

A POEM-PROSE-MANIFESTO OF TIME-- BY: CHARLES TA

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

I.	<u>TIME AS AN ILLNESS (<i>THE ZENOSYNE PLAGUE</i>)</u>	1
II.	<u>TIME AS CURRENCY (<i>CHRONONOMICS</i>)</u>	2
III.	<u>TIME AS "LATERAL" (<i>THE TRAGEDY OF THE LATER-MORPHS</i>)</u>	4
IV.	<u>TIME AS A WEAPON (<i>MEMORY BOMBARDMENT</i>)</u>	5
V.	<u>TIME AS AN ORGANISM (<i>THE MILLENIUM ROSE</i>)</u>	6

Copyright © 2017, by Charles Ta. All rights reserved. (as of April 30, 2017)

TIME AS AN ILLNESS:

An eternal day
 In the eyes of childhood
 Fragments with great speed
 Infinitely small moments.
Eons streak by
 Like the flash of aimless lights
 Faster and faster...
 Before we're even aware.
We are driven *mad*
 By the rushing of Time's stream.
 Youths become old souls
 Only to become children.
This is the Great Plague.
 That malady that infects
 All life, and all minds,
 As both slowly rot.
Across the pale stars
 Creatures one thousand years old,
 Beings older than *rocks*
 Live and struggle as we do.
These organisms
 Live through hell every day
 While we seem to
 Endure mild Purgatory.
Pity them, humans,
 For they share the same star-dreams
 That can be found spread
 All across the vast cosmos.
Not the dreams for life,
 For grand immortality--
 But the collective
 Haunting dreams for *true death*.
To live forever
 Is to die accursed, alone.
 To live blissfully,
 Momentously: that is Life.
For if one is struck
 By the Plague that brings death to all,
 He cannot escape,
 Nor find his lost memories.

THE ZENOSYNE EFFECT

Since they, like the past
 Have faded into the dust--
 Into the Abyss--
 Into the maws of darkness.
Under the Great Plague,
 One becomes a vegetable--
 That spectates Time's path
 Rather than following it.
And to those creatures
 That have descended into
 Hedo-nihilism,
 Into intoxications
That alter the mind,
 Into pseudo-religions
 That worship moments
 And exalt impermanence,
Into sciences
 That corrupt the innocent
 And the civilized,
 So that empires regress
Into rudiment
 Child-states sheltered from the
 Horrors of space-time,
 From the depths of the unknown,
All in an effort
 To "cure" the Plague
 By imprisoning Chronos,
 By contorting it
So it folds upon
 Itself and its own being,
 I am both sorry
 And much appalled at your deeds.
The Zenosyne Plague
 Has no cure, and never will
 Not even if we
 Transcend this grand universe,
And catalyze our
 Own great apotheosis.
 Since, even as gods
 Immortality is hell.

TIME AS CURRENCY:

Fifth-Dimensionals!

Are wild, zany creatures.
Folding, expanding,
And receding, shapeshifting.

They are manifolds

Usurpers of tesseracts--
Transcendent, ghostly.
Not to mention ambitious.

Time *is* currency

In their multifaceted
Omniscient minds.
Ever since the Founding of

Chronos LLC

By a being only known
As the PRIME MOVER.
Who quit Axis Apeiron--

A parent business

That greatly monopolized
Quantum superstrings
In constant fluctuation

Prior to its fall

After the cooling of the
Infinitely dense
Spontaneous Universe--

That left energy

Evenly distributed
For the birth of stars
And majestic galaxies.

The MOVER, Chronos,

Saw the expanse unravel
And set in motion
Time's industrial machine

Realizing Time as

A precious commodity,
That could benefit
Everyone, anyone!

All beings, he knew,

Were born with the fear of *death*
So increasing their
Lifespans by adding "time-space",

CHRONONOMICS: THE RISE

Would make them nearly

Deities-- wealthy
Beyond the most fertile,
Kaleidoscopic

Dreams of rich mortals.

Several questions remained
In the MOVER's mind,
As he thought and thought.

Over many years,

--Centuries, even, Chronos
Mulled over how Time
Could be compartmentalized

Into pocket-size

Forms-- small enough to be held
Tightly in one's hands,
Like the ancient quantum coins

Of Apeiron Inc.

Looking "down" at the fourth realm
Where hypercubes lived
And floated without a care,

And where time crystals

Changed form as they eroded
Through the passage of
Time's cyclones, seas, and storms,

A primeval light

Of ideation shined in
The head of Chronos
As he concocted his plan...

Time passed as Chronos

Began to use time crystals
And hypercube-coins
For his developing firm.

5D residents

Soon caught on to Chronos's plan,
And sought employment
Under the MOVER's vision.

The Fifth Dimension

Soon thrived in a Golden Age,
Under Chronos Inc.--
But one that was doomed to *fall*.

TIME AS CURRENCY:

The Golden Age of
The Fifth-Dimensional Gods,
Was ephemeral--
It would not last forever.
No matter how much
Chronos wanted to believe
In his mind in the
"Utopia" he had made.
Time crystals and cubes
Had, for several billion
Years, allowed beings
To, for a while, live for
Longer temporal
Periods because of their
Bizarre properties--
Their abilities to stop
Atomic decay
Or halt entropy's progress--
Allowing beings
Like the Fifth-Dimensionals
To exist in a
State of "cyclical regress"--
Namely, a state in
Which energy that would have
Been wasted by their
Cosmic manifold bodies--
(Shining like sparkling suns)
Of the Fifth Dimensionals
Could be "recovered"
In a past time "on repeat"--
Or, in other words,
"Recycled" incessantly,
Thereby causing the
Fifth-Dimensionals to stop
Aging, remaining
Nearly perpetually young,
In tandem with the
"Perpetual-motion" of
These time gems and cubes,
And their constant state of flux.

CHRONONOMICS: THE FALL

The more crystals and
Cubes a Fifth-Dimensional
Could consume and have,
The "longer" he or she would
Live, live, and let live.
Unfortunately for the
PRIME MOVER, Chronos,
However, the supply of
4-crystals and cubes
Began to dwindle over
Time, as more and more
Fifth-Dimensionals desired
To live forever,
Becoming addicted to
What had become an
Insatiable drug that made
Consumers go *mad*
With greed, pride, selfishness, and
Power-lust, and great wrath,
That soon gave birth to *conflict*
Violence, and WAR.
Chronos, horrified, witnessed
His utopia
Fall into decadence and
Utter destruction.
Being betrayed being simply
For the pleasure of
Living for a few millennia,
Then centuries, then
Merely decades-- until the
Time came when small shards
Of time were left for
Dying black holes of
The once glorious Fifth Realm
To murder each other
For, amidst a collapsing
Cosmic bubble that
Had long burst as the market
For Time also burst.
--A Great Cosmic Depression.

TIME AS "LATERAL":

Woe to the tortured progeny
Who live in "imaginary" Time
Who live and travel horizontally
Without reason nor Crime.

Woe to them amidst their agony,
That to us is evanescent,
Woe to them, wed in matrimony,
To the illusion that is the present!

Woe to them, for in our telescopes,
We see their forms ephemeral--
As cosmic strands that twist like ropes
Amidst the stars of galactic peril.

Woe to them, amidst the darkness
Those creatures known as the Latermorphs,
Who by the moment appear to kiss
The rippling aether like pulsating dwarfs.

Woe to them, for only being able
To glimpse a moment in a ceaseless infinity--
A quantum instant amidst a Universe sable--
Dark and dreary, devoid of a divinity.

Though we ourselves verily know not
What the lives of these creatures must be,
We feel sorry for these beings distraught
Whose only wish is to be unbound, to be free.

We know of the Latermorphs' great Yearning,
By the brief interactions we've had with them--
By how they noticed our world turning,
And beamed to us messages by "pulsar-gram":

Desperate for love and for salvation; mercy,
The Latermorphs told us their tale of despair,
Through space ripples and waves of gravity,
Beatings in Morse code, eager to share:

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LATERMORPHS

One beat came for every quantum second
As the Latermorphs flashed to and fro,
From timeline to timeline; quick as the wind,
Worlds hearing but pieces of their voices go...

We in this realm heard the pangs of "PAIN"
While our dimensional neighbors heard more:
Muffled ripples from a parallel plane
Screamed and wailed "JUDGMENT"; "WAR".

"Farther" away in still more distant Universes
The howls of the Latermorphs faded away,
Turning into whispers and then faint *urses*,
Across lateral timelines *when* secrets lay.

From what we could piece together ourselves,
And what we responded back to the strands,
In meetings spread across "brane-shelves",
They told us tales of their idyllic homelands-

M-THEON, AEONA, ZA, NO-WHEN:

*From these lands we long ago came
Till banished we were as foolish ken,
For terrors we wrought that had no name.*

*We blew away worlds into the bowels of oblivion,
We warred with our fathers for a trillion years.
We brought galaxies into the oceans Stygian,
And were rightfully punished by our worst fears.*

*Imprisoned were we to travel only wayside,
Across the branches of many times and spaces--
To view the moments that civilizations died
And the frozen instants of the deaths of races.*

*And so, now, we stare at you poor humans,
Demanding from thee some selfish pity,
Tis' all we can afford for our evils and sins,
Let us leave thee now with no qualms or enmity!*

TIME AS A WEAPON:

The Order of Clio-dotus was ready for this day,
As the nations of the world suffered amnesia.
Numbed to war by apathy's anesthesia,
They paid no mind to the sinful Earth's decay.

Mnemos the Mystagogue sat on his throne--
His robes, beard, and eyes the color of selenite.
His ten thousand followers, all cloaked in white,
Waited for him in silence, motionless like stone

--For him to proclaim the time had arrived
To unleash the ghastly silver *Moon Kite*.
Whose pale wings would feed a world deprived
With memories of the Past, to ensure a future bright.

After some time went by in the Order's meeting-place
--A spired shrine sitting on the dark side of Charon,
Mnemos rose from his seat and beheld his silver race
Of loyal, slender disciples whose faces were barren.

He proudly declared it was time for the Ritual to begin
That would summon the *Moon Kite* to save humanity.
--A race that had fallen into decadence, and insanity
And each day and hour walked closer to ruin.

The Mystagogue raised his hands and began to recite
Telepathically, as his disciples soon did the same,
For the *Moon Kite* to come for them to tame,
And help Man remember the Way of the Light.

Their incantations perturbed the spheres beyond
Eclipsed by the darkness, desiring a glint of the Sun,
As they slowly stopped spinning until it was done,
And from the bodies the *Moon Kite* had spawned.

From each world in the Belt, the stone ruins quivered,
While the chants of the disciples set them ablaze
Firing streaks of heavenly light; by the gods delivered,
That coalesced into a large orb of exotic matter phase.

As an ending to the prayer, the disciples called out
To holy Clio and Herodotus, the wisest chronologists
Two souls who recorded History's turns and twists
That the now savage Earth had long forgotten about.

MEMORY BOMBARDMENT

The *Moon Kite* appeared from the pale white sphere,
And it said, wings spread in splendor and glory,
"Now shall begin a new chapter in Earth's history,
A chapter of peace and prosperity, with no sin or fear."

Mnemos bowed down seeing the manta-ray deity
Shine warm light upon the cold silver moon-men,
And thanked his *Great Kiteness* once again
For hearing their prayers and showing them pity.

The *Moon Kite* knew at once what had to do,
Having saved Man from catastrophe before.
But he realized this time what Man at his core,
Needed was to see their savior, bare and true.

Blasting through space like a heavenly comet,
Leaving a tail of stardust in his wake,
The *Moon Kite* resolved this time to be brutally honest,
With Mankind, for their dying world's sake.

Scientists and world leaders on Earth pointed in fear
At the white star they saw shooting past Neptune.
Anarchy erupted worldwide as the comet drew near,
And even with missiles and lasers it remained immune.

The *Moon Kite* sped past Saturn undeterred,
Then grazed Mars's scarlet, sandy plateaus
By which point Man used nukes once inert,
Hoping to destroy the source of their woes.

Mankind, having exhausted its power to no avail,
Sat quietly realizing its impending final fate.
Nations crumbled as the ashen skies filled with hate
And the world went MAD, becoming soulless and stale.

Just when Man however, had accepted its Judgment,
The *Moon Kite* in his mercy, halted his advance,
Spreading his glowing wings across the blue expanse
That outshone the Sun as he began his slow descent.

The deity's abrupt stop created a wave of blinding light,
As Memories assaulted the minds of all men and kin
A thousand voices spoke of what Man once had been,
And soon after the *Moon Kite* shattered out of sight.

TIME AS AN ORGANISM: THE MILLENNIUM ROSE AND THE ETERNAL FRUIT

Near our red star on Amberzanth, our planet,
With silver-amber skies and teal tinted meadows
Lies the Millenium Rose, gift of the Cosmos,
That bears the sacred Ichor Pomegranate.

Every one thousand years, as the legend goes,
The Rose grows and blooms and gives up its precious fruit
That secretes precious elixir-juices produced in its root,
Said by poets to free one from his greatest woes.

But the stories do not stop there, my faithful friend.
For the worthy and the pure are rewarded lives with no end.
And are overcome by great feelings of all-consuming bliss,
That plunge them into an endless, euphoric abyss.

You and me, and our Immortal Guardian Clans,
Have protected this fragile Rose for ten thousand years
For ten times have Empires from ten billion spheres
Attempted to achieve glory, though we always ruin their plans.

Amberzanth herself compels the fruit bleeding with Ichor
To shrivel and rot twelve days after the Rose has bloomed.
Along with the Rose itself, whose life is brief, but doomed,
So the dreams of victors are crushed after their fruitless War.

Ten pointless Crusades of the Pomegranate have been ignited
So far across eons and eons for the Throne of Eternity--
All for the greed and power-lust of these seekers of Immortality
Who always find nothing but dust, breaking their hearts benighted.

It is a tragedy, my friend, for those who kill the innocent,
For Amberzanth has already decided their souls are impotent.
Motivated by pride rather than kindness, hate rather than love,
And by ignorance rather than wisdom despite landing from above.

Now, once more, Empires of the Eleventh Age have blasted countless planet-states,
Who in turn have unleashed the fury of the stars upon their vile aggressors.
Now, through the imminent Eleventh Crusade, the galaxy is again in dire straits,
And we must once again protect our Rose from returning enemy invaders!

Fin

