

## ***End of Discussion: The Accidental Test***

### ***I***

*“Some mortal souls collect stamps,  
while others not less mortal collect gossips,  
but you have been collecting thoughts,  
and you were thinking so deep all-week,  
and with so much stately poise of late,  
as though you are already of us in this  
Higher Orb of astral governance.”*

So begins the Discussion as my  
duality approaches the  
pearly gates of the celestial court.

Just moments earlier I was  
an ontological totality  
streaming the maze of moments  
in a wide-arc Orinoco flow;  
but now reaching the Junction,  
I have to abandon this  
earthly contraption which  
is now but a hopeless wreck.

First was the whitened van,  
and then a blinding light did flash,  
followed by this dreadful bang.

### ***II***

Silence.  
A loud, deafening silence.

And a void.  
A slippery, sucker-cup void.

I guess I have become a  
categorical imperative and  
I am now “gone to the Max”  
(whatever that means).

### ***III***

Now the lousy dust has cleared;  
so I pack my shattered thoughts, put my  
serialized initials into my pocket,  
and within this single heartbeat  
the phantasmagoria begins  
from this new vantage point:

Before me now, as you can see, is an  
octopus-ey whirl of twisting roads  
full of many tentacular options,  
and I am obliged to have a  
quick walk of life along any of  
those roads one way or the other;  
for now is the time for a near-dead  
Poet or Programmer to take the Test.

But everywhere I turn to ends a  
new beginning and neither an end  
nor a beginning can I figure out.

I walk to the horizon  
and there I find another;  
I hazard a foothold on the  
dunes of Dasht-e Lut but the  
salt crystals won't align either.

With this burdensome obligation to  
walk my walk and with all  
options now so unforgiving,  
I am opting to enter the matrix and,  
if you will spare a moment to glance,  
you can see me jumping over a  
number of parameters by reference  
as I traverse a forest of uneven  
array pointers full of  
many a leaky abstraction.

I have picked my path and  
there is no going back;  
I look up to the heavens  
but night has clouded over and  
there is no guardian angel in sight.

Stumbling upon some deprecated  
relics of browser-specific tags, I  
follow the echo of my legend  
only to fall every now and then  
into ditches of broken JavaScripts  
and careless W3C non-compliance.

Lord, I think this is my  
familiar code-littered, dreary road!

A sexagesimal fraction of time  
relapses as I wonder if the  
motherless goddess who was  
once a true love of mine would  
ever let her light  
shine enough for me to follow,  
only to see myself presently merging  
into another larger scheme of Viva:

#### IV

Far far away, behind the acronym “NDE”  
and beyond business at the speed of thought;  
far from the platform flame wars and  
not anywhere near the geeky apple tales,  
here am I standing in motion;  
a non-idempotent bookmark,  
living and post-marked  
“Poet-Programmer XOR Programmer-Poet”.

Separated from the colloquial amplitudes  
of the IT establishment and the  
certification noises notwithstanding,  
I am now afloat on a  
larger-than-life language ocean –  
a warped whirl of the crazily  
symbolicated programming world.

And in this warpy sphere of a state,  
my binary metonymies are  
still Germanic and circuitous, while  
other people’s hexadecimal synecdoches  
remain terse and expressive;  
but even as their eloquence  
escapes me and their logic  
ties me up and befog my mind,  
there still remains an abundant lot of  
Turing-complete machines and  
meta-languages keeping my  
boatful of karma afloat.

#### V

Looking up yonder by the northern  
vista of life I see a small river named  
Google flowing unassumingly;

and probing its course, I see it  
leading to a vast, wild and untamed  
para-dynamic country of web bots,  
in which nicely barbequed  
chunks of info-twisted oddities  
actually fly into your mouth  
for free and for fair; though  
without credibility for certainty.

I am following this googling river  
not knowing the turn I have just taken:  
I might be just beginning or  
I might be near the end.

But then, the uncertainty  
notwithstanding I think I know  
this to be the domain of Hades.

## VI

And now I am meeting this small  
line of a mysto-power text by the  
inscrutable name of *Lorem Ipsum*,  
and this is where I am deciding  
to pause and ask for directions  
concerning where this supposedly  
brief walk of mine is supposed to  
be walking me to.

But as it is turning out now,  
this Ciceroic little text knows nothing  
very exacting about my own walk of life;  
and all it is telling me is that  
every individual walk of life  
is a unique promise to be fulfilled.

But if I should rest on that,  
then I must only be dreaming.

Nonplussed, a rhetoric question  
that cannot be published is  
running over my mystified mind and,  
exhaling a sigh, I am continuing  
my sail to whithersoever the winds  
of adventure lead me.

And wait, who is this pretty  
nice copyright on guard at  
a fuzzy logic gate?

Tattered flags of propriety ownership  
are waving as I draw nigh to  
her unfenced borders and it is  
at once written in plain secret  
(or is it all hidden in plain sight?)  
that she posses no real defence after all!

I go there I lose my way,  
she goes here she's not in my way,  
and if we stay here we're not together.  
In this looping dance of patency  
I have to ask my question:

*"Whose sweat are you sweating  
over to defend so laughably?"*

And you can hear her lame answer:

*"You might get the idea that I  
am qualified to put on the breastplate  
of valour and respond with certainty;  
but I am in this affair a weak party".*

## VII

And all the while that these  
post-mortem theatrics are playing out,  
the gloomy Aidoneus had been  
sitting besceptered,  
amusing himself with the sighs  
and tears of lost Mankind  
groveling on Terra's lost paradise.

My persona now draws his  
attention presently and swiftly  
proclaiming, he is saying to me:

*"It is all hidden in plain sight,  
(or is it all written in plain secret?),  
that there's only one natural death,  
and you are not yet qualified even for that,  
for you can see that Azra'il is  
nowhere around to close your port;  
but you may wish to visit the  
pearly gates and espy the  
Custodians of the Hourglass."*

And this is how I approached the  
pearly gates a while ago,  
which precipitated the  
discussion about my affairs.  
But with the discussion hardly  
started, Halaliel the lord of karma  
appeared from the orbital sidelines

galloping on winged chariots,  
with blinded eyes and double-edged  
sword drawn, announcing to me,

*"You have been on the test road  
leading to Enlightenment,  
which must be travelled by  
all mortals in one or multiple dualities;  
in order to transform from  
Journeyman to Master.*

*But yours was a cosmic joke and  
an accidental test;  
so you now must retreat and,  
while circumnavigating your  
paths back and forth,  
you never must stop  
questioning, never stop living."*

End of discussion.

And then the *Lorem Ipsum*  
once more re-appears,  
followed by a whitened van in tow,  
followed by a non-blinding ray of light,  
and the case file is herenow opened –  
to begin discussing and recording  
the details here at the police station.

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@HQ, Nigeria Police (Traffic Div.),  
MTD - Chikaji, Zaria, NIGERIA

Monday, August 01, 2011  
(2:47AM)

**NOTES:**

Before you read, you might be interested to know that I composed the first “draft” of this one on the SMS text editor of my old (almost expiring) mobile phone in the dead of the night while at the Police Station waiting endlessly for the offending party to arrive after that near-fatal car crash on July 31st 2011 wherein a drunk driver collided with me head-on.

I copied the text to my laptop and made it a proper poem about 48 hours thereafter...

Poetry and programming are individually full of symbolic and complicated maneuverings of language; the former dealing with human language and the latter dealing with machine language. So, when one “puts on a breastplate of valour” and attempts to address both at the same time, then you could expect to get a really “symbolicated” challenge to deal with! LOL

Well, I might as well advise you in advance that you will definitely have to repeatedly read this poem several times over before getting its essence in full (or just half-full). I might as well warn you to expect lots of surprisingly new meanings every time you re-read it. I also always find myself in that “predicament” every time I read the poem. :-)

I think most of my poems do often have some sort of quasi-mystical series of undertones which make them subject to non-singular appreciation or interpretation; but I think this one is particularly so much more metaphysical that I suspect it must have derived its aura from the freaking circumstances that gave birth to its composition.

And I must not forget to mention that Senior Poet I. A. Waziri deserves a megazillion thanks for that simple advice that he offered after perusing the first draft of this poem: “change the perspective from a passive narrative to an active, present continuity.”

Enjoy (and criticize) the poem, please!

***Ontology:*** n. The branch of metaphysics that deals with the nature of being.

***Categorical Imperative:*** n. In the ethical system of Immanuel Kant, an unconditional moral law that applies to all rational beings and is independent of any personal motive or desire.

***Orinoco:*** The Orinoco is one of the longest rivers in South America at 2,140 km (1,330 mi). Its drainage basin, sometimes called the Orinoquia, covers 880,000 square kilometres (340,000 sq mi), with 76.3% of it in Venezuela and the remainder in Colombia. The Orinoco and its tributaries are the major transportation system for eastern and interior Venezuela and the llanos of Colombia.

***Dasht-e Lut:*** A large salt desert in southeastern Iran.

***W3C:*** The World Wide Web Consortium (W3C) is an international community that develops open standards to ensure the long-term growth of the Web.

***Sexagesimal:*** Sexagesimal (base 60) is a numeral system with sixty as its base. It originated with the ancient Sumerians in the 3rd millennium BC, it was passed down to the ancient Babylonians, and it is still used — in a modified form — for measuring time, angles, and the geographic coordinates that are angles.

***another larger scheme of Viva:*** another larger Realm of Life.

***NDE:*** Acronym for “Near-Death Experience”.

**Symbolicated:** “symbolic and complicated”.

**Hades:** Hades (or Haides) was the ancient Greek god of the underworld; depicted as a dark-bearded, regal god. He was depicted as either Aidoneus, enthroned in the underworld, holding a bird-tipped sceptre, or as Plouton, the giver of wealth, pouring fertility from a cornucopia. The Romans named him Dis, or Pluto, the Latin form of his Greek title Plouton, “the Lord of Riches.” Sophocles explained referring to Hades as “the rich one” with these words: “the gloomy Hades enriches himself with our sighs and our tears.”

**Terra:** Terra or Tellus was a goddess personifying the Earth in Roman mythology. The names Terra Mater and Tellus Mater both mean “Mother Earth” in Latin.

**Custodians of the Hourglass:** I guess I was referring there to the archangels who presumably take care of affairs regarding space and time.

**Azra'il:** In Muslim belief, the angel who separates the soul from the body at death.