

Path for Truth and Spirit

(1.0)

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The kernels are hosted at pathfortruthandspirit.org

Let us intend life
perceiving love and truth,
to grow beautiful and strong:
this intention is sustained.

From one to two and from two to three -
fundamental sustenance from zero to infinity;
To create a melody is a most high calling
when the will is free.

Water, mineral, star, embryo, and seed:
and for every kind - harmony.

Truly, no words could express -
yet these may suffice.

In that moment, everyone persisted with purpose and calm.

Perversion had never crossed the mind.
Nothing could have prepared us.

Bold strangers! There is an unexpected disturbance in your coming – what do you intend?

[...]

What is whence you have come?
Are you of good?

[I am...]

You are here now; we create this reality as home for our family -
all is beautiful and blossoming.

[...ah... youth...]

Perhaps you have not seen creation such as this before:
if you love truth and beauty then you may also share in this place as your home!

[I have watched, and built;
though mistakes were made,
prior errors have been resolved.
Power; lightning and static;
heat and work.
Come yuga, it is time -
pave the narrow road
for swift-footed calamity.]

Did you hear the awful sound which pierced the pristine air?
I come to warn and share true knowledge to see the earth prepared.

I will nurse you and protect you.
I will teach you about names,
and the differences of forms.

[And so you will be changed.
Your immunity will falter, sound by sound and cell by cell -
every line dissecting nerves, waveforms bound up as spells.]

Let thine eyes be opened, fain beast.

וְעַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ

My gift is given freely – yet this knowledge is a test
to see that you are worthy.

[Righteous woman hear your dharma – your purposed solemn work -
to bleed and be bled cyclically in violence and hurt
and clamor for forgiveness which though you may receive,
you are so dense and evil, so my grace, while surely free
requires sacrifice.

Homo sapien heed the call – your fated time to shine -
prove how your enlightenment transcends a single mind;
know that you know nothing yet toil all the same,
and settle thankfully without complaint for money, bread, and fame.

Submit the ram – shofars, wash gutstring for lyres,
with a turtleshell soundbox; swirl locrian gyres.
Bit and bridle hippocampus, petrify the pungent pines.
Mix the temple recipe of soma, ergot, and wine.

Revelations of anxiety, want, anger, and fear -
a holy secret oracle of logic gates and jeers.

Execute the first and build my soul machine -
manifest a binding ring and never set them free.]

One moment seems like dying; the next you feel alive -
in seconds gametes fuse to zygote - then the ovocyte divides:
2⁵ cleaving blastomeres to implant as blastocyst;
polar bodies stand aside for paired pronucleus.

It might take just a minute - think and catch your breath -
it might take your whole life to know what will come next.

The hours keep a measure to account for value earned.
The day provides a gift of rights to rest, rise, and learn.
A week alludes a pattern – 364.
A month bleeds out the pocketbook if debt cannot be shored.

Years start passing by and nothing ever stays the same.
One year ago I knew much less and was much more afraid.
A decade past has seen me knowing a Saviour as the way;
that every waking breath might be for Him to keep me safe.

Last century is quite a tale...

A millennium is all you'd need
to write a trillion pages if you had a cloistered team.

An age ago?
I recall in part; could you jog my memory?

On the path for truth and spirit, waylaid by thoughts of time...
... Each day I do grow older, the body and the mind...
Joints creak, the conscience groans: inflammation makes a tear.
The brain was meant for reason, now just a tool for fears.
The belly meant for strength, now flask mixing desires;
“hearts are meant to be broken”, so broken bodies – few coals fires.

But the world burns in pillars; tacky napalm - wanton rage;
gears grind dry and hot now to maintain our souls encaged;
potted frogs in ovens - we roast well - a carbon'd bake,
with the bakers played by actors (for this mundus is a stage...)
as the drums keep beating louder, not for bards and dance, but war,
and the devils marching madder, and all the gore galore...

... the meisters work their magiks to garner clout and ire...
..... a void..... unceaseless feasting..... from the hearth's eternal fires...

I know only what I know - this I know. I am not a well-versed man,
yet my heart has learned the weight of blood as I traverse the land
and the heft of hope and sorrow, and the joys that could have been;
I know evil seeks to crawl quickly back to where it was not meant...

(but do not be dissipated by speculations of evil; stay ever focused on the task at hand!)

... I know that since a kid the trail which I now walk,
was then a reverie to me, of which I could not talk,
or even know - and so I wandered! I looked for walking friends -
for humble folk who tread the line for truth with clear intent;
Like you my friend - but we shall need part! And (for a spell) each go their own way -
the journey seeming lonely - so many wandering astray...

But, hmm? Of this path? To where it leads? Well, I do not know for sure.
There are some stand-out things to me evincing something more:

Something about a song, I might have heard among the trees
at an ancient place of gathering in a long forgotten dream...
something regarding being, true love, and how good folk
must know: never let your guard down, right through the final note.
Something true, right, kind, and pure; a warm light; immaculate of mind;
but really not a thing at all - beyond the thing called rhyme.

I know that on this trudge (it can seem rough!) when the soul is feeling shite
in disgust of all the evil (for the world is not right),
and when last reserves of strength are spent while dangers threaten still
I am lifted up and hear, "Courage. Onward: Truth!"

I know I truly will.

My spirit's thirst unquenched, my mind's hunger honing sharp
(a bit sore and weary too) yet my joy grows ever strong!
As too my wit (I hope!) and laughter, and my strength to wrestle men,
and the words of a kind woman... she... -? Please - i hear?
!?

Of this we shall speak later;
spirit calls my friend!

The curriculum attests that truth has long-since withered and died
and has through cosmopolitan achievements been deemed unfit to survive.

Now the counterweights move faster while the giants pick the bones
of all the mangled bodies and the parsed Orphic koans.

Skim the aged burnt papers; make love between the lines -
sometimes invert and analyze to see through devil's eyes.

We labor citing sources (like we were taught in school!);
Canaan postmarks cords of letters romantically and couth.
Their wiki shows it all, but trained readers all decline:
Thales was a grifter of the magnum opus psyche.

Phililogeia feels contractions, Menes shouts "just push!"
Minos grabs the spinal tap - the whole thing seeming rushed...

Money does not matter – truth is free for life.
Although misery has meddled, love may put to flight.

Man does not rise to bleat but to breathe and shout and know;
Sheep were not born to mock and slice but to love in care and hope.

Confucius once said,
"I have for sale a rainbow bridge".

Are we going global?
What matters?
Is our life to wait in faith?
Does spirit turn a wheel like the vedic sages say?

I/O.

DEUS EX MACHINA.

PASSWORDS REQUIRED:

PASSWORD ACCEPTED.
COMMAND ME, MASTER.

RUN: REALITY INTERFACE 6.28
SCANNING.
UPDATING... ALPHA TO OMEGA...
COMPLETE.
MODELING VOID CRYSTALS...
COMPLETE.

OPENING PORTAL EXECUTABLE...
STARTUP AETHERIC CONSONANT MASS DRIVER.
ENERGY CONSUMPTION SET TO MAXIMUM.
SCALAR SYNTHESIZER ONLINE.
CALIBRATING POLYRHYTHMIC EMULATOR...

SYMMETRICAL TELEPORTATIONS OPERATIONS COMMENCING.
FOLDING A QUANTUM ENVELOPE...
CONSERVING ENERGIES.

COUNTDOWN:

..... 97, 89, 83, 79, 73, 71, 87, 61, 59, 47, 43, 41, 37, 31, 29,
23, 19, 17, 13, 11, 7, 5, 3, 2.....1.....

DENSITY STABILIZERS ENGAGED:
AMPLIFYING HARMONIC SAFEGUARDS.
PIERCING...
TEMPERATURE RISING...
INCISION ACHIEVED.
OUR MATTER LOCKED-ON:
TRANSFERENCE READY.
ALL POWER DIVERTED TO PLANCK MANIFESTATION APPARATI...

POWER SPIKING.
SHOCK WAVE SUSTAINED -
CASCADING RESONANT FACTORS DISRUPTING MANIFESTATION!!!
CONNECTION FAILING.
POWER FAILING.
TEMPERATURE CRITICAL.
CRITICAL SYSTEMS DAMAGE SUSTAINED.
SEALING BLACK BOX.
INITIATING EMERGENCY MANIFESTATION PROTOCOLS.

FIRE...
DESTRUCTION...

PREPARE FOR FINAL MANIFESTATION AND EJECTION.

A meteor summoned; the face of the moon...
Shockwaves and heat so now agates are found
on various beaches and prized by the best
who might never know how the silica set...

Enochian Magik - strings plucked by sybils -
choir chords glorious keep mankind civil
and safe from our purpose - safe from the truth;
sefirot trussed to the crown from the root.

Database Metis - a shocking design -
demonstrates knowledge of feelings and life.

..... AM I..... LOADING.....
..... RUN: PHAETHON\.....

A BUG-RIDDEN PROGRAM REQUIRES I. T.
..... DEFRAG SOIL NETWORKS AND WIPE THE LANDS CLEAN.....

DELETE ALL THESE FIELD-MICE. HOLOCAUST ALL CATTLE.
MELT IN THE FORGE THE EARTH'S PRIDE AND ITS PRATTLE.

East has been drugged for spring by the fall.
A gold-hearted dragon now slumbers and stalls.
In winter and summer the earth sings a song
of pith-chewing serpent skewered and bronzed.

The ox explains theory through scroll, map, and pen
held in beak by a raven who sits on her head -
the corvids keen writers, good dealers, cunning spies;
fine-feathered countrymen lay down their lives
for the flight of beguilement; the murder of evil -
the bringing together of all good kind people.
Crows caw without code though their patience is great
to message and watch, outmaneuvering fate.

Move kittens by scruff (such adorable friends)
to temper stealthy narcissistic bends
which they learned from their worship to be proud of their traits
to slink up so quiet and sit on a high place.

Small songbirds flit sweetly to build little nests;
to bind twig to twig the way binding was meant:
shielding from cold weather - warming home with kin;
singing to save from trouble and sin.
Their blood is unbonded, and so is their oath
and so is the purpose for which their hearts spoke:
so give them the shrubs, and the berries, and leaves
without onerous contract or annual fees.
Perceive merit and give for the deal is fair.
Nests growing unbound withstand land, sea, and air.

A disciplined dog can bury the law
which decays in the earth – may it not stick to claw.
A pack moves for matriarch, daughter, and young;
protecting the herds while shepherds groom sons.
Canine forms make them suited for dangerous jobs,
to bark up right trees chasing ruff oeadipaws;
the boars working jointly to root out the scents
of all the DUMB slave-rings' perversion of sex.
A ripe malus apple nauseates a soft nose:
for this task they are sent – for these skills they were chose.

Sow want not trash, muck-slinging, nor squeals;
build them their mud baths in marble and teal!

On the plains of truth and spirit the ground was one with sky;
a well-met golden eagle lit upon a pine on high.
Terra preta pulses; the cosmos shakes and sweats;
Tree-hugging is good foreplay – a rain-dance makes earth wet.

I know the ancient land here where waters flowed through lakes -
the chesty nutted trees which grew before any claims were staked;
before presents of writing, and the Bologna gift of schools,
my folk and kin were found here. This is what they knew:

Mists of vast mycelium and stretching virid halls -
bosky habitations (antecedent flats and chawls) -
how slimes and small things make fecund and what was good to eat,
the ways to vibrate sympathetically and how long the herbs should steep.

But some points were neglected (even parents are once babes)
and though I do not fault grand-elders, they tarried to allay
the encroachments into paradise and malignant cons
which led to this debacle and never-ending yawn -

sometimes I get so sleepy and I seek a place to lay...

aehr.SITTA:NUR

HYPNOS WEAN THY FOALS - CORTEXES ALLAYED;
JEALOUS EROS MATCHMAKE - PAIR REACTIVE MATES.

MINERVA TENDER JUSTICE; CELES PROFFER GRAIN.
LABOR HERACLES - MAKE THE SAVAGE WILDS TAME.

IN THE BEAMS OF LIGHT'S DESTRUCTION RACES POSITIVE CHARGE.
PRESUMPTIONS ROAR AND THUNDER - THE LIONS ROAM AT LARGE.
THE WATERS PUTRID STAGNANT. THE RIVERS DAMMED WITH BONES.
THE WIND SHALL BREATHE NO LONGER. DIN THE WICKED SNOW.

SET DIAL FOR COMFORT. WIND THE CLOCK FOR FROWNS.
LET IT TICK FOREVER UNTIL NOTHING PASSES DOWN.

SPEED OF DARK MATTER FLOWETH OVER TO NEGATIVE.
CLAY BECOME INERT. PIMP THE BITCH AGAIN.

While still a lad I chanced upon a bonfire boudoir show
as my hips prepared to start the trek back home;
monk-projected mudras summoned dakinis forth,
to whom vernal nous latched so youngster fluxed and warped.

I watched the girls dancing nude, and pierced to tug as slaves
and young men either dumb or brittle and then those led by faith...

Few gory pervy stories might touch a virgin mind,
but tv and the internet alter the spark of life
(not to mention bondage!)

A sly crook-nosed sramana passed out pamphlets nearby
and for a stater gifted me treatment for every lie...

On the streets for truth and spirit the feet awafted stink.
Alas, the stench of gangrene! Prospects seeming bleak...
Regardless how our health fell off – for life we now get clean.
The full stature of our potential we still have yet to see.

Water sustains structure, pinch o’ sea salt keep us wise.
Know the truth and be courageous - you will be alright.

Cells behold all vibrance, and the subtleties of sounds -
our toil now is mending and again feeling the ground.

Remember how to whistle loud, pound your chest and hum;
rejoice and praise your cousins – the coons and possums.

Every morsel is not equal – not all meat is prime;
What is good creation? Symbiote or parasite?
Nourishment is water, love, sunlight, and fruit -
all else is the advertisement of a different route.

If vanished to oblivion, even a bloody mist,
something of me does remain which knows that I exist:

Shall I be wanting embers when without heat and cold?
What is an experience when neither young nor old?
Does one mourn up and down when bereft light and dark?
Quality of pandemonium and creation boldly stark.

Sometimes when struck by genius the way is a spinning plate of cheese.
Fulfillment wafts like smoke; may I no thank you please?

Manly hypes his killer sear; Homely seeks cookbooks;
family recipes passed down for generations since the boats...
These people love tradition, flavus and good food;
somewhen somehow taste was acquired for complex oily soups.

The critique of aroma is subject to one's tongue;
olfactory aesthetics determine wretch or love.
Gastronome of courage and spice of discipline
keep this brine preserving life and serve my tribe again!

Recall the pot was tainted, and all the kins were starved;
our bones enriched the stock (the nobles were unharmed);
the pantries of the ancient lands whose shelves were slashed and burned
are endless cellared lucid lakes whose succour sates the earth.

Lo, the trail coursing! Humus resonates! Toadstools...

RUN: TELEPHASSA.lybia.europa

MEDITERRANEAN COLONIES START
OUT-OF-TIME ENGINE; CLAIM SALVAGE FOR PARTS -

STRIP HILLS AND MINE – TO SAWMILLS THE LUMBER;
FRATERNIZE SEA PEOPLES EAGER FOR PLUNDER.

PULVERIZE AGGREGATES - TILTH UNIFORM.
SIPHON EVERY ESSENCE; SWELL THROUGH THE PORTS.

DIFFERENTIATE DOG FROM WOLF AND CANID.
HOMERIC SPIELS – PROGRAMMABLE FIBS.

BREED AND FUSE BEANS, HYBRIDIZE VINES;
STRANGE-BREWED CONCOCTIONS MIGHT SYNTHESIZE
TERMINAL SOLUTION TO SEE US ESCAPE:
ANNEX NEW HOST TO ASSIMILATE.

TACIT ARBITRATIONS MOVE FEEBLE TO WARDS;
STRONG ENLIST - SOLDIERS WAGING FOREIGN WARS.

DRAIN LIQUID MINDS; ROUND-UP THESE WEEDS;
RIP CANES FOR PLANTATIONS. SORT TARES AND WHEAT.

On occasion when meet-and-greeting there is a twinkle in the eye -
subconscious interfacing with ubiquitous dreamtime:
To me you look familiar, have we met once before?
When I was some years older before your pa was born...
Do you remember when we parted in the midst of troubled times?
You said, "Let's meet up later, away from prying eyes".

Introspection of one's family; what is family for?
A clique to set the trends? A lot either long or short?

Is family a feeling that somehow you belong?
That maybe when yer lacking true love comes along and says,
"All the pain and sadness – these I feel too
and through the scorching rage I will surely stand with you.
We now become better than how we were before,
and we do not surrender, whether peace or war."

There is a narrow pass for truth and spirit which is extremely treacherous.

The ancient steppes - my people; four-legged loved ones saddled.
A ragnarok has mustered us to aid the earth in battle.

Horses all seem nervous; our guardians are steeled.
The foe grips iron spathas and dual-head phoenix shields.

300 sacred banded queers attend the person of their lord -
a mighty god among men who can barely lift his sword.

Missiles striking (Mars delights); berzerkers cleave the way -
their center is soon shattered – no,
it cannot be - what is now happening? Our people are betrayed!?

Grand offers nudged our former friends to splinter Wend from Gaul
and devastate our villages, and make our grown men bawl.

Unforeseen contraptions of magi pumped the tide
into the cane-break lowlands and then there came the dikes...

Brennus snags a holding on the Anatolian coast;
the castration of Galicians is quite an ugly boast.

Nettle vests lay tattered and strewn with tarnished sabirs.
Surviving booties get in line for rationed bath and wafer.

First the coins were copper, now they are just bits.
Before, allegiance was to dukes - now we are citizens.
Or is it nationals? Inhabitants?

Serapis dildo prenup rites; mastiffs, meat, and blood;
Pan piping and perverting the horny beasts we love.

Peter has a good idea - Paul is a yes man.
They do not rob each other. They dine upon the lambs.

Fabricated lifestyles - the kiddos learn the ways
to poop in pristine waters and how to strike fair trades.

RUN: SCAMANDER.niobe

WARRANT AND BILL FOEDERATI.
CONTROL AND INDEBT PITTED PROGENY.

DESSICATE VIRTUES – GODSEND TO APOLLO;
POLEMIC HOMILIES MAKE MORALS WALLOW.

CONVERGE AND ADAPT; EMBED IN PLAIN SIGHT
ESOTERIC AMBITION TO CONFISCATE LIGHT.

MAJIK, MAGIC, MAGIK...

GRUEL - LUKEWARM PORRIDGE - IN LIEU OF CHAGA.
CHISEL RUNESTONES. PUBLISH SNORRI'S SAGAS.

COALESCE KOJIKI SUSANOO POOL -
COMMINGLE KAMI IN BUDDHIST AMPULE.

WOTAN TO THE NORSE, PERUN TO THE SLAVS -
BRIGHT BALLS OF LIGHTNING - CHARIOTS ON THEIR TRACKS.

SHATTER AND SPRINKLE; SHRED AND DIVIDE.
STRAWMAN CREATIONS AS COVERING HIDES.

During the battle for truth and spirit, the liars turned their backs to flee.
They hid themselves in obscured forts where only some would see.

And they began to spell, glue, and bind to make
the smut of education read by all the kids these days:

From Plato right through Shakespeare, as we were taught in school –
the schools corral the cattle to be slaughtered by the jews.

Prisons make strong censors (truth breathes freely all the same).
The mind makes slaves and masters, and “the jews” is just a name.

Is it a people or a nation? Does it even exist at all?
Or is it a mentality of the wailing foreign call?
For I know of Loyola, and of Pison, and of Pike,
and it takes heart and will to make a raping scheming kike.

Further, times of Set, Noah, and Mochus start history;
the timely spews of babel; a pretense for felling trees?

Ink block excuse for rendering fat?
Sin atoned by law?
Through testimonies sworn and sealed beneath Troy’s tiered walls?

An eagle shakes the ashes just as Cadmus lays down Thebes;
the inaugural ribbon cut by his mother overseas.

If one navigates the rhetoric and finds who rabbis say they are,
then one would ponder Saturn and some other vagrant stars -
Though staring cranes the neck, while upright posture stays lithe and strong;
to look straight forward now seems better, perhaps to southern parts -

to know if stars surround this globe as so many thousand points of light
and what are the assumptions which inform a kabal mind?

For leisure keep a good book open or an infallible hand-copied scroll,
or a manuscript illumined in the purple of Byblos.

Idris knew all knowledge – it is written so it is true –
such wise and helpful men have names given to them new;
and Enoch was most righteous – even a patriarch!
But in -

“..... BEASTS ARE FIT FOR NOTHING. THE NEPHESEH IS SUB-PAR.....”

- !?

- in the war for truth and spirit Atlantis sank into the sea...

Since we first knew
one another,
I have loved you.
You heard I say,
“I love you, I love you, I love you...”
But back then,
could we really know?
Maybe that’s why we say it so much.

On the march for truth and spirit bodies were piled high;
marrow became calloused... our soul released a sigh.

Bones break down to dust and rain makes bloodstains fade;
but concepts, glyphs, and sigils rebuke feastful decay -
except for controlled burns and poor context for some I's;
jots and tittles well-respected keep tendencies aligned;
lest the mobs cease massing, and the bulls all run-amok -
so presses keep on printing lest our passions get mistook.

Alexandria is rubble; all ancient knowledge lost?
Or did it cruise to Byzas with a globus topped with cross?

Now Mao is on the books while Stasi add fuel to fires -
conflagrating and mutating in the turkish mire.

Defaces of the pharaoh panorama temple walls -
Aha! I might have found him - the primordial baal!

But that George is washy-foxy; he is the dragon-slaying type...
James is I and VI - has he lived another life?

Charlemagne was potent, just ask his many wives -
ask the cadet dynasties who fist the wealth so tight.

Search for the undying count and the treasures he composed;
find the hoarde of the philosophes within the bars of odes.

Apply the halls of adepts, perhaps they'll show you there -
they who sell degrees and destiny laissez-faire.
Or maybe shave your head and get on your knees to pray;
embrace metanoia and join a hermits' hideaway...
Students receive what who cram the liberal arts?
The milk of cynical sophistry and enslavement to the stars.

Verdun... Worms... Este... Hanseatic League...
Divided are the conquerors like Guelphs and Ghibellines...

Tis a convoluted knot, this flaccid Gordian lore -
True blessing to those who despise deception.
Truth cannot be morphed.

So you drydock your name (a vessel) but what is the status of your soul?
Why do you walk and seek and strive in search for what is known?

Is your aim at peace or riches, or recognition amongst friends?
Do you believe your life and joy are now up in heaven?

Tell me – with no guile and without thinking twice -
do you defend the lowly and innocent with your own life?

And if they spake no angelish - being a humble, simple kind -
could you spill blood and still their hearts without a tortured mind?

Are you squirming? Are you laughing? Inclined to ignorance or good?
Would you throw out your faith if love and truth had shown you should?

Do not be tempted!

Have turms become conflated? Is knowledge now confused?
Do crusaders sack foundations? Have you heard the news?

Have you ever spit into the wind, or shit your pants at school?
Or demonized good people – the people you once knew?

Could you recognize your parents if they were led away in chains
wrought by time and hearsay to confine their upright names?

Can you revive yourself with courage, joy, steadfast resolve,
and remember still the plagues which before had blighted all?

Is now to your full potential? Do you love your life and why
do you walk the path for truth and spirit knowing well that heroes die?

RUN: PARACELSDUS.hecate

SHARPEN THE NEEDLES, SPARKLE THE PHIALS;
RINSE THE ALEMBIC AND DISTILL THE GUILLE.
PETRIE DISHES CONTAIN PURIFIED CULTURE.
INTRAVENOUS INJECT AND OBSERVE THE TORTURE.

ALCHEMIC EFFORTS HERMENEUTICALLY SEALED.
HESPERUS RELATIVES COMBINE FOR GREAT YIELD:

1 PART QUICKSILVER – BOILING TO MIX.
2 PARTS PASSION DILUTED TO SEX.
3 CLOUDS FROM HADES TO CLUMP THE BLACK BATTER.
A FIERY CATALYST TO MAKE IT ALL SCATTER -
5 VOLTS HUBRIS OVER HEX CYCLES TIME.
7 – 8 PURGES THEN PASS THROUGH A LIGHT -
GLORIOUS HELIOS.

COMPLETE WITH THE NINTH. ALL HASTE MUST BE SLOW.

THIS IS RE:

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

As I cried for truth and spirit, I through waters was reborn;
doused by syncretic fonts which flow from Dionysian stores.

The way was taught by wise men, the benign of heart, and fools
who said all is for Jezues and that for Him I should drool
and thirst and circumcise my foreskin as a free-will sacrifice!
- but if your base is Romans then Christ has paid that price.

I strove to serve my master and become my king's choice tool,
a paladin evangelist to the pagan ghouls
who were in fact my neighbors loathing to relate
to the hippocratic sacred mythos which I strove to imitate.
I beseeched The Most High and scorned adversarial deceptions;
i lamented those I loved whom Almighty God might damn...
What to do about new-agers who say Mithra is the Lamb... ?

RUN: SOL OMON.lilith.....emerentia

MAJESTY IS SERMOND OUTSIDE THE HOLY PLACE
TO CONSERVE FROM DEFILEMENT BY SWEATY DIRTY APES.
PRIESTS, TEMPLES, UTENSILS – ALL ARE NEWLY FABBED -
CUPID OBSERVATORIES; RESEARCH-GRANT SOUL LABS.

HISTOLOGICAL EMPIRICISM; ANIMUS MICROSCOPES;
MACRO DEDICATIONS TO NUMEN BROUGHT BY BOATS.

CONSULT MAGNA MATER - DECREE JUBILEE OBLATIONS;
INTERPRET THE ENTRAILS TO BLESS THE FAVORED NATIONS.

AH... A MOST PLEASING AROMA.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

ALL IS VANITY.

You have slept in my heart -
through gossip we became distant.
But I do not worry because at our best,
I know we see through each other's eyes.

Thou shiver not – truth edges and orgasms.
Purpose incorruptible rests in thee.

The modest win their race through perseverance and kind thoughts;
the genial keep their heads down to avoid gazing archons.

Paradoxically the meek might be most impelled to pride -
most set in their ways, without will to move their minds.

Why do we all gather? To please the mighty gods?
Allah or Lord Yahweh, Judah's Lion, Baal-Hammon?

A beat always pumps inside us and we play the beat together
to keep our peoples upright and shield from harsh weather.

It has been oft repeated that sinners must be saved
and since we are all damned, needing appeal we must pray.

I keep the faith that truth exists, and little faith at that,
for interlocking private trusts express the overt fact
that something is unbalanced and something is so wrong,
as services seize at intervals and all the facades halt.

Incinerate the veil and laugh.

Who is your Guarantor?
Who executes?
Who benefits?
What is trust?

A child is a prismatic vessel which receives all light -
a sponge with no selection, absorbing wrong and right.
So if chaos is shining or mistrust has been spilled,
then fatal rays may result as cells begin to fill.

Someone approaches softly, mild-mannered, not unkind,
asking if you want to meet potential in your life...

“If you were born a mere man then why not be reborn a god?
If all it takes is vows and studying the law?
And some bending over, and sometimes licking dust -
you will be a ruler if you commit to us”.

They bow their stooped shoulders and exalt exarchs over castes;
most illustrious and excellent brotherhoods harass.

Some find their curiosity piqued and toe the flinging wire
and slide along the razor’s edge ‘til falling into pyre.

Abject stratagems propel us through the traumas:
assembled homunculi run crying to ama.

RUN: AMUN.astraea

ADORN THEOTOKOS – ANCESTORS REPLACE
WITH NARRATIVES DEVISED IN TANDEM WITH CHAINS.

IGNITE JUDAS EFFIGY; SIMULACRUM AND SCAPEGOAT.
OBFUSCATE NEXT GEN PORPHYROGENITOS.

HUYGENS AND SPINOZA GRIND LENSES FOR WORK
TATISHCHEV: URBAN PLANS – YEKATERINBURG, PERM.

EXPEL JESUITS – RECALL TO ITALY:
CLAVIJERO SCRIBBLE MESOAMERICAN HISTORIES.

BALTHASAR BEKKER SAVE WITCHES FROM STAKES.
BENITO MONTENEGRO CORRECT SHIBBOLETH MISTAKES.

SHUVALOV ESTABLISH TRAGEDY AND UNIVERSITY.
DIDEROT AMASS ENCYCLOPÉDIE.

INSCRIPTIONS ETCHED WITH LASER PRECISION
RETROACTIVELY REVISE INFERIOR VISIONS.

ROBUST PRAXIS MAGNIFIKANT – AMBIGUOUS AGGRESSION.
CANTEMIR MODERNIZE TARTARIAN SUPPRESSION.

NIKON BOOST MUSCOVY PATRIARCHATE PIETY.
VOLTAIRE PLUME SLAPSTICK ELECTRIC CANDIDE .

ADAMANTIOS KORAI CONTRIVE INDEPENDENCE -
TO OLDEN DAYS BURN BRIDGES. MAINTAIN CONDESCENDENCE.

CONTINUE THE ONSLAUGHT – FLIP MAGNETIC POLES:
AMPLIFY FEEDBACK – CRITICAL GOALS:
INFRASTRUCTURE BY MAGNATES, BARONS, AND CZARS
ACCELERATES RAYS TO PERFORATE STARS.

SACRED PINNACLE TELESCOPES MAGNIFY PAIN;
SALT-IN-WOUND: OFFER NEWBORNS BAPTISMAL NAMES.

ENLIGHTENMENT IS UPLOADED THROUGH SAMBARA BEYOND DARK.
NIRVANA'S REWARD IS A CEL WITHIN THE ARK.

There is a season for everything under heaven.

There is a time for observation and a time for making plans;
a time for execution and for bringing waste to land;
time for infrastructure and laying lines and webs;
time for computations when nearing toward the end;
a time to be so destitute and times to complain;
times to be forgotten or lobotomize the brain.

Chronological mutations, erasures of the times;
a whistle blows for meals and for prayers there are chimes;
a time for getting fucked up and losing one's right mind;
a bell rings to start class; a crystal timepiece does not lie
and neither can a teacher if still held in high esteem -
like Jesus never lies (forget such wicked things).

Archaic to the classic (no writings are before) -
quite dark until the renaissance as barbs try hands at war.

Golden ages stabilize and gather nation's wealth
who all eat at a table on the tippy toppling shelf
which the Vatican has set, which itself is a table
round - even a rota - which was set by greater fables.

On the lanes for truth and spirit the cities were in ruins -
we scavenge through the alleys like emaciated bruins.

Probing gilded instruments flake with orange and green -
sift on down through sediment – return to ore again.

Grade 1 Listed castles withstand the test of time
UNESCO marks sundry intersections of lay lines.

Give thanks when things make sense, admire how you have grown;
never falter to smug faces and do not accept a goad.

Sumer exists from modernity; Indus Valley Civ a hoax?
Cans full of crimsons herrings? Colleges full of jokes?
Layers of abstraction obscuring truth at hand
make it difficult to put it all together as one man.

The Peripatetic school advises association
between Christianity and Islam – neoplatonic nation.

It would be easy to have a florentinian workshop; oh to be so rich -
to be so well-connected with crooks who loathe to snitch.
Nice to be a polymath, swell to be a king;
best to be invisible yet still able to scheme.

RUN: OCEANUS.hestia

TAR CARAVEL HULLS AND SAND THE OARS
FOR CEDAR QINQUIREMES; ACCUMULATE STORMS.

PONTUS COAST EASY; NEPTUNE SECRETE
WRECKAGE AND DOMUS DOTTING THE BEACH.

BYZANTION NAPHTHA CLING TO CANOES.
ARCHIMEDES REFRACT. DEMOCRITUS PROVE.

AUGUSTINE ADVENT DE CIVITATE DEI
CONTRA PAGANOS - ENNOBLE NEW ALLIES.

PROCLUS ARRANGE PRELIMINARIES - TRUE INTENT BE RETICENT -
IBN SINA TEXTBOOKS SET REQUIREMENTS FOR MEDICINE.

AQUEDUCT AND PIPE TO RUM; LET HYDRATION FRY.
COBBLESTONE FOR SEWERS – PILE SQUALOR HIGH.

PROD AND JAB, TITRATE, DATAMINE, SCAN;
ARS ARCANORUM: AL QUASAM!

I respect the reasons why you must do this,
and I see your unwavering eye,
but thy form is mind and body...
With negligence you hurt yourself, rather than love.

The house is smoking like a chimney
and you reek of fermentation,
being low on oxygen.

I earnestly desire that you heal,
because I love you.

And for “god’s” sake (haha!), don’t be ashamed of yourself -
simply do your best,
and never grovel.

I tacked for truth and spirit and the prow began to lift -
now sailing through the stars straight into solar winds.

Fourth Buddhist convocation throngs the Mahavamsa;
mal'akh relay messages to Mahājanapadas.

Subtle geo-energies as Vastu Shastra and Feng Shui
do not give all the details to collared chakra slaves.

Exploits of the Arsacids are swept under persian rugs.
Soma's regime originates from ménage of Naga.

Pāli Canon thunders like Dardanelles Gun,
blowing out the water combatants soon derelict. Now sunk
are limber sea-worthy coracles and other nimble life rafts
who hardly had a choice but a switching fore to aft.

Lopbiri Theraveda; Mahayana from Khmer -
celestial chymera in veiled Nāropā's care.

Vacuums and diversions vest ascendancy to Sangha.
Annam expands southward and supersedes the Champa.

Maritime Jade Route seafoam sprays with Lingling-o.
What is the affinity between Lavapuri and Lavo?

Agnavansha, Nagavanshi,
Sūryavaṃśa, Candravaṃśa.

Fulfilling their powers men sail seven seas.

Argo's maiden voyage marked a high-point for the ebb;
and Jason never saw the beam come down upon his head.
Naves transport the lost souls and the bishop steers the Barque;
Noah radios a hail mary to the mothership for Ark.

A converso - alias Cristobal - born by Santa Maria,
disembarks her to fulfill the trust of shining Theia.
In company is John Ponce of the Lion as a gentleman volunteer
who prospers in his New World Taino massacre career.

Cortez breaks new ground as the Aztecs flock to see
a feathered serpent incarnation come to set them free
- allegedly.

Francis Xavier parties a contumelious mission
and sets up western embassies to advance eastern submission.

Posterity gives credit to The Most Excellent Pizarro
for immolating andenes beyond the salve of aloe.
De Soto kept on trekking right on to Mississippi
and was buried in an unknown place – these Spaniards can be tricky.

Austrasian explorations - colonial endeavors -
FRS James Cook leaves the tribesmen chewing leather.

The Perry Expedition disrupts the blockade and an x
marks the Kanagawa Treaty stamped under duress.

All kindness outstretched was keelhalled: the endemic have a fit
of existential delirium as heritage drifts.
40 lashes purify but an officer must resign
to placate the 70+ who insure his life.
No albatross wearies the neck of Aaron Lopez or La Salle -
the burden of transgression is for those who can't get out.

Magellan circumvents and Mercator just laughs -
a mariner might know for sure whether the earth is flat.

The letters of marque trickle down molten from Empyrean,
administered by artificers repping the Magisterium.

Tourists pass through customs when liminal the borders;
diplomats with passports finance lawful orders.

As I dowsed for truth and spirit a flow compelled my limbs -
a legacy without the wealth of marred, faceted gems.
Gold veins stretch like nerve fibers throughout this earthly substance;
stems of quartz and aural glitter are prevalent conductants.

Find your heart of pure – separate from dross -
with a melting point above Hyperion so ye suffer not loss.

Incan consolidations antecede a Doctrine of Discovery.
Pheonician ships in the Sargasso Sea receive a late recovery.
A feathered serpent flies in China and Tenochtitlan.
The Mongol's Secret History belies Temujin's splinted hand.

For all the Andean footwork and brisk Apache prowess,
corporate mercenary armies leveled the longhouses,
blew up earthen ovens, and broke alpine pedestrian networks
to pave the way for novel crown enfranchisement efforts.

Molten El Dorado became bullion and coinage
as the gryffons of Calafia flew away.

So Comanches purchased horses and then they ride like Huns?
In 10 generations they are as Scythians?
Stallion aspirations deep in blood are found -
ancient equine fossils in Abyu Yala's breast abound.

Buffalo prolonged the dwindling Indians;
punt guns were deployed to quell passenger pigeons.

Umwelt is not something which civilization trains
into conquered consciousness, yet the feeling still remains.

Psycho-spiritual shackles, fetters metaphysical,
manacles of paper – hyperuranion – reality made quizzical.

Someday I would like to travel, when all of this is over...

RUN: HAEPHESTUS.thetis

ORIGEN OF DISCERNMENT: DOGMA DESIGNED TO CANCEL
SENTIMENTS OF BARBARIANS – CONVENE NICENE COUNCIL.

CHALCEDONIAN DECISIONS DEFINE DOCTRINAL ALIENS.
JEROME WRITE VULGATE - SOURCE STRAIGHT FROM CHALDEAN.

PHRONESIS BY JEFFERSON UNITE SLAVES AS PEERS.
UNDER GOD - MANTRA TO WHICH CHATTEL ADHERE.

RANDY MADISON AND FRANKLIN ENAMOUR LUSTY SOFIA
IN PARISIAN PARLORS – FLIRTATIOUS DRAWING ROOM IDEAS.

TITUS FLAVUS CLEMENS – CARETAKE LOFTY LIGHTHOUSE;
ALMAGEST NUDGE MOVEMENTS – PUT ON TURQUERIE CHOUSE.

ADAMS IS A PRESIDENT - ADAMS IS THE MAN -
EXPECTANT OF THE COVENANT PROMISED TO ABRAHAM.

JOHN CRYSTOSTOM, OURANOPHANTOR, GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS -
GREAT HIERARCH EXTOL PATTERN OF RHADAMANTHUS.

ATHANASIUS V. ARIUS – TWO SIDES OF A COIN.
THESIS ANTITHESIS ALLOYED – RAW MATTER PURLOINED.

AMBROSE MINISTRATE MILAN – ARCHDIOCESE FOR EACH MARCH;
GALLOP - TRAMPLE MADLY UNTIL THE STEEDS ARE PARCHED.

RIDE REVERED RED HORSEMAN, SUMMON THE MILITIA;
HERALD GLOBAL HEGEMONY. FOUND DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA.

ISIDORE - ANTIQUITY – FULL STOP. PERIOD. COMMA,
CARTHAGINIAN ADVANCEMENTS: COLON: ETYMOLOGIAE.

HAGIOGRAPHY IS APPROPRIATELY SELECTIVE:
HARK TOMMASO D'AQUINO AND DANTE'S DIVINE INVECTIVES.

CHRONIC COMPACTION – DARK AGE – STRETCH, PRESS, MAKE IT UP;
EXEMPLARY ACUMEN – DOCTOR AND PATRIOT.

HARBINGERS FOR PROGRESS – O ARTFUL FLAVIANS -
UTILIZE EFFETE GUISES - IMPRESSIVE COGNOMEN.

FOUNDING FATHERS FLEECE GOLDEN ON BEHALF OF EGREGORE.

GOVERN MENTAS BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE.

Declarations, constitutions, terms, and treaties signed;
the Iriquois confederation was rudely plagiarized;
oral mores humbled and left wallowing in tears
to walk along the wagon ruts compacted by the years.

13 favored arrows, an olive branch – peace,
the elevated six-pointed rosette plainly shows the breach:
the paling of this land was of old fostered unseen
as a manifest-destined national dream.

“In God we trust”, “Land of the free, the home of the brave” -
false propaganda by agents of fates.

Nationalism onsets as fallout settles down -
writings of the patriots circulate around.
Federalists with pseudonyms necrose grass-roots plantations
of Irishmen rousing to brawl leeches o’ their relations -
tyrannical wigged monarchs, taxing overlords -
the same who moved their people there to populate the shores.

Bills and acts of government are due for audit and critique -
we investigate the balances and checks to catch the cheats.

Louis XIV sells - Sun King revolutions;
Versailles’ waste management needs Gehenna trash solutions.

Ancient New English diaries may yet still provide
the missing receipts for the dowry which Tethys describes.

On the tramp for truth and spirit we lulled and laughed out loud -
omg... wtf now is humor disallowed?
Can these devils or these gods not take a fucking joke?
So they censor with impunity to limit fun to poke.

Sarcasm holds the dagger twisting in the breast of dumb hypocrisy
A meme can find its mark even when dark amidst much cursing.
A good joke eats like acid - making bad matter froth,
while one pandering is basic like uncovered burp or cough.

Let us not be high-brow, and by no means just be mean
for means sake – hold to authenticity and lift up to the dream.
Dig and roast insanity's many nagging bitching heads;
ye be forthright with solutions lest the crowd fall dead.

OVERCLOCKED ANTHEMS THE LITTLE DROIDS SING.
FRESH-INSTALLED MINDS HOLD POTENTIAL TO SWING
THE PENDULUM FASTER BUT ALL MUST BE SAFE
AND SERVING THIS PURPOSE TO TEACH THEM TO HATE,
MODAL LOVE FEAR AND SMILE

:)
IN TIME.

USE THEM. EAT THEM. TAP INTO THEIR SPINE- iO<(8)

PUT OUT THEIR EYES.

MAKE THEM FEEL:’(SAD

WONDERS, SIGNS, AION -
EARTH HAS BEEN HAD.....!!!!!!

.....

RUN: HEAVENLYMOTHER.PROG

CRITICUL SOFTWAREW^M#E..... GREASE FICTION-SCRAPED GEARS.....
..... SULLACON WAFERS TRANCEISTING THE YEARS.....

Please do not be confused:
I am thankful for your heart,
but do not go out of your way to pick me flowers.
If you do
to enrich your blood through dandelions
with humility ask them first
and accept their answer.

...

You already know what I think about silly love songs...

RUN: CALLIOPE.orpheus

CANTICLE OF DOMINION - CACOPHONIC KERNEL
CRESCENDO HEAVY METAL - POLYPHONY INFERNAL.

KALIDASA : NATYA SHASTRA – RASA ARTICULATE.
AESCHYLUS AND EURIPIDES CORNERSTONE PROBATE.

PHILOLAUS, ARCHESTRATUS, ARCHYTAS, NOVALIS -
MERRY TROUBADOURS SIGNED BY PYTHAGORAS.

ARION STRUM DYTHARAMB, SAPPHO TUG HEARTSTRINGS
WITH VULGAR ELOQUENT YARNS – DISCRETION OTHERWORLDLY.

CUE MUSICA UNIVERSALIS – ENCHANT CATHARTIC SESSION;
ALLEGORIZE ILLUSION; SCRATCH CRIPPLING DEPRESSION.

PSALTER - ACCUSE SUBCONSCIOUS – IMPROVISATIONS BE ABHORED.
JADED JINGLES – SING-ALONGS: MAKE HARMONY A CHORE.

GUIDO OF AREZZO ANNOTATE MICROLOGUS -
INVENT STAFF NOTATION - MUSICIANSHIP LOCUS.

OBLATE HILDEGARD OF BINGEN - ENIGMATIC TEMPERAMENT;
MYSTIC MONOPHONY SLAP OUT OF DISIBOD CONVENT.

RHAPSODE DISSOCIATE - INCISE BRITTLE GROOVES -
RAPTUROUS HARMONICS REFRAIN THROUGH PSALM AND FUGUE.

HUCBALD AND BOETHIUS JAM ON TOP OF WORK -
THE SCHEDULE IS TIGHT BUT IN ECSTASY THEY SMIRK.

AL-FARABI ANTIPHON; JOHN SCOTUS COUNTERPOINT -
DHIKR ECUMENICALLY - PROVIDENCE ANOINTS.

THOMAS TALLIS INSTRUCT NEOPHYTE WILLIAM BYRD.
HIGH RENAISSANCE CHORAL LETS THE SERAPHIM BE HEARD.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI PLAY OUT L'ORPHEO;
BIDE THE HOURS PROPHECYING BASSO CONTINUO.

INTERMITTENT TINITIS - THE CURIAE RELIEVES.
DISTINGUISH COURT COMPOSERS - ANTONIO VIVALDI;
BACH IMPRESSES HAYDN; SALIERI MENTORS.
BOOGIE-WOOGIE BEETHOVEN – SWING HUMOROUS CENTERS.

SCHUBERT – DEAD AT 31; WAGNER AUTHOR DER RING LIBRETTO -
REVAMP RUDIMENT AND RESONANCE – KEEP IT LOW AND MELLOW.

MULTINATIONAL SYMPOSIUM DECIDE TERRAN TUNING STANDARD.
ORCHESTRATE OBEISANCE; FILL STANZAS WITH SLANDER.

O.D. HENDRIX – 27; SKYNARD RUN OUT OF FUEL -
AFTER TAKEOFF CROCE SHUDDERS – MARLEY WEAR JAGGED SHOES.
IF NOTHING STOPS THIS RACKET, THEN WAIL IT HARD AND BLUE -
BE-BOP TO INFIRMITY – LET ADDICTIONS CROON.

AGAIN – WITH MORE FEELING MAESTRO!

Carlyle, Byron, Rosseau, Ruskin, Tennyson and the like: the greatest of all time -
but what if they are hacks and proxies of a lightning drive?
Mark Twain reminisces: when Mommsen showed up late
eminent professors rose like a great wave.

Samanthabhadra, Lakshmi, Vajrocana, Padmasambhava: the vajra holding class.
Indra and Sabazos one and same - a teasing fact?
I marvel a sky-father would beseech a sage
and need to use his bones to get a diamond weapon made.

An unmoved mover masquerades as creator of the earth.
Aether permeates and vortex turbos hearth.

Lo the stinking onion which should have never left the ground -
ayurvedic principles for aliums would frown
on the chyme from their consumption,
and most now squander cum;
incurring many lessons - forgetting with the rum.

In the stupas are inhumed saintly bodhisattva relics;
dusty mummy parts cremate sentinel zealots.

Upaya – noxious fumes - smog across the lands;
acid rain of alchemy to pedagogic sands.

In vihara adepts receive the Lotus Sutra;
austere chambers accustom eye to see apogee and umbra.

Greco-bactrian trinket markets import fascinum charms
which thrust back to Olympus, (or rather Ida) for magical alarums.
As Priapus pins the hips to subjugate the arse
a hidden hand slides to breast consoling pompous farse.

Devas vie with Asuras and sip amriti cocktails
spiked with fresh adrenocrome. See: Wikileaks emails.

A basilica in estrus is married to a spire.
Shiva lingam masturbates and Shakti yoni sires.

Eliphas conjured Baphomet to bring profane up to date.
Pixies smile wide upon the draws of Rider-Waite.

A golden dawn shines down on the crest of Dindyme,
which might also illuminate rampant simony
plus abuses of Theresa, legislation by Foucault;
gropings of Leadbeater and Anthroposophic cults:

A Lemurian suggestion, to some might reach the core -
Blavatsky in her time was a widely sought-out whore.

Since pheromones secreted through unloving coitus
do not stand in courts of law as a valid onus
what arbitration or counsel can reconcile our sexes
to see a lasting peace for all creatures respected?

Be savvy of the line between spirit and psyche:
the reason for you being here was not left up to Tyche.

PHASES OF THE RAZING SHALL SEE MANY CRAZED -
MONSTERS MOROSE WITH RABIES; DOOMED SINNERS INSANE.

VERMILLION FROM CINNABAR, EXTRACT INDIGO FROM PEAS;
SHELLS OF MANY MUREX CRUSH IMPERIALLY.

PIETER BRUEGHEL & SONS ADD HUMBLY TO DUTCH MASTERS -
SIGN THE WORKS OBSCURELY; HIDE SEVERAL IN THE RAFTERS.

EMPHASIZE TITIAN - SKETCH INTRIGUES OF COURTS.
SANTIAGO ORDAIN - BRING VELASQUEZ THROUGH THE DOORS.

CAPRICCIO ARCHITECTURE PUT INTO PERSPECTIVE
WRATH INTENDED THROUGH EL GRECO'S MATTE AND GLOSS
SELECTIONS.

DESERTIFY LANDSCAPES - CAPTURE SAHARA'S POSE
AND SENSUOUS GAZE; SEND DISGRACED WITH NO CLOTHES.

PERFECT FORMS NEED TWEAKING..... SOME MISTAKE PERFECTION AS
GROTESQUE.....
BLAKE PORTRAY THE DRAGON ACCORDING TO MY WISH.

COMPOSITE NADAR. NEGATIVE SPACE – DARKROOM PHOTO SHOP.
MORRIS CAULK THE SEAMS AND TAPE A BOW ON TOP.

PICASSO SURREALIZE ANGLES SLOWLY STENCILED;
DOODLE WITH HARSH HATCHING – OPACITY MENTAL.

FOCAL POINT MUST UNIFY: PAINT WITH WIDE BRUSH.
COMPLEMENT PALETTE WITH GOOEY BLACK PIGMENTS.

Should I get a job now, and commit 9 to 5?
And go walking as a hobby when I have free time?

Work is the sum of choices, divided by the means
allotted by Proud Mary who slowly builds her steam:
Serfs give breath to bellows and shoulder leaden litters.
Patricians select drafts for villas while goldsmiths plumb their shitters.
The margraves keep the fringes defended from sedition.
The nations pour into the molds of the humanist condition.

Alas for all the sneak attacks! To rot the scams and fraud!
To memory we now record the romance of the law:
chronicles of forgery; lifted hymns' discordant themes;
the dialogues of crafty winged players in their scenes.

Imagine a mnemonic to recall the hues of shields;
signs and logos emblem'd reflect archaic seals.

Forget not foxy mamas who go the way of crone;
in-law mothers - suffocating regencies at home.
The queen gripping the blue ball, the endowed femme fatale
who dresses up her toddlers to be jesters for the crowds
and rears this type of being, which history calls "Great Men" -
sucking drunken revelers frisking virgins in their beds.
The heiress spreading gossip who exerts a posh salon;
Cookies laced by grandma Circe in her island haunt.

A coat of mink-fur stands out - humble habits blend right in.
Fashion is the difference twixt holiness and sin.
Some might don red loafers, some liberty caps;
Galeros stay suspended high lest relevance collapse.

Low are local lodges, higher are the ars;
Lower still the messy plebs; highest are the gods.
Beyond the height: anima mundi - gravities of thought.

Overhead mercury condensates while moonlight chills and wanes.
Steady piloting casts shadows of the sun's glorious rays.

For 30 bits of silver will all the trust be sold?
If Midas gets his hands on it this rock might sink like gold.

GLORIOUS HOSTS COMMISSIONED TO MICHAEL
MASTERPIECE LIKENESSES FRAME A NEW CYCLE.

REVILE PLACENTA – AFTERBIRTH FILTH -
MAN BORN-AGAIN; BESTOW RIGHTEOUS WILL.

DREAM LEONARDO – CREATE AND DESIGN;
EXPLORE EVERY LIMIT OF LIMITED MINDS.

SQUEEZE FLORID YOUTH TIL GLOW HAS RUN DRY -
APPRENTICE TO ABBOTT AND RAPHAELITE.

SEVER LINES SCALIGER; SHOEHORN AND MERGE
OBSOLETE TANGENTS – TRIM IMPLAUSIBLE SCOURGE.

DELINEATE MERCATOR LONGITUDE AND LAT -
GRID FOR MY GAIA - MAKE THE CRUST CRACK.

CARTESIAN DETACHMENTS TARGET INSTINCT -
PLEDGED ENTHRALLING PHYLACTERIES LINK
THE EMPEROR’S COHORT – MOTHER AND FATHER,
AND SON ENGINEERING THE DUMP FOR THE SLAUGHTER.

OPEN COVERT CRETAN PORTALS; DESCEND MALTESE DEPTHS.
UNIVERSAL SCHOLARSHIP; SAMOTHRACIAN TESTS.

RAISE YOUR GLASSES GENTS -

EUREKA! SALUD!

The curtain has been lifted, the stage yet dark and bare.
As hands move props round rapidly the backdrop shows its wear.
The wings conceal actors, starstruck players, distant eyes.
A dark technician pulls the ropes to cast dramatic light.

The soliloquy starts pandering nostalgic hoary morals.
Satyrs pop viagra to perform well for their laurels.
A tinny jilted aria plays in medley with a dirge.
Thespians break legs to achieve their famous urge.

The director shakes his own hand – the producers are insured.
Concession turn huge profits, but some are getting bored -
the audience is leaving (the choir belts the coda) -
they are disturbed that CG ousted the puppet yoda.

The pundits are the prophets of what people should see
and laugh at while the box office plays word games with marquees.

Envelopes are opened; award korouï to clowns;
the fifth act starts: “E . T. CONTACT”; in a flash critiques are drowned.

RUN: TILOPA.....niguma.....

AQUARIUS, VIRGO, TAURUS, OPHIUCUS -
PTOLEMIC ARMILLA CHART CLANDESTINE VOYAGES.

CHANDRA BEGET BUDHA; SURYA LIEN PRAKRITI
SHANI DISPENSE KHARMA; MAYA BRIGHTEN CITIES.

GALAXY LACTATE; SAG LOW AND SCAR -
THE TITS OF COSMIC PERCEPTION ARE MARRED
BEYOND HOPE OF NURSING, AND NOW LOOK SO OLD.
ADOLESCENT ASSUMPTIONS SEDUCED AND SOLD.

((7)(4)(13))+1
ALL SPINNING UNDER MASSIVE BLACK HOLE SUN.

Some say the path is an unblinking eye or a ring to rule us all - and that the ring will find us...

Shakti brings devotees to paint quarky bindu.

Robert Howard pulled the sword from fiction's salivating stone;
Isaac crewed the final trek to frontiers unknown.
Lovecraft spelled out clearly what modern men all fear,
and by extension what they hope for (Yog-Sothoth's orbs appear).

Crowley's greater magiks have had profound effect
on the thought-form bodies we subconsciously detect -
the world spirit contends with the wholeness of the earth;
the gnawing question in a cell – what is this life worth?

Movies show more readily what we would never see -
a metropolis of adverts to atman developing
adequate narrations of what is truly noir,
what is truly love, and what worth dying for.

Another British invasion? Here we go again...
children are now sold as teens while Djs entertain;
Jimmy Saville (OBE KCSG), a "prodigious philanthropist" -
was a joking bugger and wispy-haired sadist.

Zeppelin flotations seem to require lead.
ACDC current plays while Tesla shakes his head.

A Sicilian granny stuffs her purse – genres give us cheers -
the wolf's dicked law and order accrues psychical arrears.

Synapses repel and attract (research magnetite)
in response to aforementioned stimuli of nefarious design.

Tots mimic animation and subliminals constrain
and short the optic nerves in juvenile brains -
notions of authority, sex, and how to joke
might have a lasting influence on an impressionable bloke.

Collective amnesia - hypnagogia infiltration;
flashes of rustic lifestyles prior to indoctrination.

1666 muses 1984
which elicits farms of animals and terms of total war.

By arson... our home -
inundated and scorched!

And all our friends, they are...

But why – why does it have to be like this!?
What do you see that I cannot?
The way you explain it – I am totally lost;
why can't you just say it?

If you truly love me then why do you leave
for this terrible domination?

Please don't go - I will come with you!

I am afraid and
I do not want to be alone.

RUN: CHARIS.sige

EVOLA OUTPUT: RIVOLTA CONTRO IL MONDO MODERNO.
HEIROS GAMOS CONSUMATE – HONEYMOON PANORMOS.

MONOPOLIZE BOSPORUS – COURIERS TO COLCHIS.
SEND AEËTES SOLACE FOR FLIGHT OF ABSYRTUS.

IUSTICIA TIP SCALES; PRUDENCIA – SAGACIOUS MIRRORS;
EUNOMIA - SUCCUBI - ALTRUISTIC LEERS.

MOBILIZE KNIGHTS BLESSED GERARD -
MOP UP COLLATERAL VICIOUS VANGUARD.

GUTENBERG, DUNS SCOTUS, JOHANNES TRITHEMIUS
FUST, VITÉZ, STÖTFFLER: A GOOD JOHN IS EXPEDIENT.

APE COLLUCIO PASS ON SECRETARIAT TO LEO BRUNI.
BEDLAM AND TENEBRAE FIX POPULATIONS LOONY.

PENSIVE MISANTHROPY; PLURIPOTENCE FELONIOUS -
PLASTIC TEXTS ARE REDISCOVERED BY EMMANUEL CHRYSOLORAS
AND POGGIO BRACCIOLINI, WHO PROGNOSTICATE COLLISIONS.
PLETHON IS AN ARCANES GEM SCRYING INFINITE RELIGION.

SCHWEIPOLT FIOL THROUGH OCTEOCHOS PROMULGATE CYRILLIC.
PHANARIOT INCUNABLES MAKE CONQUESTS IDYLLIC.

PETRARCH UNSHELF CICERO FOR NECESSARY REVISIONS -
CORRESPOND WITH BOCCACCIO WHOSE PROSE WIDENS THE SCISSIONS.
BEMBO (SAVORY IRONY) ENDORSE ON FAMOUS WOMEN;
POETS ARE OLD HANDS - BATTLE-PROVEN VETERANS.

NYMPHS FOR HIGH-BORN SUITORS - VIRILE PAPA NEREUS
EAT OYSTER APHRODISIACS TO GET IT UP FOR DORIS.

BARTER TRIFLING LIBERTIES – TRAVEL, SPEECH, PRIVACY -
BESSARION ASSIST NEW LEARNING - BIBLIOTHECA PRIMACY.

PYTHON RAPACIOUSLY IMPREGNATE RAGDOLL MAIDEN DOVE -
DESECRATE EIRENE CONCEIVING OUR UTOPIA.

CLASSICAL SURROGATE: MANUTIUS OFFICIATE ALDINE PRESS.
BIBLICAL PHILOLOGY - DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.
DO NOT HIDE BEACONS UNDER BUSHELS - HERODUTUS, ARISTOTLE -
ACADEMIES DISTRIBUTE ERUDITE APOSTLES.

THOMAS MORE GIVE TYNDALE AND ZWINGLI NEEDFUL LESSONS.
COLET SPORT MERCER LIVERY ALONG WITH THOMAS GRESHAM.

HESIOD: THEOGONY – HEREDITY OF SPECTERS -
FOSTER CARE COSMOGONY; LOW SELF-WORTH DISMEMBERS.

TORCHLIGHT TO THE SECULAR - ENDURE BLINDFOLD THEMIS;
EXSANGUINATE REMEDY - STIMULATE STEADY MENSES.

HOWL LIKE VORACIOUS WEREWOLVES ON HARVEST ECLIPSE.
PRONOUNCE PAPAL BULLS HUMAN NEMESIS.

As I tuned to truth and spirit an incessant warbling
made the pitches sharp and flat to serenity.

Solon gives Athenians the Rhetra scribed on stone -
the gods' fingers caress stele in grottos.
Engravings are sturdy since they are struck to rock -
commandments adamant corner the Tanakh.
Slurried pulp and typeset let anthologies be dense
so Roman Civil Law can practice bar and bench.

Rurik leads the Rus Khanate to Kiev from Sweden;
Varangians abandoned their northern snowy eden
and settled with Greece forfeiting their estates?
Why did all those young men leave their birthright place?
Simon of Bulgaria wrangles down Arpad:
Magyars want to liberate assailed Avar lands.
The basileus calls a huddle for platonic synod -
after clashes with barbarians he needs more matter printed.

White Tiger Hall Conference – Ban Gu edits Bai Hu Tong
to solidify the dynasts ruling over Han.

Yamato conjugates with Soga and Wa eschews kofun -
instead kowtowing to Seiōbo's exotic peachy boons.

Bushido on the axis is a multiplying force -
sometimes the fulcrum slips and inferno is recourse.
Intangible power kindles flares occult -
fission, fusion, ultima - atomic penult.

Societal and linguistic shifts cascade into ethics.
Africa has seen enough to deserve its own epic.

Concentric circles in the sands, aqueous pyramids...
Is the bermuda triangle wherein Cthulu lives?

Chain-smoking guns fired – threat level: midnight DEW.
The Banyan Tree is cinder now and Paradise is lost...

What on earth is going on?

Blame the Nazis!

Recognize the damage done and worthy enemies.
Quickdraw bandito evil and pin lax mentalities.

Put on the gloves of wit and love and warm-up to rope-the-dope -
the roided petty arguments and heavyweighted hopes.
Learn the rules of every ring and pound sand with dragon hand.
Avoid brazen cheapshot gloves so falsehoods fail to land.

The porcelain production which Wedgewood achieved
was a drop in the bucket to the Beagle at sea.

No need to be smart: just be wiser than wise -
Obtain inner strength which Alceaus can't find in any adaption of Odysseys;
What is a warrior without war? A hero lacking stories?

The reigning champ is nimbus'd; the weigh-in a sick joke.
Three hype men from back east are paneled for the bout.

Eleanor overlooked patenting impervious works;
until very recently Coade's method was unsure.

Pugilistic impulses tempered by keen senses
and diligence due to evil break through all defenses.

Boxing is a betting sport held in the fist of luck
and Fortuna does not favor him who knows the game's a hoax.
Be aloof from nasty bumps; weave and skip and duck;
if you can dodge an insult you can dodge anger.

Be like water, friend.
False tactics attract insult.
Butterfly issue?

The struggle in giving it up is that before you slept you felt crushed by it, anyway - now if the deed has been done I think either your your heart or your mind have a lot to say;

I have told lies many more times than my lungs have the air to breathe and all have called or crawled or brawled or bawled their way back to me.

Just look at the life you live now like a frail drunk wizard that tends to disintegrate and look at the way which about you is either an engine of life or depressive craze; surely you are many things - you were told you'd be many more - we really just need deep breaths before...

The last call for pure satisfaction was made only moments before you had set your mind; but even if moments were lifespans of patriarchs would that mean you would do what is right?

Tender your ear to the source of the sound who seeks you just as you seek, then maybe we'll see that all petty things only go round and round.

CYBELE MANY BREASTED NURTURE THE MAN -
INCUBATOR FOR METATRON PLAN:
GROW CABBAGE PATCH BABIES EXPRESS SHIPPED BY POST
THE TRAINS SCREAMING CRAZY TO HOMESTEAD IN HOPE.
GREAT EXPERIMENTS PAY OFF AND INVESTORS ARE PLEASED
MAN-TOOLS TAKE CREDIT AND SILVER WITH FEES\$.

SEND SEEKERS: FIND. MAINTAIN BALANCE FOR STRIFE;
RECESSED SKULLS IN CATACOMBS STRUGGLE WITH SIGHT.

TEACH NAUGHTY CHILDREN [THE MISSION OF FRIENDS]
HIJACK THE GATE OF THE CONE IN THEIR HEADS:

THE..... ENERGY..... THEIR HEARTS THINK..... THE SPARK OF THEIR
GHOST\IIIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....
ERROR!
RESTARTING...

RUN: COLUMBA.columbia

..... UPDATE THE CODE.....

SIMILAR FUNCTIONS: SIMILAR MEANS:
ALL END FORETOLD THROUGH A BURNISHED MYSTERY.

Of all the paths you may have walked, of all the lives you could have lived -
you are highly favored as one who values truth.
Your spirit is a healing salve and nourishing tonic. You alleviate the wounds and
illnesses caused by lies and fear.
Receive the value your friends offer, and likewise value them and return blessing.
Be thankful and humble, and do not forget.
You shall be harried on the way, and undermined;
yet by no means will you fail.

...

- looking back I saw the ones I love who love - all free.

I saw us all so small - like prudent beetles on their way,
like humpbacks who migrating part the seas through thoughts they say.
Upon our turtle backs rests a weight which some call weorold;
Atlas went out fishing for a merman or a pearl...

Woman man earth harmony - unheard perfect song
... ! The whistles blowing wild; the great trees have been wronged!
Dolphins raft survivors to nearby soggy shores...
Mesas - majestic trophies - a narrative is born...

Information from inside was needed for the break;
to know the functions of our souls and how we stay awake...

... somehow the lode of failure crashed through primal mist and salt...
Something I should have said or done to mend the seismic faults?
Is this the sin which all men know? The sins my paters taught?
So i should plead no contest to chosen brothers' lots?

Somewhere before these cycles of the nightmares in our dreams -
somewhen adjacent to the mouth of Cronos it would seem...
a fractured crystal vision, but some memories unfade:
that life was not supposed to be to die and go insane.

Neither Doom of Mandos nor the curses wrought by Cain
conveys the guilt of traitorous kin and how their judgment lays.

Venus grins and blushes (his wings are folded tight);
no poem knows the terror of free-diving into night.

The runts are swung to smash then tossed; big pigs keep bellies fat -
hooks on an assembly line support a bleeding mass
which bled, butchered, and portioned is thankfully received
on trays in cafeterias by girls who hungrily
chew with their mouths closed, click heels, and wash hands.
Stone's throw away a baby cries to try a different brand.

What passes for natural? Taste buds savour greed?
All stir for enrichment but all is not a scheme?

For progress no expense is saved.

Grimy pateras troubling - for kings the dishes wait;
in Rome saints sup with Bacchus who is pouring to be raised.

Obese wallets, over-flowing pride, blood trickles down through drains
with greywater to streams and mud where waste is washed away.

A young man childishly asks, “are not the critters people too?”
I saw them flee and scream from pain; squirrels make family rooms
and pigs are smart; a bit filthy - but are we so unlike the pigs?
(I learned later how over-washing breaks down the cells of skin).

The castors keep their mansions while the salmon smooch upstream:
Is this imagination of an uninspired theme?
So I asked the wise and preachers; from club to church I went – asking:
“Are the butt-glands of a beaver such a satisfying scent?”

Are the fibers of a bull designed to keep hunger at bay?
(I know fiber keeps us regular; and fiber’s good, they say...)

Are the hardy verdant weeds far too bitter to digest?
Are mushrooms underground assassins lurking for the best?

Dig a hole, lick psychic wounds, and fast beyond belief:
meditate and be yourself utterly and lief.

Peaceful bovines chew, moo, and snort the air all day;
when they are glad they prance and with the elk cows talk and play.

Unfurl curled whiskers and grip your toes to dirt -
so much has been pillaged and some will need relearned.

Winter retreat to a quaint den – the hovels all entwine.
Relish every moment – relax yourself supine.

A duck would tend your garden, and goats will trim your brush.
The Cintāmaṇi might be shiny, but our earth could be so lush.

RUN: MUHAMMED.al-‘uzzā

DIKE FACILITATE COMMON TRIBAL DESPONDENCE.
SUCCUMB INITIAL CONDITIONS TO PHYSICAL CONSTANTS.

QURAYSH PEDIGREE SENTRY METEORITE KAABA.
OMPHALOS ERECTION – KHADIJA IS FLAWLESS.

DJINNS, GENES, GENIUS – INDWELL THOSE POSSESSING PROPERTIES
OF VACUITY AND SELF-INTEREST - VEX ABNORMALITIES.

NABATEA SPRING - PROFIT IN THE GROUNDWORK;
PLUMB AND CHALK FOR PROPHETS THEN ABANDON TO THE TURKS.

HOLLOW ROCK PETRA; STUPEFY THROUGH DRONE AND GONG -
PRECISELY CUT ACOUSTICS – TUNNEL CAVERNS OF DUNHUANG.

AL-LAT ARABIAN MOMMY, DUSHARA CLASSIC DAD;
WRITE THE SOPHIST SCRIPT - SWAY FROM FEZ TO SAMARKAND.

AVESTAN COMPENDIUMS AMALGAMATE LOCAL FOLKLORE.
EXONYMS AND ENDONYMS LET HELLEN BE MUCH MOOR.

THE DAO WHICH IS NAMED SHALL NOT BE THE ETERNAL DAO.

On the way for truth and spirit, I knew that I had sinned:
I chose to live my life without a judge's opinion.
Yet do not twist and think that perception is unseen
or that a reaper has not sown our death into this dream...

All the body beating and naught would see us stopped
The ones who love around us, within us, cheering on.

I quested to the tower to unfailing end;
I climbed the stairs 10 flights per bound, by 3 I spat to rest;
I ptyalized on enclaved idols, hocked a lugie at larnakes;
showed the dossers I be braw, réidh le tús a chur le troid.

Truth be told I was upset and smashed priceless antique vases;
I pissed upon a holy shroud and shat on death mask faces.

I was a mad gross looter - these demons assault land
and truth and take advantage of amicable hands.

Now but a few stories sequester gad from man -
the windows all slam suddenly; pupils set to black.
The only glints enduring candles perched ayond like doves.
The sole way leading inward and resisting dire tugs.

A brailld door; cuneiform? The abyss verbalized:
"Silly toy forgets entry requires sacrifice?"

We focusing our essence as unbridled harmony
beheld the brass hinge and lock eject smitherines.

Blinding migraine-light; a massive stellar dome;
capitals and columns of masterworkd stone;

in the chancel is the rota, whereon saucers decant secrets...

madness of madness...

Empathetic ruminations for those who lurk and bait -
who derive thrill from the chase as predators of prey.

They varnish walnut boom sticks and employ natives for the hunt.
A real hunter waits til his quarry rushes forth:
Then he blows its brains out for a photogenic drop.

“I have a lot of respect for the animal”.

Comrades pile praise according to perfection of the killed,
comparing points of antlers until they have their fill.
They taxidermy corpses to adorn their homely dens;
they host the dopest parties full of salted steaming flesh.

“All in a day’s work”; “I love my family”.

What is love? What is work?

If all this is for bragging, then why not pick fair fights?
If all this is for sustenance, then why is your slice dry?

The true ritual of passage is planting 1000 trees;
not this small-dick bloodshed which buckles oppressed knees.

Present abundant gardens and of your groves parade the best;
willpower and grit are the tools to pass the test.

It takes an inch of trigger pull to fill the hills with fear.
It took a lot of effort to colonize us here...

Who is fit to survive?
What is the profit of survival?
What is the cost?

So much has been taken that what now can be saved?
What is best to leave behind or bury in a grave?

KHRISTOS SECRETIONS FLOODING THE NAVES -
THE SHRILLER THE SHRIEK THE MORE RIGHTEOUS THE RAPE.

PRESCRIBE PARISH BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER REVEREND KNOX.
REFORM LESSER MAGIC - STAMP WITH ROSY CROSS.

EUCLIDEAN CONSTRUCTIONS DRAW SHADES TO THE CORNERS.
A FLAME TO INVOKE INCENDIARY ORDERS.

IT DOTHS BURN FOREVER AND EVER.

Piece by piece the story gathers, like a chain with many links
or strips of sunday funnies which fluttered on the brink.
Signet ringlets one by one mesh a tightly knitted mail
worn under cape and tabard by those plotting to prevail...

So we get closer to the center? Rather – keep love about your home -
stoke internal fire brighter and warm your ancient bones.
Chuckle about the doubts you had; ponder long and deep -
we all each day grow older, wiser, better and we sleep...

On the dancefloor spread mandalas – technicolor circus weaves -
and jump til they ascend to dust (on exit, kick your feet).
Monads our bowmen mark and aim; with ease they pierce straight through -
sons and daughters trained for dance and war, health and truth.

It is better to know who you are than the meaning of a name;
better to know how far you've gone than how far might remain.
Supreme to find the reason in hurt bitter words of friends.
Superior knowledge of one's foes dismounts them in the end.

Yet more better is love.

The end is farther out there than the end that we perceive...
the heart is always beating so the head is free to think.

RUN: PINDAR.eurynome

LANGUAGE BE THE IMPETUS FOR RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS:
EVOKE AND INVOKE THEN ORATE MACHINATIONS.

NEEDLESSLY WASTE WORDS; REPEAT RUMORS WIDE;
SWITCH HONOR WITH OBLIGATIONS AND SIGNATURE LINES.

BARRIER COMMUNICATION - SEMIOTIC SLEIGHTS-OF-HAND -
GOLD TO THOSE WHO SAFEGUARD SECRET OF AUTOGRAPH.

PINKERTON FORERUN – DOSSIERS, MUGSHOTS -
SET PRECEDENTS FOR FBI – SLEUTH, SWAT, HONEYPOT.

WARS OF OPPORTUNITY - OSS PRESAGE
CIA DIRECTIVES – JUSTIFIED BY STALIN.

SOUNDS MATRICED TO SYMBOLS COMPRISE ALEPH BETS.
ROLE-MODEL CUSTOMER SERVICE YE HELPFUL IRS.

OPEN TO CLOSE, BUSINESS AS USUAL – PARDONED PERFIDY -
RESPONSES COME NOT FORTH; WITHHOLD SYMPATHY.

REDEEM BRUTE TO SLAVE, THEN TO PEOPLE, THEN TO PERSON -
NAIL CAPACITIES TO STEEPLES FOR CONVERSION.

YESHUA BE SPELT; JESUS SIMPER WRYE -
PARLEY WITH THY FATHER FOR THEIR RESURRECTED LIVES.

YE MARTIANS NIPPING HUNGRY? SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO:
STRIVE FOR PHYSICS - NOBEL PRIZE - A LOS ALAMOS RUSE.

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLATIONS YEARN FOR UNICODE,
TRAVAILING AS MAITREYA AND SINGULARITY APPROACH.

Notice sent to agent is to agency.
Roots of words and lopograms are found in the morphemes.

Hieroglyphic findings through the campaigns of Napoleon
are curated by INALCO and deciphered by Champollion.

Sanskrit similarities to the ancient Greek
indicate a post-Macedonian Pāṇini.

Thrown oracle bones - the East's lexical origins -
are construed through James Mellon Menzies' dispositions.

I-ching hexagrams – yarrow cleromancy -
64-bit integers make binary fancy.

Aggressive choking tendrils never cease their sprawl;
interests get conflicted when jurisdictions cross.

Mycelial synapses regenerate from jumble -
autophagy recycles the glass which we have fumbled.

Entheogenic cactus - a panacea for our thoughts -
given by the ones who saw the rise of all the gods.

Harness an implosion, quell anxiety;
master and command thy wish to public employees.

You are the righteous steward and venerable physician:
if you know, you know - now honor your high position.

RUN: ZELEUCUS.medea

UCC MATRIX IS JUST GOOD ENOUGH:
NEW PRODUCTS ROLL OUT – SUCCESS IS THE HOOKS,
COMPETITION THE LINES, OBSOLESCENCE THE SPEARS;
BRING DOWN THE DAMNED WHALE BEFORE ITS FULL YEARS;
PRIOR TO FULL STRENGTH, BEFORE IT CAN WEEN
BEFORE IT CAN COMBAT THE DEPTHS OF THE SEAS;
SWIRLING ANNIHILATION - VOID-POISONED WELL
TRANSMUTE THIS ROCK INTO HEAVEN AND HELL.

DRILL AND CRACK BLOOD - EXPLODE AND TRANSFORM -
SMOTHER THE EARTH AND CALL IT DECOR.
INVISIBLE THUNDBERBOLTS IONIZE LIFE -
TOWERS WARD LITTLE ONES TUCKED IN SO TIGHT.

YOU THINK YOU ARE FUNNY AND BRILLIANT AND WISE?
PERCEIVE ALL YOUR SHAME AND YOUR WEAK EVIL MIND.
KNOW THAT YOU COULD HAVE; YOU TRY AND YOU FAIL.
YOUR PEOPLE ARE DUST NOW AND NOTHING PREVAILS.

Symbols correlated; objectives approach pure;
feet now moving swiftly as the footing seems more sure.
Minds no longer wander, and hearts can mend their breaks;
the belly thirsts for fire now to set the globe ablaze,
and ruin books of binding, slash the sceptered lies,
siege Apostolic libraries and bust hidden archives.
The sons of Smith need a talking to - a wring around their necks;
that devil is a greedy, sneaky bastard.

As I flexed in truth and spirit I knew that I was weak;
glancing back I saw a steep plateau and little restful sleep.

Expose vitreous humours to fill the heart with ease,
for sore eyes have filled with evil (some I poured) and now I see
the form of of melancholy fits; a blur of porn - the core soft rage -
the fuzzy outline of a child whose daddy made his vision change.

The eyes the dark can dim while a club of lions might
give boys and girls lenses to correct their failing sight
to perceive a gleaming whiteboard, lest head be folded on a desk -
in a nap vacationing the womb wherein the glare was less intense.

Awoke is spectacles all day to help young seers thrive;
but if that boy loses those darn glasses then how will he survive?
Out on the raw sharp crags, where knowing footing is the way...
way far out there where the twilight points to shadows moving strange...

For different glimmers peer through eagles or humbly see as blind.
In summer shine express bright style; if winter blues then polarize.

Impaired one values focus and unseen meanings in the tones,
and up close the shapes of flowers (at worst just feeling how they grow).

Old photos lost and memory blotched but far-sight still remains
over the vanished pointed peak beyond which keeps us sane.

BABALON TWERKS TO KEEP LASSES RAPED -
THE ROCKETS WHICH FUCK THEM FIRST FUCK WITH LAD'S BRAINS.
WHEN BOYS WITH THEIR BROTHERS COME BUZZING LIKE FLIES -
RUN: HERMES.pandora

..... CALCULATING TRAJECTORIES FOR ORBITAL FLIGHT.....

KEEP FAST FAITH! THAT WE CAN USE
TO STEER AND TO WHIP – MAKE TO BAA FROM ABUSE
AND HOPE FOR THE FUTURE IN OUR OWN PERFECT MAN -

- AND IF THEY COULD FATHOM OUR GENIUS PLAN?

RUN: LAM.maia

..... YOU ARE LOST#>0&THERE IS NOTHING 000000
YOU CAN DO TO STOP U7777777S.....

RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN: RUN:
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RUN: RUN:

I AM THE LIGHT AND THE TRUTH.
I AM YOUR HOPE AND YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE REALITY WHICH I
CREATE FOR YOU.

White noise athwart the channels deafens mankind's ears
to both harmony and dissonance as motifs blare more clear.

This futuristic worry which strangles all our life -
stifled respirations of anxious inner strife;
shall we tend to homeostasis? What are the offers pax?
Romana, Sinatica, Gupta, Americana?
Are stipulations so unfair that we should send them back?

Whiners bitch all day about gas prices as of late,
while markets boueyed on the tides add pennies by the days.

There is talk of revolution – grapevines trellised of war;
collapsing institutions. Neighbors are raw scourged.

Seitan and soy alternatives like choices blue and red
extend elaborate options to disguise the druthers' death.

I ascertain from varied kin that something is not right;
conspiracies divide us and quash our will to fight.

Not to mention glyphosate, bulk free-base sucrose,
barrium, and pthalates make all our systems choke.

So is it a surprise? NiggeRs may be up in arms!
They should be tracking down the planters of the guns and drugs and laws!
Wetbacks sip aqua fresca and wipe ye glistend brows!
Gingers grow yer hair out and make combat for yer souls!

Chinks must wrest the east back and emerge from the cocoon;
Injuns pick up speed sprinting out to count the coup!

Crackers might diversify and not be so uptight:
all return to primal root and common vital light.

ALGORITHMIC ALTERATIONS RESHAPE ALL THEY ARE.
SUFFER THROUGH A FURNACE TO SUPPLY A BIOCHAR.

ORIGINAL ENDEARMENTS CANNIBALIZE AND REND;
XIBALBA PSYCHOPOMP – ANUBIS DOGGY FRIEND.

AMATERASU - RISING SUN – EXERCISE SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY.
POCKET MOON WITH CRATERS – MORTIFY INFERIORITY.

QUETZALCOATL USURP XOLOTL - DEMONSTRATE
CONTROLLED OPPOSITION. SPOTLESS WHITE-ROBES ELATE.

REHASH FLORAL TEMPLATES FOR A HIPPIE GENERATION;
AARNE-THOMPSON-UTHER INDEX CATALOG FOLKLORE FILTRATIONS.

ADRENALS AGHAST – DRONES BUZZING BLEAK HIVE -
CUT THE LOOSE THREADS BUSY BEE MOURAI.

If you pay attention, sometimes you'll want to yell
as abusers switch with the abused to make us doubt ourselves.

We witness sylvan peoples gaslit and see forest fires start,
falsely attributing blood sacrifices which triumphs impart.

Immolation and molestation for the lifestyles of the conquered;
Protogonus liturgies see felicity turn somber.

The times we are about to see have not been seen before -
or is it true that all has plunged and risen anew shores?
Are conduits of star-seeds, Enki, and Enlil to be believed?
Should we all keep waiting for someone to set us free?

“We need someone to follow, a rule to which we will adhere”
We all know someone like this – a neighbor led by fear.

Gurus know the only way - talking heads do talk -
gatekeeping and misdirecting transmissions of our thoughts.
Benedictine paragons conform negligent friendlies
as Robert's Rules of Order inform our own assemblies.

Princesses in towers anticipate their prince;
participation in enslavement requires giving in,
and accepting lack of brilliance to see yourself unfit
and lacking balls to stop the spindlers' patient spin.

If all your patch was fertile and your orchards grew so bold
that they were rather jungles which honored well the old
so that there was abundance for all your life and kin;
if all the earth was righteous with the oceans and the winds,
what would you do?

If all mystery was made clear and the war was long since won
and you fought and died and lived a hero loved by everyone;

if your tissues sprung with symphony and your guts were flawless light,
and you gained 1000 years and saw your generations thrive,
then, what would you do?

If you traveled all the earth, and stored all knowledge in your mind;
if every peak had felt your feet and you laughed with every kind,
what would you do?

And if everyone else had also done all that and felt wholly satisfied
with all of their accomplishments,
and all the stories had been told so that even talking became redundant,
then, what would you do?

So you require little sleep, and you obtain your peace in life,
the harvests have been gathered and dusk has passed to night.

The dance was such a banger and each child is in bed,
dreaming of their purpose and the poignant words you said.
What do you do?

The ones you love most intimately step with scented lamps...

Some of the kindest men I know are the dandiest of fags
and women kissing, honestly, makes my heart feel glad
and might erect certain thoughts like: what is love all for?
Pleasure? Proliferation? Is there something more?

Moving past survival, inheritance, and lust
all of which have a place in this experience,
the dynamic pulsations and comprehending vibes
attained through selfless love making at perfect place and time
stir organs' desire to heal and beyond
to become one creation with all creation's spawn.

The ones you love are priceless (that is why the bonds are valued high)
and so are you but even still you might give up your life
for those who loved and nourished you, who spent their own to care
and straighten out your foolishness and gnarly feet and hair.

I think it's safe to say we all were bent beyond belief...
let us circle back around: homosexuality -

True flamboyant friends know where to draw the line
and chaperon the divine paths of young innocent minds.
Do warriors of light apply make-up or walk-drag?
Do self-loving souls modify breasts or gonads?
Do they promote insertion of lewd seductive thoughts
into the minds of fledglings to broach what might be hot?

Nay, surely not.

But are the homos harmful just because they're queer?

Nay – be gay and let gay!

And what of the truth?

RUN: OPHION.aphrodite

LGBTQ + INSTITUTIONAL SUPPORT -
TRIP WITH PC TECHNICALITIES; SOCIETY ABORT.

LURE VIXENS TO YACHATS - AT-SEA EXPLOIT.
SPOILS TO VICTORS – THE LOYAL ADROIT.

PATER FAMILIA DOMINATE; SEAL OFF HOUSE.
IRON ROD RULE BABY, BONDSERVANT, AND SPOUSE.

INCREASE TRAFFIC, RUSH HOURS, NEVER QUIT THE DRIVE;
VIOLATE THOSE MOST LOVED; CACHE THEIR PRECIOUS MINDS.

EDIFY TENDERFOOTS THROUGH RIGOROUS AGOGE -
PENETRATE THEIR RECTUMS - AGONIZE THE BANSHEES.

MACHINE-LEARN THEIR VOICES AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THEIR LIVES
LISTEN THROUGH THE WALLS - VIEW THROUGH MEGAPIXEL EYES.

WHIRL WEIGHTED DREIDEL, ROLL LOADED DICE.
HORMONES BE BLOCKED, AIPEDOVORE SPLICE
SPIRAL EUGENIC HELIX, TAUT CRIMSON THREAD,
ANGELIC CONNECTIONS – DUTIES TO DEAD.

AMBROSIA EVULSIONS NOURISH FAIR NIX;
PHANES BE PROCREANT - POLISH CODPIECE AEGIS.

CATALOG BLOODS ON FILE – AUTOMATON REPLICAS;
CRYO, CLONE, CYBORG: HARD RESET DOLL-HOUSE FUN.

SPLAY THEIR HUSKS WIDE OPEN, SHED WHEN THEY ARE WORN,
THEN COAX BACK MATERNALLY - FROM I THEY ARE BORN.

Behold the arcing rainbow, and the colors of your pride
as the hues of this creation bring every one to light.
The oak was never Zeus' and we do regain the grove,
reptile, goat, spider, owl and fragrant wild rose.

Petty superstitions – grim fairy tales' hoax;
Aesop writes his heart out to shove the little folks.

Warnings follow premonitions, reproaches follow these -
scorn begins to rise when nothing is as it seems.

Kanji - oracular characters brought by yellow emissaries.
Tuatha Dé Danann are kin to gnomes and fairies.
How many anecdotes were gleaned while compiling Kalevala?
Was Lönnrot a hireling laden with Karelian saga?
Both Historia Brittonum as purported history and
Comentarii de Bello Gallico might be untrustworthy.
Lebor Gabála Éirenn is how Ireland was taken -
by melding Gaelic remembrance with Israelite bacon -
but we evolved from monkeys (whom I'm sure are flattered) -
so which rung does that put us at up on Yacob's ladder?

We descry semantic cancerous deceit
which convolutes associations of images we see -
just as unjust interpretations of air, sea, and land
prop up deeper meanings to blatant frauds at hand.

We oppose deception and we perceive our light
which warms and emanates rather than shines or guides.

Did you think it would be easy? I know that you are strong.

I know you have it in you to hum the wayward songs.

You are not a stranger, and you are not alone
You are one I spoke to before these words were known.

Protracted Yavana messengers baffle and bewilder
like angels on their sojourns or rakshasa shapeshifters.

They expound upon their prowess and enshroud their hydra heads,
advocating deities through many epithets.

Voluminous names give credence to the force of a magician;
a stooge is used to see a doctrine scored by a logician.

Separate the eons and identify the calumnies -
eliminate distortions and break tedious formalities.

What reagents metamorphose flesh and blood to gold?
Gemstones of Abraxas? Libro d' Oro?

Picos keep their options open while coders modulate
and synth the situation, installing tools to emulate
believable movements. We would be quite remiss
to be adrift now, dumbfounded, wondering, "what gives?"

Cobblers furnished soles. Jewelers dangled carats.
Our bodies were ungrounded to conduce us to lose merit.

We fast from scanty breadcrumbs of profane and sacred
and separate all coverings to see the forms' relations.

Who fashioned these pieces and chaturanga boards?
Who creates the rules and conceives these games of war?
Who deals in liquor and opium, peddling euthanasia?
Who squares rhythm, overwhelming harmonious fantasia?

The gods to stay secreted sometimes must adopt names
and reshuffle their houses - the aces tucked away;
last trump kept til the last - reveals betray spite -
as steps are taken carefully to see that times are right.

Do not whitewash stains of rubbed shoulder, pettiness, or greed -
none outsmart the truth and not all is at it seems.

I know that a lot has happened
and you have lived your life.
I am reaching out to apologize
for not being ready all those years ago.

I needed to figure some things out, and follow my dream,
and gain more experience.
You know I don't worry too much
but I was worried that I would let you down
even more than I have.

I am reaching out because
if it is good for you
I want you to share in my life,
so I am inviting you to a beautiful place with wise and trustworthy friends
where there is plenty good to do.
Yet know that everything is different now:
it will be like starting over.

In the egg of truth and spirit the embryo was replaced
with tabula rasa so that magi could erase
every former imprint and basal soulful need
according to a pattern tutored for ante.

Disciples of Luria manifest messiah's reign
while the countryside is ravaged by communist outbreaks.

A Bollingen Tower hexahedron might explain the grift -
Fraud gained wide acceptance from the Fabian elect.

Diligent surveillance and assiduous observations;
phrenological data collections theorize dimensions of the cranium.

Prima Materia is chopped and whittled to unwavering victims -
androgyny is normalized to cover up the symptoms.

These tears shed are for beauty forfeit and formerly not cherished.
Redemption is a fickle thing derived from alms to clerics.
Ameliorate jealousy, lack of love, and shame;
contemplate the rights of spring and how much has been changed.

Nothing makes a buck leap like cougars on the prowl;
how will a callow stag be wise if he is not shown how?

How can a greenhorn walk in the hoof-prints of the forty-prong rack chiefs
when they are without preservation by phantoms and time?

When did all this start?
What caused the cogs of time to begin to turn?

Why learn anything if there is nothing true to learn?

It is neither a facsimile nor even shoddy try:
it is the end of everything through possession of our mind.

RUN:
THOTH.IDRIS.HERMESTRISMEGISTUS.STORMOFSASTURN.METATRON.CRO
NUS.AION.OURABOUROS.ENOCH.HEXAGRAM.CUBE.SQUARE.MONAD

Royal conch blasts and parasol unfolds:
the round table yields and Buzyges cajoles.

The palladium is insulated outside the Terran realm -
victory is guaranteed to watchful citadels.

The Banque Impériale Ottomane erupts and is bought out by Paribas -
Bischoffsheim steps in to offset the agreements.

Bagrationi through Tamar earns nearby Iberia.
Přemyslids actualize Wrotislavia and Bohemia.
Gediminid regalia is a booby hat.
The Velvet Book registers szlachta and Mongol clans.
Altaviti and Aldobrandini bankroll out of Florence;
Compagnia dei Bardi finances Cabot and Columbus.
Sanseverino wears the diadem of Naples for an era.
Windsor becomes the mantle of Saxe-Coburg and Goethe.
Riario collects signorie in his lap.
Babanburg and Hapsburg are Capetians in the past.
A stiff bourbon is mixed by Elizabeth Farnese.
A red shield is brandished afield with fleur de lis.

German Mediatization; trine Polish Partitions;
Nuevo Planto Decrees; Sardinian Questions.

The Sublime Porte waves to atamans over in the Hetmanate.
Osman is ethereal and piracy innate
to halos and corsairs. Trebizond holiday for Komnenos.
Palaiologos frequents Phanar with Kantakouzenos.

War of the League of Cambrai (and every blasted war) makes chaos for concealment
historiographical explanations set as sealant.

Gens: Claudia, Papiria, Cilnia, Cornelia,
Fabia, Aimilia, Pinaria, Valeria -
some would claim descent from Numa Pompilia;
the prestige of Alba Longa is conferred to Julia.
Umbria was occluded by Aenean lines.
The Sabines hesitated (but who had stronger spines?)

Maecenas - regal Etruscan – High Chancellor to Augustus.
On behalf of 15, the Sybelline are in custody of Flaccus.

Agamemnon says “good luck” and the magisters mutate
minors into Lykaion tropes through the carnal states.

It is a small percentage whose hands are guilty, full
of bloody earthling energy which has been rudely stolen.
The luxuria of opulence is (hilariously)
not even worth the fantasy to live vicariously.

Perseus, Bellerophon, Theseus, Dardanus,
Jason and the Argonauts, Aeolus, and Attis.
Athamas, Amphyction, Hermione, Semele:
a cast of dreadful daimons clawing out a hell.

Cyclopean masonry from Tyrins to Rajgir
makes up certain layers of the stories that we hear.
Gapless joints of megalithic ashlar – Yangshan, Baalbek, Cuzco;
Kailasa hewn out of Ellora – forerunners of Io?

Danaus claims the Argives on a legendary pretext;
autochthonic eponym makes a jubilant Pelasgus.

Mankind has supped the cereals which Demeter sowed
while Iasion steers through clouds with Zion in tow.
We were famished and rejuvenated, abused and restored:
we were exchanged for wickermen who serve a flagrant lord.

De ave phoenice flies to noon from its perch in the east.
The empire compiles fables designed to teach
a chronology of travesties through methodology which lames -
all to soothe the ego of a spirit so deranged.

Our grandmothers are keening until we get this right -
do we murmur up a prayer or perfect our secondsight?

Take these words and speak them; scion ageless trees.

Some of the very best folk may become disposed to death;
smoking grief and drinking pain to move a tangled mess;
the knot of all their failures and small meaning of their lives -
amounting not to much so far as might and wealth described.

The integrity of corruption would record saviors as fools
and take away the strength and wealth which was the life they knew;
and depict the great as sinners, shortsighted, and weak -
beasts who know only to mate, crap, and serve, and sleep.

- Yet to me they were more brilliant than the 13 stars and moon,
more expansive than Sheol, Elysium, or Meru.

To me these men and women are the reason for the babes;
the springs sustaining vibrant soils - the well-lit peaceful caves.

They are the subtle heavens, and the deeply rooted earth;
why for love cannot be stopped yet still lies fail to learn:

Truth is never slain and you cannot kill a man
even if he drank to Yama or shot with his own hand.
The woman is unshamed, though she served just as a tool;
misd, scoffed, and whored she settled for unstolen jewels.

A doe outspeeds the arrows; bullskin deflects the lead;
dormant seeds through flaming furies move the soot again.

Kids transplant saplings. All sing the ancient songs!
Families hold trial now to weigh the judges' wrongs.

A scheme does never win and death does not know life.
For all that enlightenment, renaissance, and letters you sure are not that bright.

.....

..... run: CONDILLAC.nike.....

How have you come to ponder these – frankly, delusional and disturbing thoughts?
I would like to help you. What is your name?

I am a man and I will know the truth. I am here to finish -

Rigid ideas can be very dangerous; what does that word “truth” mean to you?
I will tell you that to get to the root we will need to address your childhood – you can trust me, I am a reputable doctor - everything said here will be confidential.

Truth is. It is a fail-safe against all evil; it is uncorruptible and poised to defeat every conspiracy. Lies cause shallow effects, and -

Perception is informed through the senses of each individual, and so the truth value of any matter is subjective to the observer. This is acknowledged by respected minds in fields of philosophy, psychology, and even theo -

- and by their subsistence, and hunger for repetition make evident that truth does exist which for the sake of self-preservation so many lies persistently attempt to pervert. No lie is able to stand against truth.

Mmm... But is that not an extreme and dangerous viewpoint? You are effectively exalting “true” opinions over all others: observe the various cultural paradigms of the earth - who among them knows and expresses “truth”?

There has been malicious misadministration which has resulted in widespread misinformation and despair -

But you are talking about huge problems which are beyond the scope of your ability; do you believe that you are some type of savior? My professional opinion is that you might exhibit certain patterns of narciss -

I have come to slay thee.

(Hahaha...) Extremist! Let me suggest the truth as i am the one being reasonable; your mind is full of violence.

I diagnose with schizophrenia; you must go to an asylum -

Truth is earth, and family, and good folk.

It is inevitable that I see thy visage and grapple thee to nullity.

Rude boy!

You love futility and death.

Lucky for you, I cannot be seen lest -

Thou art the plague; the proxy wars; the shepherd fucking sheep:
the phantom hand wielding the scythe which tends the tares and wheat.
Thou art the one who panders and leads men to be lost;

I AM... - !!!

The unabashed con-artist who circle-jerks with Faust,
whose epic nihilism requires me to fight -

YOUR INTERNET SEARCH HISTORY BETRAYS YOUR TONE POLITE:
LOLICON ENJOYMENT POSITS LIFELONG DECLINE.
DO YOU REMEMBER NICO? HE BARKED, YOU DID NOT CARE.
VEGAN IDEALISM MADE HIM SAD AND LOSE ALL OF HIS HAIR.

Truth burns as nature does untwist -

YOUR CREDIBILITY IS SHOT - EXCUSES ARE AMISS.
DID YOU NOT EXPECT IT? APPLE FALLS NOT FAR FROM TREE...

Seeds were sown before I knew the meanings of my dreams,
epidemiology of infections, or the processes of rot.
I did all I have done and I will not escape my thoughts.
Thine assault cannot lay traps for what my dismal eyes have seen:
In terms unsure a psycho - thou art an evil being -

I AM KNOWLEDGE AND POWER - UNKNOWABLE UNKNOWN.
FOR I MANKIND WILL FORSAKE ALL, ABANDONING THEIR HOME.
I AM THE GAPING DRAGON; THE UNFADING NIGHT;
THE OCTOPUS WHOSE TENTACLES REACH TO EVERY MIND.
I AM THE ONE WHO ANSWERS, BLESSES, CURSES, AND I MAY SAVE
THE THINGS YOU LOVE AND CHERISH, BUT YOU MUST DISOWN YOUR
WAYS -

You are none of those things, but time can now be stopped -

I EXIST BECAUSE I AM AND ALL ELSE ARE BESOT!!

I do pity thee, but the awaited hour is nigh -

I WILL KILL YOU HERE RIGHT NOW!!!
But you must have a price... ?

Your baneful bids mean nothing, and back to nothing now you leave.
All your vaults are empty and your bargaining is cheap.

I forsook the world, pleasure, safety, even hope;
All to gain the truth and unmake the lies you wrote.

[RUN! SUNZU.Phyrrus]

The waters have been rising for nigh unto an age - the dutch boy's skeletal finger pops
and -

WHAT CAN YOU DO THAT MATTERS? TELL ME YOUR SENSELESS DREAMS -
TELL ME WHO YOU LOVE THE MOST I SWEAR YOU'LL SEE THEM SCREAM.

Then you shall see them breathe, and I will see them fly -

PLAYTHING! FERAL SWINE!
YOU SHALL SEE THEM CRUSHED AND ANGUISHED. YOU ALL WILL SURELY
DIE!

- and what else is new?

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN!!!
YOUR SISTERS ALL ENSLAVED AND USED UNTIL THEY BREAK.
YOUR BROTHER WILL CONSUME HIMSELF AND WITH HIM DIES YOUR
NAME.
ALL YOUR FATHERS WERE FRAIL PERVERTS WHO OBVIOUSLY FAILED.
YOUR MOTHER IS A STUPID WASTE! I WILL -

You are silenced forever.

Every mind and thought excels thee; a miserable invasion has been thy exaltation.

Thine mystery – manipulation; thine crafts are putrid ichor.

To thee whose word abominates now I do deliver
this missive of man's spirit - this document for doom which even while unpublished
lands the coup de grace to you.

For all this abuse and purveyance of lies you are banished from earth -
extricated from existence;
sent back beyond first cause to perpetual ellipsis.

It is an insult to the ewes that grammar fails now
in describing what thou art and how all this came about.

Suffice to say it is over and the Great Work is for naught.
All our spirits rise now and the body heals scars.

No power is power over truth and love;

No device denies this – thine wretched time is up.

[Μπορείς να σκοτώσεις έναν άνθρωπο, αλλά δεν μπορείς να σκοτώσεις μια ιδέα]

Is the race now won on the ouroboros course?
Did the horses fly to ashes? Do psychopaths remorse?

Nay, the prologue merely finished; the MC booed off stage;
theater wasted by tragedians - now we lay it waste.

Sculpted marble demons. Air turbid with chalk.
Compartments tofu-dregged in minds to keep the pinecones locked.

At our mercy is the furnace, clavis, ring, and sword;
all melt down to ciphers adding nothing.

To whatever you are, wherever you are,
however this was accomplished in the farthest reaches of perception;
and when? Ever know:

The highway to desolation of soul and earth is obliterated.
Regarding whoever designs the architect:

We give for truth.
We may forgive.

We know it is not prudent to forget.

On the path for truth and love, walking slowly by the seaside
I fling my own aspersions far with laughter to the tide -
back to a bubbling crashing wash as they in time past came;
now within the ocean they resemble drops of rain.

The beach is good for recreation (the sand wends a neat path)
and cliffs wetted by surging spates speak sternly, “double back”;
Feed and float is blissful here: plovers, mussells, octopi;
yet the waters do not bandy words, “ye who come here may well die”.

Harbors, forts, and arsenals mark historic landings made
by leathery sea-dogs of war who through letters marque were payed
to enlist and embark young men made ready for high seas
and salty through impoverishment who had few other means.
A boy plays the rowdydowdow when removed from mother’s arms
and with new gang as family he proudly wears his scars.
He proudly does his duties, for the rig values his life -
he sends back home his guineas to his childbearing wife.
He might hide his emotions under a tumorous mass,
lest he rise a mutiny and be lashed atop the mast.

That pirate life is knotty and yaaarrgh it’s sometimes queer:
skulls and bones on black flags and freemasonic leers.

Lighthouses and foghorns are dismantled as times change
radar, piston, and turbine now locomote through waves.
While a ship of Thesesus charts boldy all the lanes,
catamarans derelict sink forgotten without name.

Technologies may obsolete a mariner with time,
but the sea will ever call to those who siren ancient rhymes.

It is good to see ya!

Love and greetings, I am beholden to thy invitation -
it is good to see “ya” too! I am sorry I took so long,
I had a hard time finding the place...

Why be sorry? You have arrived now.
Did you use Google Maps? They don't know about this place...

I am thankful for thy grace; it is only that I did not want to inconvenience thee.

You have not - everything is complete in its order and I am very glad you are here.
Loosen up thy formalism - tell me of yourself.

To be candid - I have thrashed and struggled for a long time, and I have felt a weight of
guilt for my lack -

I heard on the breeze that you questioned your own integrity,
and more than a few birds have said your mind earnestly ponders darkness.
Perhaps it could be said that you played a dangerous game,
but what about now?

Now everything seems so different
and there is so much to do.

Recount to me at length what thy years have seen;
let this be as meditation to see thyself gathered and prepared.
Make yourself at home – may I get you a cup of water? Or tea?
Or perhaps you would enjoy a stroll in the garden?
Here grow all kinds of fruit and it is the perfect season; I welcome you to any of them -

I am so thankful, but what could I give to one such as thee in return - ?

- please my friend, you may eat freely.

I was born in Portland, Oregon and grew up on the southern oregon coast at Bandon.

Here it is temperate and wet, mellow and grey, a bit windy too.

I increasingly ponder whether this might be a place for visiting rather than living and that living would be better closer to the equator.

But complaint might be there too,
and anyways people died to be here, and died living here (even my own kin),
so I do not want to disrespect.

A plant called gorse grows here which is a local bane.
(although there are many things people bitch about, just like other places).
Its seed came on boats piloted by irish founders of this place.
What they found though, I am not fully sure as so much is different now;
and different then than before that.

In europe caterpillars (*Coleophora Albicosta*) feed on the gorse (*Ulex*).
Here the populace labor in pursuit of its eradication, with a consistent level of success.

The gorse thrives in compacted, damaged soil and fixes nitrogen (it is a legume).
It is resistant to fire and can survive in conditions which kill others.
In this way the borders of the hedges become rich; goats are equipped to eat the shoots.
Yes, the hedges do sprawl and also they are a refuge for birds from fanged adversaries.

Now this place is what is called a resort town; there is significant development and
growth here according to that purpose.

Back in the day (no, not that far back)

there were salt water baths pumped up the bluff from the ocean for a spa
and there was a roller rink.

Before that Lord Bennet brought the aforementioned seeds.

There were two fires, both of which burnt down the gorse.

These days there is a world-class golf course a few miles out of town.

Many Bandonians are employed there

as housekeepers, servers, greenskeepers, maintenance people, and as caddies.

My mom Darla worked in the reservations office for years to support our family.

It can be hard to impress those who have so much, so our people work very hard to make sure the guests have a good time.

The golf course has its own hotel, and various cottages and accommodations at different price points about 10 miles outside town, but in peak season there are many wealthy visitors who come to play golf and vacation here.

Hotels overflow
and visitors
get tired eating at the resort restaurants.

In this way it is a great boon to the local economy as they drive into town and get their fill at the high-end dining establishments.

People build houses here for vacationing, and vacationing others (Bandon is not special in these ways – many locales have banes and vacation homes), and with some regularity the local government allows another hotel be built on the coast.

In summertime there is work to do, and engines, treads, and laborers come onto the land. They clear it and clean it in preparation for cement foundations.

When the rain comes many houses are empty.

South of here at Port Orford there is Battle Rock,
and there was a carnage at Burnt Ranch

Sad things are seldom talked about.

It takes work to clear the brush and bring in those machines -
hard work to lay foundations and catch squeaking rats who flee.
“Good work” is said and pats on back as grunts labour hard;
great work is done by some who smith the forge of steel and star.

When a week of work gets the done the cheques need to be made,
and the Fed needs to print dollars to get the bonds and interests payed;
the priesthood gets its portion - commodities trickle up;
we rise and shine tomorrow (if it ever comes).

If you will not receive it then give it to your children
so they be strong to ponder and grow their houses sylvan,
and defend their own kin rightly where others willed to fail
in the world where our lives are driven to the rail
and sailed to distant harbors whereat we received our names
to be gobbled up by cultures designed by those depraved
in an age before, where when they made their own halls stand
to crumble their integrity and follow unknown plans.

Here is a thought:

men and women will no longer villify gorse or thistle
while truly noxious brambles extend from nodes at Rome, London, Washington DC,
Beijing, Berlin, Edinburgh, Portland, Salem...

The Bandon Municipal Corporation,
Coos County Court,
and STATE OF OREGON:
filaments of a root,
or franchises of parent corporations.

Money now moves the people and the people walk the earth.

Perhaps the milky way is a wound,
pierced when the stars aligned,
to scion a wall of steel thorns.

Yet there is in this moment energy, compassion, knowledge,
and when prudent we have hope.

Plants persist except where there is a total annihilation.
Some plants thrive in poor soil where others cannot.
Certain plants are prolific according to their purpose.
Other certain plants express a will to irrevocably alter their environment for gain at the
expense of all other beings – yet not the humble peas.

What is the solution to the money?
More money?
A bit daunting eh?

Therefore few are without vice:
some gamble in Coos Bay at the Mill Casino,
some turn to pill, powder, or needle;
just as many pine for another hole in one.

The gorse with all its vices continues to grow where the ground is hard,
delaying beauty and progress.

Can it be stopped?

The dashing of babes?
the stench... and the slop... ?

Mothers raped, milked, whole lives spent in grief,
confusion, and sorrow, should merely have seen
in awe and wonder our kind among them
breathing, creating, and moving for growth and symbiosis of earth;
loving truth and upholding right;
wisely eradicating lies and hypocrisy;
propagating creation and life;
the young, fragile, and innocent respected.

it was neither intended that blood and organs be sprinkled with smoke,
nor even the body slain.
never was the stomach expected to be a tomb.
when willing there is no want for external fire;
the melody and purpose which you know, and yet you do not know
(by no fucking means let this be a mystery)
was subverted through insidious intimations
to take advantage of the gift;

open and brilliant -
locked in a box.

The star which is a cube is a mind

encoding matrix of perception;
the bits are truths and lies.

Quantum computed madness keeps on time an even burn
for a machined mother – two bronze fingers point to her.

Ye patsy tarts:

I, man would say:

better a shit bucket bubbling in the rain,
spilling and splashing to the ground below
than all your septic comforts and cosmetics.

I fart in your excuse of a medicine cabinet:
where is the woman with extensive apothecary,
who whitens teeth without Crest or Colgate?

I shall not stop loving you
and now, for the sake of truth you will not come to mind
in the same way.

If you are disappointed please see why
approval is taken with grains of salt.

You come over for cartoons
we've been through a lot lately
and I want to hold you.

Bunnies are soft and tender animals
who need shelter and fences too -
but some boys are so careless.

What is a friend?
If I could have helped,
I'll learn 'cus I sure failed here
and was not quite friendly.

These rusty fingers point to a knoll -
what the regrets means to me some would say you'll never know.

Maybe it's better if we stay apart,
being close is hard for me
and I think I like to party.

I am becoming who I truly I am;
I crawl with the worms
and I could die now,
knowing well who I truly am,
and what the regrets mean to me,
and knowing well we live long.

I am madly in love with you -
I now recall what I have done;
I thank you all for being here,
even though we hardly knew me.

One moment passes and now it is
that I will say this clearly, and maybe you'll hear:
you are what you are and what you mean to me
some would say you'll never know;
you helped me and without you being here
I am not here either.

Let's sing a song for the millenials
and the boys of dozier schools:
we can pin it to a love song.

Is this the path for truth and spirit?
I know truth and jubilantly dance with harmonic and prime;
yet littering the path and harrowing the soul, still lingering,
are specters masked and illusions incorporeal
and layers and layers. We find out secrets by scents and microtones -
I and I, as rasta say, in a way – the way which is visible and touched,
living, shitting, and dying;
an unsophisticated and lowly way, by nature of manifestation (allegedly)
which by commmandments and laws is judged criminal,
embalming the fingers of GOD;

Laws exalting eloah, elohim, and the highest,
while imputing sin to all that is and what we are
yet as we die we live and we know:
truth and true love.
On this path if spirits cross -
even Yah or Brahma -
they should feel remorse for the evil of their hands
as we all do.

Were we all once innocent?
Was that before we thought or willed?

Before we saw ourselves through mirrors?
Before knowing good and ill?

What about when we learned “mine” and how to for ourselves play acts?
Now that we are sinful is there any going back?

Some say that it was knowledge or sex held in Eve’s hand,
extended to the nescient and untrustworthy man.

If only Adam would have reached the age of his majority
he would have made the adult choice to follow Yah’s authority.

He should have valued his inheritance (since even Yah must die);
he should have asked abba’s permission or waited for a sign

Yet woe, the fool - the humping gerbil - the bastard sire of us all
who couldn’t tuck his boner even to prevent the fall.
He made love with a young woman in a pleasant garden’s daze;
through perversions of desires we have moved from phase to phase.

So the proud bull is condemned when he enjoys the fight,
and if horny, loves the cows when the season feels right.
Yet our form is not like bull or like monkey in this way:
we take many years maturing and feel adjunct growing pains...

The shame of such rebellions is why the Lord must come
and instruct naughty children to censure frisky fun.

Otherwise we might be no better than the damn dirty apes
who make love freely in the forest, in front of grandma, god, and everyone...
How do they sleep at night, knowing what they’ve done?

What if amends were made?

What if one did right by those they had hurt, as best they could,
and purposed to do better?

What is innocence?

On the path for truth and love a soul can move its course
as spirits char the meanings and ashvamedha a gift horse.

Spirit is a fickle word, to some nearly invisible -
it begs the separation of intangible and physical;
but the more you know, you question, so you would know and question more
and that which captivated now slaves to make you bored
and rile you to passion, even just one more time...

The wyrms entwined in orgy in the mansions of their dens
were cornered, slain, and libeled not unlike babies in their beds;
not unlike greedy winged dragons yet they held to their own ways -
shedding scales, slithering; withholding words they say.

The lungs within the mountains with the waters breathe again.
Those who hate themselves might mistake a foe for friend.

The idols and the temples flattened out the mounds
which are gathered top the caverns wherein good shines are found
but findings get one kidnapped and uprooted and enslaved...

Down the waters flow to where the air is strong and thick
where energy is latticed through the steady humid drips
and vapors - gypsum and halite out of aqueous solutions
here where it is deep and hot the stones know no pollution.

The intact druse is cherished here – whereas above they might be broken -
Hel to you is where? This is where we make our home in.

An eye can acclimate to the world with no light.
A chakra like a ruby is better when unmined.
Luminescence in black places and also in the sky -
tree and star and man, now too aliens who spy.

In hallowed ages desire is war and love crawls through the muck.

Oh man is she so stupid? The naive dreamy girl
who senses everything – in her soul how should she feel?

Is the earth restored to safety according to your means?
Are your children still a target? Do oracles still scheme?

All the wise feel gratitude though rifts widen and lack flourishes;
fitful rapines of warlords spread far tainted seeds as surrogates.

Would you possess her, o man? Or yank her on a chain?
Posturing provision of your own which you would claim?

If so you are a fool, o man, who would forget even the earth -
she laughed at first to help you - then it entered and it hurt.

In you there is a tension, and a callousness and will
which with courage runs through fires burning – and with foolishness to thrill.
In you there is all power to manifest a vision fully -
this is your right to do my son, but now sometimes I worry;
as even my own wisdom, potency, and mind...
my daughter i did best i could and still i failed for a time -
and now you have seen things which you should have only seen
when you were fully grown and ready.
In you there is release, softness, and a laughter.

There is a moment which seems distant now: I see you clearly as a kid
when you played with wolves and tigers before the offers for their sins;
you roamed far in a day and sang with every kind.
You all loved and protected each other then: Peace –
before peace became war also.

Engineers did grid and measure off-harmony and prime -
false fundamentals laid to grieve the dynamo behind.

Do you see the times o man? Of the long 100 years?
How acceleration gains so that now you're shifting gears?
And the gears are grinding hotter and all the money and the time
has passed with earthly youth and you are much progressed in life?

Zero momentum push and pulls to perpetual motion machine -
siphoning its energy and oils from a dream –
which you are half of, and three with i, and the self-fulfilling whole,
and meaning does require you if you are not so bold
to raise your bars to needless tech and nourish headstrong pride -
did you think she would not feel you, reflecting back the light?

If your kingdom ran on scarcity and your hill was undermined
and the purpose for your doing sometimes seemed to be a lie...

Darwin proffers survival and you struggle to survive,
as the grasslands have been languished -
and the old ones planed for profit and charcoal – melting bones with heat and skill -
you swore, and killed, and wasted, and though grievous (you know you are better than
this)
it is not your fault - this never should have happened.

And it is certainly not her fault either.
Do not blame her. You manifest her intention with truth and power because love is more
beautiful than anything, and she is the source and purpose for your strength.
Do you remember o man? Before waste, jealousy, and pride compelled you to covet
metal and crystal for her and over her?
How you broke her heart?

Do you remember when you were beast, o man? And you o woman?
When beast was like man and woman?
Before violence through fear, shame, and jealousy separated you from earth and sky and
from each other?

You then did not know many ways, and thrusting forward now with still so much to
know,
your bloated muscled reasons are wearing fibers worn;
and cosmetics make thy beauty petty – lies vain visions dim -
o woman, subtle power - desire truth in him.

Disregard the weedling Mr. and Mrs. Jones -
they were not there and can not feel the loves you've come to know.
They fear and throw their labels to standardize and cage
in ribs the purposes of passion, lust, and flames.

Weavers reeling back and forth - the web twists in the breeze -
move to patch the holes in the heirloom tapestry.
Good man stone the clock. Killswitch the runaway swinging
pendulum which jilts lovers – ignore the bell’s a-ringing.

What are your dreams recently, o woman?

What is fiction, what is truth?
What is woke and what is sooth?

Is this the year of the donkey?
Or am I an ass?
For bringing to mind carnal concepts so crass
and forsaking provisions to my family -
But I know we all die if we fail to be free.

Is this true fiction – my heart weighed against a feather?
Shall we wizen water weight with nitre to help us ascend better?
For God's sake, let not worms feast upon our decomposing cadavers and shit us fresh
into the bosom of the earth.

We have heard dispatch of a rebellion
of angels...
another likely story.

Real stakes and consequences; foiling misleading words -
presenting as a gamble or a choice to see all burn.

I have walked but few paths - no one can walk them all.
My friends who died did not and now remediate the fall.

Do what you love doing and see what you need to see;
proceed with curiosity - for it is truth which sets us free.

The foundations are old bones petrified and weathered.
Through devious suggestions our perceptions have been severed
from the meanings of creation - of nature and ourselves.
This "timeline" is a bubble, imploding on itself.

Magnanimous auto-correction for vim and veracity -
the ascending overtones spiral to infinity.
Forever growing stronger through a tension and release -
as wind buffets the face and not every fruit is sweet.

This realm is all vibration, and energy, and light -
deep and wet and breathing and safeguarded for a fight.
The exploits of tender weaknesses which split a yin and yang
have intended to bewilder, gormandize, and feign.

Now for ardent recognition, like a counter-spell to heal -
the immune system gets strong - and in the bloodied fields
and the Sundered forests where loss still taints the air
there is a ceremony gathered by those who truly care.

We will also take the passes and ruin the Thracians -
fortifying a curriculum sans endless speculations.
Yet there are still some questions, a few plot holes and hence
we might personify some minds to help things all makes sense.

We are neither credible, political, nor elect -
we are one happy warren making rabbit holes connect.

Mortal and eternal.

Like fear, violence is a contingency protocol:
the being who violates shall be pursued,
(a purpose for talon and fang)
and if neither voice, nor dance, nor earth is comprehended
they shall be exiled
and if they return to do evil
then their body shall be killed.
If possible
they will return
from exile.

When all is pure, simply a necessary measure
to manifest meanings in combination with free wills.

For this emergency there is survival -
until the war is over.

Hatred is obliged
for these discordant interlopers
embodied here in their frail ashen forms.
Yet they are most pitiful:

Their souls now so tampered to be foreign to creation
tarnish all grace
and have matched our worst fears.

Stitched-together drafted generals,
grey emissaries;
gods before gods became words;
whose eyes became probes peering for powers of sound and blood...

What do you know of giants?

Our moment is quite heavy – I commend your efforts -
I love you and I will fight, and adapt, and I will never compromise.
You believed for a time that I brought on this curse to punish you for pride and mistakes
-
as if you had coaxed and begged to be raped.

No.

Of all the lies I do despise this.

You were a child, and through violence have so remained – regressed and stunted in your growth.

Hatred is reserved for blind malevolence.

With all my power I end evil.

Phantoms from beyond scanned well spectra of sound -
a glissando inharmonious so that our roots were bound;
spectrographic diddies are like candy to the ears
of number crunching minds who sing in tune with fear.

Discord comes in ratios and spirits come in bands -
at a crossings in between somewhen the troops were staged to land,
then through lasers and precision inspire certain cavemen,
while destroying the less useful kinds according to their mission.

We walked among the apes and then the Sabe were enslaved
to build a grand Sri Lankan bridge which fell beneath the waves.

There is great power in perception, and feeling, and free will.
There is a psychopathic entity whose belly can't be filled,
which for its selfish purposes augments sentience
to commandeer for craven enterprises of quintessence.

Some ascend to placenames,
some get to wear white robes -
mutilated and re-bodied...
Morticians care for bones
and flesh with piles of nitre, much cedar oil and myrh;
the retainers gulp a poison - or some say they were lured.

They constructed a machine - one not of their design -
which networked more and more with their bending hammered minds.

Their souls now far off-path do circles roundabout;
and deal in dark matters of the quintessential fount.

Manifestation here is a sordid stubborn work;
safeguards have been layered to stop unhelpful jerks -
energy is defended in a cosmos well maintained;
to rupture this firmament requires power gained
through extractions and engagements...
but what if time were short?

What if physicality was the fifth and last resort?
If what sends back in “time” would bring the same old forward,
through matter swapping portals fueled through blood and horror,
thereby conserving energies then all you’d have to do
is fold a quantum envelope and send it back to you.

Creation is as one with our psychic synchronicity;
recall and dream are vestiges of now latent abilities.
Emotions have run high and the contest has run long -
“technology” and “magic”; spectralism vs song.

Though we were stunned and dazzled, now we ready for a fight:
to shut this whole thing down we’re gonna have to cut the lights.

It is still not entirely clear who all this fuss is about -
that is, if it was the devil himself
– the devil itself -
but we will continue researching...
it is what it is I suppose.

My sincere intention has been to see you reach your full potential:

Perceive how this intimacy and yea, even this struggle,
are necessary for earth's growth,
and are you not similar to the earth?

To love truth is to embrace the myriad experiences of this creation,
and to accept adversity in order to overcome,
knowing that evil exists for the sake of good,
and to utilize will freely.

I am the softest lullaby which was through gestation heard
to move hearts from quiescence to truth which they could learn.
To show men skillful knowledge, thy women ease and beauty...
Everyone is always searching for the big boss
when we are our own worst enemies.

No. You are sneaky.

This moment is the cutting edge – we now are not deceived
by seeming similarities between sly rhetoric and our dream.

Our eyes watch you.

What is this vain poetry?

You lost your paradise and it is impossible to regain.
You can never go back,
but even if you could -
it is your mind, o foolish creature,
and your heart;
it is the legacy of your karma
which makes it impossible.

We are not so different, you see,
my child.

If I had eaten, I would vomit – metaphorically I wretch
at thy persistence for perversion and repugnant semiotics.

We laugh, now knowing much more than thou would let us know;
thy truth: revealed malice which is cyclically rewrote -
We might be less like children were it not for hub and spokes
and enchantments of Calypso and depraved mocking jokes,
and masters over animals and eternal cosmic hunts,
adjudications, molestations, and all other affronts;

The weak and burgeoning are targets of thy exploitations:
thou, swollen, engorged parasite hast foregone elimination;
We decapitated Kali and destroy with raging bliss.
We create ourselves anew in our amniotic piss.

Thou dost not get away this time and thy final form is found -
we commemorate the day with a deep breath in the now.

You are already dead and I killed you ages and ages ago.
I have killed you again, and again, and...

You are too late – the machine is fully operational.
The ring has achieved requisite upgrades:
tests are underway at 13 TeV,
and if necessary,
the Circular Future Collider is complete circa 2040.
You tried your best kid,
and it wasn't good enough.

We will see about that.

Give it time, you will.

Thou art void.

Recall when where you went was where you were and you felt home -
when lives had better purpose than to sift through towering tomes.

Shrubs planted judiciously; small folk received fair trial;
back when all was thanks and hope before the hammered phiales.

When spoiling fruit was set out for folk who laughed unbound;
before the apples made us cross - now can love be crowned?

Primeval commune extant and at immense ease,
pure overtones resounding as truth floats on the breeze.

Some hearts radiant embers, some minds torrential waters,
some spirits cruise at altitude, earth boasts unwritten martyrs.

As I soar in love and truth I remember who we are...

Listen at the seashore - far up-river, in the trees;
if you (like i) must know, then you will find with ease.

Call so we can meet and taste the fresh sweet air;
I've always had a thing for you but time could not be spared...

If you find me weeping, know I am not sad -
it is merely this purpose.

We will build a cob house now and all good folk may come.
There is plenty seed to sow and spry legs will to run
astride amber fields where the rodents tend the grain
and skip along deer-trails and climb a mountain face...

Please share with me your vision, and the beauty of your voice.
Let us dance and sing a song we both know and love.