

Sum one

an abstract memoir

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I wrote this for you.

Sum one

by Philippe Nick

Index

I	<i>Dreamdust</i>	9
II	<i>From nowhere to now here</i>	29
III	<i>Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow</i>	44
IV	<i>I don't believe in death</i>	71
V	<i>Natural balance of the Universe</i>	97
VI	<i>Manic Romantic</i>	113
VII	<i>Spiritual Surrender</i>	136
VIII	<i>Camera Obscura</i>	163
IX	<i>Magnum Opus</i>	184

I

Dreamdust

"As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light of meaning in the darkness of mere being."

Carl Gustav Jung



Untitled

"We are empty
we are time and space
we are light
we are energy
we are matter
we are atoms
we are the universe
The universe is constantly
unfolding itself
unfolding into matter
matter unfolding into life
Life which is mutation and evolution
life which unfolds into instinct
instinct which unfolds into consciousness
Consciousness that imagines the universe
we are life
we are rhythm and movement
diversity
sound and silence
we are memories
knowledge
and imagination
we are Earth
We are the universe
unfolding
Unfolding into matter
matter into life
life into consciousness
We are consciousness that imagines tomorrow
tomorrow that is here and now"



blue notes

I'm broken, a thousand pieces scattered
my creations pull me together
scratch my name and scream a soul
without it nothing matters

Truth isn't spiritual, religious, scientific, or philosophical.
You can't monopolize on truth.
Truth is just a dream we desperately try to wake up from.
Truth is what devours a genius mind unto madness.

In our modern culture we tend to think of ourselves as this sense of identity, we mindfully detach ourselves from nature and pursue a life of attachments with our individual needs. A human being's true power lies in his hearts ability to free his mind.

The world is full of noise
and sometimes you can't escape,
but all things must pass
Beauty, love, and sadness too.
I suppose all of this noise
is really silence in disguise.

So many times we laugh and cry
So many times we say goodbye
So many times I wish you could just see
That we never left each other's side.



We

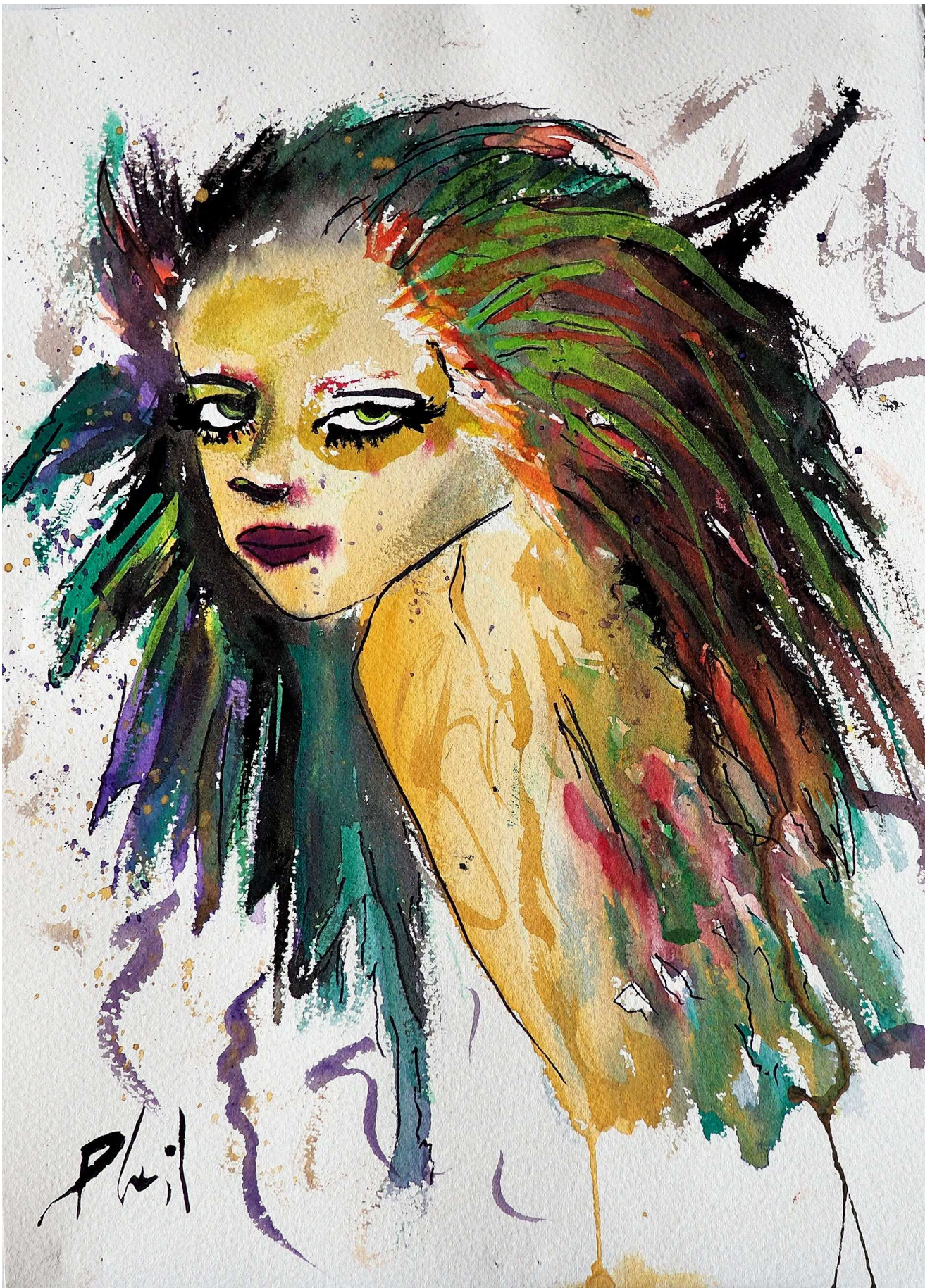
Our mind thinks
Our body wanders
Our identity labels
and we are history.

In the absence of you personally is the presence of you universally





Artists don't choose to die for what they love;
they just love what they die for.







When the infinite chaos of things is viewed in its oneness, we can finally see that our similarities are much greater than our differences, and our differences are the beauty of our nature; We return to the origin and remain where we have always been, in means of the divine, light by the light.



STOP
and
listen
to
that
sound
pumping
out
of
your
chest,
that
beat
is
fucking
deep

Words on paper
objectify your mind
analyze your thoughts from all angles
materialize your visions
question your creations
faith in yourself is your salvation





You already are the source of all that you desire;
The energy behind life



A nameless soul
a wild heart
an open mind
nothing short of absurd
that is love.



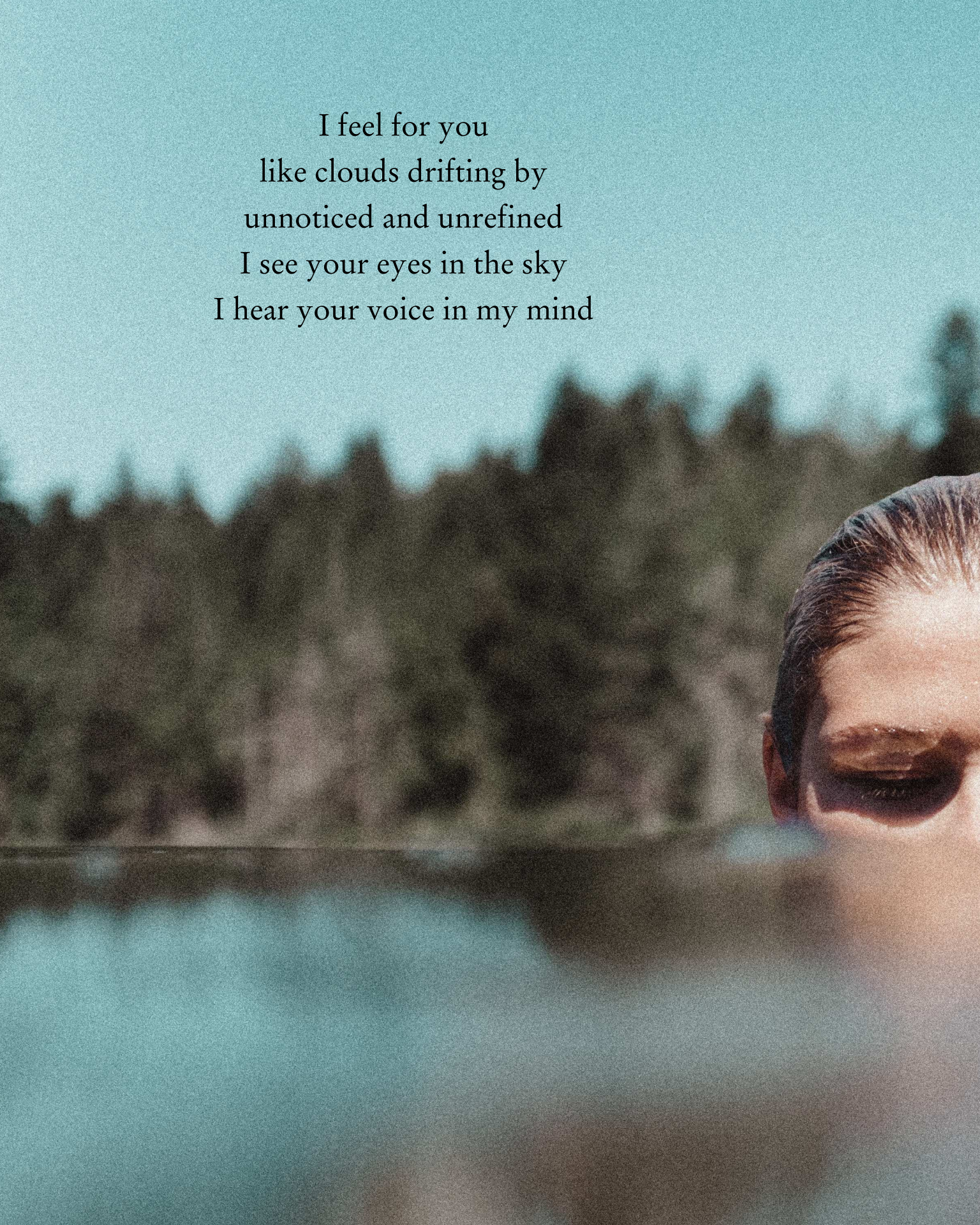
II

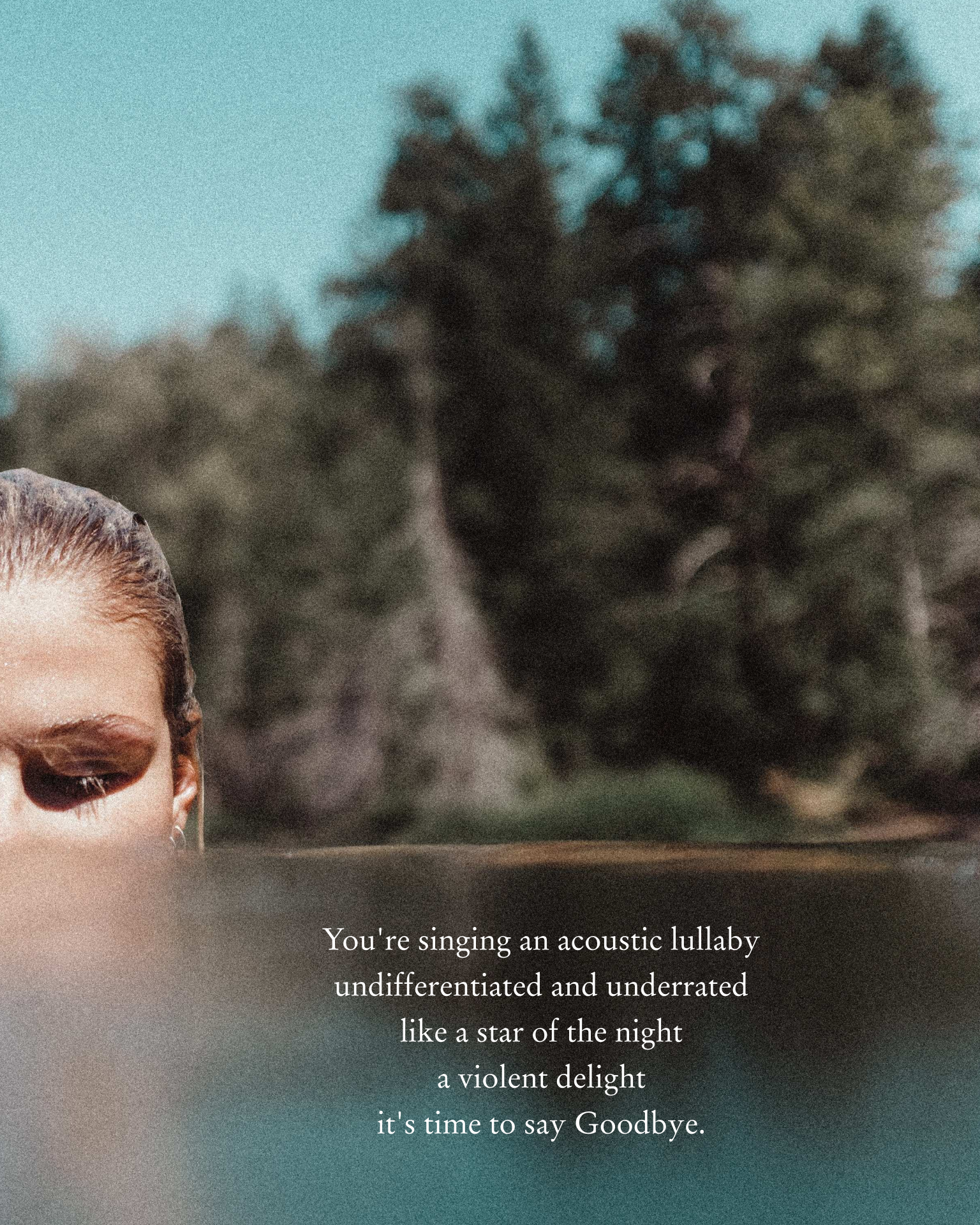
From nowhere to now here

*"Time is nature's way of keeping everything from
happening at once."*

Allen Stewart Königsberg

I feel for you
like clouds drifting by
unnoticed and unrefined
I see your eyes in the sky
I hear your voice in my mind





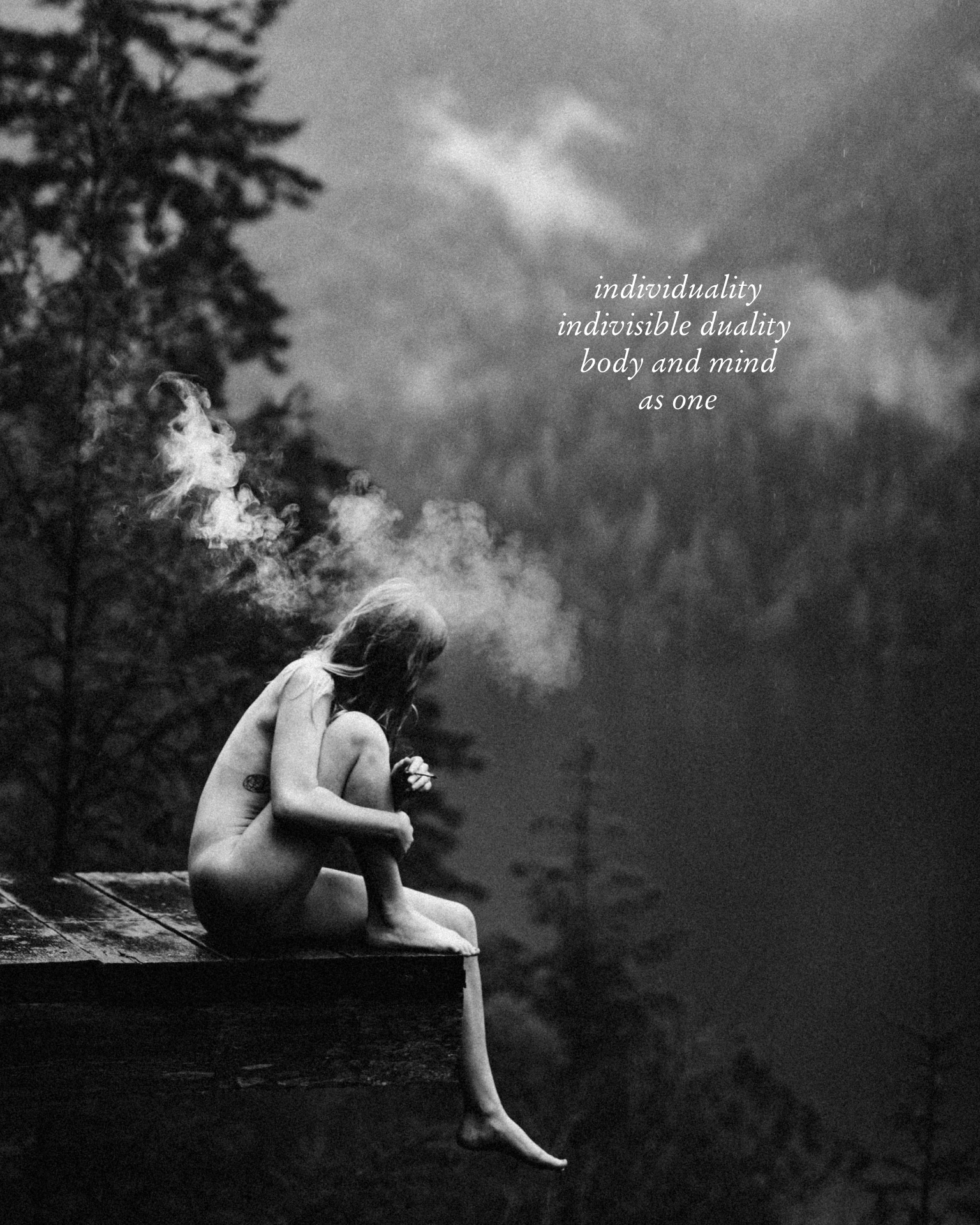
You're singing an acoustic lullaby
undifferentiated and underrated
like a star of the night
a violent delight
it's time to say Goodbye.



Many faces I've had
I've been eaten alive
 beaten alive
 licking my wounds
now I hide from the world
 I found my disguise
 a smile and pretty eyes
 until it's dark again
 and I can say goodbye to the light

Don't deny your truth, align with it,
communicate and express it,
live and die by it.





*individuality
indivisible duality
body and mind
as one*

A Natural Gift from Consciousness

Self implies Other

Life implies Death

Dream implies Reality

Order implies Chaos

Hearts guide minds to the Sun

Like a sunrise and a sunset
we appear and we disappear
and as time washes away
all the memories that made up yesterday
we hold on to each other
with our hopeless dreams
falling through a world of noise
feeling nothing but love
seeing nothing but truth
fading like shadows into the night.

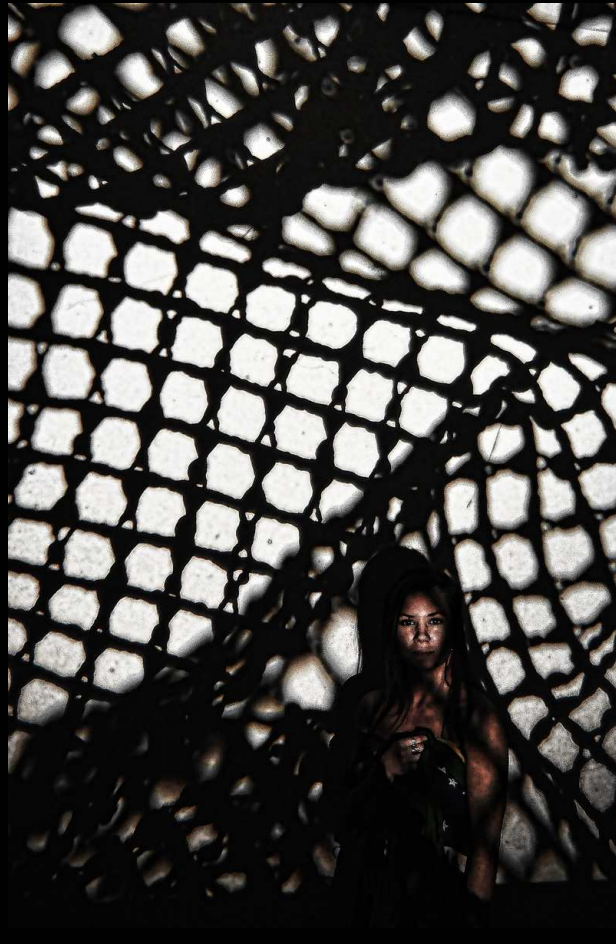


MADE IN CANADA BY
IKEDA
GENUINE CLASSIC
WASHED DENIM





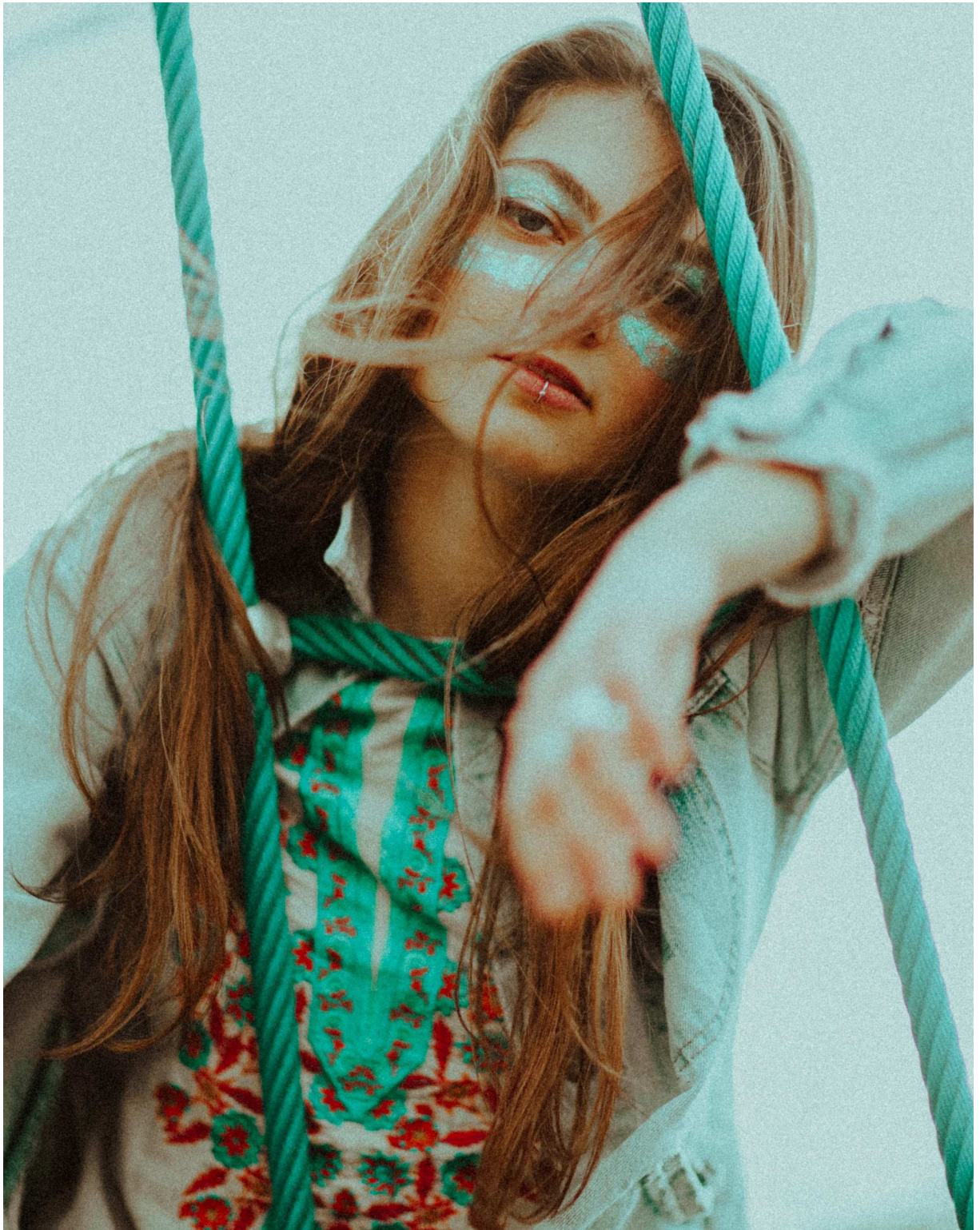
I'd rather be stuck
alone
in abandoned places
then be surrounded
all day
by the hollow faces
of earthly ghosts.



inescapable nature
imprisoned by our senses
caged by our minds
a lifetime search
for a glimpse of the divine







All lovers fade, all your demons are fake.

III

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow

*"Life is nothing more than an illusion, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing."*

William Shakespeare







Flesh of the Gods







Knowledge is knowing the only certainty of life is death.
Wisdom is understanding the moral is that you lived.

The Secret of Happiness
is a balance between not taking life serious
and not taking it for granted.





In deep prayers to be whole
a broken mind heard god recite,
keep digging the poet's hole
and there unearth your immortal soul.



I dig into my heart for the art.

Behind every great work of art there's a hidden struggle, an unspoken battle of the artist against his own mind, to liberate it and free it from its defining parameters, to expand and explore it, to thrive and flow with it.







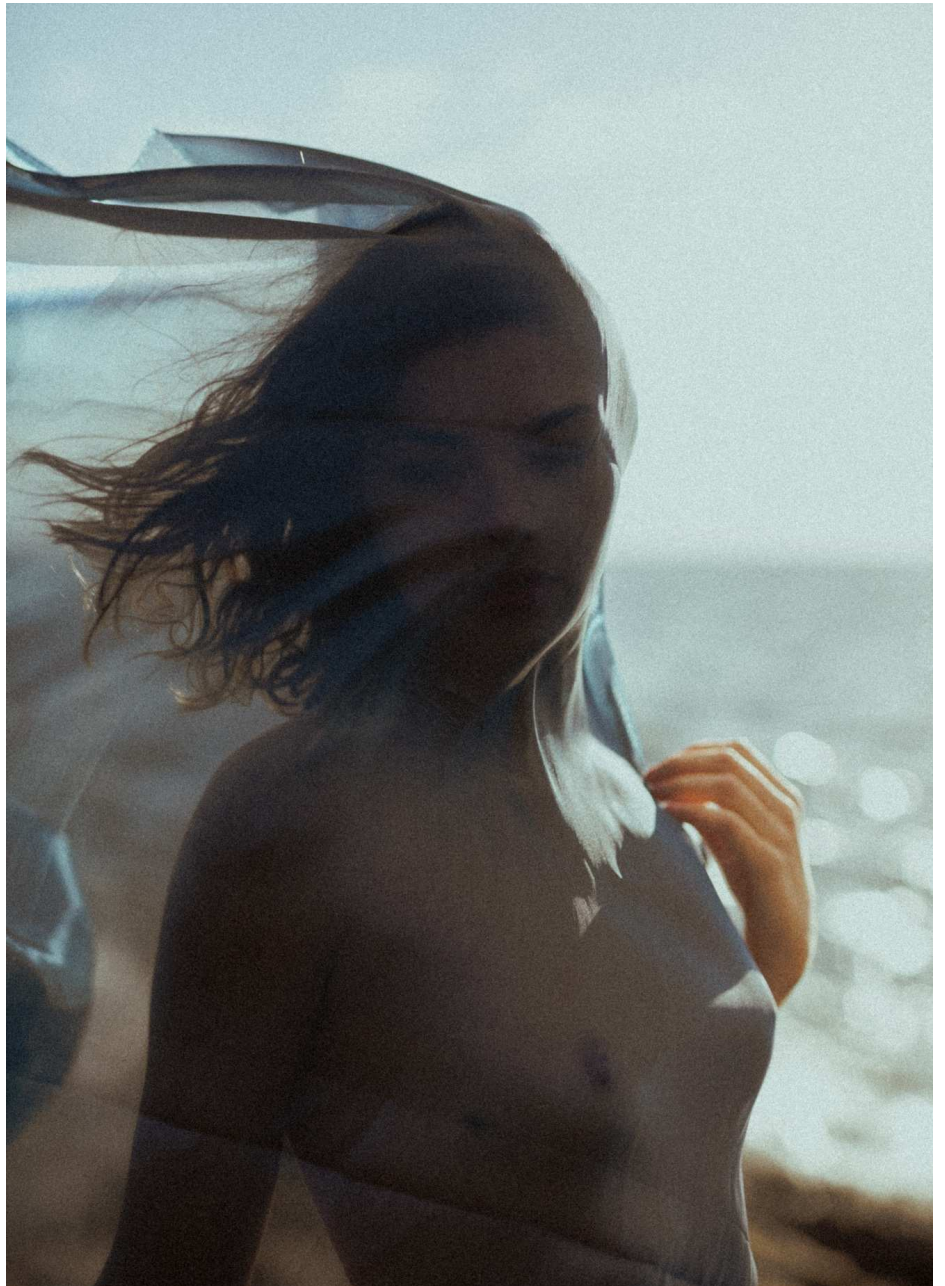
Nothing lasts yet nothing is lost

Life takes you crazy places when you stop
and listen to the sound pumping
out of your chest
that beat is fucking deep



Most people think of their minds as this single thing but in fact it's a whole lot of impulses and forces, and we ourselves are a kind of chaos - an aggregation of intertwined psychological entities. However we can focus and create a stronger force, an organizing idea, and that's what Nietzsche considers our main task, to create ourselves, to shape our form from various elements, that's the task of the sculptor, the task of the productive human being.







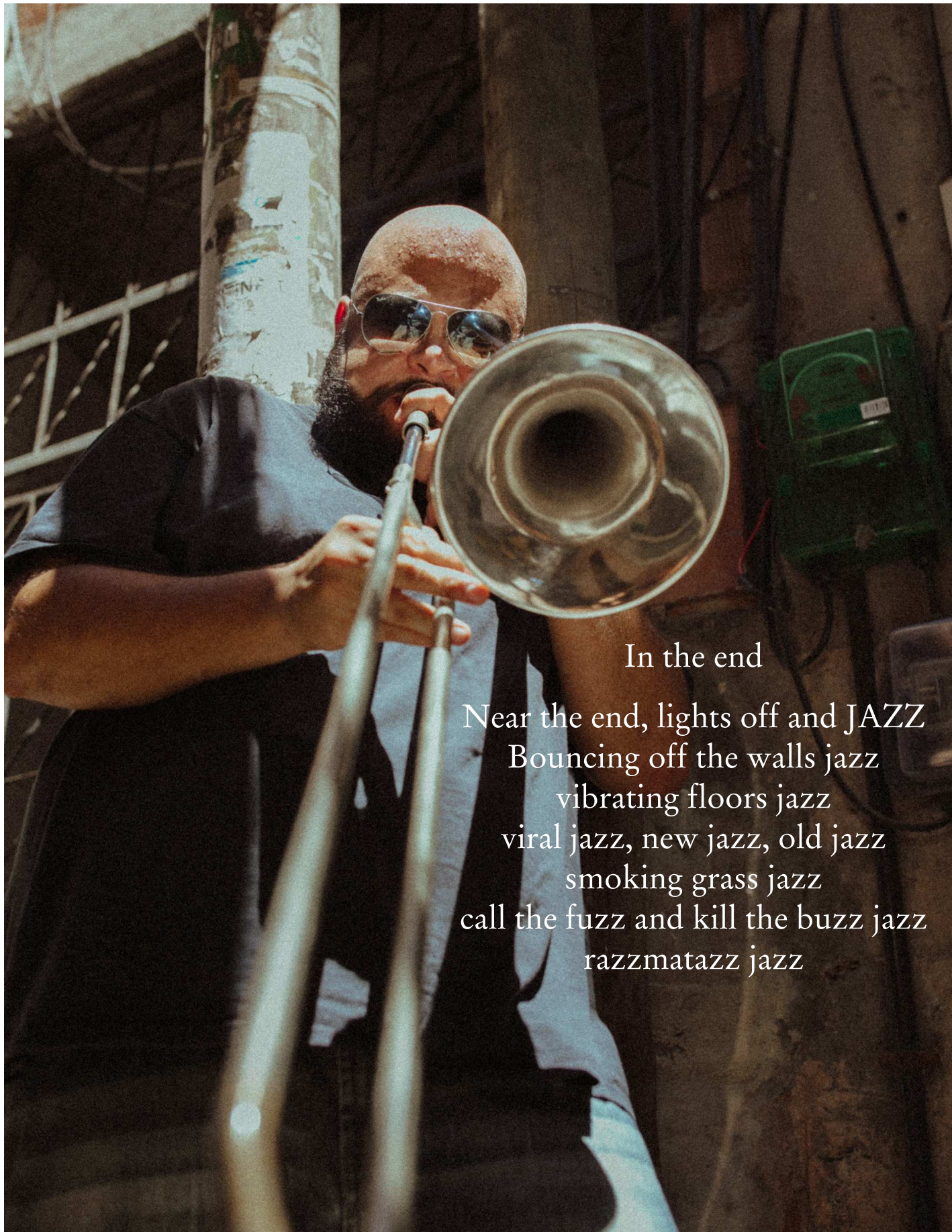
Addicted to details
vicious cycles
reflective distractions
the need to be famous
already lost
distant and forgotten
missing souls
disappear
into
air





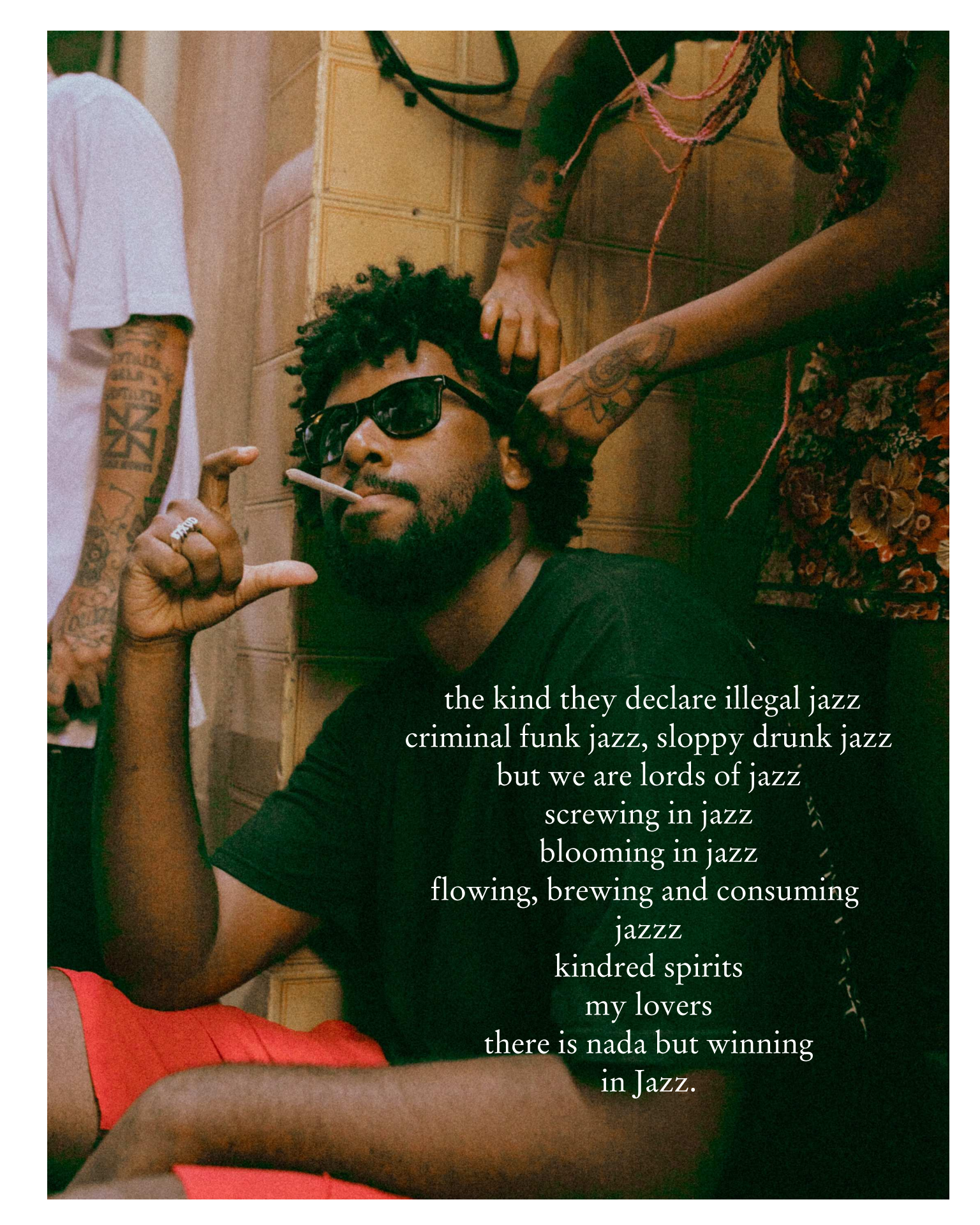
Normal ≠ Moral





In the end

Near the end, lights off and JAZZ
Bouncing off the walls jazz
vibrating floors jazz
viral jazz, new jazz, old jazz
smoking grass jazz
call the fuzz and kill the buzz jazz
razzmatazz jazz



the kind they declare illegal jazz
criminal funk jazz, sloppy drunk jazz
but we are lords of jazz
screwing in jazz
blooming in jazz
flowing, brewing and consuming
jazzz
kindred spirits
my lovers
there is nada but winning
in Jazz.

We allow our minds to condition our lives



We first lie to ourselves
then to everyone else









IV

I Don't Believe in Death

"This world is a mirror of myself dying."

Henry Valentine Miller







Identity dreamdust
fuck it. forget about it. move on.
Attachment is an illusion of permanence.

MAD

It is impossible to say
how thoughts first birthed in our minds
or how they howl for freedom
in endless burning echoes
melting us into madness
People, we are here now
and tomorrow is nada but a privilege
We are here to create life
to impregnate our brains with fresh ideas
to give in,
to dream up,
to rediscover and reinvent ourselves
we fall into blue deep consciousness
just to find a corridor full of mirrors,
and each reflects a different deception
of how we allow others to limit us,
and frighten us,
and break us,
but my fellow brothers, that is over!
Now we are grand escapists of the common perception
and beyond their judging eyes,
we abstract our minds
and an open mind is limitless
to absorb all truths.
To Hell, I cry,
with this confinement
and to Hell with your deficient reality
incapable of digesting
our bare naked holiness.









Cut your head open
and dissect your mind



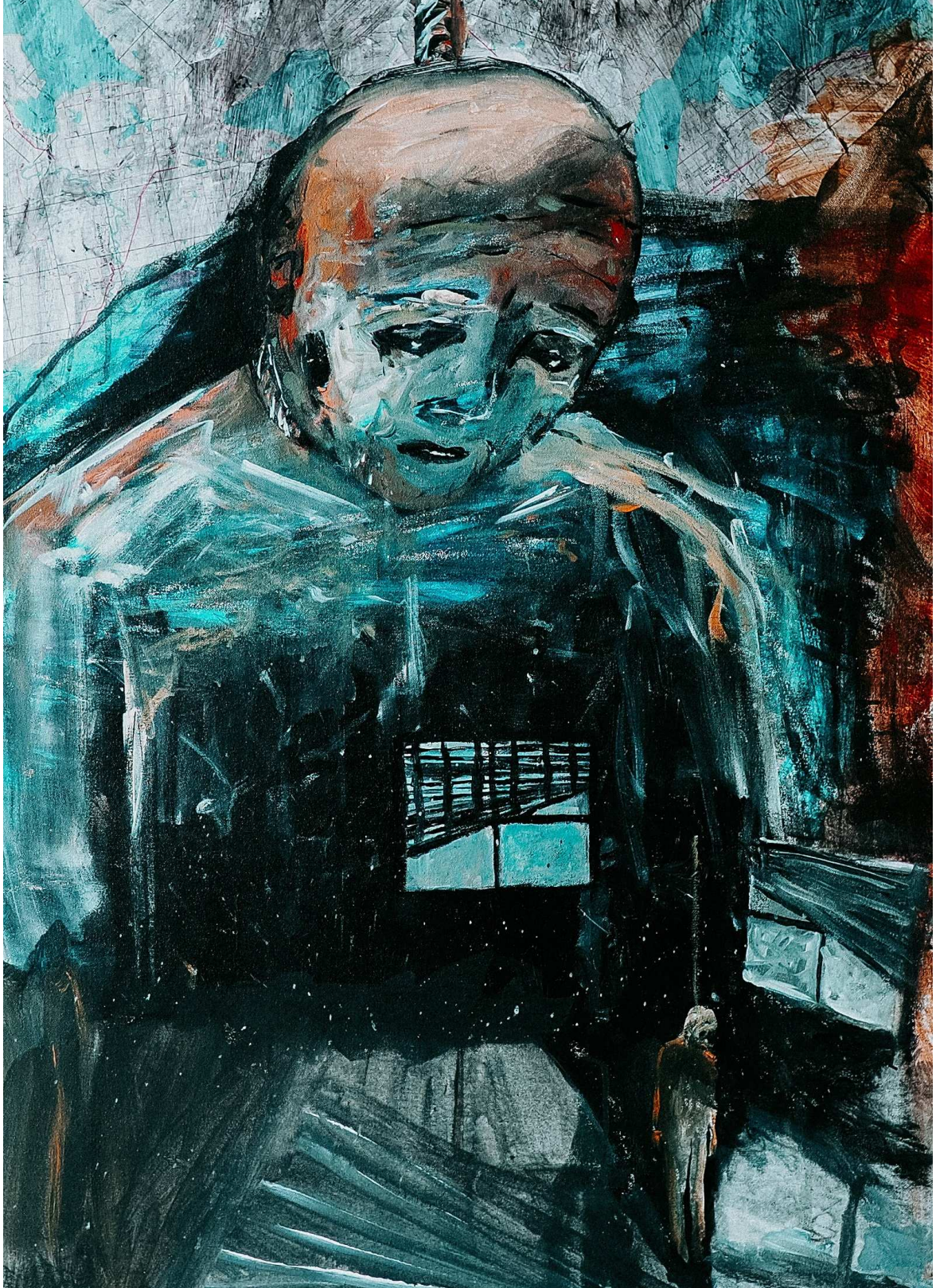


I'm in a mind bending mood



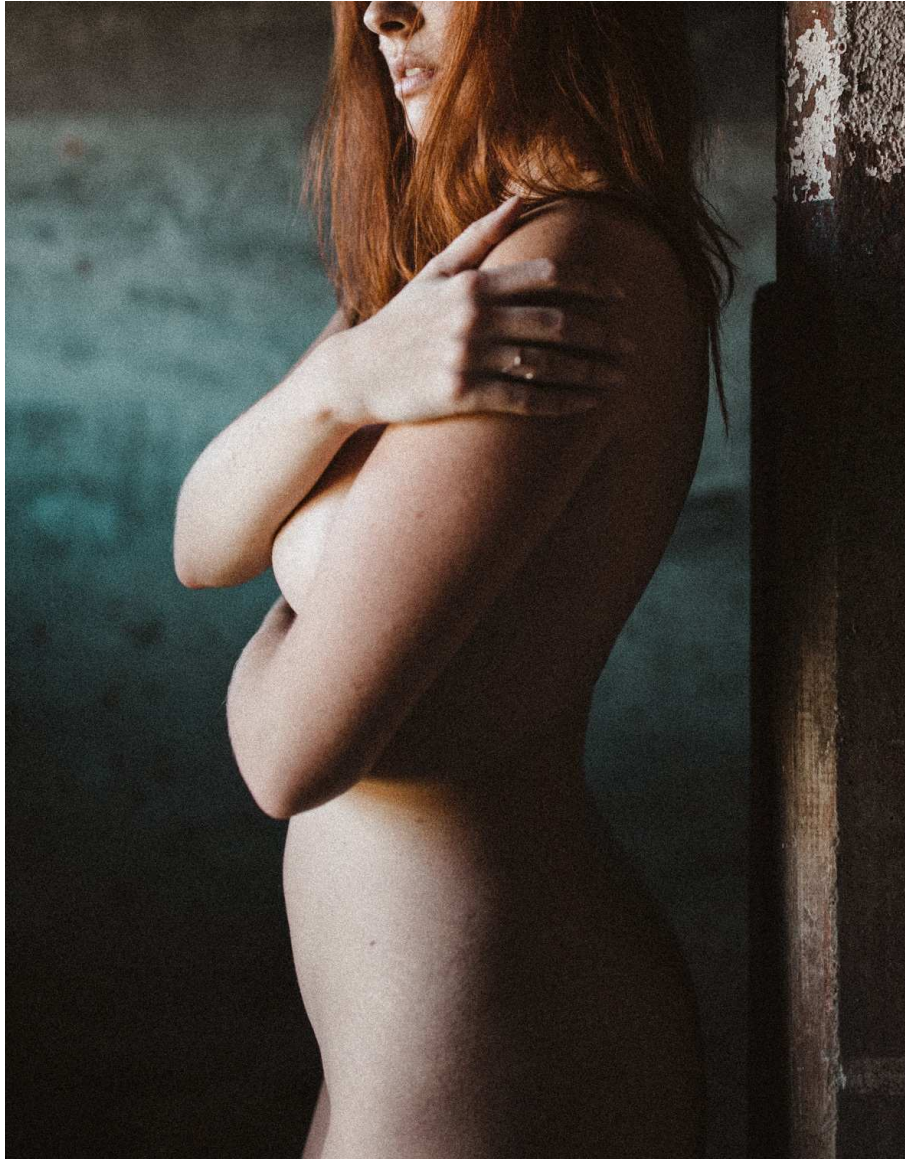


I think therefore I am
but I am not my mind
therefore I am not who I think I am.



Are you a servant or a master to your mind?





Life is vanity
nothing transcends our lives
patience is a virtue
death is a blessing
and wisdom is a high
infinity vanishes the ephemeral
and only truth survives







It's important to abstract your reality sometimes.



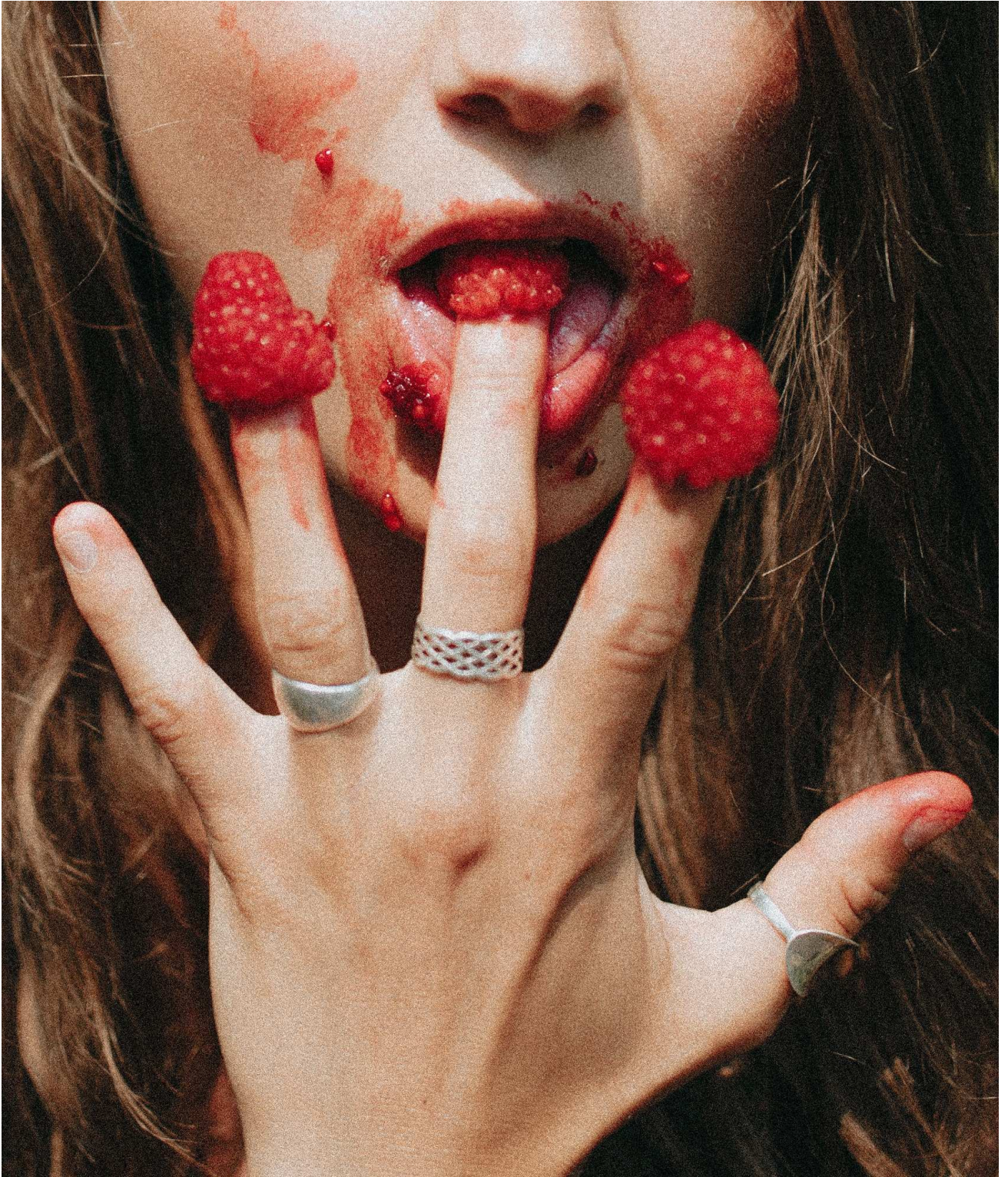






Silence your fears





Take a bite of my soul
and taste some truth

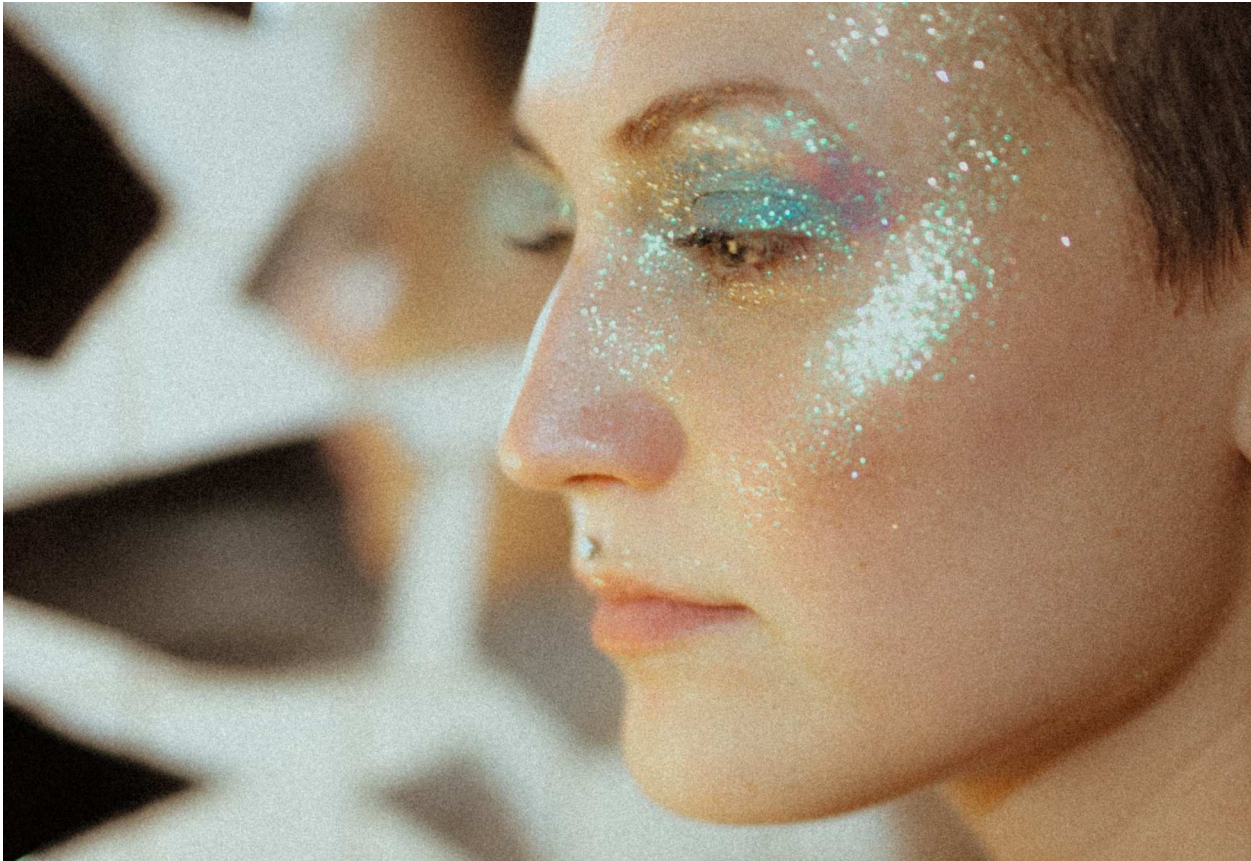


V

Natural Balance of the Universe

“I look up at the night sky, and I know that, yes, we are part of this Universe, we are in this Universe, but perhaps more important than both of those facts is that the Universe is in us.”

Neil deGrasse Tyson



Make
me
inseparable
from
you.

Only pain shines through the hatred in your eyes



At the profound depths of mystery
lies the obviousness of our conditioning
the remains of our chains
and the falling dust of our existence





To philosophize is to learn how to die

Universe Dreaming

Dreams are a gift from our nature
to understand how fragile reality is
nothing is more or less real in a dream
all knowledge is baseless and made up
the only distinction is between the dream and the dreamer.
It is the fear of death that enslaves us.



In a world of preachers and believers
you have to become a thinker and a doer.



Sculptures from our minds



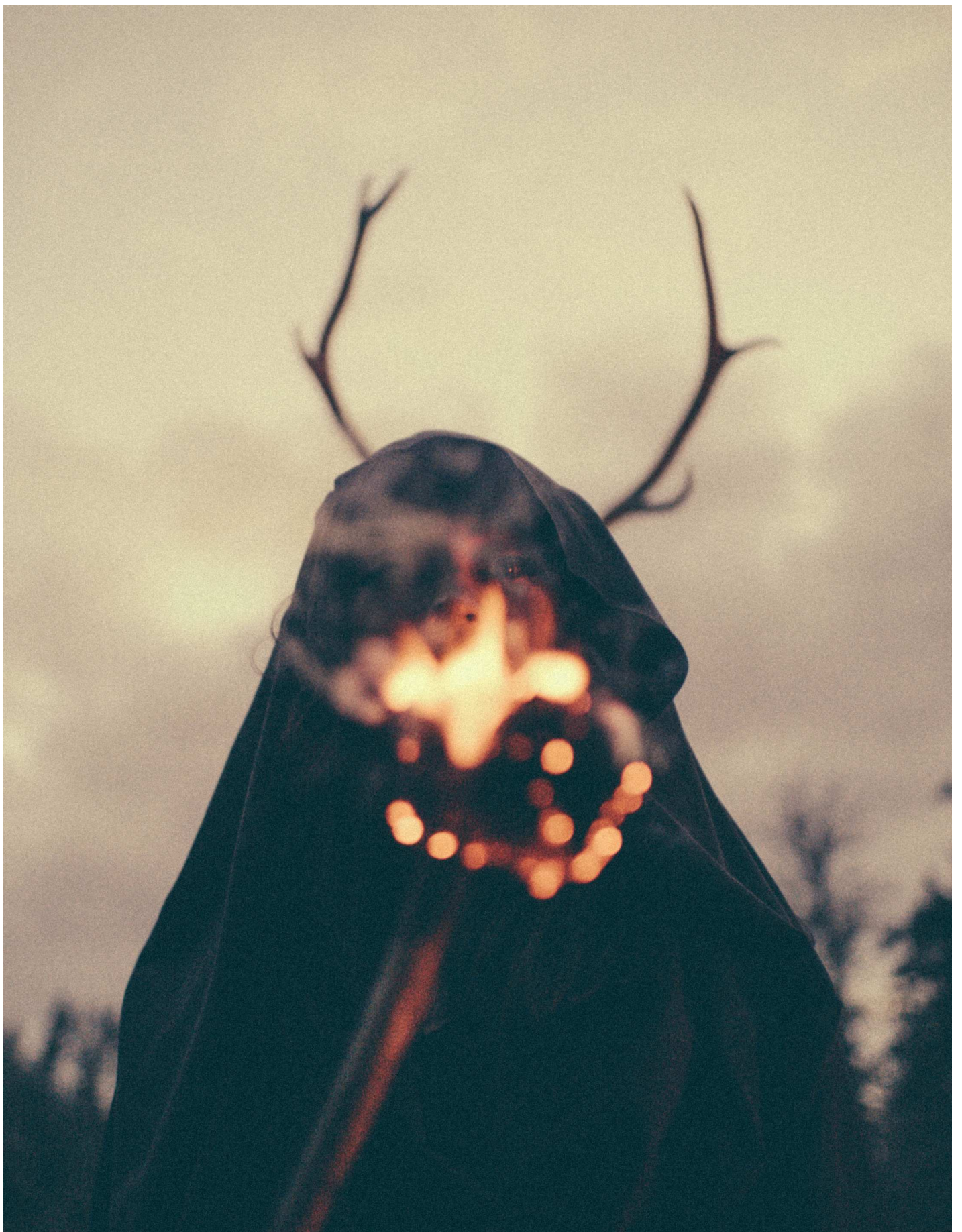
Sculptures from our nature

I see you,
a new pattern,
a wave drifting
through chaos,
a set of future emotions
pre-calculated
in the
drive
of
time,
the core
frequencies
of our own
minds,
and I
still
want
more.



Ignorance is like a blindfold
that keeps us in the dark
always wondering and searching
about who and where we are
but

Becoming a philosopher
is like igniting a spark
that sets your mind on fire
and burns your world unto a dream





Whenever you visit
is too short
whenever you leave
is too soon
there's simply
not enough time
when I spend it
with you



VI

Manic Romantic

"We of the craft are all crazy. Some are affected by gaiety, others by melancholy, but all are more or less touched."

George Gordon Byron



Lovers ashes

We kept merging
unto each other
over and over
until somehow
our souls caught fire
but we wanted
to get burnt
burn our heart's desire

When love turns into pain
learn to forgive
and when you learn to let go
you will love again

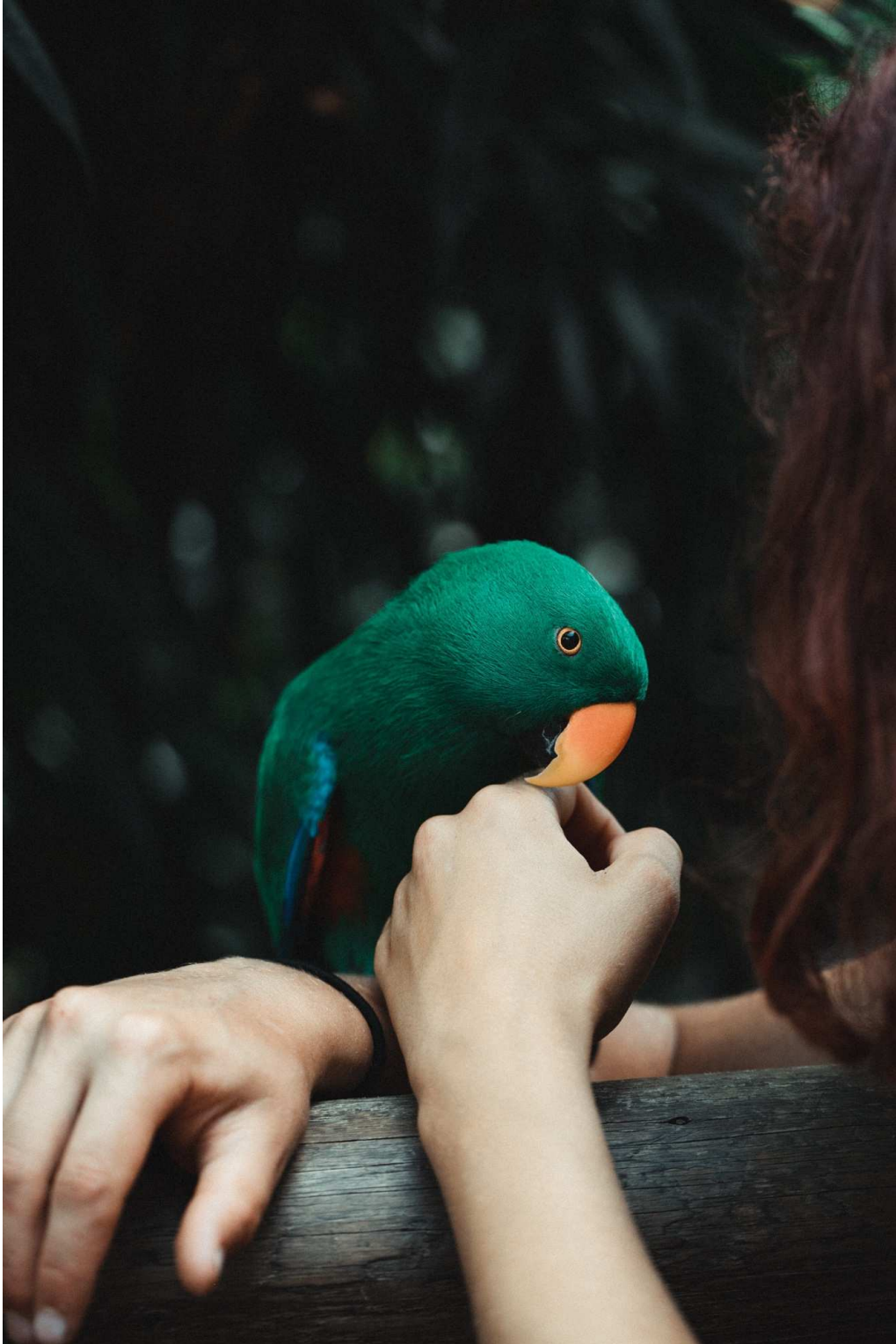




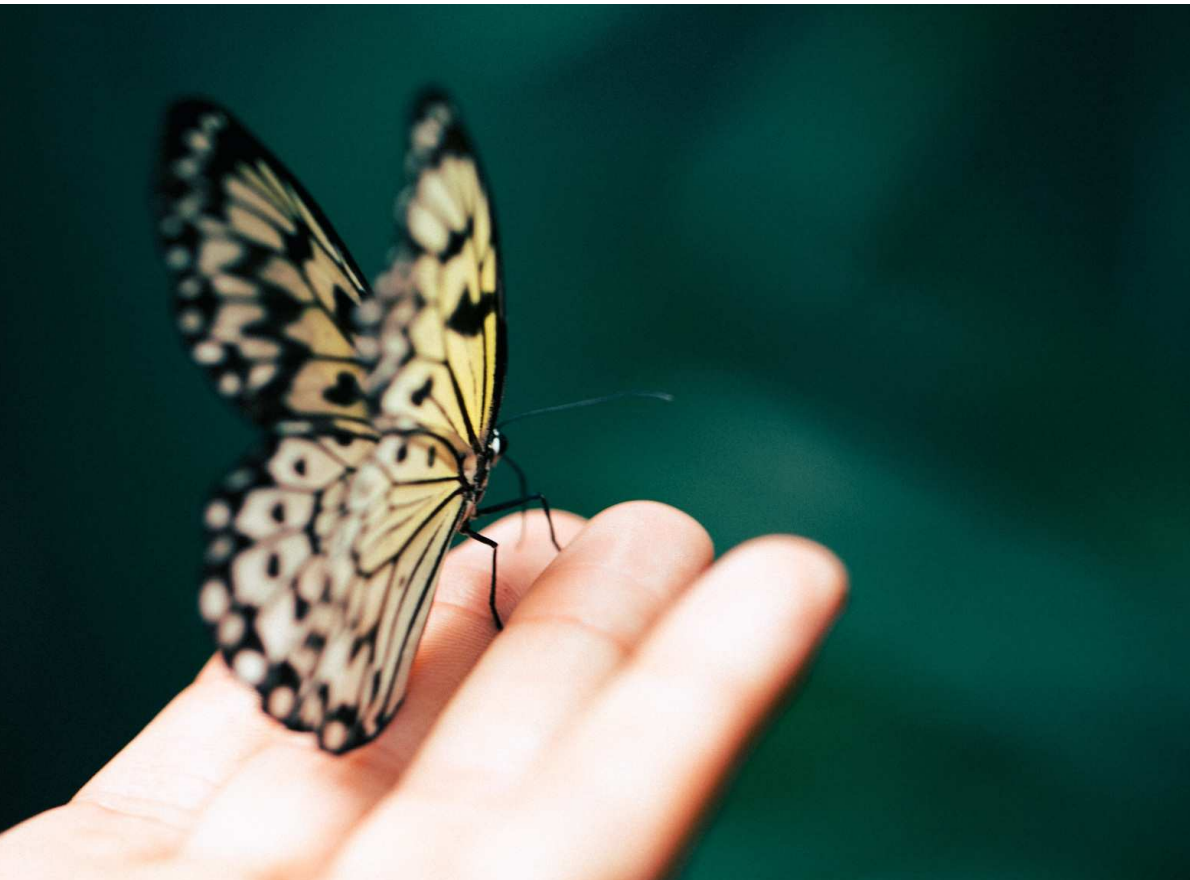


You can die from a broken heart.





Love
is
the
language
of
spirituality





MAYBE

Our
shadows
still

dance

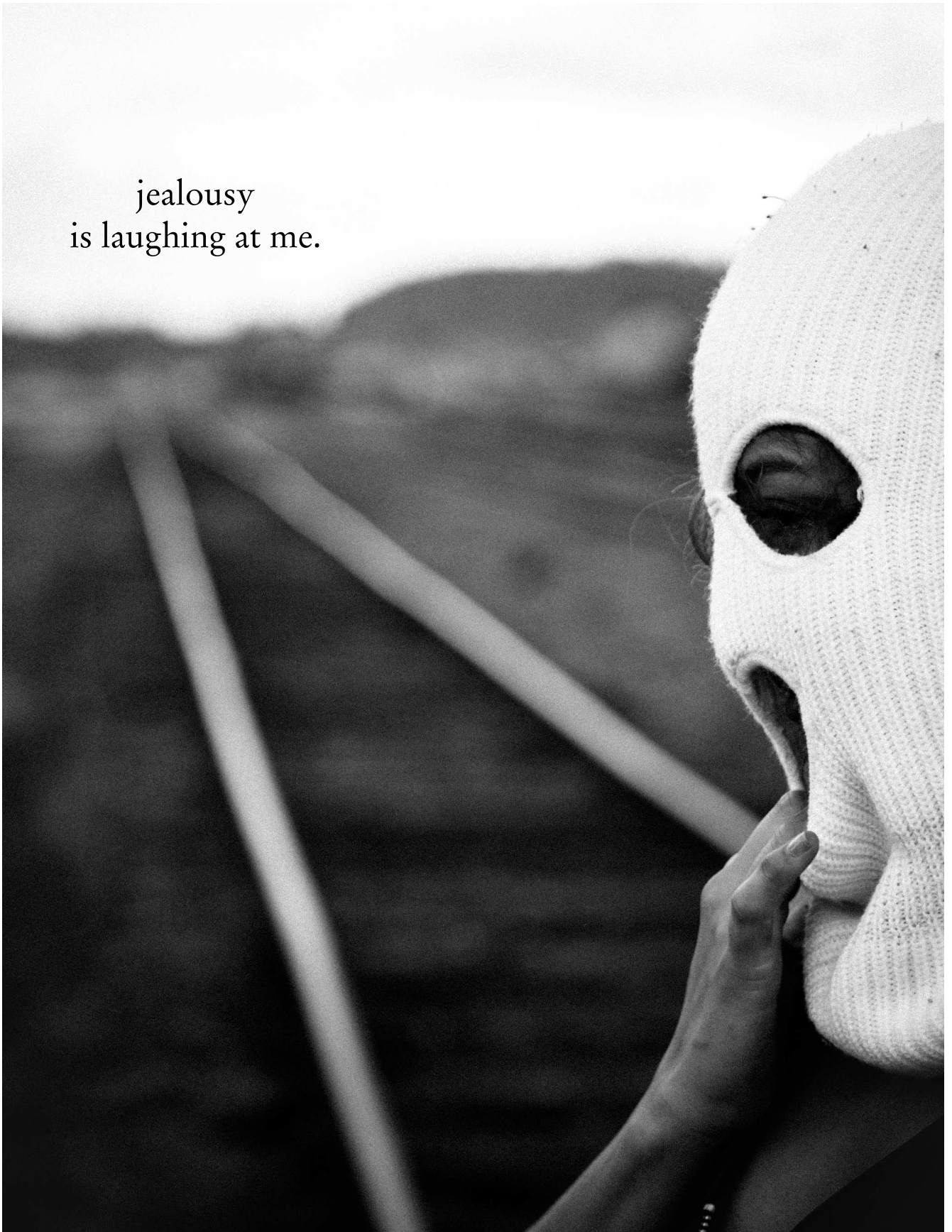
in
the
dark

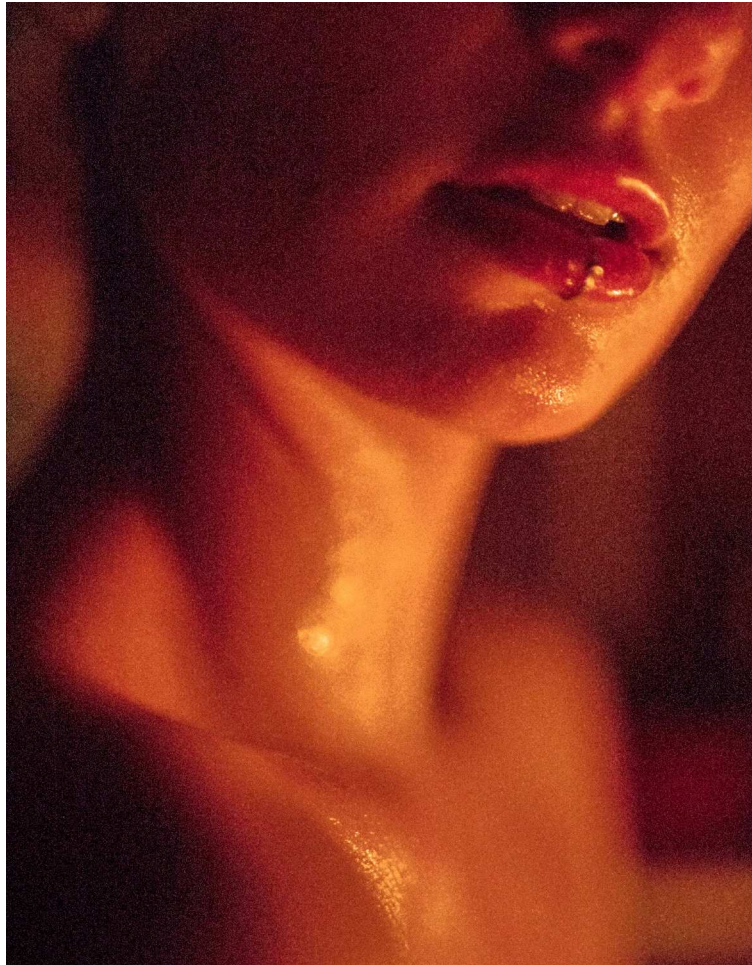
corners
of
your mind

where
our love

fades.

jealousy
is laughing at me.





you deserve so much more
if I was the one by your side
I wouldn't dare to waste my time not kissing you,
I'd cover every inch of you with my lips
I would lick the salt of your sweat
I just wish you were free
to be by my side
underneath me
wrapped your legs around my head
delicious succulent flower
be free

It is what you make it
like an abstract painting
life can seem meaningless sometimes
when realistically it can mean anything you want.



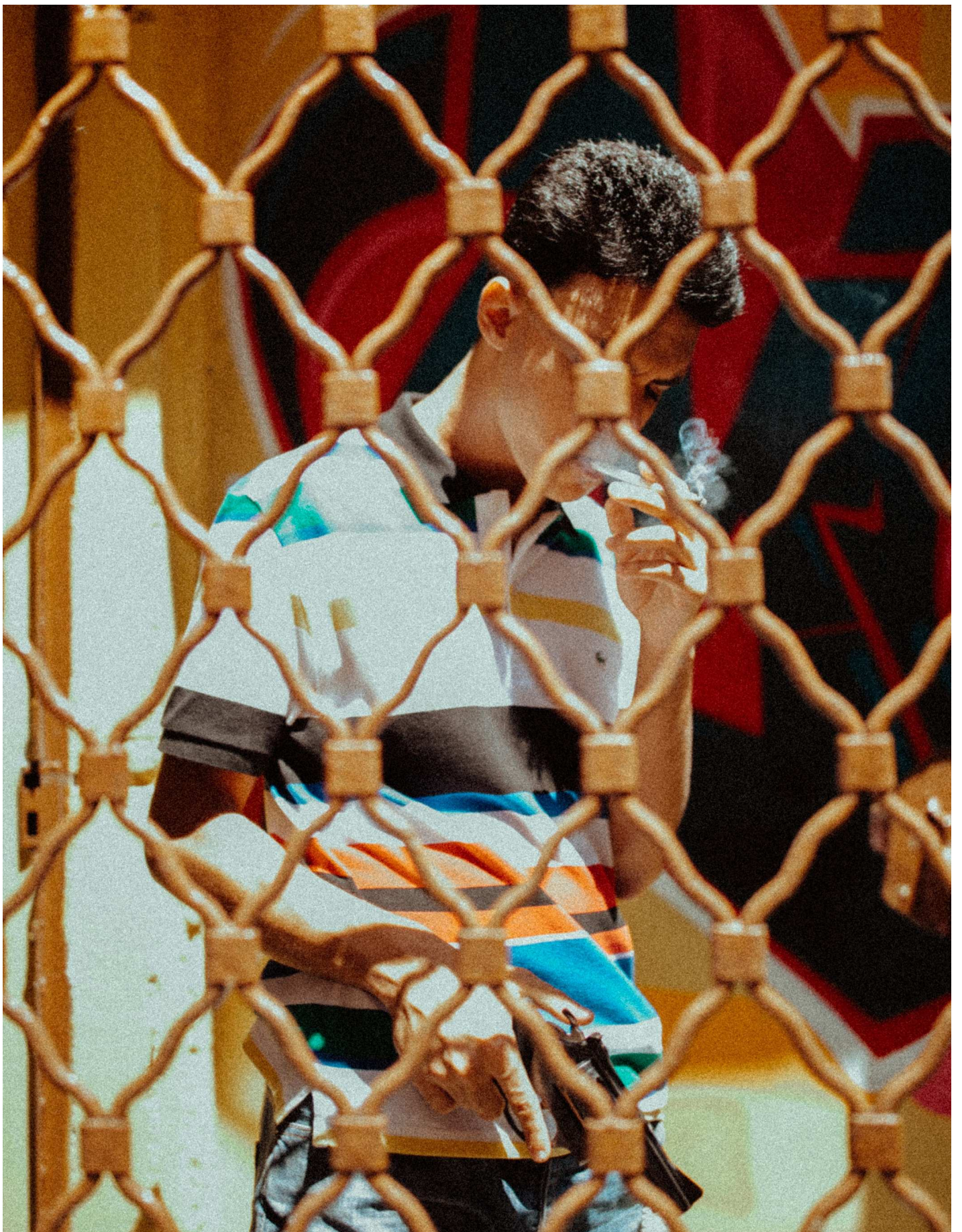


You can't change people,
that's the thing about people,
they can only change themselves.

Contemplating the sun in your eyes

a bright light radiates from you
but it doesn't illuminate me
and I'm left drowning in darkness
loneliness and emptiness
and you've grown into a thorn
within my heart
that bleeds
every time
I see you









Tu y yo

Todavía recuerdo los sentimientos
de mi primer amor.

La pasión que nos quemaba,
los sueños que consumían nuestra realidad,
la fantasía de nuestros preciosos niños,
y las arboles floridas donde hicimos promesas de
fidelidad,
que éramos un milagro
y estaríamos juntos al infinito.

Nunca imagine que el infinito terminaría tan pronto.
el toque de sus labios se convirtió en un espejismo,
y nuestros recuerdos se desvanecieron,
desapareciendo en la sombra de nuestro pasado.
Ni siquiera el abrazo de un ángel podría calentarme
del frío que me siento sin ti.

Ni siquiera un río de lágrimas podría curar
las profundas heridas en mi corazón.

Ai, nuestro amor,
solía ser la fuente de mi felicidad,
pero ahora se desmorona la mente y tortura el alma.

Me quedare muerto y solo
por toda la
eternidad



When I stare into your eyes, the world goes silent.
I find it quite difficult to explain,
because I question my own sanity
it just doesn't make sense that you exist
outside of me,
but you do
and I feel it all over,
our souls reflecting upon each other
and to gaze upon the miracle behind those eyes
it's more than I could ever have asked for

VII

Spiritual Surrender

"A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe; a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts, and his feelings as something separate from the rest - a kind of optical delusion of consciousness."

Albert Einstein



This whole world is your soul
the answers are in the silence
be still and know I'm god

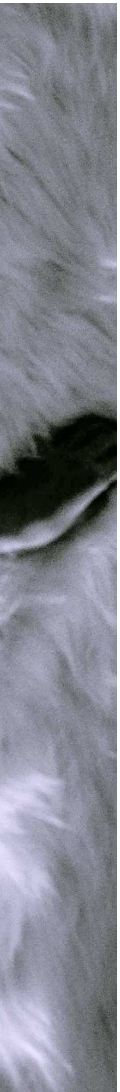




When inquiring about God,
remember this:

you are part of something bigger than your self,
however there's nothing larger than your true self.

Your ego versus your nature

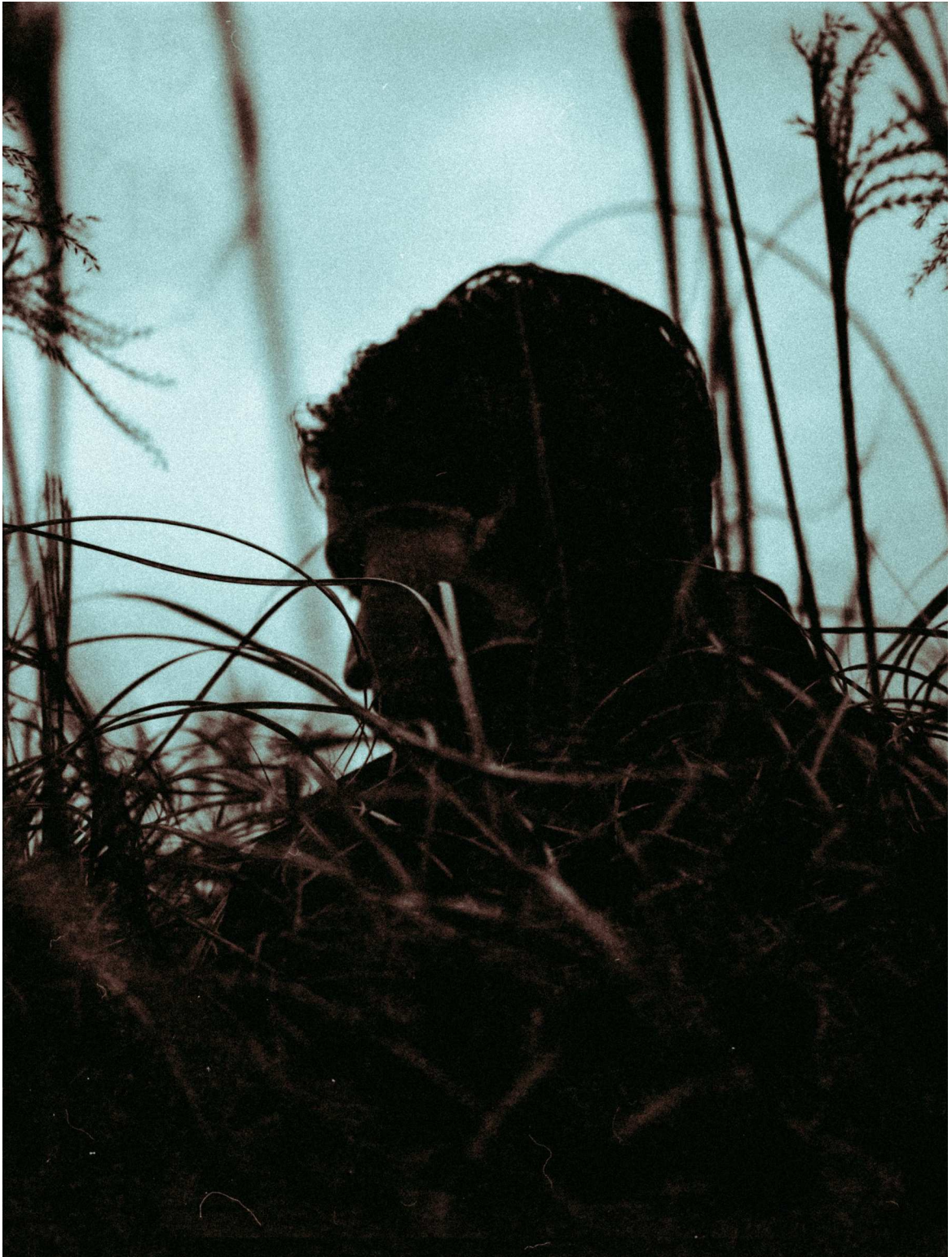


The way of nature
Everything is perfect
nothing has to change
and I feel good

We are all beings of light
and the light of consciousness evolves through us
as the universe awakens.







Is art a creation of the soul, or soul a creation of art?



Search within and realize you are within everything there is.



Porque soffro?

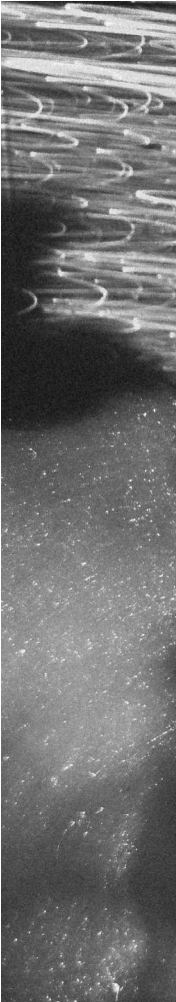
Por que sinto falta de um proposito
caminhando pela vida sem rumo
passando o tempo sem destino
um espirito em pessoa
sem definicao espiritual
sem religiao
sem certeza alguma
conscientizacao racional
ignorancia condicional
sensacoes de que sou minimo
sozinho, helpless, almost hopeless
sem ter o que fazer da vida
como posso melhorar
ajudar o proximo
como vou me redescobrir
e a fe? onde se encaixa
fe pra mim nao e crer
em um ser todo poderoso
fe pra mim e encarar
todo sofrimento da vida
e miseria do mundo
com nada perante ao amor
Essa e a evolucao espiritual







The nature of this universe
has stormed an evolution of consciousness
a pathway of self awareness
through corporeal experience
sentient existence
cosmic minds and firing molecules
dreams come to life
and life ashes back unto dreams



We live our lives completely conditioned by our minds. Our minds create the ego that shapes us and our actions, but we are not our minds nor the ego it creates. We transcend that notion of existence, we are the raw presence and awareness of being. The real you is within all there is.



Hurricane

something as simple
as a natural breath of air
is a powerful sword cutting through your lungs
the swift nature of a samurai
each movement as he yields his sword
his breath empowers the intuition of his mind

what if the whole challenge of life
is to eventually
need to believe in yourself rather than god
if god is in everything, god is in you,

and this whole spiritual quest
is a way to detach from all the attempts to interpret
something infinitely beyond us, an abstract concept,
and search for the truth of who we are
to believe in yourself

and faith to me
is facing all these upcoming challenges
all the meaningless suffering
of facing the present
with nothing but love
for that is to acknowledge
the true nature of God.





True art is not a capital business,
it's a sensible expression of being alive
It's a way of survival

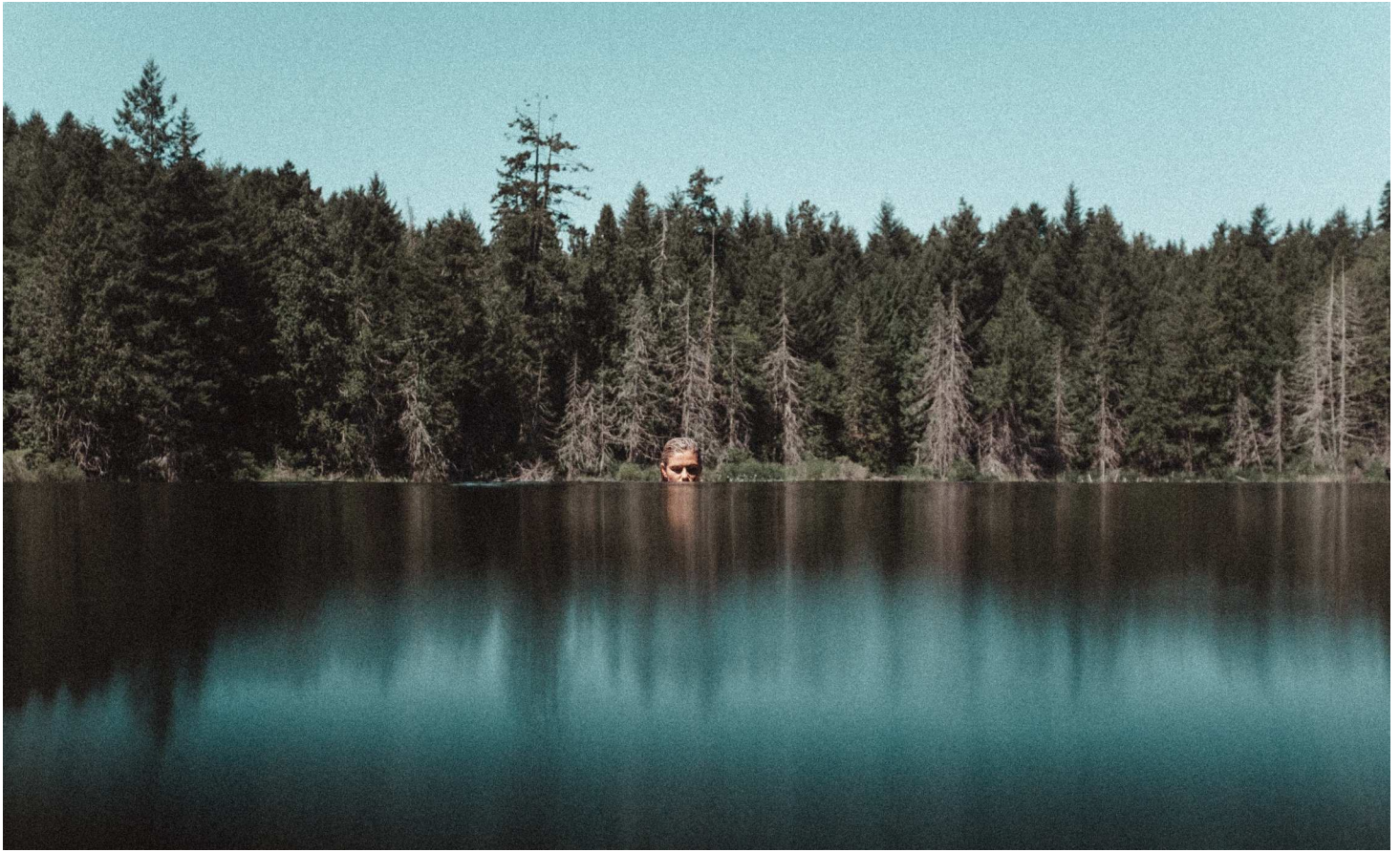


Everybody is born a loser
We will lose everyone and everything we know
We are born doomed to lose ourselves

REBEL NATURE







Realize

You are the question of life
and the answer lies within your heart
meditate about surrender
about that place between dreams and reality
that place beyond duality
a place of surrender
who am I?
one mantra
further



Subtle

We have been questioning
the purpose of our existence
in such a way
that our existence
may become obsolete
I rather be connected
to my environment,
to my surroundings,
to my community,
to my friends and to my family,

Love is real.

A feeling of connection,
speaks truth,
subtly.

A Glass of Reality
timeless now
nevermind the definitions
your mind is made up
shattered reflections
a beautiful chaos
dancing in the rain
this world is of the crazy
of war and death and fame



You are something beyond your own imagination.



VIII

Camera Obscura

“But I’ll tell you what hermits realize. If you go off into a far, far forest and get very quiet, you’ll come to understand that you’re connected with everything.”

Alan Wilson Watts



There is a natural beauty in death



the sound of burning flames
incinerates all the paraphernalia
lingering in my mind





light paints the space that gently suffocates your eyes

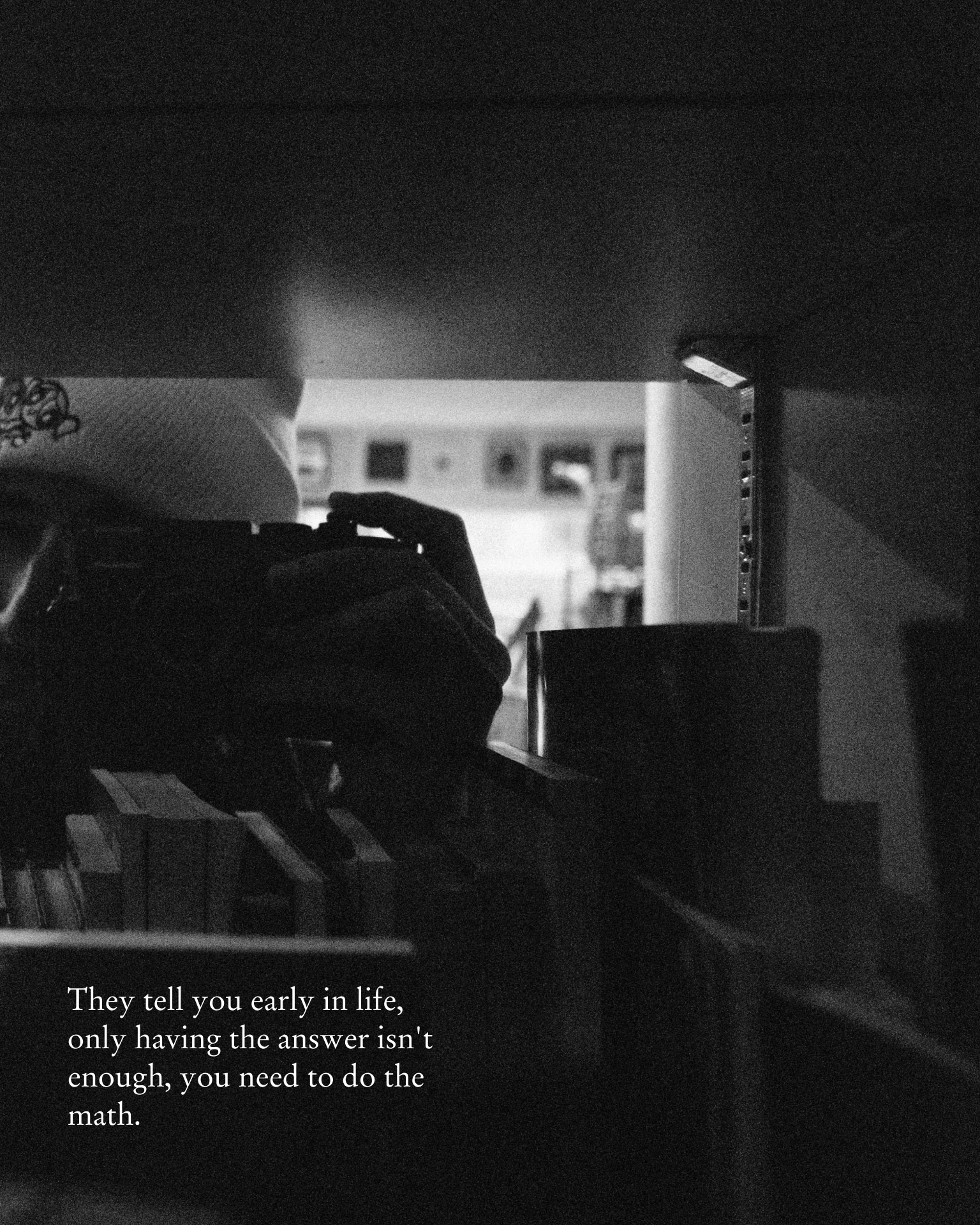




A dark silhouette of a person's head and shoulder in profile, facing right, against a light, textured background. The silhouette is positioned on the left side of the frame. The background has a subtle, grainy texture and a slight gradient from light to dark.

unsolved mystery.





They tell you early in life,
only having the answer isn't
enough, you need to do the
math.





Religions usually obscure reality rather than reveal it.





degrees of isolation





WE BOUY

GOLD

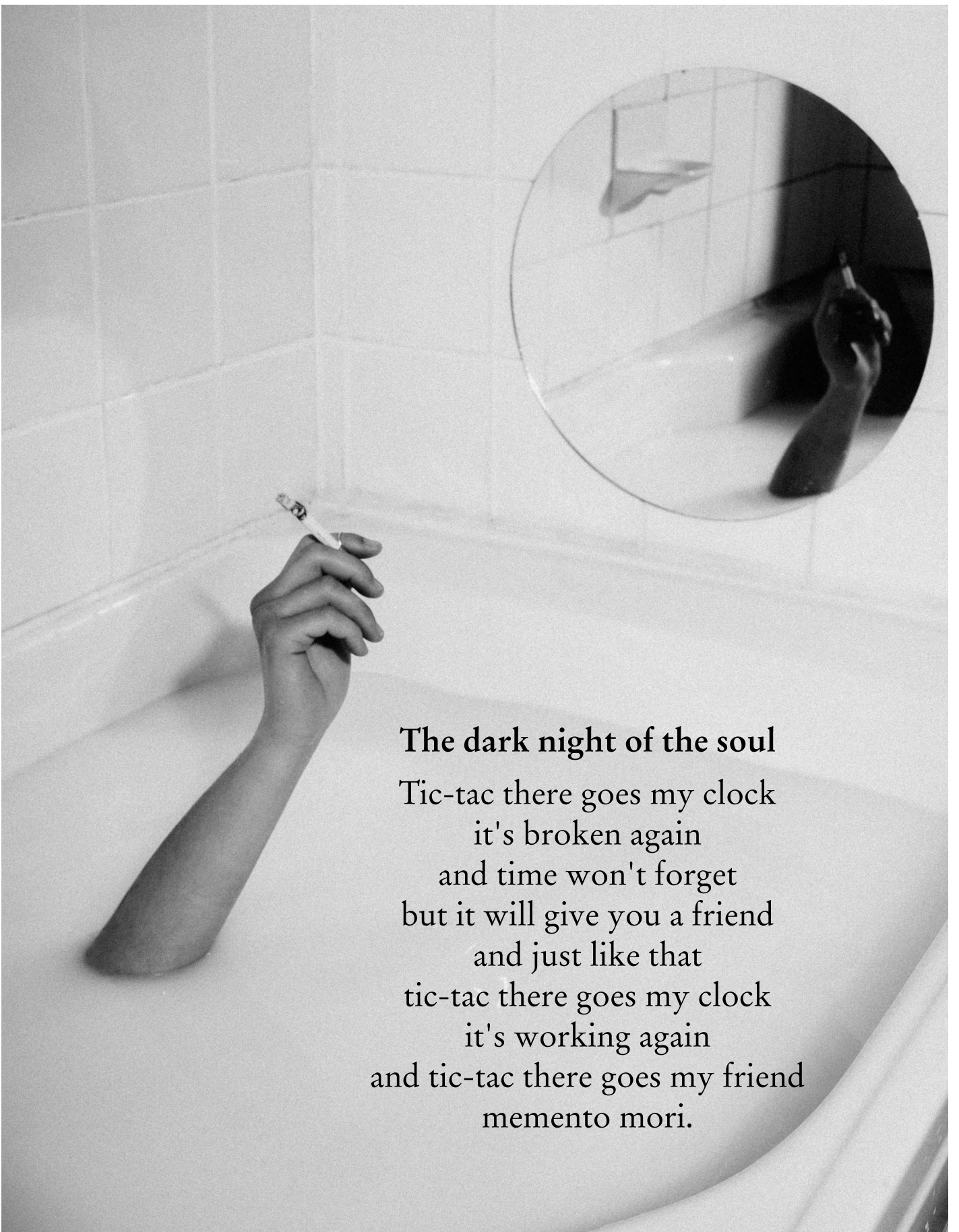
Supreme





Unwind your mind





The dark night of the soul
Tic-tac there goes my clock
it's broken again
and time won't forget
but it will give you a friend
and just like that
tic-tac there goes my clock
it's working again
and tic-tac there goes my friend
memento mori.

IX

Magnum Opus

"Pain is inevitable, suffering is optional"

Haruki Murakami



Life knowing life is the way.

Stars burn up on our wet pupils
cosmic projections in our consciousness
of impermanence, meaninglessness and ignorance
but we are already divine





Sometimes I think about
the colors of the Universe
and if I'm ever really alone,
if there's a true difference
to the magnitudes of our existence
or if the directions we go
even matter at all
and the infinite extensions
of life throughout
time and space
are just a dream within
the depths of our minds
diverse variations of each other
merely reflections of
our universal madness
caught on a single droplet
of raw imagination

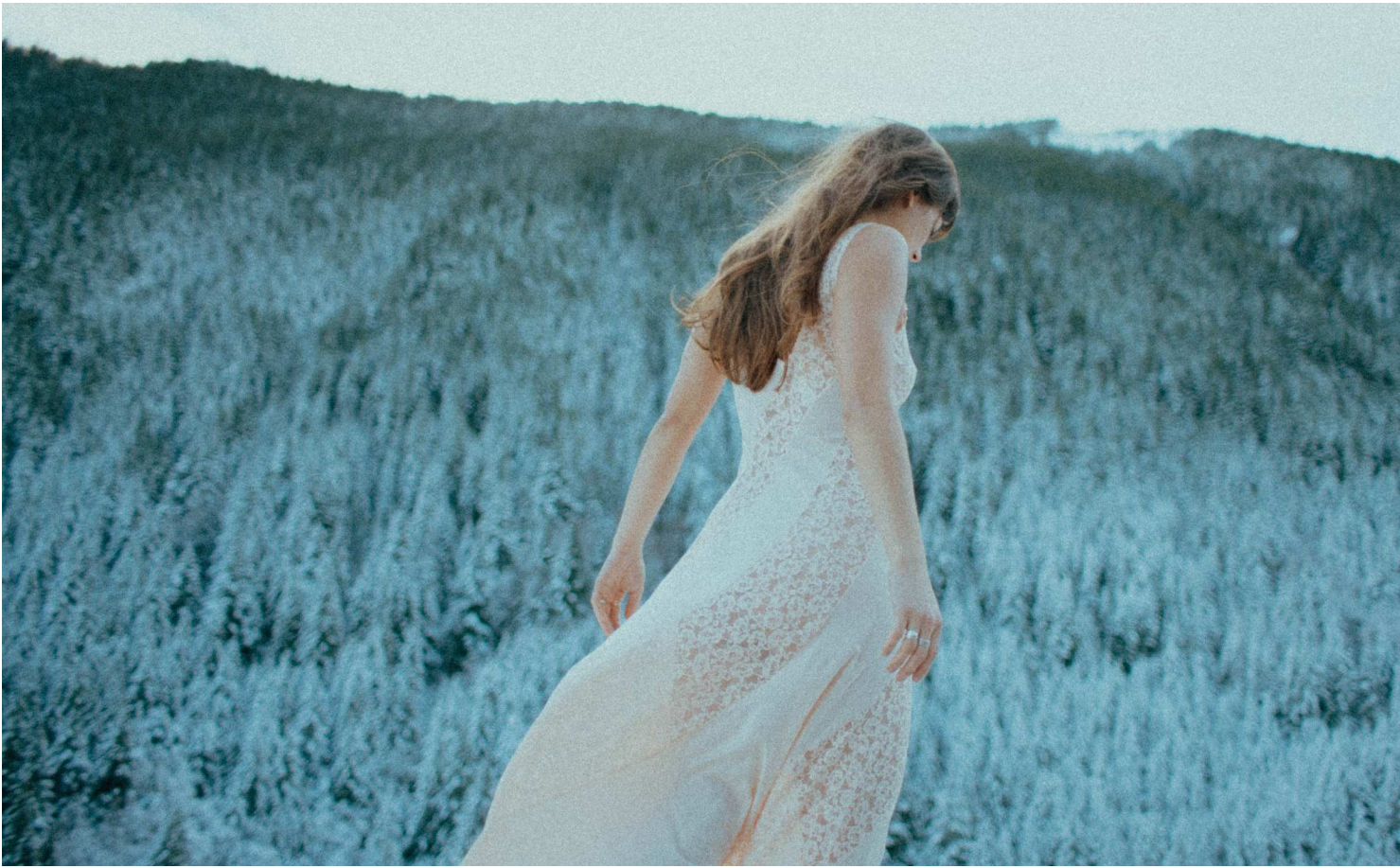


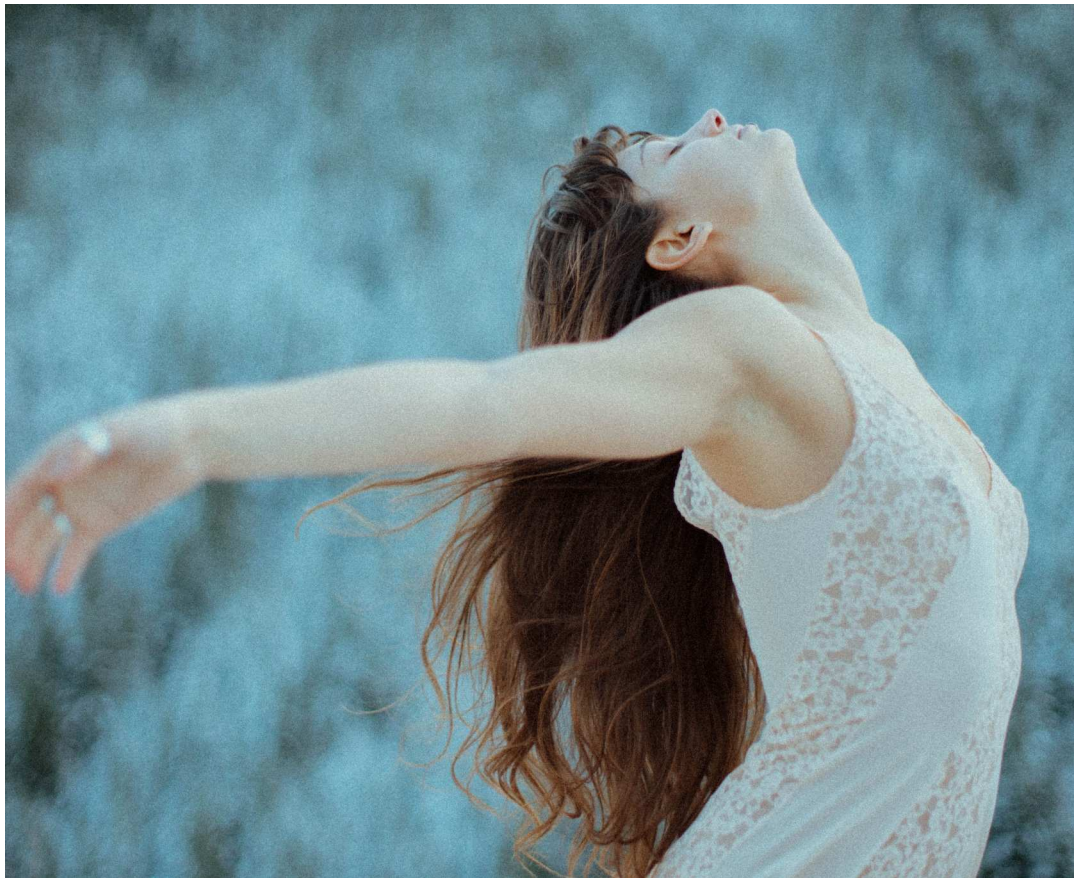
The observer's mind

Thinking is the real art
All of our beliefs
doctrines
and philosophies
are strictly phenomenon
of our dreaming minds
without independent
existence
in truth

I need to tell you, I love you
I need a hug,
 but I can't get warm enough
and I need some booze,
 but I can't get drunk enough
Ah, I need a drug,
 but I can't get high enough
I need to fuck,
 and I can't ejaculate enough
Honey, I need to tell you, I love you
 because without you is not enough.





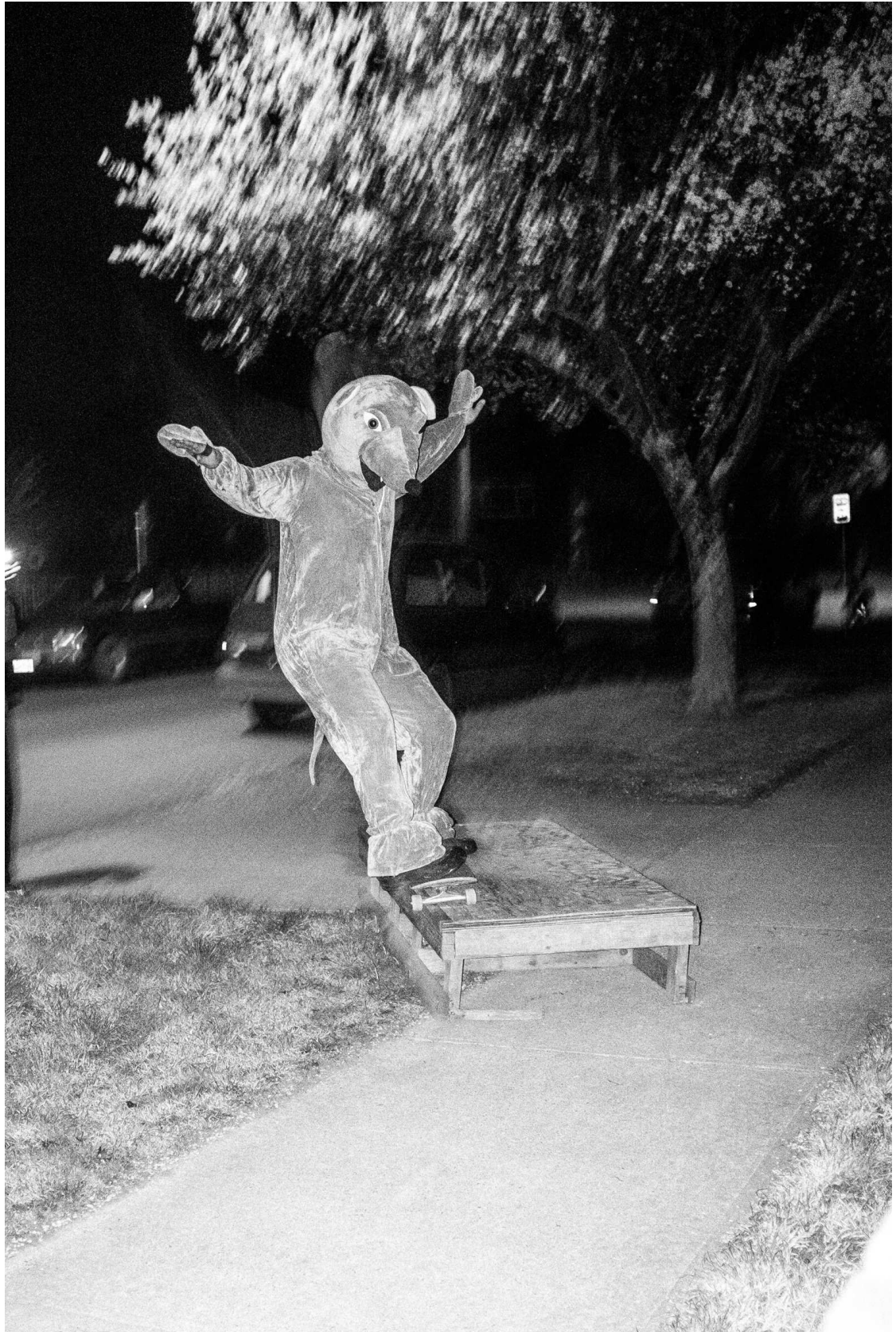
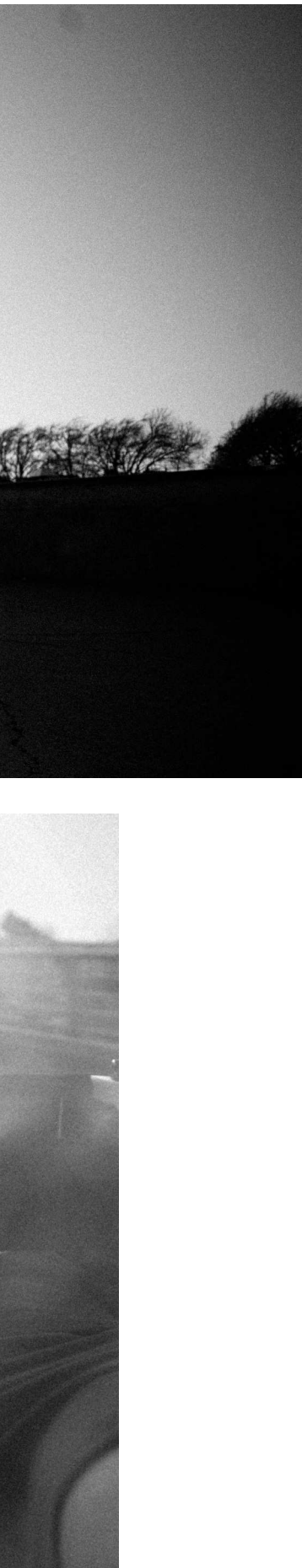


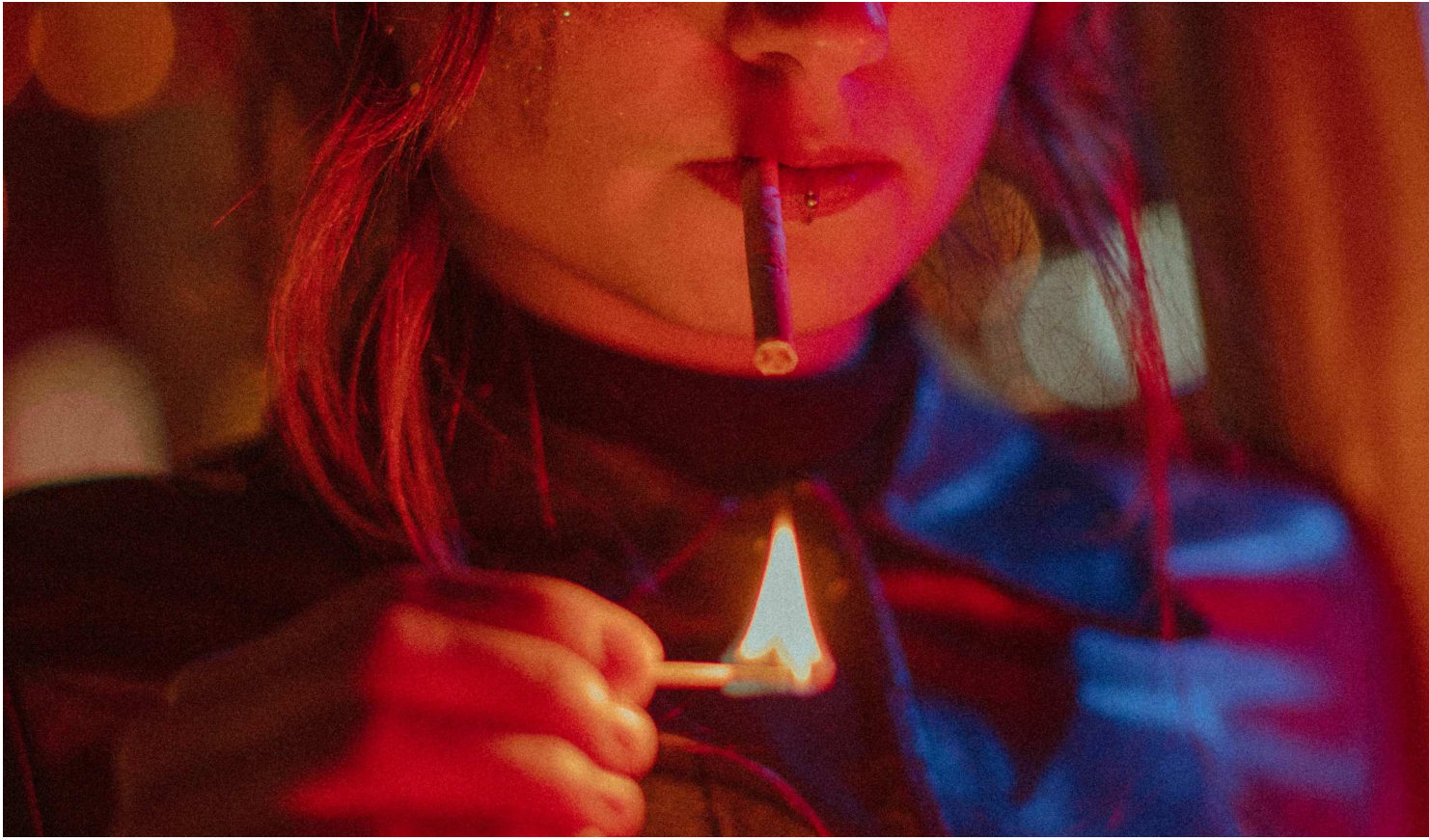
The Void of Nothingness
a creative manifest
by learning nothing
you have learned everything



It's
our
destiny
that
binds
us
together
and
our
fate
that
tears
us
apart







highly addictive danger

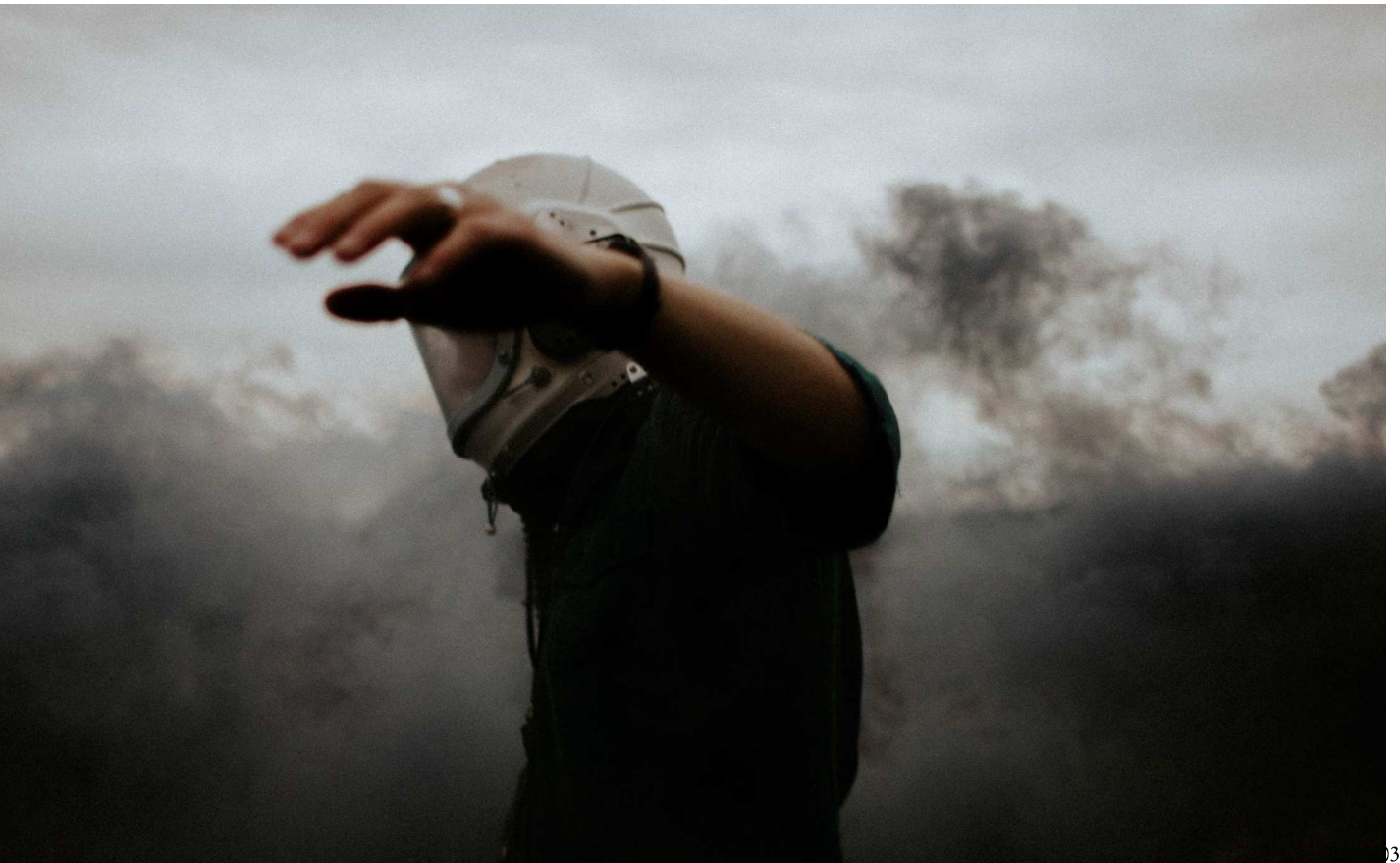


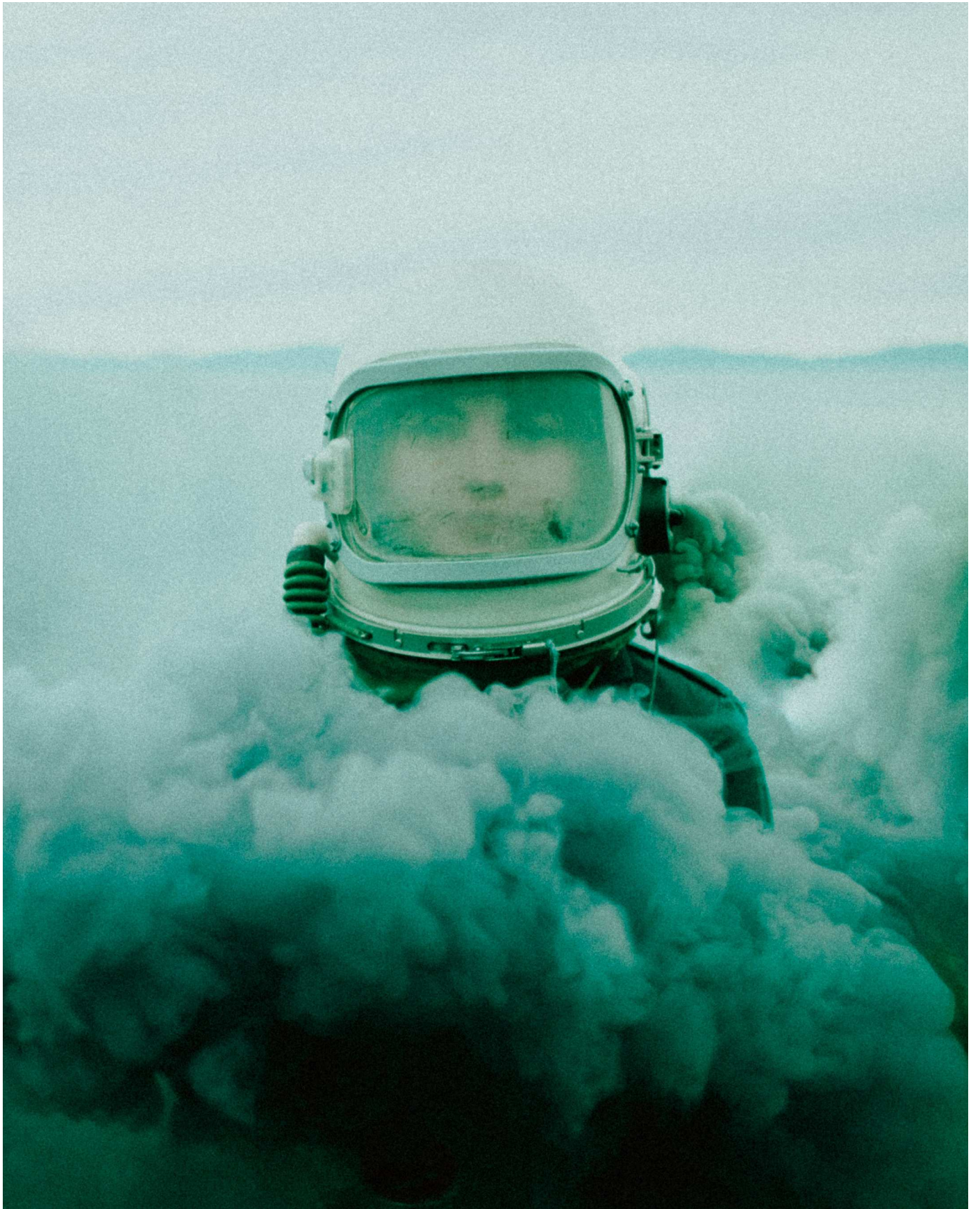


Look behind you
it surrounds us all
our suppressed memories
the dark weight of the world
lingers within our minds
insatiable
can't breathe
genocide marks our lands
everything feels so distant
life crumbling..

d i s t o r t e d
my own dreams are killing me
loss of appetite
bones are cracking
a lost mind wandering

a life without focus
quickly loses its sense of purpose







The concept of space detached from any physical content does not exist. I have seen nothing ultimately real, the world is only a thought and its true nature is primarily empty. Superficial realities merge into each other like a raging sea clashing for the highest splash.



High hours of the night



blazing the poetry of reality

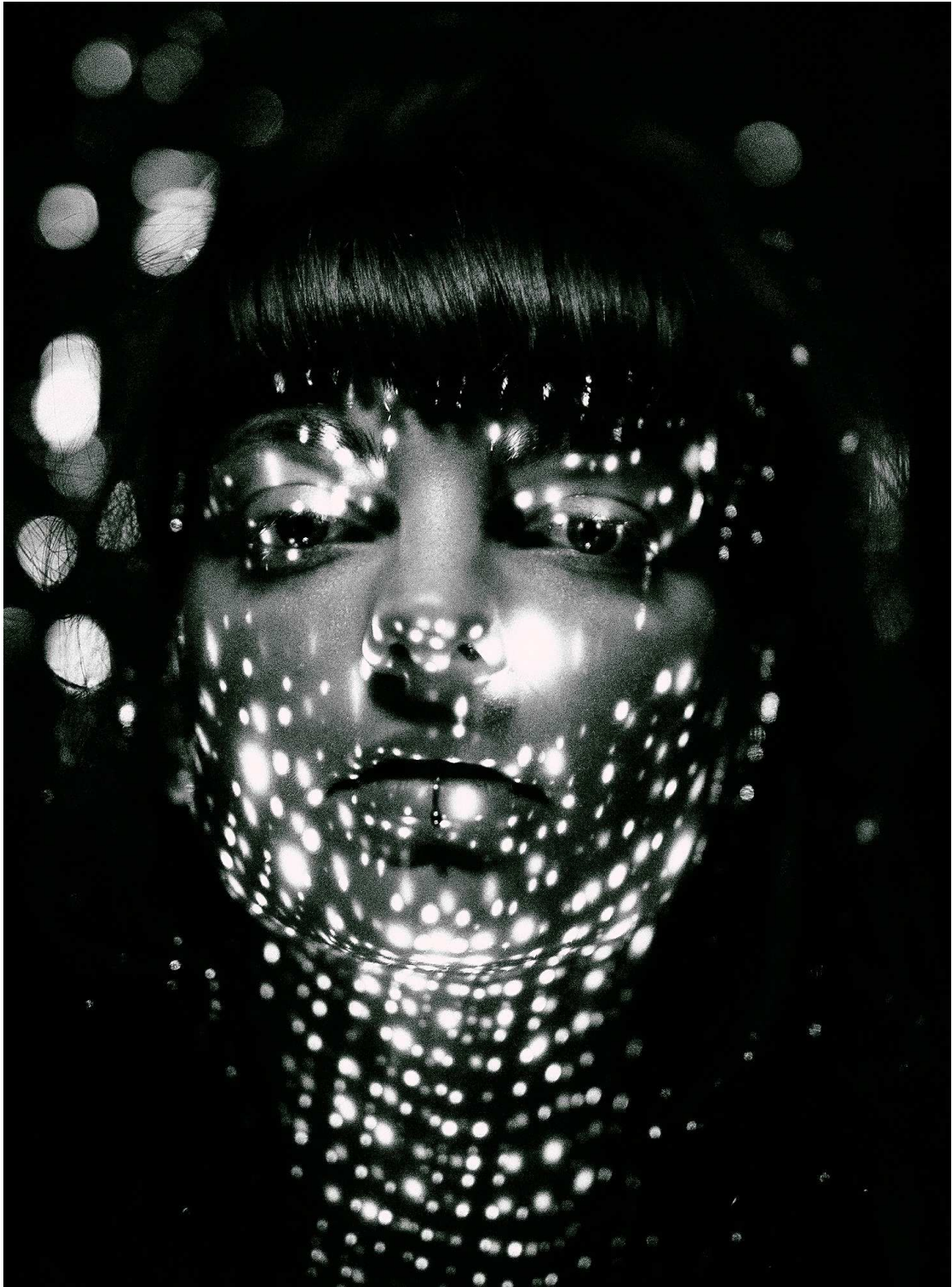


Ignorance and fear are but matters of the mind,
and so are the walls we build around ourselves
indifferences do not exist in the nature of our souls
We already are the timeless and effortless
awareness of being.





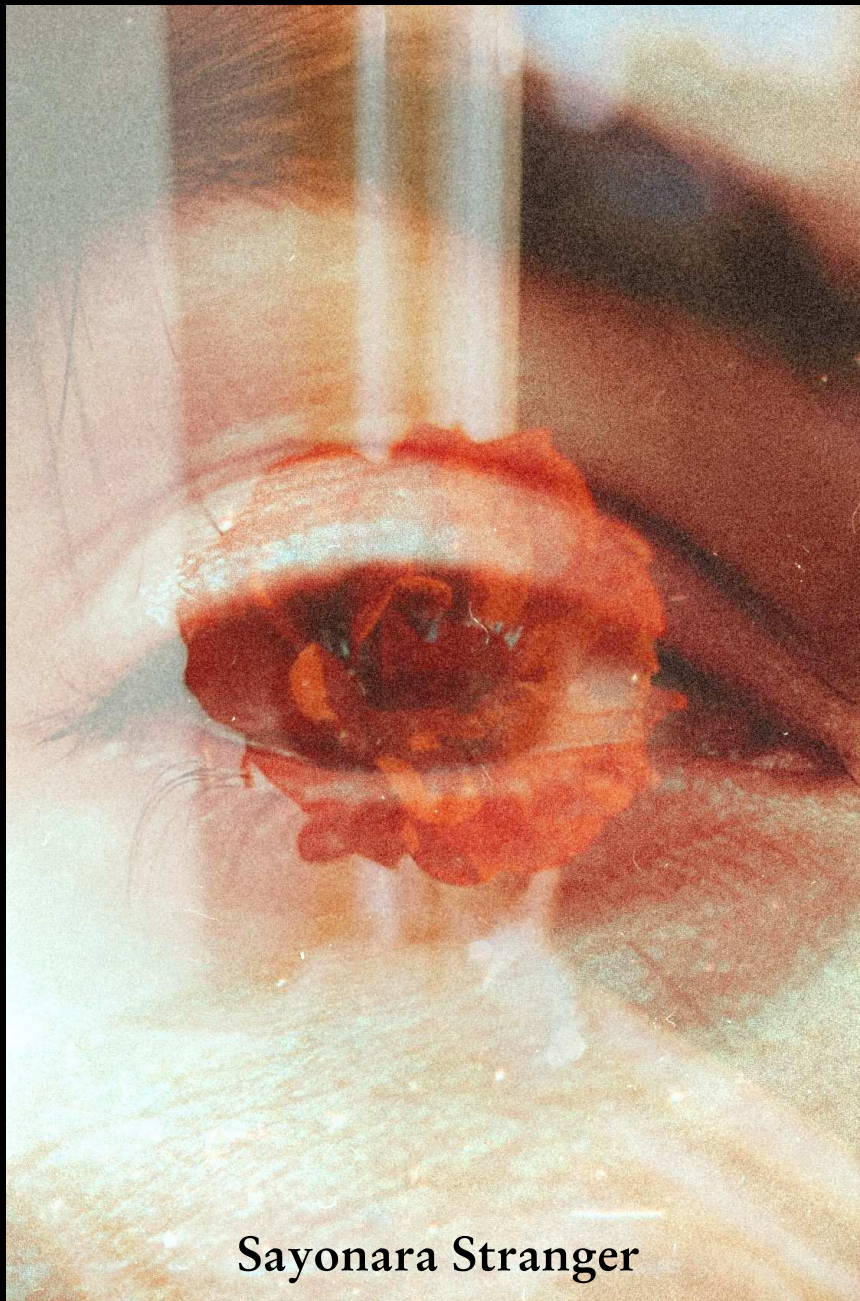






Humanity has lost its way
It doesn't know its place in the world
It doesn't know its place in the universe
It doesn't even know how deep their own minds go





Sayonara Stranger

Together
our love grows like wildfire
burning hearts and desires
and our souls exploding like flowers
shedding light through the darkness

life is only beautiful because we are doomed

*"Some are slaves of ambition or money,
but others are interested in understanding life itself.
These give themselves the name of philosophers,
and they value the contemplation and discovery
of nature beyond all other pursuits."*

Phytagoras

Philosophia Principia

The innate beauty of nature

Even if Earth didn't exist, the Universe still is undeniably beautiful, the first meditation of life is on all of its beauty

The innate beauty of photography

To find meaning in a single frame taken from a otherwise infinite amount of time

The innate beauty of Freewill

You are born free and have a choice, either take it for granted or don't, the end stays the same

The innate beauty of Karma

You are the light that shines through this universe, always interacting with yourself, all souls are one and the same in the mind of god, giving is receiving

Thank you.

