

V E S S E L
IV

VESSEL

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EDITOR:

ALBERT EFRAIM

in collaboration with:

VELIO DIEGA
JULIEN FOUTREL
EUGENE LESERY
LORRET
ETIENNE GASPAR



Vessel is a reminder
in the act of reception.
It is a melting pot.
And its publication is
a medium in reflection
of a shattered whole. These are only
pieces thrown into the pot.

AND YOU, ITS MANIFESTATION.



BLACK TOWER EDITIONS

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VESSEL ITSELF IS BUT A MEANS UNTO ITSELF, IN WHICH THE END IS OF NO IMPORT TO US. LIKE AN ALCHEMIST'S CRUCIBLE, SOME MAY CALL IT THE BODY, IT IS ONLY IN ESSENCE WHAT MATTER YOU PLACE THEREIN AND THE PROCESSES THEREBY WHICH ARE IMPLEMENTED IN REFINING AND FINALLY TRANSMUTING THAT PERFECTED SUBSTANCE, THE LAPIS PHILOSOPHORUM. IT IS EVERYWHERE AND AT THE SAME TIME NOWHERE. AS IT IS ABOVE, SO SHALL IT BE BELOW.

BUT FURTHER THAN THAT AND FROM HERE TO ANY RELATIVE DIRECTION TAKEN, THE KINDS OF MATTER IN CRUCIBLE PUT ARE GIVEN THEMSELVES TO BE OUR MOST DIVINE ICHOR AND ESSENCE OF SELF. IT IS IN THE CLAY BROUGHT TOGETHER AND THE WIND OF EXPERIENCE SUSTAINS IT WITHIN THIS VESSEL AS PROPER TESTAMENT THERE-TO. AND FROM THIS WE BEGIN OUR PROCESSES.

PRIMARILY AND FROM ALL IMPORTANCE TO BEING HERE-IN, FIRSTLY SHALL COME THE QUESTION, "WHAT ARE WE?"

Etienne GASPAR



&&&



WHAT
ARE
WE



IMMENSE

LORRET

A BODY AT ODDS WITH ONE MILLION
TYRANTS, MEETING ON THE FIELDS OF
BATTLE BETWIXT THE FRONTIERS OF
ESPRIT AND SKIN

E. GASPAR

A MEANS, PURELY A MEANS

J. FOUTREL

A DISSOLUTION
FOR THE SEASONS TO BEAR
EACH OTHER ONCE AND FOR ALL

A. EFRAIM



NATIVITY

Once, there was a being whose earliest memory was not so much an impression on the conscious as that of a brief connection with the subconscious. And to him, it was of truth most true in his nascence, and quite apart from untruth.

All he dreamed was darkness, a moving forward, and a light with no discernable figure but instead blurs without sound. When receiving this contact from the yet unknown regions of the self, he must have been only of age enough to understand it as an obscure, oneiric occurrence with little significance.

Etienne GASPAR

In the night of stones
 In the ancient knock that deafens the age of these trees

I embrace you both
 my forsaken life
 my forgotten death

My memory
 a grain of self
 in the desert drowned by the trench of our sea

It is here that I am born
 among the greying skies
 and the flourished grounds
 all black
 all white
 and translucent for all green to bleed
 in the process of my transitions

What are these dreams that come before me?
 What are these dreams that go beyond?

O empty,
 I've had so many,
 so many dreams...
 that in their secret
 I lose them all...

Now either do or undo me!

for the songs that fall from night fall at my every instant:

I

O empty self beyond that of I
 Who is it that dreams me?

A vase sits at the table
 A howl sinks the sink I fail to drain
 A feast arrives for all my shadows
 like a hollow night that welcomes rain

II

Empty self beyond that of I
 who is the subject of your terrain

I renounce you all, as

All is sovereign
 All is reigned

SELF- REVOLUTION

I, a word of such magnanimity that it leaves
the lips of every sheep herder and politi-
cian alike, up until the philosophers
and poets themselves

This one has also known its terrors as well
as its delights, both a circle that
revolves like the heavens above and en-
closes like the circle below

It is a longing, and a truth, for this one
that one day a poet and philosopher alike
will be born who has such love in his heart
that there is no need for words like these to
leave his lips

I, again and repeatedly cry out akin to it,
into that same wind, a true expression of
my own heart's longing for love

So that you too may know it

That same flute of human means that will,
in all hopes, be cast out into the diluvian
soil of the heart universal

To once again serve as nourishment for the
seed

And akin to it, let these words be the seminal
that brings an end to all words

Etienne GASPAR





... What are we?

THE HOLLOW TOMB AT
THE CENTER OF A REFLECTION

V. DIEGA

A CONTRADICTION
IN HARMONY

A. EFRAIM

THE NEGATION AT THE END
OF SUCH QUESTION...

J. FOUTREL

A BODY OF WATER
ACHING TO FLOOD

E. LESERY

THE FINAL WORDS OF
BOSSE-DE-NAGE, "HA HA"

LORRET



SELF-PORTRAIT FOUND IN THE MIDST OF A METAPHYSICAL REVOLT
LORRET

VELIO DIEGA

XI

I WRITE

TO THE RHYTHM
OF MY DEAD RELATIVES

TO THE INVOCATION OF FOG
IN A BLACK DREAM, FAMILIAR

TO THE ORCALES OF
MY PRAYER



TESTIMONY

by way of a letter



I won't bother to introduce myself. However, I believe you are the only one capable to take my final testimony.... For I have awaited trial for too long. As I am what they call, "overdue...."

*I am a murderer like any other.
Why do you think I detest my rationale?
Fact of the matter is that I hate to say too much...
My reason has no business to do with yours, with anyone, you see. But as the testimony continues, so should I....*

First, I would like to say that I do not pick sides. And if I do, it is a settlement or compromise out of convenience or politeness. Because what a laugh, when two sides uphold a law to their defense as if it reigned sovereign over their humanity and its abyss.

The only sides to pick from, are that of Life or Death. And obviously, for now, I am on the side of life.

So why not get to the bottom of things?

I recognize with much amusement, the thief and laughter within me. And I say that with a good heart and with the courage of a faithful coward.

In sum - I am a Dishonest. But not to win anything, you see. Rather to lose, to lose just enough so that I may begin to see...

And then there is the humiliation of it all...

So I will strive to not act like I know what I am talking about. And to not act on behalf of doing the right thing, but rather act on simply doing or not doing...

Besides, I recognize a master in everything.

My insects, I am your student.

I prefer you the despised.

And I am reminded that "Me" is just "We" with the W looking in, as I AM NOT ONE, I AM A THOUSAND.

*Now, if you so allow,
I beg of everything a final request:
That when Death comes for me
Give it this patience of mine
For I wish to die slowly and fade
away into it all*

yours truly,

E. LESERY





BLACK TOWER
EDITIONS