

THE
OPAL
EMBARGO

AN ESSAY

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HOW TO CREMATE A DIGITAL WATCH

The prison of time is a dinosaur lozenge dissolved now. The numeral side of life all dropped like retro racist legislation out of my world. When people ask me my age lately I say with the sincerity of a cooled rock that I don't know. I truly feel that I don't anymore. I surge from the mute unthrilled witnessing of an ancient hill, to being an overwhelmed post-born inundated with glories and horror. If life is a stage, some days I cannot believe my motley consciousness got the part.

So, the numbers were the first to go. You hear red-eyed prophets give smoky sermons like this, but time is literally just something someone tells you. This civilization is one multi-lingual Chinese whisper so 'time' is rendered a sort of joke to me, like I am humored and confused at the end of its gossipy line. Yes, it is the promise of cogs and boiled eggs. It is the smokin' hot mistress of maths and biology. But it isn't always true to the imagination or any non-intellectual entity resolving. These things happily transpire outside of time's barbaric watchful eye every day, all atop a macro dune far beyond its jurisdiction but all within the cool logic of eternity. Our thoughts are a cluster of compromising and ever-spawning opponents, invisible. All rich and morose, they gather, only to mid-wife new thoughts, be they minutes or lifetimes later. I shrug. It is all one and the same to me these days.

‘ENLIGHTENMENT’ IS PLURAL AND ISN’T CODE FOR
‘RELAXING SCHOOL’

Everything farcical and socially trained into me is illuminated but best believe everything else I understand is hallucinated. All that is living is a fabrication, designed with all of ones cerebral gusto. All that is fabricated manifests into a sentimental Persian rug that we nicknamed reality in order to not ruffle our imagined custodians.

You know, I always thought these random revelations were obliged to herald in a Zen age of detachment within me. But they don’t. They reboot a cognitive cleanse maybe. Wingless on the political plain, they enable me to choose a birds-eye view of my society instead - and I like that part. It sounds relaxing and suspiciously like freedom.... but never go there!

It really engulfs its victim with the stereo-sound doctrines, ecologies and lifestyles of all living things, or at least more then they can handle to stream sometimes. It makes for a slightly over-ambitious sense of perception, a crippling empathy not to mention (most importantly) a less popular viewpoint! It is a violent relativity that often overloads its open-minded victims. I think quasi-siths are trained to disempower while you are still malleable in order to stop it evolving (and thank Darth for them). If you are cruelly blessed, you secretly harbour this intuition like a teenage shaman houses the crystallized plant in his or her closet. It is a private and robust victory to be enjoyed, smoked and then trust me, lamented in existential adulthood. As the mortal coil continues to undress you might look back and wish you had made better choices.

SOULERY

The sorcery of ones internal drives. You know it is legitimized when you start magnetizing physical representatives of your non-physical inner workings (good and bad). Actors, props and scenes all scripted and positioned burst forth from somewhere from deep inside you. You meet alter egos and these dream/nightmare archetypes start piling up like fresh pummeled steaks on a counter-top. The tentacles of your imagination splay out and squelch to the sinister rhythms you conveniently pretend you can't hear. Thus your life unfolds, unbeknownst to most, it is adjusted exactly to our psychological palette.

All these planets, voices and strangely moving commercials all urge you to 'be yourself' by being true to them first. You don't know which one is trusted, but I think it is all worth sampling. I just figure if the authentic choice isn't quenched somewhere within, we secretly know. Sometimes we just stay loyal to a notion far less rewarding or choose not to articulate our doubts by warring with ourselves. Who can blame us? Truth is a conceptual obligation not everyone is prepared to wake up that early for. We treasure our sleep.

TRUTH IS A SNOB

For starters, truth is not only in the distance, it is mist.... in a clay mirage... flanked by non-committal ever-arriving waves. It is truly this elusive I think. And perhaps it is equally as hammy and fictitious as I describe too. But in that second that one encounters their truth, in that exact moment that it actually exists for them, it is to be fully fathomed – perhaps even enjoyed. The problem is people never consent to it vanishing. We can't accept that a larger truth must eat it much like an invisible bear would, and that bear looks up only to invite us to our next proverbial Arabian night. It is a quest, where I imagine the song 'search and destroy' is tumble-drying the whole time inside my headphones. Clarity is crucial, but to me it is more a sustaining meal than a permanent place to live.

SPIRITUAL DIVORCE

I can always recognize the moment two incompatible truths rise from the earth. Especially when it is between two entities that were kindred prior. It is as if the braiding trickles of two incense wands, once so complimentary, instantly sour and go stale for all party-guests to smell. All mutual admiration politely leaves the room. I myself have always found spiritual divorce quite traumatic in this way, just the break-neck speed in which it can transpire. The love and respect, suddenly drained sheets of candy-apple coloured blood all-a-rupture. So fertile in one moment, the next void of all depth and commonality.

Then there is the perverse pleasure each empire takes in seeing the other one pained, even if fleeting or fickle. In retrospect, I have watched many self-selected siblings gleefully drink in my misfortunes like they had booked their tickets three months prior. It is so fucking sinister to witness or worse, compute later. I have also felt my own cells and expression competitively bloom at another's suffering to. I know I am guilty because I can feel Satan lovingly nod and eagerly turn up the volume whenever I do it. The energy shift is like when a romantic dimmer-light is put on tacky blast. The connection suddenly looks hideously lit and the very person or thing that moments ago was the buxom roast at the head of your table, is now a foreign body causing you great allergy. So natural but so strange, to which anyone who has fallen out of love or been evicted from its cottage can testify.

The cunning of physics embodies us daily. In this instance it lets us experience the complexity of death even though all participants are still very much alive and operational. I've always found this phenomenal. Loss or estrangement to me is more than a sentimental undertaking. It is more like surviving a volcanic swim. It is narratively embossed into my being until I grasp the poetic truth lurking behind it. This can veer from the cheap to the lavishly explained.

"They were a creep. They had issues".

"We were feeding off each other in an egocentric house of mirrors".

"I discovered he was my oppressive slave-master in my fourth life".

Whatever rolls off the tongue.

DEATH NEEDS A NEW MANAGER

This reminds me of the yin yang laws under-pinning all. The negative and positive ions on a squished subway all jostling and rubbing alongside their brethren. Matchboxes all itchy and resentful of each other, all equally ravenous for the strike to free them. Everything begs us to act out these duals as often and as possible, for only then do we earn another bonus round with ourselves. The possibility. The reincarnation. The 'new me' reborn. I still can't believe the concept of death has been monopolized by the bloody Grim Reaper. I for one have lost count of how many times I've died in this life and been resurrected (another monopolized concept). No one tells us these ice ages are the only way to spawn the hardy fauna you need to take you to the next life-span either. This is what I thought evolution of self was about anyway. According to screens and transistors in my home, evolution is something far easier. Affordable too!

THE STAGE MUTHA

I have always agreed that assorted revolutions won't be televised, but our evolution sure was - and it's as drunk as the poets it drives to drink. If you want to know where binary and matrixes of all walks get their bleeding feet bound, look no further than the one-stop shop, probably in your living room. Behold as media fist-bumps money-clipped wads as two omnipresent invanquishable evils that we can't and won't willingly rid ourselves of. I've never known what to do about that. It fills my sinuses with a dull sense of mediocrity because like all humans I need to be here in this form and each breath costs. In this context, I feel we are all unfortunate looking art projects in need of incessant council funding.

I don't really partake as much as I once feverishly did. Why infect myself further by revisiting the insulting paradigms and pantomimes I have known and been allowed to fall in love with. Advertorial black holes sucking in the suckling. Do not be confused though, this force is not maternal - it is proudly barren. It is revenue, a blunt and unforgiving stagehand at best; ready to fire their own prince in the wings.

Michael Jackson silently moonwalks across my mind.

INDIVIDUALS NOT DESIGNED FOR THE COLLECTIVE

Recently I felt a great pain and empathy for humans who long to express like Emperors but can't find their people. A desperate but dusting bullet waiting for their watershed moment inside the chamber, but their indigenous language never seems to catch on. They weren't designed for the collective mind; only in dubious flashes that we reserve for double rainbows do these mavericks spy a fellow shark-fin or just a suspended ear to whisper into. I feel for these distinctive crusaders. But I realize this is the human condition. A sublime pollination of spirits twisting in the estranging wind, some melding cheesily in the meadow. Some catching the sunlight for all anchored plant life to see. And so many of us never finding our perfumed refuge. Is that the vision we all heat-see? A spiritual homeland as a garden of sorts? And isn't it a cruel irony that often those petrified in a secure treacle are the ones who long to float lost with the wasps the most.

Humans are all out there judging, ignoring or even poisoning each others schemes and desires, we are freed only by the odd crucial moment of kindness. Remember as a child that feeling you got when the screen finally faded to a knowing black? You realized after countless bops and synthetic crashes that you had made it to the next level of the game. The graphics all composed a new heightened perception of your future self and abilities unknown, and your tiny brain and squeaky voice started playing with the idea of destiny.

It's the cruelty of the chamber that always ravages my faith. When I see the political auras we all spray-paint each other with in order to survive and ascend. It is only to make sense out of the eye-watering chaos and that I can understand. But we never spare a blink for the cursed soul living inside the darker and discarded labels (unless we are ourselves one, what luck!)

Their collective heart and legacy as a timeless tribe (stereotype) becomes a crustation on the ocean floor. And then unsatisfied with merely marginalizing, society will find new innovative ways to jibe them for that too. I know a lot of inconsequential people who tell me with a granite resolve this is just the cyclic selections of nature. The hierarchy is a cohesive agreement we can all sign guilt-free because how else can 'the strong' triumph in a species? The idea of dishing out respect is treated like flinging signed cheques out of a hurtling truck window. "We cannot afford spacious identities for every flawed rogue and good-natured wallflower that walks the earth, it isn't possible". My genuine aching is not caused by the world being this way. More by the fact that these power-lords never feel that gentle tug or desire to even fucking try. A sonic bloom could take place but hovering personas, bungled ideologies and projections are what we have settled for. The odd inspirational zeitgeist occasionally speaks to our unified core but we choose to remain meat outside of these isolated experiences. This is the prison. The opal-boat embargo we put on ourselves when we could sail around being far warmer. Or cooler.

THE WORD

The changing way we have with 'words' also disguise and corrupt the depth within us that could have been. They continue to make us more affordable by the day. The mustard dusty archaeologist marvels at the primitive glory of the ancient hieroglyphics and the lingual evolution that supposedly took place. Whatever. I see these symbols as a fucking wizards abyss compared to the ominous smiley face we all page to one another like an upbeat dark lord now. So deceptive. Who would short-change happiness? Well me actually. Three times today (what can I say, I'm an emotional person). Our language has become a joyless mask. The modern idea of culture has too. Cultures used to be fascinating fractals all coursing from humanity's emerald, there to help us describe and pool our capabilities, our dimensions as a creed. Nowadays our cultures only get used as uniforms to identify to others that we are conflict or 'casting call for a commercial' ready. Culture should be a self-actualized assortment of spirits at work, not a drag-race to splinter.

POSTCARDS FROM THE END

I often pray for the gentle-minded and the wounded which in effect is everyone inside this tiny library from where I type this. We're all eternal kids walking around hurting and expressing, smiling or concentrating because of it, our masterpieces or fuck ups all constantly coming into effect. Then each of these scars, output from our souls, is left behind as a slummy scrawl on the collective consciousness' stall. On naval slash star gazing days such as these, I often wonder what my own signature will look like (if it wasn't written in invisible ink - hilarious!)

Don't worry; I often wonder what yours will look like to.

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