

# Ten Hut!

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## Part the One

response from a mound of hut shaped qwerty keys stacked beside each other in a pattern tightly together, distinct. sounds and ideas. put together by you. hut tech in the world we define right beside each other as it evaporates, evolves, disincorporates into a larger cloud of knowledge. floating alone. the days of being ahead of the curve no longer, there is no fringe. a meandering hut, a disabled socialite with a hole cut in his house for window eyes, sees the present. connected by cables in the sky. hut. a number of units marching down a street somewhere, ten hut, establishing little outposts, free rangers dropped in behind enemy lines. lines of thought, the artist, the soldier merge into one with the television crew in their tiny van full of equipment, the reality writer and his box cut training sent into battle stations on channel three, copy that over copywriter, your story is bored, boarded up inside the united states.. the tight wire that forms a box, like a grid on a calendar, squares of days flip off as your client, your boss, obligates your space, your time, to a small square space you contain yourself in. a roof over your head. your hut sags into the ground. hut shut in. a big smile on your face you monitor your life

from a desktop laptop coffee thoughts, a hut shaped like a skull. bobs on top of a mountain top ,a stranded range stretches across the countryside, talking to each other with boulder sized thoughts. high in the fog, apoxiatic wisdom. hiding little backwoods survivors conspiring to deny your compartmentalized ideas. long haired hut dweller, i didn't know you could read. huts suffer inside the squirming mind bangs on its precious walls, loving so much.

hut opens the walls turn inside out now, a baby blue cloud four walls painted by a child. a crayon colored story so smiled and innocent.

hut shelters you from body hairs and dirty words. loving arms unconditional love prepares you to leave into the world. encounter other walls little pig, are you a big bad wolf with words like bad breath. a tsunami floats huts across your face, a giant dome houses runaway thoughts, a super hut we wont look inside but mother nature will. alone in your words written undisturbed, across the bottom of your screen a bar of things information sings a pattern a grid like scattering. you're lit by an image in an easy old chair. tucked in some corner somewhere, a block of books built by you, stacked high to hide behind, a physical fist a bullet that wont miss, the decisions made in the end have no defense. not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

hut tech, a row of electric snails on a geologic time scale, a cultural crab in a research lab, hides his discoveries. shared thoughts learned experiences stumble and lost, imperical knowledge the wanderlust step retracer comes out of his hut. no more uncle owen stargazer fulfill your destiny. training finds bogged minds hide in huts and smile with bitter disappointment. yr huddled hands a mother's touch still hides inside your thoughts.

hut made out of skin. hut made out of speech. hut made out of bricks. a hut in the ground. buries you so quietly, you define its peace.



## Part the Two

The Hut no longer exists. This is what it would have you believe. In any way possible, it will have you believe this, only to give you glimpses. In ways relevant to now, it wants to disappear. A fundamental aspect of the hut does exist, in the body and in the self-awareness of humans. It does exist. Wandering about, revealing itself in spiritual as well as very real physical ways. It is a perpetually intangible thing. It repeats itself and never was, never said anything. But won't silence either. As a thing, if it were to appear in some woods, in the thick brush. within audibility of the interstate roaring by. Hidden there for months, to be stumbled upon by a person walking their dog. Locking eyes with its inhabitant. It lives. It is not a homeless person.

It is not part of a travelling freak show. The existence of this hut confirms a Question. A question that is buried in the very makings of our own existence. A thing never addressed directly, because it never directly applies to most. or does it? The question of the hut is like the shell of a kernel in your gumline, sensed by some strange edge of the tongue. Does it shuffle on? Deteriorate? Will it cling to you if you get too close? It is obviously a self contained thing. perhaps it would freely and openly engage you. Make you jealous. Does it stand for

something you do not know of and never will? Fear and lack of knowing yourself, because you do not have the time or the vantage to do so. The hut reminds us of this forever possibility.

Are there more possibilities of moments, sheer emotional presence of being? Is the Hut the minimizing of desire or the maximizing of it? Is it eternal strife, as its appearance wants to tell us? The hut stands for the idea of standing outside of judgement, the very idea of rules. It is a tenacious complacent thing. Vibrant and cumbersome. Most remain tied to the idea that jibes with the other most, bypassing the presence of the hut. Most appear strong and dedicated or simply just appear as others do, doing as they do. The weak shell covering their curiosity is the inside and at once the protection of a secret knowledge. A secret knowing. It reflects the idea of the hut, the idea of even words and their Values, their meanings and their loves. If preyed upon, the idea of an unconditional love erects an eccentric space between humans, a temporary prolonged escape made available, a spiritual stasis that numbs or enlightens. The hut is a new mother to milk from. A place man likes to call enablement. Needs to call enablement. Anything other is to horrific a suggestion of your own life wasted.

man needs a point of relevance. he creates the very environment that exists around the hut. Just as man can create a very physical thing, technology has created an abstracted prolonging of a trick played on the world. Its is intangible and very real. technology in the form of electric wires. travewlling through the cosmic junkyard, the internet. it used to be just a fascimile, but now it is real. An imitation of your voice. One encounters quite literally anything and everything. A new place where the shopping mall IS the mall rats in black. they sell to each other. they run the stores. The Blog in space. freed thoughts. A place where like minds can migrate to. At once supporting and negating each other. the ball in a perpetual state of never being hiked. and always being hiked. In broad daylight, no less. it reveals itself

and it does not matter. Naivety trots around living a lifestyle in an age where even the television regurgitates post modern theory in a cereal box language. But, it carries the recessive gene. it lives. The hut exists. Operating from a meandering place, a rollercoaster of self evaluation. Duck Duck Goose or Duck Duck Bunny. A random seat is taken by the short attention of the child. Picks up the megaphone, alive, and belts it out into space. Into the face of friends. Fully thrown in. Jumping off the Golden gate bridge fully anticipating survival..The naivety, the childlike. A child hangs himself never understanding the implications. The concept. Hangs himself emulating the execution of Saddam Hussein. An image on a screen. The childlike concept of execution, of death. does it escape judgement? it stands outside the understanding in the moment of a neck snapping. freed. forever a child. Was it an instant moment? did he suffer? Or simply gone. Unaware. The ignorance escapes in its totality of its action. In the moment of doing, the intention behind it as well as in ever having been judged. This is not a serious or attentive way of being serious. This is not relying on anything resembling an "age old argument". In reality it is something much older. There have, and always will exist. Those whose perceived vested interest or work ethic, or the applause they seek, seems not as loud or reflective. They say do what you do, be yourself and yet the environment works directly against this. Is there a goal? In the blink of an eye or the click of a mouse, the childhood experience of the hip cool clique that taunts you, that actually calls to you..it blurs away in a haze of your own lost thoughts. You turn and see people applauding for someone that must be standing near you. no, it is you. And a sea of people bob up and down before you, wanting to be just like you. Wanting your acceptance and affections. These base emotions, based in the wholeness of everything. The defined edge. Diving in to find yourself. We always at least glimpse the hut when we attempt to do this.

Today, the secret drained swimming pool is filled with cops on

skateboards before the summer is even over. Your crowd of yous are now the seussian star belly sneetches. Today's memory of childhood dissolves forward. The sports drink commercial says it, it is in you. Things fall forward so fast absorption super saturation, we pass vcr ,s, past commodore 64, beepers, cellphones....but childhood reigns supreme in its obliviousness. Walk into an 8 yr olds playroom and find a tent or a hut or a teepee. Play with them. The days are so long. Raised on nuggets they are, pieces from the pastor who knows how to read to his illiterate audience, the media. Who turns and feeds us. no longer look to the wise or experienced for guidance, there is no power to fear or to try to attain, it is a child,s game strive to become what you now must disregard. The hut exists.

i realize i try to answer this. i realize it is impossible. i realize i am and can only come at this from my own angle. from what i do or dont know. my will alone is. i am open to a visit from the big bad wolf. in the form of wisdom and perspective. building is fun. rebuilding is fun. theres always a moment of..."sheesh" sometimes it isa real long time of sheeshs. but ya know....im gonna grow with this. do i have a choice? i wanted to mention 4th walls, i create living huts by conversationally creating my own thing that is and is not, is doing and is not doing...cuz you can never tell. i might turn and look directly at you. you that i want to learn from and you, mankind that is, not you, you, but a bunch of yous. and those that do things that i admire. and force myself to learn from.