

Chapter Eight

The Mind of Aseity

Ere spaced time staged, with human song and dance
 its ritual quaternity romance,
 art-echoing divine act's being scene,
 there reigned becomingly a selflife Queen.
 Her name, Aseity, her nature such
 that in her bower of bliss and mystic kiss,
 all other-life would flower from willed love's touch.
 Within her ovoid womb her essence lay
 in biune selfexistence interplay.

'T was her volitioned spiral upward plan
 in Nature's enterprise, to uplift man
 from soil-bound animal somatic sleep
 wherein distinction's consciousness lay deep.
 With feedback's functioning, in time she would
 evolve her imaged self as very good.

She liven'd earth man's dreamed sex-union find.
 Male genes would serve distinction woman's kind
 and rib self's chromosomal language code.
 With cerebral powered sense divining mode,
 man's tongue, once tied, but now articulate
 named many's things as ones. First maid, then mate,
 adamic speech the title did confer
 of mother of all living men, on her.
 The first was she of legendary dames
 to bear this most mysterious of names,
 The Goddess Eve, from whose spell echoes come,
 for many dead, ignored, adored by some.

Still other titles, teased with paradox,
 she knew. Her Act-Art's key word *If* unlocks
 a wealth of woman-drama mystery.
If she were not life's mother, might she be

a sterile virgin or a lustful whore
who prostitutes self's needs for greed's more more.
The Bible's male-mind myth blames primal sin
on Eve without, unknown as yet within.
In imaging a "me-mine" parent Self
adamic man would know a death-doomed delf.

Shared heaven's inner joys, no self may claim
unless divine child-bearing be its aim.
If woman's secret fortune men would share
and hear her dual riddle lips declare
her love's self-other precious stream of life,
placental parenthood in husbanded wife,
then idolize her guise of might made meek
and savour whom insipid selves taste weak.

A self-reflecting feedback-mirror fed
Eve's conscious life, distinction-union wed,
a self-begetting mould, perceptibly
time clothed in spatial ovoid imagry.
Its biune relativity's love speech
in figured matter's metaphor might teach
eternal truth in modelled human sense
to who would know self's Whither? and its Whence?

Her mirror-system fed back fantasies,
of staged *If...then...* self-other ecstasies,
projected acts of majesty and might
with whirling cosmic forces set aright,
and beauteous scenes, breathtaking loveliness
of floral artistry's meek comeliness,
as liliated fields arrayed in glory's light
the like of which no Solomon glimpsed sight.

Within this mirror-system's field, a wand
was sealed of phallic spaced time power beyond
the understanding of mere mortal mind.
Its energy was such as could effect

to actuate what e'er Eve should elect
to transit in related other-find.
Upon its waveform motion, to and fro,
the mirrored image would be set aglow
and what was visioned in reflected hue
became alive with echoed being new.

Her regal Word engenders persons, three,
who labour lovingly, o'erjoyed to be
performing actors of her merest whim.
So much on them her nature does rely,
that never would she, could she, even try
to do new things herself. Her being's brim
o'erflows in unity from her through him.

These three perform Aseity's charades
revealing selflife's face in masquerades.
They dialogue as person terms of speech
to put her novel plots in human reach.
In virginal misguided sophistry,
earthmen distort their role in history,
refusing to equate their personhood
with such an act-art self whose destined good
is from and for an other owed.
Such altruistic ministry's a goad
inciting them to seek no other cry
than worship of their complex little i.

False freedom's fester suppurates men's will,
and pseudo-liberty, source of all ill,
chains self as slave to self's own self instead.
Thus evil lust from self's self-love is bred.
From fruitful truth satanical tongues swerve
who echo down spaced ages " I'll not serve ".
This gnawing worm of self-love knows no turn
though fettered self with cosmic fire self burn.
Fool, he, who would his destiny frustrate,
to selfishness must tribute pay with hate.

In bliss and harmony, these persons three
act out their lives in service to their Queen,
and to each other render joy serene
in wondrous fashioned shared self unity.

It is not vouched to men to ken the When?
nor Where? nor How? selflife originates.
It always comes to be as three. Its states
are not occasioned by the needs that we
in human generation may foresee.
The evolution of our spaced time world
reveals but how Aseity's unfurled.
For her three face masked selves, no more's required
than feedback knowledge whereby there's acquired
reflectional precedence of a sort
in which before or after matters naught.

Men's scholarship might merit midwife mirth
if their espousing wisdom could give birth
to concepts from the womb of maiden mind,
revealing how they come at all to find
thought's psychic offspring here on mother earth.
For folk of flesh, whose staff in life's long tread
is fulchrum'd on anthropomorphic bread,
tuned speech might slake their contemplation's thirst,
with human persons' analogue at first
unveiling how divine selflife is wed.

Self-knowledge surfaces in biune bond
as ovoid focal terms self-correspond,
the alpha-I and its omega-me,
self's existential relativity.
Reflection's conscious *I-me* biune pact
is willed in *mine*-self's centripetal act.
Circuminsessioning of pronoun-plan
is witnessed in self-consciousness in man
where "I" and "me" with centre-surface glee,
speak volume's "mine" of self-triunity.

Aseity's first speaking person's whim
can will still recollection mid the vim
of conscious mirror and companion wand.
What need there be for further life beyond?

Is it not good to be alone, all one,
to share voiced Alpha's "*I AM*" act with none
but one's own one? Within, implisively,
in self's conceptioning fertility,
Omega-self responds with Worded "*ME*".
If this were all, this narcissistic scene,
Self's *I* would know its first act's mirror-mien
as subject-*I*'s begotten object-*Me*
in *MINE* possessive selflife unity.

Mute sighs might mill her *I-ME* thrill unless
awareness speaks Self's *MINE-grind* lacks a norm
of *not-ME* life, an alter-ego form,
an otherself, child, lover, bosom friend,
to complement its being's only end
which till now knows but latent otherness.
ME's other *Thee*, forthwith would Self endow
with all it does and can and would possess
of aseistic person-act, but How?
No earthly kiss has ever paragoned
that epic bliss, when lighting on the wand
of phallic might, Self speaks and waves that which
hath power one's will fulfill, new life enrich.

No sooner thought than done, nor willed than won.
With timeless instancy, beget's begun.
Immediately, in gender's sex-spun weaves,
"*Thou*" quickens into "*Art*". Selflife conceives
an otherself, distinction's man-kind plan.
Aseity's becomingness began.
There was no formless void it could not span.
Her *I-Self*'s splendour was *Thou*'s Child of Man.

Prime programmed matter mimes voiced metaphor
in womb's incarnate sired child's spaced time lore.

This other self, with pronoun worded name,
proceeds in filial distinction's frame,
begotten in Self's second person act
where "I" and "Thou" reciprocate "art" pact.

The Alpha-I knows self-sustaining health,
begetting Thou-Omega's other wealth.
Self's consciousness perceives, projects, alloys
its "Me" to willed "*not-Me*" artistic joys.
Sex, knowledge, matter, charge, light and spaced time
reflect forever this eternal mime,
this I↔Thou mirror life whose endless spate
sounds echoed dialogue in hist'ry's date.

Procession to and fro, wave-rhythm-wise,
to one superiority gives rise.
This innate cosmic reciprocity
has keys unlocking all authority.
Who would be first must learn become the last
to benefit from feedback's trial repast.
Who bind and loose, with selflife keys, must seek
the good of all, with equal justice, meek.

Whence come her persons three? Duality
is not Self's goal in other-life. This tree
from whose fertility stems, like a vine,
such fecund fruit that all may eat who seek
its nourishment, made strong though weak,
has also germs to fool-ferment a wine
to fuel the lamps of angel virgin mind
with drunken pride and lull light-bearers blind.

It's not enough to differentiate.
Two person selves, when thus endowed with life,
if they are never to foment the strife
that egoism and self-love dictate,

must learn their otherness to integrate,
their *mine* and *thine* together in one blend
of harmony and beauty without end.

Between these person selves there is begun
a sacrifice of all from one to one,
each giving to the other all it can
to further selflife's plural person plan.
They will their individuality
dissolve in liquid love's totality,
and for the sake of personhood's true good
share all in common wealth, as persons should.

Their "I" and "Thou" are mystieried still more.
In speech, her "I" is Woman, Man as "Thee"
and She's enough of everything save He.
The phallic wand's performance is not o'er.
Another stage is set, a part to play,
its role rehearsed already in the way
its power has quickened image into life.
Again it waits, in labour, as midwife.

Eve's person-realm is no sealed static tomb.
Her act's dynamic in becoming's bloom,
implosive motherhood, conception's womb.
"I Am ↔ Thou Art", they act love's two-in-one.
They will their knowing conscious selves become,
in ecstasy, distinct yet unified
identities, whose binding love-waved wand
in union's kiss, joy's mystic bliss, has tied
their person-being with It's other bond.

Dove dialogue of sighs in danced embrace
breathes gender's She-He-It third person face.
Self's other-knowing act implodes with fire
that fuses two-in-one by willed desire.
Love-making art, divine erotic truth,
respires life's Spirit of eternal youth,

embodied in flesh-figured spaced time's sand
as tongue and lips' mouthed kiss, and fingered hand,
conjunction's touch, love's thrilled caressed ingress,
the oneness of divine togetherness.

Elixir Tree of Life, alchemic stone
compounding Self's gold templed human throne,
dissolving adamantine wills and hearts,
and raping virgin minds with vision's darts,
uplifting serpent-self, infertile "me",
in ecstasy to lotus-petalled "We".

Sexed androgyne, love's spirit, bride and groom,
the holy one whose breath makes deserts bloom.
Life's well and stream, distinction's union-dove,
enthusing, coaxing virgin self above
inertial nature to integrity
in adult-childlike personality.

A solvent force which renders rigid round,
a gentle breeze of sighed and echoed sound,
idyllic melody of horn and flute,
sense ravishing at output's inmost root.
All mighty wind, which fans to fervidness
the frigid in their fear of friendliness.
A draught, dispelling clouds of doubt's distrust,
and freeing self from chained entropic lust
to agape and love's true liberty
in sacrificial sexuality.

Executor, *She-He*, progenitrix,
the hen bird's Spirit, hov'ring, brooding twixt
and in prime matter's programmed self-womb cell,
an Ego-egg which knew not man as "we"
but virgin's focal singularity
of unbecoming mere "I-me" and fell
from grace to egocentric black-holed hell
with spiralled pandemoniacal BANG.

This world of spaced time thus began and sang,
in prodigal concerto poem tone,
the lore of love whose fertile hope's foreknown
inertial matter's depth and breadth and length,
anointing it with oil of ordered strength
in aseistic evolution's plan
to meld Self's "I AM" act with "Thou Art" man.

Aseity's live-mirror and love-wand
conceives, perceives her self in others' bond.
Termed First and Second Persons' speech linked gird
are tuned to waves of *She-He-It* Word Third.
Their life is "Ours", all for each others' good,
each single self shares plural personhood.
Love's absolute "We-Us" simplicity,
enacts selves' pluralled relativity.
Existence of necessity outlaws
a self who its contingency ignores.

Aseity's mystique is thus revealed.
Relations' existential field in yield.
Heed her is wisdom, tree of knowledge power.
Her selflife bosom's consciousness in flower.
All *If...then...*knowing's kind, she has in mind
with lovers' twine, in biune bond to bind,
becoming self and other in her bower.

She has no need to feed on aught else than
her own Aseity, by which she can,
in unique ellipsoidal Cosmos plan,
from triune fountains of fecundity,
of self wed other's male rotundity,
circuminsessioning her ovoid womb
of person potency, conceive and bloom
and bear spaced time's quaternity, a horn,
a flesh-made child-of-man self, Woman born.

ASEITY SPEAKS HER MIND

*Now a great sign appeared in heaven:
a woman, adorned with the sun,
standing on the moon,
and with the twelve stars on her head for a crown.
She was pregnant, and in labour,
crying aloud in the pangs of childbirth...Revelation. Ch. 12*

The pregnant Mother Self of the Cosmos
speaks to her otherself in her spaced time womb
“**I AM** you and you are **ME**”.
“**I** love you”.

Her otherself in her spaced time womb
echoes in reply
“i am **YOU** and **YOU** are me”.
“i love **YOU**”

In the oneness of self ↔ other togetherness
the pregnant Mother Self and her otherself in her womb
dialogue “**WE US OURS**”.

When the “**I AM**” artist self names its artifact otherself “you”, it is begetting and empowering it to be an other distinct “i am” self. This “you”, now become an other “i am”, in turn reciprocates the dialogue. In the knowledge realm of Existential Relativity, “**I**” and “you” are mutually self-other begetting and self-other sustaining. “**I AM** you”, “i am **YOU**”.

WHAT IS LOVE?

To know is to become self's other sought
and love wills self's becomingness in thought.

In the realms of Science and Philosophy,
Love is Existential Self-Other Relativity.

In the existential relativity of the nuclear realm, nucleons are held together by the agency of a species of inanimate love called nuclear glue. In subatomic particle interactions, when a proton and its co-proton coition and biunify, as in the manner of making love, they are transformed into a new quantum of radiant Cosmic energy.

Existing in the human cultural realm,
we know what life and love are by living and loving.

Love is an existential relation which requires two terms for its making,
a lover "I" and a beloved "You" in a reciprocal relationship.

The two terms can be Parent and Child.

The two terms can be human beings of different or the same sex.

In the realm of Sexuality,
there is observed the most evolved expression of Cosmic Unity,
the distinction *between distinction and union* lives on now in union.

As a Cosmic symbol and in the psychical realm of affective interpersonal relations and true mystical experience, human sexuality can be raised to levels of meaningfulness which totally transcend its mere original biological propogative function.

In the realm of Religion,
Love is the Oneness of Divine-human "We" Togetherness.
The Queendom of Aseity, Mother Self of the Cosmos, is within "Us".
The password of entry to her Promised Land is "Ours".
Dialogue at her Nuptial Feast knows only "I Love You"
