

Have you ever heard anything about the Individual God?

Your old traditional God of General was really a wonderful Craftsman
who with a lot of whims and without ugly torture
created only an Esthetical Universum
and only one Universe of Beauty, deprived of Compassion,
created with a lot of understanding of Delight and complete Lack of Understanding of
Suffering!
It raises its Towers of Perfection at a distance of eternity beyond Mind!

He did not know the Division in Beautiful and Ugly, Real and Unreal, Fair and Unfair.
But let us not hurry up to accuse him: that he created an Imperfect world!
His strengths were enough to understand Delight:
Poor him, he did not have an idea of Torment! He did not understand Suffering,
he was alien to Groan, alien to Deprivation, he was absorbed by Perfection
where there is a lot of beauty and there is not Craving – how to demand from him to
understand Somebody Else's Joy, as everywhere His Permanent Happiness prohibited
Him to realize that Harm is possible! That Misfortune is possible!
His Gorgeous Power made him blind to the Ugly!
His Magnificence made him deaf to the Unorderly!
His Perfection presented him with a World of Beauty, deprived of emotions, built of
Coldness!

In everything which is Perfect there is something which is Icy! In everything which is
Grandiose there is Misfortune!
Everything which is Proportional emanates loathsome boredom,
And everything which is Triumphant marches on dead bodies!

Deprived of the Noble Pain,
How could he recognize our High Suffering!

Insensitive to Torment, without receptors to Sadness, poor him, he has not an idea of
Suffering even today!
How do we search for the Mind among such a monotonous happiness?!
Locked in Harmony, the Bird does not know Freedom!
The Gods who are surrounded by Pleasures are usually most gravely convicted:
Excitement which arises the feeling of Existence cannot penetrate in Delight.
Life is a Fluctuation between Magic and Torment:
How do we claim for Life for those who have ever been Enchanted,
as all immortals and beings deprived of Sobering Death are?!

In this Magnificent Palace Cosmos where Symmetry is not broken at any point
there is not a single Cell of Disappointment
and there is not a single Guillotine of Self-contempt:
How do we claim for Sensuality from the Mind which has achieved everything?
How do we find Tremor in the Intellect which has invented everything?

In the Perfect Universum of Omnipresent Symmetry there are many riches which enhance Sadness, but there is not a single Mirror which stands opposite to such Sadness! This Happy God, surrounded by the Precious Shadows of symmetrical Replicas, has not a single Flash to asymmetrically break the Hallucination of Intellects reflecting on the mirror, repeating in galaxies and overwhelming with ecstasy!

We think that nothing is sadder than the Perfection of so many Harmonies which are directed towards the Insensitiveness of only one of them, called 'Delight!

Because we are bored of such infinite beauty and because we are sick of the unchangeable hope, among the perpetual repetition of clear delight we beg for some sadness in the Exquisite intellect and for some Insanity in the Perfect Music of the Heart which craves for Arrhythmia and for Horror! To be able to put an end to Insensitiveness through Arrhythmia and to be able to know Compassion through Horror.

But there is not Poverty to value them:
Theirs
How to penetrate into Harmony?!

But it doesn't matter! We do not have so much Happiness to grieve that we have lost it!
We do not have so much Glory to feel robbed!
We are not intoxicated by Voluptuousness to despise Great Sobering!
We have only Pain which does not permit us Oblivion!
We have only Torture which keeps us ever Awake!
Our Mind has made Dreams unknown to us
and sleepless Thoughts have spared us from self-enjoyment
in intellectual dreams!

What we have in excess is Desperation!
And you, God, who are all over made of Hopes,
how could you understand our intellect-broken Soul!?

World Loneliness is an award for Perfection!
Expensive Insensitiveness decorates your Ideal Palaces!!
Clear Thoughts dash against Precious Irony,
Lack of Darkness makes you miserable among Wisdom!

Your Perfection has locked you in the World Loneliness,
your Magnificence has made you a Harmonious Doll!
Your Omnipotence has deprived you of an Opponent and,
having seated yourself on million of thrones among your innumerable army,
you have not a single Darkness to fight with –

and if defeated – to know the Ambition to change!
You have not a single Darkness to die as an Intellect
and be born as a Passion!
You failed to build the Ethical Universe of Compassion
because you failed to buy a dangerous Arrhythmia of Heart / Dangerous Self-doubt
against All riches of Bright intellects
which to present you with the Excitement of Nothing!

We, humans, Torments of the Eternal Self-arising Conscience,
shall build this new universum of Compassion
in which you, overwhelmed with Happiness, poisoned with exuberance,
and paralyzed forever in the Pose of Immortality, failed!

But we know that nothing is more boring than Immortality,
and that is why we shall build a Universum of Compassion and Death!