

TRY 8

Foreplay. There's a junction here but we're not there yet. 2-D thinking. 3-D is on the way. You'll never understand any of this without the 3-D isomers. Everything's spatially equivalent but in 3-D. Wow! Didn't know that. "The hidden path." Tell the friend you don't understand the poem and she'll impale you with understanding until she's forced to end the conversation with an abrupt, "You don't know Sanskrit." A timeless appeal to order through programmed destruction. Certain appellations get "chewed." Molecular biology derogates its vocabulary until the listeners don't want to hear anymore. We're gonna chew some and tidy it up and then ligate. There will be a few isomeric twists buried in the 2-D annotations. The 3-D rendering will twist your head. And no one knows what they're doing until everyone's out of the lab and in the street. The street will tell you if your ideas are really not half bad. And it all starts with "beauty." Not in the text. If necessary, "beauty" will be redefined until it is seen in the street for what it is. No further transmigration, just an all knowing side glance into the heart of the Maker and his truth juxtaposed beyond 3-D into his time and an unspoken confrontation, 2 by 2, with eternity. No one knows where this is going. Notional interdependence ending in truth. A defabricated surrender and the freedom to forsake yourself when too much truth shows you what you're really like. Being chewed back a little won't bother you then. The whole show is going to be torn to shreds if necessary. Lots of people don't make it to eternity. A little harm, a great surrender, and in the end no one knows anything except the truth, naked as the light of day.