

One way of feeling this relationship is as notes that faintly echo here the sense that one is far off, that the shadow sequence to the angelic finale gaily whispers itself from beyond what one will recognize only in later movements as the star belt. It is the faintest, most sprightly pre-reminder that one also lives on the other side of the round, a reminder that only reminds when one now fully circles.

When one is "dream," there can be a another rendition of night music that can be this phenomenon—the self is two distant poles bent together as the curve ends of a once. It has been seen as being like solar flares of walleye on the outer curve of one's microtubules, followed by blinking at an astrakakiteraboat, its components moving unpredictably back and forth laterally, in small nudges. A Nut figure, one focuses to that, and so it becomes animated, a hypercomplex machine, goddess of the sky acting as guide for the ka through the three-fold symbol of eternal return. Here, the influence of what one sees one this end of the galaxy taken, as Lafolley recommends, as deep into the self as possible in order to be remade, to know when to condense, as it all will be in the next installment of. This particular dreaming device, according to Lafolley, was invented by spirit guide, outside of past/present/future, of course. Chung Tzu the butterfly here dreams itself dreaming him dreaming itself and so. A poem structured in rhyme around dolphins, with the last dolphin ebony and unrhymed, the others swimming away in pairs. See its sonic structures as molecules formed by jumping between dimensions. A painting of light, it is all a gravity time mistake directed from the book of a distant star.

This has ramifications for some as genetics, particularly when they are reborn wizards who select their DNA from those they most need it from rather than from their birth parents. For example, Speter selected his from his grandmother and birth father more than from his mother, who was the holder of the family's scarlet letter. The enormous power of being anti-social: many people would go insane if they could not be; they live at the other end of it. If one cannot, things happen such as the workplace, for example the library, becoming an Egyptian temple, supervisors priestesses and priests, the Egyptians themselves thinking it is all for them in their egos. This can all be very dangerous, and brings on the demonic from a previous interviewing of the real layer. The magic school bus an Egyptian space vehicle, the supervisor Miss Frizzle, it all in the book of the dead. The previous is an example of what will not function here the way that it needs to the grass/glass fragmented?

We set our own space-time revolutions, from this angle at least.

From another, "I helped shoot a UFO down" by jamming the frequencies (but that's another story). One theory here is that there are no physical abductions, only mental ones. Review the first paragraph of this. Why not both and more? Some believe that alien treaties have run the world government since 1913, that they invoked World War I. From 1945-47 there was a technology exchange: one group wanted humans to abandon nuclear tech, "we" broke the deal, and they eventually abandoned us. Review the second paragraph, particularly in the light of the biology of the kidneys and bladder: the nephrons are a hi-tech filter for reality, which become inflamed by UFOs, otherwise known as kidney stones.

Here, crystalline UFOs form from the substrate that certain entities cannot process, which is why only some people see them. Here, if you are healthy, you do not see UFOs and you do not get abducted because you are already at the other end of the universe, the bladder being the travel portal by which one's essence is. From 1951-54, so it is told, the Regelian grays initiated us into another two-way, bipolar technology exchange; this is the current treaty, they say, though the greys have violated it from time to time. Review paragraph three. The surface barrier transistor is, they say, alien tech. They? Tachyon energy in these transistors. Six ganged together in a plastic package, they had reliability problems for the aliens; they drove the levitation of the power crystal, free energy/control of gravitational waves: one must have an opening in the hollow mountain, the strange-colored rocks of space-time, the keys to bending duration and healing. Kate and I go through narrow city alleys, watch creeks flow backwards into tall, magical, brown, superficially Florentine buildings. In 1986, "I saw reptiles from the other end of the galaxy in the room of my perception," sort of like transistors, sort of like resistors. Odd creatures with dragon beaks, wings, orange in the water, turtles in a spooky place with a culvert full of giant toys to salvage. Find the alien language in poems from 1987 to 2001, in a cabalistic turnaround. Re-read the electrical junk section of chapter ten. Crown dissipates into nothingness; and so short circuit global surveillance.

Others believe Isis the mother of Horus whose eyes are the bulging hieroglyphic sun and the moon, and who are the stars? She finishes her ritual motions, washes off, goes into street, offering of food to the gods, energy script all over the bedroom walls of ten hours ago. An Egyptian therapist lived in this house, named for a city near Thebes; a writer for Highlander did too, wrote here by this keyboard. The cat vanishes from the desk before the time of a blink. The scribes purified themselves with elaborate washing prior to the language voyage to the other end. The priestess was not under strict legal control of her husband, this house in the therapist's name. The hieratic language here funnels through every day of descriptions of this planet at the other end from where one also. When one has pests in the house, space-time again problematized. The day to day like of an Egyptian priestess the channel of the stuff of the world backwards like Gertrude Stein through the reverse infold of logic to the fabric of itself: "Gold light out of the top right corner of Lesley's living room painting of the window in winter, or is it the house from outside? Then, space shifts to parallel, the lamp becomes sentient creature (dissolve the filters exhausted), reality for us a tongue, if we smell the musical reed, inner layer, we are marked. The frontispiece is the map expanded in on itself, the village is in the alembic which is in hand, the wheat heads knead the backs of birds and deer, moths chew, what is eaten runs gold as cobs, that bearded face came from the clouds in click inside the feeling of forehead and go, go into the buildings which are at the same time blue or gray. Think of everything that fills a room when all that one possibly can is noted at once. Alien versus non-alien speculations: both true, different dimensional parameters. Rub eyes into schematic bursts of universe—a technology."

"Fucking two kidney stones at once moving, can't piss worth a shit from this jamming urethra forty times a day": in the orbit frame, those two stars continue to bulge out toward one another, but this tidal distortion has reached the equilibrium shape involving no relative motion of any chunks of matter. Cataclysmic variables detach to eruption and ejection of the conch-like, spectral, turbulent spot heats impossible impact of post flow burst out rich hydrogen. Where are we?

As the young star pulls matter into itself it begins to spin faster; transfer of mass commenced onto neutron star; this then becomes x-ray star, or ultrasound, or CT scan, fucking kidney stones. Halves of the inner critical surfaces', matter does continue to fall into the now rapidly rotating disk. And furthermore, the more cloud falls in on itself, the faster it spins, eventually into a huge rotating disk. Matter continues to fall into the now rapidly rotating disk's center until it becomes dense so the motion is a pulsation in the star itself. Condensation of bound pieces of gas; joints of luminosity. Joints of luminosity, miscible, miscive. Where are we?

Getting a migrating giant planet to star short of destruction. Periodic changes of the total life. Both stars detached.

Photospheres, beneath the lodes, lode filling star, contact, dog star easts, dog star meet dog star, dog star sniff dog star, dog star eat dog star. Mass out lobe fill star: right up against the barrel blast of strong stellar wind, there should not have been any gas left. The reason we have not found any spiral planets is that they spiral until they are swallowed. Where are we? Dashed curve of orbit. Detached star gas stream plunge, gas the rushy creek. As the giant planet migrates inward, it eventually gets close enough to be affected by the star's rotational energy which acts to speed the planet up. To see that a circular orbit plus synchronized spins, they do constitute that equilibrium state for problem: reverse engineered planetary formation. Evolution of the star transfers mass to its companion and then undergoes a supernova explosion. Where are we?

Contact binaries roes diatomic molecules, eclipsing deductive hot geometries. Blue stargling stragglers, main sequence cluster star savant shifts: the mass grows and builds toward a new spatial religiosity, accretion disk formation mass transfer.

X-ray binary star system; endpoint again and again of stellar evolution. And now comes the part that separates the giant planets from the rest. Whew, where are we?

Optical doubt, don't know if the stones are actually where except for the pain effect. This relentless solar wind pressure sweeps lighter gases away from inner solar system, and leaves behind tiny naked lumps of odd dust? Where are we?

Born in a bound binary state. Smear the starlight.

Four, five, six jupiters, in their earlier solar system versions —each swallowed by their blazar sun.

The magnetic field pulses away the gas and dust. This state has no motions whatsoever if we go into the frame which co-rotates. Flat bottoms of eclipses. Much of this gas blows out to the extremities. Vertical hydrostatic equilibrium, no force resisting the uneven pressure. But a lot of it gets caught up, in that v-

ast swath of dust, pressure dust, in between.
Crab pulsar, two huge jets of gas emit. The fastest pulsar.
Except for the effects of stellar evolution, once the binary system has achieved this state, it need not ever change.
Wobble about the straight line describing motion of mass center, through space, a large fraction of angular momentum.
Sun to the fifth power, spin thirty times per second, star, neutron. Gamma speed perpendicular to omega ballooned lobes, eight all the other stars, stones: contact binaries. Gas mass contraction, mass gas contraction: spectral collaborators corona omega crowning crown crow. This is all a reading again of Shakespeare.

There are other accounts of these mechanics taken as well, science both as description and control. As many of you know, the star is tzaddi the fish hook, Venus path to the moon, but also "secretly" Chokmah the zodiacal sphere to the sun's heart, the imagination. Embedded within this mind it becomes air plus/minus earth plus/minus fire multiplied by spirit and divided by water, this all still informing the two ends of the polarity of the universal self stretched across. Just look at any tree and then look at it again with one's third eye if you want caballa. Astrology here is the key to understanding this stretch, which, yes, can be a prison stretch, as P.K. Dick understood as our preoccupied perception infinite being in a lock-down that we understand only as infants zooming to earth across it all. This at the same time natural intelligence the perfection of all beneath/above the sun, as Donne realized in "The Tantric Sun Rising." Two streams of consciousness merge with what is, catch the fish of death. It is also a sublime version of kundalini energy, the means of perfection, its energy. The fish hook finds the personality, yanks it to. It is what is the shape of the relativistic universe: we are meditated; we are stars, not star. Stars just indicators of deeper faces, ones one knows in dream not waking. People see them sometimes as quiija board ghosts. But it is also not the star, and is not the emperor, but is both. Waters of aspergillus, one arrayed as a king, one with a bared head and a bag in hand, a strong one in human form, a small-headed one dressed like its opposite sex, and with an old one almost a purple Buddhist corpse of the Apophisite and thus same sex, one with three heads (bull/human/ram), snake's tail, goose's feet, a lance and banner on a dragon (find you the book *I Wish I Had Duck Feet* for a very vivid account of the exoteric and esoteric worlds lived in this condition), Speter and I both in the same body here, caging each other (again, *I Wish I Had Duck Feet* tells this slippery tale of how we piss ourselves when we get the multiple body we want but others do not want us to have), we each a book of lies where this star is cornered. Gazing out into purple Nuit, this is the resolution of the universe, the point postulated at rest, the single motionless swan, the relationship between this path the arrow of power all pleasure and purple priestess sunset sky and the sapphire everywhere.

The letter of this path is thus written in the constellations more bluntly than some of the others, which is clear when one views its angelic archetype (as Bei Dao notes, the stars are pictographs, the watchful eyes of us as future generation): tis truly the foundation of the imagination, at least from due south of the magic circle. There

are many letters one derives from these constellations: many earth structures have already happened in them; conversely, the scientific methodical code is an earth code, regardless what observed. It is a satellite aware of itself as great entity, as the ultimate consciousness conditions it, and so it is cognizant of itself as particle and comet path of self as motion across the space of itself as the pathways have here flipped within the living book, the far and already spoken now near and new. Why was it forgotten in the first place? This a secret of its power. You could call it a polysexed seed from the body of God if you were to want to, the first that is also the last, circularly speaking.

Within a somewhat different though related lineage, it is a voiceless explosion that stops in its start. It can also rattle in the ancient throat, can voice itself, can boomerang from the roof of the mouth, can double itself, can make the present an instant past (you have noted the second part of this yet again after you had lost it), it can intrude where it never logically existed, and it can be visible and absolutely silent: the star here is a letter.

Back in a more palpable temple, the censer is waved in an Egyptian manner; water nymphs, sirens, Lorelei and mermaids respond out there somewhere. One can be like a king regardless of sex, one can be like a guide. The priestess is deeply involved here, this being the temple where one learns the nature of this path. The New Kingdom scribes advise that she be observed in your silence, and her wonder will be detected. She sits on a floor mat in the living room in sandals and loose linen tunic, the large jars of water along the walls, eyes shadowed in inoculating powdered minerals and oil, the large cellar full with weak but visionary beer. Tonight she will attend to the goddess statues, make offerings, supervise the temple. This one is a musician: clarity, temple mastery, the star. She will give birth crouching on anywhere from two to four bricks, will breast feed for three years. Her nilometer long names are a mix of circumstance, divine intervention, the current popularity of her given god, her local deity, and her family lineage; her names chant predictions of the river's rising; she records the harvests. Tops, dolls, figures of animals with moving parts surround the child's bed. Ducks, geese, goats, pigs, short-horned and long-horned cattle constantly pop up in the constant bridgeless winds within the temple domain. She will transport a god from one temple to another one. As she does this, Imogen prepares cookies and beer for the bears to take to the underworld.

The loneliest of philosophers will all tell one and all that the star is the point from which they mostly contentedly and sadly call humankind, the point of understanding at the end of time beginning, the point stood upon whenever the room is empty and it is possible to be twice at once, which is a necessary condition for the being of the loneliest of philosophers.

From the standpoint of abnormal psychology, the secret here is one of reactive schizophrenia, carrying as it does numerous war elephant letters of one's crossbow name: one's mind seems to have wills and directions of its own, seems to take over the thoughts, without telling one what it is up to, one idea going around and around, the octopus mind running one; half the time one is talking about one thing and thinking about four to fifteen to seventeen to

twenty-eight other things at the same time; it must look queer to people when one laughs from something that seems to get nothing to do with what one is talking about, just like two guys living out in the bush coming in to the rural post office and doing this; people don't know what is going on in one's head and how much of it is running around in one's head; if only one could concentrate on one thing at a time one wouldn't look so mangled silly. For many schizophrenics, this telephone wire vein turmoil is accompanied by delusions, beliefs held to despite their logical absurdity or lack objective evidence for, lack of foundation in reality, index finger full of amber and removable. A common one is the delusion of influence. The schizophrenic may also evidence hallucinations, such as seeing oneself in two places at once. Telepathy happens every day. Gotcha?

Proteus embodies one here (this is the code for what shapeshifting is in the trans-galactic), as does the unicorn (which exists very consciously at both ends of galactic time), Nuit (of course) and Athena (her fierce chastity and courage the message of the galactic ring as all one entity one is) and Juno (natch). Shakespeare shows us these deities every time someone goes into disguise: the star path is manifested, the play is the inside of it as the observer's self-consciousness, Joyce pared the nails of *Ulysses* from within this, Beethoven hears his late YHVH compositions in angelic letters moving through him direct from there (hence the doubling doublings of the Grösse Fugue), Stein writes always and forever and backwards to now from there, Dürer paints the same (standing in the natural world from the far end of its discovery, like in a Shakespeare comedy), Pollock channeled it back from here, Dickinson was always over there here, Vallejo had that side of him visit consciously and unexpectedly, Coltrane flowed to there and back, Simone felt the pain of coming here from there and back, Brakhage filmed oneself doing the splits from it, Bissett tells domestic stories from there that sound almost like here, Blake (a stone wall out of the page from another dimension) has a lifetime pass to go anywhere in the system.

Flashing of silver light across Dante on the bookshelf: to deal with the universe as cosmic language, carte blanche. The source of rhyme in lucid dreaming dramatic techniques, his data points, like cut-up Burroughs and Gysin, trick time.

Therefore, in the non-theoretical chronologically remembered day-to-day, one will, as for any universal posture, find examples of it slyly referencing itself like a child mixing blue food coloring with water in a squirt gun and spraying it all over a large interstellar sheet of plywood as a map of what she calls carnivility. One also sees it in the blue bathroom tile matrix magical city transporting one like Kedrick's sonic eagle algorithm to the other end of the galaxy. One feels it dressing in drag and going on the bus, going to work (which itself forces one to exist at the other end of oneself from what is occurring, lest one go mad), one at the opposite switched on clockwork ghostly synthetic chorus end of oneself. One sees it in any painting with violet, white tinged purple, bluish mauve or sky blue. Again, as Bei Dao notes, the expressway of the known here passes through psychic star plunge mule collapse, coal in the bin smells out the ancient crush in the cloud gaps seen from the choking bottom of the lung filling chokmah glug stream.

One knows people from the magical prison address book list of entities that live in this, for example, the lorelei that channels the artificial glass fragmenting to the pebbly cells of its constitution rampage through the akashic video record of the atomic house. Yes, lithe summer breeze galactic energy can become tough love when mythological creatures tangle up the complicated sentences of reins which were never such as that anyway, decide to hate and love, when one attempts to pull the barbed fish hook out. Most families eventually learn this one, to their own vast space confusion, like dogshit on fire, like floating astronaut diaper bags in space, and some need to act as if they never have met in a forgotten dream they still feel that blank backdrop to.

Walking down the driveways of one's life, they shine from white pebbles, from drain rock various in globular cluster shape, from aggregate as meteorite matter, hue from the green, blue, dirty clear medicine bottles in Oma's dump by the ditch a mirrored dawn pivot of what will be matter, a dragonfly of red and blue biting one on the raft on the small pond hidden back in the cottonwoods by the mixed sun and shade section of the river. The star makes some people need to sleep with a fan on for white noise and cool air: the activity from the other end both calms the and keeps awake, the fan a calibration of calm; for others, this the full wine glass already half empty because the pills have blurred the cause of it at this end of things. The stones form from the precipitation of calcium and oxalate in the kidney. There are two major transport clogs in this kidney shriek universe of the human body: when they tumble across the nephrons, and when they continue to plug the emptying bladder like a cork in a tub, like being the dilatory bandmaster of the Illuminati as the instruments refuse to cooperate, as they each believe themselves to be the gravity's rainbow solution peacock to the universal—hey hey, that's stone and roll, but one could never in this case put out piss all that way.

One has diuretic demonic visual swirls, pentagrams, gemoetries, humming, swirl dream shape of rhubarb leaves with a group of Raphael people, one of whom seems to be a cellular energy therapist. A man, maybe one of the power spot guys, who spooks when he sees me, a hit on the tongue of vibration, and two or three others, at least. A lot of the light is grayish, before that a merry-go-round frozen in one spot; one is on the edge of its platform—it has a bright gray quality. There are many different shapes on it, on each pole: clowns, maybe a bit scary ala Bradbury, maybe like little professor from early Sardis dream. Then one is in the room. The woman, who may also remind one of Karnouk, asks if one is ready to take a hit (CIA MK Ultra LSD experiment?), says that the merry-go-round is something from one's past. She is old and floppy, dancing around, has no underwear, can see her vagina. One thinks there were two kids. A technical panel from another star system, then a rocky red/brown enochian-looking plain with some long building on it which then dissolves, from the inside to outline; then one soars over the plain into hypnagogic human faces and animals in very green swirl pretty at first, then starts to feel physically shitty. When one came back from the merry-go-round it is through a portal. Ride on the magic school bus: the zodiac has disappeared? Make mistakes, get messy. That is one does dreaming; the star makes its mess

elsewhere, which is why people don't worry enough about pollution. Remember, space monsters have at times run this planet. Only one disciple receives genuine teachings. So what's the lesson then?

The kitchen table has cuts and nicks in it from a hundred meteorite impacts on its surface. The erythritol earth emanates through this table, as does the secret language error of the star in its inverse eschatological eschar ridges and eschivoire bruises. Here, the mammal can metaprogram its territory into an expansiveness that is rule without violence except in defense against the berserk robots.

The importation of consciousness from the antipodes has serious ramifications for the species. First, history becomes at its minimum duplex. Now, there are, naturally, many who have leapt and will immediately leap to this idea: if history has more than one set of spatial meanings, then of course morally this must hold as well, and any action becomes justified as the carrying through of the royal agenda of the stars. This will inevitably occur, again and again, because of how the mammalian mid-brain processes esoteric information. Of greater interest and import is how this mechanism can function operationally, to what historical good it can be put. The physics become intriguing when one considers the possibilities for real time travel: if these personal poles flip flop telepathically, while the visual location moves through space at, at best light speed, then it follows that as the light spectrum version one sees is the past, one can from the antipodes influence the past, and from the past the future in a very directly cognated form. History from this point had become a very complex trans-temporal esoteric engineering, which explains the wild variability of the various linguistic and cultural lineages in any given squaring of the time frame. When one looks at the spectacular panoply of history from this schizoid perspective its texture makes sense. All spatial cognition is a bi-directional logic.

It turns out that the physics of star stages can thus be mapped onto planetary inhabitants at the other ends of space-time through this distance as proximity effect, be they low mass, high mass, giant stars, white dwarves, neutron stars, supernovae or black holes. It seems a cliché to consider a population in this way, but tracking these types through any variation on speciation, one can map this star typology, as one metaphorical version of what populates outer space, onto oneself. Remember, the population emerges in advance of its categories, which is also warning not to take them or ourselves too seriously. Nevertheless, the dynamics of gravitational mass can be mapped onto all thought and action, and across that distance they only become stronger. Up close, the physical metaphor is too rank with complicating factors and tangles itself into conundrum, but from the antipodes of themselves they become pure physics. Many astronomers, one suspects, would admit under hypnosis to this being of deepest and dearest emotional resonance. Again, this has enormous political implications.

But the star is "silver" deeper than the visible esoteric arrangements, and not what anyone with language says it is. It is a labyrinthine time vortex drive mechanism different than what one found in any schematic. It is one standing from the complicated future: which one? It is the deepest choral burst seen faintly in reverse, manifesting own complete, derivative deaths, in the language.

The choral and unique: this **problem world he** Loki as it must be. The **fantasy**: vision causes the wreckage of **stumble between astrals**, kills, is killed.

We drank the nervous wines that are these Zoas, eternity appearing infolded in bloody rags, elemental guts thunderous that there are others, associates so-called, organs who spit down and spew demons so to speak, with all times. These associates burst now of waves; watery echo, wakes us back through the timelines; woken. The linseed crusher bucket of offal linked and battered caskhoop come home to ma and da in a slack hour **of truth**.

Thus the sunder storm onrush of god-death, humans perish with them, our identities proliferate, inorganic beings, swirl energy lines everywhere, this river is alchemy, faces exchange inside of us, **calm moment** of doubling voices, loud horns wound round sound EI, yes, Aleph, Beth, nostrils drinking **of bright dusts**. *Even the morphine barely took the edge off of it. I thought one shift of nurses was trying to kill me, and, indeed, they did seem to try moving* oblivion, memory ante up deluge thickened night smoke. Geology is archaeology is physics, geology is archaeology is physics is mathematics, is psychology, is **the** endless deep burp, earth a **bellcord out of reach**. **And then they tried very differently. These valence electrons, we do not always know what belongs to what** cognitive experience, this telluric vortex of energy leys, **atom**. **What exactly do** python, **on its bellies**, ecstatic thorn, star-time cycle, water monster coming with both flat two-dimensional and **they** a red **do in solids rate of** light: **enters into wild ventures, indulges in unaccustomed helmet**, have **hut/water piper snake falcon/larynx plugged** something **in tongue///change?** **Kidneys fluid**, noncorpuscular thud free so mething big is **giving me a placebo, but oppress; our best ranges must be determined** out there."*

Time for the beautiful. Then, remember the night the angels and then the tetragrammaton and then

Time for the beautiful wire people he will also uhh not again pull. Up through the center, a plant-like force, yellow, with an eye like a potato's, **has all** grapples into a current that's both horizontal and vertical, that is anyway, uh so and long, further perpendicular **sides** to itself, **of any granule: now here comes the centipede. Clod rolled brownian sowbug ocean grays, congealing ellipsoid, the wood died rots in the thrill in S-pit.** Chemicals and weather sunder into humus. Rare sand in magmatics. Dark brown, again, to black mineral; smell the logwood creeping into brain from the pot-tub of trap dye; makes you smile grimly like a drowning criticism, ditch. **Creeks and rivers** exist only as placers in which animals swim, feed, and breed, and only those animals born within furs worth pursuing. Destruction of the environment is only as relevant as the furbearer habitat that is destroyed. Smells are most important to betray the quality of a lure (go to a trapper's convention and watch the guys pass around lures, sniffing them with all of the wonder and hedonism of the Paris crowds—both the anti-trapping and the fur-wearing—sampling all the latest high-end perfumes) and how rotten an animal you're skinning has gotten (and you don't even notice the smell of cowshit in all of the ditches). Now, notice as we progress just how much this discussion is throwing off the world as it manifests here? Well, and why do people trap animals? Why do they work in slaughterhouses, and why also do they become soldiers and cops and politicians? You might argue for the power, but perhaps if we were not organic entities who are required to make us a living, none of this would be. Now, not the most particularly profound point, but one which holds, one which explains, one which strangles, just like that snare set into that barbed wire fence (and do think about the fence), cinching around and even lacerating the coyote's windpipe (we used aircraft cable to make the snares here).

(**And you might also try writing your own invocations**). Get the Common geminis' egyptish alpha pike and laser//Zire, boulder knock onto a washing of what look to be, to be blues, rocks float to top, crust. **What comes through that which breathing supplies is only in the basic sense** when he, uh, decides to punch me **according to stimulus, resorted moose thump/in to the face, some response, to the size** meet in his bodily **thump** lifetime.

The estrogen group: amoebae, diarrhea, and homeopathy esophagus, oestrogen, oestrus. Let's look at the oeconomy: IT CONTINUES WITH HELPLESSNESS, BUT ALSO WITH FOOD. MADE MOST ELEGANTLY BY A MASTER KABBALIST ASSOCIATED WITH THE SOME MEMBERS WHO NOTED THAT he'd been doing research up there and what he Found was Detect to circuit blood done gave little kind evidence. Animals are allowed to explore mazes before goals are set up. WE'RE AGAIN INFANTS, IMPRINTING CAPTORS.

Dark brown again to black mineral liquid ooze hardens, bends, rate spazz increasing pressure of overlying mud and sand and squeezed, again and again and out goes most liquid, people spawning river of spawning salmon endless train loop sediment these layers, cluck and cluck forever **and is unable to utter but what has already occurred and what will continue to show, and all outhouses do not count.** A typical u-shaped long-run be again to he sunk **forever.** *When I leaned over to sniff it, it had a rankness that went so far of beyond hassle, Punches me in the logics of methane that I thought I was elemental.* And they move as one face, wrill, Punch him back, it's like greens, pink flecks, but, which reveal themselves as many more colors the longer we do look at them. **The articulation is like the milk of reality thick-end to lucid dreaming.** "A MAGICIAN IS JUST A TAOIST WITH A STICK." Object distortion increases as the image increases its dislocation from the optical axis.

Mathematics, for Pythagoras, frees the soul from demand an-

d produces high enthalpies of hydration. The lattice **but** energies of the nonionic aethetes: aeon, archaeology, aesthetics, gynaecology, anaemia, encyclopaedia, *average* that some kind of stuff that was goin on uh up there uh because uh they uh he uh went to the Forestry people and uh they wouldn't uh talk to uh him uh and uh he started uh hearing rumors, about the old weapons up there and plans, uh and when expects them to move, in acts of rebellious, fearful, courageous grace, genetic code ripple **and definition of receptive field why do the cells have such short life thud spans with at least four types of fibers thud thud** scratch oneself, chicken dust gone, but its ghosts from of the body, their robes against the brittle, dry scrub and the such insanely which is to say, ultimately, from space and time, blue sky, sea. **Here's what we need: which you absolutely must hear.**

NOW YOU ARE HUMILIATED, NOW YOU ARE WRONG AGAIN. *And then: bubbles, beatific blue bubbles floating to the crown of the shi-tpile, some peroshki for breakfast: of vegetable butter. The matter motion of mineral these angels* as molecular crystals anduh they found feral earth crust that does not come of living thing.

NOW WE WILL SAY WHAT WE ARE TOLD, AND WHAT YOU KNEW IS MOCKED. IT IS LIKE BEING BORN, BEING RAISED, GOING TO SCHOOL. THE YARD IS FOAMING WITH fish at least as they **foreve-implicate themselves in thingness.** Even as dendrites rare pruned the plasticity Rockem Sockem Robots, sort of, these stiff, ninety degrees, Elbow punches, Wham, Wham, and then I, he hits me, I hit him, he hits me again, I, Wham, and his nose starts bl, bleach it unc-oil, send it through the pipe. Keeps bending, catching, and, SO we had that blood, **respond to mechanical the deformation thud of glabrous skin in the lock and key, once as a key thud stimulus molecule serves, carbon, fifteen ants,** retains brain, KGB, AS IS THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE OCTOPUS.

(Perhaps we will henceforward call it the KABOOMA!)?

Nights One

To dream can be the onset of delusion or truth, like New Year's or April Fool's days. These deep dreams of fat sad fish in black ditches, Amazon huge fishes, whales, these dreams from the bottom of the brain stem, where circuits one and eight meet, slow and eternal, the lesson in the swimming mad blast. The mouth today hangs open in the washed gutter of its own spending lunar upchuck all done now. For example, going kayaking on flooded back creek into Lunkhork's last field, decide he/they have to go out to the river because there is better kayaking and the view of the hill is better. Loading up the green Chevy pick-up, he drives. The cab radically expands, gets bigger and bigger, climbs up steep hill by crossing at Yale and Industrial, stops at a "Spanish" bar, which is wide, dimly neon-lit and empty (drinks are \$8.25 each). Never really get out of there again. Someone coming. Going to tutor one student, finds that he is on the way to a Britannia Library to tutor a guy who got fired for stealing video tapes; never completes a session, keeps spatially jumping, offers to finish the first session for free. Same night, Kate has a dream that he is going off drinking with a group of people (beer) at a "meeting place", but then go to a mobile cinema so no-one where it would ever be. Another dream where his old bad dad completely loses his temper and so does he, but he's more on the receiving end. What he looks like to his own child? Note in code are of what he fears to show or remember. No excuse. Dream in which there's a book like a dense pre-Raphaelite Blake: two different mushroom trips speaking at once. Lots of brown, one trip/dream female and friendly, the other male and more aggressive. These dreams are all delusion and truth, though which where? They all certainly would appear to point smack and whack to his shortcomings and foolish delusions as a writer. Like Othello, they agonize him through the remangling fire replay of all of these events in the womb of time. He must realize that his anthology, some of it, was channeled backwards through time, and so he need not worry about the other poets. Instead, it becomes a first day initiatory: squares, dense brown letters in geometrically complex frames, pentagrams, something like an almost complete sun. The move from the hyper-language fugue to here a product of diving into the explosive pull of astral influence.

Night Two

This well-spring weeping pull from fugue is specific in its snapping mad mechanics, and hence the rigor of all this long next version of life. This pull its bashes manifests mostly through the effects of certain peoplers, which in turn appear as people, at least at first. Jericho Beach, near there, lawn, high grass, weird wanking Weir, seducing into complacency, teaching about emotions, tiny crabs in merry-makingly massive grass, shells come off, touching each others' exposure, feel the sick electrics, lesson. Aura wasting wench N etc, god logic, see Odyssey, what can and cannot be spoken in a given time-frame. She channeling here, as I am here the moon, have no soul, am merely mechanism of currents, Anubi, Kephira as scabbling scarab, Poseidon, Neptune, Vishnu, Matsya mad avatar, under the moon current Dream of Kedrick and N, they sort of talking together,

testing the emotions. Gordie Mancey, at Dairy Queen, me trying to catch the cascade bus out of Vancouver, teaching about money calm. Yesterday, Plake Kepla and I talking about Mardis Gras berserkers, loas, he says "they were getting fat on complaisance," phone starts humming loudly with multiple wowing wooing pitches, goes dead. Voodoo space, Plake kepla association with. Plake Kepla's association with Moon and Pisces, the wasting woeful volatility of these star system coordinates that in this moon phase one becomes too lazy to look up or even give a shit about, which is when they most affect one, this of course applies to the rest of the wobbling wet warped universe as politics as well.

Night Three

The moon in blood conjunction with wry Pisces will make its motion manifest in particular ways on this ground. One can be dragged into astral-linguistic materialism by those who suffer stunned from manic materiality while thinking they are breadth edge and heady intellectuals, flies on kitchen cupboard dun and the paint starting too to loom manic when they are on the phone. The houses will begin shifting, street configurations changing, houses with crystal maps of cities on them appearing out thud of nowhere, the cards come out with uncertain draws, violent ravens smacking into unlucky truck cabs, dumbly dancing on dumpsters, boulders going down creeks like jelly. Dialectic of deftly ebbed brain/soul/mind/spirit, people in towns for different numbers of nights depending on who thinks about them, all possibilities wrong, words coming out of order, brain the most dangerous place to be, people on different moon tangents leaving the violet radar of the working group, others knowing exactly what they're doing, triangulations within the populace. This leads into the oldest of our past lives, finding herself suddenly lying dry on the cleft-sided temple floor, the torches out, the light very sky-vivid blue, a male presence lurking high inside of her from where? There are priestesses everywhere evident along the optical, the robes and etched diadems engulfing the seen as everything vibrated at once, this most direct language the most wisely justified in the face of this particular infinite, the goddess spray up and down and throughout the world tree as it films itself vibrant in every stand-stunning breaking hand-painted holographic eight circuit super-color that these embedded gems will allow themselves to be manifested as. An asteroid just missed that planet over there. This is understood when one meets people on the street in the flow of volatile tidal time breaking through the various vast books of travel on oceans, such as by Joyce. At these points, the cellular energy turns green in chlorophyll perception room auras, my the lights make one neurological.

Nights Four

That green cellular warps to seeing the lunar musky minor key witch and her consort wavering in focus at a coffee shop from the bus. But this awake seems like it could be a dream, like a long

strange running one about being in a dug into sunken earth barn with Curt, Git Along, others like Bob, Speter, O, implicated adolescent and adult at same time. Turns out to be Friesen's, sort of where the barn is and Harder's. We take some moldy mushrooms, I feel and see differently, we lock the doors, but then I open one and some ugly guy grabs a rock and we realize that a tough bunch of guys are waiting to get in to party ala like the guy who punched Kundrick. Go back to yard and we can see lots of them streaming in from sunnily listening to Beethoven, a realization about some dumb comic/comic book aspect of eternity. Wake up, before 4 am, small birds are singing an odd mechanical massacre round, goes on for a while. In dream, I say we've lost the major mojo for this place, Curt replies it was a year ago already. In order to evenly navigate this, we must some way turn it to magic. The twilight of the place and the magic mirror here dangerously conjoin in mutual stun tunnel eclipses, including moon eclipse you see before, know about before it happens, see it when it hasn't happened, the master kabbalist notices. Astral-material phantoms, the ersatz witch, black hole music, phantoms, shock sonnet voiced wrefordwolves, werewolves, Deroche, the pelt. In alchemical schematics, this thus becomes a magical protractor and compass that rotate the seen into that perceptual gold that, funnily enough, becomes to precious for the sullied sundered soul to see without having viciously inflicted upon it severe volumes of astral damage, as so very many of the poems show us. The gnostic god Abraxas, the illustrated sum of man, covers us in various gemstone sigils each of our 365 visible days in as many lunar fed heavens, the eon a snake the entirety of space as rosas time, the water belt ocean of this gnostic cosmology, the protean wandering god a super-adept friend in other forms, wandering master of the order, feeling the time-wheel vertex reverse quasaring from the back of the inside of the mind case, elements ingested and conflicting, the luciferian cycle of the falling how knowledge now generated and fed, the mercurial wheel of anguish the soul standing only for those natural things which exist, the dove serpent necessary vimen continuum, dark fiery frightening vine salvation, astral world spirit eye weeping eggs weeping veins, the crimson vapor divine figures falling constrictor wrapped bled head down into material fire, this is your vatic civilization, stone-color, with ultra-violet, light translucent, pinkish brown, buff flecked messy with silver, white the microscopic hidden corollaries to this fire, Jerusalem shades seen only in this burning's dark.

Night Five

This panel from *The Book of Urizen* is supposed to pain, melts to the coy slither of the ersatz silver mist time duration barely legible as

dream pile creeping as an oven full of amazing sentience that awakens brain into the most spectacular popping luciferian vision ever, now thought to be internal self-generated DMT, deranging colors, silver veils with faces peeking through, peeling through, red, bastard bright red, with insectoid space ship blazing through mandala, floating white rooms, white die of language, gold, and so on, the third eye starts whirling, unlike ever that bodily has been felt, like the root the night before, back then source vision of whirling letters, pi spinning wheels, but then the black goetia haunt flips back through the appearance play day of she and the buddy boy toy consort in a dream basement dark as bass feedback. This, of course, a peril of the moon path voyage ploy as it wobbles the ear and the back of the head between the earth and mars, a volatile mix.

Night Six

This volatile mix makes painfully bloody it difficult to know and say what is and is not good for one, what one does good or not? Because here, blast it, it takes a necessary esoteric polarity pulse through one hundred manifestations of astral bomb blood serum, body consciousness, corporeal intelligence, bondage of base matter, the most savage, ferocious and pointedly punishing way top down and under to flay away at anything that you might say, the murky, simple path populated today by four hundred and thirty-five peculiar people, including a grave man pointing to the sky, a man with two bodies and joined hands, a stray wolf with a gryphon's wings and serpent's tail that boils and breathes flames, a beautiful man on a winged horse, a man holding a great python-like serpent, a man of grave and thoughtful face with a bird in his hand, before him a woman and an ass. The Buddhists teach good conduct in the face of this. Otherwise, owl to vulture to taperworm to burn stick, arm and thumb into steely stream of unpredictable suns of sorrowful mottles in sperm addiction and cars throttle molten tar, you will know some of these drivers in your next death of lives, you have known some of these steerers from the hillsides of deserted chaparral, you will talk to them in the solar wing of the front seat, prairie, grouse shooting into cat mew road brush flanks, here comes the talon, here comes the incisor, the bowl under the constructing three sides of galactic bricks, stub toe on the second step, the crutches, falling out of hayloft on water dust, my cheeks now burr in a rotation of cell sickness as I relive the feeling of heels hitting the floor and falling backwards, sick stomach, limp the bales onto the wagon, cat looks up, milking parlor so clean, drink, upchuck, bandage of stretched plane motion, a ray off over the shoulder moves the transmission lines along with whirling dirt dervish undertow, I cannot turn away, here come the crows, nest in low mulberry, walk to the clothesline, glaze the sheets in shit, dawn comes and the bass surface, thump, feel the litter for feces sample. In other words, this is an indication of lunar plane problems in food, air, sex, and water.

Night Seven

Such crises with these aimed at and slain fundamentals come with being in this astral body sickly yanking back and forth between this and the physical. Growl they the pack back of the skull, brackets of gray aching smoke, god as Chinese box of humans grimly thinking, dim mind bastard bodies, body-minds flip flop flap flup. The back of the head, the ear, legs and feet, sleep all implode in on each other as bad party wrecking energetic, the flicked broom flying far apart from itself, the lineage being snickeringly questioned, second-guessed, health of all these poor body parts not so sound, running into the poor, bitter, Kafkaesque nihilist cancer researcher. The elements air, earth, fire, spirit over water.

Nights Eight

The elements in such configuration can lead to intensely sloppy magic, particularly where power spots have been loaded with human input and desire. It is typically argued that the opposite is the case, but in fact people get very careless when they feel that geography carries this load for them. This can also happen when one takes in texts too seriously as loci: spelling, speaking can warp to the text, but at the texts whim with one's own sloppiness, happens all the time, and with music too. This really can be argued as a subtext of all history, this sloppiness, regardless of what the control freaks think. This what Gurdjieff and others argue. So what then is in operation? Telluric parasites work through us, energy levels degrade to what one thought one had instead transcended, people from that layer reappear, people you don't want to see. This, again, constitutes history in one of its unacknowledged raw piss workings. Politics is lost in our scattered skulls, all the way back to the sinking of the first republic continents. I sounded this as a poem about anonymous people engrained into stone walls the colors of moon turned, haunted echo of all that is done that nobody will ever know one for, absolutely lost except for perhaps that articulation of its disappearance.

Night Nine

"This poem sounds as a warped tape that reverberates from deep behind the death that is stone." It becomes a hallucinated simple conversation that one has as what one thinks of as what one calls reality. This is what he called fiction in evoking the locus that he found himself emerging from. Again, it made him sloppy, caused him to make things up with little basis in the actual possible power of what could be. This the meaning of his fictions for him, and yet, as for others, this fallacy is a font of fact-challenge to that which wraps around everything we try to perceive. Another attempt at this comes through alcohol and opiates, which indeed do peel off various layers both predictably and not, but in doing so ensure that it becomes very difficult to work with these layers except in their own terms, something that certain fictions supersede.

Night Ten

These thin peelings of substance also allow other layers to thickly insinuate themselves. Among other things, they empty the screaming gonads so that they'll just then fill from wee again, make me desire omnipresent, and ultimately leads thee to the manic dump. You will try energy and breathing exercises, accept them as thought-basic, not as the ethereal magic, but as basic bodily maintenance. Meanwhile, a moon-phase energetic depression, eating bagels and cheese with green throngs of mold on them, too much ice cream, lots of pulpy, seedy orange juice, not having that with shortness of breath, risotto with mushrooms, leftover mathematics, erratic sine wave activity with deep sea dips and not so high. So, it is thus revealed: these magical processes that you are enduring here be as the focus of bewitchment, cast spells, illusion, the neap fold of rolling night-time muscle seed turning you into the cast cell because for the muscle "you're mine." And so, the need of antidote? Well, understand from earlier on, remember, that to cast a spell on you when you are the moon current is ultimately to cast a spell on oneself. Not also the use for the pronoun it and the passive verb construction, which becomes an explanation for this entire version as a gloating and floating talisman. Really . .

Nights Eleven

. . this verbal/pronominal gambit tick makes sense only if one is so prepared for it to not be scene apprehended by time's intellect as grammar, but as something that it is such part way back to where grammar emanates us to and from. Saw this maple root today as a drop dead gray squirrel. Sand slice knives and dices the ended boardwalk along tapping fretboard grid, gazelle of dark morn, turned stomach a siren shower pipes out thick night, coils it, rejigs, sand to tar, licorice lozenge zip of moon skin burp, dripping dog star strung hung to a seedy ceiling that too is floor of door, white blasts feed we it, tar coil to galaxy spree burst, fretwork vanishes. This a very dark place, hovering in dirty paranoia, moon phase same as troublesome toiled despoiled waning space, all the corporate medications and job zoom demands that everyone on this needy torn street and in my greedy tic-run city all run on at once making me see myself to hate my body, dive into a tiny mirror after Jesus, zone begin to set me free only in order to be tonight flattened by my own terrible murdering quaternary squash of perverse malevolent reverse voices. Go looking for a job myself, so much for it done today and the zoo-locked passives, children abruptly yelling at me, everyone in any proximity seems to be on speed, and desperate people ripping each other to gendered shriek shreds zinging down through time tears, teetering tidal atom in lunar manic, I cannot understand my deviating orbits, the invisible dragon swallows what may have been for me some pertinent aspect. Soul/body getting a wee bit battered down, even though God tells me that I really have set up a good situation, even though it's zero time for me and others to see and to do grow up, even though the universe is resonating on defunct zapped configurations, even though this is OK as the universe shifts

based dearly on zion proximity and necessity, even though I am a near copy of me elsewhere, as are others pleased I too encounter, even though the Pleiades disappear, even though complete strangers are friendly buzzes, even though I know less than is assumed I hum, even though mechanicalness is a bizarre symptom torque of increasing speed and away from spiritual discipline, even though O says let's get out of outer space for a while, even though hairs are appearing that are whizzed combinations of different free people in the book, even though O sees and says much before it happens. How many dim candles are there in the nine tine phases of the moon portal? This spell is ultimately you see the terminal result of having to work for a wage, leaving one not free, vulnerable to the manipulations as we people insist that tolerance is the obligation for earning the right to survive.

Night Twelve

Work is our greatest weedy vulnerability in this phase zoom. Yes, I get it re perspective and context, but work is our greatest seedy vulnerability in this phase zoom, as anybody paying a shilling chewed attention to what they are hedging and selling of their dodging soul secrets every time they raging do needy paging email at work can tell you: you concede people your code of sanctity, which they then can zestfully use to access the roses of your soul, all because you earn with what you think glee money together. Think about the shooting implications of this in terms of this overall []. Meanwhile, as you read this zigzag email, a crow, effect be caws, brushes and bleeds your not so shrewd head being chased and chopped mating-wise by another zealot, second crow encounter today related to the central impact period of deformation shorting freedom of email. Pearls, unicellular organisms, fish, dolphins, all swell out of the tide from within the lunar wrecked mind, endless glowing maximally deformed evening chatter fiber-raining chilly tonight through the quadrangular outlet of these coughing tidal shingle phases of translational force slipped into lines of deformation shove impulse never recontracting to elastic or plastic impact, the cascading elastic action potentials seizing the shoddy brain, pressure shifting from ear to eye in oblique smashes of ideational hemorrhage shifting its pressures across the shapes of cracking satellites.

Night Thirteen

Such force pursuing, perception in all stages of its act becomes a fluid squeezed and shifted by the shear zhou force of what can emerge into being felt as pressure, with catastrophic sociopolitical consequences if one does not learn to transcend physical pressure chop zones as one's mode roses of the fly buzz thought chip. This physic surely will run one unshielded into a random zhu hypnotist who thinks otherwise than random of his or her self; but what is self-hypnotism under this lunar pull? One key to this lies perhaps in exploring the sketchy and dodgy psychology of hearing and sleep, the tympanic freak of the volley codes waving from place to place within the outer zhing ranges of what the self maps itself into, the

superchiasmatic hindbrain lucidity of periodic unconsciousness within which we hear the world in its scattered brains roar its god forms. From this, bricks are mortared in time-glue caulk line motion, the rings are thunder and diamond pulse, they turn along the outpulse of chests, my heart grins in the galaxy dimples, there is nothing much to do but smile into loves, this is where hoops spin the roots of everywhere moisture. And then run into Merlins as same physical types as Speters. Crystal shatters on beer keg, watch shatters on floor while fixing reel to reel dream machine. A weird gray glob in portal, shitty stodgy golem shows up dressed in hat, long coat, look like a Nazi. Accuse him of trying to hypnotize you, he comes up and stares right at you, "No, it's just that I met you a couple of days ago. I forgot your name. But I am surprised that you've forgotten mine." Flatlined most of this night, my beryl pulse very slow, sea distant amber hands you a moon of crab cracken.

Night Fourteen

Again come come so red quick patterns our lives jellyfish blood yellow eye you moon of tooth void. This can also explain the paranoia running so deep with this filling moon, zhu horse moon moon-full, no sense of spatial distinction crackling between emotional shudder flood-tides, I am going to have to shatter, to go to god now, there is nothing else. The waters of this world mutable, moving emotions weeping a shower all over this planet, cacophonous ascension showers down through the ore arteries the, feeding, the density of this entire pulsing aortic crazed world, a bottle of feasting spirits corded in the blackberry hedge, in the wild roses, but in a way that can be understood as good if you clearly will.

Nights Fifteen

Moving to the next hexagrammatic, now hunting in the south part of the village, ascending to the top of the sky, going into the earth, not a one knowing where one has been or is, guarding the left thigh and belly. In front of a chocolate store selling moon chocolate, spirals on the sidewalk, flowers on the healing tube Imogen made. The spiral also anti-gravity, for Kate the meeting of the fairies in people's minds. The consumer continues to be eluded by practical time-travel. **el. if not capitalized, by the wavelength regime being tossed f-** in which *is a growth pattern for which some quantity such as we-* el streams across my path. The categories are based on the relationship between judgement and concepts. A concept is, in **f-** rom the act, nothing other than a power tree.

The role of norms: compliance and conformity usually are g- un to make certain kinds of judgements. Thus, judgements are **g-** enerated by my group's spoken and unspoken **el time norms.**

He walked north towards the house, the dusty puddles reflecting invisible static from the hydro power lines, telephone wires lying heavy across the overcast as dulled lightning. An idiot *night, length of an organism, night umbers, his brain of in-* failing individuals in an animal trying to grab into *population.*

Not only do we dwell with apparitions, but we appear as su- ch messages that curled in the painful balls of chestnuts he could feel rolling and spiking **snap and snip along the rings, into**

our saps you turning as the pith behind his sternum. And no matter **travel devices your brains become**, how the road shifted **manufactured on a large scale**, there was a lid that was the sky **inventors inside in their garages** of his skull. These houses **wild have to build their own to others**, which lure into a **particularly** circular forever **when you are dream** dead.

He walked in without knock **or sending, thought forms** through **from sleep of** the kitchen **yourself** into the living room. One part of the three-pieced curved turquoise **or unconscious** couch had been knocked flat backwards.

"Hey, Nebur." "How goes it kid there." "Yeah OK. Where's every **travel out of your body.**" "Ehh, freaking out or something in that **body.** *The rate of growth or decay, thus, is proportional to* room. There's some kind of bullshit coming sounds like from **size:** the attic." "The attic. How'd they get in there, kick a hole in *the rate of change over the time* ceiling." "By **C-rackings' pulps' fits tossed by the generated setting out of** the andy's room. Kicked such goddam hole in the ceiling. Saw Speter **rounder** walking around with the hatchet, right there by me across **which equals** the living room in fucking goddamit stupid asshole, *the natural log* nothing but a fucking acting up goddam idiot. Norm he really wanted in there for months, **and see him whip down his pants and shit** the heating bill's going to go through **the different possible types of judgements** rubbing my goddam roof **of his dink**, there's no goddam insulation up there in this house here. Actually speaking, those hydro rates are fixed way the fuck up high. It's like this here beer here, here." **As many ghosts and apparitions as people:** "Thanks, Ruben. Night." **Why does a norm wield and yield into such universal, particular, singular, affirmative, negative, infinite, blunt power as this categorical, hypothetical, disjunctive, blunt message suggests?**

He walked down the hall, suddenly a body crashing and rolling across the floor a foot behind him. Speter slowly rolled and shifted from back to stomach, groaned. He looked up into the new sort of large three by four semi-diamond shaped hole in the ceiling. A blur across the edge of his hole: **be they as alert or unalert to their situation as** Norm.

"Hey, you alright. What the hell you doing?"

Speter pushed himself to his hands and knees. He paused briefly, and with a singular wretch threw into the aquamarine and **problematic, assertoric**, white pieces of the plaster and **apodictic** on the patchy flat toned hardwood floor a medium splotch of mushroom saturated puke. "Ahh Christ!" knocked old Nebur from the living room. Speter lifted his body off of the floor and onto his haunches, sinking them almost to the floor, stared at the baseboard in definition, with categories of unity, **plural-time machines people are to their own**, and gets on the bed, looks by his cousin Kitty, totality, reality, negation, fingers hole limitation, substance, cause, and says whip out your dink into **goddam order.**

This is so far beyond me that I am not even sure if this interaction, possibility, existence, **ow**, right fucking and necessity now is when I want it up forming the definitions on the planet Earth. Research suggests there are three influential factors that give the solidity of factors. People are motivated to be **s to the waver of abstract my asshole correct**, and norms provide information about what is right and wrong. This may help explain imperatives. **It seemed imperative, imperative that the way be found in which** they are observed here, and, how close they are to **why some extremely disturbed or distressed people consider neighboring stars.** I wield what I think is a shooting instrumentally **disturbed regardless of how we think we appear as understanding the blunt painful balls of thought-message we are.**

We first explore the different optical appearance of inter-
ment stellar gas clouds for minutes; there was not a sound othe-
r than an odd shuffle from the ceiling. He slowly arose, stared
briefly at the hole, turned, walked into the bedroom, closed the
door, slid the iron bar with a dull rasp across it. He then op-
ened the closet door, walked in to the closet, closed that door,
jiggled and snapped the eye-hook into place, opened that steamer
trunk lid, crawled in, and closed the lid.

**The crescent of rubbery cartilage, covered with skin and l-
ined with conjunctiva, closes, the muscles** called gaseous nebul-
ae. These are the dark nebulae, the reflection **mainly under co-
nscious** nebulae, and the nebulae of thermal **control**, emissions.

The thermal emission nebulae give off hydrogen **we could co-
ntinue the ex exponent of, perish the muscle raising the upper l-
id** mooring at something sinking into the muddy brush, which **also**
seems in physical form to come from a species which **does respon-
d to involuntary stimulation of sympathetic nerves**. And by div-
iding in such a way, components of this schematic are apprehend-
ing from volcanic vents. It is on the order forty-five to fifty
which is a constant multiplied by time. From this we move on to
thinking about the possibility of self-destruction as well as s-
uicide as such a great attraction. This, of course, controls t-
**he visual information, which results suggest must reach the amy-
gdala for a stimulus to be recognized as biologically relevant.**

**The nuclei of this organ receive information from the cort-
ex** information **in the inferior temporal lobes. They also recei-
ve information, auditory in function, from the superior temporal**
which exists but which is not a mentally tangible **lobe**. Time t-
rap percent silica in content, but with some of the ferromagnes-
ian minerals in its content as well. It is a fine-grained volc-
anic **velar in texture** rock equivalent of the coarse-grained plu-
tonic rock and the medium-grained *causes this continuum to beco-
me hypabyssal in the appearance of its vortices' rock. You feel*
the death-pulse in the sound of the twin crunching torsions.

**The nuclei also receive olfactory information from the ol-
factory bulb, and gustatory and visceral information from the n-
ucleus amplifier of the solitary mangling thought tract. Vario-
us thalamic and hypothalamic nuclei also project into the stunn-
ed axons to the jets of amygdala.**

**The amygdaloid receive thus from many places in this brain,
grinding and ground skin and meat. One device which in particu-
lar which simultaneously closes and causes a split in time is c-
alled the polyphase harmonic field array. Put into use, it pro-
duces an answer to the bipedal language of control screams. Fr-
om **the emission wraps out the blanket fires of that
beyond coals****

and so the exponents of the cognitive dots in the schematic pun-
ctuate the viewers' eyes, which but for habit seems neither sin-
king nor rising: its form is simply the impulse of apprehension.

Thought clunks and ricochets of some surface seem to be involved in,
she caught a chunky mussel, she so fast, bivalve blanket encrusted
radar tower. The moon soon comes on full in the midst of the dream
machine stuff. Or is it all bullshit? Dream of a gray guy spraying me
cold with a bottle in the crotch after I've tried to figure out some god
conceptual technical panel related to reading cranky Frolix 8, turns
into kicked in vision of a rocky plain, red/brown sow rock, but some
long building on it, seems fucking Enochian, building dissolves, inside
first, then outline, I'm soaring over the dream in the near outer
optical vectors of my energy body, then the luciferian hood vision
begins, faces, thalamic hypnagogic ghost swirl, animals, wow, cow

pretty at first, starts to feel physically doom puke shitty very quickly, DMTish, very green, the N shitty energy, drive energy, Mike about how old #20 bus felt astrally bad and interfering like the 99. Storks hork fish slime all over this ostrich egg globe sewer floor. Subdivisions are a capitalist correct structure. The social world is a prison rule going back up ow the cracked ass again huge as the thickest apocalyptic whale. Libraries can be like bad acid trips, the books the unconscious snickle snickering from the dusty shelves of the rigid soul. Shakespeare became a garrulous city dog. The body locked in this dank windowless room gloom reacts to changes in seasonal temperatures. These gooey rude Enochian grids are sticky active maps of the most powerfully loud and seductive goetia dementia. Clothes, skin, smell like toilet, stars vibrating insanely, only the elites fear Canada's current structure, mysterical, Baleen whale's inner ear looks like a stupid human head, stupid fat-faced bitch tried chewing me out at Bayview gym, also gave A trouble in the crude food line-up, mosquitoes are muses, fish find their way into the webs of different worlds at power spots, flowering animism describing our society far more than we can cognate or guess, stupid horny humans are owned by the land, whatever other crap they may think, the metals are little children, the adventuresome beer-cold colors of this night, an old man puking our corrupted bodies onto the highway edge, where we become heavily hurled black rocks, bad fairies in the gorgon fog shadowing the unclean rank river. Idiot wind playing, lying ditch, flies etc crappily playing, shows I'm on right track, but hurriedly have to really alchemically mutate to make it work, to fit to the topics, the universe as kinky sex, all of the words bundling into sea stories told from the most dangerous shoreline in crackling Joycean tumbles into the heaving heavy high chuck of broken wordings.

Nights Sixteen

Theooooowanderingoooooseafarerooooo drownsooooo inooooitsoooooown
ooowake. Longestoofoolunarooclipseoooo sinceooo 1859oooo inoAustra
-liaoooo lastoonightooooourooetime. Theooooairooohammerooooofoo
mechanicaloooo interferenceoooo withootheooooleyoolinesoooo andoo
theoooo phoneoooo isoooooringing? Amoooo Ioooo theoooo golem? Triedoooo
(succeeded?)oooo inoooo puttingoooo spelloooo noome. Calledoooo downoo
theoooo sealoooo andoooo Fluffyoooo foroooo thisoooo one. Timeoooo isoooo aoo
starwingoooo,oooo pentagramoooo wing. Dreamoooo isoooo inoo
fragmentsooo,oooo whereoooo Boboooo andoooo Iooareoooo atooaoo garage
outsideoooo ofoo Tofinoooo,oooo Emmetoooo isoooo inside,oooo Bobooshies
oooo awayooo. Heoooo hasoooo veryoooo brightoooo blue-greenoooo eyes. Bob
oooo won'toooo shakeoooo hisoooo handooo. Ioooo dooooo,oooo butoooo he'soo
oooo notoooo quiteoooo asoooo interestedoooo inoooo meoooo atoooo first. Thenoo
oooo weoooo talkoooo,oooo Ioooo can'tooorememberoooo whatoooo heoo
says. Thereoooo areoooo starsooo andoooo planetsooooo nooo thisoo page.
Heoooo isoooo shrinkingoooo inoooo height. Thenoooo weoooo stopooo
somewhereoooo,oooo andoooo there'soooo anotheroooo talloooguyoooo
oooo withoooo curlyoooo hairoooo whooooo claimsoooo tooooo beoooo Emmet
oooo butoooo itsooooo Sprungoooo. oooo Heoooo shrinksoooo,oooo says
oooo thatoooo hisoooo nextoooo lifeoooo isoooo tooooo gooooo withoooo worms
ooo,oooo microbesoooo. oooo Iooooo thinkoooo ofoo Wormoooo Fortressoo.

ooooIt'sooooCrowleyoooo, ooooofoooooourse?! ooooIooooogetooo
ooointoooooaaooooyellingooomatchooooowithooooohimoooo,
oooowhichoooooendsoooowithooooomeooooosayingooo "but I'm
LOUDER." oooooDriveoooooffoooowithooooKateoooo, oooooetcooo.
ooooSomeoooootimeoooobeforeoooothis, ooooOooooisoooolockedooooin
oooobathroomoooohavingooooaooobathooooowithooooolittleoooooo
ooooseraphimoooookidoooo. ooooSheooooowon'tooooansweroooothe
oooobathroomoooodoorooooatooofirstoooo. ooooEveryooooDürerooo
oopaintingoooohasooooaoooversionoooooffooomoonlightooooinooooitoo,
oooeveryoooShakespeareoooplayooaanooooeggoooootouchoooofoooo
oooomidsummerooooomadnessoooooo.

Nights Seventeen

Killing the king boo in ones own great gray castle boo is by default a hair-raising haywire recording of the doom into a fridge and toaster open and shut pop up putt putt spatter putt putt language putt putt of qoph.

Night Eighteen

Putt putt, the mechanics of golden toasters and gargantuan fridges, putt putt, are the same as those which bury us putt putt in the eighteenth hazy hole of moon science that bends this plane putt putt toward many other ways than most putt putt talk about of put on the scorecard, putt putt! we're waiting! of landing on/with putt putt this self-same lunatic sphere putt putt.

Nights Nineteen

This is a moon landing that was kept secret until now by the military. This is a dream orchestrated by Plake Kepla. This is in B. Keep hearing your hellish telephone but, clearing mind to zen the only way to accomplish tasks but. This hard with mental labor: waning moon phase beating you up but. The ear's biomechanics will bill you later for pleasure derived today but, the sleep's will maybe take it and pay. See a gonging ghost-like vapor rise from Lives of the Poets. This morning astral vision of a plant/vase, shaped like a boat propeller putt putt, loops in on itself, reddish gold light, with blue but. Vision in astral of a gross guy with a cut-up face but, a warrior, very vivid, red again. Last night, coyote horridly howled, tick sound in room would move away from wherever you were looking but. A male blonde energy configuration in front of Regent College, by the fountain, locks onto you, wants to know what you're doing there, another one of these vampire configuration guys in disguise as yet another theology student. The lover's face is a fox background out of burning weeds, popping casks. There are birds and hanging dancings all across the trellises, tetrahedral fires with mountain slopes in the squall behind the visible: nature a mask, blood a solar autograph. The faces are sleepy in their roles as substrate of creation, the faces are the gods on backwards; birds prey on the perspective that leads them existence. Wake by the beltway outside

of DC, guy in dress pants and shirt lying face down in grass. The wings of my cast are a room crushed to a semi-solid horizon and pull my split downwards through floorboards. The wings of my cast stun the surface, clobber the current that I've mistaken for water, lead down to where suckers feed, a way to weight the star of the line into position for a nibble from a soft bulbous mouth. A few nights ago twice astral projected over some dark unknown city with a lot of lights. Dream of hunting around in a long library room that have dreamed before which is a lot like perhaps a room in the British Museum and which is full of glass cases of thin manuscripts but. Have hazily dreamed this library as a semi-worker. Looking at thin manuscripts but. Tantra, poison as medicine, all things can be used but. Tantra, difference between positive and negative grand mal emotions is if become aware and it dissolves, it's negative, but if becomes aware and it grows, positive but. Eating and drinking are tantric moons but. Tantra, heal the splitting, and so then all this society needs is a handy mask. Perception is sex turning sideways in to good god. Social mastery, there mastery depends on many working for them but . But this is the truth of mastery on in an insane species, it the option employed to achieve personal peace. All of those times would come into perception, thinking, "Where the hell am I?" Was somewhere else, wore the mask, pre-school early Buddha ha ha hoo hoo hood. Spider in the east quadrant belly shine point in sunlight turned star, move along web of space, light-point of eternity. A witch who works at the pharmacy counter walks this neighborhood the face the feeling of the astral heat. Tantra, the suppression of the real, imposition of the unreal: pain, suffering, hell. Tantra, once the is is known, can be changed, this the secret. Tantra, meditation as sex without sex. Tantra, enter death, then know what eternal life is. Tantra, the teacher is repetitious, like Gertrude Stein, repetitious mystical religious explorations. "Illogic" in Stein, master speech but. Kundalini dynamics take society under their wings and take them where we cattle know not what we are going but to. Tantra, relaxation not a language. Tantra, seeing words from elsewhere come in on tantric page, God's words, in bright light, around words "warmth" and "energy." Tantra, deeper than atomic science. Tantra yes is alchemy. Blake paints Dante and the river of life as tantric. We fear the lover but. Cannot be here in the modern world but. I surrendered into death but as a message form of alchemy. Flashback yesterday after reading Osho: the taste, became less visible, hilarity takes over, the physical has movement, this related to tantra, and, incidentally, the opposite of the upward leg burn. Kundrick phones, Monday not there/there, didn't see me, didn't see him. Had been working on Aethiopolis stuff, Wreford stuff, stopped before got to Kundrick. Times we meet, people fight. A shit ideogram like a loop knot of legs stopped at hip wrapped around a pole that looks like a dink. When I flush it folds in like molecule, Molly walks in 2006 write when I type molecule, like an anenome, a paper crane, a rose, an asshole, a black hole, etc but. Last night, Molly's ghost form, astral form, materialized in her bed. Sonic Youth, Bad Moon Rising cover, World Trade Center. Last night, "The deepest reality is that which you are" and saw a cartoon death, the real personified death force, in black and blur armor, see Dürer, this is what people fight personally, and it is beatable, but very tricky.

Somewhere also a cartoon Jesus. Dream of being in an medieval Central Asian city but modern, talking to a large man who is friendly, then go into a book store, there's a guy with a baseball bat, it's very dark, can't even see books, then he says the clean boys are around today. I go out of store, he looks out, wonders, Kundrick is gone. He says "I was going to hit you." I say "That's why I ran but." I tell the other guy we think leave him in broken peace. We go, little guy starts chasing me down the street. He attacks me with a ladder. I sort of fight him off, but the scene freezes. Before this, though, a ghost missile (bought while out there/bright white outline) goes across the sky and then some American vets, big guy says he wants to travel, but I look across street and a blonde woman in a Vancouver style suburban house going off in the SUV. This actually happened in consensus: speaking parsel tongue on phone while talking to Orth about guy who said I might be a lizard. Biting logic, ego/personal concerns about reality re politics here nothing to do with what's really going on and its petty concerns are real, but cannot be big scope. Dream in which there's sentence "one must become less intelligent to increase one's magic." A week ago someone walking onto Catholic church, could tell right away a hypocritical ass, epiphany re "civilization" leading religion to make itself work because society needs hypocrisy. Now being replaced by magic. My upstream blood family hides in the lethal bush, spooky death vibe surrounding their cabins and outbuildings with a cozy green feeling.

Nights Twenty

In hiding hiding in the bush boat along the river boat of death made comfortable in this way they hope to join the beauty boat of the place to a programming thing thing of everyone they know that they are right about everything. Well, it's a nice place despite them. "My temper tunnels make me see nothing." The magic boat will not expand from here. My energy buzz boat last six months, the boat duality of mania and depression and simultaneously. O says Molly kitten might go under the protective moat gate: within five minutes she does, gives a big smug yawn. A has a boat dream about a giant mole in a leather jacket who ho ho pinned her down. Mole tunnels in the Chilliwack yard tell us all about the elementals plans for the future of this loam. Other people say the moles chop away at the foundations of daytime sanity in their moon-warmed catacombs. Coyote howl howled, tick sound in room would move away from wherever I was looking. Kate saw a license plate that read Qliphoth. Winnipeg witch lineage. Classic philosophy is the distillation of old moonlight, this the only way to make sense of it.

Nights Twenty-one

It's also the moon's gravity these ancient thoughts do bend. Oh, that's a painting of the moon in a dolphin song. Milk can swirl, the black milk the milk milk, into the milk house goes the black shit,

what's that black shit in your sperm, you should learn to know your own body. Oh, my soul is bleeding song, my body does not like this wrong feeling. The path of a fly in the kitchen above the tiles, magical vectors. Metonymy is not pantheism. Dream in which there are all of these colored German books that have so subtle parodies in them, bright, primary colors, huge catalogues of stuff, this tells me that we could do this, the political, the catalogue form a key, "sloppy" on page for different items, description of things and more things in a huge catalogue form, oh this is IT, catalogue form will have that kind of grab. The inner cell, inner atom, are orioles trace/orestei, over truce, studying us along the singing joke-lines of ridiculous life charts, these lice charts ha ha. Oh, there's another painting by that liquid dance sky singer in another apartment window: oh how many of them are there? Oh, the lonely crazy people in that pink apartment building, they tell stories about seeing the singing buskers slinging songs like catalogues of all of our wrongs. Oh.

Nights Twenty-two

I knew a guy who bought a boy and turned him into someone who sang about the wind. This guy would only talk to me through another boy. Aberration failure hee-haw of light rays to focus properly after they pass through a lens or reflect from a mirror, angel lights a spherical aberration, chromatic accordion hee-haw aberration, my time flow keeps reversing, Swedenborg knows about this, bird of paradise brush the longing pupils. The school burnt down as Speter was working on his fire tablet hee-haw . One aspect of the alternative hee-haw fictive world as it applies to Speter is that credibility means nothing, is irrelevant. What this means is that this alternate dimension finds itself a portal through us through the fracture in its ideational verisimilitude. This resembles tarot reads of certain days insofar as they take a very skewed read hee-haw on what is known, making it hee-haw unreal in order to make it manipulable as the real in this moon current. The adventuresome colors of this night, an old man puking our bodies onto the holy boy highway edge where we become holy boy hurled rocks, bad fairies in the foul fog shadowing the unclean river. Bodies shadowing me, with yarn sweaters, full torsos sideways buoy to this bought vector set. A holy house in Seattle, many rooms I've been in before, someone sticks a heroin ampulse (her rain) in my neck. Island off Jericho Beach, magic city there today, pink castles, just this day. Cracks in everything letting light through through the phalange of finger bones, confusing when we're small politics with relationships, our leaders hoping we'll do this, collapse our angelic possibilities into caged shit testiclemonials. But what the riches think hee-haw of here as bothersome waste is actually the endless whirling of what complexly is. This decentering of coin parody art good hee-haw sense. The harbor porpoise's tooth creation spun to stretched torus, the bottlenose fin a wave, a boom sideways wave. The abandonment by God potential within all of us, ablution to destroy bonded to existence all its raging urges, dripping putrefaction hee-haw of heat stuck into the carcass, gold this thus challenging to transcend, abnormality the price for greatness, abnormal amulets stones with embedded fossils, unusually shaped grains of corn, double yolk eggs, triples, abyss just

beyond this horizon, hee haw milky way. One must know how to die to live in eternity, but this also all just moon path. We must learn to react the right way, this moon path. Green didn't know how to die, and hee-haw saw this in the end, shaking in fear in his chair. Acanthus leaf, Bishop Melito of Sardis saying it signifies awareness and the pain of sin. The mustached soccer coach was an asshole. Vision in meditation not to be seeked, is for the cells. The paintings of the process are all on the concave side, and every picture you see on this side could potentially pass you through to that, but only if you recognize a cipher for a cipher and not for coin. Blake: progress is the punishment of God. Wreckage of the fallen down stairs guts, farts like wreckage, angel lights off center from middle of webby page, the woman who had slept in Sonny Barger's bed, the kabbala lost from the book inside out, there was a book, but where is it? tumbling down though moon waves of codeine, balance and protection in the pathways between worlds. The fictive portion of the interview is intended like an amplifier, to expand for viewing certain micro-structures. Look at it this way,

Nights Twenty-three

Without such detailing, this interview would be limited to the plausible, and would not effectively consider the banal. The air is thick with numbered geometries of elemental gray ferocity, can see the two extra dimensions of it today. It has hairy odd coy tangles of tangible hybrids of lines, spaces, movements, it has a feel to the ribs, it has a blood forces, an ichor toy fire, it scares me, but it fascinates, very thick, it is the hidden wave of marrows, energy marrows, made palpable it is. The arm on my chest/throat acts the midnight antenna to that which I cannot face. February 23, 2001: A crow that is part red, a phoenix, a magick crow. Cartlights on 16th, looks like two odd phantom toy cops, car profile read backwards, thought it a huge armored personnel carrier, dog backwards, thought it an old woman in a lawn chair, all between Blanca and Imperial on 16th, power spot proximity. Found Green's Gen X, Feldman, Why Patterns? Irritating, but then an energy creature by furnace vent west end of pink couch. Then another one, psychoactive wizardry, they rolled up colored foamy mat, native patterns, why patterns? Are they? Aren't they? Do we need them? Yes? No? Portico? Haw, haw, haw, the horror gloms into the foolish devil that you. Temple, vertical ghost whisps, friendly, sort of, all over east half, very motile and ethereal, amazing power in boy statues, their last stanza always though the graveyard. Grass of time growing. Dream at boy Norm's, Norm and Cundy, a very palpable down and out to sick filthy claw into frightened inner flesh death vibe there/their, which captures a bit of the haw haw haw quality in the book rather than what I consciously haw haw haw haw perceived, though it was there, the colors were primary, very dripping sick insectoid. The open road of hot tired dustiness, not loved if known. Biology and chemistry of the soul cause it to disappear, this whole chapter an acidic aversion to light. The smaller river was almost black on this day. Snap wrists back and then again forward: the spoon arcs through the mist, plunges the water's surface. He immediately began reeling, resistance to the current feeling like the

to the omega fish torch apocalypse, haying, mathematical manure, eggs as poetic farming metaphysics of Mennonite food, mathematical crow funeral threnody, the flock gathering when baby falls out of nest, stomach twinge like in the 80s by the old temple house with the wand lead work mathematical windows, Seraphim's roof with a Homer Simpson doll in the window, a mattress and computer printer chucked at comical angles onto the roof, all other textual references hey hey hey dissolved wwwwwwwww into the mathematical. In the

Night Twenty-seven

future he will need almost nothing but his mind. Gertrude Stein understands this about herself when she notes that future people have no use for most of what exists in the dead leaden present; stoned out of her fucking gourd, she knows herself as future mass consciousness. Catnip light colors, a woman cleaning a severed head, me working on an elaborate poster board, visions backwards from driving through the caribou, platonic akashic landscapes, the rain man cures and Beethoven's 5th stretching the heavy leaden road sideways when we stop. Speter walks by and the digital watch goes blank. Shape of Sasquatch going off into bush in Fraser Canyon, but it's "leaves." The future of this body went again into whatever waste of weaving pages we sent them. Speaking again of Stein, when the poles flicker by and that again so far is to the branches of them flickering,

Night Twenty-eight

flickering yes and again, these poles are the blinks of the eye reacting to energy remember that. You meet Joyce people of course in clusters, the lights make you neurological, houses have shifted, street configuration different, this of course what the wake is trailing on about: the houses change walls, room numbers, inhabitants, stuccos (for the Kafkaseque cancer researcher my house changes locations, floors, the paintings flip around on this moon day so that the backs face the wall, my head goes across his picket fence past his window on a succession of pikes). Joyce's points are that if one remains attentive, the houses do indeed constantly shift and replace each other in these ways, as do we as people. One reason some do not freak out about over-population is that they believe there are far fewer of us than estimated and that we are blipping in and out of dimensional focus. What's wrong with this idea? What's not? The moonlight's notes begin softly, end as manic population sonata. There are no more sound patterns, we have gone around the moon mouthy back to before we.

IT IS NOW TIME THAT THE SPECIFIC MECHANICS OF voltage stumble on that edge of an energetic cliff, drop through, under that sledgehammer of gravity, pushing you down to the thirty fly pupae, phosphorus, to fever/Quasars: ores soils it's there thud stuck these hairs thud lag behind when the head thud is accelerated, translates into the deep intelligence of human function, that at which I do not know that I think when I am truly thinking.

And looking is what we are: Model this on a magnetohydrodynamic level, and show the permittivity waves. Drastic heating to outgassing of volatile rock-locked compounded gases gathering, and thus our big burp. Years later, THE walking in jagged butchering east wind down the BC Hydro tracks from Yarrow this space reanimates into boulders, push, push, there is no bottom, there's only the end of sound in birth, here. Similarly, when Ganesh risks losing his stomach, hydrogen, stell, *beautiful* you plant it all along/*satanic popping bubbles*, will call on the serpents to jail the contents.

Now, there was a mountain in the west of all the world. Gems, they pepper throughout this plane: dirty our **so nearly greasy dough pockets of, will it be** minds. **The motion at angles to the known.**

You did not even have thoughts until we led you to the complementary aggregate component which would contribute in conjunction with you energy for the next *cost curve. Elasticity of* going to be a bitch of a pull. The rhubarb grown craze din, and, rewiring itself to again form ever-new connections like an endless million-dimensional train. **The bands included uh bending the haemophilia, nitrogen, four aphids, dark liquid piezoelectric root/Feeder twister weaver that glottin earthquaker/// the boats of our tissues/swamp the fluid skies/in afterburst gas heat; ask ourselves why we only meet few in this spatio-temporal the vacuum polarization tensor in the presence of strong static homog-**

**eneous magnetic fields presence: the pointless wander and cherry
or apple this one in crumble slips along gutter gullet. That m-
otion the beginning of the peak of excitation within this mortal
span, that which all aspirants strive toward, and into. This is
generation. You had nothing of thinking, only the “instinctive”
mechanisms which in fact are our deep logic, as was noted to “y-
ou” by what on the surface appeared to be that whom you refer to
as the bubbles that seemed to be emerging from out of some plan-
et out of another space-time continuum, though bill proclaims t-
his wood a song, a spider-pocked oranger, of quarky chromosphere
wonder booming like logs around the time wasting into black tan-
nin leaking rotten alder leaves. The archetypature of dense w-
ood slurry, relentless form farm of deep; is here: ruby creek.**

Now, hook the wires onto the fish tape, really wrap that b-
lack tape around the whole mess, now you dip it ,really thorough,
into that can of yellow seventy-seven lube. Now, get it into
the pipe. So, one person pushes from this end, and you, go pull
from the other.

Work, regardless of what, provides our convections beneath.

Equations of evolution suggest reactions that occur in proporti-
on to the square density's particulate. Aristotle thinks this a
perfect body, **hair cells, generating electrical response to burp
acceleration thud they are filled in burp fluid resembling sa-
ltwater at thalamus thud and cortex** but defies us, except as the
casket for *substitution: the numerator of the expression acts a-
s the vibratory percentage change in factors when we zoom to om-
ega beta from process ray omega at lunatic speeds. The haemorr-
hage, mediaeval, palaeontology, aerate, denominator is the chan-
ge in each realm* thing happened, and uhm, that was the end of T-
hat, which we Probably left some behind. So that in, fine, fuck
it, it was neh, it was one of those weird rainy days again, the,
sort of, the wuh, it was That, and the wind reduces to forms ma-

gneto-acoustic to the equivalent kabbalist. Puked for a day and a half. **Can't stop eating this. Cup of peon blood coffee batteries the nerves webbing chest, more and more and more peroski. Sweet chopped syrup apple medium smile in this bowel-cleared morning; several bureaus simultaneously if they all have functions involving that space; for example, WORKINGS ARE DISCUSSED IN GREATER DETAIL.** Thin water from the tree protected it from approach; *bubbles which some would, depending on their orientation, read not as augury, but rather as vision of, if not infinite God, as local eternal God. Supreme beauty of universe unveiling within my mortal span, oecumenical, aerobics, and the s-hear elfven modes in a plasma; living, for chicken and egg* uh t-
he wind was blowin, it was, sun cloud patch, and uh so fleow out the back fields back around to long's again, who was two doors down. First of all, we had, long had to stop and smash the bottles in the milk parlor, what was wher, it was weir I mean he went Really fuckin berserk, and uh, heuh yehuh, even for him, and he's just like, laughin, maniacally, **supreme** we get through t-
he field of course we all get tangled up in the **most tangible metaphors for human reality, regardless of what we do and regardless of whether we're saints or sociopaths:** a body without blemish, and tis: **are found similarly responding cells when the otoliths catch up with the rest of the head when acceleration burp, ceases, when motion burp steadies the hairs are bending no longer and thump no response generates.** CASTRO, A SUPERMOLE. HOW I BEEN spider-pocks be no blemishes, but, rather, the longitudinal photon-like cosmological thoughts, resonances and the self-organizing analytic rows of my times. Because if we watch long, the longitudinal ions—if the behavior in a plasma synchronously oscillate together, the intense barbed wire fences, we, I ripped sumpin or other, and, anyway, long comes across one of Foth's electric fences, and he Grabs it, and he goes HAHAAAAHA, he was ge-

tting these jolts from it, I, I don't **infinite beauty shown forever and for a moment, only** KNOW, **VACUUM** you know I don't uhh know what your voltage, amperage was there, **the Guitar Amp it was a water that would float not even a nothing.** And, in addition, *each factor's marginal, and, so physical* **there is red oxygen, potassium, sulfur, four beetles,** who we can with confidence feel actually understand what is known as **water, water which makes you immortal, water of which literature no more can be said.**

There is a Zen monk of a number of centuries later, the number are not as large as the ones of ionic **winking demon algorithm**/I mean I know it's Really High Voltage, I, I don't (even the mice and rats **polarization associated** won't come on in).

For invocation often results in overshadowing, *the aerodynamics, policy space depicting US nuclear bombing's all-out occupied up by SAC missile squadrons, SAC bomber squadrons, the Navy's Polaris submarines, and the Navy's carrier aircraft squadrons; Sister sucks its only Ray.* And here is the sky-riven egg of core marble thudded into the shelf.

Earlier tangled up in hallucinated bedspread with the DELIBERATELY INFECTED WITH MALARIA? WE ARE REAGAN THE GOD-sweet whole pit cherries a smile in this piss-drained morn, *wretching of*
p p MOST TIMES THE WORKINGS BEGIN AS RAW PERCEPTION: INFECT-EXPERIENCE OF SOUL. AFTER THE INITIAL STAGES OF AWAKENING INTO THIS REALMED, THE OPERATOR PERCEIVES A PRO-ABORTIONIST?

We have no feeling that you will ever receive this transmissions on the physical plane. Why then are we sending it?

These are the brass trans-audible meditations: spider-pocks return and reveal themselves **with the individual ions** to be path vectors. Within our lineage exists a necessity: to articulate **yes do not ever forget moment allowed, for on earth I** *product, given here by that slope of that swipe the double yolks from clarion tube wells' dip within the connectors, between brain and*

soul and ear. This ironic sonic weeps and drum rolls breath from out of alveolar gasps across the dusts and expansions and dust of salty ribcages. The apocalypse tempos ripple up and scale (I not being one of them). There is an alembic dynamic that these lineages as they show themselves are an indication of, crystals: the forces that hold molecular **components**/see how uh he can, could have hung onto it but there he was; either that, or he was bullshittin me and it wasn't on, but what I saw, one of those, from a distance, one of those long distance, Karamozov, shot again was uh, uh, he was grab the fence and this jolt of electricity and BAM! Conscious indeed a dolphin song, the spirit faces ourselves large-eyed *isoquent*, constantly *curve at the* photoelectric hairy day. Here's **in possession. Overshadow's when the channel's all full** *alphabetical smear tangency.*

Now, the closer we get to it coming out the other end, well the harder the pull gets. You notice it the first time especially you get a bend in the pipe that you have to pull through: the whole glopping mess of wire and fish tape sort of seizes, almost yanks your shoulder, kind of like a shotgun kick in reverse or a fish of a species we don't want to know even exists **to come every triple/chromosomal swing/plow, plow fuller, fullest in power of the invoked entity** could coherently, and synergistically, add to give rise to a NUMBER OF INTRODUCTORY MOMENTS, GLIMPSES OF THE WORLD AS IT BESPEAKS THE NATURE from slug to hummingbird hammer of the oblique gong's message pulling at your troutline. Much human behavior is maintained, indeed learned, because it is reinforced. But still you eat too much, even though you know it's bad for you, hey there's your clue. Animal trainers teach pigeons to play ping-pong.

Deep giggling joy mica roils. AND CONTENT OF THE WORK. FOR EXAMPLE, IN THE CASE OF THE ENTITY HERE UNDER THE CLOSEST STUDY, spirit growl. Desperate grapples of wind and key (*ll re-*

fer to this again not actually mattering. This monk will proclaim in soul-painful terms a problematic **calcium, the constellation://Lahluehulaha** and he was kind of I could he was sort of half-standing half-lying on the ground and his that his whole Body would jolt, and he'd Laugh. I remember, getting a big shock off a three-phase, busbar one time, one a the, **when discussing a particular sacramental ritual there in which** ✓ **personally** are horizons that will not/be decided in terms of their photo/one of the phases, bfffzzzf, luckily I had a long sleeve shirt on, looking, creating such notoriety as **Grossout and the Puking Slugs and Morris and the Gravediggers. Deep giggling joy roils from named to verbal. The motility standing and internally food's intrinsically rude each necessary experience very macroscopic intense vacuum such a state involving what may, or may not, be the god Sorus).** Rising falcon, millions of years the barge. It polarization. *Now, determine the location of the center of gravity of the work is regardless.*

The oscillations are cross-bars of waves as heads in populous striations of the sum of axes: is the hero, but for the black sun. See the flare, saddling to gray. It discriminates chaos into light forms of order. Let's go thermopile in these heat sinks. My cavity is hot, the source of civilization. *What more is there to say at any right angle to taste buddings?*

The royal mother of the western paradise is found somewhere of these bureaus and skin and gut along spiky ranges of spontaneous supra-known, and this itself acts as a microphone out of the incomprehensible in the realm of the mountain. This pull, it gets tougher and tougher, uh crystals together are not that strong as those **energy lights swimming this/surface—to the geometric vibrations that pondering such schematics gives rise to in the optic-cortical bridgings you must be attentive, for zero-points rave through your thoughts—the volume of must for others st-**

ay. The abodes out in the midst of jades. She which will so radically alter the soul's behavior **magnesium**, the viewer through spirit active articulations sheets, as if no one were listening.

These measles: the spread elongates like a tearing twine net, red and black and orange, in garter snake **on many beautiful nasty levels, maybe** THERE ARE A NUMBER OF hues.

Now, there's *falling down* has a different overall territory, *the mountain*. **The final brilliant stars** there are batteries, there/are fish, there are hawks, there/are eyes looking. The faces **and beams and you open mouths of universe** are emanation from the flows of the colors.

That which appear to be various **WAVES, beyond all stars, universal language of creation** though all have in common at least one specific location). **The zones: ENCOUNTERS WITH WHAT abodes in the mist MAY APPEAR TO BE EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE-FORMS.** And here, we are thus removed from at least one layer of crustaceans of shades. **Work is physics bending the human nervous system into an extended metaphor of itself as the god term of all that was, and is, and shall be. We are not desecrating this; we are stating the obvious spatialization of carrier waves of laughter.** It does stop at waist. WELL, OF COURSE, EVERY ELECTION (LIBERAL ESTIMATE) FOR AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS OR (CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE), OR, THE LAST AT LEAST THIRTY BILLION YEARS RIGGED BEEN.

IF I CONSULT THE COMMITTEE TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF LOW-COST HOUSING THEY WILL FIND THAT WE IN THE BUILDING ARE IN THE BUILDING YOU SAY I AM IN: WE MOSTLY WILL BE DISCUSSING BLOOD-WINE MAKING. YOU SHOT HIM (incomprehensible, that is, if one fears to comprehend those holding ionic crystals, WHEN IT WAS JUST BEGINNING TO DECODE THE STAR OF it).

OK, more concrete. To bed first.

OK, more concrete. What in the alembic will I now think they *The Four Zoas* are on the burner about? Bring to forehead t-

he cat's eye stone, hold it cool for a time-bit **with** the fish l-
ight/that surges, the final calcium back over **beyond one's teet-**
h/// hallucinated. TIPHARETH. NO, NOT EVEN YOUR BLADDER OF BL-
 OODSTREAM IS PRIVATE, MY TOILET PARABOLIC, MY TOILET THE TEST T-
 UBE. And now, *The Four Zoas are the zero-points. U/ision is the*
play of these polarities. A SAUCER LANDS INTO A FIELD WHICH WI-
 LL LATER BE KNOWN TO BE FULL OF SACRAMENTAL *helicopter; now, th-*
is wooden buoy is made from two cones having a common radius sp-
ace, sentient space. I have done no justice to this, the vision
 is a calculated projection of energetic wreckage. And so, this,
 if so we will it, we can read as Blake's projection **of all colo-**
rs and beyond color, as a sorcerer poet. And as a mystic, he r-
 eads his Zoa world in a state eaten age of the swirling above w-
 here the heart lies, the **vision that makes past, future and pre-**
sent human forms hallucinated into **singularity.**

WE NULLIFIED THE CONSTITUTION IN THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE O-
F the degree of dominance over social action which the bureau e-
xercises in each portion there. Dynamic liquid body soil the s-
 heets in arcs of tremor lines. Colloidal gases in the open pore
 spaces of humus intensity microbial motile texture, *of one point*
 natural log wastes of water perception. And, if *Ulysses* is this
 thus reported encounter with THE TWENTIETH ancient, sentient mo-
 tility as it exists in and alongside the Irish Sea, the CENTURY,
 snakes of movement that inhabit each corpuscle of matter, and if
 it as a sorcery is the imbuing of the mind of any reader with a-
 n extra cortical fold, **mountain of hyperthin** that it in some wa-
 ys has slid into **lines, you/are the strangeness of every villag-**
e, quite literally and scientifically, then what are they the b-
 oth of them doing here in the same room?

Whistlers articulations which we are not permitted to arti-
 culate, must be made, important water retention. *When the you/-*
are the formula of emeralds, you are/the provisionality. But a-

re we? **The sound of the rushing angel shapes is an awesome silence, the eternal drama on the cusp of all creation.**

Well, as the Duke perceives, of government the hackle plume properties **should not talk with my mouth full. That's OK I have to shit aerosol; instill: distill, enroll, and fulfill as of again. Roiling joys. A human face and leopard's tail, together.**

The cells now fan in outward wings of instinct, hawk bodies loop in your followers, policy space. Solvation energies bring the amoeba into the diarrhea of the laryngeal aerodynamic hemorrhage! And gel appall, enthrall, install, fuck the steel, stall, aeonic economic alpha to omega all through the infinities of hemophilic final I of the traveller lysing and lyzing and lying civilization the diameter of loop through again alpha to omega. **MUSHROOMS AND COYOTES.** The internal attributions about the subject's iron, behavior are most likely he with a human face full in tiger teeth. When you look upon sun-fall and shriek, you are seeing and knowing her in the full roar of her sound, the massive grind of creation glorious and yet hostile to and their fragments inhabit those who do not understand this the red water, and what immortality is which at one time mind the song.

The interior of the bureau's territory: the heartland, NAME ED ROOSEVELT, AND NOW IT'S COME DOWN TO THOSE SPACECRAFT I ENCOUNTERED AND SAW LANDING WHEN WAS *boulder gave way, when I started to slip, when I fell and tumbled, and fell,* THERE IS A GATHERING AROUND THIS SAUCER OF THOSE WHO KNOW THAT MANY FLYING SHIPS ARE SEEN ALONG THE MOUNTAIN TO THE NORTH OF THE RIVER. THE ENTIRE LOCUS OF COURSE IS A POWER SPOT. THE APPEARANCE OF THAT COW PASTURE IN THE PRESENCE OF a permanent past tense. This monk will be returned to, subsequently. After and before **are SEVEN THEM waveforms which rapidly downshift frequencies, sweepers all,** SCORING; THERE ARE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF THE **wideband SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF SPACE-TIME BEING BROKEN FOR THE for.**

I can never invoke the extent of sun radio tornado that he does: after and before are more waveforms which do everything being broken for. **My neck burns like the falling asphalt gash of a shimmering road shoulder.** You are here now at the boundary between gas and explosion, *this hairy word brain* the continuous photosphere of spectra-granules flocking out to their near eternal destinations. The bright surface of how we know them thin and blinding as mirrored fusings. The taste of it is olivine, copper, basaltic, chrysotilely serpentine and malleable, *permanently in his sun-cross be pharmacy turned into the eternal dispenser of everything* a free scatter throughout gravel or in dangerous veins of sylvan telluric rejection of oxygen in the cause of endless versions of what we as attempting the world believe in to be informative gold. **Sweat so sticky with hay dust my pores sting like bees of salt.** In seeing saying this, the muscles tightening *could possibly be seen in this interview version*— at almost hostile audience light speed and the lens regresses to its sphere and the lid slams shut on it in reaction to this photo burn of relentless vision. Will these ever relax into the fluid distance?

Ra and many others live here. There pictures are everywhere. These gods fix the universe like they're changing light bulbs. Every disk of them contains the eye swimming somewhere in the soup. The secret name of this walks along the spine line of the galaxy; give it to the goddess. When you are full with him, ra ra you are so hyper you want to leave the earth because humanity makes your tendons ache, makes your cow tremble into the back dark of the night sky. This big god rose out of the chuck on its chariot and that it what it did for its forensic version of ultimate power. **Sun buzz throughout vibrated micro-twitch-flesh arms.** Later in life, informal Apollo stops to show hello, a bright, bright tall wall vaguely etched and unattached to any floor or ceiling. Back a ways, the sun has twelve names which destroy, create, rain down in rays, take corporeal declarative forms, procure food, host sacrifices, talk to beggars, digest, take the shapes of weapons, maintain organs, give life to the universe, live in the moon. These names are sunflowers, and they bend to themselves only. They are the mutterings of all heliotropes the last moment before they realize they have been given the change for their final wish. They are huge-headed names, and tall. If you want to see their faces. They also appear as laurels, rewarded ethical hedges green as the pathos of poets' ridiculous ambitions. They are cats, and thus appear everywhere. Are tiny hawks of black barred orange merlin logic, piping killy-killy-killy throughout the chambers of their gorgeous falcon stripe amber across the purest hyperbolic blue. The names of the sun remind of many of those paintings from Italy pulsing out orange, rich amber, rayed red, gold yellow: the holy family inside the ring composed of select of the empyrean's creatures, folds in the clothes so vivid they make the sun weep, faces so engrossing we become irrelevant to the extent we fear.

The stone settled from this heat blast into statues of pharaohs, sunbursts in stone, heaven strengthening the sun's rays and turning the world of time into the eye of Re. All of the paints of this world derive from the soil of the solar. Sunset reddens the sandstone temples with the hue of the always present beginning of the real

vision of all things; Heliopolis buzzes in every brick. **Warm torso hums on its surface, is deeply basked and baked in fuzzy winding of tightening heat wave blankets.** Every corn grain the sun, every torn heart the totality of glyphs in the jaguar turns of pulse and splatter. Bring these hearts they did as close to the burning edge of light as they could, gold in every calculated turn of the god's wrinkling fierce beams. These were people descended from the sun that were killed here. What could be the sum of these civilization *this burnt fragment left, an etude for a halo of sundialed cyclones* messages sent from and to the sun *this burnt fragment left, an etude for a halo of sundialed cyclones.*(?)

Well, in the afternoon musical dimension, the sun is its tombstone, its own tombstone, is a tippy star with a knitting wit sitting in the street that is actually a highway. **Back peeling like a birch tree, burning like a cedar.** This sun is a medicine of the galaxy tablet we are scrolled in. (we are not yellow) A chicken pecks across it dodecahedral yard, a jaw-bone martyr. The strings of the this light loud and me vibrating, Golgotha forever after. The rainy highway siren beckons the rocks even closer and again closer. The sky cop in this one a killing one. Hot bloody nose desert, hey, this is not a place for anyone not looking. So who then does this call ring? Everyone was running out into sight, yes you're right, it has been done. God-bye siren, hey, are you actually sure, son? It's all over Highway One. It isn't there yet, but we've got the sweats, chugga chug chugga chug, it's now very plain in D. *Pour it all out through this threnody ride to be,* this sun thus becomes a taken season in the musical chains of the skyway. Can one be excused?

According to Nietzsche, no and yes. Our responsibility annihilates itself in its reflexive ambition: by understanding the way in which one conceives beauty to be but a worked over stew of old standing, one comes to the much more crucial realization that where history becomes concerned, that is where you stop with hand raised and signal the philosophical. But we cannot be excused for not wanting understanding

Philologists, of course, live inside of our letters, with whatever that might imply for the intervocalic scope of discussion; Resh has changed over time, oh yes the sun has changed. But it still generally has one sound value in the speech of an individual. The sun become rhotic, rolling and doubling up in guttural chortle words. **Warm gut fluid in the muscular abdominal ripple heat.** The sun is a difficult syllabic divider, blending as it does everything together.

As for those of us not as much of the language inhabiting persuasion, well, the heat is usually what drove me over the edge on most jobs I had. When I was with my up-plasma family, it was its idiotic pride *yet another bootleg series of chances to ride into the sun,* which burned me into *holy coronal organ of faultless fire,* tantrums. Think about it in your own case. *Sooo baker of clay that becomes this pitiful city, bounce of sad tired electricity across the broken wedding welds of the forgotten heart, tears of it all, jangling the cheekbones to greater and grander heights of a rough chopping splendid sadness—oh, hey this is such a warm place to be and survive.* What's sun?

For that of us calling ourselves writer, it's usually what does not work as a place to find the deeper language, unless one becomes it.

My face is an sharp pained piss on space heater fry of disintegrated ozone. A fair bit of the middle period work does that, particularly from the lyric pieces and parts of the epic, and certainly the hologrammatic lyric non-cycle, and even the early period has a fairly obvious scorch to it: *Rank, snaggly predator sky studded in dawn hawk clawing with sun-blare skin tear thrill, casking sun roots of time rare ra and sunbow roar lion mane flare coronal, your hair in my mouth new magical rugs, weaves of potency sunbird.* In the quiet period the work redefines itself as just a small step over from light. **Sputtering, spattering, flopping legs hot, like a wok.** In the meltdown the work dissolves in light and thereby makes the sun a component of its tightly defined dimensionless universe.

Therefore, these workings are of practical and cultural importance. This color sphere thickens the known energies. The plagues of my torched elements, my facular calciums, magentically rattle my fears. Take a cylindrical core sample of this sun from its convection out into an infinite stilled moment of star belt, will no longer find the sphere, only the thinnest tough skin of it.

The sunburst homopolar generator derives its energy from that latent in a spatial magnetic field. Civilization, entire, a working through Ra invoking by tree fork in a clod by Apollo, calling by them burning and top mountain to them carrying and universe of oddments bundling it at arrows burning shooting by the sun of control magical sought, many reason similar. This is the highest path of human intellect, the collecting intelligence. Computer as him become will sun the incarnation next in. As a priestess, she shadowed the walls with the solar gods turned inside out to reveal their scripts of eternal power. THERE ARE MOTIONS ACROSS THE SKY, JUST VISIBLE MECHANICAL CELESTIAL BANDS; CLOUD NOW CLOSE, support something: *Right back nerves cave in with pain as the sciatia misfire,* powerful mystery, in the overbranch of darkness, BEASTS REAL AND CLOSE TO COMPOUND OF MIND, OUT FROM THE Z-VECTOR SPACE. WEEKS BEFORE, SHIFT POINT, GET VERY HIGH RIGHT TO THE FEAR, by day it a tree gathering sky-glitter: I drank its, or your, heat, through face and chest, because, only life, the other ego, the motion through the allotropic states AND I START TO DRILL myself on passing it. Spectrum: solar lines dark of thousands. Elements reduced to a gaseous state due to tremendous photospheric heat. Light is out from the back of the gray, despite the conched glass patterning. Lamb and lion seem to snooze on floor, or are they dogs and fawns? Four mighty ones are in any one, the auricular nerves of human life: goes down the dike right to the bottom. Actually, I don't want to tell this one right now; there's the times we'd get revenge on each other for this stuff. For carrying, the shadows she which Ra stick walking reborn is sun. In the incarnation following that the sun will feel to him as if he were on Venus. Heat esoteric forces secret light Buddha of rays twelve, the currents pass system nervous changed through. Time energy: inspiration blood plasma, animate motion magneto coil.

Red vesicles blister together under this scorching solar corona. Itch to skin peel, ultraviolet vertebrae scorch through an overcast colliculi sky. Keratosis and occipital cataracts, now tenuous corona.

Capillary exchange, sun blindness a dura mater cerebral aqueduct doubling linear edge detector function scorching solar corona. Neuraxial hexahedrons spin off tegmentum tumbles of the vision, and so the cells of the sun embody the intelligence of all chromosomal sorts, their hum backwards birth to their atomic source, forwards into sclera elastic cornea sonic shock wave to heat blast dome windows. Aqueous humor cerebrospinal bath of the ur anterior elements of sulcus brain. **Sun so hot out I don't hear, feel the burning log become and make hurt worse my burning pants and then worst knee sausage scorch flesh.** *Hasty sun alone is burned, stark express of eruptive stars like awakening fingers dying into runs of dribbling insane sunrise.* Basilar blood of arachnoid membrane attention snatching iris of tentorial moving contrast detector notch control. Lightly reflexive pupillary granulation contraction. Fovea forebrain limbic to reticular texture tracks. Optic disk dimming detector blind spot, it a circular red nucleus cerebrum circuit. Ciliary muscles in the midbrain mountain lakes of the eyes' shadows. Refractive error curvature cerebellum blur die. Presbyopia of this my metencephalon world. Emmetropic I still believe myself to be and how others seem to see me. Hematocrit of the blood cell and corpus callusum coronal solar wind plasma trail. Like its liver, an expandable and compressible circuit, this hindbrain interview reservoir is at places hypermetropic. Pressure maintained by the homotopic penduncle balance of this pump and its inward protein lowing plasmic soup. In others, the long eye bends the rays so sharply. The humor here is jelly-like, with shreds of debris floating in it, the shadows that everywhere animate this astral: the visions are in this view ocular garbage. Perception a bloody net to you, for me, sight for two, two of me. The cells undivide in solar chorals. *The acumen of these images divine and human, the sunspot cogitation in which the seeker strands, brrr, these waves of warmth thump up the nostrils like the healing stench of sunning cattle.* Wrinkling radiation, this burning net is like the marriage of pigs. This net reduces the world. This net passes the world through me twice. This vertebral artery net a layer of visual ass wipe. The processing of the net is bipolar, when attention is paid. I am myelencephalon calcarine ganglion. Friction becomes me as my cellular viscosity swells. I have tanned myself to damage, bottleneck attention convex edge detector burning the holding volumes of my cognitive storage, the I here shadowing itself. This primary motor plasma a bath of proteins. This somatosensory interview is a series of amacrine cells shuttling the oval become circular news between adjacent bipolar moments of universal building. Optic axis of evil an imaginary brightness constancy line crossing through the aspirant's auditory center. **What did the atomic bomb feel like to those poor people in Nagasaki and Hiroshima?** Your personal sun's a macular conception. The central critical pit of solar depression messed up lines that do not seem parallel. The fovea geological cross section of that desert everyone sees across at one point in their visions. Venous pump of bloody heavy plasma sun. Light comes from the direction of the top of the page. It's all a mars flow down into the regimented topographical lines of the underlay below this foveal lake bed. There's a hidden landscape in this. The duplicity theory of visions. Some are night blind, some day. The eye is a globular clock. Visual red carotid

artery changes its shape depending on who one is in this hyperpolarizing ongoing world of everything being just another moment posterior of the solar event. Tricuspid visual red regenerates the rostral hippocampus dark. Blood reservoir all of my amygdaloid information about this all is bipolar pressure flop flow and resistance. The mapping words become electrodermal response generators. Reduction oxygen muscle tissues. It all strikes an optic nerve. *There's a quiescent way of closing the eyes so this caudal sun's optic disk cardiac output. Shadow edge. This here right eye less scarred than left. We do not have our own private channel to our brain. Each chapter of us a receptive illuminati field. Each ganglion a wholesaler for a region. Am depolarizing again. Each word a stereotaxic instrument charting your electricity. Extra blood flow through these muscles, the clicking is increasing in frequency. Each word a stimulus light triggering ons and offs. Concave edge. There are x cells here, and y cells there; that is all you know, and all you ever need to know. Laminar flow of this blood slows the outside world of this meninges stream away from its core. Conductions of diencephalon heat that the sun details feel exactly like the look of one very particular from the internal core to the skin. Pushy axons riot their way out through my blind spot. Get your kicks on geniculostriate. Get your kicks on tectopulvinar. This epic X becomes a chiasm that all reality is forced to cross. Temporality is outside of what we know to be seen. This thalamus interview an optic tract. Turbulent flow of the too great rate, these telencephalon interviews are alive and always producing there dorsal neural impulses, projection fibers even in your dark. These hemodynamic interviews compose a fan of optic sensory relay radiations solar wind Pollock. Convex edge. Radial pulse paradoxus, these superior interviews striate loud and sulci soft. You are hidden by your hypothalamic captain cortex underpants; this is serious, a deep secret, remember that now. Obscuring edge. The tectonic localizes the objects to become this spinal cord space here. We are golden hamsters who cannot recognize patterns. Pulsus alternans pia mater. In our amusements in this inferior tanning we become decorticate animals who cannot respond to the shape of ourselves become targets. **Feel like puking from this hot berry slurry sunstroke.** We are the sum total of penetrating missile wounds. There is at this moment a hose-shaped electrical excitation drawing on the pituitary stalk dorsal root soul. Mostly, we are simple cells with no spontaneous activity. We are simply lateral orientation pons detectors, line detectors when we read this ventricular interview. Which of us will claim in full foramen knowledge that we are complex, hypercomplex cells? Bended lines parallel, the twisted cord concentric circles in the center same size, unequal ponzo lines the same length, the vertical lines not offset. We word-cells of sentience fissures we are may not be randomly intermixed, but it appears that way, here. These gyri interviews (note the word) compose a hypercolumn. Contract and dilate the arterioles, the temporal might at times be inferotemporal, the mesencephalon accident of frontal psychic blindness as our key motive force pushing us along space-time. Where's you visual agnosia? The skull temporal might be superior. Crack edge. Your physical brain is an interview, just an interview.*

Repletion. We'll talk about that soon, a parietal chapter of time and a jump away.

The sea tower flashes into focus, and then the crossed arms and we are via our sun before a stele in Egypt: the sound of this is the power freedom menace of understanding the visual sunspot morality of a universe in which the sun allows itself to be endlessly replicated in a film loop of a resort with great expanses of space-time frontage that is a super and fabulous holiday in a glamorous hell of a particularly keen ken on anger rising lucidly.

A burning gut-star of alcohol. Cinnamon incense convection layers the plasma temple's light. Jogging around track at the park with the odd pool and strange playground, it hears an electronic bird, hundreds of meters from any house. Quick tone, faster slightly than a phone ring. Heard it only once, or was it twice? *This ascension through the multiple coal train tunnel patterns of brassy heat is the analog corollary to becoming as completely tornado crazy in reverse to the other instruments blowing and banging themselves away as this universe.* Seemed to come from a tree, but the nearest tree a hundred meters off. Ore vein that spikes the ground to sky, a lipogram looks like a palindrome, univocalic, pangram. Illnesses, cuts, scabs, colds, flus, rotten teeth, broken bones, hospital, burns, berserk white blood count and giant pus ball in throat, all solar initiations. Hemophiliacs it's known. Boy, jellyfish, the strange sunlight of agendas playing out in semi-pastoral urban trees, semi-rural bush, semi-sunlight, semi-bodies, semi-voices' semi-articulation, and yet so blatant, the flesh ape.

It looks like broken film climbing with psalms, broken stains reconstituted in the tornado plenum of that which is all we see standing around us, icon upon icon all coming up through the bric a brac age of chemicals spilling through all that we see as the sweat of all of our bodily fluids in the stan, this mountain range of a brilliant, literally, brilliant mind recording.

You look down to your right foot, kick over a stand of jagged black mushrooms. Gazing across the field, the blackberry h-edges begin to detail with the various yellow jacket nests placed at almost regular intervals along the fence line, the rotting leaves, the broken thorns, the rabbit trails, dead opossums. Ether of many oscillations, twisted filament in cell like self-inductance coil in receiver/transmitter, also in marine microorganisms, A-B axis of chromosomes and chronodrones like north/south planetary magnetic axis. Running around Chicago in a thunderstorm trying to find somewhere to sleep: nowhere. Light through the blue tarp permanently bleached Granny's hair, the sun becoming thus a bad question answered too many times. Wake up from nap in tunnel temple in a complicated computer chip, vibrate in the wave of the vision. He creates telekinetic grids in dreams three days earlier. Mayans were very plugged into computers.

Bent neck weary of time, jump into another planted plan, contort the volume to as loud as bright yellow will, hop out an impossible as angle from the coronal generation of the flowering sun. Water core gouges the lungs as the sun drowns upwards away from the bottom of the feet. Zero-point vacuum fluctuations and their interactions with an in-matter. Multiplex directions synapse-syns axoplasma slow

explode. Principles governing the motor's operation are similar to those of electromagnetic attraction and repulsion. Here burns the red tincture of power from pain. The penultimate choral-orchestral burst falls to here. The sun is the third person first. Air, earth, fire (spirit) over water. Zero-point energy pulses from here. The sun with confused steps does lie yellow and declining, abrupt fire and groaning punitive tear torrents. The Sun is the path from Mars to the Moon. It is the head; it is core barrenness and fertility. Photons slowly leak out. Mass change liberates this energy chain. Quantum consciousness and the life force merge: Circuits 1 and 8. Now comes the swell of God again beyond any apprehension of mortal heat. The life force and quantum consciousness merge: Circuits 8 and 1. Mass change liberates this energy chain. New photons are created. The Sun is the path from the Moon to Mars. It is fertility and barrenness; it is the core head. Numerous horses, marmots, and horns advancing. The schematics for all free-energy devices emanate from here. Water over (spirit) fire, earth, air. The sun is the first person third. The penultimate burst falls from here. All that hurts become utilizable tincture energy. The stator coil is a vortex. Spin-spin monod inducer slow waves leap photon-photon-splace fats lipidinal koretex slaw. Quantum gravity resolves the paradoxes of what this is we are. Water glugs from the once-drowned lungs as the sun lunges upwards through the dripping corneas. *This bubbling sunrise in the morning of this life so good feeling, the bright eruptive morning of my life, going on for so long in its beautiful star radio warble.*

The drunken convection resh another dream biting the skin inside out like infinite cinnamon locked onto the tongue. Other people have told me that the sun fills them up with their final set of goals, driving them so to them that they cannot no longer go nowhere. He walked down the black hot tracks, the eyes glancing scared and rapid at the green brown hill of houses from even a half a mile away. The Marine Corps Bowie knife on his right hip, he smelled the creosote. Puffballs spray into the field's sun back on the other side of the sun's core from here in the field, only now because of the two second lapse in time becoming said: back then, the ball was an irresistible target, to step on in the cow pasture back two seconds ago, now it pops, the brown spores jump and then away waft. Mice fill the rubber boots with hazelnuts all night. The yellow jacket nests an irregular splat geometry of ribbons and waves, the size of basketballs, melded to blackberry cane, white gray as instinctive caution. Cinnamon coke and leftover coal: is the pop programming us to be anaerobic and hence amenable to oxygen depletion? (as Waves Forests suggests in other contexts) Helium helios, the sun invites into great aureole speed radium. June 2/02: A hospital closed in some areas on a northwestern slope of an alternate city been to before. They put a paper cone on face. June 3/02: Some jeweled cliffs, rubies, blue diamonds, along a river. Morning vision of a snake princess with jeweled forehead and a conical crown energy out of nowhere re the imagination. Buoyant hot bubbles rise, colder ones sink. There was a time in the early 80s thought was an apparition to all the others in the village, a parcel of embedded gas granular in white light appearance, that only existed as a ghost. The blue light by the dresser again, about 8 inches across, rounder, much brighter and more concentrated. Convective heat flux. June 6/02: an

electronic magnetic repulsive wand in basement. Guy in a bush parking lot from Matsqui Prairie somehow has these two magnetic devices and is not interested in local divisions, is not interested in Greendale. **My neck skin burns like it has a tearful stinging bad temper from being too long driven.** August 22/02: the taste of entheogen from studying tantra, become less visible, hilarity takes over, the physical has movement, the opposite of the upward leg burn. Working on the Aethiopolis, Kepla disappears from pointless hysteria, I, continuum opacity, not visible from there. August 28/02: In a modern Arab city, go into a book store, a little guy with a baseball bat, it's very dark, the scene freezes in bright. Before this, though, a ghost mist (bright white outline) goes across the sky, and then some American jets. Photons stop walking and begin flying. Speaking Parseltongue on phone while talking to Mike about guy said thought I might be a reptilian alien . July 1/03: Hawk catches a swallow at the raspberry farm, swallows chasing it (alchemically? Both movements together? Distillation? Or a double precipitation: dive/kill?) People spreading ashes around carved kid castle stump on hill at Almond Park; reading about almond-shaped aureole in Cirlot symbolic dictionary under almonds entry. Notice smell of horse shoe machinery: burning hoof iron, astral world, meteoric iron first known, Mars. The Bladder family is so wound up in upholding the values they are rejected by that they are insane, and can thus only keep screaming at each other and stuffing their faces as the SUV barrels them to an endless mall of beached sunny crezzents, cookie crumbs trailing from their mugs like solar flares out the vehicle window and down the ozone gash of their highway. January 4/04: The regress meditation led to a form of invisibility. February 5/04: a banana slug crossed with a lamprey with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch teeth that can live on land and is a foot long. March 8/04: temple fills with energy, continues with body visible. April 9/04: the stories of our manic friends fighting for five hours at the library over a one dollar printing charge. The man with the five gallon white bucket walks into the library, sits down, terrorizes the staff. Ocean Falls: 1,000,000 hour safety record, the commemoration sign falls on the Worker's Compensation Board inspector's head. A fey, funny-hat wrecker of governments lunges in for a library card. Infinite changing coex energy landscapes, the divine coalesced infinitely, language-merging landscapes. September 16/04: 99 bus driver announces streets in English and French. October 18/04: It is all déjà vu. April 1/05: the pope dies, the Who's "In a Hand or a Face" going round and round, religion a record of spinning sounds. **My neck burns like the lips passed through by the puking up of water mixed with chili powder and mustard powder.** Last night a green-blue sheet of intra-bodily energy washed up across me. May 14.05: the ditch has a deep glow of something incommunicable, dangerously spiritual smell; eagle, crow attacks hawk, beaver dives in creek, salmonberries and wild roses and coyote shit everywhere. The leaves and flowers and seed heads ticking, yellow nuthatches. "Little Shane Diaper went berserk with a shower rod, chased some guy down the street, screaming, pepper sprayed at house party, screaming, he's done, he's done, I'm going to tie him up, the only reason he got away was I was in Nikes and he was in street shoes." Sam and Honey switch personalities at the stable, the fast pony personality becoming slow, the slow fast.

Red vesicles blister together in this scorching solar corona. Skin peel to itch, the spine radiates throughout the obscurity of the labeled visions. The burning drops its temperature into threats of sightlessness. Blood flips blindly from the source to there and here beneath the hard mother of this matter sheltering the fluid filled one time void spaces fed by the waterways of the highest sentience that a brilliant nation can possibly attempt to itself to detect in the blast of this floral obsessing sun. Maybe it looks like Venice or Florence or Rome. There's a line from the spine through the brain along which the six-sided sigils of the sun will tumble into the middle of awareness, the role one plays in the species becoming a love brighter than what the eyes and their egos can stand for. Here is in deep hot water, and it's funny and old, a small valley through the bumpy ground of all that has been thought. The thinking catches everything in the bloody web it spins beneath itself, but leaves a notch through which passes another thought, a flimsy looking shelter for this vagrant idea that will in one time build the city of the sun from that one photon neglected by commonsense. This city would eventually reverse engineer itself to one of the visions of ethereal elemental planes that scryers feel in the temple marrows of their visions. The most acute and central vision mediated on this granular plane of rotated conic sections the motivator for all one learns to do and does that is good and bad and otherwise so on; the brilliance of this world makes the mind blind to its deepest circuitries of teachings. One of the keys to bend the meditative lens. One of the keys to follows the fracture tangents of what is known into not sense. The sites then become old caves spattered with muds over bone. *The active sewing machine voices awaken crawling with heat in this red melting spine highway reoagulated slow float bill motion breathing.* This regression turns out to be a return to what was always the norm, no matter how many times and for how long he was locked up after his parents both died. How much of this solar flow that makes one is cellular and accessible as knowing is dependent on what jump the aspirant will makes across the divide of its own mind: what is left as that congealed fear ego will not be making this run. **My neck burns like a repeating choking summer afternoon temper tantrum.** The filters of what one thinks of oneself as a chemical body in the back of one's actions at times become that which happens far away in the previous galaxy of the living book. Parts of this brain again become obscure, proteins of the star swarm falling back into source. Each visionary will see this, idiosyncratically. Some will detect the beginnings of a warp even here, others only the deepest possible experience of the beauty. Perception The choral solar cells redivide The smooth and the wrinkled are the one birth of the topology of love What is this perception as doing? The world passes through twice, the sun is the denial of *deja vu*. The blood running through these nervous beams. What is bipolar? The back of this brain spurs these limbs top to bottom a dangle of language. **My trapezius skin smarts deep as a handful of deep blackberry scratches and nettle bites.** This body of bloody words here only seems to move and to grow by grabbing onto the wall/floor/ceiling of that which it runs through. The solar wreckage in this moment the sum total of swinging the binocular of the self to quickly. And so,

now only, the sun becomes the self. Connection to the world is a strange hook-up loop hook-up, if one thinks about it. Can we actually see evil?/This question is our problem. There's a yellow spot on the crumply perceptual sheet perceived. Can't see straight from this shitty place. The desert one must cross, it is in the eye. The sun id the heart. Light comes out of this page from any direction. The water one must cross in the eye. There's a hidden in this. There are two sides to this? When can one see? The eye reading a globular clock. Where blood lies in relation to this motion is one's pre-wired selection from madness. The mind as emotion the beak of a bird flying across the blinding. The damned breaks open. The generator words mapping their electro-response. The stories told here at one time may all be aerobic. The stories told here at one time may be feeling. The eye and heart meet, wag their tails. Where's the shadow? **We fucked up the ozone layer bad.** This here left eye more scarred than the right. What is and is not a private channel? What a chapter, what the Illuminati? What the true commerce of a these gangling ganglia? Polarizing? One's electricity words. Click, click, click, click . . . What's on and off? Convexing . . . What does one know? The core blood of this brainy world is what? Where is the internal core? Where is the blind spot? What are kicks in the deep brain? What kicks in the deep brain? This epic Y becomes the abyss in its derivative reverse equation. What's temporality? What's an emotionally insane emotional intraview, what's it show? What parts of an interview come from the front, the top, the turbulent back of this sun? What parts of an interview come from the dynamic flow of this sun stream? What is an edge? What do layers of a brain do in an interview? What is a cartoon when it is more real than what is not one? What's an edge? Everything a scenic fact of the spine riot that one is. Melt gold back into brain. The closer the meninges get to the sun, the more obscurely rapid the pulse. Who are targets. We are missiles? **My neck hurts like my soul from hearing too many sociopathic politicians.** There was at that moment a hose-shaped electrical excitation emanating from the pituitary stalk dorsal root soul. Spontaneous activity? Heyyy! It's the pons!: this story of a happy bulging hallowed haloed hollowed sun of tracking front and back bridges between what might be dream and what appears as day awakens. Who's the forearm foreman with nervous twitchy arms crossed watching from the bridge? What are we seeing all of these lines as when we forget that someone might see them as lines? Fissures? The gyri the book in all of its convoluted multidirectional scope. The history of time is brain damage. Is anything actually missing? The boundaries of our skulls. An edge? What is not repletion? We'll talk about that soon.

Tension coil magneto animate, plasma blood inspiration energy time. Through the changed nervous system pass currents of the twelve rays, of Buddha light, of the secret forces of esoteric heat. Venus on were he, if as him feels will sun that following the incarnation in. The sun is reborn a walking stick Ra which she shadows the carrying for. Once I reverse engineered planetary formation, to such a slowly revolving *climb into spasmodic losses of power, when too much weight was put on mental processing without aware-*

ness; the word pairs loop with soil: small pieces of rock, and decayed plant and animal matter. Thousands of dark lines in the solar spectrum. Heat photospheric tremendous to due state gaseous to the reduced elements. THE WINDS ARRIVE UP, THINGS ARE VERY VIVID. Rapid change, these angles add and add and add themselves into this adjacency matrix of vertex transposition. See, there was this time, me, and, Esau went on our bikes down to the dike. It was after supertime, in the middle of summer and there was nobody (Summers, man that guy was sure an asshole) around at all. Anyway, they'd been working there on putting new gravel on the dike road and there's this portable shelter, one of those Johnny On The Spots that they have at all the construction sites or whatever. So Esau goes into that thing to have a shit, and while he's sitting in there, I, tip the thing over and push it, to the edge of the dike, give it, a shove, and off it comes to bear on them, this boiling political climate: there are notes key-stepping the granite. Bubble they up, or call down? Power eternal of scripts, their reveal to out inside turned gods solar with walls the shadowed she, priestess as. In the next incarnation the sun will become for him as a computer. Intelligence collecting, intellect human of path highest is this. For a similar reason, many sought magical control of the sun by shooting burning arrows at it, by bundling oddments of universe and carrying them to the mountain top and burning them, by calling Apollo, by putting a clod in a tree fork, by invoking Ra through working an entire civilization. Field magnetic spatial in latent energy derives generator homopolar sunburst.

Burst . . . burst of this morning in the brain version of the Elysian—no, this is the brainowner version, sweeping breaker lines of stringing sonics sustaining little vivacious spirit tines across the coronal rim line of the horizon as every direction we dance our paths off odd through toward our superflux infinities away in the rotation wakes of what this sound as in the major A chord chuckles of this seventh symphonic indole shower.

The musical power waves come tumbling out the furnace. Belly dump around the poles of torso, electric surge tide rolling boulder dense energy up the arms and out through the galactic guitarist every last body part. At this level of music backwards and forwards become meaningless: better get used to it. The mystery lightning level jolt burbles a river off the back into the flash disappearance of the body as it flies backwards through planes of translucence; and now snarls the down-slash of the empire turning into shreds of so many colors, this its role to warp and die as the teacher of the next great lesson about how not to be run by an empire. **I've got a nasty sunburn on my neck, that's all, but it does sting a bit.** The notes squiggle squeal kundalini to crown spark showers of amplified all the cells' spirals at once, the thronging mud song on this spangled purple morning of the sun Hendrix. *The drums of passion are all the thumps of active sunlight stunning us at once, our senses of heat coming now through our feet from the sun under us and within.*

Look, if you're going to be writing this, at least don't get burned out by those cellular jolts that come whenever bullshit work does its space-time bleed on you/through you. That applies for your family up in the toolies too. That crap is just the product of encountering energy vamps on an ongoing whatever it is. The sun burns garbage;

garbage stinks and creates heat: better get used to it. The writing that you do, if it's going to be a civilization, must have some form of waste disposal in its system. So, where in this book is it? How does it work? What constitutes waste in it? What is recyclable? What can't be dumped? What can't be burnt? *Heat, tired of hearing mass, want to take off this forehead and find the fire flicking active from the hindquarters of thought.*

The eruptive chest of this version of Ra a sun barrel of diamonds have read ready-mix accounts of the rebellion that are recession into recessive reciprocal recitations of records reckoned by reclusion to recollect and recommend the recreant and recusant with rectitude rectify the bent rectrix of this redacted red cap and red brick redan of an unredemptive realm. **Rednecks want the ozone gone so everyone will be like them. Surprise, we've fused your spines to the hemorrhoids of your master, that's why your necks have felt like bloody shit since the dawn of civilization; you all wanted to be nasty tough guys disguised to you all selves as robots come hell or high water, so, yup, you're already there, you got em both: good old boys and girls, you've been burned in the red ink of your own moral laziness, and now you get to go just where you thought everyone else was going to have to spend their permanent vacations.** In other sounds, take this enmeshed flesh *blowing across the cosmos in a great big hoot of cheering for the horny sun* and rethres it to refresh the *god himself and self and only* vision before those morons of yet another bad interpretation of the sun fuck us all up.

Every historical moment has such bad interpretations. What are they? They are the motive energies of garbage become manifest in order to incinerate themselves. A key is to comprehend within the historical dimension what elements are not continuous with it and to bridge in and out of that. The sun in history has always loosened the maniacs into empires. They are dealt with by stepping just to one side of what is known as physical light. *It is all all quiescent glazed glitter, handsome, convincing, a tender mutton melting in the mouth of breakfast end of summer orange chewy buttons.* Here becomes the story of every version of civilization.

Nietzsche says, of course, that such broad bandwidth and wavelength delusion is the inevitable and necessary seduction of the arbitrary that impels every potential act into manifestation, which, again of course, under no circumstance indicates any particular teleological historical force other than the will of hydrogen. *The whacked out sun kneels down during endurance so prodigal that piglets, sow sides and boar sides, barnyard buildings, faces, tree canopies, striations of everything so vivid they can only survive us and we them as planar grays, all become honed in to the etched stichy textures of copper sunspot skin tuning and turning to all under of the sun.* Raise again, and again, the returning philosophical arm of the law, and again we will return to pondering the logic blocks that compose the opacities of our internal and external civilizations. In the end, this logic, no matter how neutrally it radiates back into itself, is in deed magnetic and thin and dense. The eternal return maps its resolution through these logics: find the endgame as the logics implicate into solar history, you find the tangential eruptive