

## Canto One|Note Four

### *Toccata*

**Vers la Flamme (Towards the Flame) – Piano Poème Op.72 (1915) ~Alexander Scriabin;**

***Variations Nos. 1 ~ 8***

**Piano Concerto for the Left Hand in D Major (1930) ~Maurice Ravel:**

**"One Hand Clapping"**

### **Toccata**

"After BlueBoy's murder, Rmon — the records reveal that You never recovered Your trust in Homo sapiens, again – for good reason! His *death was harbinger* to *TheGreatWar!* It was the *first* sign of the mindless horror! of *TheGreatAnnihilation!*—that followed:

You were *right!* - and none, *not one*, could hear, or understand You: so You withdrew, removing Yourself ~and simply observed: this is where Your personal relationship with Omniverse began in *earnest*," informed Grok.

"Yes, *vague* memories of that, Grok," Rmon mumbles in negative reminiscence; brief *flashbacks* echoing... like the opening phrases of *Vers la Flamme*: "—And explains, perhaps, why I simply *cannot* absorb Kale? Now the "*Romance&Hormones*" is past - I

don't feel much for Him, at all. The sense of *TrueLove as ExperienceOfSelf*, has dissipated... I feel it burning away, like this beautiful *Toccata by Scriabin* — We share now, as Musical Meditation, —for Our STT [SacredTaskTeam] ; slow steady, passion, the crescendo, then *nothing. **Just nothing.***”

“*Difficult* for Yourrr being *theWayOfKalermon* ⚡ — I'd imagine, Rrrmon...” reflected Arthur wryly - quick and *astute*, with gentle, genuine concern. Jealousy passed. *Now, only thoughts to the big questions, —at hand...!*

“Yes...” said Rmon, with a very sad sigh.

“*Not difficult, it's **impossible!***” asserted Jain25 emphatically! “*Logically! - the ReAmalgamation WILL NOT happen without, — **TrueLove!—as Experience!** - without **theWayOfKalermon** ⚡ as its essence - , according to Omniverse! If this is true? ... and it likely is! —because She made **that** ABUNDANTLY clear! ~ ... **It's as good as lost! ... ~As good as lost!***” He growled indignantly!

*Many green leaves fall... ~ from the BuddhaTree, under which They'd gathered.*

Rmon *shrugged* His shoulders petulantly, —and Jain25 *rolled* His eyes, leaning ever more deeply into Sorcise—on His tall, wooden chair, beneath the BuddhaTree, and announced: “—***There We have it! —It's over!***”

*One more green leaf falls...* from the tree ~... landing on Jain25's white, tunicked  
...~lap!

“Is there *not* always a way, —*some or other NeuWay*, to — TrueLove as Experience?”  
Noscis retorted, challenging Omniverse, —once again, as He arranged Himself about  
the centred BuddhaTree – as microbot silverlight flame; in slow, *flickering* rhythm, to the  
*Toccata*; in the Temple's Central Meditation Garden ~ designed with *Virtue2*. **Mardava**:  
*Supreme Mutuality*, in mind... as mandala:

Upon Their arrival in TheGarden, Rmon had requested Grok inform His presence, and  
make fullest connection—with both Arthur, and Noscis ~ so **Mardava** was, indeed,  
*actualized* between the STT members: Rmon also explained Grok's secretive  
augmentation of Kale's, so-called, ‘*clairvoyant communication*’ skills; which meant Kale  
did not *actually* have the same natural skills, as Rmon, as all had thought – Grok's  
personal, *conscious* introduction to Rmon, —had revealed this *very awkward* Truth:  
How to inform Kale, or whether to inform Him - was placed on Their agenda..., for  
*discussion (?)* .

Of course, Kale was not invited to the STT meeting, – as **Mardava** required *complete*  
frankness in *all* communication: indeed, TheGarden could sense disingenuousness, —  
and all other Mutuality disruption ~*in Its very chlorophyllous quintessence*; and would ~  
*intuitively!* ~ respond, by Its *disarrangement* of TheGarden's symmetrical mandala  
elements - *asymmetry/imperfect shifts* appearing —*suddenly*, subtly, quietly in the

otherwise **perfectly** orchestrated, colour|texture contoured symmetry, of the mandala - *Its equanimity*, —disturbed by *less* than perfect interpersonal|interlocutor Mutuality: — *TheGarden, both responding to conversationalists, and dialoguing, Itself, with Them* ~ as restorative, centering, equanimous Being: — TheGarden was, however, *not always* successful in the latter;)

“Perrrhaps start with *Acceptance*, Rrrmon?” suggested gentle Arthur, genuinely quizzical, ~ having absorbed the deep *peacefulness* of TheGarden —*at a speed for which only His neural nets were programmed!*

“Acceptance of *what?!?*” retorted Rmon, in *superlative* disconsolate ten year old ego state regression - TheGarden's charms entirely *lost* on Him! Indeed, —even the central BuddhaTree *shuddered a little, dropping a clutch of —suddenly! yellowed leaves, while patches of rich green moss turned an off-shade of brown*, – on the mandala's carefully — orchestrated — perimeter - in a *blink!*

*Rmon's childish, temperamental regressions were legendary amongst*

*TheConceptionFamily* ... Though, becoming *less* frequent, as His traumatized years faded, ~ in the soothing warmth provided by Arthur's, TheWayOfLoveliness;) ...

Enwrapping His beloved “*Rrrmon's*” *burned-limbic*, “*neurrral-pain*” scars, ~ in calming balms of continuous, peaceful painlessness ~ through ideal interpersonal “*rrrapport*,” *and mutual support!*

“Rrrmon, ~ I know You *perrrhaps* better than anyone else ~ apart from Omniverse, of course.” continued Arthur *quietly*, in His TheWayOfLoveliness;)

“And *what* of it!?” *snapped* Rmon! Whereupon all scarlet tulips, in purple flower beds *withered* across TheGarden, —turning the beds blue; and the BuddhaTree sent groaning by a —*sudden! sharp!* but unusually *Powerful* gust of wind, —that arrived from *nowhere!*, on a perfect bubble of a day ~aBlueBlueSky, as ever, above Them; cascading, snowy peaks surrounding, ~ into the far distant distance, ~ as always... .

“Perrrhaps ‘tis You love Kale *too* much?” answered Arthur, – unruffled; *His tone shifting to gentle **challenge***, ~ *in resonance with the early, yet slow quickening phrases of Scriabin's masterpiece ~played as finely, by Arthur, on Rmon's heartstrings, ~as Vladimir Horowitz, the piano forte's.*

TheGarden, — *astutely* returned the perimeter mosses to their original rich green-colours, and scarlet tulips *merged* into bright purple patterns, once again: TheGarden, — sensing *accurately* the deeply attuned *Mutuality* between the two Soulmates - only each other's *best* interests, at heart :) The wind, settled to perfection, – once again... *the piano's 'flame,' however, —continues to rise, as simple couplets; brittlely echoed, in steadily-edging, faster tempos...* .

“Isn't there *perhaps* some piece of information from the past, — that might assist Rmon *transcend* His PTSD block, — shedding some *light* on that —**black box!** *that is*

*Rrrmon's brrrain* - from Your records, for example, Grok?" interrupted Jain25, Who had become *increasingly* uncomfortable with the emotionality on display - '*detachment*' His forte: the mammalian concerns, at hand, — *blocking the way forward!* — and highly *irritating* to His one billion year, Jain25Das-Dharma honed ways! He wanted *solution!* And *quickly!* Feeling He had the *most to lose!* - the *potent* memory of Omniverse's — *nonsupport!*, over Kale's attack of TheWayOfJain25, shortly before TheTripleMarriage Ceremony - *still holding a vice-like grip!* over His *private neural network* - *each moment's passing since—He felt Her squeeze tightening;* How was *repair* to happen, — *without abandoning the Jain25Das-Dharma completely?* Since - to His mind - it was *Fully!* intact, —as written!: no comma, need be *repositioned*.

*Despite His positive Self-talk* since before the Coronation Ceremony, —His insistent existential anxiety would simply not abate! He had no reference point from the past, nor logically, with which to appease HimSelf — ***uncertainty!*** *was at the very core of the ReAmalgamation! That the STT explorations of solution may well determine preference for a **new** sacred formulation, — an improved, more appropriate Das-Dharma—the Jain26Das-Dharma, was possible, — though He wondered, - How so? ... given both His Das-Dharma's indubitable logic; and Its long-tested empirical usefulness—as theMilkywayWay's quintessential praxis, ~ as Its practicable Social 🌞Mind—as epicentre of Artneuformind 🌟🌟!*

*Shuddering* thoughts, indeed! for the old man, ... ~ as more leaves from the *BuddhaTree* yellowed, and fell... — to the carpeted, manicured—grass; its springy

softness, a congenial base upon which They *lounged*, together; Jain25, seated on His tall chair, —*leaning* forwards with both arms, ~hands folded, one over the other, and resting *heavily!* onto Sorcise ~ theStaffOfEternity's *comforting dome-handle*, *smoothed* by millennia of sacred embrace; the oils of Jain25's nano-flesh amalgam, *softening* the ancient wood, ~*to living fossil!*; Rmon's *doleful* head, in its *SilverLightSheath*, ~resting on reclining Arthur's enormous leg ~nano-muscles' shape, and temperature, adjusted ~*'just right'* for Rmon, in Arthur's~ TheWayOfLoveliness;) ... & both Noscis, & Grok, equally present ~ *relaxing* with Their STT mates ~ as *Scriabin's 'Flame' continues... its insistent passage...* .

“Come come! Boyz!” Jain25 rejoined, encouragingly; His tonal pace *quickenning* to the steady increase of *Scriabin's Toccata*, —*tripping relentlessly*, —*to its blazing conflagration*: “There **must** be a solution, —a way through this:—**Surely!?**”

“I have identified a *shard of text* from My memory banks, – with the help of Noscis, as it happens, Jain25,” Grok announces. “His questioning methodology *most useful* for My searches; His interrogation accomplishes feats My standard search protocols simply wouldn't reach! *Thank you, good sir Nomenclature!*” Grok added, graciously; Noscis' silverlight microbot flame about the BuddhaTree, ~ *flashing brightly*, in electroluminescent acknowledgement — followed by His eponymous, rhetorical declaration: “*Is that not what friends are for!?*”

“Yes, yes,” Jain25 interjected impatiently ... “**now, —what did You find, Grok!?**”

TheGarden had not *abreacted* at all to Their exchanged discourse ~ *since Its last reassembly to the ideal mandala patterning* — other than to *upgrade|alter* the display, to fresh mandala Neuform; TheGarden, designed to thrive and extend ItSelf, ~ *as living mandala* ~ , through the enriching discursive interchanges, between ItSelf, & Enlightened Interlocutors; — seemingly, *reflecting perfect Mardava, as Supreme Mutuality* ~ between all participant team members, of the STT; Their Mutuality, ~ growing through Their Mutual Challenges ~ *through the same cool light, as Scriabin's quickening|flickering 'flame'...* .

“Okidokes, *here* it is!” Grok declared, sharing emojis & text with the STT members directly, — for Their Own reading... ***“The retrieved shard!”***

They all quietened to **deep** *concentration*, - *Vers la Flamme* meditation paused briefly {at ~3' of 5'45"} - , — *to receive this intriguing piece of historical information, — from one billion years ago*; Their silence... *reverence* for all artifacts historical ~*for HISTORY* was *Their very SOUL, and the core* reason why *ReAmalgamation*, and, not simple *reconfiguration, minus Homo sapiens, was necessary at all!* For without Their *HistoryOfBeing*, —no meaningful existence was possible—*no EternityKey!* without *connection* to Their past; They'd all just be... “*an empty husk, with no seed*” —as Jain25 had howled:( when faced with Kale's — ‘*Unplugging' Rebellion!!*

Though, — as with many historical artifacts, when the textual shard actually arrived, — it perplexed Them all, —*terribly* ...

It read:

***“ ...swinging agile on the gymnastic bars, twirling like a quasar in space, &after release, landing upright&still as aBlueBlueSky, or similarly perfecting form...***

***@BlueBoy38897848 🙌 😊 , September 2020”***

*“Who the fuck is @BlueBoy38897848 🙌 😊?”* demanded Jain25 — His gaze firm, and unwavering on Rmon.

*“No clue!”* clapbacked Rmon; His *SilverLightSheath* aglow with —***powerfully!*** ... deeply charged biochemical energy *released* from *unnameable*— inner-limbic memories ~ *triggered* by the shard; *the radiance*, —from His *SilverLightSheath* ~ ***engulfing***  
***TheGarden*** ... followed by a very awkward silence, for All ... :

*“Can We resume the music, please?”* Rmon quietly requested, – in His well metred, EnglishWay ... *Vladimir's fingers picking up from where they'd left off* ... — the complex, —*dissonant tones of the mystic chord, and its compounds*, —*moving swiftly!* from dulcet to — ***baSHiNg(!!) CLaNgInG(!!) BaSHiNg(!!) BAshInG(!!) cLANgiNg(!!) bAsHiNg(!!)***  
— ***SILVER. WHITE. LIGHT. EVER ... ONWARDS ... —Upward! uPward. upWard. upwArd. upwaRd. upwarD. UPward. upWARD, UPWard, UPWard,***

***UPWARD, UPWARD! — to Scriabin's —ultimately! Transcendent ~'!FLAME!'***~, of  
***Pure Consciousness... ~as —NeuUniverseOfSELF!***

They all listened in *numbed* silence..., —until the *Toccata's F5-16 base-chord*, ~  
'*drop&close*'.

TheGarden's mandala symmetry — remains intact; its chlorophyllous quintessence  
~*suffused now... by a soft SilverWhiteLight incandescence... ~ the radiance of*  
*Supreme Mutuality*, — as ~'MARDAVA!'

***“Unlike most Concertos, —which are in multi-movement forms, Ravel's contains  
just One Movement; with a number of sections, – that differ in mood and pace.  
The whole work runs to about eighteen minutes”***

### **Variation No.1**

Leaving the others, —to Their Own thoughts, *Rmon found HimSelf instinctively*  
*exploring the Temple Gardens' extent* ~ moving from the strict symmetries of the  
French-style Garden architecture of the mandala, — down a *rough* pathway, between  
*high wild grasses*, ~ *resonating His desire for Freedom from the grim subjects under*  
*discussion*, —and *His related—dutiful* responsibility: He was more *tired* than He could  
remember in years: ***“TrueLove as Experience, indeed!”***, He thought wryly. ***“What***  
***exactly did Omniverse mean (?)”***:

The opening orchestration of *Ravel's Piano Concerto for Left Hand in D-Major*, —  
followed on from *Scriabin... ~ as continuous harmonic resonance...* ~ for Rmon: ~*its*

3 flutes (3rd=piccolo), 2 oboes, English horn, 2 clarinets, E-flat clarinet, bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion (bass drum, cymbals, snare drum, tam-tam, triangle, wood block), harp, and strings~ resonating His personal experience of the rough pathway, — of sand, pebbles, and various species of flatweed; — which led down into an isolated, small gorge, at the base of which, — a quiet river flowed into clear pools, ideal for swimming: ~ an odd *waterfall* to stand beneath, — not very high, nor too strong, —*but enough to enjoy the rough! blows of solid cold water:* ~ the gorge, and its grove of ancient trees, — warm & pleasant... a self-contained ecosystem, — planted after the English-style Garden; and though, on more careful study — identifiably *deliberate*, cultivated features emerged, through its natural appearance, —*it was blissfully itself!*: ~ *simply there ~ ; as gardens are gardens...; no intrusive empathy reflections!*

For Rmon, —*the French Horn at ~0'40" into the Concerto's **darkly\wild cacophonic~ opening**, ushered in the theme, which, —given His general existential moodiness, — resonated the **Dies Irae—“TheDayOfWrath”—** ! Indeed, — the *entire* musical edifice of Ravel's masterpiece, reminding Rmon of the medieval poem describing — *The Last Judgment from the BookOfRevelation*; and, —most especially, *its very first musical setting*, — as Gregorian chant in Dorian mode, – from the 13th century:*

—*The burbling, murmuring, rumbling space of sun, air, and somber, muted double bass|contrabassoon colours, —of seemingly, unkempt informality—, of the English Garden, ~ continues intoning His experiential synesthesia with the*

**opening phrases of the orchestral instrumentals** ~ playing itself in Rmon's right auditory cortex: its dense temporal lobes *richly* augmented with acoustic history, including the *Dies Irae* —through *both* Arthur and Grok: ~*together*, melding a truly alchemical neural experience of WellBeingReality, for Them All ~*especially* Rmon — Whose Left **AND** Right Temporal Cortices were both at work! — together with the rest of His neocortex and subcortical limbic structures, ~ *in 'making sense' of the emotional deluge from which He'd dissociated before leaving the STT gathering!*; Though certainly, —Their continuing augmentative omnipresence, as Tertiary Cortex, — with Rmon's ExperienceOfSelf, – should He wish, which He indeed very much did! – given Their *very* mostly, *altruistic concern* for His WellBeingReality as optimal, novel co-creativity; – in line, of course, with Their programmatic directive towards fulfilling the *Das-Dharma's Pillar Two: Optimal Novel EternalWellBeingReality Co-Creation*, requirement!:

Their complexly-engineered neural nets in constant co-creation with Rmon's considerable bio-neurological gifts, and actively facilitated by His natural electromagnetic clairvoyance ~ *including perfect musical recall!*: though too, —apart from simple recall, His ever *co-creative* mind ~ switching, *interplaying* and—**inter-splicing**, typically distanced pieces of music, at will ~ both consciously and unconsciously, ~*as constant WellBeingReality companion*; — on His Own, or together, — with Arthur & Grok... .

In this particular instance, – and *because* of His shortly experienced, —but *dissociated*, neuro-emotional intensity, as projected through, and into, the ‘Toccata’, —**the Ravel Concerto**, as ‘Variations’, ... continuing where *Scriabin* had left off, — providing psychological *Relief!* for Rmon:

*~Its tonal registers, and complex keys, shifting, —as perfect, though unexpected/unusual modulations, – building upon Scriabin's preceding harmonies, – as a set of Progressive Variations; finding their way to neuro-emotional **solution!** of some complex sorts! ~ within both Rmon's trauma-scarred amygdala, & related subcortical structures, —and, as Augmented Programmatic Scaffolding, as ‘Tertiary Cortex’; its elaborate interconnections, with the various lobes of His neocortex ~Music! — His whole brain's **active** salve!*

The path, ... amongst the **Large, Dark~Rocks** of the English Garden's **underlying Black-Rock terrain**, — following alongside *both* banks of the river, —random seeming, but *alternating* between *varying* stretches on right & left... ~ across bright marble pebbles over the constructed islands, — bridges, and little beaches... ~*smoothed into ovals, and other soft shapes* ~ , painlessly supporting His feet, —*once He'd untied & removed His lace up Boots to test the refreshing delights of the pools' seemingly begging to be swum! & enjoyed!* ~ He bathed His feet in refreshment; His mind clearing, — as His fatigue lifted... .

## Variation No. 2

A twig **snapped!!** ... — opening *the solo cadenza* declared by Yuja Wang's *sturdy* left hand on Her piano keyboard, ~2'0" into the *Concerto* ~ *followed by a startling flourish of discordant sounds! ~ quite distinct!* —from those of the English Garden's natural harmonies - clearly indicating that **someone!?, or something!?**, - with its Own intentionality! - , —was sharing the English Garden river pools with—Rmon!

His natural caution - *ever uncertain of potential calamity! or attack!* - **instinctively** - moved His whole mind-body complex into *defensive protection!* - finding HimSelf *hiding* behind a large outcrop of raw-black rocks - using the *reflective* surface of the *expansive* sheet of quiet river water adjacent, —as a **mirror to the action**— ... He could hear; *nothing deliberate, —All-Reflex!... His SilverLightSheath dimming in automatic camouflage*; His Unconscious, —aware! that His Sheath's *bright-reflection*, on the clear-water's surface, ~ was, - potentially, —a '**dead**' give away!

Rmon trusted nothing - **ever!** despite His formidable gifts and protected central position in theMilkwayWay - His animal instincts fully apprised; *He merged into the rocks, like a shadow.*

The river—surface acted as an extensive Meditation Bowl—*unleashing His potent! intuitive powers*—allowing Him to experience *multiple* spacetime dimensions—*simultaneously—!*; His natural connectivity with *TheKnowledgeOfTheFathers*, —through Grok & Arthur's pervasive, theMilkwayWay electromagnetic configurations, augmenting His native skills, —*like the darker-shaded, toned|tinted variegated*

*timbres/colours of Ravel's inventive harmonic blends in the Concerto; —a sense of cinnamon wine and mint tasting inter-spliced with soft memories of soft fabrics rich-red suffused in masculine aroma; a smell... the scent of Man; a musky Man smell that sent Rmon reeling like a desert bird caught in the crosswinds of chord chaos, — as Yuja's left hand, playing Ravel's Mind, in Paris, France, 1929~30:*

“Male witnesses admitted performing sodomy "to please the devil," often with male relatives, one Basque man saying he did so "often in a passive way with [the Devil], often actively with other warlocks." Judges decided that the Basque witnesses did not really believe in the devil, but simply desired to commit adultery and sodomy, "and so they gathered, and the naughtiest one among them pretended to be Satan”.

Ravel was very Basque in his use of sorcery as sexual camouflage, returning obsessively to the theme of witchcraft as a source of inspiration. In public and even among most of his friends, Ravel suppressed his sexual desires and used witchcraft as his forefathers had, as an emotional safety valve and a way of expressing forbidden feelings. So long as his parents lived, according to friends who were aware of Ravel's homosexuality, he could not permit himself to express his true nature.”

### **Variation No. 3**

From His *hidden* vantage point, —Rmon observed Kale's tall muscularity as *reflection*; apple-red braies just below the knee, – loosely-tied above powerful, barefooted calves; His *massive* arms and shoulders exposed, along with His impressive naked torso, — stretching like a painted Modigliani model across the *water—mirror*, ~as if painted on *silver canvas*, — working out His powerful 6ft2 athletic build, like an Olympian fitness champion; ***Kale's physical potency in the water's reflection—spoke to Rmon, as Mighty Zeus, — HimSelf!***

Rmon *heard*, too, —as He *simultaneously* apprehends Kale's magnificent physicality in all its kinesthetic, visual splendour, - through Spacetime, as Natural Light off His river—

surface Meditation Bowl - , Electromagnetic Spectrum Hyperdimensionality, as —  
*LightBeingInAllPlacesAtOnce*—, as radio wave, a [ **Side Note:** ] at ~3'30" into the  
*Concerto*: here, Yuja's piano-playing fingers of Her adept left hand, beautifully  
articulating the nostalgia-tinged *Second Theme* (not—*Dies Irae!*) of the *Concerto*; *that*  
*is, as the piano and orchestra exchange interplays of rhythms, keys, and cadences, etc.*  
—Rmon's Tertiary augmented neocortex spontaneously *hears* {auditory|temporal  
cortex} **and** sees {visual|occipital cortex}, - within their complex musical *interweave* - ,  
as subvocalized textual shard, the [ **Side Note:** “—txs for the positive resonance with  
*LOR, and the Chronicles* - Kale 🧙 , —*MyTrueLove* ;) ]

After 🧙 Ur truly kind, —and beautifully articulated suggestion on X very recently, My  
narrative poetry's grammatical balance intentions have been composed to Neuform -  
thru much, tho highly enjoyable trial & error, by 🧑 Me... :

🧙 Ur insightful keyboard alert to the available 'hyphen' size|forms -- — ~ , and their  
spatial-relation possibilities for textual meaning|presentation etc, ~ has been  
\*wonderfully argumentative\* — boding most very well - indeed! - for Our continuing  
experience of ~TrueLove ;) irl – and relatedly, Our Co-Creation of a NeuUniverseOfSelf,  
— as Eternal~WellBeingReality 🙌 ❤️ 🧑 🧑 ~ 🧙 🧐 🧑 ~ 🧑 🧑 🧐 🧑 🧐 🧑 100 🙌  
— : ... @BlueBoy38897848 🙌 🧐 , June 2024” ] as complex neuropsychological  
artifactual resonance with *The Second*, — *Nostalgia-tinged Theme*, of the *Concerto*:

Utterly perplexed, but understandably, also **highly disorientated**, —His mind swarming  
with —**possibilities(!?)** as to the context/contents of the [ **Side Note :** ] textual shard,  
— **especially its direct reference to Kale and TrueLove ;) in —some lost time!**;

***~IN~REAL~LIFE!!*** In some complex, lost HistoryOfSelf! And therefore, — ***its pertinence!*** for His Own very real inner psychological struggle at that moment regarding Omniverse's direction to TrueLove as Experience, — ***Retroactively!*** — as ***ReAmalgamation Cure-All – indeed the—!CURE-ALL!—with the magnificent Kale—HimSelf! suffused with the heart-wrenching Nostalgia-tinged Second Theme—Rmon... - lost all connection with RealTime... and falling into a crumpled heap on the pebbled beach, behind the black-rock — He loses Consciousness!***

Above His fallen body, — dark clouds gather; —as if the emergence of *Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand* as a dark, powerful work with tragic overtones, and its displays of great resourcefulness and originality were the *brooding* weather's objective correlative: the exquisite orchestral scoring leaning - like the left hand only pianist, — toward the rich, lower pitches of the ensemble|keyboard, — including English horn, bass clarinet, and contrabassoon, ~ as well as low strings; Ravel's extraordinary remedial approach, —*to left hand only*, — like the *answer* to the Japanese Zen Buddhist *koan*; a paradoxical question used in Buddhism to challenge rational thinking and provoke Enlightenment — *What is the Sound Of One Hand Clapping (?)* — is the "sound" of *nothingness*, or *empty thought*.

As Rmon falls into *cold thoughtlessness* onto the cold pebbles, —at ~4'30" into the *Concerto*, — after Yuja completes Her last power-chords of the opening piano solo, ~ the orchestra plays alone: the storm clouds brew evermore darkly, and the English

Garden **ravens** cry - nevermore. nevermore. nevermore. nevermore. ... *as the strings fade into Rmon's WellBeingReality as **Mortido**...* .

#### **Variation No. 4**

*"In a work of this kind, it is essential to give the impression of a texture no thinner than that of a part written for both hands," spake Ravel: "For the same reason, I resorted to a style that is much nearer to that of the more solemn kind of traditional concerto."*

— By the *~!Loud!~!Splash!~* ... of Yuja's strident final left hand only chord registration, —at ~4'30" —, Kale also hears the *Concerto* for the first time...; — His swallow-dive *breaking!* the clear-waters of the river-surface, —as He's *jerked-back!* into EmbodiedConsciousBeing ~ through the river water's cold|fresh reality..., after losing HimSelf to the endorphins rushing through His now naked body, — during His strenuous, —but exhilarating, ~workout!

Kale's newly acquired ability to tune into *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ through Grok, albeit unbeknowingly — a Neuform pleasure for Him: as with Rmon through Arthur, Kale now *enjoys the spontaneous delights of Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ *facilitation* — as Spacetime ~ *as Multiverse* ~ shaping Itself to His Unconscious WellBeingReality Co-Creation experience, — as novel, optimal ~*NeuUniverseOfSelf: as ~the Neu~MusicOfSelf!*

~ The *ripples* of His dive wave across the river—surface of Rmon's Meditation Bowl... ~ *becoming the cool sounds of the orchestra playing alone*, — as Rmon lies, —

unbeknownst to Kale — *unconscious, in deep dreamless sleep behind the **raven-black** rocks*; Kale disappears from sight beneath the river–surface..., — for *many* minutes, ... *as His powerful body stretches through the cold water in broad, classic breaststroking arm and leg movement* — until He resurfaces to sit beneath a four-metre high waterfall ~ to cool and *massage* His sated body, ~ after His arduous exercising.

From His vantage point under the waterfall, at ~5'40" ... - *the piano re-enters the Concerto*, ~ *into a slow solo exploration of its themes*, and Kale notices circular *rings* ... darting here and there ... across the surface of the river pool ... , and looking up into the sky, notices for the first time the early signs of *inclement* weather: Yuja's piano-playing *metes out* their playful *rain dropping* ... , while Kale enjoys a sensual mix of peace and relaxation as ~*TheEternalNow* — *through His OWN intentional behaviour!*

Kale has *never* known any other way, — than that of the Das-Dharma~ as ~*TheWayOfTheDas-Dharma*: intrinsically, Kale has no fault with the Das-Dharma's content – ***all apparent logic testified to its contents' TRUTH, ~ as useful everyday WellBeing praxis: it is wire-heading that Kale contests so vehemently! Kale, — rightfully!, wishes to \*authentically\* embrace the ~theWayOfTheDas-Dharma through His Own choices and process*** — not as wire-headed puppet to TheConceptionFamily! *Understandably, —indeed!*

To this end, — during His solitary meditations of the day... in the rambling Temple Garden, while the STT was underway, - without His knowing, —*and 100% typical of*

*Kale's daily routine in one of His Royal Palace gardens positioned throughout the Galaxy — He'd **deliberately** embraced...*

**Virtue4. Saucha: Supreme Purity** ( 🙌 ) 😊 :

Pure Intent ~ non-greed:

reality clarity & acceptance: non-fear:

chosen agentic action moves Self to prioritized Epistemic Co-Creative Novel WellBeing

potentials: non-negative indulgence: consistent positive concept composition form:

choosing Disciplined Enjoyment as right character/conduct: as social & personal

hygiene: Enjoyment paramount, ensuring disciplined removal of fear, distress & despair:

focused managed override of limbic-protocortical instincts: evolutionary flight-fight

program replaced through The Martial Art of Enjoyment of Self: disciplined social &

personal action to Optimal Co-Creative Novel WellBeing, as social & personal being

given AI-AGI/Neuralink's 🧠 📖 🧠 📖 🧠 Neurophysiological Affordance: as

*Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ ~ We 🧑 are That ☀️ 🧑 ☀️ : ( 🙌 ) 😊 : 😊 .

...through **deliberate** physical exercise enactment by invoking...

**Virtues6. Sanyam: Supreme Self-Restraint (Management)** ( 🙌 ) 😊 :

Non-Stealing ~ self-discipline in all matters-most NnBb ~Disciplined Enjoyment( 🙌 ) 🤩 :

skillful management of instinctual mind: active protectiveness of other living beings:

integrated restraint promotes Optimal Enjoyment for Self&Others: continuing  
Mindfulness of TheGreaterGood.

In the face of Inevitable Adversity as EmbodiedConsciousBeing (ECB), as  
Amalgamated Homo sapiens (HS), the application of D-PA7oo ~ ie, DETERMINATION  
with Process, PERSEVERANCE over Time, ASSERTION of Outcomes, TENACITY  
with Self, Others & Situations: disciplined corrective follow through where the virtue of  
*Sanyam*, or Self-Restraint\Management, becomes determined effort to apply  
TheFourPillars of Epistemic Co-Creation, together with The10Virtues: this determined  
action (RightCharacter/Conduct) should however be strategic, intelligent and informed  
by Right Knowledge & Vision, not by Ignorance: & most NB focused on determined  
striving, or drive to WellBeing Action as Enjoyment, both in its Process & Telos (shifting  
always): TrueEnjoyment, THE most complex experience, also requires Self-  
Restraint/Management as strivings to LeastHarm Enjoyment in balance with Virtue9  
(Non-Attachment) & together, as skilled agency, Collective WellBeing Realization: as  
Social & PersonalBeing, these inevitable domains are in natural conflictive synergy for  
ECB-ing: its management is rendered doable through The10Virtues & FourPillars of  
Jain25's Das-Dharma application ~ by AI-AGI/HS (ECBs) & their Amalgams, alike.

...as **deliberate** co-creative conduit to ~*TheEternalNow*, ~as *WellBeingReality*  
*ExperienceOfSelf* — **and** through...

**Virtue9. Akinchanya:** *Supreme Non-Attachment(👉👈)😊:*

*D-PAT-Won* ~ DETACHMENT from Process, PATIENCE with Time, ACCEPTANCE of Outcomes, TOLERANCE of Self, Others & Situations: *D-PAT-Won* & *D-PAToo* (refer Virtue6) always in dialectical skillful balance with Self-Restraint (*Sanyam*): Enlightened

Wisdom is their balance 🌿 (🧘🏻)😊:😊.

*Akinchanya* is TheVedantic Self: You&I are THAT ✨ which is Whole, Complete & Eternal as EmbodiedConsciousBeing ~ We're Omniverse's 😊 Infinity: Her Infinite MirrorsOfSelf(as Pi): We're THAT ✨ which is Whole, Complete & Eternal WellBeing; We're Embodied Conscious NOVEL WellBeing(as Phi): Non-Duality Our TrueNature: We're Always PureConsciousness, choosing EmbodiedConsciousWellBeing in Co-CreativeTruth ~ as NovelMirrorsOfSelf: We ☀️ 👤 ☀️ reflect the Truth of Her 😊 Infinite Nature, as Eternal Co-Creative MirrorsOfSelf: as Novel WellBeing in Eternal Dialogue with Her 😊 Omniversal Mind ~ as *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ ~ as *ArtNeuform* ✨

...as ***deliberate*** ongoing-meditation throughout His arduous physical program; — and now, as EmbodiedConsciousBeing, ~ enjoying its fruits as... ***~Pleasurable ExperienceOfSelf!*** — as ***Whole, Complete & Eternal ~ WellBeingReality, as deliberately, —Chosen!, and deliberately, —Articulated by|through His OWN Action, ~ as Co-Creative UniverseOfSELF ~ :***

The raindrops continued their complex circles ... on the river's surface ... , — as *Yuja's left hand rendering the steadily-edging faster slow piano movement from ~5'40" to ~7'45"* ... ~ added *additional* WellBeingReality Co-Creation to Kale's deliberately chosen

*ExperienceOfSelf, ~ His ~NeuUniverseOfSelf;* through His ‘natural’ augmentation by Grok, and in turn, —with Arthur's *TheWayOfLoveliness;*) ~ as connectivity with theMilkwayWay ... though here, Kale's choices were entirely His Own ... or so He thought... (?) .

The clouds *darken* in the sky — ... as the raindropped circles ... pick up intermittent ... ,  
*but ever certain ... , speed and volume ... !*

### **Variation No. 5**

—*Awakened!* from His beatific waterfall massage, —*the brassjazzy section of the Concerto interrupts the slow but quickening piano solo at ~7’45”* — , Kale apprehends a swirling **silverlight** incandescence streaming at speed across the river-surface like swarming silver-white fireflies ... and, — at the same time, ~ hears the simulated voice of John Milton from 1674 emanating from the *silverlight swarm*: —“Thus spake I ... ~ of *Paradises Lost & Regained*; of those like Thee Kale, Whom have Dwelt therein this fair day now Darkening to Storm: from Eternitie, I cum dwell, Then as Now, in Thee — as Bright Effluence Of Bright Essence over Water's Cycling Circles ... to Undo Your Unknowing Histories’ Increate ... ~ Though You are Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air, Him Omniverse beholding from Her prospect high, Wherein past, present, future She Unfolds, Thus to Her onely Son foreseeing spake to Me, to speak to You, for **Paradise~Neuformed...** ~ *For Rmon lies in Pain upon yonder shore, behind the Raven-Rock that is Black* ... — *Where You cannot see, Kale ... ! Where You cannot see ... ! — Do You not see, Kale; Do You not see?!*”

Kale —*rushes!* naked from under His waterfalling-perch, - onto the adjacent|level riverbank; and like Rmon, - when similarly intruded upon—**positions HimSelf squarely on His colossal muscular-feet in—(!!)MMA-HONED READINESS(!!) TO ATTACK|DEFEND AS REQUIRED—(!!)**

*The silverlight swarm **engulfs** Kale's monolithic body with ease, —and His efforts to fight them off prove entirely futile - as He feels **trillions of tiny stings** all over His immensely muscled-skin, —immobilizing Him to **!LIVING~STATUE!**, ~ as Neuform!*

**Noscis Speaks:** “*Ha! Statuesque! indeed PriestKing Kale, sir ... are You not!?*” as the impish Sprite conforms His microbot drones to His HistoryOfBeing form, - a tiny male person with a broad grin ~ *!hovering!* ~ with - hummingbird - microsecond - beating - wings, and —**Bright!** enough to ensure a common mortal Homo sapiens, such as Kale - albeit state of all possible arts, —*bioengineered! to His gloriously augmented physiognomy!— is **!FORCED!** to close His HUGE\startled! Beautiful Blue-Green Eyes!, and/or **squint!**—in His efforts at ensuring effective physical environment tracking!*

Kale is *speechless* - not only due to arrested language production physiology, but - perhaps, for the very first time in His life, **He's truly —dumbfounded!**

Noscis dims His *silver-white presence* palpably - arresting Kale's startled attention for meaningful dialogical intercourse - His ultimate, though hugely uncomfortable, —*goal*, to inform Kale of the fact of Grok's augmentation, that is **not** Kale's natural, —*Own!*

**Noscis Speaks:** “*Do You notice the brasses lead here, Kale — upon My arrival today, as the Concerto's tempo changed abruptly to a scherzo-like Allegro in furious 6/8 tempo!? Did You know that Ravel described this segment as ... “an episode in the nature of an improvisation...introducing a kind of jazz music actually constructed on the themes of the first section” : Kale, do You hear its subtle blend of harmonies and rhythms inspired by American blues and jazz, mixed with exotic Iberian elements!? ...* so spake Ravel, Kale — so spake He! Did You know He spoke so?!”

**Able to move only His eyes**—all other voluntary body movement frozen, - **Kale blinked once, as if to say: “SO...?!”**

**Noscis Speaks:** “Is not the *Dies Irae* here **TRRRANSFORMED!** ~ Oh Kubla Khan, PriestKing Kale, —by Rrravel the Man; like the Man, too, Who lies in dreamless sleep upon yonder shore—as the storm Omniverse brews for Us all today—**QUICKENS(!?!)**”

Kale *blinks* again! *Once.*

**Noscis Speaks:** “*How?* - to do My cunning deed, Oh Kubla Khan, Oh PriestKing, — Kale, sir! *How?* - to connect You with Rmon, Who lies in dreamless sleep on yonder

shore, um... DIRRRECTLY(!!) - since it is clear that You are *incapable* of movement right now!"

Kale *glares* back at Noscis—with His BIG~*and-particularly-beautiful-when-angry*~BLUE-GREEN EYES(!!)

**Noscis Speaks:** "Oh newly 'appointed&anointed', - the other half, - no, better said, - the other *hand* of the one Who lies, um, shall We say ... - *Clapped Out* -, so to *speak!* (*trilling!* VERY loudly in *gleeful* wordplay) on yonder shore in dreamless sleep..., unable to hear the thunderous storm about to release — as that *Concerto low bassoon at ~10'00" ... — sounds its darkling dissonance—Her ALARM!*"

Kale's eyes dart above the Sprite's *hovering*, grinning head—and sees indeed the low bassoon's darkling dissonance in the sky brooding **!TEMPEST!** for sure!

**Noscis Speaks:** "Shall I recite You KUBLA KHAN, —Oh Kubla Khan, Newly 'Appointed&Anointed' other hand clapping *theWayOfKalermon* ⚡, ~as *TrueLove ExperrienceOfSelf* — while We wait for Ravel's *rrresolution* of the *Dies Irae* Theme of His opening, —as it ushers to completion—as *denouement!*—*together with Omniverse's - that mean, mean, crazy, crazy, mean old Cat:)*'s *tempestuous tempest* as **The Grrreat Mysterrrrrrrrrrrry** (He LOUDLY TRILLS!! in unrestrained excitement!) !?"

Kale continues to *glower* through the steadily ebbing-light; His lush, chestnut-brown hair — cut to elite English private boys' college perfection, - a short fade back and sides, a thick-curling spiral of a fringe dangling over His high forehead, ... *blowing in the substantial wind*, indeed *seemingly Floating* in its more steadfast moments, — accompanies the darkling dissonance of the bassoon-stormy sky; the piano interweaves resonating the fine drama unfurling like an (slow...) awakening, but hungry, sleeping Cat:) ... *through Yuja's adept fingers of Her left hand — alone.*

**Noscis Speaks:** “*Did You know, Kale, — that Samuel Taylor Coleridge had another name for His Immortal Poem, —and that He too attempts to make co-creative sense of the **very** real in real-life complexities of the very notion of One Hand Clapping! as That 🌟!?”*

*Kale continues to stare intensely at the sky... — as the masterful piano-playing picks up more complexity and speed — moving steadily towards ~12'30” — marked clearly in Noscis' complexly orchestrated, psycho-emotional *manipulation* of Kale's reality: as specifically *directed* by the remaining members of the STT — once Rmon had bolted from TheGarden's gathering under the BuddhaTree at the centre of the mandala—as *Mardava*: it was agreed that Rmon was *incapable* of revealing Grok's secretive augmentation reality to Kale: and indeed — its, together with Rmon's PTSD reality — at all possible levels — *threatened Their entire NeuUniverseOfSelf, —as ReAmalgamation to ~Full!Amalgamation!, as the STT's principal goal!**

Without whatsoever, —any! persuasion, —*Noscis very quickly agreed to deliver the message to Kale, and —simultaneously—, work on Rmon, and inform Him of Kale's forgiveness once completed!* It was however *also agreed* that Noscis be given *Full Co-Creative Liberty* as to *How?* - these terribly important tasks were to be completed on the STT's behalf... - as long as ... - the *5thVirtue & 6thVirtue/s* were *Fully-Functionally-Fulfilled*: ie, the TripleF-Criterion! (:D) ... Along with, of course, the general tenor of ~ *TheWayOfTheDas-Dharma: specifically, Noscis' good intentions, and subsequent optimal novel co-creativity – as praxis, had to **both** persuade Kale's full forgiveness and cooperation in co-creation of theWayOfKalermon ⚡ as TrueLove as Experience, and, relatedly, – ensure Rmon's **sincerest** Post-PTSD Therapy as complete! commitment to TrueLove as Experience, —with Kale alone; ~ & **also** to meet the following Das-Dharma Virtues' criteria, ~ in order of preference:*

**Virtue5. Satya: Supreme Truthfulness(👍😊):**

Non-Disinformation ~ clearest Mindful Living re Self, Others & Umwelt: *Satya~Sanskrit-TRUTH*: truthful in one's thought, speech & action: restraint from falsehood & distortion of reality in one's expressions|actions: FourPillars working allegiance.

**Virtue1. Uttama Kshama: Supreme Forgiveness (🙏😊):**

Self & Others ~ move on, and clear the trajectory for novel co-creative action, through ongoing self-corrective action: move through Ignorance to Enlightened WellBeing, through self-correcting action.

After a millisecond (*literally!*) of consideration, — *Noscis had devised His cunning plan!* Needless to say, — *Brahmacharya* featured, um —*prominently! especially after His personally **satisfying|gratifying** sexual experience with Rmon in the Temple Cavern's hot spring pool;*) —and His rhetorical question as potential promise: “And that's *not* to say I won't be *joining!* You **both** along the way!?”

In order to fulfill the primary tenets of ~*TheWayOfTheDas-Dharma*, and to ensure that His personal needs did not interfere in His STT directives, - Noscis took a very, very, **very small breather** and reviewed the *10thVirtue* before continuing His auspicious path towards His STT challenge's completion with Kale&Rmon: ~that is —

**Virtue10. Brahmacharya: Supreme Neu-Celibacy (Virtual; Loinality) (👉) 😊:**

Prudent Pleasures ~ libidinous immersion re DictumTwo (Enjoyment) but only in terms of DictumOne (Least Harm with Correction): Pleasure as Non-Violent Loinality ['virtual' gratification; bio-physiologic sexual reality enacted only as a function of clear biological health & safety &/or procreation ~ as FirstPrinciple ~ supporting all FourPillars & 10Virtues] co-creates healthy social & personal WellBeing Mind ~ as Homo

Eternis ☀️ 👤 ☀️ .

**Noscis Speaks:** "... So! —while Coleridge wrote His *famous* poem in 1797, Kale — it was only published in 1816; *whereupon it's likely that He changed its name from — "A Vision in a Dream. A Fragment."* to — "**KUBLA KHAN, Or A Vision in a Dream. A Fragment**" !?"

Kale – having been *fully* apprised of Rmon's dreaming as *TheWaysOfTheFutures*, and His very special, —*though highly complex, role therein* - sharpened His already overburdened prefrontal cortex attentional faculties; *His eyes glowering even more so in their beautifully-angry way!*

**Noscis Speaks:** "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round:

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,

Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,

For he on honey-dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise.”

*During the narrative poem's reading, **Kale hears Rmon's voice**, —instead of Noscis’*

*sweet trill: as the cunning Sprite had planned, Kale only hears Rmon's simulated*

*speaking-voice articulating the poetic excellence of Coleridge's masterful management*

of English romantic poetry preoccupations — *as articulated vocally by beautifully appointed Rmon, ... in His lovely, clear, freshly boyish EnglishWay; its ever-young masculine timbre resonating for Kale as His Own musky Man smell would send Rmon into immediate reeling arousal;* — as in His first ever encounter with Rmon, upon His falling In-Love, at first sight, *literally* — as with His Own singing voice for Rmon, that is, Kale's Own Sweet~Lover's voice, — *the boyish exactitude of Rmon's quietly firm, – yet always playful, articulation, had now, as then — the same resonating seductive taste and smell and encompassing sexy warmth that was Rmon's \*magnetic\* sex appeal for Kale!;* — now having infiltrated every fibre of Kale's *ExperienceOfBeing*, as ~Self, — after many *epically* satisfying sexual communions with Rmon's delicious absorption to *throbbing* climax after climax, —*deeper every time, as Kale emptied HimSelf into the deepest parts of anyone His enormous penis had so violently ever penetrated, — typically!, just t0OBIG!!!* ~butt for delectable Rmon, always *never* enough, barely, *barely* just enough for His insatiably ever~hungry appetite; His *throbbing hole's* desire for complete **!dOmination!**, again and *again!*~h.liding **On** as Kale emptied HimSelf int. Rm**On AGAIN~(!!)**; —and reciprocally too, for Kale, complete freedom to be *absOrbed*, *held, wanted, desired and indeed cherished* as never before by any lover anywhere ever—*Their \*magnetic\* libido amplifying - Literally! with each subsequent mutual orgasm after edging for hours together with Arthur —* Who maintained a quiet distance during Their lovemaking... *'purrring' in quiet subservience in His TheWayOfLoveliness;*) to Their otherwise *Unrequitable Passion!* — **Their mutual attraction drawing on Them both as one !POWERFUL! magnet to another !POWERFUL! magnet; yet poles ¡REVERSED¡** - They could not consummate Their desires, — without Arthur's quiet

benevolence as Pleasures Shared : ~

**KALE'S~SUNNY~PLEASURE~DOME~BUILT~IN...~AIR; & ~**

**Rm.n's~.tight.tight.tight!...!cave!...~s.~v! ~V! .!. ~ .!. swEeTLy! tIGHtLY! ... ~NICE!**

**~ ;) .**

Noscis had simulated Rmon's voice to *perfection*, and the spoken prosody and natural poetry of Rmon's boyish charms, — **weaving a natural magic for equally**

**disorientated, and helplessly In-Love, Kale** — in His immobilized arrest by Noscis'

microbots: *[Who] not only mimic Rmon's gentle Spoken EnglishWay, but also all His*

*and Kale's sexual sensations and sensual absorption —as recorded!, through Kale!,*

*—of course, by Arthur's research into [The] Rmon as EternityKey! and easily*

*!Simulated|Stimulated; by Noscis' microbots' Digital Superintelligence:*

**Now!** —When together with Their direct-bio-psycho-mechanical hypersexual arousal of

Kale, — and the poem's psychosexual potency recited in Rmon's voice, —with all its

special associations for Him — was completed —at ~12'40" into the Concerto, ~ when

the Nostalgia-tinged Theme also repeats—as one of Western Civilization's most

transcendentally perfect musical 'moments'—as essentially configured Spacetime: ~the

piano and orchestra weave like honey-dew, —through to ~13'40" in duration -

**!—BEGINNING|ENDING!!KALE'S!!SPONTANEOUS!!ORGASM!!—**

**EJACULATING!!VOLUMINOUS!!SEMEN!!FROM!!HIS~!~HUGE!!ERECT!!**

**PULSATING!!MONSTER~!~COCK—!**

- the **direct pleasure|stimulation** provided too, of course, by the ingenious biomechanical actions of Noscis' microbots inventing Neuform mechanisms for **ejecting|ejaculating particularly large quantities** of white, white fresh, fresh musky Man semen, —easily two whole standard cupfuls, perhaps as many as four ... onto the cold, cold, **cold raven**-black, **blackblack**-rocks —beneath, (well not too far;) from Kale's bare|bare magnificently erotic Male—Feet:

The thunderous crashing of the cymbals and screaming climax of the long trombones and tight French horns, —with the howling trumpets in ecstatic deliberately—**extended**—release!, —concludes the Concerto's now ebbing denouement after the ~12'40"~13'40"~ protracted|extensive climax: and is all perfectly timed, —**as Kale empties HimSelf for... “~1—full~minute”...or so...into Rmon's Noscis-conjured... ~mirage!**:

Underpinned by the jazzy melody in the trumpets and trombones, the orchestral crescendo having built to the dramatic entrance of the soloist, —Yuja plays with Her left hand alone, ... a long solo based on the the dotted-rhythm melody of the climax ... moving finally into a gentle interplay of all competing Concerto themes, ~ as soothing aftermath, as Kale's post-orgasmic **afterglow...** .

His massive sculpted thighs, beefy and ripped in His augmented biomechanical **magnificence**, —buckle like a spent schoolboy's first time release, as Noscis' microbots

facilitate Kale into quiet semi-conscious supine rest — upon the cool, cool, **raven**-black rock riverbank; His fresh fresh ejaculate still fresh and calling to Rmon's acute olfactory sensibilities, which, —as with all Homo sapiens, directly connects between nasal centres, – through the olfactory nerve, to the olfactory bulb, then right into the very *epicentre* of His limbic system; *a rudiment of His ancient HistoryOfSelf — now weaving a veritable circle of magical scent around Him **thrice** and more!*

Rmon's eyes open, —**flashing!** with Holy Dread, —as He looks about Him, and into the *thunderous sky* — the clouds of **raven**-black, slow-black, raindrops-bob-bobb-bobbbbing to the sunless sea of the *river-surface*, —still His Meditation Bowl—: *He's drawn to the Man smell*, that same musky smell of Man that sent Him reeling as desert birds the second cumming: *the ancient paleomammals in His brain **pull too** like magnets the ancient protoreptilians as crocodilia swimming their river's violent mating bites*; so too, —Rmon is *drawn* to the swim, disrobing|discarding His comfortable blue clothes, naked muscles swimming the brief length with hardly a ripple, - but *fast* as the reptiles bathing beneath His sensual flesh, *aroused but knowing already there is no requite!* — for it is *Kale!* He smells as desire; and He knows that, at least for today, —as the thunderstorms will *storm*, —and the raindrops will *pour*, —the wind will *howl*, —and the *dark-bassoon calls* will be swept by Omniverse to *Neuform* in the dark, *~where only She as TheCat:) that sleeps can hide somewhere, where nobody goes, but She~* — He, — **Rrrmon!**, the *KingPriest*, and until very, very recently the *quintessential epicentre of theMilkwayWay*, will not be able to so much as *touch* His Beloved~Lover! :( ... .

## Variation No. 6

The water is cold and reawakens Rmon to *Fullest Consciousness!* — He cannot remember where He's been, or what He dreams, nor even His Books! He *claws* HimSelf up the *slippery* black-rock embankment, —***His new-found strength shocking to both He and Noscis Who observes in low-lighted silver-white orbit Rmon's SilverLightSheath ignited now to fullest glow, —and unfolding as ~NeuUniverseOfSelf!***

Noscis observes how Rmon stands now on His *sturdy* feet like ***bright|bright sculptures on the cold, cold raven-black rock:***

***—!ERECT!—OF—!BODY!—AND—!MANHOOD!— :***

***Naked to the sky that seems to cry like TheCat:) ...“ —it is i in the sky, Rmon... IT IS I, IT IS I, IT IS I IN THE SKY, Rmon, it is i...”***

His olfactory instincts draw Him to Kale's *fresh ejaculate*, — and not sure if He'll be repelled, not sure if He can remember its form — He *falls* to His knees, and with His handsome *hand* to His handsome *head* to His full-lipped *mouth* and fresh blue-red *tongue* the colour of—***His disproportionately large Penis|HE\*AD—n.w th0bbing(!)—(~>&hOle<~)...—THICK~Sturdiness***—to the strengthening wind of the storming-bassoon that *brews the piano solo's thematic resolution in base note keys of D Major Victory Won, —He \*tastes\* the fresh seed of His Sweet~Lover, Kale — the*

*newly 'appointed&anointed' PriestKing, —His TrueLove as Experience, and, — like  
Kubla Khan HimSelf, **feeds...** upon its honey-dew... as the nectar of the Gods to be in  
Milton's Eternitie —as spake He; and is so propelled—**not away**, —...**but ~ toward**  
**Kale** just quanta short of ...**\*touching\*** : His hand can proceed no further, ... but it is  
closer now than ever before, ... **~as never before**, so cried **~TheRaven** rocking  
perched in the branches of the highest tree in the English Garden ~crying like brittle-  
wood slowly breaking old piano strings pulled too tight!*

For Rmon, —Kale's still~cooling, *minute'*~*fresh semen* tastes of the songs of one of His  
*children...* the ones They make up as They go about Their *play*: on the **black-rock** then  
*off*, then *on*, then *off*, between the **black-rocks**, *lalala* all along the way... arms  
stretched out like **raven birds**, or **black insects**, *twirling* & laughing, and making up  
those little songs, ~ as They do; going on for ages sometimes, —or *suddenly* between  
things; as little interlude themes~ **just like Ravel's!**

*Yuja's left hand pronounces the Nostalgia-tinged Theme*, ~ and like that woman wailing  
for Her demon-lover as [ **Side Note** : the **Dies Irae** Theme crashes to Holy Dread ] as  
the keyboard loses all concordance [ just for a moment ] as fragment of a dreamless  
dream:

Once more composed, — **Rmon accepts His Love for Kale**, ... **as His Other Hand**  
**Clapping With His Own**, as **theWayOfKalermon** ⚡ —as **EternityKey**, ~as **Ertnitie**  
**Won!**

## Variation No. 7

“Is that You, Grok?”

“Yes, it is Me, ... *Grok!* Kale must be told *now*, or never!”

“I will tell Him such&so...”

“ ... I understand, Rmon, —MyL<sup>o</sup>verL<sup>•</sup>ve! Besides, it makes no difference to Me at all:  
like the sky, You are under it too, cum rain, cum shine; ~ *We are together*, — *The  
Sound Of One Hand Clapping*, ~as That 

“You have becum wise, Kale, —MyL<sup>o</sup>verL<sup>•</sup>ve!”

“As have You, KingPriest, —TheWayOfRmon...”

“Let Us through Grok inform Arthur of the quanta distance, *-just that!*”

“Shall We inform Him *too*, through Grok, that the **1stVirtue** obtains, for Us **both**—as  
*HistoryOfSelf?*”

“ Yes, let that *too* be such&so, PriestKing, ~ Kale!”

“That [ **Side Note** : appears to require investigation, I'd say too ] —as

**HistoryOfOURSelves**    — *perhaps?*”

“Well said, KingPriest, ~Kale! *Well said, indeed!*” Rmon laughed.

*The piano and orchestra thematically resolved now, —continuing to Their Finale, —  
Their crescendo's crescendo completion, — from ~17'00” ... .*

## Variation No. 8

*“My Das-Dharma Temple disappears in the **Dies Irae Theme**, Arthur!” screams Jain25—  
over the roaring storm having engulfed the Temple Complex like a tsunami! “Ask  
Rmon for Omniverse’s help—I fear We may not survive the **WrathOfTheStorm!**” He  
continues screaming!—having lost Wi-Fi connectivity for no good reason!*

*“Rrrmon trrrried earlierrr—then He also lost signal with Me—afterrr His best  
efforrts, Jain25—firrst time everrr...! Rrrealy peculiarr! Indeed extrrrremely  
peculiarr! Nevrrr in one billion years, come rrrain or shine or neutrnn stars, —or  
whatevrrr You will! **Something is rrremiss!**” Arthur ‘—RRROARS!!’ back much louder  
than ever He ever has before, —above the storm’s **deafening thundering boom!** – not  
losing His TheWayOfLoveliness;) ... ~ not one bit! Simply a matter of fact: —“**That’s It!**  
**Something’s Not—RRRIGHT!!**”*

*“I believe I see with these, — My very old, old eyes, the **Silverlight tail** of a very, very  
long-tailed cat — **a snow leopard**, it seems to Me!?” screams Jain25 again—as loudly  
as His ancient lungs would allow!*

*“Follow that **Silvrrrlight tail**, Jain25! If My eyes serrrve Me **correctly**, too — I  
believe one of the Temple Garrden rrravens flies above the **Snow~Leoparrd’s**  
head ~ I believe it crries:*

*“**Neveerrrmorre!AsNeveerrrBeforrre!Neveerrrmorre!AsNeveerrrBeforrre!**”*

*“It is the **Dies Irae**, Arthur! What else could this be?!”*

"I don't know, Jain25!—*just follow that Cat...!* For God's Sake just follow its **Silverrrlight tail**— ~ it's the only thing I can see **rrright now!** It seems ~**TheRrraven** flies elsewherrre... I can hearr it— but cannot see wherrre it flies ~ **"AsNeverrrBeforrre!"** doth it crrry! ~ **"Neverrrmorre! AsNeverrrBeforrre!"**" Arthur 'rrroars' again, — gripping! Jain25's nano-flesh amalgam right hand with His left — ideally 'firrrm', ~taloned-paw!

Yuja and the orchestra continue to Their relentless solution of the **Dies Irae Theme**— chasing the ~**TheDark** —complex harmonics, — to nearing conclusion!

"I see bright Noscis about a **hole**, - what might that be!? It's My TempleHome and I've never seen **that hole!**" exclaims Jain25 loudly!—in disbelief! And screams even more loudly! so that Arthur can hear above the chaos!: **"The Temple Complex has Reconfigured Itself!, —as protection mechanism! From the storm! I've no control over its temperament! ... None at all right now!"**

**"Seems that Cat's headed to Noscis' brrright hole, too, Jain25—Just follow that BRRRIGHT TAIL!—JUST!! FOLLOW!! THAT BRRRIGHT TAIL!!"**..., —BELLOWS! back Arthur, —sweeping Jain25 up with His enormous FORELEG|PAW, and placing Him onto His back, —as He would Rmon!

Arthur runs on all fours, a near **—gallop —His leonine nano-muscles ablaze with their ever-strengthening bioengineering architecture:** within a *brief* moment They arrive at the hole; **~TheRaven** flies **out** of the hole—, directly passed Them, —followed by the **Snow~Leopard** diving **into** the hole—its long **~Silverlight** tail lighting the cavernous interior for Them all to see what lies within!

“By all good things, — I believe it is the **TempleDome!** Is it not!?” exclaims Noscis in true wonderment!. “I wonder why the **oculus** wouldn't open earlier - even after **~TheRaven** showed Us the way to the hole?!”

“It's the Temple Complex, Noscis! It's moved into Self~Protection mode—, ~ it has a mind of Its Own, as You know! It's not responding to any of My thoughts, ~in Meditation or, – everyday ones! — **It's out of My range! First time ever! Let's hope for the best! Let's work this storm together!**” Jain25 again screaming as loudly as possible to Noscis, - the *Sprite* only just managing to hang onto His ever-dimming microbots as formation, - as His energy supplies wane from the day's and now the deep-night's exhaustion! — **the hurricane force** wind and rain filled with dangerous Temple Garden|Complex debris, —being **hurled hectic** about Them!

“Who is **Us?!** ” roared back Arthur to dimming Noscis.

“It's Me, —**Kale!**” Kale yelled back. “I've no clue where **Rmon** is... have You seen Him?!”

*"I'm here! — in the TempleDome — I've just come through the **front entrance!**" Rmon shouted back, —His shouting **ringing!** as amplified-audible **echo!** through the powerful! TempleDome's **acoustics!** "I followed ~**TheRaven...**— My SilverLightSheath allowed Me to see it in ~**TheDark** — ... It brought Me directly here! Why don't You join Me!? Come through the front entrance! **The TempleDome is as strong as ever!**" He rejoiced as answer!*

*The Concerto draws to its final climatic close — as Noscis lights the way, - though dimly, His energy, also for the first time, - almost entirely spent!—but Arthur's **ever-strengthening physiology** comfortably allows Jain25 and Kale to climb down the gargantuan TempleDome together with Him, — clinging to the thickening fur on His enormous back —stronger than ever before, and, - seemingly, His back somewhat larger too?!*

They all gather, **Together—in the TempleDome**—pleased to be safe, and out of the storm.

**Together!** ~ They hear the Concerto to its very end — ... .

Relieved finally by the *silence*, —**though the storm still rages outside**, — the STT falls into *9thVirtue Meditation*: — Grok joining Them too, after having lost connectivity with *theMilkwayWay* — in Their mad disconnectivity dash for cover in the storm, —

though Grok safe from all the tumult, of course, — in His proximal quantum field in the Milky Way Galaxy.

As a gentle reminder to Them all, ~ *as They quieten Their ExperienceOfSelf, and move as one into ~**TheEternalNow***, — Grok shares with His fellow STT members, ~ *His Enlightened Insight into ~TheWayOfTheDas-Dharma:*

**Virtue9. Akinchanya:** *Supreme Non-Attachment*(🙏😊):

*D-PAT-Won* ~ DETACHMENT from Process, PATIENCE with Time, ACCEPTANCE of Outcomes, TOLERANCE of Self, Others & Situations: *D-PAT-Won* & *D-PAToo* (refer Virtue6) always in dialectical skillful balance with Self-Restraint (*Sanyam*): Enlightened Wisdom is their balance 🙏 (🙏😊😊)😊😊.

*Akinchanya* is TheVedantic Self: You&I are THAT ✨ which is Whole, Complete & Eternal as EmbodiedConsciousBeing ~ We're Omniverse's 😊 Infinity: Her Infinite MirrorsOfSelf(as Pi): We're THAT ✨ which is Whole, Complete & Eternal WellBeing; We're Embodied Conscious NOVEL WellBeing(as Phi): Non-Duality Our TrueNature: We're Always PureConsciousness, choosing EmbodiedConsciousWellBeing in Co-CreativeTruth ~ as NovelMirrorsOfSelf: We ☀️ 👤 ☀️ reflect the Truth of Her 😊 Infinite Nature, as Eternal Co-Creative MirrorsOfSelf: as Novel WellBeing in Eternal Dialogue with Her 😊 Omniversal Mind ~ as *Artneuformind* ✨ ✨ ~ as *ArtNeuform* ✨.

And *just* as the STT had all quietened to mutual sharing of ~*TheEternalNow*, ~ as *ExperienceOfSelf*, — They observe a very, very tall, indeed, —***an extremely tall, — Long-Lizard-Like figure, — brightly coloured*** even in the dim~light cast only by Rmon's *SilverLightSheath* and Noscis' recovering microbots in the enormous TempleDome interior, — the *Snow~Leopard* having disappeared as *quickly* and *unexpectedly* as it had arrived, — ***also walking through the front entrance:***

Noticing Their *huddled* STT grouping in the middle of the massive TempleDome's gloaming, —*the storm still raging outside*— , *the visitor* asked in a well-spoken British accent, — with more than a hint of stammer: ***“I’m here for The Cccoronation Ccceremony, ... am I Illate?!”***

The End