

**The Wild and The Tame**  
**My Magus Ode and Manifesto**  
**I AM THAT I AM**  
**I WILL BE WHAT I WILL BE**  
Spoken Text by Cheselyn Amato, 2005, Coda #2 added on May 18, 2019

Hey, I do not wish to be nor can I anyway be **tamed**, for I am **wild**, as wild as they come, don't you know it, eh!?

1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144,...this is a sequence of numbers to be loved.

And there are others, other patterns. I like swirls and spirals, twists, billows, clouds, swags, swoons, spiral stairs, double Helix-DNA, rotini da da da da da, corkscrews, drill bits, springs, wrapping vines, barbershop poles, slinkies, mazes, labyrinths, hexagons, hexagrams, six-pointed stars, the Magen David, snowflakes, Chinese checkers, star knots, Koch's curve, honeycombs, hexahedron geodesic domes...

Everything is made of numbers...

*Hey mommy, (did) you know (that), a tree is a tree, a house is a house, a fence is a fence, a gate is a gate, a person is a person. Did you know, everything has a name!*

Isn't that something. Can you think of anything that doesn't have a name? Can you think of anything that doesn't have a name?

Now we shall enter THE NO NAMES' LAND /THE LAND OF NO NAMES /THE HOLY OF HOLIES (inner sanctum) where the ACTS OF UNNAMING begin.

So, let me say at the outset /right now that I will continue this pursuit even if it violates your civil expectations.

On encountering the prescribed path of the labyrinth, walking to the center where there is a round pad that encourages rotating on the spot – oh, ah, the whole world is round, a sphere, remember that, I remember that. One is free to gaze down any of the infinite vectors radiating from center. All views are possible. If there is a focal point at the end of any given radius – say, a particular tree, a bush or a stand of flowers – that point is a kind of stoppage. Like a boomerang cast out, time surrenders to eternity, hence, the view, the vista, to then, like a boomerang coming home, infinity propels right back into time. On this occasion, redemptive, but not always. Remembering that there is not one without the other, life without death, death without life, then approaching limits can be equally exhilarating as devouring /devastating, as liberating as suffocating, not to dismiss the possibility of equanimity & equilibrium.

Thus it might come to pass that on one journey back toward the center or out, a darkness descends because of an all too sudden command to return. Otherwise, to be jettisoned forever, lost in space or in time – to be stranded like a swimmer out in the sea unyieldingly drawn down by gravity's burden or severed like an astronaut in the cosmos, out of gravity's grasp. Do not despair. We shall be visited again by gravity's grace. Disquiet, dismay, maybe demons for no soul truly wills to be /shall be informed of all destinies' end. Not that all patterns and all connections sleuthed, revealed and reveled within don't make for a

rapture worth all the risk, but rapture may be attended by ravaging forces...How ravajhing, ravaijzhhing, ravijzing, ravijzhssing, raviszhing, ravishing...ravishing. How ravishing.

As I was saying, the distance between the center to a point of focus makes a difference, extending, reducing or maintaining the length of travel punctuated here or there by lingerings in transit, locked on the spot, or mesmerized beyond. The imperative of the vector becomes more or less or none too urgent. And with the absence of a point of reference along certain radii, something more abstract happens, less personal, more about everyone, everything, history comes into the picture, a "deeper" sense of past, present and future. How wonderful. All is One.

Hey, the whole planet may blow up into smithereens someday, and I can live with that inside this Infinity.

So, on the one hand, getting back to enormous pleasantries and pleasures, just imagine then being in the center of a magnificent transparent geodesic sphere whose planar dimensions keep reconfiguring 4's, 6's, 10's, 12's, 18's, 22's, 32's, 231's...you name the number of sides of the proto-plane, with lines vectoring out through points and across edges, up, down and all around.... equilateral, isosceles, symmetric, a-symmetric, a kaleidoscopic pageantry, the arcs of the most exterior walls protruding as voluptuous convexities or contracting in taut concavities. A geodesic sphere in a fluid flux/fluctuation/perpetual motion(evolution)/constant flux(transformation)/mitosis/time lapse film/sectioning/dividing/further dividing at a rate beyond the apprehension, comprehension, and assimilation of the mind's eye.

I am not at all interested in investigating the idea of mutation. It is not at all important here. Although, divergence by mutation is always about death, and then of course, life, redirected, redesigned, recreated, as cruel as it is. And It Is Cruel because of the necessity and inevitability that gives birth to change by interruption, disruption, R U P T U R E.

(Coda, 2005):

Thank God for God.

Thank God for sleep.

Thank God for laughter.

Thank God for the senses.

Thank God for the heart.

Thank God for the mind.

Thank God for the imagination.

Thank God for perceptible and decipherable codes.

Thank God for revealing the treasure.

Thank God for simple truths.

Thank God for transmission.

Thank God for reception.

Thank God for human being.

Thank God for the ordinary and the extraordinary.

Thank God for wild and tame.

(Coda #2, 2019)

That has broken/bled/pierced my heart and short circuited by mind.  
That has starved my flesh,  
Made my soul writhe,  
My spirit seem to wither.

BUT,  
Still my light eternal smoldering embers grow,  
glowing shining flaming blazinggg

I am returning to the land, to plant the seed  
in the mounds between the furrows.  
I will sift the earth with my hands,  
granules of the darkest, fecund brown.  
I will look out along the cultivated lines  
toward the edge where dimensions meet,  
where rows of plant meet the expanse of air where from the waters come  
sometimes of conglomerations of laden clouds ready for milking, through which  
the fire that lights and heats to bursting forth life floods  
making the blood that causes the root to give birth to the green that crosses from  
below to above,  
breaking through the between, erupting—  
Born, emerging, rising up,

being there,

being there-here,

being

here