

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SPECTRUM BLUES

Athena weeps,
The electro-magnetic spectrum has the blues,
And not one of you has been unaffected by this man.

I watched all the news shows, national, local,
And even phoned the so-called educational channel
To let them know he died.
They told me it was on UPI,
And on the air they never said a word.
THEY OWE IT ALL TO HIM . . . but they never said a word.
HE GAVE ALL
As they nothinged him right into nothing.

Can you really understand the grief of a god?

Pyres are set high.
Pyramids are raised in just such a salute.
All the Incas, Aztecs, Chinese combined
Have not raised a brick compared to this one man's mind.
You shall never totally know
. . . it's gone . . .
All that are left are his artifacts being greed to Death.
The corporate vampires and mind parasiticales,
Threw the carcass out.
The brain drain greed, who forget and kill
Took his paid-for patents in their hip suit #9
Waiting for just the right time to throw the carcass out.
It all has to be used up,
Until there is not the slightest reason to stay.

It all has to be so used up
That there are even reasons for going.

It all gets used up.
As the external falters,
The inner expands,
Good-byes were made for their own good.

You don't know what you just lost,
And gained the absolute Athenian grief.
There's a wavelength missing from the spectrum now.
His focused energies are your boredom toys,
His rainbow dreams are your everyday fulfilled desires
. You don't even know.

When Picasso was wildly experimenting with duco cement,
THIS MAN WAS DRAWING WITH ELECTRONS,
And you still don't know him, or what he really did.
All the gods welcomed one back into the flux of peace.
No more sweat tears for those who wish he'd bleed.
It has ended now.
Once and forever
On some windless mountain
Against soft blue floating
And nothing happens . . .

. . . except explosion rains and flying trees
The sanctity has been annihilated again.
Prometheus unbound at last,
Christ finally taken down from the cross,
Becket finally stabbed,
Joan burned and blessed,
Lincoln, Kennedy, King finally done in,
The fly's wings finally torn out by other flies.
But the body turning into pure mind.
Finally all truly becomes one,
And not the tension energy of holding back,
Holding to help those who have to go through.

You all know he went through here,
Whether you know his name or not.
HE RIGHT NOW IS COMMANDING YOUR LIVING ROOM MIND.
You saw men on the moon right then because of him.
Will the world ever awake given all the possibles and impossibles?
He gave us one of many of the impossibles.
How many sat around the radio trying to see a picture in the dial?
Until one day you could see a picture – and now it's just shit.
What retarded, self-defeating, mini-minds shut off
What they don't have the light to turn on.
I lack in reaching for competent images,
How do you talk about a manifestation,
That comes seldom in terms of centuries.
We must press buttons that count now.
Given days, weeks, years, they count less, and less,
The nerves are shredded through razors of loss
Always the going and never the returning –
Always the having been and did it count?
Was it being made to count?
YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT IT WAS.

You that sit out there and nod in front of more genius
. . . Than a whole lot of time got together –
The Ommmmmy present past future.
All now feeding back upon – upon
Until there's no new intake from the external
. Then the new door opens.

He has closed us out,
And left us all he did,
And you still don't know his name.
How long will the electro-magnetic spectrum have the blues?

Elegy for Dr. Philo Taylor Farnsworth II
— Max Crosley
3/12/71



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