

Because a Medium is a Human Wireless Set

The shuddering of a bomb awakens you.

Keep, whatever else goes, your centre of Peace; that, no bomb may shatter, even if the house were in ruins on your shoulders, for that core is the kernel of abstraction; it is Eternity unbreakable, unremarkable.

Sit there among the atoms multiplied exponentially.

Nothing shall dismay you—no not if the earth were struck by a comet to be sent spiraling zig-zaggity ‘cross the gaping hollow of their heaven [lost in translation].

Try and ignore those howling moons you hear.

Flee with us into the blazing noon the pearly iris glow of advanced attention where liquid mind catches drifting cloud of light so as to blend the dark notes into a whirling grid of spheres.

Do not worry about the [garbled] geometries of earth ‘til you return cleansed.

I have to warn you beloved, the more you [lost in translation] the more you will attract attack from the enemies who seek to frustrate plans.

It helps [...] if you have refrained from cluttering up your thought images with earthy obsessions as these tie you up like gramophones able to play one tune only.

Just keep an even keel in this sea of signposts.

We are all very fond of you.

People here soon lose any snobbery it is all too vast.

Take strength and comfort to those who at this moment are in agony of body or mind and walk in helpfulness and reassurance by the side of those sent hurling.

You are safe and shall be safe. No bomb shall harm you.

Keep da riddim.