

THE NARCISSUS REFLECTION

Is this the Narcissus reflection?

It must be.

I look into it, it glows,
I fall in love with it, not knowing that it is me,
Not knowing that it isn't me.
Not knowing that I am separate not only from those things within the glow,
But all things about.
Everything is me, and I am it.

This must be the Narcissus reflection.

I have seen the girl called silver.
Her eyes are hazel.
She wears a silver necklace against knitted black chemise.
Her scarves are long, striped red.
They nearly drag the ground.
Is she returning from an Arsenal match or Dr. Who convention?
She is the one I love or wish to have because I lack the imagination
To create my own life in my own solitude,
My inner resources abdicated to the glowing reflection,
The Narcissus reflection that tells me I can have it all,
Despite my limitations.

But I know better.
I know I have limitations.
That is why I love this glow, this Narcissus reflection.
It tells me that I can have this
I can have that.
I can be handsome, I can be sought after by all the ladies,
If I just had this aftershave or this car or this beer.
Or this beer and this car, drinking the beer in the car.
Drinking the car in the beer.
This is what makes you sexy.
Sexy is what you have to be.
You must be desirable in our world,
This is what the Narcissus reflection tells me,
The undesirable is the unconsumable.
If you are not a commodity, if you are not branded,
You are invisible. You do not exist.

Mr. Lasch would tell me that I am shallow, that I am hollow,
That I live in a Society that has removed the self from the individual
And filled the hollowed shell with a desire to consume and consume,
Not just externally, but internally, because there is no *interiority*.

The Narcissus Reflection

All the self is outside the self, and you must make it yours
Possess it, have it so you are no longer hollow.
You are not rational, you are just a bundle of emotions, desires,
To be manipulated by the Narcissus reflection
That tells you who you are.
You are nothing and everything,
So buy this and save,
Save your mortal soul, for Yee shall be loved,
Finally,
But only if you fulfill your desires and kiss that glowing light of
The Narcissus reflection.

In your emptiness, it not only covers your skin, it fills it.
In your emptiness, it not only gives you ideas,
It is the idea.

Medium is no longer the message.
It is the idea.
It is the *raison d'etre*.
It is the environment,
The true world, the real world becoming
But a three dimensional illusion for you to get through,
To despise, to numb yourself against until you can finally get home to
The Narcissus reflection
That gently basks you in its warmth, its womb, the mental, ney, the psychic umbilical
Cord providing all your needs,
Not only is there no need unmet, but there is not a desire unmet.
It is you, you are it,
Until the glow disgorges you back, back into the three-dimensional world
Just nerve ends of desires,
Must consume, must obtain the Narcissus reflection,
Make it three-dimensional, make it not a possession, but make it you.

For you know the girl called silver,
And the girl who thought she was red,
And the girl of the fantastic realm battling internal forces externally.

They are archetypes, they are martyrs.
And they become yours,
The Narcissus reflection not just under your skin,
Not just the idea, but now in your dreams.
The archetypes from within the glow now move within your subconscious,
Having invaded that hollow space within you.
It is defenseless, like Belgium, the north of France.
All defenses on the eastern front.

The Narcissus Reflection

Surrender.

But you have no defenses,
You have no treasures,
You are only space,
You are only empty territory for the large writ,
Written small.

While you consume, you are subsumed.

This is the Narcissus reflection.

You ask me where the joy comes from,
I say it is the physical act, the tap tapping of the keys.
The ideas are just so much muck,
So much effluvia, recycled mental and psychic sewage.
The mental equivalent of defecation you see here.

Lasch goes in, Bertrand Russell goes in, DeBord goes in, Lasn goes in
Verilio goes in, Mander goes in, Hillman goes in, there goes Ventura.

Paglia makes no sense.
Eco is way to dense
As is Baudelaire and Baudrillard,
But I read on.

This is what comes out.

An unorganized olfactory nightmare of the soul.

The Narcissus reflection.

The sewage of this mind.

But the girl named silver with the hazel eyes poses as a martyr
And looks like your ex-girlfriend with twenty years chopped off.
She is good, she is decent, she is a martyr.

Though in the glow of the hermetic story,
She is but a martyr in the dense layers of text,
In the dense layers of your subconscious she is a girl exploited,
The innocent, the six year old girl exploited, child pornographers
Capturing her skin and soul.
The exploiters are even brazen enough to drop hints of the event in popular songs.

The Narcissus Reflection

*The girl named silver
A virgin girl
We took her skin
And sold her soul
While she remains a virgin today.*

I tell Silver that the line is about her.

She does not listen.
Or pretends not to listen
She holds back her reaction.
The event, repressed, comes to the fore again.
I am uneasy, and run away.

She is now sixteen, or so the story goes.

There are no consequences in the Narcissus reflection.
It only glows.
You keep watching it.
You keep loving it.
None the wiser.

The Postman is dead.
Long live the Postman.
The rabbi has spoken and the martyr feels dread
And there is confusion about the so-called existential crisis
wherein Bergman goes to the
Mall and comes home with an Orange Julius,
A new X-Box game,
And the Complete *Buffy* Season 4 on DVD.. only \$39.99.

Welcome to our downward spiral.
Welcome to the sedative that eases the pain
Of our increasing irrelevance.
In a culture in which the strong authoritarian has given way to the therapist,
In a culture bereft of hope, bereft of ideas, bereft of belief in the future,
I am *Lasching* out.

Is it not nice?
Is it not convenient?
To have the Narcissus reflection as your 24 hour on call therapist.?

The tap tap of the keys continues.
This is my therapy in this ugly world.
It is my minimal action when not basking in the Narcissus reflection.

The Narcissus Reflection

Meaningless twaddle, in a meaningless universe?
Perhaps to others.
To me, it is sanity, or a source thereof.
The only friend I have,
Social abilities somehow truncated, somewhere down the line.

I don't want to bother anyone.
Can't get in the way.
It's what I always did as a child
And continue to do today.

This is harmless.
I am at home, alone,
No one to annoy.
No one to annoy..

It is like I am talking, rambling to someone, without that someone really being there.
They can volunteer to read it later.
And read it here
As I slouch toward
Sunnydale
Arcadia
Pittsburgh
Beverly Hills
Berkeley and
El Cerrito
While I'm safely ensconced, reveling in the glow of the Narcissus reflection.