



\$14.28 is more attractive than \$14.00
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The following four long poems were written in
the macrotonal **>.667** meter.

Inscrutable Myths

Prelude

With a fair amount of ambivalence, knowing as well as anyone that Nikos typically spends the hours of 3PM through 7PM, Monday through Friday, verifying the European origin of his dietary tract, I approached Mr Kazantzakis at 6:59 PM, ambling toward the screened-in patio of his modest row house located spitting distance from Garden City, and began as such:

I (.748)

Well Mr Kazantzakis, if I'm being honest with you, completely honest with you, if I'm holding back next to no honesty whatsoever, I should note that, yes, it's indubitably true that of late I've found myself

gluttonously chewing four to seven slices of gum in simultaneity, for a variety of reasons - in fact, it was just yesterday afternoon, prior to leaving our apartment to go grab a coffee

that I indiscriminately shoved an entire pack of gum into my mouth and exuberantly chewed this large ball of gum, wondered if chewing gum was actually good for your teeth,

when the thought occurred to me: Is emo the highest form of classical music America is historically responsible for? When discussing American music,

I thought while chewing an entire pack of gum, a litany of genres, from post-bop jazz, to experimental rock, to avant-metal to the so-called classically trained composers

of American descent, are discussed as 'the truly classical music of America.' 'But what if emo

is the truly classical American music?' I thought to myself, chewing an entire pack of gum, preparing myself to pay full-price for a coffee out somewhere, despite the fact I had an entire pot of coffee at my apartment, waiting to be imbibed for free.

The primary conceit of emo music is that its creators are young and white and male, and that they originate from neighborhoods that are safe if not opulent and utterly hate their lives.

Nothing, it should be noted, is ever proceeding well for the emo band, as the slightest deviation from the emo band's best case scenario is always apocalyptic, despite the fact that, sociopolitically at least, they have everything going for them. The emo participant exists at the apex of the American totem pole, and despite this fact everything remains essentially objectionable to them. Nothing is going well! The emo song is, in practice, the antithesis of the virtue signal. And it occurred to me, as I left my apartment to pay four dollars for a coffee that would inevitably be co-opted by an art school professor, with no regard to socially acceptable decibel levels. pontificating about people as brands to a foreign exchange student, that this type of wide-eyed narcissism, that this unironic ignorance of sociopolitical totem poles, this obsession with direct, lived experience at the expense of everything conceptual - is perhaps the apex of what should comprise American classical music?

And I nodded my head at this notion as we entered the Honda asking Tina if she'd be willing to play 'One-Eighty by Summer' on our way to the coffee shop.

II (.762)

I suppose you could say it was fortuitous, if not a direct product of fate itself, that with these thoughts in mind, while browsing my Shopping List on Amazon dot com, while considering the merits of the so-called university professor after my encounter with this pea-brained art professor from Yoleni's, I noticed that the Constantine Eleven monograph by my old college professor, Marios Philippides, was now on sale - reduced from the borderline-insulting price of ninety dollars for the hardcover, to the increasingly palatable price of nine dollars for the Kindle edition. I'd had no communication with Philippides since my time at Massachusetts, which is unsurprising, as I doubt strongly Philippides recalls me in the least, as almost the entirety of my late adolescence was marked by my dedication to my dissipation-process, which I'd extended into an era some may choose to characterize as a post-youth era, so the two of us had no need, no reason to communicate with one another, primarily because Philippides had no idea who I was. Just because two persons ostensibly share a modicum of so-called 'Greek blood' in no way means they should communicate with one another. For Philippides's part, he has no idea who I am, and for my part, my only

interaction with Philippides took place in the midst of my dissipation-process, of which I was dedicated to - yet being that I'd been looking for a monograph on the so-called 'last emperor of the Greeks', and being that Philippides was the only author with a recent monograph published on the final so-called Constantine of Helen, it just so happened that our paths would once again cross, this time on the Kindle app of my iPhone.

Perhaps it was fate, just as it was fate that I'd sit through an ebullient bloviation session from a pea-brained art school professor on one day, then on the next day find my own old professor's monograph fortuitously on sale, reduced to a price more appropriate for the proletariat as such.

III (.742)

After confirming the price reduction multiple days in a row I finally pulled the trigger and bought the book, only downloading said book during a solitary circular sojourn around Foxwoods, like busy attempting to continue his luck on the slot machines - having won two hundred dollars on one roll prior to our high class Chinese dinner, which he magnanimously comped,

and Tina passed out in the car, tired and hungover after an ill-advised decision to daydrink prior to our venturing to the casino for the night. At first, in preparation of my reading,

I sat in line at Dunkin Donuts, surprisingly the only coffee shop open at the expansive

casino, and bought a medium iced coffee for myself with almond milk.

Three men stood in front of me and struck me as abutting old men until I began to consider they very well could be the same age as I, clinging, it struck me,

to perhaps some fading beacon of youth, one of them adorned in deluxe Michael Jordan sneakers, the other making a long speech to the Dunkin Donuts barista about how much he likes his Caramel coffee yet curiously punctuating the note by repeatedly saying he's not that picky. In the rainforest casino, sipping my iced coffee,

with water audibly falling all around me, I got my five dollar double poker game out of the way, realizing slowly that the first two machines didn't work, then slowly realizing

I completely forgot how to play double poker, despite being so exuberant at the thought of finally finding a double poker machine to play. I googled 'How to play double poker' but couldn't seem to find a concise explanation, an explanation that would allow me to play double poker immediately, which was the extent of everything I wanted at the time.

Leaving the double poker machines after immediately losing five dollars, I decided to spend the last of my cash on an ice cream cone, then begin reading Philippiques' monograph.

The ice cream barista informed me there were no cones left, which was disappointing in the extreme. Feigning no disappointment, I ordered two scoops of the cappuccino gelato

and was subsequently given a spoon half the size of my own pinky finger, which isn't a particularly large pinky finger, I've never had my pinky finger described as abnormally large

by anyone, to the best of my knowledge, to scoop out both scoops of ice cream from the surprisingly deep cup. I didn't object, instead feeling curiously lucky to pay seven dollars

for this ice cream cup, then walking around to find myself quite enjoying said ice cream, the end-game of said ice cream of course being that I ate the last half scoop essentially

with my bare hands, walking around by myself, enjoying nothing more than eating this ice cream with both an absurdly tiny spoon and also with my bare hands. Finally, after washing the cappuccino gelato

off my hands in the Foxwoods rest area, I sat on a park bench and opened up my Kindle app to open up Philippides' monograph on the final so-called emperor of the Greeks.

Contemporary Shootings

.766 - .724 - .787 - .729

.692 - .714 - .752 - .764

.755 - .723 - .726 - .764

Well, I guess it's been give or take seven years
since I first experienced the sublime delight
of smoking the hookah at Pasha on Allens
Avenue, and nearly three and half since
I was introduced to the venerated ice hose, so I
suppose I'm now at the point in my life
where an equidistant amount of time has
elapsed since I experienced
the regular hose as well as the ice hose, both
hoses that I'd of course recommend,
although our country's rapid rate of inflation
has impacted the price of each
substantially, while the rapid spread of the
COVID-19 virus has turned smoking hookah
into an increasingly frowned upon practice.

It was an era of lingering socioeconomic
commotion when my friend Curtis and I
experienced somewhat of a dual rough
patch romantically - Curtis recklessly
divorced,
after an eight year relationship and nine month
marriage, while I remained in less than
infrequent communication with a person I'd
inadvisably become involved with in a variety
of ways,
while at the same time I'd inadvisably entered a
subsequent relationship with a person I'd,
perhaps unsurprisingly, eventually have a
dramatic falling out with.

More often than not it seems our lives are little more than a series of ill-advised relationships, that whenever we escape from one ill-advised relation we find a subsequent ill-advised relation

waiting for us patiently - for my part I'd acquired a custom of chasing the ill-advised in an almost mechanical manner, as if the ill-advised had some sort of direct line into my very being,

and in retrospect it feels as if circumstance in the case of my life has played an outsized role, that my approach to my life has been a simple sculpting of inescapable circumstances.

I still hold both owners - Jack and Sal - in the highest esteem, and, in fact it was just this past Christmas that I stopped in Pasha with Tina and said a jovial hello to Jack, indulging in my first ice hookah

in what seemed like eons, Tina and I sitting at the counter, having exactly one beer a piece, already somewhat inebriated, watching a Mavericks game that was curiously void of Luka Doncic.

It's never necessarily advisable to admit that an exotic dancer quote-unquote 'fell in love with you', yet in my particular case it was an irrefutable burden I was forced to bear.

Although at the time I attempted, with some degree of success, to deny that my charismatic character was capable of making said set of events possible, if not inevitable,

yet it was appropriately catastrophic for my mental well-being, as I took full responsibility for both my charisma as well as my inability to resemble a father-figure.

These precise circumstances led both myself and my friend Curtis into the ready-made arms of the Pasha hookah hose at least once a week for years on end,
as there exist times in someone's life where there's no choice but to disassemble themselves in the most reckless of fashions, smoking and drinking excessively
and engaging in ill-advised long-term relationships excessively; the quality of the hookah at Pasha was of a height that was hard to fathom at the time.

We unravel ourselves, attempting to reach a core that's always unapproachable, being told by Byzantine monks that our center remains as ineffable as God's Essence, sending ill-advised
messages to love interests that no longer have any interest in us. An innocent exotic dancer falls in love with us, and we choose to use the full extent of our critical faculties to disassemble
this person over and over again. Continually drawn to this person, we ruthlessly destroy them critically until the situation itself becomes intoxicated in the worst of ways.

And after all of this is over we go to Pasha on Allens Avenue, and we enjoy the highest quality hookahs at least every Wednesday,

unraveling becomes just another hobby of our's,
and we drink vodka with just a splash of water,
and the bartender liberally indulges us with a
tall glass of this vodka, and then we drive up
the street, and we laugh hysterically with
Curtis
as we mindlessly toss currency at a dark stage
comprised of nudity, then we drive
downtown to order a meatless burrito at a
highly regarded Tex Mex establishment.

One common mistake to eschew both at Pasha
and other establishments offering so-called
hookah is the conflation of 'more' with
'better' with regard to flavors. Waitstaff will
invariably highlight the fact that a patron can
order a litany of flavors at no extra cost,
implying that receiving *more* flavors for the
same price is a 'good deal', that ordering a
blueberry-peach-mint-creamsicle flavor hookah
will be enjoyable when a sensible hookah
should be restricted to at most two flavors - I
personally recommend blueberry mint.

Sitting at the bar at Pasha smoking a
scrumptious hookah with my friend Curtis,
watching an exciting Celtics contest, I had
the misfortune of assiduously studying my
surroundings with the intent of
recording them, so to speak. In short, I believed
events could be recorded via recollection
and recreated through creative faculties,
when it's now clear that nothing was further
from the truth, at Pasha
smoking hookah I believed I could create a
nonfictional account, an autobiographical

element, when autobiography and history are only the most elevated forms of fiction!

Our memories are by far the most specious things about us, have you ever wondered why our official histories are almost immediately checkered, biased before the first drafts are

completed, why human beings are believed to have existed for tens of thousands of years, yet if we even glance a paltry millennium into our past we witness

nothing but foggy notions and bitterly conflicting opinions? At times it seems I'm made up of nothing but memories, yet all of these memories seem to have minds of their own!

Ultimately, while the relative risk of loitering at Pasha on Allens Avenue is at this point well-established, and while the prices of the median hookah have inflated exponentially,

I'd still be hard-pressed to sit here and recommend a better place to smoke hookah in the Greater Boston metropolitan region. Frankly, I've always considered it a bit of a bourgeois

cowardice to avoid places solely because of a low probability chance you'll get shot, even as we age it can still be beneficial to embrace the ill-advised once in a while.

An Aborted Anime Opera

.783 - .816 - .692 - .847 - .888 - .711
.707 - .753 - .695 - .844 - .759 - .881
.691 - .765 - .740 - .834 - .760 - .707
.804 - .742 - .672 - .709 - .703

(01)

Flipping myself ass up at the colonoscopy before
it was apropos.

There's no longer a notion
of sanctity in abstract expressionism.
Quantum mechanics and nonlocal relations or
something.

John Bell was correct about the physical
universe.

Writing "muttering my constant curiosity got in
the way of my suicide" to myself
in a somewhat ironic tone
but muttering nothing at all.

The older woman had no interest in geriatric
footwear
yet wouldn't stop speaking to me of my destiny
after eight o'clock
at the Wrentham outlets.

Aged thirty six Portuguese dancers
inform you in minute detail
of your own acute misery
then walk away unconcerned.

This is why Christ had his feet rubbed.

(02)

Dip down like a quick bath
into the DMT-like essence
of what seems poetic.

Breakfast and coffee spots close so quickly
yet I find myself yearning for an Americano and
omelet
a little after four.

The clouds over one forty six south
consistently look like oil paint.

Prior to the mental health revolution
adolescents were forced to internalize trauma
many of them becoming complete assholes in
the process.

I've soured on the beach.

Skin care I suppose has become a bit of a
priority.

Sand is somewhat of an annoyance.

(03)

Two midgets eating delicious looking rice bowls
at Xaco Taco.

Repeating the phrases

"There is no image."

"There is no memory."

There's no image and there's no memory.

Sans image and memory we can start to
approach the fundamental nature of the
universe as such.

Triple egg omelet

with the kalamata olives.

A chest crevice stained

in a permanent ink of sorts.

Cuddly beavers eat vegetables from the hands
of well intentioned human beings.

The small bottles of soju were only eight bucks a
piece.

(04)

The saki at Somo was possibly
the worst alcoholic beverage I've ever sipped.
The can looked like an anime juicebox.
It appealed to me.
It struck me Tiny Bar
had a pretense about it
that just struck me as completely out of line.
People from various backgrounds making fast
friends
as I ate breakfast out on the patio at Domenic's.
Considering going to Chilango's.
Once again deciding against it.
The condo complex looked like total shit.
Real estate as an investment
has always struck me as less than
a no brainer.

(05)

Blue light eyeglasses with the black wire rims

I look like a complete douchebag.

There's a document titled password is password
with the dollar signs after the A.

Proust was a renowned fan of male
prostitutes.

They think Nietzsche died of syphilis.

In my mind I'm the last of a long line.

Made American English into Ancient Greek.

Consider me the twelfth Constantine.

Genocides are just a matter of taste.

"Anatoli" just means East.

(06)

Gregory of Nazianzus implicitly understood
the nature of quantum physics.
Of nonlocal relations.
It's possible the Occident has clung
to an initial linguistic reversal.
A reversal creating an illusion of perspective.
It's possible the perspectivism discovered by
people like Nietzsche
was in fact a simple byproduct of this initial
reversal
of the Occident.
This idea of a perspective.
It seems totally illogical to me.
No pun intended.
Ice hookah with the tzatziki
I wasn't quite in my right mind at the time.
Samurai sword in Washington Park
the car seat saw too much.
Videography is archaic in retrospect.
The science of phonetics
is still ambiguous.
The conversation faded of its own accord.

(07)

Siberia is beautiful this time of year.
All art is not necessarily ipso facto for everyone.
The flesh of the human being
wasn't universally appealing
believe it or not.
Emotional baggage lost in transit
after I woke from a strange dream.
My yiayia informing me
she's out of sorts with smudged lipstick
as I clutch a nephew that isn't mine.
There are many regional differences to take into
account.
We construct linear states in retrospect
then spit on a street in Izmir.
The rolled down window was like a picture
frame.
Memory was juvenile delinquents spraying
graffiti.
The Providence cop was satisfied with the
answer
we're just conversing.

(08)

The unspecified bug trapped in the spider web
on the railing of the employer's entrance
made me consider metaphors or something.
The cashier at Job Lot of ambiguous ethnicity
needs to employ social media
to assist her pursuit of establishing herself
as a photographer.
Her favorite food is pizza.
The colonoscopy was unsuccessfully
rescheduled
on two occasions.
It struck me that "Russian whore"
is one of the few misogynist phrases
still acceptable to say aloud
in so-called mixed company.
Sure it was nice enough
to have the assistance
of Giovanni Guistiniani but
not if he insisted
on retreating the first time
his chest caved in.

(09)

I found Marios Philippides' monograph
on the last Constantine
to be so pro-Latin
to be nearly unreadable
which was unsurprising
because it seems as though
there are almost no true Greek intellectuals in
the West.

Only faux-Greek intellectuals
that shamelessly sell out their own history.
Who rubber stamp Anglo assertions
that the Hellenic era ended after
Socrates fondled Alcibiades.

I often have an urge to spit on these so-called
intellectuals.

These scholastic imbeciles.

These Levantine Benedict Arnolds.

These cowards of the spirit.

While I painstakingly transform American
English

into Koine Greek

I have to deal with people of my own ancestry
obfuscating in the service of secular popes.

When there's nothing below a secular pope.

It's why at times I feel like retiring to a monastery
or something.

Sometimes you have to ask yourself
what's the point.

(10)

A bit depressed without palpable cause.
Slowly noticing a variety of polka dots
on a pristine two thousand sixteen Honda Civic
clearly due to the douchebag
incessantly moving
his white pickup in the parking lot.
Inebriated and peeing
on Enzo's door handle in two thousand and
fourteen
two years prior to the Civic being issued.
The scallops at Maria Cucina were succulent
yet ridiculously overpriced.
Curt alleged the pork was kind of dry.
Slowly noticing Milagro
is a halfway decent tequila
at Vino Veritas.

(11)

Black eyebrows plucked
with a muted sense of glee.
The center of gravity is ultimately elusive.
There's a πρόσωπο that becomes an ουσία
but not quite vice versa.
We begin with the individual and think this is
freedom.
There is no individual.
The individual is no organism.
The organism is the first fallacy.
I've never been a big fan of sense perception.
Prose is some form of telepathy.
This is perilous.
I've only intermittently believed this is good.
My beliefs are purely theatrical.
There's no better opera house than belief.
She asked me an asinine question and laughed.
I chuckled nervously.
It marked the beginning of a horrendous era for
each of us.

(12)

Leaving the apartment for the first time all Friday

the fresh air was a revelation.

Liberian with the mask on

at the Greek pizza spot.

Rub and tug with the open sign across the
street.

Might get my VCR repaired at Cho's Electronics.

Speedway stuck up by the black dude

with balloons tucked under his shirt.

He picked my key up for me

on a random Sunday afternoon.

I always found him a nice guy personally.

Take a right onto Alexander

and pass the basketball courts

two thousand eighteen flashbacks.

Taken aback

by my note

but as much of an asshole as you can be

it's essential to remain a man of your word.

Otherwise there's no redemption arc.

(13)

It became gradually apparent
as I made incidental eye contact
with a girl with a gargantuan fake ass
that I'd slowly lost the ability
to type words coherently
into my iPhone.

Memory is perhaps as a concept slightly
ill-advised.

I considered while eating
an entire rotisserie chicken
at a later date.

Yes it was inadvisable in retrospect
to give an overarching historical recap
of the late Ottoman Empire
to two seventy somethings
I'd never met.

Senses get muted with age.

I failed to notice the effervescent backside
ambling across India Point
until Katreena accused me of looking at it.
Orifices are ultimately negligible phenomena.
Jesus didn't give much credence
to bank accounts

I considered
eating an entire rotisserie chicken
at a later date.

Chanting the words "turn my bitch up"
in a soft whisper
as I strenuously edit the HTML
of a bootleg Tumblr page
I feel at peace with the world.

Ten calendars on females
with two kids

I feel at peace with myself.

Ten mezcals
enter an eleventh dimension

I feel at peace with the world.
With the charlatan nature of mathematics.
My mother ditched me at Nick-A-Nee's
but truthfully
I didn't want to
reveal my new Audrey Horne tattoo anyway.

(14)

On Mineral Spring
getting my eyebrows threaded
by Cheryl
a self-identifying Spanish lady
with a curiously Arabic accent
attempts to sell off
a pair of air pods
to help support her alleged four children
and I was a little dubious
to say the least.
Defecating at the gentlemen's venue.
Off-brand dude wipes from
The Christmas Tree Shop.
Writing essays is reprehensible.
Having sincere opinions is basically
worse than climate change in my mind.
Boycotting semicolons.
The irony of my New York Knicks fandom
has slowly fallen by the wayside with age.

(15)

Pulling my penis out
with a child-like sense of jubilation.
I require more podcasts
is the only conclusion I've come to of late.
It's the only logical conclusion.
There's simply a severe
lack of podcasts in the current era.
We've ruthlessly deprived ourselves
of others' opinions.
Reading a Robert Ashley libretto
while stroking my beard
in a fashion that evinces
a solemn contemplation.

(16)

Honduran medium roast
in the Mister Coffee.
Brown basmati with two teaspoons
from the za'atar bag.
Only extra virgin olive oil
from the cold press.
At this point I think we need to admit
we've made some mistakes
in an adult and calculating manner of speaking.
I'm even-tempered by nature.
Office space two feet by four feet
with the stapled carpet
made from recycled styrofoam
or something.
Reading impassioned reddit posts
about the heterosexuality
of male masturbation dildos.
Toss two cubes in the ice hose
and try to see dead people.
One of the most profound friends
I've ever had was a floor fan.

(17)

Tyranny of the four-four.
Meaning is negotiable.
The doppelganger appeared
only intermittently to me
on a mild Sunday afternoon.
Reminded me of a missed call
I received
five or so years ago.
But I discarded the memory
to the possibility
of eating a self-salted french fry.
The dude who stuffed the young corpse
into his trunk
lived in an upscale apartment complex
and didn't resemble
your typical pervert murderer.
Eye contact is quantum computing.

(18)

Four walls encapsulate
horrendously repetitive phenomena
right around decade anniversaries.
At the Italian-American club
I engaged in an emo conversation
regarding geographical tendencies
for no particular reason.
Turquoise crystal covers
the stab wound
between the collarbones.
Parts and wholes are necessary.
Didn't need to inform myself
it was slightly ill-advised.
Gazing mindlessly
at your own history a little aloof.
Succumbing to nefarious literalism
with friends.
To be frank
I couldn't comprehend
how anyone would come to
think political opinions
are anything but art.
It never occurred to me
that my passion
could be misconstrued
as sincerity.

(19)

The deceased raccoon
looked serene like
it was sleeping
on the side of one forty six.
I saw Curtis texted
there wasn't a cunt hair of a chance
the Italian ass was authentic
and I agreed.
I thought about the raccoon corpse again.
About the nonsensical nature of biology.
About the big bottle of Soju I'd bought
at the so-called discount liquor store
which seemed to price items higher than MSRP.
Thoughts may be physical phenomena
that haunt us
no different than poltergeist.
I can't honestly say I always select my phrasing
in the most careful of manners.
Some names you shouldn't say.

(20)

Discussing espressos
blackout drunk with Emilio at Amedeo.
Half pound of the pulled pork
but only if it's completely unseasoned.
Succulent (pause).
Being the only car on Memorial
brought on a somewhat nonsensical sense of
foreboding.
I felt an intense foreboding.
Could it have been the Casamigos Blanco.
This continual disrespect of the agave.
An ad claims to unravel the meaning of agape.
The Big Fat Greek Wedding franchise
does nothing but perpetuate a generic sense of
ethnicity
that's as inane as it is counterproductive.
Something especially ironic coming from the
so-called Greek east.
The relational essence par excellence.
Nia Vardalos it should be noted is simply no
Cappadocian.
This conception of essence is embarrassingly
faux-Hellenic.
Back to Manuel at Manzikert.

(21)

Half Greek vacuum cleaner in a mid-August
malaise.

Fortune read unsolicited at two pm on a Sunday
smoking a ten dollar cigar
drinking a vodka on the rocks.

Half barbarian eleventh Constantines.

Eleven Constantines is sufficient.

Half Nikola Jokic.

Typing the word "kindly" in emails.

I was flummoxed at the amount of redskin on the
redskin peanuts.

Middle aged podcast host
repeatedly using the phrase "sphincter
clenching."

(22)

Ingest the special star shapes
there's a club above an arcade.
There's a seven am showing
of an uneven Netflix anime.
Two homosexuals dance
sans irony
and there's an album
that will preferably be disavowed
at a later date.
A man my age
is now dying a slow death.
Incoherent epidermis.
I used to hit the bottle hard too.
Indeed I painted six hours at a time
with the Sobieski by my side.
Screwed and chopped Bjork.
A sense of adolescence existed.
Markos Vamvakaris
wrote about the water pipes
and call girls of turn of the century Piraeus.
Shirt unbuttoned all the way down
with profound hiccups to drown
out D'Andrea's dead body.
But can we confirm the Puerto Rican girl
behind the bar is aware.
Does the butt wipe at the bar bathroom
realize Ryan's died?
I don't discriminate between organic entities
and otherwise.
Another man our age is dying.
Second cousins we never see drop dead in
Florida
yet dude was always an asshole anyway.
Ingest the special star shapes
there's a club above an arcade.

I used to paint six hours at a time
with the Sobieski by my side.
I found it enjoyable for the era.
Cigar bar with Lams.
I'm well aware
my charisma is unorthodox in character.

(23)

I can no longer consume
spaghetti alio
yet I've gradually come to terms
with this trying state of existence.
Surgically inserting substances
into the very essence of one's buttocks
is a pure roll of the die in my humble opinion.
Yet a female's sexual history
is frankly none of our business.
We tend to view the vagina
as a tissue or a kleenex
when it's essentially reflexive in character.
Like a unique phrase
or laconic collection of lexicon.
That's more or less how I view
the contemporary vagina at least.
I was a little taken aback at the fact
the wing spot only offered curly fries.

Postmodern Novelists

.771

Approaching the automatic entrance of Fresh Shore's on Mineral Spring Avenue, hoping with all of my heart that their prepared foods were in the ballpark of what my mom generally discovers at Dave's

Supermarket, I glanced across the street and saw the old building of Ken Wok Chinese Cuisine halfway torn down, and I took out my phone and made a brief note on the indefatigable impermanence

that remains so pervasive all around us, as I do each time a building I felt some sort of nonsensical connection with on Mineral Spring Avenue gets knocked down.

In any case, it was August first of this year that I felt as though I was rapidly approaching the end of my so-called rope in an over decade-long plus dissipation process, the fact of the matter was

my dissipation had extended its prime in a way that was at once mildly impressive, yet simultaneously severely depressing. Perhaps with that being the case, it was on the night of August first,

the second to last night of my thirty-fifth year, that I experienced a dream sequence where I was suspended in air above a desolate plain where a skyscraper-like tall building comprised

solely of mirrors sat in the bright sunlight, where a portion of said top corner reflected said

sunlight in a violent fashion, and I found myself lifted to said section where a voice I identified with Gregory of Nazianzus spoke to me mellifluously of the futility of ephemeral things.

But perhaps we should pose a subsequent question: while there are a litany of instances of novelists attempting to ape the stylistic idiosyncrasies of Homer's *Odyssey*, while there's seemingly an

endless line of English-speakers and Euro-adjacent folks who've shamelessly aped the Athenian baboons of the Antique era without pause! - are there any that we can think of that have mimicked the

mannerist quirks of *The Divine Eros*? Because it recently struck me in re-reading Symeon's central work that in many ways it reads like an epic poem cum postmodern novel?

After all, it was none other than the notable postmodern novelist John Hawkes who said so sternly, 'I began to write fiction on the assumption that the true enemies of the novel were plot, character,

setting, and theme.' And in this way the sprawling, politically-metered, spiraled verses of Symeon track the conceptual Hawkian novel to the Nth degree, or perhaps vice versa! Should we perhaps even pose

the question: How acquainted was Hawkes' with the Byzantine monk in the era of said quote? We should perhaps note Hawkes was to an extent a disciple of Nabokov, who, in addition

to penning a few novels postmodernly prodding into the do's and don't's of seducing underage females, was raised in a Russian

milieu still pre-Soviet, so to say an essentially Orthodox milieu.

The modern novel, which in our era is essentially the postmodern novel, because it seems serious modern novels no longer exist, only spurious commercial novels that perhaps ape

old modern novels (poorly); no, today, to the extent the serious novel still exists outside of, say, thesis advisory boards, all serious novels are now essentially postmodern novels,

and with that being the reality I suppose I'll refer to the postmodern novel as just the modern novel, as there are no modern novels anymore, just postmodern, so the postmodern,

for myself and my peers, is ipso facto the modern. The modern novel, to Hawkes' credit, no longer requires anything of narrative, of character, of setting, of theme;

in fact, even indulging in such antiquated attributes is typically a sign of poor taste! For myself, when and if, which is hardly ever, I begin a novel with a fervent urge

to tell me a story I'll place the item back down immediately, at least somewhat disgusted at its brazen narrative inclinations.

Symeon's Eros, on the other hand, while indulging in bombastic dialogues, while tearing itself apart in a perpetually appropriate fashion - perhaps the so-called refrain of Symeon's

work is this very tearing apart, is essentially a postmodern epic poem, which if we consider the many attempts to turn the epic poems of Homer into the modern novels of, say,

Gogol or Joyce, then it almost goes without saying that Symeon's epic poem is already a postmodern novel in many ways, as the addition to pure prose of the novel, the addition to the non-metrical methods of placing words in conceptual order, is perhaps another lurid quirk of the novel that would be better off set to the side!

Of course the beauty of the Divine Eros, of the so-called kontakion form (of which both Symeon and Nazianzus are essentially book-ends to, if not entirely indulgent in) is that it mimics the metaphysics of these Byzantines, itself of course being a poem and an essay and a story! The digressive hymns of the Divine Eros must be all three in simultaneity, verses and stories and essays, because if they're just verses or just essays or just stories - no, that simply won't work at all! To describe a select hymn as a verse, or as a story, or as an essay, instead of all three simultaneously, yet not as an amalgam but instead as an individual essay, an individual verse, an individual story in the same breath, to do that would almost be heretical in itself.

Whereas Descartes noted, 'I think therefore I am,' Athanasius said, 'Has the Father ever existed without His Son?' The most important aspect of the Divine Eros, what makes them essentially novelistic in perhaps the postmodern sense of the word, is that they're at once essays and verses and stories individually, but they're non-amalgamous!

The Eros is all of them at the same time, but also each one of them individually as well; whereas Descartes noted, 'I think therefore I am,'

the kontakion is only an essay because it's a poem, but it's only a poem because it's a story, and so on and so on -

Hawkes said, 'I began to write fiction on the assumption that the true enemies of the novel were plot, character, setting, and theme,' while Athanasius said,

'Has the Father ever existed without His Son?' Is The Divine Eros of Symeon the New Theologian a postmodern epic poem and as such also the postmodern novel par excellence?

Perhaps we should inquire further into this term 'postmodern,' however, namely as to how exactly it's said to differ from the term 'modern'? One of the more modern notions of our era,

in this instance I'm speaking of modern as non-postmodern, whereas previously (perhaps foolishly) I used modern as a synonym for postmodern, is this conception of

The Big Bang, which has achieved jihad-like popularity in our era. Perhaps the most modern notion of all, if we're attempting to inquire about the modern-postmodern divide, is this notion, which has achieved a jihad-like belief system around it, of the Big Bang.

Now, personally, I'm not exactly a proponent of this notion, primarily because it strikes me as idiotic, with all due respect to the scientists who developed it, it strikes me as an idea

that's attempting to improve upon a previous notion (God), but in practice is taking the idiocy of said previous notion, blindly believing in God, and making it somehow more idiotic.

There's an idea that there was nothing, then something occurred, and now things are occurring in an outward fashion at increasing speeds. There's an idea that our sensory faculties,

which are unable to accurately officiate feelings at a bar after three beers, are somehow capable of taking clues from billions of years ago and

somehow empirically postulating what occurred billions of years ago, trillions of miles away. But this idea of the Big Bang is more in line with, say, Descartes, than,

say, Athanasius. It's an idea that's essentially antithetical to the idea that a father only achieves being through his son, that the father and son, while

existing independently of one another, only achieve being because of one another, that without one another they, in many ways, cease to exist.

It's only been of late that I've found myself craving the classic cookies and cream flavor, and it's been ice cream in particular that has struck my cravings acutely.

In our era, now I need more or less at least one night of indulging in ice cream per week. Yet at the same time, alongside this peculiar craving for cookies and cream,

I've found myself bending to an equally acute urge to try something new, hardly satisfied

with this cookies and cream craving, despite the fact this cookies and cream craving more or less just came over me, I often find myself saying things like, 'I don't know, maybe that chocolate chip cookie dough is good?' or, 'What if I had a milkshake?'

I feel like, I don't know, maybe a milkshake would really hit the spot right now?' Of course the only result of such prevarication, of such mindless deviations is the indulgence in non-cookies and cream items and the inevitable remorse of the initial craving remaining unquenched!

There's an idea that there was nothing, then something occurred, and is still occurring; the postmodern novel, as well as Symeon's Divine Eros, do away with the first portion of this formula,

disassociating themselves from this idea that there was nothing and also from the idea that then something occurred, instead restricting themselves to the is still occurring.

For both Symeon and the postmodern novel something is still occurring, however, we're not quite as concerned with the idea that there was at one time nothing, or with this idea that then something occurred.

If we were bold, and I'm feeling decently bold at the moment, having indulged in a long day, all of my days these days seem exceedingly long! - but also feeling as though all

autobiography is absurdist fiction, we might say that while the modern novel says something adjacent to, 'I think therefore I am,' the postmodern novel states something akin to, 'He is the Father because he eternally has a Son through whom he affirms Himself as Father.'

But this is perhaps even too speculative for our tastes; it's in all likelihood beyond the scope of this inquiry!

Yet of course this could be considered controversial, as the median postmodernist ostensibly loves nothing more than flaunting his reckless atheism; what the postmodernist adores more

than anything is to flaunt his atheism; if the postmodernist becomes peacock-like about anything it's without a doubt his fervent disbelief in God. Yet is it possible

that a Byzantine monk penned the first truly monumental postmodern novel? It's an interesting query, although I have a feeling it would disgust Hawkes if not Nabokov,

but most likely Nabokov as much as Hawkes. Nabokov, and I'm basing this on little to nothing, strikes me as someone who would be loath to be grouped together with Symeon the New Theologian.

In his fiftieth hymn Symeon sensually notes, 'she reached out to me like a breast, for me to suckle imperishable milk' - we should inquire into this note further, as perhaps curiously, our author even refers to the Father (or the Son) in this quote as αὐτή the feminine pronoun, hence the quote was rendered in English as She rather than He,

yet another postmodern element to be found in the Eros, referring to the Father in the feminine conjunctive in the Eleventh Century! (Perhaps even the late Tenth!)

So many of us to this day still blindly refer to the Father employing primarily the male conjunctive, yet I've never personally subscribed to this

conjunctive conditioning myself, although I usually refrain from engaging in public statements regarding conjunctive matters.

Ultimately, both the postmodernists as well as Symeon the New Theologian recognize the for lack of a better phrase quantum character of our material existence;

while the postmodernists, in many if not all cases, tend to either form or support various crusades due to this characteristic, Symeon did the opposite, instead rescinding completely

and making no explicit political statement on the conjunctive character(s) of his world. (Yet of course there is the speculation that Symeon himself was of a conjunctive deviation,

so to speak, unique to his milieu, that of the eunuch, although we don't know this for certain.) The world, its quantum character, was no call to reform to Symeon; no it was a sign to rescind!

For my part, I certainly can't deny that my personal predilections fall closer to rescinding; not a week goes by that the thought of entering a monastery doesn't become at least momentarily

appealing! The monastery, to me, at times, seems like a second home, despite the fact, to the best of my knowledge, I've never stepped foot into a monastery of any sort. Yet where could I possibly belong

more than a monastery, with few to no possessions and nothing pressing to do besides monitor my own fleeting thoughts, isn't the assessment of one's own waves

of fleeting thought a full-time job in and of itself? How could we possibly have time for

anything else, if we're attempting to maintain a modicum of honesty with ourselves?

Approaching the automatic entrance of Fresh Shore's on Mineral Spring Avenue, hoping with all of my heart that their prepared foods were in the ballpark of what my mom generally discovers at Dave's

Supermarket, I glanced across the street and saw the old building of Ken Wok Chinese Cuisine halfway torn down, and I took out my phone and made a brief note on the indefatigable impermanence

that remains so pervasive all around us, as I do each time a building I felt some sort of nonsensical connection with on Mineral Spring Avenue gets knocked down.

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