

A NEKANTAVADA

(अनेकान्तवाद)

Poem by
C dean



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Preface

Ah in the woman in the man the unity of things previously believed to be different the unity of opposites into a singularity the *coniunctio e oh* the oneness of things believed previously to be different.

[Heraclitus:](#)

The road up and the road down are the same thing. ([Hippolytus](#), *Refutations* 9.10.3)

Oh for those insights of [Tantric Hinduism](#)
[Buddhism](#), [German mysticism](#), [Taoism](#),
[Zen](#) and [Sufism](#),

The law of Non-contradiction a fiction a phantasm falsely applied to the universe being a *coincidentia oppositorum* The law of Non-contradiction a fiction a fiction that keeps us all in a dream ah but some have lurid dreams

**Un Like Napoleon open √ the
gates of the abysses and tangle
chaos**

**Some claim the most certain of
things be**

1+1=2

Blah

1 number + 1 number = 1 number

1 number 2 + 1 number 3 = 1 number 5

**1 heap of salt + 1 heap of salt = 1
heap of salt**

Saha

**open √ the gates of the abysses and
tangle chaos**

Aristotle's *Metaphysics* claims about the law of non-contradiction some claim to be the most certain of laws

1. ontological: "It is impossible that the same thing belong and not belong to the same thing at the same time and in the same respect." (1005b19-20)

2. psychological: "No one can believe that the same thing can (at the same time) be and not be." (1005b23-24)^[21]
3. logical: "The most certain of all basic principles is that contradictory propositions are not true simultaneously." (1011b13-14)

Blah
Deans glass half full and half empty simultaneously



**in reality a contradiction can exist
and be true thus the most certain of
things the law of non-contradiction
by reality is shown not to be true**

truth

**blah its about ast sayeth Foucault
who has the power to tell you what
truth is is the point" the validity of
experience, ... the very existence of
external reality" is what the powers
tell you**

**2+2=5 if the powers say so ast
didst say Orwell 1+1=2 ast sayeth
the powers**

But

**1 number + 1 number = 1 number
1 number 2 + 1 number 3 = 1 number 5**

**1 heap of salt +1 heap of salt= 1 heap of
salt**

**and ast sayeth the sophist truth is who
has the best argument on the day
opinions be neither true nor false it be the
cleverest with words who wins the day**

Saha

**Those who advocate the meaninglessness
of the universe end in paradox as the
logic/language they use to show this has no
authority as logic/language too are part of
the meaninglessness**

But then

**The rationalists logic/language if an
epistemic condition of truth reduces theirs
and all views to meaninglessness open √
the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos
open √ the gates of the abysses and tangle
chaos**

Is all our Life, then but a dream
 Seen faintly in the golden gleam

Athwart Time's dark resistless stream? **Ast**

sayeth Lewis Carroll Saha
open √ the gates of the abysses and
tangle chaos
√ like Sherwood Anderson "am a
lover and have not found my thing to
love" where in the room of √ no
gadgets aloud pink walls and shades
of yellow décor all scented with
ranunculus honey-suckle hyacinth
convolvulus and lily of the valley no
musk to be sensed the salon of √
more full of 'douceur de vivre' than
Mme Deffand or Mme Geoffrin
or Mme de Stael more *bon ton*
than British *beau monde* like Sume
didst state the salon of √ more

'art de vivre' than the English he
 didst say
 emeralds rubies sapphires and pearls
 in bouquets of flowers in the
 coiffures au Globe around the
 necks sprinkled o'er dresses of silk
 with *'a soupçon de vert'* lined with a
'sourir étoffe et brodée de l'espérance'
 fans and ribbons gloves and muffs
 fashioned out of silk wigs perfumed
 by *'houppes de soie'* heads covered in
 butterflies swarms of cupids each
 out did out do the landscape sported
 in the hair of the Duchesse de
 Lauzun in crystal bowls studded
 with diamonds lay around filled with
 sorbets fruit glacés and fresh
 raspberries jellies created with
 expensive indigo in moulds dyed blue
 and violet in moulds all around didst

surround all 'odoriferous balls'
 powders soaps and pellets breaths
 smelling of rose water mouth
 washes and pastes of iris oh the
bon ton one ecstasy of "the
 perpetual satisfaction of endlessly
 deferred desires" each discussing not
 the Enlightenment thinkers Voltaire
 or Diderot or the *Encyclopédistes* or
 Rousseau but the revolutionary
 views of dean that destroys the
 Enlightenment project in his
 "Mathematics ends in
 Meaninglessness"📌 " The
 Absurdity of Reality "📌
 "Contentless Thought Case study in
 the Meaninglessness of all views "📌
 "Godels Incompleteness Theorem
 ends in Absurdity or
 Meaninglessness" and then "The

Absurdity or Meaninglessness of "Mathematics and Science"

but then
 Saha
 open √ the gates of the abysses and
 tangle chaos

into the room of √ walked "Love"
 the law of non-contradiction
 contradicting
 around the pallid white neck of she
 lay like on new born snow lay a
 necklace with rubies red that seemed
 to look like an open wound ast if
 the throat of she was cut a cunt
 shaped broach lay twists the ample
 breasts of she cunt shaped and dark
 black like the abyss o'er which
 floated the shadow of √ that seemed

**to be sucked into those bottomless
 depths
 those lips of she puffy folds of flesh
 oh they couldst kiss 'Death' upon
 his pallid lips and to his pallid
 cheeks bring the flush of roses red
 ah she didst at ♀ didst look and sigh
 "oh rubies round the neck of ♀ be the
 crushed hearts of lovers that thee
 wants to be "**

**in a persiflage of velvety sound she
 didst languidly sigh**

I am she Inanna men clamour for me

I am she Ishtar men bar up for me

I am she Astarte men pray for me

I am she Aphrodite from the
beginning of time to eternity men are
enthralled by me

I am she whom men look back at death
door for a last glimpse of me

I am she who soothes I am bliss I am
insatiable happiness

I am men's dreams in the scent of my
cunt their honour doth deliquesce

I am she whose feet are in the hearts
of men

I am she who sucks her life force from
them

Come! I am delight Come! I am
desire! Come I will set thee on fire!

Spurt thy seed squirt thy sap my
food I hungrily lap

I howl I bite I turn men into swine who I
entice

Enchain entrap with their balls with
their lust like vice

Men to animal form I transform as
pleasures price

For their human souls I offer paradise

**As the breath of she didst mingle
with the perfumed air into vortexes
of scents whirling pirouettes rippling**

to the tunes of *Jean-Philippe*
Rameau didst sigh ♪

I love: a pale beauty languid and forlorn;

Red pouting lips, a
 rose midst snow freshly born;

An ashen white
 beauty- set with limpid black pools;

Darkly shinning fiery,
 lurid jet pearls;

A pallid pale beauty
 framed in luxuriant black hair;

And tendrils falling
 wildly with frangipanni on the air.

**With flesh of she translucent as
 porcelain she didst sigh oh lover that**

**♪ couldst bind thy lips to ♪ and
 curl thy hair into the mesh of ♪ ♪**

**wouldst clasp the mouth of ♪ o'er
 thine and suck thy soul into mine as**

**baby sucks the milk fromst mother
 pap ♪ would bite thy flesh till the
 veins didst froth blood and suck up
 that foam that the flesh of ♪
 wouldst fromst pallid death white
 might to pink flush of new born rose
 glow**

**Oh those words of she didst
 bringeth desires fires in ♪ that ♪
 didst sing to she with glee**

Oh! Those pouting lips,
 That honey
 running fount,
 Bend o'er me
 thy perfumed hips
 That I may suck
 from that scented mouth
 That sweet
 nectar that is wine to my lips.
 Black bearded
 beast, fragrant flower of the night

Spread well
 those turgid petals to my sight,
 Entwine me in
 those musky tendrils tight, but
 That I may cat-
 like lap that soft hooded bud.

Kiss me now this very hour
 Do give me that rose-budded flower
 glistening from dabbing in the lukewarm blood of
 men.

Oh give me such bliss.
 Give me those red pouting lips,
 That I may languidly kiss
 And suck from that honey-scented mouth
 The sweet vapour that is thy soul
 And into mine dissolve,
 Wine into water, water into wine;
 You into me and me into the divine.

**Oh the eyes of she to pins of dark
 light beady black like the serpent
 coiled to strike didst at ♪ didst
 glare 'neath what seemed to be
 serpents-like hair she didst stare
 thenst didst sigh**

**Oh thee lover to the bower of bliss
 of ♪ ♪ wouldst taketh thee and lay
 thy head in the lap of ♪ and lick
 round thy throat with slavering slimy
 tongue of ♪ and pluck upon thy veins
 to fill the flesh of ♪ with semitones
 of pleasures bliss that the eyes fire
 of ♪ wouldst burn thy flesh and
 roast thy limbs in the lusting fires
 of ♪ that ♪ couldst scorch thee with
 the breath of ♪ and sear thy soul for
 the delight of ♪ that ♪ couldst crush
 thy soul in the tight grip of ♪ ast
 flowers be crushed oh that the**

**stinging lips of ♪ canst taste the
sweet wine that be thy blood
that we wouldst spend amorous
hours of lust fervent with insatiable
passions fires that burns thy flesh
up into golden flames high oh that
with the tremulous lips of ♪
wouldst ♪ suck thy fluids fromst
thee and thy eye-lids to withered
flesh be ast flower petals lie lifeless
withered oh that ♪ couldst feel thy
blood pulsing in thy veins and thy
flesh wax pallid ast thy blood ♪ do
drain that to the ears of ♪ do hear
♪ thy cries ast with bite with bite
with the teeth of ♪ with each dab
dab of the lips of ♪ thy cries be
sweet music to the soul of ♪**

**oh with these desiring words of she
 didst ♪ into the eyes of she gaze
 ast within the sweet scented
 perfumes ambiance 'douceur de
 vivre' didst reign and into those cold
 snake-like eyes ♪ didst stare didst
 sigh ♪**

Your mouth is as red as the buds of a vine.
 Your arms are as fine as it's tendrils that Climb.
 And the joyful bloom of your tremulous limbs,
 Are like a mass of blossoms blowing in the wind.

Like luscious ivy, falls your succulent hair, Covering your face
 and hiding your eyes.

Toppling down, curling around it leaves sweat scent on the
 air.

A wild vine creeping over thy breasts soft sighs.

Entwine me in those arms so tight,
 My neck, my arms, my thighs my pretty sprite.
 Caress me with thy leaf-like hand,
 With thy shoot-like fingers send me mad.
 As a serpent doth clutch at it's helpless prey,
 In thy tendril like arms devour me | pray.

Oh dark beauty of the starless night,
 Who's steel grey eyes flash with light,
 Bend o'er me thy heaving chest
 That I may suck from it's copper-tipped fruit
 The henbane that is sweet milk to my breast.
 Let it's poisons burn up my pulsing veins;
 Such that my flesh doth crawl with pain.

Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Night bloom who's kiss is a venomous bite,
 Bend o'er me they panting chest
 That I may hear it's dead heart beat,
 It's icy rhythms do my body heat,
 As quivers surg from head to feet.

Oh! dark lady of the starless night,
 Dark bloom fragent to my sight,
 Bend o'er me thy passionless breast
 That I - Intangled in thy baneful black hair-
 May breeth in it's sweet noxious air.

Ah! dark flower of the starless night,
 Alluring black orchid with a musk-scented light,
 Place o'er me thy voracious, black-bearded mouth,
 Thy sweet dripping, pheromone-scented fount,
 Enclose me in thy bloated blood red lips,

Crush me in thy libidinous embrace.
 Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Dissolve my soul in thy noxious musk,
 Suck out my essence with all thy might,
 Leave me an emptied, pallid lifeless husk
 Oh! give me such bliss, oh such delight,
 Oh! dark flower of the starless night.

**The light didst shift and 'Love'
 didst seem to shift one foot that in
 some effect of parallax**

**around the white neck of she lay
 like on new born snow lay a daisy
 chain colored petals of many hues
 that seemed to look like an nimbus
 round the heads of saints a heart
 shaped brooch lay twists the ample
 breasts of she heart shaped and
 luculent red like the lips of new born
 babe o'er which floated the shadow
 of ♪ that seemed to glow fromst the**

warmth of that bottomless shape
 twixt the ample breasts of she
 those lips of she puffy folds of flesh
 oh they couldst kiss 'Death' upon
 his pallid lips and to his pallid
 cheeks bring the flush of roses red
 ah she didst at ♪ didst look and sigh
 "oh petals round the neck of ♪ be
 the hearts of lovers that thee wants
 to be"

in a persiflage of velvety sound she
 didst languidly sigh

♪ be the breeze perfumed thru
 the trees the breath of ♪ be the
 breath of life that o'er flows the
 earth ♪ be love ♪ am she who
 soothes ♪ am bliss ♪ am satiable
 happiness

I am love in the arms of I is
 peace for the weary heart in the
 arms of I is comfort I am love
 the breath of I fecunds the earth
 I am the flame amidst thy
 darkest nights the withered leaf
 to life dost bursts fromst the
 hearts warmth of I I am the
 comfort to thy unrelenting
 wailings in the night I am love
 the breath of my heart brings
 music to the earth brings the
 flowering blooms brings the
 perfume of spring joyess
 happiness is scented in my breath
 the kiss of the lips of I taketh
 away death I am love kiss the
 lips of I and burst into a
 plentitude of delight I am love in
 the lips of I be the wine that

maketh thy flesh immortal ♪ am
 love taketh the hands of ♪ and to
 thy anguish part and sayeth good
 bye ♪ am love reach out thy
 hands to the hands of ♪ and in
 the loving touch of ♪ burst into
 joy light up in delight burn up thy
 sorrows and kiss the lips of ♪
 drown in joy in the flood of my
 love dance to the melodies of my
 loving heart and burst into song
 into rapturous singing burst thee
 in the love of ♪

Ah ah to the singing of she
 that didst perfume the airs and
 bringeth sweet smiles to all those
 there that didst bringeth joy to the
 eyes of all there to the singing of
 she ♪ didst throw back the head
 of ♪ a cry

With shining eyes thee did say
 "In faith and innocence I open unto you
 a pink and purple posie"
 I will pick one and crush it under my shoe.
 Ast My eyes wouldst shine and my lips
 wouldst smile

as thy tears welled up my heart
 wouldst go wild.

**Midst the *'douceur de vivre'*
 'Love' didst at ♪ look didst look
 into the eyes of ♪ with those
 fathomless bottomless pools of
 love and didst she sigh**

**Oh taketh the heart of ♪ and
 crush it if thee willst**

**water thy heart with the blood
 of ♪ if thee willst**

burn the heart of ♪ to dust
with thy scorn if thee willst

Oh e'en with all these
torments still willst ♪ love thee

Thee canst coil the heart of ♪
up tight in the hurtful words of
thee if thee willst

Thee canst tear out the heart
of ♪

Thee canst tear the soul of ♪
to pieces if thee willst

Yet

E'en with these horrors willst
♪ still love thee like a flower in
my heart all thy weeds will
blossom forth in to perfumed
bloom ♪ burn for thee

♪ am aflame with
unfathomable inexhaustible love

**for thee taketh the hand of ♫ ♫
reach out for thee**

**Blah blah to the words of thee
that ♫ willst say**

Come to me sweet sylph
and whisper sweet nothings this chilly night.
Give me thy neck that I may bight
it's pulsing vein
and spew into it my morbid filth.

Clasp over my rotting mouth thy blood red
lips
that I may devour thy hapless soul.
Give me thy heart that I may suck out it's fire
and pour through it the dark blackness of my
viens.

But she 'Love' didst in reply say

**Let I press the rose flower of my
 lips to thy indifferent lips and
 breathe in the love of I fromst the
 heart of I to melt thy frozen heart that
 doth beat no more let I breathe in the
 love of I to maketh thy heart bloom ast
 a crimson flower let me breathe into
 thy heart thru the dried withered lips of
 thee and turn it into a beating thing full
 of the wine of love let I take we to
 our bower of bliss and place thy head
 in the lap of I that I wouldst kiss thy
 eye-lids till they fromst their withered
 state burst into the soft-like petals of a
 pink roses bloom let I smooth thy hairs
 curls run the loving fingers of I o'er
 thy tormented brow breathe the love of
 I upon thy cheeks and sooth thy
 cracked heart let I into thy eyes with
 the loving eyes of I warm thy soul
 with the hearts warmth of I le**

**Stop stop this bleating of thy bleeding
heart ast I didst say**

With shining eyes thee did say

"In faith and innocence I open unto you
a pink and purple posie"

I will pick one and crush it under my shoe.

Ast My eyes wouldst shine and my lips wouldst
smile

as thy tears welled up my heart wouldst
go wild.

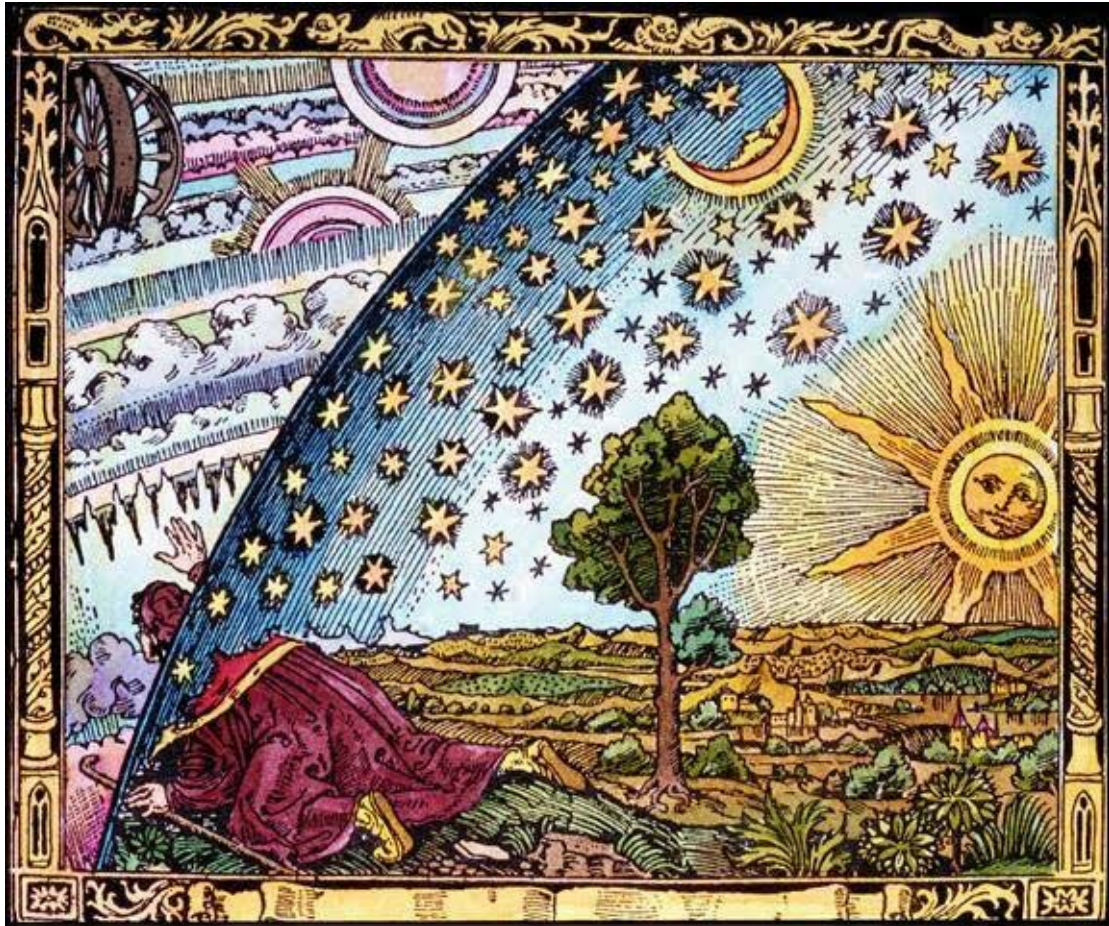
**But but yet she didst begin to say
giveth I thy hands let the warm
touch of my flesh unfreeze the flesh
of thee le**

**Stop stop naught doth I want of
thy love for ast sayeth the sage poet**

Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet
 Are as a rushing water when the skies
 Break, but thy face as an exceeding heat
 And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes;
 Because thou art over all who are over us;
 Because thy name is life and our name death;
 Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,
 And our hands labour and thine hand scattereth;
 Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
 Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
 At least we witness of thee ere we die
 That these things are not otherwise, but thus;
 That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,
 That all men even as I,
 All we are against thee, against thee, O God most
 high.

***But 'Love' coincidentia oppositorum a
 parallax of emotion one then the other didst
 shimmer at each blink of ♪***

**open ♪ the gates of the abysses and tangle
 chaos**



“And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought. “

Ulysses

By [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)

""What is your aim in philosophy? -To shew the fly the way out of the fly-bottle." The fly bottle represents the invisible barriers to our understanding." Wittgenstein

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