

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs

(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways*

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Preface

Greetings,

At some point well into in this writing process, it finally occurred to me that the human species was truly nothing more than grubs (a.k.a., blobs), with opposable thumbs, and an overabundance of imagination. Below are the ditties that flowed forth in this belated revelation.

This work is blogged at:

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
<https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com/>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. “The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim” is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, and *Breadcrumbs*. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of *Breadcrumbs*, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Doubt, Skeptic, Cynic, Disbeliever.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

*There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.*

Website

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com>

Blog

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com>

PDF

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Including:

Of the Human Journey

Got God?

Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

<https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2015

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com>

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Breadcrumbs 2018

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2019

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2020

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2021

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2022

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com>

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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf>

The Return to Wonder

Field Notes from the Unknown

(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)

<https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf>

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

<https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com>

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Frames of Reference

Peering Through the Windows of Perception

<https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com>
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
<https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com>
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
<https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
<https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com>
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf>

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf>

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
<https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com>
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf>

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
<https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com>
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The ‘And More’ Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

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History, History & More History

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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

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Science, Science & More Science

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Titles, Titles & More Titles

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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
<https://therealdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealdiscoveringseries.pdf>

To Be, or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com>
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Who Was the First?
<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf>

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf>

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf>

Jester Amok
<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3>
<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3>

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf>

Once Upon a Christmas
<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf>

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf>

Uncle Sam Says
<https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com>
<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3>

*(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing,
so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while,
might be a good idea if You want the most current version)*

Breadcrumbs 2024

Grubs With Attitude

Are we two-leggeds, really anything more than grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy?

What are the attributes that distinguish human beings from other creatures?

Large brain size
Reduced body hair
Lungs and sweat glands
Opposable thumbs
Facial structure
Language
Abstract reasoning
Problem-solving skills
Theory of mind
Self-awareness
Moral reasoning
Complex social structures
Tool making and usage
Bipedalism

Will we ever manage to get over ourselves?

Will we ever fully realize we are merely evolutionary outcomes?

And whenever it happens, will we depart the stage with nobility and humility and integrity and discipline,
As fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the mysterious source of our origin,
Guardians of whatever carcass is left of the quantum dust-ball garden that birthed us all?

Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar?
Like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

At this writing, the answer is more than a little evident.

The Illusion of Existence

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all you are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

A Wayward Journey

If we crunchy-chewy-gooey human beings were truly the greatest, highest grubs ever,
Would we have decimated this extraordinary garden world the way we have?
How is it we lost all sense of guardianship in our wayward journey?

Whimsical Grubs

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

Have You Seen Your Self?

As long, as you truly believe; as long, as you truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what you truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Realign or Die

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

The Planet of the Grubs

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

A Great Deal of Imagination

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

Need We Ask Anyone to Tell Us These Things?

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary you, truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary you? Or are You the awareness You?

Preposterous

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

The Reality of the Human Paradigm

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but ...
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.
Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

The Long and Winding Illusion

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

Just a Grub

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

The Life of Grub

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

The Grubs! The Grubs!

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

A Veiled Mystery

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?

How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?

Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.

Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.

A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

The Great Humility

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,

Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.

Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

The Everyday Horror Show

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),

If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

Soundbites

Human beings are really just grubs with more imagination than many if not most know how to handle.

* * * *

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

* * * *

You are but a grub, with an overabundance of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Is humankind really any more than grubby vats of self-absorption?

* * * *

Grub it!

* * * *

Grub you!

* * * *

Grub this!

* * * *

Grub out.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

A world of grubs, haunting your dreams.

* * * *

Grubs, ever imagining they are more.

* * * *

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

You are but a grub, conditioned by imagination, to believe You are something more than You can ever be.

* * * *

Grubs 'n Blobs, all screengrazing who knows how many years of our lives.

* * * *

Another grub, another blob, oozing through all the orifices.

* * * *

Grubs and blobs are words used interchangeably herein.

Breadcrumbs

As this male grub-body has aged, the hunger for female grubs has greatly waned.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

The only grubs that are not grubs (yet),
Are the few and far between that fall within the parameters,
Of my genetic predisposition for the female gender,
And still juicy and ripe enough for the taking.

Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Planet of the Grubs

* * * *

The Grub's Life

* * * *

The Life of Grub

* * * *

Grubmanina

* * * *

Grubbylocks

* * * *

Grubmeister

* * * *

Grubmania

* * * *

Grubfoolery

* * * *

Grubfest

* * * *

The Grubs

* * * *

Grubworld

* * * *

Grubtalk

* * * *

Grub It!

* * * *

Grub This!

* * * *

The Grubs

* * * *

Grub Magic

* * * *

The Imaginary Grub

* * * *

Grub You!

* * * *

Mighty Grubs

* * * *

Go, Grubs! Go!

* * * *

The Grubs

* * * *

Grub Out

* * * *

The Lowly Grub

* * * *

The Exalted Grub

* * * *

The Hoity-Toity Grub

* * * *

The Imaginary Grub

* * * *

Grubbin' with the Grubs

* * * *

Grubby Vats of Self-Absorption

* * * *

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs

Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs

The Stillness Before Time

A Scrumptious Feast

Even the most healthy and beautiful men and women,
Strain, sweat, smell, and ache when they toil;
Blow their nostrils clean each morning;
Eat, urinate, defecate, and pass gas,
More than a few times each day.
Women bleed and swell with milk,
For continuation of their genetic line.
Men ejaculate their seed for the same end.
What exactly does one love in another's body?
A vat of bones, organs, muscles, mucous, and blood;
Sheltered by nerve-ridden, porous, lifeless skin and hair;
Shaped in ways, we instinctively find appealing or revolting.
All of which, to the dread of many, must unavoidably be recycled,
Perhaps even as a brief, but scrumptious feast, for one beast or another.

The Stillness Before Time, XXIX

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

From non-living matter to organic compounds to slimy blobs to crawlers to tree-swingers,
When the two-legged genome became the human beings we today play, is anybody's guess.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really You? Is that really what You truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way,
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

Peel away all that clothing, all that hair, all that greasepaint, all that polish, all that jewelry.
Slice away the five sensory organs: the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
And You will be just another blob; just another crunchy-chewy-gooney creature.
No different than any other life form this spinning globe has ever spun.
All the egocentric pretenses that humankind harbors, are but absurd theater.

* * * *

No matter how crunchy, how chewy, how gooey,
What can You expect from a blob of protoplasm, really?

* * * *

We are all blobs, some gifted by natural selection with veneers that entice us to forget,
The reservoir of crunchy-chewy-gooney, sloshing and gurgling beneath a coating of dead cells,
Otherwise known as skin and hair and nails, buttressed by the five-sensory accoutrements.

* * * *

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

* * * *

We are blobs; we are all the progeny of blobs.
Our primordial antecedents were merely gooey, slimy.
But natural selection, lots of time, and no lack, no end, of horror,
Made us crunchy and chewy, as well; definitely, something to be vain about,
And ceaselessly, without qualm, make as much ado about nothing, as imagination allows.

* * * *

Seriously, what does a blob have to be vain about?
And of the quest for power, fame, fortune,
Surely You ha-ha jest, my friend.

* * * *

In the heterosexual scenario, at the other end of that lovely mouth –
Working its way up and down, and down and up, on the engorged masculinity–
Is a pliable anus, available for thirds, if the current femme fatale is open to such escapades.
And, as the alimentary canal is the same for all, the anus is relevant for any other combinations, as well.
Blobs, doing what blobs do, genetically-honed and choicelessly-chosen,
In their arena of narcissistic hedonism.

* * * *

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

* * * *

Surveying from a surly distance, the human species,
Is really nothing more than a way-too-large throng of whacked-out blobs,
Doing what whacko blobs do, in their unfaltering, capacity for, and draw to, psychotic burlesque.
The arrogance of our kind's insatiable narcissism, and the other whore, hedonism,
Has been an arduously tedious, painful, relentless march to suicide.
Alas, that we never took Darwin and Malthus seriously.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.
Is there really anything left to take seriously? Is there anything but illusion?
Absurdity reigns; why are we not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Some bodies appear beautiful, some over-all-bellines ugly.
But all are blobs, with varying degrees of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
Sure to satisfy any organism with an appetite for such things.

* * * *

The obesity epidemic of these-our-times is a looming disaster that rivals climate change and nuclear war.
What in some god's name, will all these overflowing blobs, look like by the conclusion of their lives?
What heights will pain and suffering reach, for they, their families, their friends, their communities?
The many challenges, the many trials and tribulations, will blaze new trails in this Darwinian theater.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallogocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric

All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

Are You really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories— eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

If You want to believe the mind-body more than an imaginary blob,
Who is anyone to argue with the absurdities of delusion?
We will all be feeding daisies soon enough.

* * * *

Once You discern all life forms as nothing more than blobs,
With seemingly every imaginable feature, every imaginable attribute,
It is a bit easier to weave and wind through any given moment a tad more detached.

* * * *

We must all play the consequences, the upshots, the penalties, of our given nature-nurture.
No one can save anyone, no one ever has saved anyone, no one ever will save anyone.
These sensory-laced blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey, in which awareness is witness,
Are as indivisibly-inexplicably-indelibly-ineffably disposable, as all quantum-made are.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Imagining we are so much more than narcissistic, hedonistic, bags of vanity.

* * * *

We are all nothing more than recordings playing our little blob parts so seriously.
Stepping back into the oblivion of awareness, gives it the perspective it deserves.

* * * *

If You are an eye-catching woman, a shapely blob, with hypnotic eyes, a svelte voice,
And a willingness to do whatever anything implies, and there are men eager to pay high dollar,
The money, is that You would be, in fantasy, or in fact, spreading your sweet thighs to the highest bidder.
The only rather semantic difference, is whether You call it prostitution or marriage.
Friend, let us be honest: male or female, we are all whores.
Narcissism and hedonism, in all their glory,
Are what make the human paradigm tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: What is the likelihood (a.k.a., probability),
You would wear the same t-shirt, the same baseball cap, the same whatever,
With the same message, the same image, the same meme, for the rest of your meaningless existence?
Many if not most, destined to become indistinct blobs on aging, likely flabby flesh.
Unless, of course, You are a (enter favorite team here) fan,
Or a religious fanatic, born to forever follow,
With too much money, too much time,
And too little sense, on your hands.

* * * *

What are all life forms, but blobs of all shapes and sizes, wrapped in one covering or another.
Only blobs that call themselves human beings have imagination enough,
To play out their temporal existence as thespians.
Actors who believe themselves more real than real can ever be.

* * * *

We are all blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Some with more aesthetically-pleasing exteriors than others,
But all just blobs, playing out the theater of consciousness, just the same.
Which blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey, will copulate,
And cast forth the next generation, the next wave,
In the mystery's Darwinian anthology?

* * * *

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

Soundbites

If You really believe You are that blob of crunchy-chewy-goey, then think again.

* * * *

Keeping the blob under the beltline does not appear to be a priority for oh so many.

* * * *

Are You a blob, or the awareness prior to blobbery?

* * * *

You really believe You are this blob of crunchy-chewy-goey?

* * * *

So, is your God a blob, too?

* * * *

What are these blobby bodies but time machines traveling through awareness.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.

* * * *

Blobs liking blobs, blobs loving blobs, blobs hating blobs, the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

Even aliens are blobs.

* * * *

Hard to take a blob seriously.

* * * *

Yet another blob with airs.

* * * *

Blobs all, each and every one.

* * * *

Why identify your Self with a mass, a glob, a blob, of protoplasm?

* * * *

We are all blobs with airs; what's vanity for, if not to be unfurled?

* * * *

Someday those jocks and cheerleaders will look the blobs they are.

* * * *

Jesus and Buddha were blobs, too.

* * * *

Illusion delusion is the answer to why any one blob is favored over another.

* * * *

What can You expect from a blob, anyway?

* * * *

Blobs with genetically allotted packaging.

* * * *

All life forms are nothing more than naturally-selected, packaged blobs

* * * *

You have been blobbed.

* * * *

Packaged blobs.

* * * *

Blob this.

* * * *

Why should You care what another blob thinks of You?

* * * *

All we are is blobs with airs.

* * * *

How different the state of mind, wandering through a world filled with blobs.

* * * *

A blob by any name, is still a blob.

* * * *

Name that blob.

* * * *

A blob of crunch and goo only crunches and goos until the crunch and goo turns into worms.

* * * *

The blobs are all dressed up, and rolling out for a night on the town.

* * * *

A world full of human beings – faces, arms, legs, flesh, hair, nails – disguising blobby interiors.

Breadcrumbs

How was it You became so attached to this blob of protoplasm?

* * * *

That is one good-looking blob.

* * * *

How different the state of mind, wandering through a world filled with blobs.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Leftovers

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs. What are we but relatively miniscule organisms playing out relatively miniscule organism dreamtimes? Identifying with the biological entity is the fountain of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

This blob of crunch-chewy-gooey from which You peer is but a quantum-matrix fabrication,
In which imagination is but a trickster deceiving You into believing the dreamtime all real.

* * * *

This blob, this wall of flesh, this sheen of light,
Is outside and inside the one and only You,
Each and every kaleidoscoping moment.
Duality is the lie born of imagination.

Soundbites

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs.

* * * *

A blob by any other name would be the same.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a flesh-wrapped blob.

* * * *

All must give the blob they inhabit its due.

* * * *

Such pretentious blobs.

* * * *

All the human blobs, blobbing along.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Leftovers

All we really are is living substance.
Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.
Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.
A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.
And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.
Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.
Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

* * * *

As long, as You truly believe; as long, as You truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what You truly are.

Soundbites

All we are is blobs full of imaginary bullshit.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Leftovers

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

* * * *

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

Soundbites

Grubs 'n Blobs, all screengrazing who knows how many years of our lives.

* * * *

Another grub, another blob, oozing through all the orifices.

* * * *

A good-looking blob, but a blob, nonetheless.

* * * *

How was it You became so attached to this blob of protoplasm?

* * * *

That is one good-looking blob.

* * * *

Grubs and blobs are words used interchangeably herein.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

When It Began

From non-living matter to organic compounds to slimy blobs to crawlers to tree-swingers,
When the two-legged genome became the human beings we today play, is anybody's guess.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Blobs Everywhere

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with feelers.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?

What's your favorite part?

Nerves or arteries?

Brain or body?

Heart or spleen?

Clitoris or ovaries?

Mouth or anus?

Lungs or liver?

Eyes or ears?

Nose or tongue?

Penis or testicles?

Legs or arms?

Knees or elbows?

Flesh or womb?

Big toes or thumbs?

Belly button or buttocks?

Imagine kissing and licking them all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

All Blobs the Same

Some blobs are slimy.

Some blobs are gooey.

Some blobs are chewy.

Some blobs are crunchy.

Same quantum essence, all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

All We Really Are

All we really are is living substance.

Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.

Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.

A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.

And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.

Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.

Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Have You Seen Your Self?

As long, as You truly believe; as long, as You truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Blob of Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time show, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Planet of the Blobs

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Everyday Horror Show

It might be frightening to wander amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not acclimated in so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!