

Language and a New Life

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by Jon Rappoport

When life doles out enough pain, when birds of prey are gnawing at the liver and gall bladder and kidneys and other nameless etheric organs; when fabled shores of astral islands seem utterly out of reach—when doors are closing and winds of diabolical chance are hovering over home and hearth—when some aimless shambling character shows up with his own broadcasting operation to announce casually the futile end of any equitable resolution of existence—and we are all doomed to the real and true underworld, which is Life on Earth—the OTHER LANGUAGE, the language of the poets, comes back through some portal...“and I was prince of the apple towns and once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves trail with daises and barley down the rivers of the windfall light”—read it aloud, read it several times, and bend into it like a rower on the Styx executing the impossible feat of doubling back to a great love—and you have unique history, now on dusty shelves, Whitman and Hart Crane and Rimbaud and Yeats and Thomas, the OTHER HISTORY—the other language, worlds circulating above the sky and down in the hot core of the planetary grandmother—and you have a clue to your voice, always a potential transformer, rising above the electric detritus. and as you speak, as if for the first time, you and the nexus of feelings known as the soul merge and a force begins to take the coat of death away.

Whatever the world is, whatever all the worlds in all dimensions are, they are not enough. They already exist. This is the grand lesson—no matter how glorious or persuasive the cloak of reality wrapped around you, it is destined to be,

in, say, a million years, less than your own. You find out what your own is by making it, on and on and on.