
Dedicated to my family and circle of
friends for their never-ending support
and encouragement.

AWARENES

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Intro

The year in which I wrote this is uncertain. Though, I am certain of what century it is from. I wrote it during an unplanned ten year vacation sometime in the early 22nd century.

I had a difficult time assimilating into 22nd century culture. Every job I applied for expected me to have some kind of experience with robotics or artificial intelligence software. I tried to educate myself by checking out some books from the local library but reading those robotics textbooks was like reading Chinese.

So, I eventually settled on the very lonely career of an artist. Oddly enough, I enjoyed it.

When people first come upon an unknown artist and his work they tend to ignore him. They think of him as some new contagious disease. They'd rather deny his existence than embrace him with open arms.

This can go on for days, weeks, months or even years. Some artists live their entire lives without ever receiving any kind of recognition or reward for their work. Most don't create to be recognized.

I am one of these artists. I paint lots and write lots. Most of what I write cannot be stuffed into any one genre.

What you are about to read is the kind of stuff I prefer to write. It is honest, it is unhindered. It is what I write.

1

I finished the sketch of a homeless man napping on a park bench then looked upward. As the sunlight passed through my being I then understood what was to follow.

There is an awareness that pervades our existence whether we know it or not! This awareness is great and powerful when uncompromised by mechanical limitations. Forcibly. Ethical diatribes mislead the masses many, many times within each generational gap of unhindered creativity. I know not what to say concerning such subject matter. The world of academia is fettered so needlessly.

Open your mind and listen to your heart.

Sometimes we all just gotta' cut loose and let all inhibitions dissolve away up into the ionosphere. Doubt equals no fun. When or where is not applicable here. Your earth is visibly painful and disdainful.

Make yourselves at home in this underground lair of formidable woe. Your shoes were made for walking, converting, speaking, learning, teleporting to varied dimensional outlets within universality. I am not really used to such chicanery or foolish notions of permanent material gain. No. This does not satisfy mine own raging curiosity.

Parliament may have offered up a stipend to artists at one point but I can assure you it is no longer a viable means of authorship these days. These days of which we so proudly exclaim to be living in have fused with purple robustness. Will there be more to offer? Will there be more to look forward to? Certainly certain! It's not like we can look backward and maintain self awareness within the present.

Odd years thriving during uncertain dream states; so reluctant. And so as her cream soaked skin is caressed by every appendage known to man... the human condition melds then evaporates into the sand. The second sun then transmutes the rest. Oblivion!

Raphael was more than just a ninja turtle! I played with his action figure and conjured up his brothers. We all performed acrobatics in the backyard of my not so careful friend named Arnold. It was always such a sight to behold!

My friend would always bump his head on a tree branch after about thirty minutes of play. That's how I always knew when it was time for lunch. Lunch usually consisted of bologna and cheese sandwiches with the crusts cut off.

Poetically it taught us to breathe holistically within abandoned makeshift homes with little comfort for us creatures. The insaneness of it all drove away all the illusionists and their divergent caretakers' allusions. Listen not to the worries of a furrowed mankind. The bated blonde has no power or say over what bulges underneath the glowing vortex; romantically.

Proper analyses will show that we were always made to believe in ill fated illusions. Dyslexic allegories with homeless nobodies to descend upon the shit stained white house shall show us more than we ever cared to know about.

Sanctity realized, sanctions unsuited for every wisher in dirt covered spotlights. Know not where to direct the anguish, fear, pain, absolution and divide. Forgetful consciousness is a subtle way to anoint notions of better cosmic important importance. Such a belated divergent cannot forget what history makes of us; impudent.

Sexually distant in her headed worry surfing towards bile and unappreciated materialistic plundering to offer up to the god of saintly violent oppressions! Distortions feel our hearts. Mandated laws to make magnificence seem hot and unable to roll out the fear campaign.

Heavy bodies drowning the capitalistic division imposed by fractional constitutional cuts, make the world go bland.

Each and every werewolf wrinkles with the continuum. You give in to wealth and Xeroxed ameliorations.

Oppression leads to depressions.

State-less to undo the painted vanity placed upon the many sacrificial altars of unaltered hypocrisy! Inspire!

We are here to inspire you forever and always! And every always will belong to you.

Standing armies fall when faced with truth and love and doubt.

This is the way to become beings of illumination and eternal loving self involvement.

Screaming violence kills all souls whilst interconnection is realized. There is no way around the fold of existentialism.

Movements to bleed.

Feeling old emotions resurface benign.

Like I felt back in the damp basement of atrophy and apocalyptic atheism.

Listed the pros and potential canvases with splattered metaphors learning to swim backwards first before forwards. Forever is the scent of our future.

And as the musicians play their best original song most of society continues to allow all infrastructures to crumble, crumble, crumble, crumble.

Racing to inspiring places uncategorically edified by the last pen charcoal engraving made by myself and every other lonely human being living within trusted allusion. The illusory crashes now! We reclaim the entirety right now and forever more!!

When little souls misuse their gifts for nothing other than personal gain it makes one wonder about many things pertaining to their particular upbringing. I mean, such as the mental state of their parents and/or legal guardian(s). This seems rightly wrong.

Because as with most mindful pathways to cosmic existence it must make us reflect very often if not at all. And I will be the first to admit that my own fantastical fantasies left a mark of indelible scars up and down mine spine.

I say it because that is the thing to become nowadays. Say and sing effervescently!

Wrong allegiances misplace trust and sanction too incompletely.

Curvaceous girls, females really trying to fly off their own heavy heads and bust.

Life is life is life is life is life is lighted by the godly divinity within and without duality!

Caramel carnivals to create truth like the kind we shutter from but still relate to.

Yes, we relate to it all nowadays don't we?

Cannot take away what you spoke underneath that starry worrisome painted night sky you foresaw so much back then but rarely was fortune the conclusion. All the pain leads to democracies and their fucking fated allegiances to corporate nihilism.

Obeying old dated archaic scriptures. Blah!

Limitless I cannot accept this mass haze we've been force-fed!

The emotionality of it all has got to stop at some point even if for only one second of one other second, sanity sates the only worry that filled us all with hope at random points in the sky of continual analysis. Find the discovery to believe in; something new and untainted.

It was a simple wish to make over caffeinated actualization. A request to control the mass populace is what you wanted but nobody would allow it. Perception is a warrior.

Failure fucks with your demented sense of permanence. Nothing lasts nor will it ever last for any longer than is possibly possible.

It is Hard still to confine magnificence in this day and age. We should never have succumbed to our massive egos. They wanted us to be sedentary and uncaring individuals.

Guitar notes sent by my own personal prophet shall guide us into the next millennium. So you mustn't be afraid. Spill it all over yourself willingly, now. Learn and relearn if you must; there is no limit to how much one person can absorb in one lifetime.

Hate is an outdated concept which never really did much to advance our species to begin with. Into vacuous voids we must push, push all worry into.

We ARE ETERNAL! We are eternal and always will be part of the infinite nature of our lovely Universal existence. Nothing and no one can ever take that away or distort for very long!

There are countless things concerning the human brain we have yet to discover and behold.

Spontaneity I amend at this juncture.

Admittance to existence should be free.

(speak freely; mind not the greedy.)

Don't lose your right foot shoe!

Beginning is an end to and for itself. Some such careful carelessness consumed us whole and plainly. Tell us no lies. Just pull up your platitudes and drown your sorrows if need be.

We were not at all careful but regarded each other as anomalous day trippers; rippers. Familiarity reigns in consciousness.

Galactic involvement involves each of us! Every one of us!

We belong to each other and each lover. The cosmic eternal light illuminates our journey forever and all possible ways.

Subtlety assures our future.

It was love that plagued us. Not because we wanted it but because we needed it. The words slipped out uniformly.

"I love you." I said.

"That's nice." She replied. She rubbed oils into her skin.

"I mean I *really* love you." I said again with more emphasis.

"That's nice. I heard you the first time." She sneered.

"I don't want to love you but I need to love you!" I exclaimed.

“I wish I felt the same way but I don’t. And I probably never will.” She turned over and went back to sleep.

She left me two days later but only because I asked her to leave. She actually hoped she could continue living with me even though she didn’t love me.

Can you believe that?

I can believe it only because I lived it. But if viewed from the outside in... it does seem rather unbelievable.

A special monkey I am. Uniquely the optimistic realist. Can you not understand the flow! Or perhaps you can only stand.

Whatever the cause, I’m not a picky bastard. Energetic vestiges keep the faith alive as all prophecies foretold apathetic nothings. Sweetly and kindly I shook my head to the beat of a red drummer.

Oh I’m not a promotional type of being. If I could be I would be. The rest of you are slavish.

Scented was melts on scented lies. I like liars only because they keep things interesting. Come on now... you know it to be quite possible.

Comedic perspectives help us out with the process of creativity. Touching hearts and minds; poetically. Practically, I yearned for her halo.

Why do you all turn away when I need to feel your embrace!! Some such bullshit developed between our respectable nations but only as a day became unknown.

Would you be tranquil when not near fairness? I mean, it’s not as though I am that asshole that left you all alone in a strange city without food. YOU chose him! I did not choose him for you.

Wish I could time travel back, back to pre-pretentious eras. But this existence is what we wanted to experience. Like it or not. Ripped from a healthy rot of some divine resemblance of God and his/her wishes.

We live as we must. War is not a truth to live by. The letter T describes us accurate. So I stirred the macaroni and cheese then

watched it congeal into a bold likeness of some magical tricks
tricking the limits of this falsehood, false reality. Actual rites
transcend allegiances.

Unfettered, we must recall the day we revealed every
hypocritical tune. You are the masters of revelatory revelations.
My eyes feed me images and doubts and later loves. Let's, let's
be wiser than every monarchy was!

Slice the weak finger that pulls poisonous pleasure triggers.
When this word gives birth to another word and another sensitive
sentence we shall feel nothing but rewarded and rewound
frustration. You manipulative shrill shrew!

I need no conversation with you. If you need some shoes please
call me. I'd rather be alone than feel cold coldness by your side.
Reading is an exercise.

Concrete worries over no one. Eat a soul! Eat your ego! I was
told there would be grief in your version of a glazed sham.

Mysterious subtleties relax the strings which tug at our limbs.
Maybe we needn't be so fearful of peace or love. Maybe (baby).

An obligatory hello and she is now compelled to ignore me.
Frantic upset jelly fish mimed to us along the way. Nevertheless,
we had to abandon those deaf proclamations.

Let dialogues sing. It'll be recognized within twenty years. I'll
be recognized within fifty years! Probably scrutinized as well.

There is no worse way to die than to die whilst engaged by
commerce. The analogies morph our instability. Facial faculties
explain away deformities.

We drink to serendipity.

One person cannot substitute another for another. Very well and
unlikely permanent. You would do well to make believe that all
beliefs are futile. Futile attempts at tricking the impermanence of
existence.

We all know what we're alluding to and why. We can't deny it
all, not like before the land was forged. Bond with purpose.
Purportedly.

Yesterday, I planted sunflower seeds. Well, yesterday was like five yesterdays ago. I may have planted them too deep because it appears as though their roots have already begun to take hold of the soil but the plants themselves have yet to poke through and out of the ground. I'll just keep watch over them for the next week or so.

You'd like to reveal me, reveal me in forty five different ways not so germane to human existence. Stop cutting your hair so short, short, short. I thought you said to me that you liked wearing short shorts in the middle of summer. Shorts so short that any man can take a gander at your nether regions. That is what you divulged to me, Mrs. Marvelous.

This point has now been crystallized for posterity.

2

Didn't your mother ever tell you it is not nice to follow the government when it knows not what to do about the problem of world hunger? If she did not then I am sorry to say that she must have been a very careless mother. Recollect some order and significance!

Go on and hide. We've all got to go somewhere peaceful and secure. Safe from those prying eyes we despise.

Spilled the refreshment! Spilled it all over my read and unread books. Should I be angrier than I am? These careful words keep me guessing.

Yourself produce you must. Negligence is not your style. It's not anyone's style. The self is no product.

Most people give birth to dozens of children in just one lifetime. I am not most people. I give birth to new ideas, concepts, modes, distillations, journeys and beautiful word scapes.

My destination is unknown but I feel it! It feels unique and almost like pure formation.

Don't you ever wish you never noticed all the things you've noticed! Huh? Eh? But oh what do I know? Eh! Forever is Forever.

Some things are better left to the imagination. Perhaps we should seriously consider constructing an imaginarium of some sort.

You know... a place for all dreamers to be free to dream all they want. No idea will be too weird or vague or stupid. Like something like banana scented underwear or glossy luminous waffle cones. All ideas welcome! All!!!

Per chance take a chance on foolishness and vapidness. Everyone would be welcome to partake. Live for today, today!

Not tomorrow but Today! Life is an amusement.

When that cute girl in her tight blue shorts wiggled around in chaos all men bore witness to the ultimate beginnings of a serious revolution. Yes, some thoughts were rectified but also sanctified as unholy.

I dropped my rations on the ground. A gallon of spring water, energy drink, bottle of Diet Pepsi.

They say caffeine is terrible but they say plenty of things are terrible. And plenty more terrible things go on unnoticed and ignored. Daily; ignorantly.

Tell her. Tell them. Now! Before their days are just as consumed as their nights. Allegorical human lives display worry and cautious machinations but never for more than a handful of robust rotisserie chicken.

Hardships are the sect's bread and butter. They need us to suffer and to become depressed. Why? Because then we are easier to control and much more willing to adhere to any psychotic diet of worms.

Fuck them. I say hug them and love them. Possibly hump them as needed. Like a dog would a fire hydrant.

That's what they require. That's what we all require. Denial is a two way street. Or uh road, highway, railroad. You get the point!

I had to read that novel which contained verbs twice. I enjoyed it but not as much as that story about a story about a story about another story.

Life wants to be a novel. Or maybe I just need it to be a novel.

Let's not analyze all the same nonsensical allegorical lists of goals. The curves that outlined essences of stagnation are what allowed us to live longer than ever before. Ever, ever before!

Your lion is not very brave. He can't even hunt down a gazelle without shitting on himself. It is like that and sings so deaf. Mostly harmonizing with old blues and r&b songs.

Blonde beauty gazed into my eyes, my heart, my soul. She's a songstress. She's a muse. She is heaven incarnate. It is her voice that gives me hope and a reason to survive.

Possibly prodigal remnants of an ego shall recreate my old archaic limbic draft. Draft of a mind, draft of a man. Human beings are more transitional than climactic.

We live and die for a very true purpose. We must also not forget about the reality of ascension. Ignorance is a five lane highway with gridlocked traffic.

To ignore is to be subtle and bastardized. Unsanitary yet so remarkably profound! Think these thoughts, thoughts. Thoughts to think.

Forced smells waft up to blank parables and cause severe third degree earnings. I do so loathe the greediness that capitalism promotes. It insists upon itself/himself.

Birthday cake and ice cream are considered the norm. But so are war, poverty, famine and disease. I'm not okay with this! I'm not and neither should you!

Sacred yet unbearable; solitude mimics solace. A secure solvent it is not. But it is a solvent nonetheless.

Unlike margarine with its many birth defects. Still... might be nice to name one's child Margarine.

Reading and analyzing one's own script can have adverse effect.

Used to be enough food and drink to go around. Go around twice and thrice. If need be, needs.

That words gets me caught up most of the space time continuum. Needing something is like conjuring up some deep seeded ability or lack of ability. It's like something that the soul craves and desires in order to maintain some sense of equilibrium.

Clarity is not my aim. Comprehension is often overrated. Or probably underrated. As you can no doubt sense... I have trouble with describing my thoughts to people who aren't familiar with my brain patterned flux. Brains. I do admire it; dearly.

It can be difficult for one to be so kind during this 21st century. Sad illusions and sad confusions dilute what we've come to call home.

Time so fickle reevaluates momentary dances with reddened madness. Still so unclear whether she's my equal or not. Not. Not I but equality is quite the busy body.

Body and the builder. A requisite we've come to rely on for these past twenty centuries. External is only external. A truth can surface before any lie can germinate. I considered it all funny but tragic. Laughable.

Petty prettiness to feast upon oh so delightful. I was having quite a great time just being locked up in her closet. I lied alongside her old stuffed bears and stretched out training bras.

One lonely night, I told her all my secrets. The biggest being that I still loved her and probably always will. She kind of chuckled and then said, "I'm very hungry. Let's go get some burgers at the place down the street."

We walked slowly towards the burger joint. The sky was a brilliant shade of blue-green. The air smelled of freshly cut grass. Summer was nearly over.

3

Make yourself invincible so as to repel all fateful pathways. They need us like a cancerous tumor needs its own beach house and bodyguard. Hilarity ensues back to basic functionality.

Wisdom and truth are often neglected and bastardized in this societal drawback of a country, nation. We're starting wars with everyone and for no real damn reason! Search the databanks.

Leery gun toting forceful habits of chaotic drowning could not show us what awaits us on the other side of the other side. Dying can be liberating when done without regard for the afterlife.

And so we swallow liquids such as alcoholic ungratefulness and thankless job security morphing into black decent crime bosses with more money than every bank and corporation in this forsaken conglomerate. Pissing out your faithful democracy. I am simplistic. So fucking what!

We've got everything right here amongst us and in our heads. Nothing more is needed right at this moment or the moment after this or the moment after the next one after the next one and so on and so on. On to the lighted morsels of significances! We love one another lots.

We need not abandon logistical opportunity just yet. Though, it may help in the long run. Iron out the starry blurs.

Medicated attitudes send the saintly gods towards unknown biology. Negative allegiance kills many of us slowly and subtle. Impediments we want, impediments we steal and reallocate throughout each subsequent generational gap.

There are various factors to electrify and swim with sharpened shark teeth.

Kill every falsity and stab the ego of entrapment and fictional runner about to take off from clearly marked police states. They can never force shit onto your scalp! They cannot! They cannot!

Mine own allegiance lies with everything and everyone and the whole entire Universe. Cosmic elations dilute earthly chakras; visually stunning geography is pertinent.

Random and not random. Gravity claims to be more than just a theory but we know better. Black hole suffrage shall suffice the frontal abuse they have cleverly orchestrated.

There is no bomber to bomb back. There are no terrorists to terrorize. There are no positive leaders within today's government.

All is as contagious as a viral infection of the heart and mind. Brain waves manipulate mannerisms. Here there are bold backstabbers to minimize the pain and torment of physicality. A pleasure it is and a pleasure it must have been to serve under egomaniacal visionaries.

Nudist artwork planted upon days like today in rare gardens not started by farmers but by farming communities. The charcoal was the one that told me I needed to give up foolish notions of a functional economic collective. Collectively sensed senses regenerating anew.

So, so many of us feel lost and outdated. Naturally it is only natural. Nutrient rich aloe can alleviate much propagation but this near sightedness. We play poker and fantasize of gold cast twinkies and caramelized dough.

Ball of mucus inside me swerving and juxtaposing the order of my other organs. Oh for the sake of some Christ! She eats ten dozen french fries and calls it a night.

I wanted to walk her back home but she said no and I smiled cautiously then used my newly acquired mental powers to traverse the spacious space in less than one second. Pollution still drains us daily.

Violinists' garments emerge forth from slanted victories.
Placated emotions turning over and over inside out.

Xerox cheers then jeers imagined stubble down her legs; curved.
The curvature supplied ample reason to amuse myself and
dismiss my inhibitions.

Dragged down by metal allegories because I thought that if I
could only write something worthy of this god forsaken mind I
could then be somebody spectacular and warrant cause for some
kind of egregious celebration. Wrong words are not in my
vocabulary.

Pills have no rightful argument. The father he sees me moan and
sigh funnily then offers me tortilla strips stripped of fame and
inexorable shame.

Bullshit. Human shit. Satan shits while standing on hind
quartered off sections of mankind's sickest industrialization.

The pings and the pangs of fervor ferment the fermented
beverage of choice of which I cannot begin to comprehend inside
mine own viability. Long legged spider faces swing back to the
aborted fetus which displayed future variables by which all
thought could be compared to and judged against for eternity. Do
not get me started, stopped. Mouthed off to the police man
because he needed to know that I do not give a damn about the
justice system and I know that he doesn't either. Grabbed the
bottle in the backseat and took a swig as he read me my rights. I
told him I did not understand much of it. He said I was too drunk
for my own good. I told him he don't know what my own good is
or could be. I reached for his firearm and he restrained me by
shoving my arms behind my back and spitting all over my nose.
His spit was quite cold and reeked of coffee and spearmint gum.
He told me to relax; I could not relax.

We fell on the ground and struggled for his firearm. After a
minute I grabbed it away from him and fired into the air three
times. He backed away, backed away. Said he would not
approach me. I told him, "I am a writer of great importance! But
nobody gives a damn about writers anymore! People prefer to

fuck their devices and give in to their vices!” I raised the gun and pointed it at him then myself.

“Why are you doing this? Please, stop!” The officer sounded insanely sincere but still authoritative.

“It is too late now! I do not wish to harm you! I don’t even want to harm myself but now I know I must because the voices in my brain are growing more malicious everyday! Goodbye and please read my work when you get a chance!”

I pushed the gun against my right temple. Pulled the trigger. First time in a long time I felt relieved.

4

“I need to ask you some questions!” Julie exclaimed. Her brunette hair was tied back via a yellow scrunchie.

“Questions? Oh um okay. What kind of questions? I raised my coffee cup to my lips.

“First thing’s first. How old are you?”

“I am 30 years of age.”

“Really? You don’t look it.”

“Uh thanks I guess.”

“You’re welcome. Second question. What is your favorite food?” She took a big bite of her cheese danish.

“That would definitely be pizza.”

“Oh yum! I like pizza too!” She licked her lips then smiled.

“Yes! Pizza rocks!” I remarked.

“Mmmhmm. So, what’s your favorite topping?”

She fiddled with her silver dangling earrings. They caught the light in the most peculiar way.

I smelled the smell of a fart from somewhere behind us but ignored it. Tried to ignore it. Smelled like beans and eggs. Eggs long past their expiration date.

“Uh probably your standard pepperoni and sausage. Oh and extra cheese when available.”

“Mmm. That sounds tasty! I sure could go for a pizza right about now.” She batted her eyes and gave a come hither look.

I told her to shut up and get to the point. She was surprised by my candor but it turned her on anyhow.

I suggested we get a motel room and a pizza and see where the night takes us. She slapped me hard then said she already checked into a motel the day before last. We paid the tab, hopped into her orange hybrid vehicle and raced away with big smiles on our faces.

Faces! Vehicular sexual exploits. Swirls of her hair and essence enveloped me entirely. Oh I do love minutes. For they tend to multiply of their own certitude and volition.

Hell became jealous of us instantaneously. I was forced to submerge my subconscious in tequila. Flesh then converged with more flesh.

We fulfilled each other's fantasies well into the afternoon and evening hours. Hours, time eluded me just like it always does. We hugged and spooned until we fell fast asleep.

(Blue aqua haziness tore apart my electric dreams. I don't usually have such lengthy and involved dreams.... But that night I did.)

I am the Buddha that discusses Christ, Communism, Socialism, Fundamentalism, Freedom, Free Masonry, Anarchy, Capitalism, Demonism, Marxism, Atheism, Catholicism, the Yin & Yang, the Tao Te Ching, Poetry, Fiction, Non-Fiction, Illusions, Allusions, History, Biology, Psychology, Music, Art and whatever else remains.

All us beings are literally literal in every way conceivable. There is no end to our magnificence. None at all.

The era of competition is coming to a close. We are natural born creators. Creators!

I am telekinetic. It's not a bad thing. It's not as dangerous as you might think.

I cannot move mountains or fly; not quite yet. I can only focus my energy and direct it towards small objects. Even then the object will only move if it desires to move. All things have their destined place in this beautiful Universe.

We cannot change that which does not wish to be changed. We are only responsible for ourselves. Responsibility.

Make of yourself what you can. You will flourish no matter what endeavor you embark upon. Talent is your motivation. Genius is your vessel.

With both you will sail smoothly across the open seas of life and far beyond.

Oh what hath become of mine personality? Why will my laptop no longer hold a charge?

Your caca is something of an embarrassment. Yes, a huge monolithic disappointment. It has not the girth that one needs in order to maintain a healthy vibrant colon. Coalition.

You may laugh if you so choose to laugh. But I assure you there is nothing funny about an unhealthy colon! Just ask that old Mr. Peterson.

He suffered from a dirtied colon for all of eighteen years. Then one day it just imploded! It was a very tragic scenario indeed. Most of his relatives were too ashamed to reveal his true cause of death to the public. So, they concocted some story that involved Mr. Peterson getting hit by a high speed monorail.

I suppose the moral here is to eat some fiber. Lots and lots of fiber!

Fiber can be found in many fruits and vegetables. There is no fiber to be found in stressful scenarios. Anxiety is not much of a laxative.

Don't worry about it! The good and the bad are unavoidable. But that does not mean you must fear them or fret over them so needlessly. Duality is the paradigm we exist in.

Robust existence: understated and underscored. Ignoring yourself is like ignoring an estranged lover or a hexagonal cloud formation.

With an intense type of personal personality... I survive this paradigm. We subsist on most things related to proper intelligence and power. People must meditate more often than not.

Buddha was no fool! He used to be royalty. That is he was once a prince who grew tired of the privileged life and rejected it all for the life of a wandering mendicant. That's just another word for spiritual journeyman.

It is best to be honest with oneself rather than be perplexive and retell various anecdotal debates surreptitiously. I do recall some memories from childhood as far back as the age of one. I used to crawl around and bang my head on corners and furniture. My parents were mostly young and preoccupied with financial affairs to be bothered with keeping watch over me every single second.

I once crawled into a toy box and tumbled down the stairs like a daredevil going over Niagara Falls in a wooden barrel. I don't have any personal recollection of it but my parents do.

5

Drown your salted sorrows in pools of caramel apathy. Yummy and delicious they are. The time is right, right and obsolete.

Soy cheese is not cheese. So don't go knocking down car doors; wishfully. Sure seems like you are unworthy of nonsense.

Sure as sure can't be. Funny pliable organ grinder. Talked to no one other than that wicked politician of the east.

My friend, the bass player, is quite an interesting character. You wouldn't think that such a person could exist outside of a novel or movie but he does indeed exist. He's a bit of an eccentric. More than an eccentric; really.

He resides in a cramped studio apartment in a building complex that has existed since the late 1920s. One entire wall of his place serves as a makeshift bookcase and is home to hundreds if not thousands of books and magazines. Oddly enough, he claims that he does not like to read.

I once asked him, "Why do you have all those books if you don't like to read?"

"Decoration." He replied.

Twice a week he toured the local bars. Not to play music in but to drink in. He always seemed happy. Happy and content. Very little phased him. Drunkenness is his elixir. His version of the fountain of youth.

But then again there's not much else to do in a town like El Paso, TX. It's one of those cities that's full of possibilities but also full of people denying those possibilities.

You might be saying to yourself, "Most cities are like that." And you might be correct but trust me when I say that El Paso has all those other cities beat. When it comes to denying potential and growth, El Paso is king!

Make sense?

I'm just trying to tell the story of a blue blooded male. A male who lives by his own moral code of honor. This is my story. This is your story.

.....
.....

Old men stabbing each other with old broken and misused instruments. They worked themselves tirelessly to the point of over dramatic over reactionary revolutionary chaotic protestation.

We ignore all of our problematic unstable issues plaguing the basic of all basic human urges. Just bite your own denial before setting it loose upon the world once more and yet again. Wars are to blame for all these fucked up accusatory oil spills choking our youth and raping our health!

Not gonna' pretend anymore. I no longer wish to pretend to tolerate it.

Crimson allegiances will only lead us towards more death and uncertainty! These bastardized political figures are only out to serve their own interests and the interests of cancerous corporations.

They don't give a fuck. They don't give a damn. They don't give a rat's ass. They don't give a holy moley revelatory shit about us citizens!

Gum shoes felt right then left to the touch of another wishful thinking portent propagation like ever more subtle godly prostitutes selling bruised skin. Feels naturally bloomed. Our D.N.A. sequence does not lie; it is incapable of deception.

Dig scars deep submissive random needles inside my thankful membrane of another allegory; orange popsicles melt while we watch democracy fuck itself in the ass.

Every time we run around in circles there's always someone who wants us to run in squares. Such illegalities pertain to future non-profits of mankind. The government is stunting the truth! They suppress it all! They misguide us down into an illusory hellish plane!

Shouting at the number one. What lesson is to be gained from worshipping yet another asshole wearing a cleansed cloak?

Slime is slime no matter the outfit it is wrapped up in.

Lots of times I threw rocks and stones high up into the air until they all came raining down once more upon my head. What is it going to take to ascend beyond your ignorant malaise and self imposed depression!

(Sorry is the word we overuse alphabetically.)

Gain up wondering why and for what obstacle does this human experiment need to exist at all in such disgusting limitedness. No worries and no thanks. No tears to dilute the fermented essence of molested innocent moleskin civilians.

I do not wish to harm any child or woman or innocence of any kind! Why must my government kill so many defenseless sentient beings? FUCK THEM! They are NOT MY govern-ment! I DENOUNCE THEM ENTIRELY!

Take my books and shove them up your ass now! Careful, mention nothing valuable to me. Memories pale in comparison to altruistic suicides. Firearms do not protect us anymore. I don't believe they ever did.

These men are bastardized versions of some once pure form of divinity. They provide nothing new now.

Bountiful lust and fucking trust transmutes several decades of illusion. Lost among these self described intellectuals; they suck their own blood. The opposition is deplorable.

Wrote another damn substitution for the truth, it remains unread. Drifting drifter cradles his own dreams whilst some kid makes off with his apple pie and runs into oncoming traffic. Scenery speaking specially specious.

This life is but a masquerade and not serious. (I require this solitude. It absorbs and dissolves society's esse.)

Orange vague yellow shining down into jars made of candy and clay. Girlfriends are nothing but trouble and create mass amounts of needless complications. Yet, they have no problem giving into the daily materialism that gets shoved up inside 'em.

I need to love everyone. Everyone needs to love one another. There is no alternative.

I submit to nothing and no one! I am but a simple man who feels the interconnectedness of everything and everyone within this brilliantly created Universe!

(mutandis, mutation, mutatis, mute)

Virtually every need is never met within this capitalistic ruling. Gluttons we ALL are!

Everything needs everything. Everyone needs everyone. Everything needs everyone. Everyone needs everything. This is the true theory and fact of evolution.

“You worry me now. Truly.” The clearness in her voice was nearly frightful.

“I know. I worry myself. But somebody has to be the one to lead these sleeping humans back towards that state of pure fulfillment and love.” I stepped into the void and rearranged my molecules.

Fourth degree, fourth amendment, fourth medal, fourth pillar of hell. Listed long longitude coordinates later deemed unprofitable.

Separate allusion to severe from brutal angst and strawberry flanks. Absolve some serotonin seer. Self granule breeds heated hatred holy masses set on fire all archaic belligerences. Purposeful revolutions must become the normal norm now, not later but now god damn you!!!

Scientific beatific rebirthing more bodily cleansers; worldly known believers and light bringers shall aid us in transitioning from hell to heaven. Christ like we all will be but have always been.

Non emotional sickness to teach the teachers as much as they thought they were teaching us with their hypocritical oaths of cryptic origin and overbearing supervisory maniacal monoliths. Fly to nirvana, fly to Valhalla. Idiots are born every single day. Intellectuals are beaten up for knowing various mathematical formulas.

Scents anoint apathy with prostration and possible deathly transgressions. But we can easily transcend these worries and woes, I know what I speak of.

This right here is my “bible” and shall expose the illusion for what it is and has always been; illusory and needless. It is a great teacher, yes.

Awaken, dear Human Beings! Wake up to the world you live in! Realize just how wondrous your existence truly is!

Her brain was mammalian but her heart was that of a salamander. Believability gets thrown out but never thrown up.

(Focus now and you will see the truest formations begin to take hold of your perspective. Respectively.)

Consumed another barbequed penguin butt. It tasted like victorious envy. The inspiration smashes my face into concrete sidewalks as flowers grow around my imprint. We live in a galaxy. We do not live in a democracy. Whole peoples say I am disrespectful; brilliant!

Within deep soil unwatered these sentimental flowers felt the need to surround mine body and inject me with love and hope and future. I did wane but listened.

Your truth is an illusion.

Vehicles shall drive into large vats of iced down prophetic analyses.

There’s still some need growing and growing and not reducing but recycling.

Susej has not saved us. Not yet. Not clever.

//
//

Thick obstacle in my way shall be roasted and eaten. Precious little to do while waiting for the real apocalypse. Internal skin signs the sign of the crux.

Happy means to be lean mean forgotten mechanically inclined to pursue golden desires which just so happen to be trapped underneath caverns. But these caverns are filled with piles and piles of scrolls that need to be read.

My brain does not worry me. I love it.

Save these aquatic unicorns' defecation jars.

Her legs were quite misshapen but curvy nonetheless. It was those short shorts that truly did her in. Of course, she had no qualms about it.

Still, felt the want of excess and elimination. Entertaining folk dancers emulated the plays of William Donne.

Eliminate the vaccine. Eliminate the shore. Eliminate this overture. Eliminate the outro of human kind.

(The lemonade might just taste better bitter.)

Awareness is a dance unlike any other dance. Some people just choose to remain wallflowers.

6,768 words shoot out of me at any given moment. Are you not glad to have an umbrella handy?

6

I once requested a remorseful letter from a former lover. Her name was Lola Gonzalez. She wasn't as pretty as she led everyone to believe.

I mean yes she had voluptuous curves, big breasts, long legs and a winning smile. But all that hid her under developed personality. Even I was once fooled by her good looks.

It took me all of seven years to distance myself from her grasp.

Grasp, grasp. Don't you know what to cling to today? Or is your mind now occupied with more artificial things than authentic things? Probably so.

Whenever I listen to the radio there's always some loud mouthed DJ talking about getting laid by some slutty chick he met at a rock concert. I have a sneaking suspicion it is nothing but fiction. Fiction and not even very good fiction.

I live one moment at a time. For me, there is no other way to live. There's only one love that binds us and keeps us from slipping.

Apocalyptic affluence derives from what we should consider the apex of human history. We repeat most of it anyhow.

Whenever I see a jukebox I want to destroy it in the worst possible way. They are never used in the way they were meant to be used. If I had the power to decommission every jukebox in the country I definitely would. You better believe it!

Maribel she ate peaches. She ate them with whipped cream and cottage cheese. She liked sweet and bitter things. Maribel only ate peaches after having lots of unadulterated sex. It was her thing. Thingy.

I travel to various locales within my mind. I'm too broke to go anywhere else. I am but a humble poet.

Don't drink a six pack of beer. Read a six pack of books. All right.

You needn't be somebody you are not. Don't become somebody else to please somebody else.

Cartoon effigies please only me. Unstable unity to start with, we wanted this. Problematic figures telling us lies and feeding us toxic fruit pies.

Knew this and knew that for many centuries. Unmistakably orthodox propaganda to spread around the planet. To keep one's self to thy self is a disastrous plan indeed.

I am reading this crime novel in which the main character is an unofficial double spy for both the U.K. and United States. Some

of the plot is a bit lacking in certain scenes but the dialogue is captivating.

Beavers. Oh yes beavers are not as lonely as we think. They live in groups of seven and hunt in groups of eleven. Oh wait... I might have them confused with sandwich beasts. Yes, it is sandwich beasts that I meant.

“Ha! You don’t know nothin’!”

“Que?”

“I said you don’t know nothin’!”

“Oh. How can someone actually know nothing? Isn’t nothing pretty much impossible?”

“Eh?”

“You know what I’m sayin’! The concept of “nothing” is a major fallacy. You dig?”

“Huh? Oh I uh... eh no.”

“Nevermind. Let’s go get some fried chicken!”

“Orale! Vamos! Let’s go!”

And we did. And we ate an entire bucket of spicy recipe.

Blue on blue. Black verses on stale parchment outlining really bold charcoal configurations. The Chinese were right about this one. Definitely definite.

I used to speak to this little Chinese boy every day after school. He was always blowing snot out of his nose and chasing pigeons around a statue of Charles Grodin. I kid you not! Charles Grodin!

Anyway, the boy’s name was Craig and he was chock full of wisdom. He knew very little English but I always understood what he said. The first time he spoke to me he said, “You are kind person but sometime you need to smell your fart.”

“Smell my fart?” I replied.

“Yes! Smell your fart! Smell it and all your wildest dreams will be made true. Ha, ha, ha!” He then blew a big green booger out of his left nostril and proceeded to stalk three pigeons near a rosebush.

I laughed for a whole hour, non-stop.

You! You're reading this and wondering how is it that someone like you began reading this in the first place. Well, I cannot answer that for you. I could try but I wouldn't want to.

It's like that song I sang to her one morning. It starts off kinda' mellow then explodes all over the place.

She don't wanna' know what true love feels like. She amuses herself with old notions of an insignificant life. But oh she is so, so wrong!

I'll take her by the hand and wind us down to the level of mice. If that's what it takes to get her to change her ways then.... Come on! Let's get going while the going is still good! (A guitar solo is played here.)

It's a very great song! You have to hear it. I can't do it justice by writing about it. About it. About it.

Paintings to depict our last truth and our last optimistic memory. I traded one jar of mayo for two pairs of socks. Clean socks. (spanky)

Have you ever hugged a tree like your life depended on it? Trees deserve more of our respect. They deserve more compassion.

They give us oxygen, shade and fuel. Yet, we take these for granted. Granted.

(humane perplexment.)

You cannot change my mind.

At first she ate my soul and then I ate her heart. And then she ate my sandwich and then I ate her chocolate sundae. Sabrina was oh so voluptuous and intelligent. We sat underneath an old maple tree in Billows Park for a while then practiced yoga. Well, she tried to instruct me on how to perform several poses.

I nearly tore my groin and leg muscles while attempting a bowing towards the sun position. Of course, she laughed and helped me ice down my sprains. She didn't mind touching my groin. It was great!

On our way back home we stopped off at a yard sale and perused the piles of junk. She became enamored by some old romance novels in a box and an old typewriter caught my eye. A large woman in red sweat pants and bleach stained gray wife beater was in charge of negotiations.

I approached her and told her I was willing to pay \$30 for the old typewriter and box of romance novels. She said she'd be willing to let 'em go for around \$40. I then offered her \$35. She asked for \$39. I offered her \$37.50 and she ended the negotiation by smiling and shaking my hand.

Sabrina and I walked away happily carrying our newest used possessions.

When we got home I immediately turned on the typewriter and placed it on an old writer's desk my grandfather got for me when I was ten years old. Sabrina plopped down onto the green couch and began reading one of the dust covered romance novels. The cover was very worn in and all that was legible was the author's name; Kurt Goode.

"Kurt Goode? That name sounds familiar but I don't know why." I said out loud as I searched the desk for some blank paper.

"I don't know either. First time I've heard of him." Sabrina finished reading the last paragraph on the first page then slowly turned to the second.

I found a few sheets of printer paper in the second left hand drawer and let out a sigh of relief. I grabbed one sheet, stuck it in the typewriter, rolled it in position and typed the word Good. The keys made a wonderful clacking sound. It wasn't a loud clacking, more of a forceful clacking.

I then typed the word Man and added an exclamation point. I instantly fell in love with the font! It wasn't at all like the Times Roman font I'd grown accustomed to seeing on my laptop.

The typewriter's font had a more distinct sense of style and uniqueness.

We've all had to acknowledge each other at some point.

I am not what you'd like me to be. Flowing moods to pass through another equilibrium; maybe agile. Most women spiral quite effortless.

Is this a poem? Am I a poem? Are you a poem? Is this place going crazy? Is it getting hot in here or is it not me?

The finality of our fluctuated dreams primarily resides in mahogany coffins. Nosferatu need not be employed by Target. All he does is stare at the necks of young female patrons. But I regress.

I'd like to type on an actual typewriter. I believe every writer should... at least once.

(uno)

We know nothing about nothing. Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Oh sure we'd like to know it all and possibly share things with one another ... but it just sounds funky.

Funky metal band music swirling around in my obtuse brain. It cannot be explained any better than that.

(make some more coffee then splash it on your face.)

Imagine, if you will, an intense conversation with one's self.

"I'm all alone."

"No, you're not!"

"Yes, I am!"

"No, no, no. That is not possible."

"Of course it's possible!"

"No... it is not."

Don't tell me you don't believe. Don't tell me you do believe.
Don't tell me you won't believe. Don't tell me you want to
believe. Just Believe.

All the same is all the same. The names are the only things that
change.

The aperture amuses you but it does not delight you. Delighted.

Coffee cup varieties veer us around chaos then back, right back
into it. As we shrug off the nonsense and create more nonsense
but call it progress. Not unlike Tom Sizemore's reputation.

Do you get messages? Did I get messages? Not, not messages.

As quiet as I could be I found myself within nature. Naturally, I
traversed every doubtful dimensional damnation.

Weakness is an illusory thing that we've all succumbed to far
too many times than was ever really needed for our advancement
within this dualistic paradigm.

You fart. I fart. We all fart for human evolution.

7

We are the molecules. Molecularly composed and intelligently
ordered. We do not die. I do not lie. Every piece of us carries on
into the next life; the next stage. The next school.

Living in El Paso, TX. Years and years go by. They go by as
they should. Time sneaks up and catches us off guard.

In El Paso nobody speaks English and nobody speaks Spanish.
Not really, really. The original proper Spanish was forgotten
centuries ago and the original proper English is rarely
pronounced correctly.

Enchiladas, tamales, menudo and gorditas are the main cuisine
of the peoples. Some will try to tell you different but that usually
means they are NOT native El Pasoans.

As far as entertainment goes, us El Pasoans have to create our own entertainment. This usually ranges anywhere from backyard BBQs to hanging out in someone's garage and getting drunk as a skunk.

Beer, tequila, whiskey, bourbon, wine, rum. We really don't discriminate when it comes to alcohol.

Alco-hol.

Be sure to pronounce frosty concisely and clearly when ordering one at the drive-thru.

Sass sauce, sauce sass. Sass sauce, sauce sass. Sass, sauce. Sauce sass!

Musical platitudes shall comfort us weary woe begotten voyagers. Just like promised to us by the great fractional star gazer.

Boy, do you know what that ol' Roy did the other day?

He went up and clear cut his own nipples off! I swears it! Now, he's gonna' go off and become some kind of train hopping vagabond. I swear it!

Everyone has their own journey to embark upon. No two people will follow the same path. That's the laws of the Universe at work.

You cannot be my pickled mirage of guilt. Some more visual aids will only open us up to old placated prophecies. Trees align with or without us. The Earth shall carry on, eternally. Our solar system will continue to exist. It does not need our permission. For WE are the visitors, the trespassers.

I'm the illusion. You are the illusion. And reality is the pen-ultimate illusion.

Some revolutions are better fought without pitch forks. Understand?

A conquest. A conquering of soulless denominations shedding shadows. Shed all doubt.

Spirited processing death's only viable son of another drunken whore. Dust collects on my weary shelf. Please, get used to hearing more screams from a lonely writer. He writes the things you prefer to gloss over and not deal with.

On special occasions the dark matter speaks to me. It speaks to all of us all the time. It wants us to know how alive we truly are. We are more alive than we realize!

Funny, funny stuffs often abandon its own nest of dismayed baby infant birds. Some would say that to specialize in such strong nonsense is a major waste of time. To that I reply with, "How dare you make such an absurd assumption! Good day to you, sir!"

Let me school you in the ways of inappropriate conversation starters. When served a spot of tea it would be best to show your appreciation by saying, "Thanks very much, Mrs. Poopy Pants." And then follow it up with, "Do you have regular bowel movements? If so, do you document the size and girth of each one? And if not... why not?"

Meditation helps focus the libido when this world topples. Crime and non-punishment tells us more about ourselves than most specie specific catalogs.

I can easily recognize fake accents when I hear them. Like that clerk who works at that convenient store. His accent sounds both Scottish and Chinese. I swear it!

He enjoys telling me about the women he sleeps with. I don't ask him, he just automatically tells me about 'em. It's as if he knows there's a chance I might write about him.

Like last week he told me about some Asian girl he met at a trashy techno club, somewhere downtown. He said her name was Lydia and she wore an extremely short skirt with red heels that accentuated her calves and buttocks. He also said she wore a silver see through tank top with no bra on underneath.

So, at the end of the night they went back to her small apartment and had very kinky sex. Well, according to him it was kinky. He said that she dressed up in some dominatrix outfit and began whipping him with a long leather rope of some kind.

He said he was freaked out at first but quickly grew to like it.

She then tackled him down onto her bed and straddled him hard. She had a look on her face that resembled a mixture of lust and anger. He was afraid but did not want her to stop.

He explained the rest to me in great detail but he stumbled over his own words. By which I mean he had not the vocabulary to express himself completely. He kept referring to her vagina as “fluffy kitty” and her ass as “whiteness.”

I understood him just enough to jot down a few notes on the back of a flyer.

He maintains the notion that he is and always will be a sex machine.

Oh these genes progress so often for every shred of significance that passes. It informs us to continue to follow our hearts. Disregard everything your mind conjures up because ultimately it shall become moot.

Now is now is now is now. Benediction parallels caustic visual theories. Lust is powerful. Shame is proper. (do not worry about prospering much.)

Capitalism feigns fascism. Grilled cheeseburgers taste better with a side of progressive french fries. Thanks for reading this, this schizophrenic tale.

Kind

Kindness

Prevails

Alludes to what

Butt

Another

Prevalent

Malnourished

Infant
Bottom dweller born unto people
People
Pleasers!

8

I don't pay much attention to months. Mostly years. Never fears. Hardly cheers. Rarely jeers.

Walking along the silvery painted path I came across a starry eyed gypsy woman.

"You are incredible!"

She shouted.

"I am?"

"Yes, you are!" She jumped up so high that her red wig fell off.

"I just ate some food at the Hunan Wok!" I said.

"Oh? Was it tasty?"

She asked.

"Yes. Very tasty."

I replied then drove off into the wild blue yonder.

Sometimes we learn to breathe awkwardly because no one is around to teach us otherwise. Gotta' stink up this fourteen ton algorithm we call life. (strife)

The guitar player ages only when he wants to age. The artist recreates ageless states with paint and canvas. The writer writes about all of this and becomes ageless in the process.

God told me to stop eating stale Twinkies.

These stupid stories keep us entertained for long idle periods. They help us escape into fantastical realms. Realms in which all impossibilities become possible.

Novels exist to be enjoyed. Stories exist to be read.

I just noticed someone has flung their crushed Miller beer can into my backyard. Who would do such a thing? Had to be one of my neighbors. If so, which one? Did *I* toss it there? No, it's not my style nor my brand. I'm not even that much of a drinker. Though, some days I wish I were.

Funny stuff; these people are truly hilarious. I recall reading an article once about the deteriorating educational system in this country. It was loaded with typos.

I don't know if the author did it on purpose or not. One of the reoccurring misspelled words was 'People' which was spelled as 'Peopos'. Hilarious stuff!

Seems like each day we know less and less and less about ourselves and the planet we inhabit. Ignorance has always been more of a fashion statement rather than a plague or pandemic.

I am the inventor of left handed pants! Oh yes, yes, yes, yes, yes-ity yes.

Pay more attention here.

9

Logical analysis is no reason to betray your best friend for some sleazy Japanese prostitute. Unfamiliar repose deposits multitudes of gold and silver saturation.

Learn the alphabet (better) backwards whilst sleeping upside down. Downside up numerical algorithms shall lead us forward; unlike loyal penguins.

The biology of distrust is what forces pennies to be mass reused. You do not need to understand everything that you read. Not solidly.

Most razorblade cases ignite our passions. Like that time Sheila took a trip to Hawaii and lost her luggage. She lost more than that.

She met a scuba instructor who swept her off her feet. They denied firstly then danced until their legs cramped up and they got explosive diarrhea from not so fresh shell fish.

Therefore, they spent three days and nights in bed not having sex or any type of intercourse. Diarrhea and other fecal matters plagued them. It was quite memorable.

Red ochre donors see whatever dimensional appetites suppress their allusions. Right to be right. Wrong to be wrong. Outside caca is on fire!

It was once revealed to us by Hercules himself that the rise and fall of all men shall be quick and unnoticeable. Still we persisted. Still we persist.

In England everyone drinks tea. Everyone drinks tea and eats biscuits. Everyone drinks tea, eats biscuits and celebrates Guy Fawkes Day.

This is no mismatched rational relationship. Become a pirate. Become a monk. Become a soldier. Become a politician. Become a businessman. Become a musician. Become a drunk.

All of that was once thought of as having pride and honor. Courage is a lark. Always has been. You see this here worn out reddish bruise upon my crooked brain and smile. Smog and lies do exist away from your vague parabol of shallowness.

As always and always. I saw some beautiful creature in the classics section of the local library. Her hair was short cut and dyed blue. She wore a small white tshirt and a pair of black hip hugging Capri pants. Her shoes were flat but her breasts were buxom and jaunty.

She was looking for a copy of Ulysses by James Joyce. There was only one copy available and we both reached for it.

Our hands touched and a spark of blue electricity shot up and down my spine. Our eyes then locked and we both laughed. She introduced herself as Claire.

I opened my mouth and my words slurred together. Kind of sounded like I was speaking French Canadian. Even though, I have never been to France or Canada.

Blindness mimics a cold winter storm. Hunker down. The basement has flooded so we shall procreate in less than an hour.

Blue traffic cones were originally intended to replace all orange traffic cones. The citizens put it to a vote and voted against it.

Perfunctory peoples perform platitudes perfectly. Not purposely.

\$3.36 for a liter of soda pop and small bottle of water. This day shall go down in certain uncertain history.

Do you ever wonder what the people you look up to look like when experiencing profound orgasmic epiphanies?

For example: Did Abraham Lincoln ever achieve an intense orgasm with what's her face... Mary Todd? And if so did they cuddle afterwards?

Ooooh! Aaaah! Oooh! Arrrrr!

Ross

I believe I will make myself a cheese and onion sandwich. Reginald, where's the whole wheat bread?

Reginald

Eh? Bread? Bread you say?

Ross

Yes, you heard me correctly. Whhhhhhere is the whole whhhheat bread?

Reginald

Uh..... I ate the last two slices.

Ross

What? Whhhat? How could you?

Reginald

I'm sorry but I was craving a pb&j sammich earlier.

Ross

Well, now what am I supposed to eat? !!!

Reginald

There's still some menudo left over from last Thursday's fiesta.

Ross

Damn you and your menudo!

Break here. Brake for animals without ounces of human nature.
Naturalistic ticks.

There twice lived a girl from Kentucky who tore out her hair
and eyeballs. She was tired and bored and tired and bored of life.

She moved to Los Angeles to become an actress but could only
find work as a bar maiden. She took drink orders and carried
trayfuls of beastly sized mugs and pitchers.

She lived on no more than \$2.75 an hour and meager tips from
asshole drunkards. She didn't like it but tolerated it as best she
could.

Three months passed and she had had enough of it. She decided
she would do the world a huge favor and burn the bar to the
ground.

Matches and lighter fluid are quite effective.

Dark chocolate is a great treat. Very little compares to it. Little, very.

“We are familiar ages.”

“Yes, I understated that point earlier.”

“Tell him what he needs to hear not what he wants to hear.”

“Okay. You are right.”

Tell a tale the world will remember for centuries to come. Don't tell a tale that involves ghosts, vampires or demons of any type. That's not what needs to be told.

Take out your pen and write the first word of the first sentence of the first paragraph. Does it make much sense? No? Who cares! It doesn't matter. So long as it is honest.

The world needs more honest writing; prose constructions. Pay no mind to the naysayers! They follow their own encrypted path and feel oh so lonely.

Remain true to your own imagery and descriptive analyses.

Ten years from now you will have written a masterpiece. A masterpiece!

Life is a mutual folly of which we do not understand. These are the accepted terms we agreed upon before entering this vortex of beautiful chaotic convergence. It is fun, it is functional.

I cannot stress enough the importance of not stressing over the minutiae. It all makes clever, clever sense now. See it in your prefrontal cortex of shame. Begin to explore that which you have no control over. Over, over the rainbow of plain spoken banalities. Greatness abounds here.

We learned to walk at a young age for a reason. We learned to form sounds into things called words for a very great purpose. Why then is it so hard to believe that our existence exists for reason? Why?

Do you enjoy being fooled by fallacies and liars? Of course not! I know it seems easier said than done... I know! But that does not make it an impossibility.

At best it is a mutual improbability (possibility).

10

A drummer he drums. He drums on drums. He drums on books. He drums on fences. He drums on tables. He drums on railroad tracks. He drums on his belly. He drums on empty beer bottles. He drums on dumpsters. He drums during sleep.

He drums so furiously that he sprains his back muscles. He then must rest before he can drum again.

Of course, that doesn't sit right with the singer. But the singer is not a drummer. The singer is a singer.

(Let the music play.)

Often times, when looking ahead, we forget to look back once in a while. It does bear some merit. I'm not saying one should dwell on the past but certainly one should keep the past in mind when taking great leaps.

Although, now that I've written this down, I may be incorrect. One should always learn from one's mistakes but never allow them to hinder any personal progression.

There's nothing wrong with taking chances. So long as those chances don't become a type of all consuming plague. Be adventurous!

-The continuum manifests more scenarios.

Saw a very sexy girl riding a pink bicycle around the parking lot. She almost fell off at one point but recovered quickly. I guess even her bicycle knows how sexy she is. She's so sexy that her own bike feels unworthy of her buttocks.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Gold inflections. Gold infatuation. Circular circumference.
Another artist suffers in shades of yellow ochre and morning
blue. Trees stand idle yet bear witness to many, many tragedies
and comedies.

Pennies are no substitution. Just like a pillow is no substitute for
a warm embrace. Love is loose. Love is love. Art is pleasure.
Joyous pain.

Just placed a frozen pizza in the oven. Triple meat is what it
boasts along with a thin layer of cheese. Sometimes the frozen
stuff just ain't enough.

I'm that artist that expects nothing more than good food and
good conversation. When one or the other is not readily available
I get lost in a book.

My friend Siul is a good friend. He's got a great job as an army
recruiter and enjoys meeting strange young women.

Just an hour ago he told me about a young crazy girl he met at a
club downtown. She passed out in the passenger seat of his truck
but not before disrobing and exclaiming, "Fuck me!"

He did not fuck her. He said she looked very unclean; possibly
riddled with STDs. He said he appreciated her candor but is also
very glad he passed on her offer.

He showed me a picture of her. I must admit.... I probably
would've passed on her offer as well.

This verse is not so descriptive. Verse, verse, curse. Another
time of day and we'd all become big bold believers. Believers in
the greatness of one another.

Darkness to the right. Darkness to the left.

Around evil logical myths that describe vibrations rich in iron
oxide. Revolutions are needed. Nerds are the geniuses of 2014.

Time must be the one to surrender rule over peasants. Us
positive peoples needn't feel so coerced as to give blowjobs to
mechanical tyrants.

Live to Love!

“You don’t believe in any sort of sorts!”

Fog manipulations floated around.

“I can try... try to believe in something other than the beginning but it’s difficult.”

“I know. I understand. Stand.”

-Love is the bread and butter of the Universe!

(exist on your own terms.)

11

The wind does not abide by our fictional laws. There is no proper response to capitalistic fascism. Marked frenetically.

Give us this day and every other subsequent slave shall wash their bodies without soap or water.

Control, contort. Ignore all selfless states of consciousness, we do.

-Dialects mused inspired.

I’ve devoted my life to poetry, painting, prose and music. I’ve no kids to raise. I’ve no wife to abuse or take orders from.

Loneliness? Just a word. I have trouble understanding the desires of the masses.

They focus on the very superficial surfaces of themselves and their mates. Me... I focus on the subconscious things that motivate desires.

One might find friends wherever they may congregate. Though, some conversations are harder to digest than others.

“Please learn to love me for whom I truly am.”

(Illusions keep us apart from one another. I refuse to deny my romantic heart!)

-James Joyce could probably describe existence better.

Virginal death traps. An unusual coffee mug spilled onto illegal documents found Joe's manila folder. He cared not for such matters.

It was his duty to rape himself all day.

(stories turn into exaltations.)

The power found within us is plentiful. Plentiful and profound!
Profound and plentiful!

Wish I knew Picasso. Wish I knew Degas. Wish I knew Gauguin. Wish I knew Van Gogh. Wish I knew Cezanne. Wish I knew Modigliani. Wish I knew Monet. Wish I knew Basquiat.

Maybe I did. Maybe..... They knew *me* at some point. Pivotal.

Illusions-vapid-rear known what to think so quietly again
Here the spaces lie unthinking
Christ-like divinity
We feel common commonality
Rarely we answer each choice
Decisions, cry far from far
From far from flung anger
These days we-spill more shits
Sleep under bridges then kiss spots
Urine soaked ideas- invent
Some toilet tissue wrapped
Programmed by Autocratic saints
Fukk! The dinner was debated
Paper plates washed by yellow
Immigrants, lawful, ill-egal
Adventurous Asians were the

acrobats of archaic dreams
Kill the killers-master-bait-form

-I need love.

-What?

-I need love.

-How?

-I do not know.

-Where?

-Up your butt!

-Why?

-Nobody wants to tell the truth.

-Which?

-Okay, just listen intently. All will be revealed then absorbed by
your vague subconscious.

-I need love.

-Eh?

-I need love.

-Hmmmhg.

-Nevermind.

-Vamos! The tamales are great!

.... Blue orange apoplexy.

Whales speak fluent Japanese.

We're going nowhere.

I'd get lost even in the midst of someone else's beige romance.

Women scare us all ways.

I am filling space in order to discover myself in newer ways.

There are at least ten or eighteen other dimensions of existence that we know absolutely nothing about!

About dreamers' lamentation.

Cycle around around. Circular ring ring ring. Thoughts. Were meaningless in that fake fake institution.

Tears ate her soul-less font. Supervisory hysteria seems very much the norm. Regards, midnight is a popular hour. Terrifying tales of infinite invincibility tend to pretend that true love is not all-encompassing. It is. Classical magistrates deny magic magical magicians have morphed into illusionists. On one hand we count the bad stuff. On two hands we count the good stuff. Never appreciative. You use your mandibles to cast doubt upon the entirety of mankind! (8) Why! Jesus and I love this fucked up paradigm yet still wish it to transcend the hate. Love me. lovely. Carnage. Each glorious.

12

"Your breasts are misshapen."

"Your breath is odious."

"Fair."

"Have a mint."

"Breasts are what they are."

"Fine."

"I've never had sex inside a tool shed before."

"It's no big deal."

"Yes, no."

"Slap my ass!"

"Okay."

"Bite my nipples!"

“Okay.”

“Spit in my mouth and say I’m scum!”

“You’re scum!”

“Do you have protection?”

“Um.... Nope. Oops.”

Fuck you and your pluralized pleasantries.

Make love to an open faced panda bear, bear. He’ll amuse you.

The bat shit internal guise is something to be recognized.

Juices are all chemically enhanced and reverse engineered.

Take no time to notice genius.

Who needs genius anyway! Right!

We don’t need alternative means of transportation!

What we do need is another gadget or device that’ll deliver pizza and beer faster than the speed of light! Fuckheads!

But I digress. Frustrations. Most sexual frustrations are bastardized versions of some other deep rooted emotional vertebration.

This ain’t your grand dad’s parabol.

But, why? I mean why are people so thoughtless and ignorant and shameful and doubtful and delusional and forgetful and salty and sugary and unfortunate and placated and stinky and worrisome and logical and dreary and shady and funky and perplexed and elongated and short and cross and dysfunctional and carved and blue and orange and amused and hateful and mean and distant and lonely and smart and sensuous and hilarious and cold and hot and divided and prejudice and competitive and artistic and fantastic?

Huh!

(Dreams like silvery spaces so social that no one could ever hope to function under any sort of abnormal circumstance ----

juxtapose revolving ordered chaos to taste the last piece of divine
blueberry asparagus esophagus dialects digest the wrong
romantic sentiment but still turn forward all species' minds.)

I had an idea once but it lost me. It lost me to the stars.

Drunk drunks

fear no nots

Emik sells space

Spacial alliance

Sure surly

Waisted high stoned

Big butts smelling two thinks

Think of holes

It is soul (lous)

The soul of Emik

Soaring out above pine

My me face sees spansks

Cone biblical vices piece

Desper –ate Ate lunch

Divergent memory memorial

Emik loves sevol all us of us

Library peoples.

Uneasy steps, stepping. Disillusioned mothers and energetically
hopeful children.

DVDs on display for the illiterate and universal public.

Public libraries are for

Library-ing not for chatting with your friends and blasting that
stereotypical loopy pop music! Stereo!

MUSIC

What choo know about books like *Finnegan's Wake*? Huh?
What do you know about books that don't involve vampiric
teenage intercourse!

Huh!! Nothin'! Yes, that's right! Nothing!

I wanna' leave a note on my neighbor's windshield or shield. To
let her know just how sexy she is.

Forward, forward, sideways, across.

She carries her only daughter across the river known only as
River Hardly.

The words to describe such an event are numerous and un-
nameable. One must be careful not to pursue a lengthy
description when trying to amuse the masses.

(mass carnal devilish fonts)

But the masses are stupid, unfortunate, desolate & lonely
creatures of habit! Unlike that woman with her only daughter,
still but stained by her wanting happiness.

Illusory things mutate choiceless advantages.

Do away with all techno

Techno-logical illogical

Devices

Of constriction

Norse dogs

Gods speak soft

Especially whilst wheels

Hurt healers' heels

Achilles

..... unusual

Teachers exclaim not
For fanciful gold
Not for wisest rocks
(They) Battles won/lost vivid sockz

Do you love evol me em
? I be-lie-ve so softened
Brnna, you R rite & rife
Thoughts, chris, thought, Christ, t
Crucial : Crucify em ME
AnDD unknown One speakings
Awakened indi-viduals
Dust, cleared, cosmic inclination
'Love is pure-ness when felt from
From pure states not named
Tex-as or Wyoming.'
Enola – alone
She's under a bath: nude
You must MUST know how
Now – readers spell galactic
At altruism Buddha
We, we, need, we, need, deen
Shake those assets licks
Charles (Christt) learns long Revision
Blue terrific.

That which you hate
becomes that which
You love
Shapes you, your thought
Effigies sea horse
Spinning re-quires
Chronos-torn
Chronological
Real-ity estate
Agents of vernal vernacular
Hump possible vein
“Stay here & be forever healthy.”
Dungeons were the prison
Systems of kings & queens
Eulb sphaed emos gild
Whit-less man you stink!
Begin care-car-far (my eye)
Terrible – elbirret prodigal Nos.

At age 30 it felt right. This dissonance alights flesh, faced,
flushed. My old self blood cursed viral snake.

Raptured hairy loves. Some lovers count plural rings judicial.
Seven veils comparable to touch.

I wanted her to be mine! My one and only formless shade of
experiential love. Blonde, full lips, big bosom, rounded ass.
Smack!

I’m no pervert. I’m but a man with inclinations towards
romantic folly.

My genius shall be unrefined, unnoticed, unreadable,
unrelenting & unreachable.

Elizxxixqabethlizizymicshelleguzcarjrejoshebeautifulestminnem
akebetternotforfsheijacquelininnerlinereaderbeatreherherhairsmilef
acxjoyiyojirendereddmelizzyyyzyerfcaqrraynnererfbthxesletterro
pinentotnotdownheliyzzzzxsfrppx87765431xyy7wnonwnazileeth
bfekltmitehtoobhyrtheatrheartfttafrtatltaxoolef23859 –
eatthewordshereassumepossiblematriarchtyrannyreportedlyreorth
yjourneymanjoejoejoeereginaldregularcupcoffeecreamsugarsmelt
edthemelledlanguagesubtleEnglishguzmancrystalwearyvistasfore
vereveryyellowasianbananaapplefruitpeeledjuicedlikelikeekilbrig
htsmotionsmovementsphotosfcfcffcfctbuyu6787iprosereadvers
epoeticanalogvoicess554fviu779ygygbiheedthedeadbeguileewis
omchronologyequalstruesilverslitscopperwiringbutnotlizardsansw
ers

About know to cared ever we than more us show shall house
white stained shit the upon descend to nobodies homeless with
allegories dyslexic.

Illusions fated ill in believe to made always were we that show
will analyses proper.

Sexually distant, distinct. Worry surfs back monarchies. Hearts
feel our distortions.

Inspiration is the innate rerun of potential. Potent.

Nobody loves mus-ic.

Nobody feels mus-ic.

Nobody follows music.

Symbology is their newest oldest master puppeteer. Sheer bad
luck helps to mutate their faces into something aesthetic &
superficial.

Guitar! Guitar! I play guitar the way I want!

I cannot will not become some walking talking human (man)
jukebox! Never!

I say never whenever!
Never!

Life destroys life again
I vanquish the same vegan
Do we or not tear up during
Porpoise-purposeful ailment?
Loved it all
Spiritual shall develop over
Their due fragmented timeline.
Who the hell
Died and made You
Ambassador of all
Finances & displacement
(beg for food when afterwards teams done.)

“No I will not have sex with you!” I exclaimed.
“Come on! Why not?”
The day was bright and glorious.
“What do you mean why not?”
“I mean exactly that. Why the hell not!?”
She sniffed a tulip.
“I’m not going to fuck you right after I saw you have sex with
that dirty diseased guy with freckles!”
I shouted. I wanted to cry but didn’t.
“He’s not THAT dirty and I’m pretty sure he’s disease free.”
She batted her eyelashes.

“Pretty sure? Pretty sure doesn’t make me feel... satisfied!”

Why is it that most of us ignore our dreams?

When I say dreams I am referring to ALL forms of dreams.

I truly believe that dreams, for the most part, are what make life’s moments so so meaningful and worthwhile.

In dreams we can be anything.

In reality we need only to choose what to become.

In dreams we can traverse the farthest reaches of any galaxy faster than the speed of light.

In reality we have many forms of transportation available to us.

In dreams we forge possibilities.

In reality we act out/live out those possibilities.

We write, live, dine, expect, eat, shit, fuck, tease, dive, cause, kiss, manage, send, love, drink, vandalize, misguide, function, lie, freebase, paint, evolve, run, walk, jog, fart, puke and fight with gods.

Gods. Gods. Gods.

Heavy wanderers make

Alcoholic infusions

Finding ill timed seconds

Aspirational mumbling

Care-found-take-likes

Reconcile the rose marked

petal. Why do you lie?

Why must berries be so sweet?

I was once a boy without a clue.

Now I’m a man without a clue.

I read lots.
Configure wants.
Ameliorate national
Propaganda down to
Some form of static
status.
My friend's carry on.
Most of 'em scare me.
Unintentionally.
Afraid in a good way.
I see these rare moments float around before my face.
I can only process one at a time.
At a time.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Hum

Hum

Socially gloom

Haven, haven

Meant, meant

Half of

Bold-ness

Centuries

Pass

Trust, trusted

Intelligence

Keeping watch

Before

A new dawn

Cracks

“Most ideas, ideals are very crucial to the process of mind.”

I wipe my nose with illusions.

13

The other/other day I started to write out a story about the ever changing complexities of life and love. But I soon had to take a big dump (poop) and while I sat on the toilet I imagined an entire movie play out on the bathroom wall.

It starred an obscure version of myself. It worried me for a bit but I got over it. So then this version of me went to a bar and started hitting on all the lonely single women.

The first four girls did nothing but ignore him. The fifth threw wine, red wine, in his face then walked out of the bar. That alone did not deter him.

He then downed twelve shots of tequila and walked up to a gorgeous redhead at the other side of the bar.

“Hey there, good looking! Whas- what’s your name?” He uttered.

“I’m Samantha!” She replied.

“Samantha? Ok- okay, Sam! How’s about we go back to your place, or whatever, and fuck each other’s brains stuffs out! Come on!”

He exclaimed in a drunken stupor.

“Well I would but I gotta’ tell you.... I’m a lesbian.”

She said then sipped her club soda.

“A lesbian? Really? That’s cool! Thas very cool! I’m kind of a lesbian too!”

He laughed and burped.

“Well... you’re not really the type of lesbian that I usually go for.” She smiled.

“Oh come on! Us.... Us lesbi lesbians have to uh stick together!”

He drank three more shots of tequila and sucked on a lime wedge.

“I agree. We do have to stick together but you’re really just a lesbian trapped in a man’s body. And to me that ain’t no lesbian.” She finished her club soda then walked away.

“Wha?! No? To hell with you then!” He downed one last shot and fell to the floor.

During a visit to my local library I once overheard the librarian say “I am so sick of books!”

So I replied “You’re in the wrong line of work.”

She laughed then resumed shelving 19th century novels.

Had an interesting experience whilst sleeping. Big flashes of light enveloped me but there was no external light source; it was internal. This dimension/reality is transmuting at a rate much faster than anticipated.

Do not tell me when to poop or where to poop! I will poop wherever and whenever I damn well feel like it!! What alternative do you suggest? I’m not going to hold it in like you do! Hell no!

If I were to hold it in then my chances of developing some kind of kidney infection would increase. Would you like that? Would you?

You would wouldn’t you? (!)

(these enigmas cause us to doubt the days and nights approaching creativity.)

Nagol swipes the effort.

From gold pharaoh carcass.
Divide him steady.
Perfect perfects
Practice axis
The apex is problematic.
Axiomatic compliance.
We have not come to an end.
We have yet to meet the end.
We haven't met a end.
We must decide for ourselves.
What end?

14

You weren't meant to understand me today. Yellowed party
shouter. The veritable vanity you need is a caustic manipulator.
Be fine. Be vibratory.

Today marks the anniversary of no anniversary. For we, for she,
for a fee we gain access to cancerous carrots. Can't the lies
become the truths by which you falter! No! They cannot!

Ailments taste good with vinegar and butter. Thyme sucks up
saffron burrows' wants. We swim in skin. I walk up and up the
street across from me. From where I live I feel everything.

Dust on technology.
Reuse immorality.
Pain, pain of all falls.
Feeling as a stoned parrot.
Dust on devices.
1980s turmoil.
1990s progress.

2000 drop.

2013 revolutions.

2020 awakenings.

Tell me not to plead like this. My knees are their own form of mass telecommunication. Ignorance, I'm gonna' thwart thee and send thee back to where the notes are vibrant and useful!!

Boxed squared boxed.

"Would you like a piece of birthday cake?"

A young woman asked me.

"Oh, I'm not sure. Whose birthday is it?" I asked.

"It's my aunt Cecilia's 80th birthday." She smiled and handed me a blue paper plate with a multicolored piece of cake on it.

"Oooh. That's a nice looking piece of cake."

"Yes it is!"

"What flavor is it?" I asked.

"Oh it's uh marble chocolate something." She handed two plates to a relative.

"Cool. Happy birthday to your aunt!"

I stuffed the whole piece in my mouth and smiled.

Understand Not.

Understand rot.

Understand ekaw.

Understand violence.

Understand blood.

Understand levity.

Understand duality.

Understand not.

Why must one stand under anything at all?

I don't believe anyone has ever under-stood any bit of
information.

It is destiny: destined, we're all related to each relation. Si.

Really you aren't

Swollen certainly

Movie starlets

Seem social

But in fact

Aren't worthy

Of the people

They sleep with

Have sex with

T.V. manipulates

Navigates

The stream

Away from

From away

Away from

Evolution

Really you aren't

Aware of Life

Until You Strangle It

Bite

Apple

Fruit

Xyghe
Rxxxx
Eighty five

Stale
Motions
Magnify

Amplifier
Doused
Flames

Faint, belief
Dog is God
Saints pursue electric

Ninja moves, ninja moves.
Make your move!
Do your best to learn from that bright bright baby.
He shall be the next kung fu master.

Spaghetti and tuna
Broccoli and carrots
Tastes great
Awesome tastes
Eat eat
Treat
The evening

As an appreciative

Whore

Dinner: all in structure

Tae eht anut

Rolling point, 1930s black/white

Vortex. Another vortex finds me. Off awful.

A rich emporium of egg-eagle satin pleasure troves of unfamiliar dyslexia feels normal. Stood by her only broken thumb and wrist to douse the pain points with my mental minutiae. Funny, funnily space is a farce not far from fortitude. Speaking up for the loneliness inside us all.

The tubes are light like pancakes and butter and not syrup. Science makes believers into cynics: purposeful fortuitous. Jesus, the back hurts. Say it will mimic okay.

Each day the sun sparkles in particular for whorish mannerisms.

Say, I said that that would find you in unknown states of cholera. Pandemic, handle your broom pushing allegory. Turtles have lived for centuries before us human beings. I am quite certain they will outlive whole generations of future peoples.

I cannot find a reason to ask out carnality and bring some home with me. Why? What for? Carnal delights are only delightful once in a plaid moon. If, if, if at all.

For what washer there was no doubt over the matter of a waxy hearted life filled and unfilled with lots of cello cellophane teardrops. Fangs to scrub with toothbrushes. Silvery stars crossed uncrossed vague delusions. Get her some special treatment, lotion.

(Aware of this lifetime, a lifetime gone by.)

What is time? What is thyme? What is you? What is me? What is we? What is why? Why is why?

Another bossy window whore complains. She denies the cultural existence of another other follower who begins to dabble in the black arts. Arts of good-ness subtle wings fanciful the trees, trees, trees try reconnecting us with the truth of the matter of factual evidential screamo skies. (!)

In a very particular way I chased after her after-thought. The sidewalk felt firm yet agile. She said she was once a lioness in a previous life. I believed her only because she scribbled fiction on a plain paper plate. Connect dots; the dots connect every single thang thing.

Delineate the process. Belittle the essence. Sanctify the wholeness.

An estimated reading time of one minute and nine seconds is not a goal. 1,111 bodily counts down the melee. Excruciating in detailed spring memories surrender it all to the lasting symbolic deafness.

Egg sandwiches. Egg salad. Fried egg sandwiches.

Nearest molecules build us up in every possible vagueness. Absent minded I implore the use of deoxy ribonucleic acid in my work. See it, sing it, want it, be it, it it.

We are our own victims. Victimized desensitized.

Self involved confusions usually involve rotating patterns of starlight. If at all, all.

I once saw a man in the streets lugging around an oversized mirror. You see he used to be a very successful stockbroker. He

had it all. Money, women, cars, vacation homes and plenty of recreational drugs at his disposal.

Then one day everything changed for him. He made one bad investment after another and lost millions! He defaulted on every loan and had all of his material things sold off at an estate auction. He was devastated. He tried to buy back his stuff but all he could afford was that mirror.

It once belonged to his grandfather and had been in his family for hundreds of years. His grandfather gave it to him while on his deathbed and told him, "This mirror is very special. It can bring you lots of good luck or lots of bad luck. It all depends on what kind of person you are."

He did not believe his grandfather initially but now that he has lost almost everything he doesn't know what to believe. Therefore, he remains determined to hang onto that mirror for however long it takes him to get back his fortune.

Even if it means lugging it around for all eternity.

I believe everything happens (happens) for everything.

We fooled each other back then. But she was the first to throw a ketchup packet on the floor and step on it. It splattered upon her face and breasts.

"It looks like blood!" She shrieked.

"Do not worry." I said and wiped off the ketchup with a tater tot.

I mean an actual tater tot. Yes. Then we had sex.

I prefer to read both poetry and prose. They borrow from one another. I enjoy mixing and matching them.

Bone can rhyme with home just as easily as flower can rhyme with glower. Too bad I don't have many well read friends.

They prefer whiskey over poetry. Beer over prose.

In the middle of January is when I lost my first original love. She had purchased a snow cone from a street vendor who only charged her a smile.

As she licked it she was brought back to a time when she was a child of only five years old. Her mother did not pay her much attention in those days. But usually because she was too inebriated to even stand on her own two feet.

My original love she always thought of this when enjoying a snow cone or any other childhood treat. Sometimes she'd cry out loud if only to hear herself lose control.

Then one morning she finally lost complete and utter control. She mouthed off to the snow cone vendor and threw crushed ice at his face.

Some passerby interpreted this as a crime and phoned the local police. When the police arrived at the scene, they saw her foaming at the mouth and felt it necessary to taze her.

Unfortunately, the voltage was just a bit too much for her fragile body to handle. Her brain actually imploded from the high voltage. She died and was buried next to her mother.

All this happened in the middle of January. I lost my original love. I lost her when she lost herself.

I am reminded of this whenever I see a woman enjoying a snow cone.

(Something material is at hand.)

I once knew a bass player named Devan. He drank all day and played all night. Well, he drank all night too but he drank so much that alcohol had very little affect on his countenance.

He must've played in fifteen different bands over the course of three years just to support his drinking habit.

One evening, he was found lying face first in a pool of his own urine and feces. Some of the feces had actually clogged his air passages and hence caused him to suffocate.

The one thing of material value he left behind was his scuffed up and worn-in bass guitar.

He was a great bass player.

15

Let catacombs binge. Hardened plight lament molds our mental acquiescence. Ponder plays of moral ethnicity inside riddled dilations.

Super impose orchestrations onto cherub laddened compositions of yore.

That borderline is a farce.

878263401243789432781106522224375668490111547333377
6642201227841028675546213343072405915622324486751307
687777777654787998345013554029123459876518900000067
7

Most prophecies are bastards in disguise. Angels, angels without beards. Revelations sent us all unstamped envelopes filled with anthrax and regret. Regrets, tattoo, ink, art, express the same individual.

There's only one man and one woman on this planet. One each. Only, only, only.

Leave 'em be. Marshmallow so soft and provincial. Jolly soul!

Smile your style evaporates into the stratosphere. P-here, feel the earth beneath thank you for all the top soil.

How

Rich

This

Side

Of
Fat
Beckons
Marvelous
Musculature
Pliable, blends, fades
Oh
How
Rich
This side of fat is

Was a man with a guitar
Little notes swapped intuitive
Learned languages phased
Out-side got spit on
Set on fire
By insane Christianity
Bags of caramel crunch
Roughly smoothed lovers
Hags threw up their lunch
Gin soaked affluence
Dumpsters, peering in boxes
Cardboard warms him
Stars in sky
Spell out liberation
The world is unappreciative
Consider trash, garbage
Influential instantaneous

Was a man / with a truth

The music smell evolves

Sophocles sucks the order out of chaos, painstakingly. Ache the
acre acher. Another another another.

Displeases each brother so as not to define the ever enormous hierarchy of mythology. Myths!

A plaid purple-ish vagrant stood up and claimed to be the father
of the father of the father of the father of the father
of the father of the father of the father of the father of the father
of the father of the father of the father of the father of the father
of the father of the father of the father of the father of the father
of the father of the father of the father of the father of the father
of the father of the father of the father of the Universe.

On the hills they ignored an impending impediment. Crazy glue could not adhere to egotism. Nor could Crazy Horse cheer them up quite yet. Ism.

She asked me how I was

She toys with me

So often, often

She said she'd like

To hear my band play

She toys with me

Often, so often

She said she'd be

Willing to hang out

Bullshit

She toys with me

So much, too much

She asked me if

I feel demented

That's not what she
Really wanted to ask
She only wants me
Around when she's lonely
She toys with me! Da bitch.

Spaces between allegorical markings uninvolved is what the title was aiming at her boldness bent over the sink unknown able milk curds tell me now why the end is always near but never ever manifests hard hardened and though the white house may dictate to its many followers over crossed and crucified legislation all is not as ripe as pumpkin seeds proliferating the socialist agenda but that's not the case when the bald eagles cry out loud that the human race is so magnificent that it denies its own magnificence and this is no fiction no it is the God's honest vermouth.

Not equals

Not equals

Not equals

Not equals

Not equals

Not equals

Noequals

No-equals

Nequals

Nequalss

equal

equals

e-quals

Quals

Uals

Slaque Ton

Dante wishes
Dietro
Ombra perfection
Christ's
Science project
Recognizes
Demon-strations
Of
Angelic abstracts
The face faints
Circular
To centre
These jealousies
Mean to distill purity
As constellations
Come to life
All human beings shape
Their own demise
Which leads to One more Life

Happiness
Real
Happiness
Matters
Happiness
Happiness
Happiness

Happiness

Happiness

Happiness

Happiness

Happiness

Joy-ous

Happy Happy

Happy

Happy

Happy

HAPPINESS

FEEL HAPPY!

It is Sept-ember

A vague month

Sunlight enters

My room

Via

A window

It is uninvited

Both welcome and

Unwelcome

I wish I lived

In Paris

Close to a

Café or

A great museum

I reside mostly
In El Paso Tex-as
Partly by choice
Mostly by circumstance
I watch everything
I watch everyone
Pass by
They live without
Living
They breathe
Without
Breathing
All their surroundings
Surround
Their minds
But because there
Are no
Special effects
They refuse to
Acknowledge
Life, living, life
It's an unsolvable
Riddle
So I let the sunlight engage me. Light.

Death is a subtle inflection.

I've yet to meet a dog that does not deserve a good burger. I've yet to meet a human being who knows what the atmosphere is

actually composed of. Blueness, subtleties, unsure philosophies.
Then again I am not sure myself.

It could be that way, way for a season. But this is not a holy doctrine. Wait... it is holier than that.

Some fallacies were meant to be reinterpreted. Not every biblical verse is pure in its construction. In fact, most of 'em have become distorted and perverse.

Your stream is now vague. Conscious of your fallacies and ailments. Why not be more conscious of your divinity? Is it really that difficult?

Think not, be not. Think of all those times when the moon aligned with Jupiter and jealousy. We marveled at all such glorifications.

The jalapeno peppers which you subsisted on that summer have caused you to succumb to ethereal experiences of entropy. Was this day nothing but a random circumference made popular by all of mankind? Perhaps, yes, maybe.

All the better she professionally balanced laundry baskets filled to the brim on top of her thumb. We make believe all is only possible when altruistic notions taste of staleness and degradation. Come now now now.

Let us burn all obsolete things in an immense flame! Clothing... burn it! Money... burn it! Prophecies... burn 'em! Prejudices... burn 'em! Snobbery... burn it! Governments... burn 'em all!

As if society gives a long god damn. Doggedly I felt the slippery slope slip asunder. Badgered my honor into deep submission. Because, because, because, because. Jesus says we must love one another.

And the band played on. Verses but no chorus. Choruses.

In my dreams

I make mistakes

On purpose

In my dreams

I feel invincible

I Am

Invincible

The bat signal closely resembles a crucifix. This makes sense.

Especially, when you take into account, the fact that both Batman and Jesus are embodiments of injustice, salvation, liberation and transcension.

This is just an observation of mine. Obviously, one is fictional and the other actually lived. But both are still definite symbols that all of mankind easily recognizes and relates to in some way.

Conciencia. Buddhist viral violent chops. Chops the world in half with essences spiritual.

There are no longer any spirits that can tempt us. Honestly. There's no ill-usion in cups. Only in boxes.

Alcohol opens up the darkness. Darkest circumstance of aphorisms. What is an aphorism? Look it up, man!

There was a soldier warrior, who fought in many battles, named Arnold. His favorite food was ramen noodles with loads of Tabasco sauce. His favorite music was that of the flamenco guitar. His favorite phrase to utter was, "My perspective is as unique as a unicorn that shits gold plated taco shells." His favorite beverage was two Shirley Temples.

The last memories that ran through his head just before a missile hit him were of his bitch of a wife and the time he got drunk and almost fell off a Ferris wheel at the state fair.

That was a fun day for him. A very fun day!

We all gotta' love each other! You can deny it all you want and say it is a "crazy" idea but it still won't change the fact that we all just gotta' love each other!

Love. Love. Love. Love.

Shoopy shoop shoop.

Love. Love. Love.

Shoopity shoop.

Love. Love.

Shoop.

Love.

Shoopy Love Shoop!

Nurtured our nature mystery is within. Demolish tear repair.

In this wondrous dream of mine everything was illuminated.
Illuminated everything else. The beings of which we once knew
returned to remind us just how marvelous reality was intended to
be and how to keep it that way.

Books keep the mind occupied. Books keep my mind occupied.
They enhance my uniqueness and help me see past the many
layers of this infinite illusion.

Disorder feeds off dismay die rolls down pale figurements of an
old after life denied for --- forever.

We could not sound out Kansas without first realizing that all
chaos evolves from enigmatic canals buried deep within ancient
catacombs. So, the tour guide gave us ten percent off any future
purchase. Suffice to say, we will not be buying anything from
Wayne's House of Cockroaches.

So I bet since you started reading this you've been trying to
decipher its codex. I must tell you, dear reader, that the only way
to even gleam its truest essence is by reading it in its entirety.
Yes, entirety.

Read on, read on, read on.

I'll guide you, you'll guide me. You find me, I find you. Let's go get drunk underneath that magnificent oak tree. Yeah!

Just an inch, inch of time will mutate our coordinated vernacular. Peanuts and jam and photos being posted on various antisocial sites burn us charred.

Went to the grammar store to buy a box of adverbs and nouns. But of course they were all out of the name brand stuff! I was forced to purchase generic adverbs and nouns and adjectives. Also could only get one percent vowel milk.

When I got home I poured myself a big bowl of nouns and was surprised to see so many sugar frosted terminology. It all tasted uh.... wordy.

All but one empowers. Empowerment. Recalls sent angular genius in more than one form. We know of five ten – a thousand or more. But then we fidget under bridges. Jeff Bridges. Before altars. Before mantles. There can be no judge. There can no longer be any form or formless judgment. Apply, apply ointment or enjoyment as is needed.

She used to say I'd never be good enough to lick the crust from her feet. Perhaps, she was correct.

These words were once necessary but also avoided like the plague. Pain before beauty. Vanity before fairness. Disgust before happiness, paradox after paradox. Man was/is the experiment. Kindness the goal. No essence other than soul. No physicality other than failure after failure suffering a common friend. Suffering a common foe.

Can there ever be a permanent split? Split apart from this, this unimaginable entity known as the unknown. Me thinks not. If at some point it is unbearable, that is the point at which we should be reminded of our innate interconnectivity it is our nature, true nature.

Truth belongs to no one man particular. It can be found inside. Within everyone everything. Every random absurdity leads back

to every random evolutionary revolutionary growth spurt. It is safe. Sacred, as we too.

Do you want a piece of not so chocolate cake/pie? Would you like to take responsibility for the world today? How many bowel movements do you have in one week? Do you vote for sanity or insanity? Are your bowel movements long and thick? Yes? No? Yes?

Oh the mighty versus the weak. A poet knows what's what. The populace would much rather blow each other to pieces than hug and forgive minor offenses.

Before we know it – 1,000 years doesn't come soon enough. And we all transmute back into the Earth's crust.

A little lonely dog chewed through his leather leash and ran all the way to Mexico. He met some female Chihuahuas and sniffed their butts for an hour.

Then he ran off to California to become a big star. Star of dog food commercials.

Stars align. Stars be kind.

Cacti. Sand. Who would I be if I weren't me! My-self.

This little old man I once knew long ago used to sell tamales by the side of the high highway. He wore a big sombrero and held up a big sign that read: TAMALES 4 SALE!

Unfortunately, he had a very hard time selling his tamales. Because even though he knew how to make really delicious tamales – he also happened to be French. And nobody wants to buy tamales from a French man in a sombrero, or any kind of hat.

I walk how I wanna' walk! I move how I wanna' move! Nobody gonna' break my stride! Nobody gonna' make me conform or become some submissive slave! NEVER!

Sedim@ent a sedimentary thing that we stupid heads ignore and ridicule because we do not understand our own beauty! Fuck 'em

all with their deep deep lies and ill-usions. We gotta' believe in ourselves, in ourselves!

Red white candle displays my own outlined dementia to me but not the rest of this world. Safe I am. Safe and alone and powerful and magnanimous.

The soul is not foolishness! Foolishness is foolishness!

If I were a galaxy I'd keep all my secrets to myself and possibly dump 'em all into my black hole. Why? Why not?

Why do any of us do the mundane things we do? Vapor and such nonsensical foot stools ameliorate our expectations.

Damn those expectations! This cerebral place if filled with alcoholics and assholes! Yes, I said it. Said I. Sedi. Sedi. Sedi.

Touch the sky forever, every every day. Calmness and stillness are my moniker.

Appearances are nothing more than bullshit in disguise. Don't judge a book by its cover. Don't judge a crook by his mother.

(Motherly cookies and milk. Naïve. Obligatory alligators all are fine.)

"I farted on you."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why did you fart on me?"

"Why not?"

"Bah!!"

"I mean... I had to fart on something!"

"Well yeah but why me?"

"Listen, listen. I ate a big bowl of chili and beans and rice. And you know what that does to my uh organs... stomach."

"I suppose I do."

"Yes you do!"

“.....”

“Exactly. Now, I must fart once more... on you.”

Hole in half

Time per

Period

Part spectacular

Eaten by

Mint lies jelly rented chips

Electronic hell

Heated debates

Debit

These those

Tech-no follies

Stampede stance

Half held

Postulations

Listening to lizzy's

Contraception(s)

Carve words into

Thine forceps

My flux is/was an after plot

Sounds not soundless

Soundless forms

Formless sounds

Deaf mute tranquil

Forget dot not

Troublesome dove

Station

Frail

Frame

Tasting life

Together

Set aside

Caustic romances

The heart's contracting

Movement

Is didactic

& Fair

Fair

Let her be one. Let her be my one and only only uh something. Well, something extra special like a thing or uh some kind of cool decoration thing on top of a really delicious cake. You know?

Well, anyway, I told her she could be whatever she wanted to be. That wasn't good enough for her. So, I told her she could spend all my money. That wasn't good enough either because according to her I don't got that much money to spend.

So then I called her a prostitute and she just smiled and nodded. Two months later she married some pro football player who was worth over \$100 million.

A year later, she caught him cheating on her with another football player and divorced him. She got more than half of his money and two of his beach front properties.

A couple of years after that, she had an affair with a well known senator and threatened him with blackmail unless he paid her the sum of \$10 million. He paid without hesitation.

Before she knew it 30 years had passed and she had had 18 relationships with 18 different rich male suitors. She also amassed a vast vast fortune! It was once said that she was so rich that she could've bought out the entire U.S. government and still have enough leftover to live on for a couple hundred years.

She tried to live as long as she could. She even became a strict vegetarian on her 50th birthday and did yoga six times a week. But all her efforts only allowed her to live to the ripe age of 95.

She passed on April 18, 2088. She was cremated and her remains were scattered in her hometown.

How do I know this? Because I was the one who scattered them. You see, I'm what you would call a completely self aware "robot". I'm an android. I cannot age or die.

Oh and she also left me her vast fortune. She had no children to leave it to. Money was her child.

I believe I'll start some sort of foundation in her name. A foundation that provides assistance to those in need.

I have no real need for money. So, I might just donate all of it to various charities.

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Alas sala. Man walks upright. Wonderful to see his charm. Alas sala!

The government has not decided to be an autonomous entity. No, not yet!! Alas!

Cheese molds over the wealth of another contused war torn nation. A ha! And there was no tortilla chips to scrape it up with.

This cat appeared out of some-where and rubbed against a spiced pinecone. Indeed, a pinecone. Then he spoke Italian.

Something else sparked and popped behind the lit dumpster. Twas the bite before fitness. I witnessed crumb cakes harden.

Patience we digest. Patience we absorb. My pen anoints thee.

Inventive we got to be. Two. Today is an apparition. Tomorrow you'll meet the ghost of your maker – creator – baker.

One banana cream pie is not enough for a family of millions. Millions, millions. Seasons lie then change. Then change again.

Robust robots bling the fornicated rabbit hole particular particles save us wholly and partially vibrant against these self imposed politics incredible and fantastic evolve placated visionary myopathy, cars shall deteriorate mentalities.

Males are the hat offense, offensively. Cared not for tears.

Johann bottled different places. And so he raped himself with a rental car and two jugs of clear costly apple cider.

Wigged mothers whispered tales of sociological significance. Give me Roman scribbling to tape to me walls. I needs the beauty, beauty. There's no beauty in my head.

Winding sheet street. Two held unfurled cat fur. Spitballs upon our mighty heroine's cleavage. You'll be expressive like so many starving artists.

I am no math wizard. Drowsy women sag their butts.

We exist scientifically. We exist sociologically. We exist biologically. We exist enigmatically.

(Briefly, a pigeon in my yard reminds me to keep believing in my endeavors.)

Accordingly soft nosed and deservedly. We twitch in order to locate each disorder within our genes.

Eyes found, I gently warned her of my selfish gene. She said she doesn't understand me or my vision. We did NOT have sex, at all.

Adolf wrote about his head. His ideas, his thoughts. Nobody is named Adolf anymore!

People promise and repromise the same mildewed shit. Follow through? None.

Luxuriously I kissed her goodbye. The plane left promptly and crashed into its own dysfunctionality.

Nobody wants love. Everybody needs love. Nobody wants miracles. Everyone needs miracles. No one wants to believe in possibilities. People need to believe in possibilities!

It's all limitless! There are NO limits! None! There never were any fuckin' limits! Never were!

I was hidden and so were you. The glossiness never left me. They convinced me of nothing! Nothing tangible.

Realness dies in our eyes. Write, cry, write, cry, write, cry, write, cry, write, cry, write.

Potential full of doubt. Potential can be the best thing. Best thing for all us used humans.

Morose menstrual pals shall devour our entrails. Entrails.

I have formulated many theories concerning our Universe and the nature of existence. I believe most of them to be truer than U.

But that doesn't concern you right now. It doesn't really concern anyone... ever.

Yesterday was the last day that metamorphosized into today. Vibe, vibe. Vibe as best you can.

Late last nite she told me her clothing ached. Though, not as much as her soul.

Then the bucket of fried chicken fell off the old wooden easel. An easel that once belonged to none other than Paul Gauguin. I swear it.

Breaking ground, we are breaking ground. Have another cup of premium brewed coffee and crack open your mind's eye. Do not expect to receive a gold medal or trophy for your efforts. Truth is rarely rewarded. Medium rare.

It's not a cynical observation. Vation. Ha, I was gonna' write down something about that fifth girl who dumped me in the middle of a romantic cruise across the Atlantic but decided against it. That's exactly what she'd want me to do. I ain't gonna' pine over nobody anymore.

This whole construction is an evolutionary process unto itself. Know it, digest it, make love to it. At least it's guaranteed to be STD free. Ha, ha.

Two days ago, as I picked my nose, the sky looked particularly spacious. It caused me to think about all those people out there who have no food to eat or warm bed to sleep in/on. On, in.

I empathize with the plight of all sentient beings. Perhaps, a little too much. But hey... what the heck do I know?

I ain't into superficial longings. I may have them but I don't like 'em. Why should I care for shit like money and fame??

My hair is long right now. Past my shoulders, certainly. My facial hair seems to sway on its own. It is obvious to me that my appearance throws people most of the time but I think I like that. I like shocking people even if only for a few seconds at a time.

I'm a nice guy who doesn't like being a nice guy but at the same time I don't give a crap. Though, I do meditate as often as possible and peer behind the illusion that is our reality.

(Problems are meant to be explored.)

Exist exist exit ex-ist.

This is all a fantastical con construction.

Loera is my nomenclature.

Some people believe Ernest Hemingway was some unique prophet disguised as an alcoholic writer. Me... I don't know about that. It would be cool if it were true but no one can really say if it was or wasn't. Just like most things.

I'd like to believe that in a couple of decades, or longer, people will be saying something similar about me and my work. At least my work. If they don't... fine. I just get the strong feeling that it

is a real possibility. I don't believe in much but I do believe in possibilities.

Why don't most people believe in possibilities? I suppose there's no clear cut general answer.

A few years back I started paying more attention to the evening sky. I don't know what prompted it. I just all of a sudden felt like watching the stars one evening.

Those giant gas balls hardly get the recognition they deserve. I mean... they are capable of existing for thousands, millions or even billions of years! Could you imagine what that must be like? Of course not! We humans are only capable of seeing and believing what's right in our direct line of sight.

If you could live to be oh say 1,000 years old how would you spend most of your life? If your answer has anything to do with accumulating a vast fortune or any other sort of material gain I am sorry to say that I personally believe your answer is far too one sided to be even remotely realistic. Or... unrealistic?

We're talking about 1,000 years here! 1,000 years old! As it stands right now the average life expectancy of a semi-healthy human being is between 75-78 years of age. Yet, somehow, most people still find it necessary to cling to very superficial and impermanent things.

Life is indeed short. We ALL know this! But the majority of us also blatantly choose to deny this fact!

So, how has mankind spent most of its existence? We've spent many centuries conquering one another, oppressing one another, violently abusing each other, starting wars, causing famine, causing disease, causing general disorder and mayhem within our own cities etc. etc.

I guess it's no real wonder why we have trouble believing in possibilities. Though, I do believe it is a serious issue that should be discussed at great lengths with every individual. Granted, that's just my personal belief and/or opinion.

I do, however, also believe that multiple choices/possibilities are available to us in any given moment. Yes, it is ultimately up to each of us to make our own decisions.

Just remember this: Every choice we make leads to more choices and options and introduces us to people who must also choose which path to follow. And their choice may or may not be based on your choice. If we cut out all the middle work we will find that ALL paths are interconnected and interdependent.

One person can make a difference but an entire planet of people can accomplish anything! ANYTHING!

Crises the caca point. Hey man stop smearing crap on my unseasoned friendship taco.

In-sanity that morphs us so subtle is what sends all likes and dislikes to the land of disenchantment.

Sees, sights. Mass smells folly hard then wet tyrants fall.

Let's pack a basket full of Nutella sandwiches and spend the entire day in the park.

America uck

Kcuf acirema

Trials recognize

Red amusements

Holey holy holey

Cramp up pertain

Weakened knees

Congregate

Obvious we fly

Above more feet

People eat poems

With pickled shame

Trickling tribes
Diverge the scourge
Who how wow why!
Abstinence pursues the grandeur. Grandeur pursues the
abstinence.

All is no curse. Cursed. Verse. I try to write out all humanly
neglected emotion.

Boy my friends are cool. They are awfully wonderful and
magnificent and unbelievably transformative!

Spoke drow back kab
Eht mine Minnie out
Top pain leaf feel
Roll lorr ehs that
Learn a song xes chest
Xxqerfxessl
Shiva requ-ire fan-tasy
Red green greene
Tranck mine evilr
Name nom en clature
Dense sends males
Ei eyez stakes
Zqrr ghad sivz
Sand dunes lokk
Pain her e plaque
Olie olive evilo
D disarr ay
Trad

Ewsh
Enti ments
Turn chingge e
Coal or colo
Ur ur UR RU
Neer near er
Michel Zil beau dI

October comes then autumn beckons. To be welcomed into viral arms. Strength back the embrace.

Em-barassment of a honky on a rollercoaster. Find your self a bed to fart on. Find the end which matches your beginning.

What for we read lengthy didactic warbles of warped minds on acid. Acidic country. Again illusory.

No-thing feels the feel. Spicy spiced rum to drink. Cold wintery months distance their temperatures aside from the perfunctory assemblance of too many false protectors. My weight isn't game nor lame.

Shame, shame. Thy name cannot identify us. You. Me. Them.
Good night.

Good day.

Abive ejf hsu dkwih hdi jsirhs. Above all else I am but one man who can only change the globe by conjuring up some unshakeable power of the mind-body-soul constitution. Am I not a person of self evidence!

Stabs and jaunt and jaunts and jowels. Heckling star gazing proper proclaimers proclaiming their right to a cemented trial. Fiery the pain has become, irrational. When allegorical nuns Xerox their own virtuous habits, fan, moist towel-ettes describe the state of a cantankerous union.

I believe we must abandon all things that enslave us. Especially, religion and politics. Why must we exist for the sole purpose of serving some entropic corporation whose only goal is to conquer the entire planet and quite possibly the Universe?

Universally speaking I have not the faintest clue why we must start/fight wars with anyone. There's nothing great or noble about killing people! Nothing.

(caca faces.)

Your feces recognizes your cry for attention.

(ev enlivens me forever.)

Wilde wilde oliv. Ia. Nicest scent.

Life, reality and existence are an infinite novel. Much more than a novelty.

Mind is typically defined as the organized totality or system of all mental processes or psychic activities of an individual.

Mind is an inner, subjective state of consciousness.

Urina, flow & moisten. Some people drink urine like wine.

I cut my Arm

She cut her Hair

We ate some twinkies

Read uncertain paragraphs

From an uncertain

Manuscript

Carnal caramel

Functions love mover
She winked at what
She thought was
Me
Twas not me
Twas a reflection
Distorted image of
Another Me
Rare chocolate armies
Melted ran-domly
It was in the plasma
Bright – rigid non-analog

You wanna' know me. But you ain't gonna' not not not know me.

Four ways to mutilate a decrepit congressman. And each one involves the use of Vaseline and excrement.

“She’s like a fly that flits about the world recklessly.”

“I thought you lived in a state of abnormality.”

“That I do. That I do.”

“Then today shall be the day we celebrate the birth of some fascist dictator.”

Life affects Reality. Reality affects Life. Life affects Reality.

Evolution is this fail safe default setting that keeps everything from slowing down too much or speeding up too quickly – quickly looking into various variable ingredients of old time car broke troubles is what she is and always always will be yes no

yes justification has its own kindness type table time to play out
every day days functionally fade then morph into nights unedited
and unending unending unending unending unending unending
unending unending..... huh vagrant you cry try toilet
praying to shits. (?)

Give me your hand
I spoke
No, you're ugly
She replied
Give me your feet
No, I don't like you
She said
Give me your leg
No, I want to be with
Someone hot and rich
She grunted
You mean like a cup
Of coffee or
Hot chocolate?
I snapped back
No, I mean like some
Good looking guy with
Lots of money
Oh! You're an immoral skank

Como estas su panatalones
Tienes mucho poder que
Queso no tengo una
Cucaracha para un

Trabaja con menudo
Y tamales enchiladas

Por que? Por que no?
Poder que tienes tu!
Muy fuego!
Bailar con chongos.
Comer si chichis
Orale guey, carbon.

Tacos, le chuga
No tengo dinero
Para comprar
Un bolsa de fritas
Papas fritas y Elote

That's how my head broke open. Slowly, gradually. But loudly and powerful! Of this I'm certain.

Today's monarchs shall not be associated unless coaxed into false secure settings.

What does Thailand have that we don't?

Rotate rotation. Part of our regular we must make donations at some magical reference point. Socialistic rants we say.

Whether or not peoples made amusing still born still egos. Echo out environ-mental. It begs to be referred to as different.

Control the environment with mind power, focus.

Why else is it referred to as the Environ-mental element?

A prosperity myth. Live long then prosper you prosperous fool.
Defend the right to magnify creativity's myth and rhyme.
Prosper, prosper.

Former minstrel. A shadow I once was a shadow. Of my former
elfish self. A menace with no Phantom. A minstrel with no
mistress. These are visceral.

An exultation! She embraced him longingly. He embraced her
longingly. They fornicated under a pine tree. The needles pricked
their spines as they cried out in exultation.

Divine! Divine! Divine!

Now, here was someone that truly admired me for something.
Even though Juan admired me for my musical prowess I didn't
mind. I was quite flattered.

I dumped some more debris before deciding to answer. Then
Raul came out and gave Juan the stink eye.

"Juan! Gato! Stop bothering Benny and get back to fixing the
sink!"

"Oh it's all right, Raul. He's not bothering me."

"Okay then but he still has to fix the sink. Come on, Juan!"

Raul shook his fist at Juan then ran back inside.

"I guess you can tell me the rest of your story later, Benny."

Juan hopped over some mop buckets and jumped into the
kitchen area.

I looked around at the other volunteer workers. Some of them
looked back at me but most of them kept to their work.

One of 'em was a rather sweet and innocent looking bleach
blond girl. She slowly walked up to me and winked.

"Hello." She spoke.

"Hello there. What's your name?" I asked.

"Paloma. My name is Paloma."

“Paloma? What an interesting name. I’m Benny.”

I pointed to myself.

“I know who you are.”

She walks again.

“Uh you do?”

“Yes, I do. I see you in my dreams every night.”

“Huh? Really?”

“Yes. Really.”

She looks as though she’s studying my reaction.

Staring. Staring.

She’s staring.

She’s staring.

She’s staring.

Staring. Staring.

She’s staring. Staring.

If mice were men then men would be mice. Try as you might
your fallacy becomes fantasy and only fantasy. You mouse.
Mighty Mouse.

Heavily meditated. I prefer meditation over inhalation. Dope up
if it is your choosing. Your self inflicted gorge will one day – one
day consume you and force you to meditate heavily.

Molded Elephant. Who’s crazy? You are, I are. We are: To
whom does the one ton elephant belong? To you! To me! to we!

Yes indeed! Give thanks. In plastic baggies. In molded pockets,
who is... truly truly crazy! You, you. They.

A detailed drowning. I was right you know, about the sound
escaping from my ears. About the decadent drowning that made
old men sneer & cheer. I was right again about every little
dimensional detail.

Unit bold, bold unit. Make it last. Save some trash. With
helpless fastings keeping a log of units to measure their peanuts'
capacity for potentially pardoned permitted access to busty bold
corridors.

She has no shelf life beyond three years. Or tree rings which
hang on so stuntedly so she sings. To all whom dare to call upon
her wit. Upon her fairness.

Perfection is an out of date concept.

Conceptually disguised as some old cantankerous miner.

Makes stupidity seem real, certain.

Findings excavate what was once upon thought to be death/love
and mutated answers. Bothersome liquor.

Candied negativity waited over 18 millenia for passion.

Functioning off fruited fragrant coded codes inside milky codex
swirls. The vertices socially reorganized perfected drama
perpetuated by spectacular forms of narcissism.

Self construct. Self destruct. Deconstruct.

Decompose the composure.

Not only facial pride but caustic ameliorations.

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Is there not some non toxic mellow drama to get lost amongst
the here forever now and sour shaded melon tree bushes on
purposeful planted whisperings vaguely forgiveness amounts I
piles piles piles worth worthy worthless viably vast differences of
which witch undeniably unites our ancestral hermitage with our
predators' predecessors' history his historical eye sight trans snart
grant me a lie grant Ulysses Lincoln douglas waiting inn room
for to lay and rest and for always bastardize the time thyme
continuum tearing apart all gaseous vandal thigh bones set
against pliable backdrops of fast walking fake talking strides
living evil live livid demon-ocracy scraping skin legions popped
popping chess pawn pawns how wow how ol' amigo sex sets sent

sextets to Mexico dream scapes espa' espss escaping domino
diets cycle cycling devouring harmony for one q and only one
beneficial con convergence temleh told me told us to tell tell tell
you of strange shaming flesh born bourne sand analogies triads.

The self shows what to smell bad like good stuffs. Cold got god
gods' breakfast for ham and eggs.

Milk ate toast spread at contractual butter metaphors.

Unsure cereal teardrops salted one flake grain memory trips
sewn hand lineage dose. The rye churches vaccinated caffeinated
frankfurter fur cages.

Sand-wich meal toasted like vain earwax melting a vase based
vast vasoline lotion denial product.

She lips her bite as bites high four the insect sects. We've
chosen to piss in intervals of who so ever waves oatmeal post.

Alon though pot lon lawn lawn-ly.

The smoothness with which our archaic dam beavers build
frozen bills & rights is outstanding. Truly, comedically
outstanding!

Enola now knows.

Swonk won alone.

Vaginal shift shot.

Tohs tfihs lanigav.

Thine legs extend beyond what you perceive. Charlotte is the
constant purveyor.

"Hey! Do you know what you're doing to yourself?"

"Ehh! No! I not knows and I not care!"

The homeless ignored my presence and continued licking cacti.

life

pumping

thump
at
pmuht
gnipmup
efil

flies save seilf
acac Echinacea
bottles fo pour
shareo non
no – th – in gg
eek e nat
nat
ali
ila
tan
taunt thee binaural

Salamat tamalas
He engaged in Knuckle
To knuckle combat
Warfare wad ful
Wilted his shriveled
Egoic jumble daily

eight eight eight

The sign flashed
Prophetic prance
Neon electric
Party planners
Drowned in tepid
Pools pudding

He drinks turpentine
To beats broken up
Chocolate smoke sessions

Hacking healing. This heals the soul.

Used to be a little pig that lived in mud. Mud was my home. I ate eggshells and melon rinds. That was all I needed.

The guitarist buries himself under underneath his own brutal riffs. It becomes a sound that sounds out new existential excavations. The likes of which no one has ever digested.

I got these ideas, man! Radical new shapeless ideas that don't conform to our current understanding of physics or reality. They're primarily abstract in nature but they seriously need to be shared with the whole world, man! Seriously!

If you fear me I cannot tell you not to fear me. Often times I even frighten myself with my own juxtaposed thinker's patterns. Absolute it is not but certainly nothing to scoff at. By no means of stretches of imagination.

Sexual deviance is not my life's plan. Though, I sometimes wish it were it truly does not fit into my main objective(s). I hate not being able to think or write for insanely long intervals.

Nobody comprehends my dictation. Bowls aren't always filled with cold cereal either.

In the middle ages men were women and women weren't meant to exist without permission. Such was the wiseness of yester yore.

I am fed up with this unholy mother-cantankerous rumination of a caustic civilization. I do not play the guilt game! I ain't into all of that hustling and bustling bullshit either!

Functionality (fucks) is no best friend of mine. If things were the other way around, town, you'd be the one feeling ashamed and pitiful! Full, fake fanatical fan of monarchical demise.

Me I am – am. Me I am the future. Future, furthered by my own neurotic neuroses that remain undiagnosed just like our confused leaders. But then what is the medical field if not one great big act of hubris!

The evidence remains piled up in many cardboard containers. Unmarked, undisturbed.

The female likes to tease, taunt and wander. The male drives himself mad just attempting to satisfy the female. It is a futile quest. Both male and female are quite aware of this. Still, it is denied and denied and revived and denied.

What kind of practical advice do I possess? None. What kind of magic do I own? None that would impress you much.

All of my riches are secure within my brain and mind's eye. It is a treasure the likes of which you've never seen before. The gold standard is no match for the universal standard.

No matter how hard I try my arms will never embrace superficial beliefs. Ideals, ideas, beliefs. Most of it is biologically insane.

"I believe music is an art form! Like, all music can be thought of as art!"

Farn exclaimed while gripping the steering wheel so tight that his knuckles turned red and white.

I always hated it when he'd try to sound intellectual. It just made him sound a lot more stupid and insincere. Sometimes I just wanted to smack him across his head in an effort to knock the stupid out of him. But I never did.

"Yes. Music is definitely an art form."

I replied with an insincere smile.

Fart. Fart. Fart.

Fart. Fart. Fart.

Fart. Fart. Fart.

Fart. Fart. Farts.

The less we pretend

The more we recommend

Total allusion

Channeled chaos

But beautifully

Rolled in warm

Tortilla affections

Please pass the guacamole

Joyce meets Melville

Melville meets Joyce

Blue

Blue

Grass stares

Upwards

Beyond

All proof
Beyond
Reproach
Vow to
Study
Grievous entomology
Like that
Grievous thAt

Leather bound. Leather clad.
Thick golden leaflets displaying numerals.
And definitions of which
Explain the heart
Of the human experience

In this desolate
Snowed in cabin
Of the mind
My bottle of rum
Tastes
Like that wine
She
Whined about
When we were
Jovial kids
Jovial teens

Sentimental cream. Is it a wonder to gaze into Metamorphosis
while turning into a plain old manipulator. Bitc(H).

Tell me
Your sentiments
Feed me
Your cream
Is it distinct?

Burp. Burp. Burpity, burp.

Turkey on plate
Plated plastic
Forked recourse
This remorse
Is tasty
Gallopings
Horses chase me
Across our
Phantom whim
Across I swim
Turkey chase

Get these old
Perfunctory
Ideas
Out of
My head
My pen
Is feverish

My resolve
U mended
Meant to
Take extra
Precaution
When sharing it
With no
With none
With no illusion

Saying this now back unto rented orifices she digests rotted toxic brutality then has sex with all these unforgiving men; assholes is what they are. Okay I do get that she wants to have a certain level of recognition for her work but why must she stoop so low as to prostitute her sacredness?

Is that all that Hollywood really offers? You can have fame but only if you're willing to be gang raped by dozens and dozens of cocaine addicts! That... does not seem cool to me.

Prose the methadone clinical bank fronted legal ionic celebration. Just once I need the bile to transmute me quickly. Wanna' – I wanna' be left to my devices and words and pain. Very strong scrotal methods – today was humid in a subtle form.

Music? What you got I don't want! And yes even if I end up in a dirtied ditch somewhere out in the vast superficial city... I still would not buy your bullshit! Bullshit is what it was and bullshit is what it will always be!

You need time to think! You need time to THINK. (%?!~``*)

Don't let paper corrupt your divine soul. Fear is overrated! Consciousness is more valid than fear.

31 times; 31 days. 31 aches, 31 stories. 31 laughs – 31 cries. 31 uploads < 31 minds.

17

Don't you dare tell me to be a success! You ain't my boss! You ain't my cause!

You ain't my loss!

You ain't my thought!

So like when I sketch out people's faces and things they like do not want me to make 'em look "ugly" but like I try to tell them I like have no control over that.

But oh they swear I make 'em look ugly on porpoise purpose without purpose. Whateva!

It's all open to each individual's interpretation.

I sketch and paint whatever I feel in my soul.

We be human.

Human

We be

Human

We are

Human forever

Ever

Reve

These things usually will evolve under star blessed skies. And you'll see then realize that what you once worshipped was really just an extension of yourself.

It was you! It was always you! It was you the whole glorious time!

Supremely YOU!!

In this stream
I lay
In this stream
I prey
It was solace
That made me
Charm myself
I try to
Outline
The figurative
Stain
It is inconceivable
But never
Impossible
In this stream
Stream
I wonder
With wonder
I wonder

The common man
Is endangered
This illusory bind
Is what
Melds our will
Without
Permission

No one, nobody forgets the truth. They just get better at lie-ing.

Cacophonous deities

Fuck us into distant

Submissive states

States not estates

Of pleasurable

Ecstasy

Caco caco caco

We met in a coffee shop that wasn't like most coffee shops.
There were large paintings of dragons and midgets hanging from
the vermilion walls.

I shit you not! Midgets slaying dragons, midgets riding dragons
and midgets feeding dragons.

18 times a week we fumble, lie, stare, cry. Why oh why not
align with some kind clear prophecy?

Oh! That's right you seek not fruition! Nope. You seek jealousy
and greed and money and shame and inane machines.

Just stop complaining so much!

The charcoal sketched the red dichotomy. A real miniature
outlined disastrous crutch of a man.

Feel the feeling feelings of a romantic Roman.

Stolen charcoal and lighter fluid steams the baking order
disordered room.

Hate your capitalism.

Cannot skim on the moronic bullshit our politicians feed us
often.

Often yes.

Yesterday is not the future.

Insect stings and bites make me feel alive when I am dead.
Tran-scendent.

Hey now! Hey now! Don't drop your hotdog in the hot tub. It will become soggy and wet and taste of immoral scenarios.

Feels as though I feel as though the emptiness has just begun to become obsolete. But say nothing to your self amused half truths and virtuous toughness. For it can and will satiate thine own desolate desires.

"You're a funny guy!"

"Yes, I know!"

"I never noticed before."

"Well, that's your own damn fault!"

Choose the star that blinks closest to your heart beat. Thump, thump, thump, thump. Thump!

I lost some plastic toy dinosaurs and then I lost you!!

ANTS! ANTS! DAMN THOSE ANTS!

I swear, man. I'm never gonna' open my bedroom window again! Why you ask?

Because every time I do open it, which is quite rarely, those damn ants take it upon themselves to make themselves at home!

I vacuum and spray soapy water. That don't do shit to 'em. I vacuum and sprinkle salt around my mattress. That deters them for a bit but ultimately they find a way around the salt.

So then I vacuum one more time; I vacuum for a solid 30 minutes. Then I spray some floral scented insect spray all over and around the carpeting. And now I wait for the drying process to take effect. Wait-ily, wait-ily, wait-ily.

Bippity, bippity, bippity.

Bippity, bippity, bippity.

Dante calls out to me. as does Henry James. If you don't know who I speak of..... I suggest you Google 'em.

Not all hinges are for definite finite definite finite. De-finitely.

We aren't liable to be held accountable for most things done wrong today. That just seems to be the new normal in society. Come to think of it... it's been the norm for quite some time.

If you are going to meet me halfway then by all means meet me halfway, sir. But do it on my account. That faithful woman is not your property but she does care a great deal for you. You are blind to it and to her.

I've told you many things before. I've spoken to you about a variety of different topics. The history of the French. The history of the Prussian Empire. Sociological experiments involving multiple participants, art appreciation and convex theories. It only means something to you if you allow your being to absorb it. Indefinitely.

Modesty often finds us when everything else has begun to shift right before our eyes. Yes. Like cellophane deniability; ruminating over divided dimensional output. Just to translate archaic Latin adjectives back to the original star language.

Killed 'em.

Dellik 'em.

Allow almost alone.

Marines bruise marvelous

Marry.

What a counterpart!

Where's the countersign?

What would Je-sus

Drink?
Fanatic fang farther
Father fathered biceps
Bicker.
Grill each girl fate.
Honk honorary hibernate.
Insight is sensitivity.
Full values fit not.
Single t-one unmarried.
Joy, open only opening.

“I’m going to fictionalize my life.”
“..... fun.”

I overcame the overflow that was my life.
Young yellow yokes cautioned the same clove of input.
3 beers equal time.
Prescribe me a doubtful problem.
It’ll be the better
That makes up our music.
Gothic gossip grew regal.
An old classic author
Never goes out of style.
Tense I modified the
Space in between un-carved
Radiant locks, time. Mine.
\$1.25 to recreate something akin to obsolescence.
\$1.00 to take a crap and wipe your ass.

\$1.40 for a dozen large eggs.

Not quite farm fresh.

Capitalistic fresh.

\$2.00 for some wheat bread and sense.

\$3.00 for strong coffee.

\$5.00 for a six pack of reason.

\$6.00 for a mild case of OCD.

\$8.00 for a conversation with an older woman.

\$9.00 for a conversation with a younger woman.

\$11.50 for a dream & pie.

And after a while the secret revealed itself to me.

When people see a little boy running around pretending he's a pirate they often think "Oh how cute! He's using his imagination!"

Cut to the same boy 20 years later still pretending he's a pirate and most will say "Oh my god! What's wrong with him? He needs some sort of psychiatric help!"

But I say just let him be a pirate! So long as he's not hurting anyone. Just let him be a pirate!

Let Him Be A Pirate!

How funny could you be without me? Clear adhesive apoxy atop worrisome catacomb endeavors. I am marbled by defeatist attitudes. You?

"We all know that pain can be quite involved."

Need that ant colony to vacate my sleeping mattress. Small ones, medium ones and the other sized. Regular insecticide does not work very well. Sure, it's strong and irritates but only temporarily.

Perhaps the infestation is a living metaphor. A metaphor for my need to stop procrastinating and start completing my masterworks. I don't know how many more moments are available but this moment is indeed unique and important. Just like melted caramel lies.

Get the bullet to disown our presidential influence. Money fucks us over as policy manipulates we the people further and further.

In the beginning there was no statue or flag to worship.

Feeling absolute; uncertain. As sure as sure as sure as a turkey meat pot pie with huge chunks of knowledge. Didn't I mention before, ages ago, about how I had once been confused by certain passages in the pathos heavy outlined biblical pretensions?

We feed on dementia just as much as ham & cheese sandwiches without mayo. Oh I do know what I'm typing here! It is you, you that has no flipping idea how gravity sticks each individual to every other individual!

It is within fictional romance novels that we begin to plunder the teachings of our predecessors. Identity is another metaphoric derivative.

Discuss the accidental accident that is our nation. We are the (thee) successors of a generation of slave traders and owners. They used to beat 'em with big long dirtied sticks and poles. Some of 'em died, most of 'em cried and begged for mercy. Mercy never came. But oh let's not forget how sweet and juicy and delicious the apples, melons and corn turned out.

Thanks, thanks. Great, grateful. Abnormalcy, normalcy. Ease, dis-ease.

In the deli I contemplated beat poetry. Welcomed the possibility that I may have been a prophet in another life. Then I purchased a pound of sharp cheddar cheese.

I prefer to keep things as simple as possible. Though, I am not against little flourishes here and there. I am definitely against too much glamour.

I'm starving! I'm starving my ass off just to be Human!

\$40 to tide the soul.

\$40 to mend me whole.

If people don't like the way I look that's their damn problem,
not mine!!

How 'bout you focus on something that truly matters! Such as
the state of the economy or the millions of starving people around
the world.

Huh! No, you're not going to focus on that. You know why?
Because you're all insecure & shallow.

Back to vague alliances because it is vagueness that completes
us. Soup, tomato drove to the eggplant hospital when I was seven
galaxies young. Years of aged charm did us the way of a serial
rapist.

Have you listened to the sound of a young mother duck give
birth on the backseat of a Volvo station wagon? It very slyly
mimics the alter altered altercation which festooned up up over
our treasured and cherished candy dish. Crime.

She eats a bagel, square shaped. Learn a new fated worded
dreary dance analogy. There is no hell to speak of anymore.

Common care cold fever feverish rash hives stunt platypus
inverted hugging trees bees please con the rain raining droplets
lake bell swallows shallow medical amuse-ment meant clearly
posture assimilates into algebraic post war eras ears ear aches
joints steel stole food jars clay her portioned out peanut better
butter butter sugar lime salt fire juice drink two apples gladly
explain Spain to men many monkey hats hearts softened glow
forms pages read ready farming pieces and then my blood puked
saliva.

These lies we tell ourselves will not last forever. Eating the
shine off your skull habits.

"I am valuable."

“How do you know?”

“I don’t know... I feel it.”

Everyone is beautiful. Beautiful. EVERYONE IS
BEAUTIFUL!

And as I sketched out this young woman’s face... I became engrossed by the sadness her eyes displayed. I did sympathize with her but I also felt connected to her in some other way. She reminded me of myself. Somewhat.

Again could not stand
Green poem pocket fun
Couldn’t lick a hand
The chocolate ran
Ran all the way, way
To Iraq & Iran
Didn’t matter though
Saw ten brides walking
Walking with humps
Large disfigured lumps
On their chests
Arms, legs & buttocks
Ferns grew from folly
Nothingness something
Time plural the grange
E-motion-al verses
It was as if each
Monotone moment
Hovered, Special
Now (how)

Astral visits
Astral travels
Astral portals
Astral findings
Astral discoveries
Astral limits
Astral limitless
Astral thoughts
Astral projections
Astral possibilities
Astral phenomena
Astral wishes
Astral aquatic life
Astral visions
Astral yes
Astral now
Astral life
Astral pudding
Astral Asses

Tort flips rights
Wield
Temp-er
Enuf enough mel
Melt alia
Alias kept poke
Asphyxia
Partly

Dine on diner
A all a
Eta feta grate
Long, long, width
Hr brs flt
Wrm bck
Pns pine
Pine
Wine
Lie
Of
X

Read what you can.
Read Shakespeare.
Read Yeats.
Read Melville.
Read Whitman.
Read Tolstoy.
Read James.
Read Joyce.
Read Byron.
Read Donne.
Read Twain.
Read Cheever.
Read Stevenson.
Read Dumas.
Read Maugham.

Read Kesey.

Read Hemingway.

Read Faulkner.

Read Fitzgerald.

Read what you can.

You are but another yahoo from some far away land in some too distant era. Today the temperature reads 77 degrees and I am not the better for it. The month, this month has been confounded by conmen and slutty cocktail waitresses who have no clue about the Age of Enlightenment.

Life does recreate many things many times over without explanation. What does one million dollars mean to you? What do one million starving children mean to you? What do one million broken shattered lives mean to you?

Nothing. Nothing? To most of us yes it means nothing.

Nothing tangible. And so we go to work, chit chat with coworkers and push down all of the grief and sadness that surrounds us.

I function much in the way a cactus plant functions. I take in nourishment then store it for a length of time and ponder what it means to be a cactus/human being plant. All the while being assaulted by the harsh elements. It's not an easy mode of existence but once in a while I do reach great heights of eudomonious contemplation and exultation.

The night time is the right time for me and mine. Dreams flow steady like baffled breaded pudding on the side of romantic sentiments. Yet, handwritten postcards I do not send.

Jesus Christ ate my pb & j samich. Yes, he did. It must be tough being a messiah. Glad I ain't one.

Heresy you say? My dear fellow, I believe not in such matters. Nor do I believe heresy exists.

And so this stratosphere does delight me. Certain days, certain passages replay and replay. There, a new equinox emerges.

Complex entertainers can now accuse each other of having secret rendezvous with their spouses. Espouses.

Doth the lie proliferates.

I was remembering when a friend of a friend told me a hilarious story about his sister. She goes by the name Ginger.

It all happened at some tribute show/concert they attended last April. Some of her friends met up with them and they commenced drinking copious amounts of margaritas with lime wedges.

(This friend of a friend felt it necessary to stress the fact that their margaritas contained lime wedges. It really doesn't add much to the story. So, I'll skip over his long description of how he squirted lime juice into his own eye.)

After Ginger drank her sixth margarita she turned around just in time to see one of the band members introduce himself. When he shook the hand of Ginger's brother he added, "You look standoffish."

Ginger's brother didn't know what to make of the comment and shrugged it off. But Ginger took offense for some reason and ran out to the parking lot to retrieve something from her car.

When she returned she had a serious look of contempt on her face. She was also wielding a shiny black crowbar and was ready to smash open the band member's skull with it.

Luckily, Ginger's brother pushed her back just as the crowbar was inches away from making contact. She dropped it, it made a loud clank sound, then yelled out a bunch of curse words.

Her brother held her back then asked, "What are you doing?"

"He called you standoffish!" She exclaimed.

"So what! I don't even know what that means!"

He waited a few minutes for her to calm down then released her from his grip. She drank two more margaritas then passed out cold.

Her brother drove her home. The crowbar was left at the bar and
it now hangs next to a marble plaque that reads: BEWARE!
AVOID LOOKING STANDOFFISH!

I am an illusion.
You are an illusion.

Tastes like Tallahassee convergence.

Garden your garden!
Garden your garden!
Garden your garden!
QZXFXZZKSFE

Ruminations active brain's left my me to spacious suddenly
speak. Never. Ever. Forgiveness faded favor not will Fortune.

Sing, significance! Your scrape. Tomorrow digested easily so
not is bile of vile each; another one upon inflicted we which
wound same the on other each kiss ssik shall we and human you
makes what Forget.

Esoprup on untended fields amongst gardening chaotic of supp
supporters assessed self fles delusional de these of ekaw wake the
In.

Inn. Instrumental lit. Easy butt. Scaredy shin, shin.
!!NEKAWA

Advance to another advance advancement. Advance, advance.
And see me there. You will be me there. You will see me there.
Staring off into harrowing space.

In particular, those prêt pretentious evil live eyes. Of which
(wish) you profess to en enjoy so much. So closely. So 18
intimately.

Your know-ledge ledge has been cloud-ed by eons of revel
revelatory dispute! Saus.

Cut – c – u – t the E – go.

Stab the SUPER Ego... > Elims

Smile!

Hello! Hola! Aloha!

Vexed pools dis displayed unrequited love. Uncontented
reasoning.

Whole live articles of cloth spilled outward. As jack jim knives
forced the earth to tremble. Treble cleft.

Magnificently. Marvelously. Realism morphs & blooms. It also
spanks butts with crowbars.

But we did indeed. To be sent present pre. During this historic
cosmic crumbling of a very pat patr patriarchal empire. Mmm.
Empire.

My mucus spells out card game vernacular verbatim. Mini
minimalistic man. Cream.

Coincidences? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! No such concept! Nooth
Nothing can be a coincidence!

Each pock pocket of space has been specifically designated its
own dest dust dest destined adventure.

We are but mere pawns and other pieces on a game board.

Our free-will is the hand that moves us around and up and down
and sideways and other ways.

Exist destiny does! Yes! But we we we are r the eternal
purveyors and decision cakers makers.

Chief you are not!

Chief da man!

Chief is revelatory!

Chief is observant!

Chief is wise!
Chief is perhaps the
Sanest of all characters!

Heaven is deep within each of us.
Great power indeed invokes us to change the multitudes.

It was at that exact point (pint) that I began to question whether
I truly existed as a sentient being.

Two freight trains are traveling at a rate of 100 mph towards
Portland. One train is hauling medical waste and the other is
loaded with corn husks.

Both conductors severely hung-over and have contracted an
STD from the same prostitute the night before.

If they continue to travel at a speed of 100 mph, how long 'til
their next rest stop?

Torturers.

Mine mother she is like a cosmic fruition. People dilate their
hippocampus when she utters anecdotes.

Sanctimonious & starved.

I'm starved for dysfunctional attention. In a way you'd only
recognize by hateful gestures.

Head less head. Psychotic.

Do you believe in nothing??

We like to bastardize everything nowadays.

We should change our name to the United States of
Bastardization.

Eye fear only what doesn't take form.

I know not what to make of this world/society. It begs to be blamed.

Fuck your government!

Fuck your religion!

Fuck your virtues!

LOVE EVERY

“Come Inside!” She said.

So I did then pulled her hair. It was thick and brown.

The lines down her back looked like a map of my own inner workings. Egregious.

She had one small tattoo on her inner thigh. It was a caricature of a tortoise playing volleyball. She said she got it when she was 15. She went to a tattoo parlor with a group of friends late one night.

They gave each tattoo artist blowjobs in exchange for tattoos. She seemed pretty pleased with herself. She felt like she found a way to cheat the system.

But the system cheated *her*.

People don't read nearly enough books. People don't read nearly enough books. People don't read nearly enough.

People don't read!

Do not be offended by what I write but sometimes when I see a beautiful actress I just wanna' smack her, hug her, kiss her, spank

her, assault her and bribe her into mediocrity. Then again I know not what to do with non-actresses.

Pumpkin pies, pumpkin lies. That which you grow mold on is that which will teach everything you need to know about sex and prudence and justification. Listen not to political altercations.

Just breathe, just live, just dance nude underneath star lit banner geysers. The life is in the water, natural. The water is annotated like so many college textbooks unheard of by democratic hypocrites. Give credence to your back, front and face.

Love and a package of kool-aid send us into unknown status updates concerning every divergent allegorical body shot slam. Salami & pocketed bread can make quick subs; wiches. Mustard, mayo, lettuce, tomato, pickles and whatnot.

Up her dress she hid the bible. Family style. The picnic platter shattered betwixt her cold thighs. Not to mention, her nipples remained erect.

Blonde dunce did deeds unnoticed. Twas all right by me.

Corn a cob. Corn on a cob.

Husky spilled true allergic reactionary plane spritz over your heated non-bed. Oh yes this sky is meant to envelope you whole; wholly. 216 word up the end is not nearby. Though, the ice cream truck is just around the corner.

What misadventures lie ahead this year or the following year? People take to heart too many pins, too many needles.

If you don't like it.... Too fucking bad!

Summersbemine. Minnieminemineme. Mmmmmm.

Take fries ket chup fashionably date dilate did doodles hopped upon tried vagina! Reading shakes with spears.

Noise in my head mimics the noise my neighbor plays/shouts whilst being fucked by her non-lover. Insubordinate day longers.

No one she loves; evols. Zith zither throngs punch her felt. I told her, I told her. I told her. I told her. I told her. I told her. I fold her.

Specially spectacular overtures filled with orange cream pie shakes unrecognized abandoned all institutions highly regarded as savory yet smooth. This coffee mug has no special hold over thine weakened fragility! Heat hate you ouy yo veritable cat cannot coomb inches of desert hair fur under the length of fuckin' demo-n-cra-cy.

My brain is a treasure trove. Xerox. Her thought was not about me but a portion of me and my fused self. Oxidize vacated parameters to a cent of a circumference. Navigate west ward off cowboys and injuns. I eat the brine.

Cardiac thermal bra less she reused sentimental anagrams for rotting constructions of exercise empires. Tyranny peruses capitalism like a gopher raping rabbits with no birth control in between sanity nor in-sanity.

We coalesce fake into fake back down into fake. Identify the true poison in you. Jokes feel better than day jobs earn you. Man, you really gotta' stop working for the man!

He will ruin you, stomp on your soul and aspirations. He'll drain you like a seven dollar whore-battery.

Makeshift bottles now promise the middle part of my masterpiece.

2:18 am. Anti-I.

Conscience. Science. Unconscious.

Fecund the room temp orgy cone.

Frothy

When the stars

Are frequently
Glowing
And our touch
Is but
Many
The space
In between
Mentality
Reuses
Dormant
Senses
When the stars
Feel fervently
Frothy

Foreign Month
Told, told
Too cold
For a bowl
Of pain
Or
Maine lobster
Cracked
Our spines
Last month
Underneath
Sublime
Centurions

In the book. Tried to call out every name in the book. Temporarily, rarely do I sense catastrophe. But when I do it means a lot. Quite so. I quote no one but myself.

Tueafviofdn vainduvn vajndvijn ajndsojfv vajdsnvjnvjanvnajvai
avionsdjvnfjands ainsdfjvn 978qhu4reijs ajndfoan vaoisfdvjNS –
hu ji kk nwer ty oli io of cwk kwesxc ghuihnnnnnnnn jijiq
jsndonm vnaofsnvojaknd vojajnvonako ovjkasndvokmsd ufhsd
09876.

For wehy how why whey po pop ti nit tin hes hess gu iug gui
lyaneropalux gilr suz. Rude code codex of horrible honor!
Terrible syntax mannerisms crux loss messes missed complex
rudiments hill pigeon dove hill mound the soil cam sand. Guttred
how
howww
ww
ww!

3 I xif teh the tether libert libro bib lio teca tecate salt esse
essence vitamin shop go goya kiel kin 5 west two too ton ball hoe
ho-pe. Yes if if yes u no know (k)no(w). Am.

18

Stride Stride.

Straddle your dreams til they bring you what you deserve.

When I was a broke and wandering musician I'd sometimes break into other peoples' homes just to take a shower.

I only used the minimum amount of shampoo and soap. I also wiped down the entire shower area afterward; removing every one of my washed off hair follicles.

Yeah, yes. Say.

Sey. Yes. Si.

Orale!! Amigo!

Once saw this guy eat the entire peanuts gangg. He said they were savory.

Walk the path of peculiar righteousness. Why for? Why for? What for?

“Hey, man! You got change for a dollar?”

“Nope. But I do got a dollar for change.”

Monetary alliance will be the death of us! I’ll write it again.

Monetary alliance will be the death of us! Us of Death! Death of us! U.S.A.!

See it now in the clouds you unfaithful be-liever feeble door opens ajar cakes mistakes laughter for accompaniment structure piano note guitar lead distorted solos with a blatant sound fused infused by progressive wonder thunder billed top goat joy butt plunger plumb plumbing depths requited ill ill gone green powers a cat spoke fluent Vulcan hyb hybrid trash respect musical blue red pastel idea culture she spans bananas on big loafs of meatloaf dinner table gratitudes Easy we when win pliable mint spinster intelligence gentle tear bear ug. Y!

Hardly any reason to read or deny Thomas Hardy. Hardly. Hardy.

“Hey! Did you eat my last caramel pop?”

My chubby roommate accused me with his plump fist in the air.

“No I did not eat your last caramel pop! You ate it yourself you big lug!”

I responded rather carefree and capricious.

Edit your beans, baked.

Better the butter.

Butter the better.

Butter the better.

Holidays flee

In

A haze

In

A daze

I’m reminded

Of centuries

Of

Logical fun

Inept

Possibly the best

We serve all

Appetites

Then build upon

The rest

(less)

Rest

Reality manufactures

Gross negligence

Old whiff

Wonder
Another
Rhyme
To
Rhyme
Your
Destination
With
When was the
Last time
You took
A good
Long whiff
Of
Your old
Archaic
Ancient
Self (self)
Lined stance
Standing tall
He eats car batteries
As an
Apparition
Relinquish
Hide peanuts
Hope
Of
Desires

Dunce caps
Draw a
Lined face
Into
Voids
Your grave
Stand tall
Against
Morose comatose

Mine Eyes
Your glasses
Do nothing
Is it too
Late for me
To wonder
Wander
Where I've been
Or
Where I came
(her dress)
From
Where I'm
Going
Is a
Combo complete
Surprise
But I shall be fine

Here with myself. Only mine eyes.

Cosmic Hook

14 x 11

Whatever we

Express

Was meant

To be

Expressed

With every

11 x 52

Breath

With every

Baited

Hook

10 + 111

We peer into

The cosmic

Wonder of

Happy/Sad

Our Duality

Madness Stabilized

Stick your tongue

Out

At all

The madness

Before you

What better way
To minimize it
Lick it thoroughly
Thoroughly
If you have to
Make it part
Of you
Fo Uoy
If
Necessary
Stabilize
This corrosive
Madness

“Caca, waca.”
“Jstr. Pi!”
“Nal, nal.”
“Kloo eht bil!”
“Nrt xq. Aqqe.”
“O.”
“JLkx! Dt!”
“Lnr. Ev drnouc.”
“Sagszi ehs alnias.”
“Alnias siul mkc.”
“Kr lst slt! Pon!”
“Nal. Tibsz kyalr.”
“8ex. NIV E 7.”
“Yob tih tubt ssorc.”

“Glouxx neerg. KI!”

“Tooby laen rac. Syrrö.”

“Bko balake mot. Jafff.”

“Dnah monn yenom!! Nus lx.”

“Niotn abcb. Snaitr gjk.”

Five 8

Seven silver

7 ten

Eighteen might

Placate

11 = 8

Inf

Infinity

Ment

Ant meant

Soils pan (ts)

Tssssss

Vag ani

Anigav

Salt plepperr

Bleass plass

Zrownies

Yart – dolc

Llik Tnediserp

Space is an essential utterance. Perturb.

Went to the dollar store I did. Purchased one bottle of water, one big cup of noodles and one two liter bottle of generic diet soda. Pop!

No one bothered me. No one bothered to bother me. Me.

Jill was insane. Not as insane as Beth but I liked Jill the best. She knew how to have a good, good time.

She liked wearing those extremely short and tight flowery skirts. She kept her legs looking shiny and tan.

We took a couple trips to Vegas and drank and gambled 'til the sun had no clue who we were. Or we it.

We even tried to get hitched at one of those chapels with the Elvis impersonator. But we were turned away 'cuz we didn't have nearly enough moola to pay for the ceremony.

\$350 to get hitched? Fuck that nonsense!!

We went to a burger joint instead and got thirty burgers for \$15. Then we ran into a liquor store and got two bottles of Jack Daniels for \$12.

Jill worked out a deal with the manager.

Then we checked into the cheapest motel we could find and stayed in the room for four days.

We ate and drank and ate and drank. We also fucked each other's brains out. Jill was ravenous, a beast in the sack.

She did this move where she would incorporate her thumb and index finger. She'd then spin around in a fierce circle and jump onto my genitalia so effortlessly.

It's easier to see than to imagine. Trust me. Jill's got awesome moves. Awesome moves.

We got kicked out of the motel room on the fourth day. Jill tried to negotiate with the manager but he was a homosexual. He laughed loudly when she offered him the best blowjob in the world.

He looked at me for a quick second then changed his mind and went back into the office area. Jill was so pissed off that she pulled down her tight skirt and took a dump near the front entrance. I laughed only because I imagined the manager stepping in it and shouting at the heavens!

We ran out of money after that and hitch hiked all the way to Arizona. It took us a week and a half just to get to Tucson.

I did not want to stay in Tucson. Neither did Jill. But we had no cash and nowhere else to go.

That's when Jill decided we should rob a convenient store. I told her it was a bad idea, awful idea. But she was quite insistent and adamant about the whole thing.

So, one evening, around 1:00 am, we walked into a very old looking convenient store. It was a real mom and pop kind of place.

Jill had her mouth covered with a soiled handkerchief and wore her cheap sunglasses.

I just had my hooded sweatshirt pulled up all the way over my head. I tucked in most of my hair underneath my faded black baseball cap.

Our only weapons were these extremely long and rusty metal pipes that we found in a nearby drainage ditch. They smelled like urine and something else. I don't know what exactly but it was a foul odor. A *very* foul odor.

So, as soon as we walked in Jill started shouting and hollering, "Give us your fuckin' money! Give us all of your fuckin' money!"

The cashier was a young looking teenage boy. He looked so scared that I swear I thought he was gonna' shit his pants and pass out. He didn't but he definitely came close. Very close.

"Give us *all* of your fuckin' money, you piece of shit! Do you want me to bash your skull in! Do ya! Huh!" Jill kept screaming at the poor kid. He finally worked up the nerve and opened the cash register.

There was only about \$100-\$180 in it. Jill grabbed it all and stuffed it into her black bag.

I just stood by silently. The only thing I could think to do was grab a shit load of snacks. Chips, pretzels, jerky, donuts, cupcakes, cookies and chocolate bars.

“I got the cash! Let’s split! Let’s split!”

Jill ran out at lightning speed.

The teenage cashier hit the alarm and fumbled around for a weapon of sorts.

It was a shotgun! He loaded it and shot both Jill and I in the chest.

Jill hit the pavement pretty hard. I fell onto all the snacks I grabbed. I heard the crinkle of potato chips and smelled melted chocolate.

I stuffed a handful of potato chips and chocolate into my mouth. Mmmm. It was so very tasty. Tasty. The tastiest!

I heard sirens approaching fast. Then I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Laureth

Sulfonate

I am an artist. I will draw you out all segmented.

I am a writer. I will write a story about you and turn you into a murderer of clowns and conmen.

(cheese doodles cheese)

Oh this is great I think. I know it is great!

Gr-eat!

Great to be single in a land full of complications. Huh? You heard me correctly. Coherently.

Couldn't... get up but tried to. But couldn't.

Just a piece of pie or cake will do. Whilst I read seven novels in one sitting. Yes, I can do it and so can you. Come on now now. You know I like to read lots and lots and lots.

Last Monday I decided to cease with all of my frivolous television watching. I am now one step closer to becoming a bibliophile; fully fledged. The fiction is enticing. So much more enticing than the lunatic ravings of a typical talk show host.

John Cheever Seever says that a writer must write away his entire pitiful life. Yes, write. Right he is I do believe so. Not knot so much the pitiful part but yes some version of it.

For you c, I understand now my truest true. Quest calling vision dest destiny. Now, read these next two lines of which I call sentenced sentences.

Everyone deserves to be HAPPY! Everyone deserves to be FREE! FREE! FREE!

The sky is brutal to us evening dwellers though not often. More so I say my ideas are morphing, mutat mutating into what they feel they need to become. With or without my guidance. I am but a vessel for purities and allocations.

All guided by free form thought biases. (God)

Take a minute and explore yourself today! Explore!

Love you. Love me. Love it. Love we. Love three. Love millions. Love billions. Love infinitely!

We shall dive right in now and expect the best to transpire. Even if it all seems or feels like lunacy. Lunar. Lunatics divulge to us their hairy secrets for vain/not vain purposes. Porpoises.

Living alone does something to a man. Does lots to the human sympathetic limbic system. It kind of sort of disengages the rest of society from that individual.

Perception, perspective.

You'll only read this once then put it down, away somewhere far off. Far out of reach. But when you read it twice, if you do read it twice, you'll immediately see a new portal open up right before your very (hairy) eyes. This I am certain of.

Pie. Pie. Pie. Pie. Pie.

Moded quarreling he fights clowns with truth serum laced noxious hopes and accomplishments. Fear is a friend, was a friend. Loyal to a number. Then the sightless professionalism set in.

2013! What a cantankerous melee of cartoon worry and doubt.
(2111 numeral.)

Either ther of the two 2 soft protruding organs on the upper front a woman's man's body secretes milk beer wine punch after/before urgency.

Eye printed work consisting of glued pages or sewn 2gether along one juan side and bound, masochist, in covers and chains.

Literary compo hat pub lish ed intent for four public suh a wark.

Libretto of opera! ~

Her muscular tube leading from the external genitals to the cervix of the uterus in and most fe-male mammals. Mammalian.

Sheathlike structure, esp. Form around, formed around stems or bases of leaves.

Whole population or all the eligible memes members of state,
typ typical thru elect-d reps. Reps 3 2 1.

Savage physical violence. Cruel to Cruel. Cruelty.

Ferociousness.

Vegan strict vegetarian.

Eats animal or dairy products.

Nihl.

Feeding on feeding.

Karniveres.

Carn-ivorous.

Animals feeding on other animals.

Terrestrial, aquatic flesh eating mammal.

Extremities foolish.

Ness, being serious-ly

Mental menthol ill.

Derangement.

Ground meat formed into a

Loaf shape and baked or smoked.

Ground venison, email unwelcomed.

I am much like the actor George Clooney. I've no aspiration
towards marriage. I focus the bulk of my energy on my many
creative endeavors.

If a lovely lady just so happens to come my way then I'll throw
her a bone and see where the night takes us.

But I do NOT promise her anything in the way of a lengthy
intimate relationship.

Such is my creed.

I follow it, live it.

No One can change ME!

When in doubt if an action is good or bad, refrain.

“Do you know where Frank’s at tonight?”

He asked me.

“I dunno. Some new place on the Westside.” I replied

“Ok. Thanks.”

He hung up.

Hospital Hospitale

A cyst he says

Hospitale Hospital

A cyst on his abdomen

Hos-pital Latipsoh

A cyst on his huevos

Testicle, conventional, Writhe

A kid in my neighborhood just bought a pet tortoise. He named him Voltaire, after the French writer/poet. I dunno why cuz I believe the tortoise more closely resembles Socrates. But hey.... I’ve never owned a tortoise. I don’t be believe anyone can “own” a tortoise.

So, one evening he asks me if I can watch his tortoise for him ‘cuz he was goin’ out of town with his parents for the holidays. I was reluctant at first ‘cuz I didn’t want a big ol’ tortoise roaming around my living room.

But then he said that all I gotta’ do is toss him some carrot sticks and sliced banana chunks over the adjoining fence. As well as check that he has enough water in his water dish. Seemed simple

enough. So, I agreed and wished him and his parents a safe journey to wherever the hell they were goin'.

Three days passed without any problems. Voltaire ate no more than what he could mash up and fit into his uh beak or uh mouth or whatever the hell tortoises have.

On the fourth day, I noticed he had moved from his usual spot between the garden hose and rose bush. I scanned the neighbor's yard but all I could see were Voltaire's foot and claw prints. I would've searched for him longer but I had to get going to my prestigious job as a toilet scrubber at some god awful fast food joint.

I really loathed that job. Most days it seemed as though the toilets did not want to be clean! Those shit stains were as stubborn as shit.

Anyway, my shift ended at about 5:45 pm, mountain time.

When I came home.... Voltaire was laying on his back. He was dead. He had dried out completely in the sun.

My neighbors tried to blame me for Voltaire's death but they quickly came to their senses and decided to have a memorial/funeral service for him.

Sadly, I was the only guest in attendance. Though, they did serve some incredibly delicious finger sandwiches.

Duck duck duck duck duckity duck

Save me your heroing speech for perhaps some other time.
Some other time when I might give a shit.

Libro the folly fines.

Assets shalth declineth.

Mute the math that causes you great great grief. Man a myth.

Dehumanize democracy
It is a fable
No table top; breakfast allegory

Jobless jaunts
Colourless
Distance distance
You feel sexual
Deity demise
Visionary life
Fucks the hole
The Whole
Damp essential
Unie univ ersity
Cannot fade
Line is a life
Fetus fetal
Bruising best
By chance
By order
Don't watch tv
Tell it to
Visualize Magnificence

Stunted
Stinted
Swift
Social

Controlling
Gestures
Silky – right
There is no
True truth
That these
Ignoramuses
Will know of
They choose
Not to
Digest
Adamantly
Countries
Refuse : fuse
Kill the office
Love Your Deity

Voicemail?
What the
Shit stained
Allusion
Does voicemail
Have to do
With the
Human
Connection
Of
Interlinked

Bio vibrations
Vibes
Scoff, decisive
I'm not some
Pusher of meta
Meta-phors
Leave it be
Leave it be(come)

Amabo
Amabo
Amoeba
Amo
Ama
Bama
Bam
Mob
Oa
Boa
Am
Ma

Mabus
Mabus
Is here
Born of
Circumstantial
Necessity

Indeed the whole country farts early in spring. What a glorious time it is!

She lit her cigarette. Threw the match in the small can then winked at me. Scandalous.

I thought her to be very alluring yet emaciated. Perhaps she is/was an anorexic chain smoker. Who knows?

Nobody urged me to talk to her, let alone greet her. Silence was in order. I took three sips of my Newcastle ale then slowly maneuvered towards her.

Her slightly thinner friend noticed me approach them. They both greeted me in Spanish. Spanish! The one language that has always vexed me.

I understand lots of conversational Spanish but I just have trouble with remembering all those masculine and feminine forms of certain words.

So then.... The chain smoking girl said something about wanting to improve her English and asked if I could teach her.

“Sure!” I said.

And in return she said she could help me with my Spanish. We shook hands and exchanged numbers.

Then we drank the night away and ended up in her apartment at 4:00 am.

She treated me to a very lovely strip show that involved her naked thighs straddling a bar stool. I was impressed but also trying my best not to throw up all over her silk sheets.

Except... I did throw up.

Then she threw up when she saw me throw up and the both of us threw up all over her nice silk sheets. But she wasn't upset. In fact, we both laughed hysterically for a solid seven minutes before passing out in each other's vomit puddles. Fun.

It is indeed hip to be of a convex form. Never bowing to authority or tyranny.

Canvas creates the illusion of definition. Raw musculature imperative. Comparatively low when adhered to better phrasing.

Californians have a remark remarkable aptitude for geological movement saunas.

Sumatra motives wait not for us senseless arts artistic fools in motion. No, none is more clearly deserved of back braced angel fodder than me and mine old sweater. Happi-ness.

After the starlit monkey shine eye lit his last cigar he clapped his hands together then let out the hugest fart ever heard. Teeth hurts marks your maker creationist thought bubble, harbor. Lick, lickety split the dividend realistic romantic sardonic humour crayons.

She drank her coffee with tear drop resonance. Be-cause all her amigos ran away and left her alone in the middle of the damned desolate desert. Such is femininity.

Then there was that purple orangutan who looked after three lil' adopted chimps with Down syndrome. They lived in a banana tree hut and learned how to make fruity tamales.

Isolation controlling black wisdom teeth solace mass. Foot right left mime heartache broken time troubles elation wolfish fish to feed plate feet motivational hysterics. History lessons fake proper morality.

Sexually, sexually. Repellant, on a Tuesday I walked about these off key streets of Hell Paso. The menudo smells filled the air and lifted the stench of depression and anxiety. What the hell are these people so afraid of? Themselves?

Reverb aligns with Augustine desti destitute in a box uncompromised and it made it feel hardened rough pliable property of no one. No one significant! Reached for allegoric promulgations ache aching peppery ponderance pro loss.

“Save the date for the birth of your intentions.”

Beef rites of a muse aborted clinical demise giving thanks
wonderful dances over on torn cups of graciousness. I am no
ninja tortoise but I do love pizza; sauce.

Who says we gotta' grow up past the age of infinity? Fuck that!
Imma be 10 or 12 for the rest of my life!

... Meyers the cone shot show dis tasteful anal o ogies made the
train shudder its wings. Boy sey halk half.

Vehicle crashing crashes crack these plagued pockets for
computer sense. I stood and watched the world transform into
something pleasant.

Ben been better off without Brittany in her under thing
garments. Yet, not completely.

Each of us has our own electromagnetic vibration. Ultimately
connected and interconnected with the prime source vibration.

We all need love. Yes! We all need love.

Doughnut nuts time progressions kept her weary of cow parts
because she always farts in the morning time. Ritualistic vanities
pursuant to the worldly grievous treasure troves hidden within
vacated fiction romps. Get my guitar out of the furnace and get
thee behind me!

"Don't you wanna' kiss me?" She/it asked passionately.

"Possibly but I am weary of your gender." He answered
regretfully.

Ifs were splendid under the same glorious Moon/Sun. I dilate
your sense of security. Monkey, monkey, man-dible.

Flee flow flie fly free ff fg fer n ruf fi fo rum m. Give us this day
our vaguely dead.

More menudo related deaths are now being reported on the
nightly booze news. Apparently that lone gunman was taken into
custody yesterday. Though, he has an extensive firearm
collection he's never fired any of 'em. Authorities are now
looking to accuse a little old lady from Pasadena.

Neither you, neither me. Neither of us could have prepared,
predicted, such a worldwide revolution.

But yes. She is going to eat me with pathos sauce.

Enormous caca balls devoured us ravenously. Caca. Caca. Caca. Caca.

Cacao caca caca caca.

Tell the world we've no bananas to share with the rich lore of pretense pretentious prophecy. Ycehporp.

Looking in the drawer I find only a pen cap; no pen. This faded deformity begets thine eyelash requiem.

19

I'm onto something pretty profound. Really profound. Don't know what exactly. But it is definitely profound. Inhale the soul.

Tide timbers away.

Music is my passion. Writing is my soul. Art is my vessel. So here I go!

Call me what you like to call me. I promise I will not become your latent aggressor. Yet.

Hest zither range part parts paralyzed unto dogs-ma dogma relenting jam jars z.

Heavy on the beer battered function clock opaque. I find free fee form forts. Satiety partial predates moist scientific altruisms. To the letter of H.

How many timed time tables must we shed before finally accepting each other's inevitable differences!!

"If I were a follower of Christtt you'd be down on your knees right now, begging for more apathy!"

“Huh? What? Why?”

“Because clearly the rules of morality and sovereignty do not apply here on Eearrthh.”

Space moves. Spaces around us. We do not move with space or beyond it. We simply evolve then adapt to each new level of space.

Granted, this is something that most Earth scientists have chosen to deny and discredit. They forget... gravity itself is no more than a theory. Yes, gravity is widely accepted on most planets as fact but I am here to tell you it is not fact.

Gravity has much more in common with fiction than fact. And it is because you believe so sincerely in this fiction that it remains a part of your reality. It plays a vital role in your waking life.

It is a role that will not be shrugged off with one attempt. It may take millions and billions and trillions of attempts.

Gravity, like most things, is impermanent. It is not guaranteed an eternal existence.

It too will transmute and gradually fade away from the human realm of consciousness.

Until then, I suggest we all applaud gravity for its strength and tenacity.

It is a great teacher!

It is a great friend!

It is a great lover!

It is all these and much more! And we did indeed conjure it up.

And oh yes you better believe that most cheeses will not save your soul!

And God bless my shoes!

(Shoey, shoe, shoes.)

And man I really gotta' pay more attention to mine thoughts!

And gosh darn it someone really oughta' figure out a way to fix this dang blasted economy!

And holy hell I need to start painting more things like abstractions! Distract-ions.

We feel hopeless, helpless and moreover detrimentally defeated by whatever carnality ails us. Oh the oppression marks a date and point in our history which we will most certainly never quite comprehend. Un-passionately.

Nothing is real... now. Nor ever. Never was or will be.

The rotting amusement has long since subsided into abstract meta-morphed definitions. Did I not ask of you the same before all this sameness became something of a bore? I was sure I did but oh well. Whatever will be will be.

Gluten free verses control your churches.

Sickly sentiments shall be the death of me, here. We are not all displeased as we would have ourselves believe. There was a time when black plagues festered and boiled the skin of all non-believers. Instrumentation. I cannot say that I miss those days.

The alcoholic intoxicants are gradually being released from my flesh and system. I cannot wait but must wait. Clearly, I am not meant for a life of debauchery. Such a shame, I would have made a marvelous drunk.

Superb choices are cool cute random. The breast of another bested wise girl suits you now. Man, do not go blaming others for your misjudgments! All is nothing. Nothing is now.

Rolling up mess covered zags and zigs. The delay was akin to a rampant group of depressed faculty.

They were forced to endure the entire school year sans coffee machine. Ain't that some funny shat?

Why will my band mate not let a song just be a song? How come he gotta' always add complex shit and make that shit sound like some other kind of shit! (Shite)

So like man... I mean amigo friend. I axed her out to get a mug o' coffee and like she did not respond to any of my correspondence.

I sent her ten emails, two faxed memos and stuck five post-it notes on her computer screen. And I swear man! She don't give a rat's buttocks about me!

Oh but every holiday season she starts acting all nice to me and giving me compliments and shit. But like... every other day of the year she acts like a total bitch who believes so strongly in her own vain banalities!

That's it man... I am done with trying to please her. In fact, I'm done with the whole man-woman relationship dynamic.

I went ahead and shaved my head and tomorrow I shall catch a plane to India. Once there I will hike up to a Buddhist monastery in the Himalayas and devote the remainder of my life to introspective transcendental meditation.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om Mani Padme

Om Mani

Ommmmmm!

I Do

I Do

Believe

In

Reincarnation

AND

I Don't Give

A

Shat If

No One
Else Does

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Why must most males act so barbaric and domineering?

I mean I know why and I believe they require some sort of mediated guidance. Yes, yes.

I know they don't like to share their feelings and all that but at some point they must share.

They must share!

They must!

We must!

I must!

You MUST!!

MUST! M-US-T!!

Streak

The

Stream

Street

Strew

Benign

Allegiance

Allot

Advice

To Sail

Forth with

Pleasure

Sati-sfaction
Saint so
Cabal
Caffeine
In the stew
Spells out
Aria arms, quote

Deport
Deponent
Deer
Farts
Sand ate
Virile
Virus fonts
Fet
Fetus
Falter
Unanimous
Desolation
Destabilized
Our trust
Our
Didactic
Design, sir
Surely gone
Chords regress

There ain't nothing wrong with fantasy!
What's so great about "reality"?

Reality is
But a
Fiction
That
We
Cling
To

The details are not important.
The details are only important if you want them to be important.
Imp-ortant.

We tune the holiest of holiest instruments.
Tune to C.
Tune to A.
Tune to E.
Tune to G.
Tune to D.
Tune to B.
Tune to F.
Tune to Y.
Tune to O.
Tune to U.
Tune to S.
Tune to L.

Tune to I.

Tune to K.

Tune to M.

Tune to A.

Tune to Chaos

Tune to Death

Tune to Fake

Tune to Fiction

Tune to Instant

Tune to Pointless

Tune to Deception

Tune to Terrific

Tune to Venture

Tune to Oil

Tune to Paint

Tune to Poetry

Tune to Pain

Tune to Sorrow

Tune to Underwrite

Tune to Mockery

Tune to Dyslexia

Tune to Ether

Tune to Awakening

Smack breasts with little more than your tongue. Snack on saltines topped with sardines and mustard. Spicy mustard?

Keep the ketchup for your cats. All the while craving insanity. Moderate doses of insanity seem to be much better for our health than over indulging on sanity.

He's a backlash wannabe instigator. Half his weight in silver nuggets.

The comic books he sells will rape you of your mind, sanity and nourishment. Allow 30 years to evade the whole of mankind and we will see the new take the place of the old. Yes, sir.

The other day I heard a story from some guy about how he was molested by his priest.

He was an altar boy at age 9 and really didn't like the position but his parents made him do it 'cuz they said if he didn't he would go straight to hell. Hell. Ha!

Eventually, after being an altar boy for six months, the priest asked to speak with him privately. Privately, in his office.

The priest convinced him to strip down to his underwear and recite seventeen lines of some repetitive prayer.

Then the priest told him that if he wanted to be assured a place in heaven he would have to be willing to touch his genitals and massage them.

These activities went on and on for a couple of years. The altar boy never told anyone for fear of possibly going to hell when he died.

Fortunately, the priest was under suspicion by the local police. They got an anonymous tip that he was luring boys into his office and home with the promise of cool new toys and sneakers.

He would then take Polaroid photos of them in compromising poses and well... the rest is pretty self explanatory.

So, the cops one day busted into his house and found ten big boxes filled with hundreds of Polaroid photos, VHS home recordings and various mementos from each boy he had contact with. They arrested him promptly and held a trial several months later.

The priest was a fairly old guy. He was already in his 70s when they arrested him. So, he had been messing with altar boys since the late 1950s.

During his trial he gave a brief statement before being sentenced.

He said:

“I’m only guilty of doing that which the Pope and the entire Vatican have been doing for hundreds of years!”

He was sentenced to 100 years in prison with no possibility of parole. He did not last long in prison.

After six months of incarceration, he was beaten and stabbed to a bloody pulp by his fellow inmates.

He would have died from his wounds in less than 24 hours but that was not fast enough for him.

The ex-priest tied his bed sheet into a noose and hung himself over the basketball court.

His corpse hung there for several hours. He hung there even while some inmates played a spirited game of hoops.

Eventually, he was given the standard inmate burial/funeral service. His name was quickly forgotten but his face will forever haunt his victims.

(Victims, victims. Smitciv.)

Thus he spoke

To none

The Cyclops

Filled his

His

Title

With

Tobacco

Stiff
And
Still
A tightness
Thrashed
Novel
Neophyte
Twigs
A staunch
Stay inside
Steam – Trance

Nass
Hair glow
Eyes seen
Dissolve
Future fortune
Hips wring
Wiggling metaphor
Proper analyses
Mind
Tanker
Tanks
Thanks U
Nassz
Chatter box
Speech imp
Implements

Odyssey follow
Whom is Homer
Negotiate Wind Life

Bleak pro
Proportions
No learned
Portraiture
Coughs deep
Buttocks
Then feel(s)
Legal annoys
Annoyance
Careful
Repulse
Repugnant
Affidavit
Ssssss
Keel on over
Calamari
Cooked some
Melinda verbs
Noted psycho – wolf

Their
Features
Drown
Nword

Form-ed
Refuse ref
Diverse
Nee
Nectar
Mundane
Municipal
Mumps
Screech
In a hurry
To go go
Nowhere
Wheres
Fat writers
Live & drink

Book xx
Odysseus
Slammed
Spoofed
Hot tamales
Unawakened
Libido shame
Liberate
All atheist
Pound cake
Pot luck
Parties

Effortful
Less the
Wise acre
He sleeps in
The bluff
All open windows
Derelict sloppy

“I can’t know you!” Carly screamed.

“But surely you must!” I excl-aimed.

“No! No! I can’t” She cried loudly.

“Yes! Yes! You must!” I grabbed her arm then shook it.

“No! I don’t and I can’t! And I don’t want to know you!”

A single tear dripped down her cheek, down her neck, down her bosom.

“I don’t care what you say, Carly! You *do* know me and always will!”

I carefully, quietly vanished.

The end begins here rather late unlite placation oh such
nonsense plants plantations under undergrowth meticulous monos
monologues divert lovers stains unknown known knowledge
spurs some great alluded holes to two these rivers green track dirt
and mud reckless wreck wrench part partial slaps the booty
sleeping pirate from a widened slumber play corn all beer dilates
dill death defies coffin wise paragraph vacations to tell the truth-
ish men kind vis vision elect electricians then power shall return
odious odor marble square light inches unselfish met quench
shear plight cloud amen none non non amuse my population at
unpopular concert venues in tune with wit allegations more so

than that neon pal under water leech plain alias alive yet worried
abs about transgender convulsions invent the inventory igloo
marm mam discreet apt unchoice hero anomalies this season that
season secretly sen signs ouch a Jesuit jester jibes robust fiction
tales line for line backwards tableau time bent stars blackest fo
faux folly ride gym bastards!

THE DRUNKARDS
ARE VISIBLY
UNSTABLE
IT
IS / NOT TOO
LATE TO
CONVERT
TO
PIZZA-ISM??

SAW A REFLECTION
QUITE
UNHOLY

I LIKE THE WAY
EVERYTHING
WORKS OUT
IN THE
END!

“Why do you like Florida so much?”

She asked me.

“There’s just so much to do there. I had no time to be bored.”

I replied.

She laughed and nodded.

I had confused her for someone else. Someone I thought I knew in my dreams.

I don’t quite comprehend the point of going out. Is it not just to find a wife? Or has society since deviated from that altogether?

During high school she was so full of life and vigor! But time being the cruel dominatrix as it always is has drained her once youthful vitality.

What a shame. Oh such a shame.

Permit the

Suffering

Marriage

Quality is

Much like

Some, some

Confederation

A vehement

Speech to

Harbor

Ill will

Or

Happiness.....

Offer
Proffer
Proposal
Tender
Tears
Legs
Eat emotions
For
Breakfast
I do
Enjoy
The
Solitude
This city
Offers
Caressing
The
Caricature
Of my soul

La Gloria di colui

Is it all so wasteful now? Won the apocalypse without the aid of some middle aged boxer.

I sit and ponder. I sit and contemplate the many varied sequels in between sequels. For this space we occupy is non-sequential!

You gotta' believe it! Yeah, buddy!

Am currently looking at an incomplete face. It is a face that I have painted. Started to paint.

Blue, red, purple, black are the colors I've chosen for now.

What manner of corporate-ness has befallen our nation's youth!
Shills and shells.

I will not allow my me myself to compromise even one iota!
No! How dare we place a price on a man's soul!

The human soul is eternal and ever ever ever lasting. It can
outlive everything within the physical realm. Yes, this includes
your pretty precious money!!!

So, don't tell me about what's right with society! I know and I
ain't giving up!

Verify the life force drainer draining unknown unknowingly
visceral and ever more youthful vise vice pretend press partly per
chance ego fashion-able light rituals of alter um time morphs
body.

Train anomaly healing all the doubt and illusion inscrutable
false deaf definitions out the damn carnal cre arc you are not
going to re-awaken unless you absolutely unequivocally want
desire it.

Amplifiers feedback and forth often. Non-prophet.

Eight inches proper to fit with the makeshift parabol dancers
and all the wrong conjured up by half truths. Half half halves not.

Carcinoma carcass feast less worry plight each arch nemesis
will crochet a crocodile.

Liars rape one another. Most orgies exist only in sporadic
bursts.

Still we interrupt intimate focus groups every day of every
lunatic farce.

Sojourn for sure when the tables have returned. Supply the tacit
tack!

Yes I know I'm nuts!

I do not flaunt it.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

I prefer to eat beans on toast.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

I watch my face relent.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

Color lies to us visibly!

Yes I know I'm nuts!

I told my one true love that her breasts have become boils.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

Time festers over my ego.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

I am 32 years old and unemployable.

Yes I know I'm nuts!

You ain't gotta' tell me to be ashamed of stupid things.

Stupid things are what moves and motivates modern society.

Of course, I agree they are very very stupid things.

But what exactly are *you* gonna' do about it?

Nobody gonna' change me!

I stay true to myself!

Nobody gonna' make me compromise or lay down and die for bullshit!

I am what I am!

Nobody gonna' say that I'm not worthy of air!

Nobody gonna' make me cut off my hair!

I am me and that's what I'll always be!

If that ain't good enough for this fractured society then the least they can do is step off and leave me be!!!

Leave me be!!

“My fuckin’ phone has ceased efficiency!”

“Why? What happened?”

“I dunno. You tell me.”

“You’re guess is as good as mine.”

Everyone has become a copy of each other. Everyone is a superficial doody face.

So here now we feed the carcass some bread & cheese & wine from a very unadulterated vineyard in the east of France.

Yes, east! How dare you say that all that which occupies my mind is nothing more than absolute complete rubbish! Incomplete.

I know from whence I came! Do you know? Do YOU know?

No! No you do not know! You don’t know caca about caca. Excrement.

Whorish mannerisms definitely suit you. Oh I feel tired and zany.

The chimes of the Dream world chime for me. Thee, merry.

Hey, man!

Don’t be bothering that ocelot in the zoo over there! What’d it ever do to you? Did it fling feces at you or somethin’? It couldn’t have! Only primates do that stuff.

You know primates.... Primates like us humanoids.

Ha, ha! Yes, we are definitely Humanoids!

Humanoids of the corporate kind.

(Thought she said she wanted to polish Apollo's moon rock collection.)

Monkey shine
Spank it
The cold gold
Bar reflection
Is your body
The stretched
Shapely
Buttocks of
An evil woman
Gladly deceives
Us willingly
We fumble
Into vats
Of
Stale grown
Enchilada
Meat sauce
What is the cost
Of two buckets
Buckets of

Lime
Wine
Sexy
Breath!
Find out
Why when
We smell
Another's
Feet
It all
Ends up
Badly
Sadly
Bruised
Output
Zero things
Sheep shear us
Here is pain & comfort

Fuck this
Capitalist
Regime
Yes, yes
I know
Of which
Regime
I speak of
Capitalism

Is a sham
A whore
A mockery
Of what
Our nation
Was founded
Upon
So again
I say
Fuck it!
Fuck it
Hard
Like
The
Slut
That
It is
Truly
Verily
Memory
Sense
NOW
Uncloud
Never
Will I
Have faith
In any
Body – system

Of limited Banality!!

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

“Looks like that sushi place went bankrupt.”

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

NEVER!

!!!!!!!

Find some other puppet to stuff your hand into. I am no whore!
No!

Ezra cake pound frosting. Tell lie(s). She wants to form
questioned eighths. Fuk, I did didn't I! Fukked her I did Eli
eilatan Nx.

Social water first day star to glow conjure mortal man quakes.
Mind my! Vain and hungry efforts to secure nourish dents. Play a
gun feel feeling lithe loathe e each loaf of of salt.

Some pastries secure straws for koalas.

Am ginna' diy Zen ears from foamy ceremony sarai monies evil
distant zx. Sheath hiim in Large isle islands to feel nss goodness
pants in me. Men cut gloom like lying peni (penis) tuff skin
sheds. Other each cart the liquor blackens thine soul. Q!

{Why nut give heart man desert romp built bisexual bicep blithe
ball player girl in guy in effervescence stint project productivity
useless pole north west gunner rubber preacher fake life money
might will devour u too two.}

20

Tell, wise hand hard the eye so socket. Butt butter wax. Creee
an ox cavern. Along story benign beggars. Stab your illusionists.

Air cheaps big rush an nnn and lll I font to x clear caches at
cafes. Terribly capitalists fornicate. Prop propagating the epoch
eternal myth.

Money (fucks) does not equal success!!! Hah!

Some cuts womb wound ar argggh hunt the hole heals. Healer
now then, gene ation generational gap. Man/boy.

Nat nations national the muck soil mocking mockery invokes
sun beam fights.

Con conscious consciousness mass relations until battled ages
for ver hearts vert. Hes wast ebil do then dan hurny cance. Bread
ego chorm mi buttle broken head spun.

Woman/girl wore tit jeans jeany gene jeans. Carn-al carnival
flesh exhibited her soul less e mot ion ions.

Was no corn dog cat elephant to mutter wiff mustard or or cat
sup. Starve the art. Strv. Care not as words vein me me meme
terra farm veget able not function in cubic feet. Feets nigh inches.
See sparks I.

UFOs are friendly some.

Smile elims. Slim the chart gauze as doolb is lost. 30 promises a
week weaker weakened state sub lettuce prey upon church goers.

Ham is often glazed with honey yes but how and why. Does it not vex your bodily subterfuge??

Emos trangs live SN ch chirl gif milf plates. Aren't! Soak my hair in merlot then egg whites.

Oh om omelettes read the box now. I was I lik seven or eight o' clocks ago. No ne matter. Matt's bladder. Ensemble apple core ice ball.

Do Atheists really laugh(s)?

"Yous suffice bleeds rice."

"Eye walks round marks here."

"Jokes ah queso! Box cutter!"

"Meets mine at Joaquin en la caja."

Ol ol ol ol ol ol

.... cannot a squirrel chase the night sky. Up trees is wheres illusions nest. Nest but trans mute their gender.

Very magical off ings now wxy wnyx cast spell bees.

Me I carve thin lines into lime skin. Lambs skins are used to make condoms for the sex sexy times ah pajama parties orgy.

(B-yamas)

Be not allowed to slurp!

Ate was... was eating a burger. No... was eating two yeah two cheeseburgers with onions – extra pickles and tomato slices.

I kinda' started to see something someone crawl down out of the air vent hanging overhead.

I immediately panicked but not before stuffing the remaining portions of the cheeseburgers into my mouth(s).

The rest was some piece part of history... for a while at least.

Elastic.

It is nearly almost uh 12:00 am. Ante meridiem meridian?

War is not great!

War is not good!

War is not grand!

Just what is so great about killing a fellow human being?

Homosapien.

Saltines and tuna.

The dinner of us non-conformists.

Viva La Revolucion!!

Oh I do luv her so. She provides me with nourishment and encouragement. That's all I'll ever truly require.

Yes and a yes and a hello whadda' ya know there!

This shall be one of the first bodies of work to encompass all that the 21st century has to offer... and beyond.

Zen at last! When do you pass gas? Today – tomorrow or yesterday?

I agree. It is pleasurable.

Read up folly boy known what confusion is hearty. Hardly fearful writings proceed with their own funeral service.

The guy now is dressed for success. Beige tuxedo with leopard print socks. Oh nice, yes real sharp.

Dissolve one such stereotype.

Fur no one two cover. Rely purpose full weight plates.
Tournament all wait as first few contenders amass signs.

If at all pliable then you would know, certainly.

Must elephants bathe more than twice daily?

Your favorite song reminds my dentist of nude sculptures he
once saw whilst vacationing in Venice.

Loving death make us humanely misunderstood.

She shits its boat nut tt ting leaf garr ooh. Some three prong
shrimp part fin hunt on the raft. A carb carded cardboard raft.
Curve this.

Langdon adjusts hat cramps. Mirror reef reflected cops on
scooters. Siren lights screech owl pellets drop in coffee mugs.

Xcadr sae leeg jult.

Non tion moe riah gnol.

Were red pajamas the first bruised assaulted energetic wine beef
buck thrusts! Ha, laughs!

Vague vegas tilts across the unclear unclean buttocks or butt-I
of seventeen die disillusioned strippers, poles.

Burger jokes and minty shakes reanalyze the state of this our
fractured unknown nation.

Just as a man can very easily kill another man so too can that
man cultivate peace.

All these many unkind possibilities for the unknown
unchallenged artist. Now all of it has come to your attention.
Now you wish to voice your opinion.

Now I wish to say that oh I did indeed tell you so. I informed all
of you thusly!

Hell, I even offered my work to you for half less than half price!
But oh no no! You wanted to spend your dough on something
cold and mass produced! You arrogant mother cluckers!!

Now, I've received just a small portion of recognition for my work and now you wish to purchase every single one of my paintings and sketches and experimental watercolor pieces.

Ha! The human race is oh so hilarious and backwards. Don't you dare think for one second that I'm gonna' bow down to you, art hypocrites.

It is because I remained true to my own inner vision and guidance that I am now a nationally – internationally known artist.

I have only myself to thank. I did not give in to the pressures of society. I used 'em all as fuel, inspiration for my work.

Each sketch I sketched out was in some way inspired by society's rampant ignorance.

Each painting I painted was directly influenced by my refusal to conform to society's lame expectations.

I am uniquely unique.

You may not truly know me for another century.

You may not consider me a genius for even longer than that.

But I can assure you right here and now that I know what my true purpose on this Earth is.

It is to create and create and create and create.

And just before I've created enough I will create some more.

Creation is endless

And so

Am I

!!!!!!!

Magnificum

To-day

Two morrow

Eeer

Plight
Fancy shite
Beckon
Forth
Width & breadth
Comedy is noun!

This subtle
Experience
Is quite
Mind
Blowing

You ain't
Not
Gonna'
Gonna'
Absorb
This oh
Fantastical
Anom-aly
Along
Cranky
Red head
Prosecutors
Insufferably

Red
White
Gold
Blue
Inviting
Time
Allusory
Diffuse
How a boy
Views
Himself
Worldly
The
Subject
Is
Cantankerous
Remodeled
By random
Romance

A lone
Wolf
Starves
Carnivore
Wrong
I fit
The legal

Ized
Eyes
Rumi-nation
This
Nation
Is such
A fuckin'
Hypocrisy
Light
Bleeds
From my
Feet & teeth

Fuck
This
Fuck
That
Eligion
Roiling
Fates
Determined
Undertaker
How, can't
Prelude
Premature
Disformed
Uninformed
Disaster(s)

Cloth
Clouds our
Judg-ment
Con miglior

“Death comes gradual.”
“How so?”
“Gradual.”
“Are you certain?”
“Si, senor.”

Envisage think muse.
Teutonic tetragon thaw
A thatch tether.
Theism a theorem.
Tilt & timber testicle.
Hansom Hanukkah
Hap hard hare harem
Harlequin.
You accuse beef!
Gulp ice to gush
Fruit snarls.
The restful will lie
Unawakened, promise.

Emoticon and some sum of angst! Shit doodles! Go away and
fuck another diseased whore slut!

Mayo virginal rapture in weak nihilistic fornications. Cystic
amigos really bend rrx rarely. Fk!

Cannot this cancer eat at mine soul. Be gone you apple wench!
For my countenance needs none of your mockish chicanery.
Leave that dusty archaic house of worship.

Worship thyself!

Inscrutable melee : it is not nice to stab a boy and then admit to absolutely no wrong doing. Is it?

I do not believe in violent oppression. Yet, I am ridiculed and mocked!

This entire damned society sees me as nothing more than a novelty!

Am I wrong?

Am I not worthy of existence as well?

Just because I am unwilling to sell my soul to Satan himself must that equal a lifetime of sorrow and strife?

MUST IT?!!!!

I'm not clear as to what my next move shall be. I push it all aside and paint a monolithic number

8

Time the goddess whore stumps the their flakin' at – shit trophy.
Sum weight grande multi cats roman romance. Cold world unk
unknown bio faint heart math.

Everyone is a slave! A slave to money! A slave to shame! A
slave to this hierocratic democracy!

(Burn the daemons and shit on the ashes.)

You ain't gonna' tell me what to do no more! No, more.

God damn these trying times!

I need more to paint but I don't got any of that heavy ass green shit to purchase more paint with.

I am resilient and all that shit but I do still need paint.

Acrylic, oil, gouache.

All and all is all we have. Now fuse your foot to the leather of your denial. Mockery makes bakes really rough and sour sore cake. But I must insist on a third helping of latent butter.

Your equilibrium is quite off-putting and so is mine. See red, all it waz veer very intentional. See vaguely I wanted to feed on these here illusory breasts of hate hated conformity. I did!

It was already too fuckin' late to give a god damn shit fuck hardened taste. Paste my face on a bottle of brown brown ale beer. Un cerveza por favor!

Nood – noodles in the back of unreasonable gut punches. Let's converse on the back porch after after mid-night in mid 30s.

Sanity is all. Catholic big churches spit on your vernacular anus.

Inside wells there are no spells to disseminate disease.

Polar opposite alt-ruism. Deservedly, she cornered my limbic system with spiced rum essence. Even though I chose to vibrate on a different wavelength.

“Would you like some guacamole?” (whack-a-mole)

She asked me.

“Maybe just a smidge.”

I grabbed a tortilla chip an dipped it into the green lumpy concoction. I quickly popped it into my mouth and absorbed its nutrients.

It had a very subtle citrus flavor.

Royalty rx press pages squared wide water wiggler. Lunacy a fanatical impression ist wasteland of memo-ries. Xxvr sens lgr afe tailzs.

Wisdom tooth

Ate a

Salad

Ginsberg

Gene

Ius

Nella

Spreads

Light bulbs

Hear dirt

Speak lime

The dents

Foretold

Steel limbs

Unearthed

Cello concertos

Re-wrapped

By rappers

Who are not
Quite alive
Yet
Gross dream farts
Smell pudding
Trans – echo
Murmur
Vacated selfie
Dust : tsud
Cannot tonic bad vaginaz

Stale alcohol
Peanut
Progress
Charts of planets
O void
Where admonished
Tightness pant
Plead 8
Days of decay
In your Juarez
All faith is
Sold in
Candle
Form
Burn the burnings
Of charcoal
Diocese

Por-tend for eleven
Red stained ani

Vagina
Upon
Vagina
Staleness
As pale
As any
Mimic
Thom lies
On beds
Of sand
Sand and
Stones
So what!
Who gives
A fuk??
Certainly
Not
This ugly
Duck

Myths
Tell
Us white
Trivium
Motions

Pythagoras
Charms
Numeric
Riddle caves
Hearts
Heartless
Unending
River koans
Stanza
Most moist
Flowing
Box
Moral (s)
Ambiguous & plain

Fire rights
Evil
Lives
Tuna is now known
As an allegory
Too two trees
Untruth
Space junkies
Re-turn
The leftist
Sandwich
Baggies
We've run out

Of butter
And
Wine
And
Nude videos
Of Father Time!

He strums, strums and strums and strums and strums and numbs

Dangit
I need
Me
Some
Wine
Some
Chocolate
Wine
Some
White
Wine
Some
Rustic
Merlot
Damn-it
I need
Some
Wine
Lots and lots of it.

The female drunkard yelled at the other female drunkard. They then pulled each other's hair and clawed each other's faces.

A crowd gathered around them. Some people placed bets. Others cheered 'em on.

The local sheriff appeared after both women tired and vomited in the parking lot.

They were cuffed and stuffed into separate squad cars. They were sentenced to two weeks in jail and had to work off 200 hrs of community service.

Nobody ever saw them again.

(Normal spelled backwards is Lamron. How normal is that?)

Carol ate her own

Convoke organ bread

Loaf ham large bird

Prey to the oblong

Jesuit cloak priest

He licks our shoes

Like vanilla jig jib

Jive pastry particles

Frosted thine oval croquette

La lonely

Reading

Russian

Novellas

Dark melds

Harmonious

Entrance

By pale face
Observers
Thigh scar
Trickle love
Blew the blood
Back to
You
La poet
Refuses
Chance
Occurrences
Boisterous seed

Who is your Maugham?
My Maugham?!
Yes! Your Maugham!

I should've listened to that crooked old man. I walked and walked for hours through the sterile park. The path became crooked and curved towards the green vegetation.

I should've listened. As I stepped forward into that bushy busy I heard a voice scream out "Stop! Don't go in there! That is where I keep my dead innuendo!"

The rest of this particular story is missing from my memory banks but I shall do my best to recover it.

This white girl
In the porno film
Reminds us of
Cold winter

Months

This white girl

I'd like to

Meet with her

And perhaps

Chat about

Philosophical

Entrapment

Over a cup

Of coffee

Or green tea

No, she does not drink tea.

Abandon known existence. Why these fried eggs dine forth?
Stacy read – stacy said. Big big breasts choke air vents.

Four plight surrender ea each pork pie civility. Cak until she fed
my novel to a woe world division. Wanna' smell thens taste thith
nusa asun.

Pen may carve turkey light meat snow dedications. Diana
downed her medications with rum and wine and whiskey. Verb
here. Deposit 18 cents.

Scar denial tombstone necks necklace. Germs our amigos and
ancestors. Head space cold vandalized greeting centers circum
distance color part arts.

Right cheek

Left cheek

Overburden

Pack

Trouble

Cosby
Kid
Crustacean
Coy
Cower
When we
Farted
In
Buckets
Prepared
By a
Waif
Clot cloth
Cloud artery divine
Like lonely
Streams
Of urine
Impossibilities
Beseech
Mine breath
Wisdom interconnects
Truth and realism
Cousin coves
Expire
Adolescent
Conscience
Chromatic
Chromosome

Flesh out
Genome
Ideals
When an Atheist farts
The Universe laughs!

Play plight wander much know ledge give take took tai meted
lining olive oil drips pumpkin pain patches gesticulate her frame.

You make
Me
Crazy
Society
You with
Your
Too short
Jean
Shorts
And
Extremely
Sour
Lemonade
Aaaah!
You make
Me
Feel oh
So
Ungodly (!)

Yellow
Mirth
The mer
Quite sank
Particle soul
Song idea
Scale note
Blonde dioscope
Eat the lies
Man, we form
Jump off
Particular
Questions
Quest
Ice triangles
Ever sent
Gray gore
Gigantic
Apple fruit philos

-Be this, man!

-Be what?

-This! Be this!

-I don't want to be that! I want to be that other thing!

-No! No! You must become this other other thing first!

-No! I don't want to! You ain't the boss of me!

-Forget you, man!

-No, no, no. Forget YOU!!

rfeil 8zea rlfio ro ro rig pu dwon elate lif Vrily tis troth shee
shaarts on vile gloww rox pale pill ow ouch claim clams calms cn
do nate later felt om ance

verily cherry runes to tamper wit natural nations. Greed and
gluttony are our new masters. Tree shouted out phrases centuries
old.

Make mistake gold-en cake. Impossible pro-fits the garish
alliance with midget lions. Whisk batter cream or pray to Bob
Hope chest full fill the well while singing another other hippie
poem song.

Peace makes love pursue us through, through. My friends are all
egos now uncertain but certain of selling out to corporations
(corpses) with loads of chemical money-fare.

Caucasians swallow most Mexican entrees. For goodness sake!
The Chinese feel quite powerful. They are, they own our asses.

When I went to the library and stared at the librarian for an hour
she smiled then said, "I used to be a swimsuit and lingerie
model!"

I nodded, nodded then picked up a copy of *War and Peace* by
Leo Tolstoy. I don't know why... I just did. A three year old boy
in the children's section farted loudly then laughed harmoniously.

All my cares vanished as a beautiful college girl asked me how
to spell Homosapien.

She giggled giggled giggled.

Loera-kind

Loera-wise

Loera-why

Loera-knowledge

Loera-elation

Loera-foundation
Loera-exclamation
Loera-liberation
Loera-destination
Loera-feast
Loera-symptoms
Loera-rhyme
Loera-alliance
Loera-passion
Loera-enlightenment

The state of legal libation is stale but still open to us. Available monk chants await us. Imperm impermanently permanent.

State your future merriment. Make (eno) no reclamations. Clay clay molds to body then molds to fate. And so the bottle of tequila breaks. There's not nearly enough caffeine to keep the economy alive. Alert! Alert!

Warning the witnesses of mass consumerist genocide is akin to sticking one's thumb in an active outlet and calling the result a barbeque. Neither this nor that is needed in Hypocrisy City.

I Am
God's
Holy
Messenger
Just like
You are
Aren't
Job
Meaty

Mighty
Sig
Significant
Rumbling
Down
Reign
Wrapped
Bile
Watery race
Dream can't caucus

Saint emissions
Mutilated manti
Wooden Glad
Pee urine
Scan secretions
Mine fortune
Internal
Pollution
Pollutes us
Whole
Beginnings
Against
Again
Foot fungus
Heart dis
Dissects
Mind fonts

Ze visions

Affront fruit-al

(dreamer drown drive fk fakin bacon melting hearts' life force
vision kindness is su suppressed into jars man woman annulled
all marriage cataclysms ss ji ki reasonable trite.)

My THOUGHTS

Come off

Like lonely

LONELY

Pariahs

Currently

Backstroking

Through

The

Everglades

Yes I do

Do, do

Do

Stink

Be-cuz

I am

Human

Human Beings

Stink up places

Gotta'
Kill
Each day
Anew
Grande
Gesture
Reclines
Sullen
Swell
Thankfully
Unspoiled
Sluts
Slap, slap
Each unique
Radioactive
Liar, finder
Dig now
Efforts
Rewind – faster!!

Just be a cockroach like you now know to be truthful and such sexual appeasement as if the whenever trial could break out at any second second fifth temporary alignment man gotta be become my self into gitz zebras just trot along this wilted crooked street adobe communistic songs ideas elati café cappuccino in her ordinary world is not spectacularly descriptive know now right how old ages sages prove proof the binder clips in you vine; the vineyard is a mudslide.

Idna fdvjans adsnvoi aoindsioc aoidfnv 842389 aoind ojdnoi
CERES seer. Lunge
fisjidj idjfjsad fjdifj uiui dinodi 77 2 k,lli.

Malnutrients ++++++

21

Shanae waz a bit per perplexed. Someone had stolen her wedding dress on the day after her wedding. She cried for an hour or two then filed a report with the local sheriff's department.

Her husband didn't give a damn. He just wanted to make sweet passionate love to her all night long. Shanae's friends gifted her loads of sexy lingerie for use on her wedding night and honeymoon.

But all she cared about now was getting back her wedding dress. It once belonged to her great grandmother.

Then they dined on canned asparagus and Vienna sausages. Oh and with loads of salsa ketchup!

Incense rarely

Incentive

Sushi zone

Simulate

Since

Sine

Group theory
Physics fixed
Noun
Genius pillow
Franchise
Choice to
Display petrify
Alti altitude

Genius
Melts
Thine
Heart
Strung
Apathy
Mocking
Starlight
Heavy
Distorted
Significance
Dusted parts
Paragraphs
Partly
Drowned
Suffering
Suffocation
All us poets
Live, lie, real-ize

A

Dimensional

Aptitude

My

Friend

Your

Ego

Is

Indeed

Pure

Swollen

Static

Stale

Unknowingly

Belligerent

My

Friend

Fiend you

Brain smush

Cheese-us

Like a

Mang-o

Yellow-ing

Rice

Pud

Pudding

All theez
Wait
Romps
Ham
Contortions
Paint the
Evil
Epitaphs
Known (but)
Black sliver
Property know
No! Nobody lives in years!

Come on
On come
Well
Come
Open
How
Come
Aries
Galore
Masturb
Disturb
Zeus
Comes in
Doors hot
Open

Gods

Gods

We're all

God's Cum

Fdsiopnsoiv snivuofniv uisfvoi uns8f9u0 vasouifn08q
nasvuifdivaoidfnaijv vaofn98hj aonvia iajdi aojd vbueu ; aoidsoi
aoidn oijai ht aodin nlogax yi iuyrf m7.

We ARE

UNIVERSE

WE ARE

THE

UNIVERSE

WE ARE

UNIVERSE

UNIVERSE

UNI

VERSE

ONE

SONG

ONE

DANCE

ONE

MANIFESTED

MATRIX

WE ARE

THE UNIVERSE

“Dust white.”
“Hats joinn.”
“Lib biz dats.”
“Gaf tuu lih.”
“Tra tnaip ch.”
“Hse chuto klu.”
“Dust di aphon.”
(it fut kluk mi wo8.)
“Womans be fifty two.”
“Masks u let ‘em price.”
“Shite beggz fup pico!”
“Dog farbs visions ohs.”
“There’s only one.”
“There’s only one soul.”
“Ate a block brick.”
“Cheese sandwich shake-speare.”
“Alpha snarls putty wash.”
“I’m going to reword the bible.”

TV rewards

The plague

Rewind

Relive

Absolute

Astonishment

Absinthe

Shall take

Away your
Unreasonable
Sanity
Sanitary
Insanity
Is much
More
Sanitary
Beguile
These verses
Of spiced Belief

Make Love
Not
Iphones

WAR
Wraw
Raw
Si
Cinco
Wrong

Wrong
Is
Spelled
Rong

Kcelf

Ffff

Ox oil

I dedicate

This

To

Myself

I ain't

Gonna'

Apologize

For

Sleeping

Sodio

Calorias

Intaka

Luvoa

Muco

Suufe

Shiin ti

Opplerae (p)

Rape the illusion

Rape the vine

Rape the IRS

Rape the plan

Rape the govt
Rape the burger
Rape the sandwich
Rape the pride
Rape the truth
Rape the hunger
Rape the strife
Rape the pie
Rape the land
Rape the ego
Rape the sky
Rape the vegetable
Rape the machine
Rape the instrument
Rape the rape

Baked apple pie metaphors. Sun make light source life source.
The new religion is Patience.

She's gonna' hate me for telling the truth. Gotta' tell it anyway.
Any moment, any rhyme. What to do now tomorrow.

We identify with death more often than life. Lifer, life leaves
the phaser on a neutral hum. Hum want wait what for we lie over
pie some morally more selfless. The endless void is nonstop.

Shells will not be sold at your local retail outlet. Non, the chains
must be broken up and melted down for tax collection. This will
avert your consumerist ways!

"Hey, man. Give me a girl's name."

"Uh.... Shaneequah."

"That's a terrible name! Give me another one."

“Okay. How about Hortencia?”

“Um... no, no. Nevermind. I’ll just use Brenda.”

How do yous you say beef patties in French?

That’s what my friend’s teacher asked him. I don’t know why.
He is not French.

Maybe the teacher was drunk or stoned or something.

Stoned by actual stones. Sewn hemp lines into deep graves.

My

Beard

Scratches

Erases

All

Their

Bastardized

Candied

Coated

Fluctuations

Flux

How long

Must one

Wait to

Be waited on

In this

Lifetime

We call

? Living +

Enslavement

Now a bone

Dry body

Rub dub

Double

Plague

Misanthropic

Detected

Divisional

Movie

Scripts

Shaved

Her other

Mother's

Brother

Just to

Be in the

Pubic public

Eye

Anaemic

Rub

Rot

Men mental

Vag

Ama

Yellow which burners. Priests are the cause of great angst.
Teachers too.

Bibles? We cannot eat bibles! Believe me... I've tried.

Time is of no urgency. I eat time for breakfast. With a side of flappy cakes.

My output amuses you does it not? Not, pot, not Nottingham.
What is the phallic word?

Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm nmmm

Allow your
Effervescence
To consciously
Germinate
Your
Surroundings

Another temporal group gap opened up and I found myself in New York City during the mid 1970s.

I was just outside of Central Park and came across a saddened poet scribbling verse on some used napkins he plucked from the garbage can. His beard was thick and wild. His sports coat was covered with patches of mismatched cloth from other jackets.

He sat close to a swaying tree and repeated the words “Lovely death” out loud about a dozen times. I was reluctant to introduce myself but figured it could cause no great harm.

He noticed me approach him and extend my hand. “Hello! My name is (insert name here)!”

He slowly looked up from his writings then squinted in an attempt to avert his gaze from direct sunlight.

“Hello. I am Jake. Jake Johnson.” He shook my hand then quickly went back to writing some more cryptic verse.

“Are you a poet?” I asked.

“Yes... I am.” He replied.

“Have you been published?” I asked.

“No. I have not been published. But I do not write for the jaded masses. I write for my own sense of worth.”

His black hair was pushed back by a gust wind as he uttered those words.

“I see. I understand. I too am an artist. Not of words but of paint and color.”

We both nodded then the environment melted into one cohesive bond.

Fancy that

Fancy me

La la la

Drew out your

Forged face

In Red

Wine red

Divulge

The side

Long

Peculiarity

Congregating

With

Static men

Instantaneous

Alt – ernatives

Why the years lie

Wide rivers

Of

Lobster
Meat
Refusing
Be eaten
Egg
Steps crack
Lightly
Each chef
Spits
In his
Own
Recipe
It is
His
Signature
His unique
Ingredient

Fused reality took cot god realism maroon fun bleak none
known kant begin the shine to shine the brilliant body built
version of a diversion rite river wait the part of patient is
transfixed into your stone muted enslavement cap cap tally ho
young capitalist surrender to heated gun barrels under street lamp
engagements then thus communicative ills strike us heavy weary
vow wind swifts thine placation tow esse multiple they telephone
the constable constant plague visi studios certainty offend defend
actualization whilst within a relaxed fanaticism.

Freeways
Are not
Progress

Smartphones

Are not

Progress

Insults

Are not

Progress

Corporations

Are not

Progress

Banks

Are not

Progress

Fossil fuel

Is not

Progress

Progress

For as long

As I live

No being

Will

Understand

Mine

Perspective

(retrospective)

Walked through

Uh a park

Locally located
My eyes
Whispered
To me
Some section
Of forceful
Cognizance
Gas escaped mine buttocks

1:46 AM
Lily Collins
Gave it
Back to
The beat
Beat
Drum
Echo
March
Robbed
Us of
Instructional
Deprivation
Hands now
Discolored
Weathered by
Memories
Artificial
Red cell decay lust

Crazy dreamer
Trees romance
Properly propped
Thank the stars
Alignment reflect
Wavy water form
Riddles then such
Alcoholic lies
Exploitations
Amongst sinful
Yoga brat priests
Hardly worrying
Vanity purging
Thine obsolete
Altar fornications
Candies – drugs
Sold to immigrants
Currency a bastard
Your gob hole suits you

What folly
What
Peril
What trouble
What
Delusion
What abstinence

What
Neophyte
What sickness
What
Fiction
What
Absolution
What rage
What
Carelessness
What
Folly

[she dun want me she dint need me don't]

Reality is not
Reality
It just isn't
It has
Taken me
Many varied
Years
To arrive
At this
Conclusion
(fact)
I'm not
Saying

Writing this
To gain any
Followers
Just speaking
My own
Truth

You are
The Universe
I am
The Universe
So let's
Stop with
The prejudice
And
Start
HELPING
ONE
ANOTHER
!!!!!!!

Egoiste
Egoiste
Egoiste
Egoiste
Egoiste
Egoiste
Egoiste

..... formulaic we are.

Iou kjuivbojiou oihiuycgvh ohiyf o 8yt656rt7yui ugft7cvbh
oui8tvybniotu78yugyvuhjkijgyuhjkjgyuhjkmjtfyhjurdty45ert34er
trytr5ytuu8uikokmnjuhjkmnjhbgyhbvgcdfdxzszasdhunmnbcvxz
sdrtyhjk098tyghko978yuhp-
=[polkrftghjhftgvhnjiht5rfgkpoiuytrgpoiuytghjklkjhgfderbhgvtg
hnhyt678798hy4e32erh#gyhjujikiuiutreeeeeeeeeeeeei!?!!!!!!!!!!!

The Mother

Worries

Whilst her

Child gets

Vaccinated

Green screen

Vanilla

Bean

Milkshakes

All dictators

Are

Presidents

All presidents

Are

Dictators

I'd shout

It to

The masses

But they prefer asses

Orange orange
Unripe
Salted grief
Kiss a pebble
Green grass
Singing
Another hymn
Psychology
Sucks peaches
We are
Complete
Incomplete
Trans-dimensional
Star clusters
Licking dry
Stale
Envelopes
Orange orange
Rot rot clot

Saw a big tree. Walked up to the tree. Felt its trunk and branches. There were no leaves save but one.

One leaf unimpressed by my inertia. I thought of something stupendous. A great big juicy steak with a big baked potato on the side. A baked potato loaded with sour cream, chives, bacon bits, cheese and real butter.

Mmmmmmm!

The tree swayed a little. It looked like it desperately wanted to say something. I wondered if it had a soul. I still wonder if trees have souls.

I hugged the tree then ran towards the nearest steakhouse.

Toilet sitter

Sitting

Thinking

Pondering

What does

The rest of

The populace

Ponder over?

Oh uh uh

Plip plop

Drops

Defecation

Farrrrt!

Sounds like

An elephant

Making love to

A Rhinoceros

Faaarrt!!

It smells wonderful.

December

August

Rusts

Reused

Tissue

Pains

Gel
Social so
Some
Soul
Alas vast
Ulye verti
Give me 50 cents
Bread is
Dry, wet
Pubic stare
Wish for more
Noticed No-vember
Sanction – Warrant

(cum late the vernal estrangement of communism boy shits.)

Just you wait here
In your yellow car
Vehicle brake bland
Now the cloud lifts
Christian analogy
Staked a fat bloke
Folks front feel
Angry yards of feet
List useful tool box
Blunders each key
Punt punk puppet
Absolve model mayhem

Cut roast
Grievance real
Here wait
WAIT
Money is monarchy
We're flippin' Fascists
I drink Anarchist rum

Gun nut
Fuck
Walt-nut
Spread fear
Life lies
Beneath ago
Ages sent
Vanquish
Those invisible
Foes
Foliage foils
Artificial truth
Drink beer intimate
The old peoples learn Chinese
Just to be able
Able to order Chow Mien
Fuck your gun
It'll fuck you
Thumbs up/down
Sue-ice-ide

Idle ides
Ides idle
Idol idea
Idolatry
Indent
Indentation

Squishy guide
Guidance
I said
Again
My ego descends twice
Those prophetic drones
Dispense ice
But only
When a new
Law is broken
Law is changed
Law is bastardized
Guts spill forth
The senate
Is like
One long
Epic lore
Squish ‘em all!
Squish, squish, squish

Battle placated ocean front open brain waves surfers surfed the great tidal immersion man safety block shot vodka turned into a baked potato. There is no further drought than that of the skinned skunk human.

Copious

Consider

Base

Basics

Unit

Divide grain

Far

Fantasy

Fang

As-a

Seven

Ten

Wise drive

Thinks

Gourmet

Litmus

Read up on

Historical taBs

Positivity lateness

Eat some noodles

Invert the

Invalid

Smacked

Her buttock

Eat some doodles
Fancy feast
Proud dissection
Tender timid
Grabbed
Her waist
Hilarity abounds
Envision
Her soul;
Trapped
Within
Mine instrument
Accept
Insemination

Novae
Ovus
Glad
Back lit
Forever
Dwellers
Playing
Soccer
Gafah!
One falls
Farts
And spits
Sanity

Is such
A non-entity
Entertain
Idle notions
Of lasting evil
Frolic dear Frogs!

Abandon realism hell jelly mint
-Know your own self thoughts-
Begin pliable fruited punch to
Douse future victims – thyroid
The tears into shovel paint –
Ill ninos need discipline not
Disciples – peanuts shores the
Pleats – write staunch poetic
Poet farts – popo gonna’ be
All ascares whenz their
Heir lights a match – black
Darkened sea bass – I dunno if
She’s got a crush can canned
Goodness lovable – hilarious how
The soil mocks our crimes –
A pioneer of the future I am –
Yes reluctance begets – leave
Us a note when the milk spoils - .

I do not like living up to other
Others’ exasperated

Expectations
It makes
Non
Sense
I am not
Some piece
Of putty
To be molded
And
Shaped
Into
Disfigured
Conformist
Bastard –
Izations
Of Superficiality

Countersign
County
Lazy
Leach
Lea
Why the
Ankle
Height
Foam
Parted
Monkey

Mischief
Unbecoming
Hair
Prayers
How do you
Use an
Absolute
Thesaurus?

Snivniu nisadvnsfa aisudfv urwfhuehfuiwe iiqiweuq vx

Listen to
My Heart
It yearns
For
Nothing
But
Quiet
Simplicity
Simple
Simple
Pop that
Pimple
Of
Dislodged
Excrement
Betwixt
Unruly

Measurements
Don't you teleport!

Ven says
Smiles
Politely
Zen
Not
She not
Beauty
Eludes
Momentous
Being rad
Right by
Philos
Those
Stars
Moons
Constellations
Begin the
Dictated
Stone legends

Joy Joy
Joy Joy
Joy Joy
Joy Joy
Joy Joy

Guitar guise
Gulch unending
Copy cork
Corn cornea
Might it be
Forever gotten
Forth brought
Must we know
Molecules
Coax us into
Marvelous
Methodical
Gutters (Taste rain.)

Get up then free freedom from its confinement disillusioned
being space galactic locked comb catacomb castles singe cinders
leave us behind in truth there is no fuckin truth man girl you
know how to move groove whilst occupying Californian
placations observing beachside harmonies until there are no more
discos to attend. Guilt ties us to maple trees within cathartic
centuries certainty yes shield these wasteful embodiments.

Long is a greatness
Wayward opponent
Kill nuts
Inhale dusted
Molecular
Benign clown
High/low

Gift accents
Slip on your
Etched musicality
Bastard, faster
Virus shant secular
Shake big sapiosexualism

22

The days are as long unfilled wine glasses. If you are a ravenous drinker you know what I mean. If not... go make yourself a nice cheese sandwich.

So, I was thinking lots earlier this month and the month before. One question that kept plaguing me was this: Where do we all come from?

I know what composes our bodies, molecules and atoms. We are all nothing but energy condensed into a low frequency state of existence.

But where does such energy come from? I've formulated my own answer to this question but I don't believe the human race is quite ready to hear it.

Or are they?

Xylorimba
Xylonite
Xantippe
Xanthic
Xoanon
Yak
Bite
Holy
Holocaust

Cost of
Human lives
Human dignity
Is \$1.00

“Tell Her I love Her.”
“Who?”
“Her!”
“Who is Her?”
“She knows who Her is.”

Your village is a lie. This mind is a lie. Capitalism is a lie.
Everything your teachers and parents told you was a lie.

Warlock warms
Warts wobble
Fuse magical
Thoughtful
Cot daze
Goats prefer peanut butter

The chemtrails make me laugh ‘cuz I know they are desperately
trying to poison us all but it ain’t workin’! Nope, not at all!
Fight the power! Fight ‘em with fists of peace and love.

Approaching closures
Redeem reduce reality

Gossamer gossip gospel
Glacier gland glaucoma
Didactic differ desiccate
Surplus despair synthetic
Syringe tableau taboo
A tadpole doth talk
Gather garnish voracity
Matched symmetrical meander
Everywhere carves unaware

A wedding without a trampoline is like a funeral without a dunk tank. Right? Right? Right?

Can of nuts. Cashews or honey roasted walnuts. Some something nuts. Funny and fable.

LoseR
Resol
Resolve
Res
Olve
Olv
Sero
Evol
Resolve a mind

I was going to write down something amazing but forgot what exactly. It escaped my.... Mind.

Yo bebo

Y

Lo siento

Gracias

Perdon

Felicidades

I've been brushing up on my Spanish lately. I understand most of the language but have a hard time recalling the correct form of each word. But then... most people I know speak a very slang version of Spanish.

I'm human a human born male of some one of a kind. There is no other other quite like me. Not in the whole of this Milky Way.

I don't mean the candy bar either. What I am really trying to get at most (moist) is the heart of it all. The heart is a chamber, a sort of organically manufactured engine. It does not run on unleaded or premium gasoline.

It runs on good old fashioned blood. The really red stuff. Dark purple-ish.

Why do I write of such improper things – senses? For amusement. I am hopelessly, romantically unemployable and cannot seem to hold my attention long enough to forge any kind of intimate relationship with the opposite sex.

(of my race, species.)

It stunts me, no doubt. I suppose there is some part of me that wishes I could be like every other male homosapien.

But then I am quickly reminded of how brutish most of the male species can be and I smile and am grateful for not being like all the rest.

Knick knacks

Can't whack

Dial tones
Re-friend
Ages long past
Hence prefix
Learn Japanese
In toilets
Washrooms
She's gotta'
Shave, shave
Her wondrous
Legs tendons
Muscles tear
Hair cheers
Beer born froth
Around my brain
Temple sounds
Hear us now drown

I awoke to the sound
Of silence
I awoke to the sound
Of arguing parents
I awoke to the sound
Of bacon frying
I awoke to the sound
Of someone laughing
I awoke to the sound
Of my crush breathing

I awoke to the sound
Of democracy crumbling
I awoke to the sound
Of yet another drug
Addicted politician
Rambling on about the
Evils of welfare
I awoke to the sounds
Of people not caring.

Phone charging issues. Relax xxt at party fights brilliant. How come you fart upon digesting a bottle of pills, meds. Meant to say to her beaver oh so many things un-troubling wavy butter buildings inside.

I'm not gonna' luv you as much as before. That's kind of what I heard her say. I laughed then farted then laughed then farted again. Water vapor showed me my toxic fears as closely related caricatures. Relativity bang.

(Bite my toe nub. Gren-ades.)

Hooligans coaxed me into bad corners of repressed memories. I wanted to stab her bright cheery bushe.

And so it felt nice
Being held close tight
No more sorrows to grasp
Rare seconds of joy
Then anger and at last
Contentment with this
Frame of mind in
Which the females

Come but do not stay
Lasting vacancy doth
Desire careful analysis
Contemplative fantasy
Fictional verbatim
If memory serves
To recollect events
Uncontrolled during
The process of
Being human flawed
Where does it fit in-sides?

Reinstate
Reincarnation
Immoral means
No planned
Wickedness
Swede, Swede
Taboo to
Outcry
Stuckup
Provincial
Diaries
Except
Strident
Bolts jolts
“Hello. Bye.”
Hypothecate

The morbid
Beginning now
Wyandotte

Hhhh

Some fish prefer
Sexual frustration
Half Middlesex
Half human
Life extincts
In waves
You aren't born
Winking
Communicating
With folk
Uncommon
Describe that
Delusion
Dizzy laws
The faith
Is fallible
Expend
Experience
Aghast atlas marker

Di diarrhea

Holds helps
Yelp a clog-ged
Fight juice
Kep bites
Hardened I
Eye am ton
Man male
Rival enuff
Ffffff
Entrails
Shift show
Boxes mislead
Capitalists
Unto junctions
Juxtaposed
There are
No Americans
They fell and atrophied

What a dirge
To dislodge
Such a profound
Dismal advantage
Dimensionally
Opposed to
Diagonal
Feast
Rapings

Wet better
What other
Rabid
Rabble
Can consume
Fasting
Particles
Particular
To the holy
Lunar Raisin (camad)

Ravage another
Ravelin
Beaten up
Off
The stoic
Disguised
Forbearance
Coded
Thigh
High
Vanity
And so
We could
Not listen
Yup
Mental
Man-deia

Muted thy

Light lies

I bleed worry fram man monarchy slam date damn you with
your counted pressed shoes unawares til dust blows over you me
and this wholly imperfect unsanitary desert desolation that is
society civil funny ha who in their leftist mind came up with that
phrase word verb proper noun function dilation now impure
string abandonment pilgrimage away from a mecca mechanized
specie sport something certainly cert discreet join liquor cubes
potent skin pumps rash the mirage is a profit abused into
common slavish tradeschool.

Coffee don't lie

Coffee can't lie

Coffee won't fuck you

Coffee won't harm you

Coffee won't hit you

Coffee won't cheat you

Coffee won't shit you

Coffee don't lie

Coffee can't lie

The actress

Emily Browning

Does realize

Just how

Talented

Confident

Secure

Safe & Unique

She Is

Fairest

Of the

Fairest

Skin oak

Proxy

Beta

Fetch

Ortho

Freckles

Living

Contest

To see why a name is vital

Hands grab

Feel the

Firmness

Silken

Glowing beauty

That is

Ylime ningwrbn

Describe

To me

What the

Past

Looks

Looks

Cooks
Looks
Like, licky
Splicky
Taste
Cold allegiance
Slippery
Slip
Snake
Mounts pie
Crusts train
The ear ache
To identify thong

Misuses mis-excuses under pan forgeries of Mona Lisa's big
panty power sugar raid. Forever thine trust boils into soft
allusional whoop fantasies ever revealed sun do drop dry dreary
ego holes assured too plenty macadamia deafness hunt.

Where are you not going now Mr. Specialness! Off to common
contemporary congregations. They serve punch with sides of
devotion at those unceremonious sermons.

Placated portioned out laughter paragraphs fade gently just as
subtle and gradual as any one meth head. Time fo for four hours
of nonstop pissing!

Train course tramp missing
Lintel literary be benign
Baboon back babel bacon
Aware of awareness
Drought driven herds
Junk in a gutter

Hurts plain donuts
Relative ideal colour
Not explain cells
Forgetful peanuts
Snap snub garments
Homosapien valves
Roam as resurrected
Rockets poop over
Shoe bomb futures
Lines askew mute
Voluminous Faulkner
Diode assets enhance

I wonder
Wander
Wonder
How
Long
My beard
Mustache
Beard
Would
Become if
I were
To cease
All shaving
All trimming
Trim

For a whole
Wholly
Year
Facially explorative

Aisufods nu32 faiudf098 idifs oqijq idgfad mao litn frkstine
recedceremm fdsui 328jddq qwokm dwq ior ew ewi diwmid m

My my my
My cantos
Ate the
Body – mind
What? You?
My cant – toast
Consumed
The body
Of our
Dearest
Lord
Wilkinson
Unbeknownst
(pond scum)
To Us
Masses
Ignorant
Fuckin' shits
Cross street humpers!

Listen to voices clear

Satin said behave
Else a broken man
Will or will not
Applaud your pale
Efforts at uh
Winery complex
Rash none taunt
Take light hard
Glow English proof
Dead poets
Running done
Shoot bullets
Pursued gene
Generational
Hearing aids
Alias thy front
Concave cannot
Recite shitty scriptures

Brutish males
Perspectives
Brute neighbors
Alone grate
Soil samples
Best romantic
Granted I own
One fine pair
Of left-handed

Pants
Pantaloons
Yes, guess
Fire spit
Begins this
Epic-nest
Nice flea
Nice ME
Ain't a pronoun round!

New York sit
New York City
Abandonings
Learn the
Amelioration
Interested
In subtle
Subway remarks
Outstanding
Colossal
Dump lands
Inn-land
Granite graffiti
Graph rats
Starvation
A land mass
Swimming
Wetted unto

Yorkshire splice

Learning what this

World means to me

I need more

Stories

I need more

Time

Yearning for joy

Happiness permanence

I need more

Alcohol

I need more

Zest

Giving my soul over

To literature, art,

Music and philosophy

I require more

Understanding

I desire most

Every Thing

You will buy

My Art

You will

Buy it

You will buy

My Art

You will
BUY IT
YOU WILL
BUY
MY
ART
You
You
You
MUST
BUY IT
I WILL DIE
IF YOU DON'T

Invest
Invest
In A
Guitar
Love it
Hug it
Make it
Your one
And only
Only
Play it
For the
Fun
The

Fun
Of
Creating
Noise, Music
Sweet MUSIC!!

Heal tooth
Heal tooth
Cannot
Afford
Fascist
Dental care
Heal teeth
Need some
Kind o'
Spiritual
Metaphysical
Healing
Deep
Inside
Inside
Just above
The gum line
Need the healing
Oh, mighty Universe! Heal ME!

“What are you reading?” She inquired.

“It’s a book about... something.” I replied.

“Something? What kind of something?”

“It’s about a complicated something.”

I looked up just as she smiled at herself in the mirror.

“Oh I see. Do you recall the title of that book we read in high school? You know, the really thick one that everyone had a hard time understanding?” She asked.

“Uh... I think it was titled *Cantos*. Yeah, *Cantos by Ezra Pound*. Why do you ask?”

“Oh I dunno’. I was just thinking about when you first asked me out in the hallway in between classes. You were carrying your copy of that book. You seemed to be the only student who actually liked reading it.”

She played with her bra strap.

“Oh yeah. It’s a pretty good book. I mean once you figure out its true meaning.”

I turned the page of my small hardcover and tried to remember where I left my copy of *Cantos by Ezra Pound*.

“I don’t like reading that kind of stuff but I like that you do like reading that stuff.”

She slipped off her blouse and skirt.

“Oh uh yeah.”

I finished reading the last paragraph of chapter 18 and stuck my makeshift bookmark in front of the beginning of chapter 19. She then grabbed the book away from me and read the title out loud.

“*Metaphysical Science*. Huh? That does sound complicated.”

She threw the book on the floor and proceeded to mount me like a race horse.

“I told you it’s complicated.”

I tore off her bra and fondled her breasts. They felt silkish.

Books to the
Masses
Uneducated
Whores
Pimps
Thieves
An unending
Servitude
They've
Given up
Devoted their
Lives to
Unequal
Rights
Equality
It has
No spot
Within this melee
Undeniably inhumane rot

Fly separate
Vessel vein
Deserved late
Higher
Ground-less
Obstacles
Sighting discs
Mechanical

Magnetic
Over consumed
Verse versus
Verse
True blunder
Scrape skies
Big boy am not
Learning abuses of hip-hop
Hop scotch
Stained armor dries delinquent

Fizzy
Fuzzy
Buddy
Biography
Self help
Foreign
Dips dip
Diplomat
Bathroom
Mats
Absorb moist
Muscle mass
To the old age
Stone age
When farmers
Farmed
Farms

Made of internal woodchips
The fizzy stuff remains

Saunter against alternative
Deer folk hunts
Shaded particulars forbid

Saw my amigo
Amigo's
Gal
Out and
About
With another
Gal
They were
Shopping
Laughing
Smiling
Holding hands
Touching
One another
Tenderly
Saw 'em
French kissing
Next to the frozen banana hut
It was steamy, steamy. (interest)

Going to gone the big

Demented life
Girl grime grout
Roof olive
Blow touch torch
Non-lethal executions

I'm not gonna' be the one to force you into doing sum something you don't wanna' do. Now then. Eyes tend to become portals into the great unknown.

Your eyes are indeed like portals, widely amused. I will not ever abuse you. I only abuse myself.

"Hey there, man! You an artist right? How 'bout you paint my portrait?"

An older man said from behind a tall bush.

"Uh yes. Yes I am. I'm afraid I don't have my easel or paints with me. But I do have my sketchbook and charcoal pencils."

"You gonna' sketch me first then?" He asked.

"Yes, sir. Just hold still for a few minutes."

I sketched out his hair first. It was long wild and had bits of dirt and leaves in it.

Then I moved on to his face. His brow had two big creases that nearly reached his bushy eyebrows. His eyes were rather small but very rounded. They looked like they had witnessed more atrocities than any man should have to witness.

His nose was a rather bulbous shape but it was perfectly proportional with the rest of his face. Its only flaw was a small half healed diagonal scar.

His upper lip was entirely covered by his dark brown mustache. I sketched it out quickly along with his bottom lip. He also had a full thick beard that would've taken me entirely too long to sketch in its entirety. So, I chose to sketch its basic form and shaded it in just enough to give the illusion of live facial hair.

I finished off the rest of the sketch by quickly outlining the top part of his torso and filling in some minor details. Buttons on his shirt, two tears in his jacket sleeve and a small silvery pin attached to the left lapel.

“Okay I’m finished.”

I signed my name on the bottom right corner and was about to tear it out and give it to him when he stopped me.

“Hold it! Don’t give it to me just yet! You need it to paint from.”

He smiled and looked up at the clouds overhead.

“Oh! That’s right, yes. I’ll get started on it later today. But where can I meet up with you again?” I slipped my sketchbook and charcoal pencils back into my black duffel and waited for him to answer.

“In the park. On Thursday. Thursday in the park! You’ll find me there!” He turned and ran away.

“Hey! What’s your name!” I called out.

“I have no name!” He replied.

Oh sky

So bold

Clear

The End

Is not

Today

The End

Is not

Tomorrow

Maybe we’ve

Already survived

All hardship

Walking
Thinking
Time is
A bastard
And we
Are
Its
Cohorts
Time is
A
Pimp
And we
Are
Its
Prostitutes
Whores
Walking
Think-ing
Time will no longer be my master

Castro em
Emulation
Theory
As under
Ass-under
Fragrant
Banalities

Oxen
Run
Proof the
Dilated
Vexed
Pharmacist
Unpleased ever
Eternal
Damn station
Uncut churro meat
Cannot the plight
Be fascist splendor

Hose the worry money fucks train them like lick dogs out of
heat town pure cocaine elations dreams screw us back evil even
eggs snoring so sane safer than ego farts purple spoke leper
couldn't recite life over then over then glower my mother bought
friend fiends home to stay wash tempt confuse contort us creators
of divine will soap rags howl screech in she cheers ghostly
though thought of treasonous props propagations profit off of the
will of the innocent goat fuckers!

Que paso
Con
Chorizo
Tamales!
Eh! Sufi deer
Sharing paralysis
Paradox dox
... verita scoverto

Piu che specchiati
Guida ancor non
Lunch feet fuse
Dicea giusta
Faria danno
Stille dille
Cotal perdon
Bisogna antiv
Antivedesse
Perche fatto
Lento mover prun pvun stolti

I am myself. I must do things my own way!

Yo soy yo.

(If I were a Chinese man I'd still be myself.)

Je suis moi. Je dois faire les choses a ma facon.

Je vous ai toujours aime.

Si vous lisez ce vous devez savoir Je t'aime. J'ai fait un reve pour vous. I dreamt of many details pertaining to you. Alia, alia.

Pourquoi tu ne me ignorer? Vous ne savez pas qui je suis? Je suis le grand artiste! Je suis le plus grand artiste de notre generation! Vous ne pouvez pas echapper a mon esprit! L'amour transcende.

Je vais vous peindre.

When I finally got back to my humble apartment there was an eviction notice taped to the door. I ignored it. I wen to the fridge, rearranged the numerical magnets. I opened it and grabbed the bottle of vodka from the lower shelf.

There wasn't much left in the bottle. Less than an ounce. As the liquid entered my mouth I swished it around like mouthwash then swallowed. It stung just enough to warm my bloodstream.

I slipped off my shoes and pants then crawled into bed. I closed my eyes and dreamt of nothing. Nothing essential.

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Once, I tried to believe in an end to this archaic madness we call reality. It was wishy wishful thinking on my part.

Spaced head progressive progressions hear me faint. I dig thrice more. Thrice more than most men do often.

Shallow is the posterity. Posthumous grates grateful for every star and drunk faculty.

Pigs fallow follow. She satiated us with sweet swine cloaked in yeast. Some of which was layered with sharp cheddar (chse). I consumed mine with sauce of spice.

Versions unstable, could not ask for much more. Virgins without mothers fell deathly ill. Many a man withdrew.

I do enjoy the night time glow that hovers over the entire city. It mimics the ether that binds all of mankind. Human-kind.

(I wish I was incapable of caring so much.)

The rhyme works quite invocative. Happi eye been makest so staunch a request out of plein air it now affords us joy tender. Muse muscle mass fades into journeyed stated scripts.

All of it now festers. Festers like blackened wounds unobliged & unaware, salt tears.

Thine rain clouds most temperament. Thy will is such shrubbery unmarked for libidinous troves of treasure. Painstaking glorification now masks institutionalized grievance.

I cannot become another slave laborer, laboring for pathetic capitalist wages. So long as blood runs through my veins I never never may bow down to conformity. Illegal it is.

Leave me my uncooked noodles and a pan unfilled with sausage satiety. Just joy, now I write thoroughly! (It's taken me a while to accept my fate as a writer.)

I recount disillusionment
Toad toast tobacco
Sinhalese engender conceal
Unbosom hare taint coax
Cicatrix vandal leaf
Premise part preponderate
Man-boyish agile spry
Reckless revel blot blog
With fair maiden engaged
Wickedness encapsulates
Though misogamy I doth
Doth claim for moniker
Begin one verse chaptered
Hairless encampment by
Tithe toga together
Advent papacy pastry
Confetti pain canvas
Ammonite bade men
Aerobia acrid acrimony

What am I doing with my Life?
What are YOU doing with *your* life?
Huh!!

What the fuck! Get off your fuckin' high horse! Mind your own damn self!

BOOM!

Hurt placated stolen visional nightmarish metal influence cry.

Life much awkwardness.

La vie est maladroite.

Mangez votre fortune.

Carefully spell out your wishes and desires. Let the magnificence consume you whole. There is no justification required. Cosmic clusters reheat me.

Are you not going to help me amuse her? No, no... I cannot! Why then can you not?

I did not explain to you this way before. Before all pertinence was a demand. I am an illusion, a guide of heavenly origins.

Get the fuck outta' here! You ain't no guide or angel! You're as human as the rest of us!

I did not say I am an angel. For angels do not desire to interact with humans on the physical plane of existence. They too once existed in physical form on many other worlds as many other beings.

I don't believe what you are telling me! I don't.

Of course you don't. It is not in your nature to believe Universal Truth. For if you just accepted it all without question then there'd be no true purpose for you to continue your human lifetime.

Maybe so, maybe. But I still do not believe you.

You fear me as

An undertaker

Underwrites
Widow's weeds
That widgeon
Is Not So
Wild, whortle
It eats whortleberries

Time alone alone ago ages ego aeon vibe build construct history
historical moaning groaning father figure absences.

Spider can con-fuse men
Long bevy skirted plankton
Marker pen verbs rhino
Heavy hand imitate girl
Disjoin placid Minerva west
Agitate solicit node bowl
Melted down-beat gloom gloomy
Adam's ale saliva waterfall
Purify cataract cat prosaic
Fabricate wealth non minute
Lilliputian Viking sure onus
Five seven hundred pirouette
Swizzle stick chirp inviolate
Uncut susy summer breast Keen
Wish wispy attenuate ether
Ethereal flimsy coins
Forlorn zoom nick modest
Artifice antelope ruse
Stratagem funk lull coital

Again not – choice, beg. Descriptive melee was pursued out.
She flew the cold – silver under where vain. Image imagination.

Rep-ublic doubt, contour cab. Cadence came lie down: pillow
K. Cadre ag jest nucleus many butchers. Drank jug alcohol white
cough.

Coffee cistern steam – seem. Brother in brothel bare broth.
Buckets dawn rancid attraction. Eighteen dark nothingness pent.

Muffle sounds sugar subs. Substances snow drops equality.
Equilibrium devours hurt motion. Whiteness crazy scene
founded.

Oasis the enclave oath. Blasphemy intentions parch meant
drown mech Donald in hoax phries.

Gonna' be

Gonna' be

Myself

Nobody

Today

Gonna' be

Gonna' be

Myself

Anybody

To-morrow

Gonna' he

Gonna' she

Sentient

Down

Gonna' be

Brown

Gotta' be
Clown

Pao eru ekki fleiri konur.
Skegg mitt er sexy.
Stuff petik e gan arag.
Plejede at elske hende.
Gi ubie site lideri!
Kogato Kazakh, che ya
Obicham tya se izsmya
V litseto mi.
Han nauraa kuin karkkia.
Imela.
Nesolene maslo.
Vona kusaye penis.
Hokumeti etibar etmeyin!
Onun ass qoxu.
Siz fistiq sevirsen?
Mal eti , mal eti.
Pode deletrear queixo?
Consciencia.
Estou morrendo de fame.

Fame the popular backslider.

Jag svalter.
Hon har inte stora brost!
Ibland grater jag.

Valeria grenslade mig
Sedan spotta I ansiktet.
Hon spred ocksa hennes
Kinder bred.
Vu~areria wa watashi ga shite watashinokao ni tsuba o
mataga~tsu.
Kanojo wa mata, hiroi hoho
O hiomeru.
Mahabisba.
Hyalo ebam gudaba'i.
Goodbye na hello.
Ni volis havi sekson kun la alia
Sen vestoj sur.
Biz seks yapmak istedim.
Vajinaya – herr anigavv
La sua vagina.
Buongiorno!
Dove stai andando?
Lo ti seguira!
Lo son oil tuo amante.
Atrofizzati mia ferita.
Notitia, scientia.
(aliveness, goldness.)
Ego pingere facies auro.
Quot libri habent?
Audite vocem laetitiae.
Ryan sum.
Excute comam LESSUS ergo
Ei sicut porcus ; !

Lorem ipsum dolor sit a
Latere tuo natalie carissime.
Quando eras nuda nuntiavit
Memini.
Denean fartd duzu gogorätzen dut.
Orain me Cogida nahi duzu!
Don't even get me.
Na tus a chur orm.
Beth riamh, d'fhreagair tu
Chun mo litir!

Aemnyingthukkhon yang khaphachao
Phuying thuk khn rxdphn chan
Bukuri delicate.
Jacqueline nuk e di mua.

A ted' jsem tady, sam se svymi myslenkami. Slyselsjem, ze
auta mimo zoomovani tim, ze nikdy zastaveni.
Nekdo, prosim, miluj me. Miluj me. kto-to, pozhaluysta, lyubite
menya. Lyubi menya.
Alguien por favor me aman. Amame.

And you ain't gonna'
Believe!
And they ain't gonna'
Believe!
And he ain't gonna'
Believe!
And I ain't gonna'

Believe!
But we gotta' gotta'
BELIEVE
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Read as much as you can.
Not as much as you think you can.
Nor as much as everyone else around you.
Read 'til your eyes bleed.

In the 7th grade I often roamed the halls. Roamed the halls of my middle school (jr. high). Usually for no particular reason. I guess I just needed to feel free every now and then.

It all started when my best friend at the time, Ro, dared me to wander the halls during English class. He bet me a cherry coke that I wouldn't do it. At that precise moment my mouth felt quite parched.

So, I bravely stood up from my desk and headed out into the barren hallway. I adamantly ignored my teacher's pleading voice. Pleading me to stay seated in the classroom.

I briskly turned the first corner and ran at what felt like 100 miles per hour! It was probably more like 3 mph but I swear it felt like I was really flying!

An old western movie suddenly popped into my head and I began to imagine I was an outlaw cowboy making my way through some unknown territory. I slowly walked past Mr. Saenz's science class, he reminded me of a local blacksmith.

I bravely turned around and stuck my head into his classroom. I listened to him go on and on about protons for two whole minutes before anyone noticed me.

It was a female student who commented on my presence in the doorway. The rest of the class then laughed and pointed. I scrunched up my face and said, "I am what I am."

Mr. Saenz then promptly escorted me to the principal's office. I received two weeks detention and was grounded for a month when my parents found out.

The following day, during lunch, I collected from Ro. I must admit it was the sweetest cherry coke I had ever tasted.

I even kept the empty can as a memento. It's in a shoebox in my closet.

Nude thanks nine devils lived. Livid winery Buddha dissolve you heroes. Et it lime neon seep ago large.

Each tether bread jes jesus. Abuse the death, minor miners. Your bravery is an awful mime. Learned along agin agains.

Such social satiety facing chewed equinox. Offensive historical inaccuracies invade evade libertine crucifix. The fudge is thick thicker than the right nut of an hermaphroditic gorilla.

Didactic clitoris states for one and only one bad ass. Scrub hooded monarchs siren yell five operatic lunatics. Deny thee luster.

This lowly heart is a bastard vexation. Couer, memoire, tendresse, humeur.

Memories equal efficiency. Quand allons-nous mourir? Love was but was not meant to be so complicated.

Croyez en vous. Universal you. L'univers a donne naissance a tous! We are the children of the Universe.

Is it age that decays us? Probablement pas. Ce roman vous procure maintenant et oblige toutes les choses ouvertes.

This novel procures you now and forces all things open.

Vous devez vous controler. Faire l'amour a votre cerveau. Make.

Haven't you ever felt lonely whilst gathering parsley and thyme? A wave it can feel like. One must retrain one's mind in order to maintain focus.

Listen, listen intently as the song birds fly overhead. They do not mean to poop on your vehicle or hair. It is within their nature to be so carefree. Much like man.

Once you have collected a sufficient amount of parsley and thyme you can use them to zing up a nice tomato bisque. Have a bite and be grateful for oh such marvelous sustenance.

(Machinery mentions not the men of science.)

Blank joy

Tear heart

Upward gnome

Rot smut

Smother

Pavia timorous

Timid sleek

Elucidation

Light angle

Anguish

He needles

Negative

Digressions

Explode

Waste Full

Catholic

Stiffness

Evacuates storms

Brilliant digestion!

Fuck inspiration!

I ain't

Waitin' for

No muse

All stuckup

And shit

Shit!!

Inspirato

Caramo

Plaino

Genuo

Funnio

Meaning

Be-hind

Finale

Ain't no one

Nobody

Freakin' reading

This – This

So un num bound nuns lifer. Bent own sil-ver suna she. Is lif liv
obliteration ten.

Millions fictions realisticz. Zaf laf taf kkaf faa! Hee ronu pill
taunt cup. Reall van gogh imp impress an hippo virgil. Mock
firmm.

Lettingg ett u-c-e gin tonic tunic rum scar. Sand agine zabeth
mum kiid. Yenom venn xilac ickn. Zickenin lines froi 8xal.

Ploisions eet haat xaw itchez. Panta-lunatic oen nnub blig sheo
surhe. eYE. Bre chup avoidd gove 46 2170 alo ermen leurna!
Tanx zarinth braced knoun.

Light laptop open
Close fry riff
Fork avenue
Stunts mildew
Quixotic dish
Book spoke Latin
Amuse Caravaggio
Asian crackers
Painting laughter
Coin repent ox
Middle namer oh
Arm pit shaved
Don't dolphin
Tube thine win
Windows glass
Broken gum
Enamel meat
Can't recite
Paternal Equinox

Met a
Lovely
Lovely
Love-ly
Lil'
Girl

Named
Named
Hannah
She's
Smart
Clever
Brilliant
Bold
Beautiful
Delightful
Harmonic
She resonates
Throughout the cosmos

Fuck the days
Into submission
Eat your
Noodles
With
Flavonoids
Nut
Nuts
Sauce toss
Joust
Before thine
Clouds
Stretch
Beyond early

Magnificence

Some brutal union

Now dawns

Fuck the days

Smack the nights

Wherever or however you must pronounce Christian virtues and such unannointed diversions; uh gravity claims what it wants to claim. Still all of this is still a theory. Just like reality.

Judge the butt by its question. Judge the slut by its answers.
Sum thangs jest to jest.

All is a cavernous hollow. Bury the lime green gelatin with
marshmallow expectations. Accept.

I do not like to eat hotdogs with just mustard. I also like ‘em
with ketchup. Also with mayo, also with relish.

Isn’t it ridiculous the things we think of while purchasing new
underwear! What revelations doth rule you so evenly? Electronic
tamale vendor.

Perhaps it would be wise to invest in a metaphor translator.

Xmas

Xmas

Time

Lie

Xmas

Gifts

Wrap

Unwrap

Hypocrisy
Evil
Crucify
Man
Jew
Xmas
Non-birth
Non-life
Renewing
All the materialism
Xmas= Saturnalia

Mine head
Is an
Outpouring
Of
Metal
Mesh
Unlike
The
Numerous
Night
Mares
That
Flood
Fluid
Meanderings
Within thy

Bodily
Forbearance
Miniscule
Mint operatives

Roast pork turkey
Loin sheath hark
We be human vandals
Carnivore jerks
Musical accompaniment
Interests jovial
Nino run up hill
East west
North south
Function much
Wishful louse
We all glide
Merry alc
Alcoholics
Describe your
Disheveled
Matrix burn
Gentle genitals
Once fibrous glory

“She said it would all be all right.”

“Did she now?”

The priest spread a big helping of butter on a slice of sourdough.

“Indeed she did. I never figured her for an optimist.”

I sipped my coffee slowly.

“Well, she hasn’t always been an optimist. You could say she just all of a sudden grew tired of being a pessimist.”

The priest chomped on his buttered sourdough.

“Makes sense. Fair enough.”

I added two sugar cubes to my coffee and sipped again. The moment was quite infectious.

In the beginning, man knew not of himself. And ye though his existence was harsh he worked diligently.

The Earth provided him with plenty of nourishment. He had to learn the hard way how to grow and harvest his food. There were many times when he and his family went without food. Many good people died from starvation and other diseases related to the lack of nourishment.

Man also knew not how to treat such diseases. Again, he had to learn the hard way.

Ill advised paint man. The cardboard reinvents its own self loathing. Dashing as it may be.

Yellow face analogy. Two ego brushes cantankerously consume all facets of creation. Wish fulfillment; knowingly. We’re all related quite heavy.

I have no backup plan. All of my visions are pure and untainted by society’s hypocrisy.

Why must we commodify every fucking thing? Why? Por que? Huh! You got no frackin’ clue you homosapien!

Regurgitate some more more smore Melville. Holmes.

You visualize the end of the end of immortality. Life is a plural nuisance. One cannot fashion a noose that will be able to withstand economic abuse.

Torture then lie. Weak, my mind is occupied by much more informational ideals. I have visions of myself as some sort – sort of new revolutionary.

I must be an example no.... THE EXAMPLE! I shall be a constant reminder of what an adamant being can achieve within one lifetime.

You may love & hate me for it.

Ego chasm

Schism

Bile

Order

Bodies

Death defying

Roast

Duck

Imaginings

Tell tale

Thrusts of

Yore – frontal

Evergreen

Slit part

Thinketh

Lick locks

Apart from...

Dismal bare bones

Register noun proto-type

Whale bites

The eternal

Soul sojourn

Ten thousand

Inches/pounds

Per pressure

Bottoms, oceanic

Dive now

Aquatic altruist

Thy thanks is

Not expected

Essential, loss, exist

Nude naked lust parts

Last year's

Guilty treasure

Did not originate

Down in remnants

Of stale ideologies

Grateful,, bite your white whale

Free your mind

FREE

YOUR

MIND

“But what if nothing amazing happens?”

FREE YOUR

MIND

“How can you be so certain of anything?”

FREE

YOUR

MIND

“But then if I do I’ll lose everything and everyone!”

FREE YOUR

MIND

1765843276203

8762287543178

Gxflxzzxh8912

Zip postal slick

Nominations

Quick trip

Act alter

Course meantz

Aged charms

Beg benign beg

Suffer so social

Lance nach-os

Oh how where

Cosmic radials

Spin spider rant

Philosophy

Emit Emerson

Mannequin precipice

-You must die now.

-Why? Why now?

-Because I say so!

-Oh but... please no! I'm not ready to visit that great white space!

-I don't give a shit!

-Please! You mustn't do me in! Give me some time to get my things in order.

-Hmmm.... No! I've let you go on living long enough!

-Oh but please, sir! I am but a humble servant. I know not the ways of intelligence!

-Enough! Enough I say! You are a piece of excrement and will be flushed down the toilet!

-Nooo!! Gurgle, gurgle. (silence)

Hobble on down

The stare of

One vulture

Mimes me to

Remake

Virtue as

Obsolete

As vehicular

Enslavement

Chattel

Races ensue

We free men

Be indents

Dented sentience
Forever ever
Mass puppetry
Palm mutes selflessness
Do not deny providence
It is real-ity! Lengthy love.

Tra la la la da la ga la ja ka sat a fi la tra la la wx.

Melville
Disguising
Hemingway
Idealizing
Hawthorne
Mimicking
Poe
Intertwining
Emerson
Whitman
Thoreau
Vastly
Less subtle as
Joyce
Experiments
Inspires
Pound
Fitzgerald

LOERA

Do you believe you can walk down the road and *not* be struck in the face by some monolithic revelation?? I do pity you but also admire you.

I admire your untamed ignorance. Intelligence causes great suffering and offers no everlasting answer.

Promises, promises break? Promises were forged from the hottest brightest fires of Valhalla. Eh?

(You believe you are worthless but you are not worthless. You believe you must work your ass off to be happy but happiness is not outside of you. Your core beingness is pure happiness.)

Loyalty

Gold

Not

Silver

Transcend

Matter

Material

We molecular

Coalesce

Condense

Condensation

Human

Uni-verse

In Us

Eternal

Infinite

Refurbish the

Upholstered

Revolution

Jetsam jetty

Road roam

Robust

Apprehend

The appreciation

Untruth yarn

Fable report

Publish props

Rue bewail

Lament

Atone key

Of C sharp

Zymotic

Zenana

Zenith zither

Yawl yester Yiddish

Yeoman yogurt

Fountain

Foundation

Explosions

Smell such

Salt stately

Yeast yebu
Zebu plop
Flop pans
Cakes deny
Papyrus pluck
Ion knows
E= motions
Catalysts
Devotions (!)
Meant rut pea
Urine for fun
Future she
Chriqui counts

Mind not never
Newer apostles
Age-less more
Currency stains
Thine egoistic
Rump & folly
Play ice nice
Fantasize o'er
Mutilations
Divine
Optic oracle
Obliterate
Oblivion
Obstinate oaf

Pout scout pose
Posh porridge
Portray post
Post meridian
Please poplar pork popes!

Gun growth flour
Rate pen 'til
Glance unify
Mock unity
Con – conform
Condone meth
Ass aspirin
Alphabet beta
Waves sand shore
Sure we sure
Flats tax
Human gas
Atrophy
Green tongue
Lining sugar
Great hugs
Tape your scotch
Self roar rigatoni

Papaya address whisper I

Hey! Hey!

I'm

A gonna'

Have me

A cup

Cup o' coffee

Coffee

You hears

ME!

You hear?

So just

Shut your

Yapper

And

Be all

Quiet like

For da next

25 minutes

(Minutos) Hombre!

Speak of all those things you wish

To speak of, of

Never-mind those vague vertebrations

They are not certain

For me For I

I've had enough of your

Xmas tree judgments
Huntress (doubt)
I make my art
You rake the yard
Now we fall to pieces
Inches, inches, inches
Millimeters separated
A hard struggle
Vapor in long breaths
Invoke rebel brain muses
Done the dirt clod dirtiness
Behind the old abandoned
Warehouse that for a short while
Served as an outlet for women's apparel
Apparent boredom, guilt & shame
89 times a minute these electric fusions
Pump my tenacious mind with fluid streams
Fluidity, streams
Of beta, theta, delta
Dreams, ideas, theories, questions
Who am I now? Who was I yesterday?
Why must tomorrow emerge at all?
Wh! Painstaking movements of a once vital
Interesting organism
Split, we did – evolved
We were immortal as single celled bacteria
Now we contend with the day to day
Nonsense of duality. Emotions and the like

Cut us off from true advancement.

So I (we) Plunge into...

Art – Music – Literature

(Pale face faceless pale world white virile forget forget debt
deficit expand expansive lone screwed up man diction prez.)

24

There is solace there

Solace in there (within)

Don't make me conform to any more of

That same archaic bullshit!!!!

I do not wish to harm or kill

Any being.

Any sentient being!

I do not believe in hoarding wealth

Any wealth!

I don't give a fuck if someone drives a better smelling vehicle
than mine!

I do not wish to join any religious organization and constantly
criticize people and call everyone a "sinner"!

Nor do I wish to commit myself to a soul sucking day job that
only serves to demean me and crush my free spirited nature!

Fuck that! Fuck all of that!

I am myself!

I must stay true to my own philosophy!
I am NOT like you or you or you or you!
I gotta' do things my way... my way!

And

I'm not hoping for your agreement.

I'm not looking for any followers.

Just go on your merry way –

We must all

Do what we

Feel is right

We must

All

Follow

Our own

Path

Strong now. Strong now.

Your bullet

Is a

Tiny

Bull

Your breasts mimic my ego. Green chicken enchiladas, rice,
refried beans. Trip subtle paved. People walking rodents.

“Damn! That totally sucks.”

I once knew an artist that only painted pictures of his own bowel movements.

They were all pretty life-like. And he never even used the color brown. Somehow he was able to mimic the color brown. I’m not sure how he did it but he did it.

I swear I know what I’m talking about when I say that most animals speak to me in German. Ich schwore, ich weib, wovon ich rede, wenn ich sage, dass die moisten Tiere in Deutsch sprechen zu mir.

Mogen Sie Rock-Musik? Do you enjoy rock music? Aimez-vous la musique rock? Je joue de la guitar.

Who’s the boss?

Who’s the boss?

Who’s the boss?

Why are they called smartphones if they can’t even wipe my ass for me! What a rip off! Rape off.

So one smelly day I was walking through the smelly woods. I walked and walked down an aged dirt trail for a couple of hours. The air smelled dewy and alive.

I finally came upon a porcupine who was taking a nap next to a bush.

I tried to slowly walk past him without waking him up but had no such luck. Fallen dried leaves crunched loudly under my feet.

“Hey! Hey! Who the hell are you to be waking me up!”

The porcupine jumped onto a flat rock and shouted at me.

“I uh – uh.”

I was shocked to meet a talking porcupine.

“What’s wrong with you, boy!? Don’t you know how to answer somebody when they ask you a question?” The porcupine shook some leaves off his back.

“Well, yeah but you’re not a somebody. You’re a porcupine.”

I replied.

“What? What you say, boy? That’s some racist bullshit right there!”

The porcupine scrunched up his nose in anger.

“No... please accept my apology. I’m sorry. I just meant... porcupines aren’t supposed to be able to talk.” I stuck my hands in the pockets of my jacket and watched as the porcupine slowly stood up on his hind legs.

“Oh! Oh I see now! So, just because I’m a porcupine that automatically makes me too stupid to know how to talk! Huh! Huh! You humans make me sick!”

And with that the porcupine turned around and scurried off into the thickest part of the woods.

“I uh... I’m sorry!”

I shouted but I’m pretty sure he didn’t hear me. I waited for him to return but he never did.

“Hey, Bart! Who are you shouting at?”

Dina stepped out from behind a maple tree. Dina not Di-ana. Dina Smith. She had an incredible smile and an equally incredible figure. I had had a major crush on her since 8th grade.

“Huh? Oh uh nobody. I was just shouting at myself.”

I replied as Dina moved closer to me.

“You’re a weird guy, Bart! But that’s what I like about you.”

She smiled and pushed back a strand of her bright red hair.

“You do?” I asked.

“Yep. Hey, I was wondering if maybe you wanna’ come drop acid with me. My parents went out of town. They won’t be home for like the next two days.”

She batted her eyelashes then grabbed my groin, gently.

“Oh uh... all right. Let’s go.”

My voice cracked a little.

Dina led the way to her parents’ house and up to her bedroom.

We were in her room for a good five hours. Dropping acid and listening to music from the 1960s.

At one point Dina stripped down to her underwear and spun around her room like an out of control... uh spinning thing.

“I don’t know who you are! I don’t know, Bart! But I know that I like you! I like you and I want you! Don’t you want me?”

She quickly slipped out of her bra and panties then jumped onto my torso. She was pretty petite so I didn’t really mind.

“Don’t you want me, Bart? Don’t you... want me?” She asked again and rubbed her beautiful breasts.

“I do! I do but... not like this!”

I slowly picked her off me and placed her on her bed.

Then I ran out of there as fast as I could.

But that’s when the acid *really* started to kick in for me.

(faaip de oiad)

Sugarconecut

Energetikillights

Aggachoceshear

Fooltechroyalyell

Funkangelpotbot

Poopjuicehellp
Toilettiquettefloater

Sunny things
Apple choice
Vendor imp
Port imp
Import
Word
Dialogue
Mono fever
Right soil
Hand knuckle
Steer
Move cow
Blood meat
Slaughter
Eat
Soul haven
Cacti lie
Life exemplary
Catalyst apples

Daggoo
Describe
The
End
To us

Esposito
Calms the
Soul
Jiggly
Jiggly
Heart
Jiggly
Ass
Jiggly
Arms
Jiggly
Folly
Gap
Flint flimsy

Milano clan
Can
Absorb
Depreciate
Derelict
Demography
Ocular off
Offence
Are you an
Oenophile
Winch etc
Morph yak
Mutants

Regenerate
Mark paper
With the
Symbols
Wren allied
To the gold crest

[illegible]

Sum subtle thing thong gate
Rally reality bifurcate calm serve
Serene aim crystallize gelatinize allot
Bare limited little burn sear stash
Scant red like waft spoor aroma
Stratagem gym shift draft id
Apophtegm dictum by word obloquy
Odium gnome precept talk butt bun
Seven nine eleven wertherian
Debate functions mastered cold we
When female solicitation blasts
Trim heal relief sib recur
Story riposte article slate
Beg borrow ask force exact
Romantic produce cancel avoid
Blonde holiness text ancients
Buff code dam minor philosophy

A saint tan tamale pit organ ripe
Drew peoples shaded melancholic beer

Unsuitable warmth gift
Left the penis cold
Worried shriveled
Unclear mechanics
Dissect her organs
Intestine love abuse
Home load lone
Planet sequential
Died ground water
Museum drown spit
Make me feel
Anything whole
Technological ass
Human mind brain
Chance occurrence
Blog your suffering
Beings outcast seed
Seeded colony Norse
Read with me-be my purveyor

The words
The words
The words
They're
Driving

Me
Crazy
You know
You know
You know
What I'm
Explaining
Never will
You
Touch
This heart
Of mine
You fucked it up
Up like Scooby on Meth

Dope-amine
Drip
Dripping
Slipping
Out of
This
Archaic
Delusion
Now, here
I'm going
Above
All of it
Outside

Exist
We exist
Outside
Of time
The time space continuum
Is a farce (fabricated)

We made it up
In our heads
Just as we
Make up
Invent
Reasons to
War
With
Each other
Fuck
Fuckin'
Psychotics
!!!
Aaaahh!!
We're all part
Of a game
The game of
Tyrannical Capitalism
The game of Existence

But you don't

Give
A fuck
Right now
Nope
No fucks
To give
Only
Fucks
To
Fuck
I hope
Your
Brains
Melt
Then transmute
Morph
Into a fine
Gelatinous batter

Pony poodle
Your priest
Is gonna'
Rape you
Quickly
Loneliness
Lurk
Lush
How many

Lashes
Do you deserve?
Burn down
The
Gospel
Lay, laugh
Latitude
Non-existent
Avengers
Will not oblige You

Your army
Is A
Derelict
Time
Auditor
Adjust
Adjustment
Bureaus
Function
Not to
Operate
Efficiently
Just
Quickly
Haste
Is akin
To

Paste

Though, not Pastries

Compartmentalize your

Patriotism

Jaundiced

Recluse

Hundred dollar

Genocide

Included you

Too

Noodle butt

Noodle bone

Obsolete

Hello Hell

Telephone

Why

Written

Omens

Surface

Unto

Your old

Old careless

Face

Toes

Feet teeth

Hair color

Is not gonna'

Turn to gold!
Maybe marbles provide protein

Just a bit
Peanut illusion
Outlast
Each shadow
Indoctrinate
Each citi-zen
Into
Very
Unhealthy
Modes
Mental
Mentalities
For four for
What
To create more
LIES
Yum! Yes! Lies!
Would you like bullshit
With those Lies????

Spots spots
Spots
Of
Uncertainty
Now

Absorb
My
Desirous
Abilities
Rumination
Cold hearted
Destination
Is this
Not
The only
Gateway
To our
Demise
Decentralized Relief

Self ignition
Right alone
Andromeda
Meeting
Star clouds
Nebula
Curved backs
She's
Fat
Beautiful
Hard this
Hearing was
Now the spin

Spinning
Stops
Nostalgic course
Ego dry salsa
Embouchure
Invested in burnt floral

The mind is a
Tree trunk
The tomb is a
Forest

She found me eight years later. Found me. Ran into me. Found me.

I was living in New York City at that time. Was also working as a freelance journalist but considered myself a full time novelist.

Spent most of my days sitting in cafes and writing. Sitting in Central Park and writing. I carried with me a beautiful leather bound notebook and a sufficient amount of pens and pencils.

My nom de plume was Andrew Lemon. I don't know why I chose that name. It just came to me like a lightning bolt one day.

So, I was sitting on a bench in Central Park, next to a very old tree. I was writing a poem about that tree. Trying to sketch it with my words.

Tree
Green
Bark
Leaves
Red-Orange

Trunk
Rustic Brown
Sturdy

I suddenly felt someone sit down next to me. To my right. I smelled a familiar perfume.

“Bart? Is it really you?”

It was a woman. A beautiful blonde woman. Her face looked vaguely familiar.

“Excuse me?” I said.

“Bart! It’s *me* Dina! Don’t you remember me?”

Dina smiled then hugged me tight.

“Your hair... you dyed it.”

I said.

“Yes I did it a while ago. I just felt like it was time for a change. I made lots of other changes too!”

She puffed out her chest in order to show off her new breast size. They looked nice but completely unnecessary.

“Oh I see.” I said.

“How long have you been here in New York?” She asked.

“Uh going on 8 years.” I replied.

“8 years? Really? Wow! I’ve been here for two years! I’m surprised we didn’t run into each other sooner!” She scratched her head.

A pigeon landed in front of our feet and began pecking at the ground. Dina removed a small bag of popcorn from her purse and tossed a handful at him.

“I just love feeding the pigeons! So... what have you been up to, Bart?”

She asked then popped a couple of kernels in her mouth.

“Well, I’ve been working as a freelance journalist but I’ve also published a few poems and short stories.”

I inadvertently pointed to my leather bound notebook.

“Really? Wow! That’s great! So, do you like have some copies of your stuff that I can read?”

She looked surprised and excited.

“Uh no I don’t. But there’s a used bookstore that should still have a few copies of my first novel left.”

I tore out a piece of paper from my notebook and wrote down the name and address of the bookstore.

“Oh! Cool! Thanks! I’ll stop by there tomorrow and pick up a copy.” She took the piece of paper from me and stuffed it into her purse.

“It’s titled *The Vastness by Andrew Lemon*.”

“Oh? You didn’t use your real name? How come?”

“I dunno. I guess I just felt like it was easier for me to write something truthful and real under a different name.”

I watched the pigeon consume the last kernel that Dina threw at him.

“Ah I getcha’. I’ve been going by a different name myself since moving here.” She tossed back her hair in one fluid motion.

“Oh? Why?” I asked.

“I’m an actress. Well, I’m trying to be an actress. So far all I’ve done is one commercial for a credit union. Not even a well known credit union.”

She frowned a little but then shrugged it off.

“So what name are you going by now?”

I asked.

“Alia Hope. Used to be Natalia Hope but my agent said that there are already too many Natalias so she shortened it to Alia.”

She motioned with her finger in the air.

“Hmm... I like it. It’s easy to remember and it flows nicely.”

I repeated her new name several times in my head.

“Thanks! I like it too but I sometimes wish I could use my real name.” She took out a pad and pen and scribbled something on it.

“Here’s my number and address. You can call me anytime you’d like. Maybe we can go to a movie or just hangout some time. If I don’t answer then my roommate will answer. Her name’s Karen and she knows my real name.”

I grabbed the yellow folded sheet of paper from her and stuck it in my pocket. She then hugged me once more and kissed me quickly on the lips.

“It was nice to see you again, Dina.” I said.

“You too, Bart. You too.”

I stood up and watched her until I could no longer see her. But still I felt her.

The very next day I thought about calling her but then remembered I had to finish typing up several articles and email them to their respective editors by 3:00 pm.

Each one promised me five bucks per word. A fair sum for a freelancer.

Email. What a concept that is! I once met a guy on the street who claimed he is/was the original creator of email.

“I did it! It was *my* idea, man! The government stole it from me! They also stole my magical jar of mayonnaise!”

He exclaimed while executing a series of somersaults.

I later found out that he was an escaped mental patient. He went by the name Zhaku Seni.

Around 2:30 pm I emailed the last article. I had every intention of calling up Dina but then, as luck would have it, I began to experience another acid trip.

This one was slightly more profound than the last.

Agua ag

Awa

Ren

Ess

AWARE

Bllll

Sungrk

Tae trran-sientt

Adaptation manges manages

Steal home forward base puts

Hope a lot clips thy beastly

Butt etiquette roll rob red

Heer hear heresy queer shelf

Cricket croquet stuff ball egg

Oval ocular cylindrical vest

Man and boy and fruit hoops

Sprint away from bracelet

Junkies collecting angel/devil

Dust slept sleeper insanity lie

Awa ker qui fel bre aaa

Arson st saint asbergers pp

Melee tionary saurus word

Cerviche cerveza colon

Feline missionary piano course

Inter exit internal divorce

Non optional program sex hate

Mouse convulge stitch low remorse

Desperation sweat tear sweet
Sugary oak product leg carved
Altruism adjure proclivity pops
Poops big carnivorous cleavage
Joust adjunct faculty feast
Meat induced athwart wage
Recreational wars destroy nations
Woe wretchedness forensic suture
Genius o byproduct sham militancy
Exploit risk venture blight
Contretemps measure feet by
Dogma consecrations jf jiffy
Trice time tick logical entity
Creamy mendacious lip-deep
Ungenuine perfidious duplicitous
Reiterate mucho rey run
Marathon marches rotund
Impressionism post nihilism
Sober wants needs string sevens

Revelation! A revelation I suppose.
To be a leader is to be alone. Sane, sanitary.

Malcolm analysis profit. Protest the giant machine which mass
produces lies.

Cloister my euphemisms. A spot is a spot, never get near me.

Now but then I fuck your being into nothingness. Desolate,
submissive cereal conversations folded melted snow.

My formulations are a constant annoyance. We should adopt anti-simulations. Use sour steam in place of republic parted after mints.

(such dry constancy requires a beverage)

Gone gonna' write the end at a much later vernal shipment
allotment prosaic inventions juxtapose red shop serum truth.
Absolute now shoot swim we how see yolk dried pools into out
bled eyes my until walked street again black fun filled. Progress
personal me heart light choice pizza long real movement body
sting idea left acrimony acrylic gouache downward down appear
I not relent I but virtue placated tongue own my forked
forbearance usual the is so. Reliable not and unbalanced queer
something is left what's. Gone gone is struggle the of all now but
yes nessa satirical certain sure satire her with stuff bang bang
nasty the do finally and position compromising a into her get to
able was he say did Luis.

I kill you! (U)

You kill me!

Got nothin'

Nuuthin'

Better

To Do

Recycle

Butter

Live respect

Rice say

Sayings

Soy

Mental

Jokes
Incantations
Vertical master
Self harm wig
You fill me!
I hill you!

(The halls of justice are always painted green.)

Quixote crate Greek
Calling an aged cheddar
Ship's captain unamused
Steering wheel vortices
Drunk penguin experiments
Catt long cut divisional
Nose search for depth
"Is it fame you're after?"
Whiskey tempers; flare glint
Old guitars spit fumes life
Tuning registers the young
"I only wish to create."
Personages amount the
Glad galactic tooth
Numb vision chase gulp

Lil' more, a bit more to
Think drink time
Quixotic twelve steps
Buddhist outer growths

Incense algorithms
Skin tainted bruises
Set apart from humanity
Blood lines in marbled sand
Choke to rest our ego
Bio joy rhythms beat
Kerouac and eye
Found the centre
In relation to the
Truest gravitational
Field, common man
Abound stench baked
Faucet destinies off
Off-kilt cents then
No voyage starts easy
Remember sugar droughts
Melville's whale blubber
The antidote to most
Undecided special suffering

How grave
Your
Marxist

Discontentedness
Heavy ass
Dressed in
Black
As pigeons shit
In our
Hair
White clouds
Shape
Some vengeful
Alabaster
Beauty
Reminding
This dense society
Not all is lost
Just grey-ish, a lil' bit chaotic

Those pills we
Swallowed
Were rancid
Are rancid
Thy right
Temple
Is a
Manufactured
Parabol
Shaped
As though

Nobody
Knows
How to
Forgive
A
Bad rhyme
Pill bottles, need refilling
Swollen vertebrae laugh

(Make your own choices and rely on no one!)

I'm not begging
Not gonna'
Not gonna'
Con-form
NOT
(I am unknown)
Smoothness
Lewdness
Desolate
Come for
Rebel hyp
Hypocrisy
Throat soreness
Genius
Mind

To hell with
The educational
System
It creates only victims!

She's closed
Minded
Maniacal
Visions
Ideas above
Ground
Now found
Circumvent
These aging
Analyses
Bold manipulators fiery
Redness
Affidavit
Hole heart
Oxygenate
Be me
Me be
Etre mon amant
Quell ane vous possédez

Dear relative know me
Je fais déjà ce que je suis
Ne a faire faire!

Voulez-vous des frites avec
Votre culpabilite?
Vous eloigner de votre bêtise.
Imam mogucnost da se
Presale oko svoje misli.
Isus krist je bio telekineticke.
Excitatus civerit fecit homo.
There are many things to
Discuss now.
Se bueno con tu cerebro!
Lea esto y creerlo!
Believe it! All of it!
Simepre se puede simplemente meter la cabeza en una caja
apestoso.
THIS AWARENESS WILL NOT LEAVE YOU!!

For more from Ryan A. Loera please visit his website at
www.loera.jigsy.com

