

Postal Service

Arriving in the mail along with telephone bills,
pizza coupons,
bank statements,
and other paper illusions including Newsweek I am curiously addressed
in capital letters in the middle of an envelope.
Written in Crayola Crayon—lie the words

God
HERE, NOW
THE UNIVERSE AND THE MIND

So I tear it open and all it contains is a brown bagel bag from Starbucks.
In pencil barely visible upon the sesame grease stains is the following message
straight from heaven.

Love + Faith = Unity.

Unity of the mind, soul, mouth, cock, sex and intellect
hit me in an instant as if God himself stimulated orgasm in my brain.

I made love with god and you should too. It was a trip.
I invite you along for the ride,

You spend your morning in bed and your days in the park,
sipping tea at four and picking mushrooms with the ancient kings—
Darius, Alexander, Xerxes—and even Jesus Christ.
You sup on crackers with John Fowles at seven
and write pomes on government subsidized elementary school toilet paper at ten past.
At eight you notice Timothy Leary outside your window looking in
as the Walrus resurrects John from the dead
and Sergeant Pepper strips his uniform and commands you to make love upon the grassy knoll.

Make love to a woman,
Make love to yourself,
Make love to your mind,
Find God and FUCK him,
for Fucking is the ultimate form of communication.

Love + Faith = Unity = Consciousness

Consciousness is singing, dancing, and doing jumping jacks...
Applauding in a bathroom stall and yelling FIRE
in a crowded theatre...
Hugging and kissing in public and letting the lonely
get a room...
Adorning yourself in jewelry and color,
avowing life's hipness.

The world is your oyster.
Fuck the pearls

and string them around her neck. out of it

No envelope can seal information if you expand your mind.
There are no envelopes, only loose manila folders.

Transcend—
 make love to a woman,
to yourself,
 to your mind,
and to God.

Spell it backwards and you get dog.
Constitutionalize it and you get the Politics of Ecstasy.
Worship it and you get nowhere.
Experience it and you get paradise.

-John Blum

