

MANIC ZEN



it is excruciatingly late and i am wired...thoughts flowing fast like the currents of the Nile—pondering the mysteries of consciousness—examining the porous boundary between genius and psychosis...this is not entirely new territory—ever since my first mania i have wondered what to make of all these intense and visceral sensations—inspiring my brain like angels from above...perception of time is relative for all of us—but for my subterranean bypo tribe it is a cosmic fire that needs tending lest it burn wildly

out of control...the zen of mania is a deceptive and janus-faced beast-sucking you into delusional fantasy while simultaneously offering its dialectical inverse-profound insight into the psychosocial spiritual and existential questions that haunt humankind...i am profoundly dedicated to transforming our society into one that can amplify neurodiversity-overthrowing the nefarious and self-perpetuating logic of profiteering bigotry and state sanctioned violence...i am also profoundly dedicated to sanity-which is why i have no problem checking in at a trusted hospital to gauge whether my self-analyzed assessment of my place within the torrid manic-depressive spectrum is accurate and grounded...this is becoming a long poem-and i really need to sleep...let me close with an appeal-never be afraid to ask for support-mental health is a human right...seek your inner zen and hold fast to the belief that we have yet to discover what wonders our species can achieve nurtured by love and respect-and freed from the shackles of capitalism...we yearn for a classless future-for new and sustainable ways of being-manic zen is a beacon-an aspiration of a mutant tribe



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2017