

1.

“we have to testify to
a certain idea of happiness,
even if we have known it
to fail, the idea to which
all revolutionary programmes
must at first align themselves.”

& what possibly
cd you mean by this idea

“living persons
and the moment
that gives them light & direction” /

“happiness lies outside
your self, is achieved
thru interacting with others” /

but now at others' expense
always is it to be,
gone that immediacy
of reciprocal or more-
than-reciprocal exchange
i never but in dreams
have anyway had, or have
now that wish,
in my life cd strive
for it //

Again: the object that contains or is the cause of my happiness *is* the cause of my happiness, but its production is factored out of that occasion, & that production is or may very well be the occasion or result of another, of *many* others' systematized unhappiness. Because happiness *does* or *should* in that sense lie outside your self, yet in those networks what really can what you mean by happiness mean, but sheer gratification moment: i.e. substitute 'happiness' for 'pleasure', whatever that itself means – fulfilment of desire - but desire, in order to be socialized & inter-personal not-harm, must be subject to limit / so how cd endless fulfilment in that case be more than deregulated delight, marketed free, for 'competitive necessity' / and what wd sustained happiness – some 'deeper', more lasting sense than fulfilment thru the life or shelf-life, or briefest fulfilled moment of and with the object or commodity provoking said happiness – what wd this happiness *mean* / and how wd you *know* it?

What we or I mean is that we or I *do* want to measure our happiness – beyond survey, beyond product accumulation as the absurd parody of such a measure – by means of equal provision & justice for all, but within that we know that as humans *never* cd we be

entirely & eternally fulfilled as we might so desire to be, within *whatever* system – so how does that make you feel right now? Say, happiness as non-identity even, & then in what ways could we *possibly* get to that Otherness?

And yet the *incessant & necessary* urge to try. //

2. (Heaven)

“happiness for him
being impossible on this
earth he invented heaven” /
as deferral or longing for
that supposed lost,
pushed forwards or backwards
in time or in space:
in this instance:
the soft nostalgic glow
of the green green grass
so gently mown
by the servant class
who *loved* to serve –
the close-knit nub
of the village pub,
the manor, the rub of the green –
or the future expectation
of further pay - i will
work till *after* i’ve died -
rising as high to the sky
as our precious Shard
of City of London glass;

and the gentle or wilfully but socially-unradically offensive comedy that in provoking laughter is my happiness; or the facebook of my heart, a beautiful photograph of all the beautiful wonders that nature has to offer & i could be a tourist of, even that which i could never now hope to visit yet endlessly do dream on, that NASA snap i love to think of my smallness in because it makes my inability to affect, or refusal to participate in any action that would even *gesture* so to affect, change, not matter. as if in that moment i *am* the ethereal non-being that heaven or the earthly projected image thereof promises, in the guise of a 'heavenly body' in which clothed i will endlessly praise god and mammon forever, out of this earth & the economic loop.

an asteroid packed w/ diamonds we could sell, the riches in space that would solve our life forever. the scarcity of material resources, or willingness to share. get me the biggest slice of yr power point pie chart, virtually or literally *perfect*.

tonight what it is that
i want could be

“the lyrical idea of

unhappy *is* in some sense political, because if you truly *were* happy within what you, or others around you, have now, you'd be as fucked as you look.

And if i slap happy
on the counter w/money
for food & the love
the glowing burger
glow gives me in the pit
of my hungry but satiable
stomach, because monied,
because deliciously splurging,
what kind of monster
munching am i. inside, the
food turns to shit & you
let it out onto the other
one's head, as speech
platitude or inaction
or actual act of contempt,
and you film it,
and you put it on youtube.
the world can see it all
but just laughs at it
as the joke it does not
even disguise itself as
being, and you also know it
not to be, but your
whole optical field
is a spam filter
so that's just fine,
we couldn't let any
nasty thing infect past
that screen, you have to
be at your best for

your life. If thought is the utopian glimpse of potential happiness thru momentary spatio-temporal transfiguration, and at the same time the radical revealing of fundamental and total unhappiness within current systems and modes of philosophical-, which is to say total-life-foundation, this revealing itself, as happiness, then did yr thinking cap come off w/ the top of yr head last week when we were lost and you chickened out the fullest life whose expectations u cd not live up to. Becoz yr happiness right now frankly sucks.

dress up and bang
your hand against a wall
or another human face,
or in this case
you softly mould the
loving lump of animal
who you love,
and sing along as if

yr voice along to process-
ed voice or food was a re-
injection of authentic
personal experience into
that mediated by sales
and profit, the coke on
the record exec's oak
panelled desk. & yet there *is*
hope, and happiness, within
these songs, these lives,
and the moment when ignorance
casts off its dumb shell
for the bottom of yr stomach
dropping like a screaming shell
on cities & citizens below.
foreign bodies.
and that as simile is so crude
but true, because in this
context such inanity
is bathetic truth
to power, absolute bullshit.

4.

my feet are happy my legs
are happy my arms are happy
my arse is happy my chest
is happy my hair is happy
my face is happy my neck
is happy every tingling
single molecule of my
being is happy right
now is happy. happiness
is a mental or emotional
state of well-being charact-
erized by positive or pleasant
emotions ranging from content-
ment to intense joy. No. It is
unthinkable & thus in-
describable right now & the
promise of that thought /

it is what i cannot be sold.
what i could not ever possess,
but wd only ever be within;
its fulfilment unthinkable yet
to have the *thought* of happi-
ness as the measure of current
unhappiness, that star for

