got into A CULT, I fucked a guru and inside the sister is coiling her own coil:

why the fuck poetry, the words I want to say but does not wear them inside yet, does not hear them, will spend the whole life learning to hear her own saltwater streams the words that hit the right spots and so then agreeing with the brother, Yes I am trying to figure

out how to outrun my own skin, too, before the next milemarker, the one I already see on the horizon let alone the ones I can't see yet, keep going to the same trail each day where some days it is easier and some days harder but that does not a professional make, nor a legend so we are both writers of single legends, and she looks up from the map for just a moment and they are on the swingset together another night that that old turtle statue.

Then, Oh Shit says the brother as the shadows of neighborhood skaters coalesce by the playground and the brother says, Let's get out of here so they pass by and wave to these acquaintances and return to the parents' where it's just the same catless vacation as before and in the bedroom the sister is too tired to open up the tomes, the temporary records the Wizard had made, her own chicken scratches about Verbascum thaspus/olympus and the tree trunks that beam on upward past the sky such as the sister is trying to do on the run returning to contact that kind of pain each day rather than to stew as she recalls before, must be this house that does it, because snacktime is not exercise and yet sitting down what is she doing, can't run all day: the brother and her trying to figure out if in such a situation, they are still alive/real. The brother doesn't run but nonetheless the sister believes in his infinite existence. She says, how can you and I return from the despair over and over and in the end will the reward be something we will never see, even if as non-concrete as a non-building (it's own kind of solidity), what can we say of the despair we all share if we don't even know what it is, if it is even the same at all? I need this fingerloop to clasp onto, sometimes asking for the wrong reassurance though she is the coach, shaking the pillbottle and writing down the contents like a sleuth, the detective work the doctors don't have the time for which is why the redfaced Teacher makes his recommendations: a crusador. She shakes the pillbottle and suggests he improve his diet. It will make your eyes feel better, she says, And by Eyes I mean Everything.

Only then when the work song is over does it rest but no longer so much even about rest, even the non-pathologized veer into the abyss, as the doctors thump against the chest recommending
You Just Have to Believe so Lean on This
(how cardiacic of them)
S/he thinks the heart is not located on any axis so what

trust does such an organ engender
Everything slips down my torso except brain-memories,
the nervousness has a branch chain subway system
through the back to each distal terminus. Yes, the
fingers and goes are where it is over but there are too
many possible combinations to ever really be safe and
can you package up something unfinished?

Whether or not the monster survives, the slippery work
that nobody makes Molds for anymore or was it ever,
perhaps this is just the territory, and always are
making something to lean against with words.

It's a lie to say, can't stop thinking about \$\$\$!!
The wizard drinks chai and drives a pickup truck so
perhaps even magic remains remunerative enough. As long
as to have an extra pocket for the brother, who doesn't
want such a thing, even in the foggy apartments on the
peninsula, the drywall hovels. History forgets them but
in this moment, forever, certainly do exist and that
is why the mother is so frightened: she can smell the
poverty on even her own baby despite the warm hole they
dug for the rabbit-childrens, and even after whipping
out the howl, the poem is not over and there is not
the soothsaying circle or beatniks appropriating their
idea of what is "spirit", what is wild in the ending
of the city. The rip keeps happening and it's best not
to consider this, best not to count but keep running
for the habit, just think of the wizard teacher and his
timeless times and how even the choleric reutnr to
their armchairs after war. Man-war or man-food diet and
the redfaced Teacher gives his advice about steak: a
tender soul. So how do you know it is enough? Aren't you
scared that you keep needing pain to do this? Needing
pain to find that you don't need all this you say you
need, so maybe take a nap on the Sabbath, even suggests
the wizard regarding the great generals of history--
But where is the unquantifiable, the infinite??

When you could say that truly, had been a salmon that
spawned to do it over again and God, biology is so
repetitive.

God is sooo zen.

(Or maybe just needing to say so and needing is enough.)

The witch cuts right to the point: you can't think
about that, only can think about that room you carry
around in you, the walls keep changing shape but you
can't let the babies fill it up with their milk-vomit.
The high and the low make the hurricane that you are and
you can't be afraid that your storm isn't big enough.

The sister blinks, and promises that she will keep the brother alive, saying, "I promise to keep the brother in me alive."



inches apart at 10,000 feet.

Probably even less likely

More and less ordinary things
happened here.

the next day

exercise in the afternoon but after lunch while eating ones I wondered where the energy would come from, and if I could want it enough to stop put the urge I have to curl up

respondently because I



these will
phase of
understanding

about why
studying
magic

I wanted to be
a warrior to be
a badass, now
I want to
be happy or
something
I like it but I
wonder now what
the difference is
between them &
if they both
might acknowledge
an irresolute