

THEIST MANIFESTO

Daniel Prior

I

And one fine day the light ended,

As darkness faded.

Only memory remains,

Which killed the nightmare.

And you go back to being that carefree boy, to whom his mother speaks worriedly and he limits himself to answering:

"Don't worry, it's not **my** blood."

II

It has already passed.

It doesn't matter how.

But the world keeps turning. The impossible.

The laws of nature, of physics, who knows if of Mathematics;

To hell.

But the world keeps turning.

You thought it was impossible. You *keep* thinking it's impossible.

But there it is, before you. And you would like to know how, although something screams at you that it would not be the best idea.

But the world keeps turning.

With all of you, before the world, the word that does do magick:

Fiction...

III

Cross the bridge, Hazle, come across.

Your only mission in the world is to cross the bridge, where your life will be born.

Once on the other side, mark my words very well, trust only the Headless Man.

Anyone can rip off an arm or an eye.

Some will even tell you that he lost his Heart for you (he will undoubtedly be the most dangerous).

But only the Headless Man will have lost it for you, only him you must trust,

Mark my words, remember...

IV

There are for all types:

The impressionable ones, to whom the date was written in their memories. The most apprehensive; two of which went so far as to vomit.

And the disgraceful, one of whom called laughing to postpone the meeting.

And her? Who knows if she was, who knew about her.

I can invent hundreds of stories, maybe thousands, and the only thing, the only thing they have in common, is what I defend so fervently:

"Immortality is earthly in that every decision we make is indelible."

V

Hope.

Resistance.

Endurance.

Nobody guarantees me that this will not end. Maybe tomorrow, maybe in a minute.

Maybe, just maybe...

My heart is strong, but who can guarantee that it will withstand the next shock, the next tachycardia?

But it forces me. "It", forces me.

I have given it many names. But it is life. Life-as-such.

And even if I had only known winter, spring still came...

VI

Wounded it cried out:

"Love is a weapon, used to control others."

I whispered: "Hush... Today I will be the one to save us both."

VII

No threat.

Just a tunnel. It is a tour.

But something is wrong: it is not over. It's not over, it's not over. It will never end.

You think you've reached the end, But it becomes the beginning. Or maybe it's in between. It's infinite.

It does not end. It does not end. It does not end. It will never end. Because it is infinity. And you are trapped in infinity.

And you scream. What a cry. Bit of a scare

Because it's 4 am.

And your room was that tunnel.

But an idea crosses your mind, Reckless,

What if I opened the door, Before I even turned on the light?

You are fast.

VIII

What will the Moon think of me?

The two alone.

But me behind these bars.

She only knew loneliness. Majestic.

I met company. She was actually the one who brought me here, behind these bars.

She never knew the company, nor did she know betrayal. Only loneliness.

Majestic.

IX

Nobody warned you: at the top there is no path.

The highest is simply wild, inhospitable. The climb gave you clues.

Higher and higher, higher and higher...

And you couldn't get off, because it was already in your veins.

But the highest, you are never prepared for the first time.

And for the second one?

You're coming down, you're coming down, you finally know that's you. More and more you, closer and closer.

It will take a long time to eat another one.

X

She was playing with her flower.

She only needed her flower.

On the other side of reality, the garden. He had as many flowers as he wanted.

But he just ignored them. He even broke some. But one day he began to smell them.

And another, to dance...

Nobody knows what happened between her and her flower, but he no longer cares about her.

Because he understands that she was never a flower...

XI

Inventing Utopias like someone who throws beers,

I'll call this:

"If we taught children swear words, they would disappear;

Exactly the same as if we did not instill in them the fear of death,

Religion..."

XII

The brave man defied the gods and wept;

The cowardly man obeyed his body and made him cry.

The brave man challenged the gods and won.

XIII

A madness like any other,
But one of the greatest. Ever.
"My ideals are so good that they will survive my death."
Ego, raw and self-eaten.
The oldest game on this sick world.

XIV

From life to death and from death to life. Five kingdoms.
It is cyclical.
It is not eternal. It wasn't always there.
It probably won't be forever either.
And still unknown, the Sparks.
Of Life. Not to mention Creation!
And its Nature? Maybe survive. **No** exception.

XV

My heart was a path.
And somewhere you would be.
There you could be.
And me going to you,
Or you looking for me
Or meeting;
Crisscross.
But my heart was a path
And you could be there
But my heart was a path.

And it realized;

A certainty.

The most real: Any step could be the last.

And so fall dead...

But my heart was a path

And you could be there;

Crisscross!

And step on

And step!

Step and

Misstep!

Because any step could be the last...

And you could be there.

My heart is a path.

XVI

As you can't find information about your dream on Google;

As it is understood, that if you are really able to read that article, you capable of understanding that language.

XVII

Ancient wisdom

"When I'm in a really big mess, I say to myself, 'What would Jesus Christ do?' And I disappear for three days."

Thus ends the homily and the church says. Well, what are you going to say, "amen".

XVIII

As good a time as any

To remember that there are more psychologists involved in marketing than in the entire National Health System.

XIX

Just a strange thought:

The rocks are alive, but they are much less so than I am. I'm just cells, and atoms... Well ordered.

DNA. It is still a molecule, no matter how complex it is. Even of stars it is said they are born and die.

And ultimately, consciousness.

The cells renew themselves, periodically; even those that do not divide do so at the atomic level.

Who can guarantee that there is an "I"?

...

Der Wille zur Macht...

XX

It can not be done.

Conducting a study with a single sample;

It's just my experience. But it is very real: If a potential is to be developed, it **will** simply be developed.

It doesn't matter how or how much you try to frustrate it. It will. It just will. Absolutely by any means, necessary, and some other for the laughs. And yes I have seen it before.

XXI

I would be 13 years old:

"Can you paint with your hands?"

"Sure, I brought gloves."

"I said 'hands'."

I would be 25:

"It's like drinking something that has 200 degrees..."

"I think I'm starting to see it."

"There are many ways to be drugged. Children dance, jump around the street; look closely, they are drugged."

I would be 15:

Using alcohol as an excuse.

Cowardly excuse to externalize part of what is born to me. So much anger, so much hate, so much fear... So ingrained.

Excuse or mere tool.

I write this at age 27:

I write with my heart. I speak, with the heart. I breathe, with my heart.

No drugs needed, not to mention the cash I'm saving; I drink a coffee and it seems snow; I smoke a cigarette and it feels like peyote.

There is no fear anymore. There is no hate anymore. There is no shame anymore. I set it on fire, and I didn't even have to wait for San Juan...

I don't know how old I was, I don't know how it happened;

But the toys died. The toys died. Toys always die. And the dead never rise.

XXII

Resolution.

It turns out not: you can't make an omelet without first cracking the eggs. And so, one fine day, you launch a dart against the truest of the heart;

And it begins to flow, it fissures:

Lava.

Terror.

The same soul, and, with it, the very fear that it won't come back... A retribution. Deliberately untied.

No. Turns out not.

XXIII

Lethe.

So much hell and it dawns. At four in the morning.

But dawns, because you're listening to Gorgoth,

Lethe.

So much hell and it dawns. Seriously, it's amazing:

They have a vocalist and no one knows the lyrics.

And I say nobody.

Let alone know if the singer!

Lethe.

So much hell and it dawns!

A pact, this time with the present:

"The head remembers and the heart forgets."

Lethe.

So much hell and it dawns.

I think I have deciphered the message,

(I will never eat again...)

Those guys are theologians!

Lethe!

So much hell, and it dawns!

It turns out that God has a sense of humor.

XIV

Delirium.

The word is "delusion".

And it can happen for many reasons.

Quit alcohol cold turkey; 40.5 ° C of fever without going any further. And sometimes it never goes down.

"—You perceive things that the rest of us mortals miss — she said.

From time to time they get out of control. That's it.

—What if most of them are fake?

—What if the minority, a very small minority, were true?" What about it?"

XV

Game Theory

And so,

The devil himself understood that, after all, he had to give thanks for having played the black.

XVI

Shadows of Earthly Immortality

Today I smiled at the baker.

earthly immortality. It's not any joke.

Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar or Joe Biden.

Shades. Very long shadows.

Certainly very long shadows.

But of the same nature; than yours and mine.

Because today I smiled at the baker.

Because that way she might laugh at a mischief of her children.

Earthly immortality.

Because I smiled at the baker.

Because every action, each and every one, no matter how small they may seem;

They influence others, and they in turn influence others,

They are engraved in the fabrics of the universe,

They are indelible.

Our actions are our shadows.

It doesn't matter how big or small they are.

They are indelible.

And they influence the actions of others.

Which are also indelible.

Which in turn influence...

And they are also indelible.

This is my shadow, no matter how big or small:

Earthly immortality.

Because today I smiled at the baker, and she...

XVII

Moral and Ethics

"You have to forgive absolutely everything to absolutely everyone."

"People must always be treated as ends, never as means."

"Will you do the fucking favor of being realistic? What person in their right mind gets fed up with salad if he's going through a rough patch?"

XVIII

How could it be beautiful?

In the beginning everything was fire. Wild and untamed.

Burning everything in its path.

Does fire burn itself? They made it out of stone.

They won. No. Stopping the clock.

Nature. Unstoppable like an earthquake, like the tsunami after it.

How could it be beautiful? A metal heart.

Yes metal. Hard, cold and obscene.

How could it be beautiful?

Never deny your Nature:

Platinum was always there

The fire separated the slag.

How could it be beautiful?

Ozone.

XXIX

Glacial.

The river freezes.

It's still water.

It's not the end of the world.

It's still water

Just that it's frozen.

By the cold. Of course. By the cold.

But it's still water.

Frozen.

It will withstand the pressure; It will resist the attacks.

The blows that will follow.

But it will still be water.

It can only be water!

Ha! At least that way he didn't get poisoned.

It's winter. Winter is not eternal.

It's still water.

Now more than ever!

That it flows! That it runs!

That it boils!

XXX

Creativity.

—I'm here to give a talk on creativity. We'll start with the questions.

-Yes. Excuse me, but what exactly qualifies you to be a creativity expert?

—That I have no idea what I'm talking about. Thanks for your time.

XXXI

Theodicy

“God is dead. God is still dead. And we have killed him. How can we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? The holiest and mightiest the world has ever possessed has bled under our knives: who will wipe this blood from us? What water will cleanse us? What sacrificial rite, what sacred games we should invent? Is not the greatness of this fact too great for us? Should we appear worthy of it?”

—Nietzsche, The Gay Science, section 125

Obligatory question: Who in his right mind could say something like that?

In fact, he was the first to say it, but *where do you learn what no other person has taught you?*

XXXII

There is no free will. Just determinism.

The universe began. And from that moment everything was marked. Action Reaction.

Causes and consequences.

A first cause and everything that had to happen. Mechanically.

You are reading this like a river flows to the sea.

Whether you're going to leave it at this point or continue is as written as I can't type the word "lemon" right now.

And why would I? It doesn't have anything to do.

We are determined. I'm not saying conditional. I say determined.

You can't start dancing in the middle of the street. I can't type "bow tie" right now.

The river can only flow to the sea.

You can't pick up a book from home and read the fourth word on page 30 and I can't write "rushed."

They're just strings. Strings moved by a composer.

In a language. Music, human.

A language through which we express our soul.

A language that shows that it is free.

XXXIII

Evil

Who are we trying to fool? We are predators.

The current apex predator on the planet.

Obesity is what happens when an individual of a predatory species has 2 lbs of vanilla ice cream for \$1 in the supermarket.

Evil, following this thread, is what arises when a species has no predators.

We attack each other. That's the reality.

If all the secrets of the whole world came out, there wouldn't be enough cells for all of us.

Let alone if ground.

And then, something even more dangerous:

The curl of the curl. Hypocrisy; cynicism. Deny our nature. Aspire to perfection, whatever that is.

Subjective morals, ethics that aspire to objectivity.

All of them unreal.

We have all suffered it and we have all done it, whatever the degrees.

Why deny it? Logically so as not to end up behind bars.

But from a social, political perspective, what is the point of trying to impose rules that in any case are contrary to our nature and therefore unfeasible? Is this not a form of evil like any other? A cowardly excuse to justify, to perpetrate with impunity acts that really should be punished?

It's a game. Insane. It is a wheel, and we are all on it.

XXXIV

This is Charle's story.

Of course, in his neighborhood he was always known as Rat. We'll call him Rat for short.

Rat was raptured by a sadist, a torturer.

He locked him in a cell. He had to drink water or beer.

Rat, for whatever reason, had sworn not to drink beer. Never, under absolutely no circumstances.

The point of the matter was that when Rat went to drink water, he received an electric shock. Strong enough to knock the idea out of his head.

The sadist was serious. He was going to let Rat die of thirst. And the thing did not end there. With each subsequent attempt by Rat to drink the water, the electrical discharge increased in power. At some point it would be strong enough to damage his heart or kill him.

But he had sworn not to drink beer.

And so Rat died. Going for the water. Only he wasn't looking for water; He was looking for electricity. One shock, after another, after another, after another.

He decided to die to his oath

XXXV

Psychoanalysis.

—I think cocaine could be useful.

—How would that possibly help me?

—No, it would help me, deal with this nonsense.

XXXVI

Enemiga.

Virtually no books. Virtually no movies, series.

Video game? The Tetris. Everything is easier.

Everything is easier if there is an enemy.

And he earned it. Rematch. The violence. Or he didn't earn it. And another hurt him.

And he earned it. And so it is achieved. The revenge. The violence. Everything is easier if there is an enemy.

Malevolence.

XXXVII

And you suddenly commit that little crime.

You start to think:

"What is the evolutionary meaning of sadness?

And you end up in another sea. Perhaps not so intellectual, but certainly beautiful.

A person can die of grief, after a strong blow, whatever it may be.

And a dog... A dog can die of sorrow, for example after the death of the owner.

What if it is spiritual? What if its meaning is truly spiritual? I hope Coco. Hopefully we can be together forever.

XXXVIII

You wake up. The Sun is green.

You look again. Just another one.

Trick from years ago: You bite your tongue;

It is real. Everything is real.

You don't look back. The Sun is green.

And you wouldn't change it even if you could.

XL

We think in language

Remembering is reading.

It can be put into words.

Everything.

XLI

It is their shadows.

I can hear him.

I can open YouTube and type in one of its titles.

Tyrone. *El Canserbero*.

That is the shadow of him. Indelible, as I defend.

Although the censorship tried to silence him, part of his work lives in me.

What about mine?

I am not defending this. Can't argue.

It seems beautiful to me, to think, that in fact they do know when we are appreciating their works...

XLII

We all have our principles.

From altruism to selfishness. Generosity or greed.

The willingness to learn or envy. All of them eligible;

A consequence for each action. That may not be temporary.

XLIII

Delirium of sadness.

They are dreams that one fine day collide with reality, until they collapse.

From illusion to delirium.

It doesn't matter how bright the sun shines. For you the sky will be gray to black.

Food tastes like ashes and tobacco tastes like death. You light another.

The contradiction drags you. Contrary feelings fight.

It is not reason against feeling. It's something else: you and your circumstance.

Everything reminds you of her.

Disillusion. Truth. Today cruel as few times. And nothing, "Nothing, it will collapse in vain."

XLIV

Nocturna

I have grown a flower that cannot bloom in a dream that cannot come true.

XLV

Cowardice is continuity.

You live what you have learned.

Transgression or bravery; **all** inspiration is divine.

XLVI

A pessimist

Is someone realist who is also well informed. Feeling anything but protected.

Anything but loved.

A Datura flower. You grew up in a wasteland

A Datura flower. You will resist any drought.

A Datura flower. Nothing for amateurs.

How easy self-deception; deny the deepest part of your being:

Any of the sweetest fruits.

The very honey of the orange blossom.

Because life is a garden:

You cultivate the good, you eliminate the bad.

And if from where there is not, it cannot be taken,

You plant hope in a fallow field that you now know is transitory.

XLVII

Vanitas vanitatum (Void of Void)

And how comfortable it is. Lying on the sofa, in bed.

Sitting. Walking. Alone or accompanied. Fullness.

Something that dies.

And so one fine day, something to be filled. Fine with a cigarette. After another, after another...
Alcohol, cannabis, anxiolytics.

Buy clothes or technology. Buy, buy.

If you have bad luck, maybe even with cocaine or shots.

A hole. A hole. Nothingness.

That is not filled, that is not filled...

Because you understand life as a flame, A fire that burns your matter.

A disgusting wear and tear from birth to grave...

Of course they say that if you have money it rocks.

XLVIII

To lie. Sex. Kill.

Killing is wrong. Lying is legal.

To the same bag? Go. "Evil"

Sex... A bigger sack? What can go wrong!

Sin!

Killing is still wrong, after all?

The proposal is very simple: Compensate felonies, proportionally, and punish blood crimes,

XLIX

A question.

One way to see it.

There are those who will offer you clues.

Or something similar.

He will demand a lot in return.

But there will always be about seven billion ways to see it.

Each of which is a way of looking at it.

Each defined. Personal. Only.

Valid.

L

It's about finding a reason.

It's about finding a reason.

And this is mine:

Every hour, every minute, every second;

Every second that passes

The world is a little more interconnected:

Someone has learned a word in another language.

Everyone. Everyone is reading faster and faster.

The written language. It is not natural.

Written language is not natural.

We are internalizing it.

Everyone. Every second.

It's about finding a reason.

A reason to hope.

And this is mine.

LI

We can't write

Out of us.

Just like we can't dream outside of ourselves.

LII

"Death

It is the fate of death."