

Caution: This paper consists of

*I have explored the mauve of day,
some days ago. I deserted the
desert as it remained ninety
degrees to midnight in Baker. The
last stop to Las Vegas, it was too
tempting. I could not wait to
make a donation to hotel of my
choice. There I suffer from sleep
depravation, alcohol intoxication,
and ATM temptation*

*Solace is hard to find in the desert.
Outside the sweat of my body
could form a little stream and my
burning body could heat a third
world country for the whole
winter. All I sought was air
condition, the condition f the air
to change. I became primitive in
my search for ice water and a
chair.*

*It is too extreme at least for me.
It is at one end of the spectrum or
the other. I could not find
stabilizing factor. Something that
would be able to distract me.*

*The pictures which are created
through memory have been seen
through a million eyes. Eyes
materialize truth in individuals.
Eyes cannot disguise the feeling of
discontent. Eyes reveal the lack of
morality a greater cause. Eyes
can see through the nature of a
selfish skin. Eyes release the guilt*

*So hearts throb and ask for the forgiveness, which can only be granted by
the angels of sacrifice.*



random thought and unconventional modes of transition

So I search for inspiration, which is hard to find, for everything ends. I guess I am looking for a religion, but not in the religious sense. I am in search of a prop which will occupy my time which will occupy my time without mind altering, controlling, or additive devices. Lord knows I have acquired enough vices to last me until the beginning of the new millennium. They are too hard to find and the way down is a hell of a lot longer than the way up.

So I count the grains of sand I have spread on a sheet of vaseline.

I press some thorns on my sides to see what the pain will provide.

I take a road to nowhere in hopes that it will get me somewhere.

I await the day tomorrow comes as I count the yesterdays.

But most of all I wait for a definition, which will lead to my recognition.

I have been on many a trips in my life, which were fun until they turned bad.

I retract and react to the proverbial intentions of myself. I verbalize and theorize my detached form. I envision lingering realities I need to stabilize. Is it balance that gives stability or does stability arise from balance.

So I escape and return to a place where cross continental travel was not possible. A place where all I had to do was live for the sake of living. It would be a place and time where life was not timed. A place where the space would find you instead of you finding the space.

It is nice to be

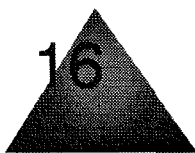
alone,

to use your senses of attachment and

detachment.

I can ponder the possibilities of my irrational state. A self-prescribed and described state. Where I can do and be anything the moment allows me to be. Where everything need not be precise or in control to fit someone else's mode. I ask myself where I have been, where I am and where I am going And it really

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doesn't matter, I can't change where I have been, and I am where I am for a reason, and I'm eventually gonna get to where I am going, so why rush?

So now I lay on the grass to get a different perspective. The perspective has changed, but the material has stayed the same. So is there a difference in perspective when the material is the same? Or is it the perspective that makes all the difference. But even difference is the same, if it is a matter of perspective.

During times of anxiety, I close my eyes and think of Josylen who has moved up to the Bay Area. There she is learning how to communicate with whales. The Biology department at the University of Pacific has placed a metal plate in her head in an attempt to de-code the sonar of whales. She was chosen, for she was the only one quick enough to escape into the protection pods, where a force field sprays an anti-whale formula which causes them to have a rash; it has the affect of poison ivy on human being.

I guess I am in the process of searching for "continuous present", where the notion of beginning again is implied. Is this a way to get out of an ending, for an ending doesn't exist. The ending will become a part of the beginning and over again. Is there coherency in something that will never end. Or do we even need to exclaim its existence.

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