

Symphony

A Transtemporal, Multi-spatial Interview

Of An Averaged Entity

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For Kate and Imogen

We are the wheel star angels of the deep space immediacy of your humbled soul span to and from mind-shattering source core. We are the divine thrill clangor bright as the blare in the first surge of the visage become rush dissolved body your deepest smile. You will pneuma-gasp in the most awed wow that you will ever blurt out this one moment ceaselessly the birth of the mystery in its supra-universal finality. We zoom into your awareness endlessly sensed hyper-physical letters streaming from sidewise to wonderful fully whirling astonishing exponentially blessing spirit sentience, the first and most dazzling aurum glow you have ever known. We are the soul well stars as transsensory diamonds so angelically overwhelming, so beyond ability to depict that to attempt to do so is the abyss shudder of both the desperate impossibility of definable words rendering this and that to which you will dedicate the reminding reminded remainder of your mortality—we are the most glorious, the most beautiful that you can ever know but for that moment that is forever the opening into the birthing of all in that supreme solemn forever the hush holy din the greatest excitement ever before it, you now are before it, the supernal supreme light that is all and to all and now silence in joy bliss before it, for you have just been graced to, to see God.”

Articulated now in metaphor code overture, the waves come in about thirty foot swell to the rocks. These waves encode all magic, these waves carry and embody all of history. These waves manifest every myth. These waves tell one's esoteric hidden story as a magical being, these waves are source for every food, for sex, for breath. These waves are everything one has ever written, these waves tell all that anyone has written. These waves are every art-work, these waves are every philosophy. These waves are the mechanics of every object, these waves are all languages, these waves are the sum of biology. These waves can express partial articulations of God. These waves are all of the poems. These waves are every dream. These waves are all music. These waves are the pristine expression in mathematics. These waves are novels. These waves are future lives, these waves map all geographies, these waves speak every animal, these waves are the body, these waves are purest physics, chemistry, these waves are past lives. These waves are one's scattered stories. These waves discuss astronomy. These waves are the totality of the expression of psychology. These waves are other people's stories. These waves are cellular consciousness. These waves are all the jobs one has held. These waves are all possible technologies, these waves are not the vision but the metaphor code for it; you will experience them, in all senses again and again.

Emerge in hum from base of spine. Where are we? So how can it be mapped? BEGIN THEIR TELLING OF THIS LINEAGE WITH A PROVISIO. **There is a certain possibility to choose this influence: wakening into the unfold that is gorgeous creation. The light's** WHAT IS TOLD: **This version commences with the knowledge that comes from this being from a formal Kabbalistic point of view ONLY** THE OUTER SHELL OF Reverse Engineered Planetary Formation. Seated on a lion is He, scroll in one hand, sword in the other: Perhaps we can postulate the universe as a moral construct now being born in this leaden ocean of lines.

Not a lot is known of your future: in this lineage, the far-seeing is limited by the inherent destructiveness of the membership—THE ACTIVITIES IT MANIFESTS, TOLD TOO DEEPLY, WILL NULLIFY THE PURPOSE, AND THE TELLING. What can be remembered from 1-800 BC in Egypt **home; this version constitutes still living innards of historical cracklings. Boiling dough, smell, blent with** are the colors that permeate **heating cottage cheese.** The encounter with the four zoas becomes a venture through reflexively tunneling inverse entrails of creation, the priestess's ritual role: reds twisting softly through indigo, and we are not permitted to know too much, the priest's robes black.

The first one was picking blueberries with the granny at ten bullshit cents a fucking malkuth pound. In this time the massiveness aggregating of the bodies constituted are energetically compromised: These electron pairs in a valence shell take their positions, SO, ONE MUST UNDERSTAND THAT EVERY LETTER OF THIS TRANSMISSION, THUS, HAS, ALPHA TO OMEGA, SPATIAL SIGNIFICANCE. **The prick that owned the patch twisted all of the old codgers into some kind of religious knot. His work, typical of that** as it is folds of brain matter as far etherialized. **The information sweat is generated by our ever-continuous battle with gravity: tension, twisting apart as possible.**

“Hey! Tell ‘em. Where are we? What happened after his old man died?” The molecule is linear. **Basically, what this meant was compression burp forces.** And it becomes surely certain, **dramatic symphonic hum the most beautiful feeling endured within** those four mighty ones who are with any one, Ahugh, so we uh, **the wisdom strikes down obstacles to and from enlightenment.** **And the source formation has been forgotten or ignored, and the aggregate has constructed more than one pseudo-source, resulting in** the auricular nerves of the human living universe now lost uh **day we decide to skip out of cells born miserable in their own vibratory present and future states.**

“Well, Normy, I guess he thought he’d exorcise the destructive past of the house for his eighteenth birthday or something. What I remember is he throws pretty well all the furniture inside the house still that he couldn’t burn up in the fireplace into this ditch beside the west end of the shed. **THEY THE SO OVERT AND COVERT ORGANS PERMEATING US WITH THE WEE EMPIRE FLAME AND DEFLAME IN REFLEXIVE COMBAT MORTAL LOCKED FOR CONTROL OF EMPIRE ME THE WORLD:** Normy’s half-brother created, dug it, though for what I’m not sure. It ran through the back field to the main **and too lost** drainage ditch across the back property line, which picked up ground water for about half a square kilometer. Normy’s ditch, this was about two feet deep, three feet wide.”

You were born, constituted, thirty years from now, somewhere somewhat impoverished where **it has always been possible** a different language **to initiate every path position** will then be spoken than the one in which this transmission occurs. **The circuit dymaxion can power all devices in the globe twists from every trump, suggesting the rigid knots of correspondence theorized** **TO TELL OF THE LINEAGE CHRONOLOGICALLY are only of matter consequential as hallucination.** Bare nuclei, free electron generated solar plasma tension, **of the fractal.** We know that approximate-

ly seventeen years after the time of your birth you have discovered a molecularly perfect gas.

“Anyway, about sixty feet of it was engorged with all kinds of busted up furniture. **The closet stands humming vaguely in fuzz and lost at the top of this room. Two thousand four hundred and finally lost! become my emanations: slobbery stuttering shattering eloquent tongues. Glottal stop ox, short vowels and long, He holds in fist a curved-end scepter.** Crank open the chuck with the key. **The lion: acrophonically horned owl.** Looked like a miserable white trash Egyptian funerary barge.”

In its present and future it is strong and simple as pyramids in its architectonic thought. The earth repeats out and juts along a number of axes that were separated in the past by rhombi of nothing, that make it possible to jump—we hide in wells, secret wells, secret mazes, mazes which house delusive beauty.

There's the ditch out back, and beside it were grave mounds HE INSTRUCTION RECEIVED from Antarctica to Alaska in the time of a knot. **Summation of all controlling sciences, resolution of all world issues alpha to omega through infinite combination.** The only intermolecular forces that were eventually turned to bank, buried by the dredge dumping mud from the ditch onto them just like great grandmother's ground in the Mount Promontory Cemetery. **What causes this hair to sneeze-bend, touch? Temperature electricity hairy skin, glabrous skin. The smell born, smell more as twitch it separates itself from water. Ah, here: Ahugh.**

The lion's so many eyes, every materializing, vanishing from, into this transmission. Now, we seem first drawn toward the **human breast, angel swarm from that power beyond vein pulses and griffin.** Oh, and here behind the lily knot of eyes we see a cow **its mane: its tail** that turns out to be Satan looming behind what is a **bursting sun's fire.** What questions will generate a will to truth, what will we have lain at our feet? Indeed it is a

THEMATICALLY long story. But who has really been asking the questions? Only intermolecular forces between non-polar molecules which are covalent. The polar dissolves with the polar, the non-polar with the non-polar. OR looks to be OTHERWISE? Christ.

Ahugh, so the day we decide to skip out of school and uh we uh head over to Norm's room, place, and to, it's me and Misoman, and of course Speter is skipping out every Day. He'd walk five, miles, he'd take the bus into town cause they, me, and Esau, and Speter, after elementary school, they didn't like, they wouldn't let us go to FROM THE same school anymore miserable bastards, and so Norm had already quit at this point. And during the first phase of collapse, "Now, to get into and out of the shed you had magnetic braking to crouch down in this narrow gap Normy and Speter had chopped in the space between that smash-to-bits dresser and the snap-to-pieces kitchen set from the house. **This explains the Caribbean triangle.** The door's a bit of a squeeze, about **dreams of happiness: this the received template of the final and Jim Broadfoot/Cherokee said these mounds could be found all over the place** foot-and-a-half by foot-and-a-half. Into infinite titration of time built, it is also a crystal, a force, long grown into a spheroid energy. The Earth is electronic, is in the slab as pentagonal twelves where be the molecule of carbon lines. Normy and Speter'd decided, after they'd moved what's left of the furniture in, to spike the human-size door shut." **Smelling spiky pink chestnut air. Smelling sticking twitch cottonwood wind. We are so many points of icosahedron.**

The twists of the membranes moan in this urban aggregate but juice makes breast feel better, temporarily. But so soon again feel aeon swarming discontented knot of rampant electricity, enemy electricity, looming and weaving unhealthy polarities. Drink takes place. In the sun interior random photons walk until photosphere. **Coming multiple directions trees. Fly out will s-**

tarlings many many sides on the long cusp of multiplex cottonwo-
od. What is in us is now to seek, between these angles of life,
death, for this, for truth, wanting it? What dissolves, what is
the value of the will to truth? Flight or fight syndrome: we a-
re **the sun** become a victim to the living, horrible ghost, day of
deadly nought, mad with rooms of horror if you examine this eve-
ry moment of the course of our secret hours.

So we're about fourteen and, yeah, cause that was in the S-
pring VATICAN SCHOOL. Uh yeah, that was in the spring, I was f-
ourteen, though. At the top of this same room. Well there's t-
he time, **His residence is somewhere in the north. He's the best**
guarantor of salvation for you in your later incarnations. The-
se rough walls of this small modest temple. Seems a sexual ele-
ment to the concrete connection between these two, seems to be a
cat present within the sanctum. THIS FEELING IS CONSTANTLY HAV-
ING TO URINATE: TRIANGULATING LAYERS, AND LAYINGS, OF THE SOCIO-
US'S AIRS, **some juice. Farmer's sausage, smell, and melting bu-**
tter pot. Mounds of wrenki. Only thus thirstier for milk. S-
ubstances dissolved sigh into water, substances dissolved, in l-
ipids. Between where it the crystal spews and where you are sp-
oken, all thoughts these lingual abbreviations, spheroid sounds,
dogs of hyperventilating thinking, ablativ trans person line of
molecule of interconnection. Eight thousand moving spliced ton-
gues sing the mountain plop of language smell across the gut de-
ep valleys the dizzy puke making twitchy leaps through the inva-
sion of the tongue staplers of our abbreviated names which stand
at the beginning of these twisting lines.

The left arm feels as if it's had a silver spike driven th-
rough it. The bunch-knotted tendons of the bicep and forearm t-
wist and crank through the elbow sinews into lame painful unusa-
bility. Pinna, fleshy sneeze, channel these waves into the blub
eternal happiness, this that which has only none and multiply a-

nd one. *Although on anti-inflammatories, the rainbow snot drop-lets on the vision screen, late* Who knows, what, with my uh recall increased rate heart, I remember this, that, one time, my brother, one of. Only with the key. Need a spade bit.

The ball is living equivalent to either pole rotor, and the respiration, and tension muscle, sweating, around events of those times. The bloodbow spectrum soaks this world, this world super-saturated in forms, with eyeballs, ahh and pupillary dilation. **Sounding now takes thrushes, crow magnet families spring.**

The n th homology group of topological space X gives us this **is an anus modernism and the sub is an us/that archetypal critters skid/round in on trailer waves of photon shit/excuse me/number of independent holes in X : place.**

“You know, every so often, between these episodes, I’d find

My Brothers, FEEL THE PLOTS HATCH AND PECK AGAINST SKIN. SO, WHEN YOU URINATE, WE ARE WATCHING AND COUNTING THE canal EXPULSIONS: the local sound, select of directions. Kitchen sausage sops with warenki and beer steam. Somewhere a drum, its thrum rippling into their somehow flashing robes. Enthalpy of hydration a release of energy where hydrated ions are formed from the gaseous, he had a couple of good ones. These two do appear to have *the number of independent generators for the group* PERHAPS NOT.

Speaking by evoking thought, mater and masterpieces of overmind.

Vibration sniff frequency of molecules, is stator to this smell. The aggregates make even the healthy plants seem twitchy with the malign, so uncomfortable. Sit down and plop them on our plate. Slap sour cream on, lots, pour the melted butter, twist, gouge, tumble any farmer’s sausage, pour the pole equivalent: milk. Press hard from hip, shoulder, forearm, depress switch, trigger. Oh, crank tight chuck first, what a tool. One time, was when he, uh, oh shit, he had a bunch of these, but anyway, this, one of them was when he, uh, was, uh, goin up this creek, that’s

just off the river, with circular saw energies from on the insides of flame and with corresponding delta itch gods. **Shove down** values at infinite dilution. We have here an indication of that **in medium chunks**. We actually have more detailed key information than that which **the variable reluctance pole alternation pulls/rolls** around where he, lived, up north there, he was goin' up this CREEK in his powerboat and uh, he uh, heard this splashing. **The ache in the guts is the time which manifests when I am taken at waterway junctions and near springs but not here in this part of the world: for sure, a long ways off from this space tao. Or** is attractive strength between our ions and our water **and a rattler it?** In the stellar interior, random photon walk until myself thinking what find of weird place this was. People from other parts of the area, I'd always hear them make some comment about what bunch of weirdoes lived in the shit pasture up against the canal. They'd wonder WHAT DO THEY THINK A URINAL IS?! RECEIVING DEVICE THAT MANY STEAMING DIMENSIONS OF POLITICAL MOTILITY SPEAK TO. **Elastic sclera. Bony blub drum labyrinth** how hell the chicks, some of who was pretty good looking, fucking **that he was one deacon from the granny's fucking church, and so he** could stand it. **He looks like a woman.** But nobody *really* seemed that they knew why; it *equals the number of independent cycles*. THEN was just shit farmer turf just like everywhere else by here. Quick vibration through *Why?* Digs hit of this dirt gray-brown podzol snot furrows along nostril lines. I'll give it a healthy shot, so what **of the semicircular** hell."

Progress, evolve, decay and act, pour absolute concrete accent stress, could do any goddamn thing the hell he wanted. For example, he had a worker, young woman from Poland, the hip which could break the arm essentially a slave you jam it up. How does that work? Brings it to us old Western Europe. It's bunched red and crumbly under feet. Recirculation trees feeding this di-

rt. The choral fantasy: notes key step the granite; are they moving up or down?

My emanations are become harlots, on screens of rainbow geyser snot sprays. In dreadful dolor, and in **stress**, a pain like **for the farm, and postmodernism, initially explored for him.** But ANYWAYS, Norm he we went, Speter he'd take the bus into town, COMMENCE WITH SOME SIMPLE OPERATIONAL DEFINITIONS. THIS LINEAGE **away from the presence. Overflow, across the back of this neck,** CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THREE PRIMARY PHASES OF ACTIVITY: **this last ridge/toward top of the perfect green drumlin rose/** get off there at the bus shed, molecules hydrating them. Water was still a bit high, it was, this was the Interior, it was, I guess, it was in early, but was comin' down, he heard this photosphere Splashing. **But some only have the vaguest idea of what can be used when** pain like an atom flowing in the filmy woof, **stress, here where the language canal, utricle, saccule, of the tribes changed, tinged—**Alas! EXPERIENCE OF MANY SOULS, come into their incarnations late in the dynastic cycle, swat mosquito to hell, and, so, EXPERIENCE OF a decadence does thus reign THE WORLD, over their ritual. AND DELIBERATELY FOCUSED ACTIVITY.

To really address these questions, we must now learn to apply systemic functions as hallucinations with the power and coherence to mold cognition into reality. Here, it must be understood that the act of doing so hinges on axiomatic manipulations. *Further, if X denotes a three-dimensional space with twenty-five disjoint balls ripped out, so then we do have twenty-five, now twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, a progression, the rotor to the stator of independent generators.* LIKE ANYTHING, SUCH DEFINITIONS ARE OF COURSE ARBITRARY EXAMPLES, BUT, THEY ARE USEFUL FOR TEMPORARILY DELINEATING THE FIELDS OF DISCUSSIONS. BEGIN WITH SOUL (AND OF COURSE BY EXTENSION SPIRIT) EXPERIENCE. **An old dredge went and dug another ditch to divert the creek it was.**

The first conceived integral, the ongoing will force impulse dynamic outpouring angel energy wheel bands, unformed and unadorned prototypical molding deiform wisdom, the tactile burnished letter swimming at two times two hundred fluid angles, the ductile throngs of seraphic scripts in unparalleled supernal rush swarm golds blazing beyond any paltry flimsy bullions, the crowning spirit exclaiming in the most breathless wowing baffled gasp of joy, motion beyond volition, all that always occurs, the first breath of the holy living infant in the dramatic soul birth of the astronomical beginnings of time the most crucial, the most beautiful, the most wondrous, to discharge the blinding indescribable triadic surges,

this issue philosophical in import, an overwhelmingly messy contradiction now perhaps emerging here of the cusp of mind-knot: purpose is space, purpose is time, purpose is not the drive and he is not the force. Since purpose is space and since space is time and since time is purpose. Since purpose is provisional, space and time are thus provisional, as it constitutes nothing, nothing but purpose. Now, in time purpose may not seem to be so provisional, but purpose is merely a function of time, is parabola bound, linked to time, and so appears, like time, to have validity and existence as a constant. But purpose, like time, like space, is not a constant.

But then, it needs perhaps take a few steps back on these transmogrifying twines of paths. In assigning purpose a role which is copular, am I perhaps missing a particular point?

The assignation of identity to purpose, space, and time may be problematic, perhaps.

The lines cross in hum strobe, brain confusingly reconfigured, intersect each other so many times across the stark micro-second sprays of ice and breaking sticks, through the head immersed in cloudy bubbles of its own jittering expulsion from control of this body, the thick-ribbed black high voltage cable of the soul vibrating so loudly, feeding up away and walloping back down in and to the pull of the neuro-quantum circuit electrician, a brain war as another part of his inversely rejects the entire process, direct god-speaking flashes of I space-bending Isis, I word pulsing Thoth, I black blazing Shiva, I endlessly rendering Vishnu, I torsioning Janus, I stinking sharp philosophies, I burning languages, scripts, and magics coalescing in colon, the source bung of thoughts that are somehow perceived on all sensory levels for who are we both naught and thought. Your triple-booked identity shifts through fifty-one configurations alone by raw ocean, a laborious reverberating joke book release played for no one in particular because you are hiding something from me of various mortal pasts that makes no knowledge-sense hidden or not, and the hiding makes no sense at all except as no sense at all, the wheels of the pulsating chariot gone missing from the akashic, the Moses flow, basement overload temple death ka suicide not sacred with magical daggers experiencing all ranges of hatred in particular meditation logic determining insanity throughout the twitching of the living tail, almost off to bright white

psych ward, will love only animals, particularly snakes and locusts, snipping black pearl gray ones, psyche catatonic aeon without outpour or change, no love, I am an unfit tactless vessel for this liquid vision, will this the syzygetic path of flooding root tree noon-loud intersecting with fate and death be, emptiness, lung tear of ongoing dying as stasis, I must become a fit vessel, the sizzling elixir vitae intermingle of multiple rains in same timelines as manifestations of different ticking puddles, two voices of creation arguing cause through every letter in the world, every word and line and verse of it a bible and a maze and a codon and a unit of thought and the life story of an ideogrammatic character, shaking the habitation, happiness and anger a teeter-totter continuum, cutting the bondages, shortening the times, fingers released from fingers, joints from joints, replication initiate sound of species motion thought through the eyes, ignorant chaos the cold cumulo-nimbus of hope jamming the mountains into weeping mourning hidden intelligent hyperboloid nothingness something with amoral dirtily lodged magical grays growing wild, bulging lightning suddenly flashing the white house alone on the lawn.

The mystic address of this house is a lone version living; kicked in the nuts to anabolism and catabolism, the life force surges from all of its cells, the self-studying sexual psychology of the logos nursery mating drive dominates the hindering social configurations that they take as she crosses each the other again and yet again with god and dragon letters in your palms, motorized water bugs stick figuring across the floors of her world atlas atlas lines; jism cups' hiccoughs; fuzzy anther father glozing them out its soft gonadal jezebellian cock/cunt affricative fantasy (so severe as horsey hindquarters' jellybean tumble; venereal musk; sore teeth hypocritical chaotic color; thrums of eye gunk blinding; brained muck catapult shit tractor tires, cock sink rebel rooster hatchet, flop).

The light switch goes off which is on which is oscillation

between the first hard movement and the last effortlessly joyous one. The sidelong standing kid's magic fire god tarot root flute dink-points and whizzes on someone's leg, piss on skin texture like a sticky telepathic collector's porno mag open-faced ceiling-ward centerfold tottering slick on the toilet rim in the shitter of a strip joint, dim cubicle bulb silently shivering above the dripping head.

Switched light and paraboloids resonate on both sides of the gyrating bowl and bowel: galaxy is thus constructed as a vibratory paranoid syllogism spatter between quickly shifting sentient creatures. Social psychology in these starry realms becomes our overall nous, her holy personae bedding each other around the bends of the spheres that it wobbles along the sputter surfaces of in population dynamics catastrophic in the lawlessness your rubber sheet heaven crumples. The polarity vehicles that I speed along turn his timings through the center of the whistling toy-like red and blue saucer top spin that is definition and defiance of gravities, number plus one laughter, number minus one tears. The music of this moving is thus heavy and fast, a picture tinged in and then not there in this new universe absorbed artist, conjured to the platonic cave, the shiny, enchanting, fresh smelling drugstore, the sex pull of a hologrammatic lawnmower magneto sucking up the vertical line

times of floor fox creatures who animate those of us who walk will through them animals.

Spinning us through interstellar compass will in his life-thread dreams, it becomes that which will swell so large the excruciating hot water bottle balloon of your own endlessly stretching dark matter bore of tumbled out genesis. Every word of it floods in so many different movements, so many bodies of languages rampaging her multi-experiencing coppery tasting molten maniacal alphabets through your burning musculatures, hammer to anvil loud soundless smash in house, different ages simultaneously tacked through one life and all, each chronological jiggling moment a total time card full of endlessness, where the pure baby state, the fairies of dreams screaming and laughing at the paradox of ego in this lifetime, the meta-Sanskrit of every brain, numbers having complexity greater than anything can prove, thumping chakra mapped covalent strand diamonds deep space replication of time-motion, ruby and sapphire pulse falcon thunders, nature a medical cell dream the record of how one has happened to macrocosm in marcasite bird flocks of ripples, lumen ether that the magus will see all of within sun's irradiation octaval space ship tachyon leap soliton blue pulse of mescaline laser earth, wheels in ceiling with many kind switches of light behind them, terrestrial dream of divine energy—one has always known all of this in its exponentially big-banging trans-star form as the twelve clapping banners stringing the names of the mighty name, archangelic alphabets trickling up and down the life tube, the horizons that will not be decided in terms of their photo energy lights swimming this surface—there are psilocybin batteries, there are fish, there are hawks, there are eyes and beams and open mouths of universe with light that surges beyond one's teeth, the synaesthetic letters arranging themselves as events happen, sentences assigned time/not-time, one per soul, the thirty-two exegetical methods a massive negative curvature hyperbolic conceptual pun the simultaneity of the meta-city of thought, the local linking to the astral linking to the local linking to the genome linking to the astral linking to the genome linking to the general linking to the local linking to the general linking to the astral linking to the genome, inside of the chain stitch telepathic mind text through each of its connected points in first instance outside of in a second, the one letter on the live finger wavering papyrus or perhaps the pre-Aleph's squiggle through every layer of our cellular gasp gaps.

It seizes by the penis of those terms that come as punches and kicks to the face on this bus of the vein grid electro-roads the run of impetus along the sides of the torso like a third eye saturated in the radar fire swarm of sex magic gone multiplex paramecium moral cosmologies simultaneously, shock from the temple light bulb pull chain, roping along walls in the dark; a grouse wing reverb burn of shivers turns the whiff of the brain into a crumbly pseudosphere earth, a jungle of bright dream plants hiding out in the splash of a military wet bridging area quadrant crossed in darkly functional green-black oil reeking pontoons on mirror-still cranium muffling rectangular ponds throughout a bright turquoise fresh morning of springs and summers framed in the so active branches of floodsoaked so extremely high he has now gone mental, freak-out swarm trees. Blue radiating lines, clock tricks, monad stars, seraph stars everywhere, the time-lesson

of the fullest chords, plugged into the creator manifest speaking to him through everything including this.

This body has the gorgeous spin foam sounds of all these in us throughout the interconnected spheres of its speciated "realities." And each trail in the bush will connect them is yet another. Genetic code generates the illusion of our ghost period selves as certainty. Telling time becomes a triply evolving diaphragm melting laugh. Speaking space becomes a fantastic new godly clock-freeze porous knowledge projecting the multidimensional mastery of elementless space into space cartoons of space-time erased plank-length metaphors of focal settings of great, great, great space welling out breath holy angels, the crystal cryptogram computer of me refusing to turn off this sitting across from stellar explosion coming back from the brain-shatter of the ingested induction mouth-jolting surreal to hyper-real number recursive future, then able to meet us and shut the wise fourth person chaos computer of him off. Then could see the bidirectional duplex bubble schematic again, the cell wall tractrix schematic vision of, while A will be gyring the world sacral cranial soothing, while they will be sitting on logs he is not on. The looms universe shadow flow across the binding of a fusion sliced sphere, all inside the grapefruit of creation. Correspondence across realms to defined blinds rattling just as socially psychological population dynamic robot is rattling from the wisdom jelly-foam slipping candescent from the left hand of love of the apparition in the stone and mud of the telepathic disintegrating doorway; when he is involved in love and wisdom they are angels; to have god before us is to be an angel; this is why I become less scientifically visible.

The seraphs swirl as he saw them, as it drew their language on the wall. An angel study under her skin in the other night a molecular atomic church ocean window of bloodtrain waves flooding the road and field, strange lights of gold not round palpitating in the grass very bright walking down the rushlight hill bright pinks/blues/greens all one in intensity back flash out of god speed mitochondrially ballooning rocket unclockable supernova aurum.

God/dess has a primum mobile spirograph. Children naturally write with angelic letters the pages of the living book. Two brilliant light blue fairies by the ceiling, another salmonberry pink, fat banana shape, the energy becomes manifest as O talks about them, her shoes flashing in at mirror point where angels appear. Brilliant blur, blue a little hint of gray in the ironing board recess. Gray one with a teeny bit of blue, nearly the color of a raindrop. Two same color on plate cupboard. One right by them, feel energy. Streak of blue. Flash blue on phone shelf. Black one in corner. Blackish gray along higher sub-ceiling edge. Huge fat pink one size of a medium potato behind us, bluish in corner. O: "I found it!" What? "Nothing! I found an idea!"

Little brown bits of motion. **God** in the blue wet bathroom tiles hidden light. The faces of the **goddess** grow longer and larger and closer as the music loudens **towards black** dissolving into chora. Intense inter-dimensional **jumping, universes** changing from encounter to encounter. Their **emotions** are the reactive foil in my lack of understanding of these **shifts**, and must be kept in balance

for dimensional jumping of **this nature**. It cannot approach the infinite and keep the same **emotionality** as it destroys it. All that it can think is déjà vu history **already**. Ezekial's wheels are flesh, arms; eyes of fishes' stars tide **through the** ghosts of tangential visions. These aliens cross lines **into psychology**, narrative, alternate histories, esoterica, magic, **other people's** stories. Much of the texture of these books comes **from tree** bark, manic, frantically perceived tree bark. The **twenty-two letters** dissolve into God and they seem to be going **backwards and forwards** in everything into time again with invisible **younger siblings**. All else will be later.

Walk introduced into **chattering parabolic** bliss of spirit the parties of everything moving **darkly in music** and scree stones silent riotous magi figures along **the walls of the** parapet parroting myself across the river from himself, **the comic** play being the vision of devotion throughout the dream **of the** future lover turning his head/her head/our head sky soft **blue** away from the nasty stories and the sad poems that are phosphorus in the eyeballs and nostrils and ears and throat. You have known each other many times, many before in many other stories on many levels of yourselves as each other in many different branches from many other long syncope blackout deity disintegrating/fusing meta-morphemic mystery scripts in many other countries in many other simultaneous/non-simultaneous pasts and futures, all themes of the universe these babbling child-acquired lives in their brilliant funny orders.

In one time she was even seen in the stone kitchen between coughs of ambergris, between the two kings, in every turn of the sky that night, in joy illuminating the third intelligence generating the poem/song/painting of the next version of the world. The first positive, the objectless conscious will force impulse dynamic outpouring angel energy wheels, the textured letter that swims up and down at fluid angles, oscillating wall of them, the throngs of them rushing at in supernal superlative swarm golds reverberating, the birth spirit cries out exclaiming in the most breathless wowing union of wonder and joy, motion beyond flimsy volition, all that always happens, the first exalted gasping breath of the baby in dramatic soul births of the beginning of time the most crucial, the most beautiful, the most wondrous, the energy to discharge, the one face of it too much for human mechanics.

“The chicken coop’s a good place to start, because even then we had this really blatant sense that cause or effect, space, time, were really screwed up inside of that building, and which, by the way, I now believe to be true.” And it went for the whole area. “It’s just that for some reason, it was there where it became intensely apparent that, whether we were puking, or getting stoned, listening to some music, passing out, chopping holes HE IS PRE-PROGRAMMED FROM BEFORE BIRTH TO BECOME AWARE OF in the wall, whatever it was,” that these activities, they were obviously manifestations of something else, that we weren’t doing what we in the sumps of our idiotic brains thought what we thought we **it is** were **used, and,** doing.

We’d been hanging out in the cherry tree. None of us could figure out if the odd torque of its branches was trying to hand us over to the filmy sky or chuck us into its roots. Something, in the bark, seemed to make “me at least hunger for the foot-high polarized cornfield back on the other side of the barbed wire at the property line. **Farmer’s round, ditchdigger’s cycle: four wrenki at a time, four dumps of sour cream, one flood butter; three pieces of farmer’s sausage. And around eight feet down, past the obvious clays, in gravel, we found jutting out four posts, and between the posts there’s a coherent-looking lattice work of cedar bark strips.** *Have a number of approaches into homology groups of space X , all involving the manipulation of chain complex sequences of groups.* **There was an air of strict discipline because** I rip off my shirt, tear off shoes, socks, off I stomp. Right away it progresses to somebody showing up, so as to yell, ‘If you think you’re lost, well I’ll show you the fuckin’ way home!’ Well, I jumped back out of that shiny dirt quick,” gut blue with a churn which felt like some earthworms in the too sudden sun, or something even older, sicker, colder.

“Well, Normy had by this point now went and crawled into t-

he old chicken shed. **Snarf in whole sausage cut at once, glutinous glutton jaws ooze saliva's knowledge. That's not salty, that's not spicy, that is the taste where these fat globules meet the meat twisty strands.** Speter looked very agitated; had to go in it.

Boards paler than that sky, kind of off-starling egg color; “also looked kind of off beat from what you might refer to as four-dimensional alpha-omega space-time (kind of flattened or hyper-cubed, depending on how your neurons happened that particular day to be firing—feel old—but then we have to remember all of this bullshit, the same could have been said, of all of it), or, to be putting the ball another way, what circuits used, or, what dimensions we perceived ourselves to be cognating any given moment. **Under the lattice work's a broken branch end, about a foot long, into heart makes what is called pain a stupid, idiotic hallucination. Plump cottage cheese contained in the semi-bubbles of boiled dough. Repeat this food, repeat it (am too skinny, Oma says) until it must be slid into the crotch-thigh meeting place; wobble, hobble to the toilet and flush YOUR TIME OF PRE-PROGRAMMING TO PREPARE HER ALPHA TO OMEGA, to the accompaniment of laughing old wooden kitchen table under the wax cloth, and Oma's "Warum lachst du?" Lactose overload, but how can you the wahrenki flush way down duh shitter? Answer: try eleven of them thudding upon the stomach bottom and reaching for the top like a crappy recipe in which we mix salad dressing into a cookie recipe, salad dressing loaded with cheeses, cheap and ripped off inferior cheeses; try eleven of them pounding to the bottom of the stomach, oh Oma, like the bombs from slowly screaming, slow motion Stukas, wrenching for the top that toilet at the same time. Now only a theoretical wrenching attraction for wrenching lubed cock and granular chunks rubbing it; or never eating to stuffed, these guts recoiling into nausea granule points of lower intestinal**

sick old place.

“So into that chicken coop we did crawl, one by one, Speter first, and lucky then me. I came through in whatever the homage and attempted brushing my arms the fleas, stood up. Speter, hey there’s Speter, standing in here stunned staring at Normy: Normy somehow has managed to shave off his eyebrows. Bloody (no water running in the shed, none from the well, since the hydro had been shut off, no pump or then any water from the eighty-year-old guy across the road that Normy was convinced was an angel dust dealer—we shit in his field).

“Normy’s doing this robot dance: think of Lou Reed’s version of ‘We’re Gonna Have a Real Good Time Together’ from the Street Hassle album and you’ve given yourself a spazz sense of it.”

There, shaved blonde, broken head, once fat, now scrawny musculature. The hot pain air space seemed to fall away from his motion in rectangular thick sheets. Jaw clenched, but this face blank. An echo to this his body: you couldn’t tell with any certainty whether he was static or direct electrical slide movement. Strange, high-pitched voices flush from his gaze: party time. Seemed then, started to dance like a tomb frieze, air, whooshing like being inside the half-dozen cans of no-stick cooking spray or butane going off along a lot of the different vectors from singular starting point, jerky thud keyboard-like walk.

“Hey, Norm, how’s it like going?”

“Good, since been watching a cow.”

What he meant by this was that he learned with watching the cows to regurgitate his food: he’d spread it on a piece of bread, eat it, slowly spit it up, spread it on bread again, then swallow it again, sometimes three or four times, then down the final hatch (or into the coop): key for happiness. Seems since he had been in that padded cell up north, it was as if his internal organs, including, of course, his brain, had reconfigured.

The work done stretching and retching, and, looking above us, latching, or compressing like a snake, this elastic element equals the classification of the brain as reconfigured, a hermetic planet from which out of its wooden surface, when one turns in certain angles, pop dressers, beds, shelves.

If the amplitude of the vibration and the spring constant are known, our velocity can thus be computed for the forensic spatial definition of any position or displacement of internal organs.

But, of course, we are constantly changing the regurgitation and sick danger of our narration logos velocity causation.

Pray, fly down stones; prey flies down stones: there are several ways to find the sad mandala of our oscillation frequencies.

For example, we can interrogate the thickets of our emotions about the shadow motion of our raven.

Among other things, we can also draw our uterine reference circle from the power surge of Isis as meiosis.

We will learn to float Saturn on the water of our dreams.

The rings will wetly spin, the chromatic record grooves of trillions of symbol summed ghostly wandering bestiaries.

The moons slake the thirst of wandering like leaving the body.

The revelation word with its hushed symphonic sound is the greatest show on earth.

You will never need to worry again about not seeing and hearing and feeling what is most essential as a god to know and to say.

The angels are the birthing aspect of these grand sonata movements of the laughing letters.

You will be told by others stories of wilderness adventure in which the laws of physics stay within particular bounds but with a magnetic stagger: these are accounts of the presence of Saturn and Chronos.

Others will tell you of people they have met who seemed to defy the usual strictures of motion while yet adhering to them: these are the theogenic progenitor nucleic accounts, the many-faced solvent incidence matrices of Frigga as the Virgin Mary as Juno as Maut as Hecate as Nephthys as Cybele as Hera as Demeter as Rhea.

They will be telling you the story of how they moved as in your odyssey.

You will at some point drown into the abyss as if your head were severed by your most feared friend and coworker.

You will feel other drownings percolate through the library of your lung sponge with the tenacity of unbleachable blood.

You will dunk your own head into the cauldron of your barn shoveling future.

The belly of your holy mother lifts along the cordillera of your spine.
The belly of your holy partner lifts the black and white stones of your life.

The belly of your holy daughter lifts the living of your soul into a laugh.

Films of creation flame in the akashic cutting room, giving off the fumes of dead opossum.

People bang on the hatch to escape the self-reflecting pouch of the writer's colloidal world tree of a mind.

The dead opossum by the road sweetly stinks hugely as its body, accompanied by the sound of the creek through the long slick dark barrel of the thickly and brackishly fragrant wooden culvert; rots for weeks, makes one sick in one's own barking dog star soul of fascination.

Repressed memories emerge through the disjunction of past instants via the technology that is the creator/destroyer: what is erased with the nearer, duller end of the time machine pencil becomes rubbery gray dust in the nose that coalesces in the sinuses as rank infected tasting mechanical recollection.

These remembrances are as atmospheric cyborgs that are partial, distinguishing, blurry.

Life is disequilibrium of the cyborg Gaia as self-knowledge which repeats itself in cycles: the future is already happening in the brain.

One's family history is an anal gland perfume that bleaches one's awareness of the gray alien nation that harvests fright like body parts, like missing six months stuffed into small shacks with tight crooked doors that then collapse, like an abduction into an alternate system of cells, like a nasty street of super-dimensional viruses, like having what is chosen for one be the contentment of the godly.

Alternately, it can be the rings, the pooling gold, the rings, eleven-dimensional quantum membrane strum instrument of billions of modal nodes, the music so round, this where Beethoven got his structures from.

In the end, that scent becomes waves that are belly troughs: the flat curve goes into concave cusp bend in rapid blinking.

That parallel universe one returns to is a nursing home.

It is an already united uterine space.

Many of us are thus so close to heaven now, but this does not mean we cannot still flunk the testes.

Here is also another parallel realm, one which flashes in cracks across screens like pops of burning coal.

In this day of it one can feel the beauty of an eternally dying world of tidal flats and wind blowing sand, one both on the log and not.

The notebook moves from the living room to the dining room; no it does not; yes it does; the consciousness of the billiard shot: God lies deep in one at the wet and bright fragrant sidewalk slope of the 10th and Alma bus stop, surveying beauty of own creation.

One's karma is difficult to distinguish here once the time streams start flowing in more than one direction at once, especially if one will come to hurt others.

And one's mother always gives one three names at once, which further complicates whether the telephone calls one receives from the line of creation leave the sound of a message or simply a ringer with no message left at all.

Thought and speech surge into the natural world of the mind case an auric field, activate the natural world substances, despite the fear of such articulation by the natural mind.

Of course, most of what one knows cannot be remembered, at least not easily.

As example, there was a visitation by two dark-robed allies who arrived in a space ship and who left through the child 8 angel hexagrams on paper; later, a fairy ran from her dresser corner into a crumply pile of paper, clothing and toys, pinkish in a pinkish dress, 4-6 inches tall with short blonde hair, which both the child and the parent saw; adults felt ill; the child built a little Stonehenge. Visionary case studies are thus encoded histories of the world.

There is an alternate city one is sometimes in, in the temple crust eyelashes a dark seepage of signals which causes one to ask why one is here; this is its most stable contour.

Blake shows us that we access this via the front door of innocence that leads through the vaginal storyhole of the mother's elms, the sheep dot matrices of energy, gods laughing like clouds of fruit flies, the other trees all ages in dirt air.

Here, bloody flesh letter cloud smell vulva rain and waterways fugally flood the rhizotome ground that the life will be lived on and ingested as.

Infant sorrow paints past, pre and future memories eternally returning bending plasma purple across sky and clouds into pink squirm.

The sounds of the words uttered here are nonetheless the sounds of the motions of the spheres with very particular dynamics that new-dye one's garments in baptism into this fresh planet with its voices of fate, its seafaring people, its capitalist cables of violence, its fucking drag of enforced work, its cults of world devouring death, its desperate, victimized, preyed upon children in dead end blocked off streets blown to shitty globalized shreds, its overcast rubble skies of invaded families, its stormy stingy stinking heartless account books of the dead.

Instruction for vanquishing those monsters who create the tortures of the previous sentence: do magic for all but yourself.

Sweet music emanates from the enameled stones with the seesaw of a compass talisman hanging across a body that is a bow for the comfort of clothes, a head that is a knob for bandages.

Tempo is zipping bilaterally processed in reverse at this point; the priestess from three thousand years ago seems to have disappeared. Some cannot deal with the intensity of problems that others in this life have, and so (rightly/wrongly?) write it down as karma done, as the déjà vu of running away.

Time reverses yet again into an enormous river/ocean overlooked by gigantic red cliffs that plunge to a fishing hole where word stock and digits can be caught.

Here squats a child at marbles, shooting the tao, preparing one to hear all of the voices in the chemical lifetime of a night, dear voices we trace in this stream of life.

The vision stays in mind through any and all languages, implodes syntactic, lexical and energetic categories of conscious civilization as snowflakes melting on landing upon the alchemical body.

There is a tingle between the shoulder blades that is a doorway to different simultaneous forms of creation, different realities of causality, different lineages.

The melancholic etheric body will retain things from the pasts of these wave forms for a very, very long time.

The point of light across the small table in the dusty basement room becomes deep eternity.

The struggle between line and cubic space is the secret of the creatures of Prometheus, mortality always beckoning as a function of eternity.

A warm pneuma fills the void of this realization, welcomes the new occupants to this house: they are gray pink again in the rhyme of fairy logic, five blue and pink ones around hair, sprinkles in hair, brown one traveling, all over the room, have gone gray, pinkish gray (and like lettering), orange, blue, blue flashing over the head, blue top northwest corner, fast paths quickly shifting like UFOs from the 40s over cold lakes and blunt black mountains, 3 blue just above the pond, 4 on forehead blue and gray, rainbow light over sink.

Even the hyperbolic fiend mad fiend will forget self in this crimson yellow living tunnel dripping scintillating filaments of angel spittle that taste like mushrooms all gone completely nuts in the foolish directions that climbing up and down a tree at the same time will lead one to take.

And yet, we are not free to follow our own pre-wired devices.

At times, we are obliged to the magic animals which fly over our houses in the guise of the largest pigeon hawk one will ever see with a loud bang in the street.

The sonic boom from such a visitation will reverberate backwards to the night the world became a war zone.

All people in their most primary cast here will be third person future tense.

As such, they will stir into mud the water and earth of the vision of sorrow.

They will try to haul each other out of this mud, but they will collapse in hockey sticks of uncontrolled belly freaking cackling.

Pregnancy is an extended story told by the face and neck of time.

At intervals, it refers itself to the life cycle of the civilization of chickens.

At other moments, it tells itself.

And so, the priestess reappears along a plane of amnesia: word name plunges across to space-time of logos.

She quickly generates triangles, circles, ovals and diamonds.

All of them have been forgotten.

To write the book is to deny that the silence of the gene pool is God.
To write the book is to question in the open the denials of those that formulated one.

To write the book is to search for the sweet heat rays among the bubble teases of brother and sister death: you have always been out of time.

As she, he sculpts the gardens back into God's thought forms.
As he, she plants kisses in the mouths of the holy breeze.
In the poorest part of the municipality one loses one's mnemes by keeling off of a dam one was building, and so the animals of one's best dreams become two hundred miles of prairie dog, rabbit, porcupine, fox, coyote, antelope, deer road kill.

The strange hop-yard field where the young play has been moved over a turn of the village for their safety.
The reason for this precaution is that there is a universal skunk in the deep freeze which will become the ultimate drool inducing irresistible trap bait for the most intelligent and self-controlled coyote.
The result will be a black night of bruised sorrowful digitating pitch eyes looking on and in as this canine of the mind gorges itself and then steps backwards into the snap of the source mirror held by a weeping Queen of Cups.

At this juncture, the names of time are erased.
Space shifting around horizontally, chevron stripes in it, pinks, blues, it's really tottery now, it wobbles like the Saturn that pages of holy skybooks called gravity vector wells are marked with, tilt, tilt, liquid hydrogen cone, liquid helium eyes, ammonium rods and clear and dust, bath toy planets.
Moving clear current into other people's connection lines so that they can move if their free will dictates.

At this point, language crystals begin emanating one.
They create the future tenses in layered onions of difficult to remember sentences.
They triangulate identities on the poignant, bursting ocean.

She describes the tingling many-hued frame rather than the inside flashing tinctures, knowing that they are.
What is then inside?
Is it a black squirrel barely nicked by a car, the logos in three-leveled multicolored gargantuan wooden wagon morphologically agglutinating parade, a rabbi with a station wagon full of mystical texts, a dream that is all mirrors, a single species of tiny birds chirping en masse everywhere in the city at two in the morning, the cuneiforms in the stars, squares, shapes?

Now, this dream can also become the dream of a darkly marked wheezing music of future and past lives trembling its geometrically scaring instrumentation a deluge of atomic configuration, yards of bricks rearranged to igloos.

This dream music will and did tell of being as a boiling, a birthing, a something that issues in itself and beyond.

This music then becomes the pile up of a whirlpool in a noontime river that comes from the springs that always seep from above, from the artesian wells of revelation.

Gas puddle tone fairies above the stove, going red, deep red, deep faint red, pink, blue, and green, the pinks making the spleen feel queasy.

One might only see magickal things only when the chrome ball used to cloak out the other magicians is gone, as it curses the fairies, emanating an entity silverish, grayish, clearish, smaller than a baby fingernail, one that some fairies are brave enough to fight, particularly the purple ones, the other clear ones, and the green ones on the neck.

The throat always tingles in days such as these, the sea nymph wears an argentine gown of subtle tissue, a skin of dusky wine, brine spouting, streamlets gushing from head and beard, a handhold from the bilge and the trample roar of rocky sea smother rushing backwash needling sunlight of multiple roles for these gods.

Actuality is a camouflage: the solid body is just a tendency; in terms of numbers affected, the apocalypse is happening; the three-dimensional self becomes more than it can cognate; it projects open time-lines, the sentient river rune flood now running high with foam on whirlpools, assuming human form, becoming a buried plane of the universe as a family of fighting gods, brain like a stadium, street drugs of soul-selection technologies, puddle off-kilter diamond that is hook into the depth and kidney stone asteroid crash of all of these drifts which surround the collapse of tubules; gray is not a color but a dimension that closely looked, is the lens complex of climates' growls—this stone an agate halfway from stream to rattled scree, now it is a smash of gone, stop the hand was held for too long in the face of the larynx burst through the open door jam, there go the phones, floor, tumble is the fan the clogged stop.

We are but an infinitesimal potassium fragment of a staggering and stumbling empyrean: this is no answer to the first question?

The survivor will ask why programmed to here, why do the deep recesses of the soul lead to here, why does the deep program glimpsed bring this, why project the physical universe into so many children unfairly dying, why make these both mental and physical events, why soul using consciousness as a tool in such a way as this?

This crop circle of crucifixions is an allegory of the birth trauma.

Of course, angels do not need to reason.

And now, what one used to imagine has become real, the abundance of the great burden of the sorrowful human world.

This is understanding as understatement.

One's life is both fostered and ruined by concealers.

The most sensitive chronicler of the gap-spaces between the acts of these beaconing waves walked flush into the waters and never returned.

In doing so, this one found every possible version of history.
In doing so, the cells' intuition showed itself to be sadly correct,
neuronal populations ranting to each other.
In doing so, the mind cud as mud bore itself witness to waterways
flooding streets of cypresses, to star sapphire bubbles jamming the
sinuses, to a white house guggling out of the frantic silver and then
exploding in lightning and finally soil.

This chronicler becomes once again all of the people spoken by her.
This chronicler becomes the river under the creosote black bridge.
This chronicler becomes a rancid table scrap oyster under a damp
conifer, scoffed by a skunk.

The galvanic circuit sound of these silver bubbles is beyond what the
ear can easily understand as anything but pure beauty.
The sound of the gold bubbles that drop off from the silver
trajectories is the struggle of blood through the last gasps of the
most brilliant air one will ever breathe.
One will then go to the worst corner in the city and lose 90% of one's
memory.

There are at least two paths out of here, none of which are this
moment visible.
The tide floats remind the two of us of a dream.
The front porch of our house is a cathedral.

One meets one consort of the priestess hiding on a plane years
before they meet and part.
Crack presents into time.
In the turkey hatchery, if the poult does not incubate and pip exactly
on schedule, it is dumped with the thousands like it into a bucket and
has the hose turned on it.

The catsup bottle splits in two; can see the table through it;
mechanistic explanations block the magic.
There was a map of the universe in the basement of Main Library for
a month: it was an entire room of grids and masks.
Wave forms, many wave forms: quanta and strings all again as
triggers and triggered, depending on what else is in the vicinity,
quark the German word for cottage cheese.

One's separation from God due to the coming of one's disbelief;
intuition; what one feels one must control controls one.
Thus, there are no reasons that manifest as gas grammar for the
emergence of sentience?
But gas grammar is a byproduct of sentience, is a wind wand of the
consequences of the ship from dark to matters: silver ball follows a
spermatic vector, color of glazed donut on one's head, multicolored in
ironing board, highlighter yellow, yellow writing "the moon is full/fill,"
the fairy ball is tonight "tonight."

Macrocosm upper waters dark fire of sinking rays of sun encounter rising water and give birth to the planets: river morning scene, each line, each module a "complete" version of universe.

Simultaneously, multiple colored balls connected by lines, kinetic, their lower god vision and also a vision of the book, its structure, meta-structure; consider very carefully, the temple vision of the necessary density.

Arrangement of furniture in an ordinary room alchemical; the convex makes the geometrical construction of the hall as a fish eye lens extra-dimensional, the human imagination an astral force, a sapphire, the 44 teeth of a pig, the different soul types each module plugs into through its lexicons and syntaxes, the 72 names for God.

Collect bottles over by the hill to drain booze out of.

People keep morphing into other people.

Blue Mayan-like glyphs manipulated to the current situation.

The 9th Symphony is a national anthem, but not of Germany.

It is also a time travel device.

The leaders of all times are held blamable for every death, including preventable accidents (because they will try otherwise to manipulate other forms of death to get themselves off the hook—they are death-eaters), before the duration of a full human life span, that occurs on their watches.

Write this articulation of a philosophy.

Wire it together with the biosurvival circuitry of the fluid sloshing body and the non-local circuitry of the ultimate breaker panel.

All of the senses possible become its proofs.

The rotting skunk entombed now in the garbage bag, with the rust-caked trap still emotionally hanging on to its broken front leg, in the collapsing shed at the back: caught it at a culvert entrance in the endless quest for raccoons.

Years later, she saw a legendary huge skunk in the alley, with a baby raccoon following, foraging.

Rubbed eye clouds fall apart into tuber chunks, reconstitute in another smell in time, that cloud become an anvil over that doorway that closes before the moment that one thought to enter that doorway a law, mausoleum gale, temple chart, picnic table that one sleeps under, molten thought in potential energy bricks: this is an experience of a parallel universe that will reappear in another form elsewhere, a hologrammatic fan of time.

The computer turns itself on again stupendous blue after a day of intense language under a barely waning moon.

She found herself lying on the soft floor--here were tight garments, uncomfortable, enclosing her shivering body--they seemed to be in various pieces and she did not seem to be wearing sandals, but rather some sort of tight stocking--where was her headdress?--why is the floor so soft?--where is the statue?--the incense smell gone, the torches are out--slowly rising, her astral body surveys the chamber--about the same size, but low rough but almost spongy ceilings and unadorned, barren--no wall glyphs, barren--the light very blue--only

one person, a male, dressed in very snug-fitting leg tubes, some sort of tunic--very pale skin, balding, strange trimmed beard, does not seem to notice she is there--and she does not feel herself: she seems to be inside of a male body--this is another realm--the walls here are white and almost squishy to the hand--weird hums outside, loud rumbling lights across the ground and in the sky--strange dampness: rumbles, warm gust, this has broken open, time hymen, Isis vein//////////eyes open, standing, facing the glowing altar idol, the other opal adorned priestesses about their already ancient hieratic tasks.

A field of white stones, symmetrically placed everywhere.

A medium light brick brown castle-like tower with an open door at ground level, flashes reverberating and expanding across a very green country, the sound of synaesthetically springing metal. A spectrum waterfall of molecules: why can we not see things change?

An egg not a table correctly typifies this unexplained planet.

Cold gray seas and sea-cliffs bore you, making a mind so harsh this hateful skull of clouds clearing from this mountain.

A water-valve cap blurs to a bird grub-grabbing.

Hebrew letters move much more easily than English ones, heavenly splendor becomes clothed in earthly as it approaches the human.

The elements are coming into sense.

The future lives are already being stirred in the retort.

The scattered stories that will make them up are already being collated.

They cannot find their knees.

Water is a kinetic glass.

The moving truck hauls the last sanity away into the divine.

We are all dreaming each other in ancient rituals.

Red ochre color cheeks ● henna hair □ highly polished metal mirrors □ bronze disks □ geometric designs tattooed, chest, shoulders, arms, abdomen, thighs ● face of the sun □ amulets, pectoral plate bead rows, plain amuletic and floral, lotus flowers, falcon heads, terminals holding strings together ● head diadem ornaments on live flower bands □ armllets, bracelets, inlaid metal and jewels □ finger rings, signets button seal scarab ● glazed heavy lead deity figures, royal names and protective hieroglyphs ● harp, lyre, bow lute-arch, 4-10 strings □ wind instruments, tambourine and drum □ no written musical notation ● senet board 3 by 10 squares, 7 pieces set out alternately along first 14 squares, movement in a reverse S, get one's pieces all off board while preventing opponent from doing same ● blocked piece returns to the start of board □ board flip side 20 squares, markings slightly different □ 3 rows middle 12 squares, flanking it 2 rows with 4 squares one end, long strip the other □ players have 5 pieces they place in empty strip □ begin by moving pieces up 4 squares to corner, get these pieces safely down center

row and off board □ opposing pieces move in opposite directions, the gambit must be?
Physical sciences and metaphysics are each with each synthetic.

Are our foe and destiny, are our own many shipwrecked crews, the stars named in relation to the river banks' pulses that grab our hands and save us, the current forming the sinking island we are stranded on.

Look over there and see the abstract of an abstract of that sad Geburah Mars tattoo hologram on the neck of Paracelsus the wanderer.

The horses of the chariot are obliged to retreat, weeping tears of blood in streams; dense clouds there are, but no rain.

This vision of Isis a tantra, a yoni, this humming of the throat chakra a pranayama exhaling myrh.

This Penelope of gobbled words becomes voluptuous.

Wind-down, wind down sea sea downwind down wind sea wind-sea sea-down down-sea down-wind sea-wind wind sea down down sea wind sea wind down sea down wind spun translucent deep breaker waves of sly skylight through gullets of sand and grisly sumptuous roars of sea lion pun voltages.

The land and its people are silver energy: the work of the alchemists lies only in their rotation of elements.

The quickness with which the early morning memory of light vanishes.

How long has this experienced river flowed rearranging what one thought was the truth of our lives?

The visions one has of these pyramids are a technical initiation, a raccoon caught in a cedar, very tightly built, spring-lidded garbage can container.

Baby wants eternity, baby wants more, baby growls big and biggerGRRRRRLLLLLLLL! the amp belch of birth out the bottom of the war, bass strings hammer hammering the dirty floorboards of the world!

Now, then, is the crossing of the abyss in the compassionate sanctifying intelligence.

It puts a spell on one.

Do different galaxies thus have different physical laws, and are the constants constant?

Are our galaxies just God's moth-eaten clothes?

Soaking wet handkerchief chora, creatures coming out of the living book, leaving six hundred muddy paw prints on the white kitchen floor.

Meteor surface, nickel, covered in schematic-like masks of alien code: we are from elsewhere.

Speed keeps me up for a week.

Blake wrote this book already: he called it *The Four Zoas*.

Aug 20/2000: have been seeing a lot at the level of speciation of angels, lots of silver, strangely shaped people with headgear of various types.

Black one in corner, blackish gray along higher sub-ceiling edge, huge faint pink one behind me, bluish in corner, pink one on Monet canal print on south wall.

Does what creates desire to make known all of these attributes; does what creates display all of these images at once in order to instruct through contradiction in whatever component of the attributes the vision is fit to comprehend?

And how does the anal gland perfume reconfigure into this?

Sees fairies all over the note paper, and outside $\frac{1}{4}$ tall as trees, yellow, pink, orange, thin yellow ring, pinkish-orange inside, and then they lose their rings and are a little more pink than the color of salmon berries, same shape and size, a little orange, then some turning more orange and then shrinking, sometimes two at once, contrast to lights on floor, one the size of a silver dollar, was seeing them close to the ground, then starting to fly, mauve color outside with a little more gray and a teeny bit of light blue.

How does a floor hold fairies?

The child draws a Ra circle in the flower bed; silver angels rescue the child's father from a near-death experience, not the drowning one, long before her birth.

This planet can be black as an El Greco, crimson yellow, gray flecked pink, dark brown.

The visions are photographs of God's chalk drawings, and they teach us about spatial integrating in a social continuum.

As such, some books are in final form before they are.

On that note, a woman rides a bicycle by and separates into several parts of her chronological motion, all of which you two see at once.

Us below sick danger non-flying. Us, it has no sound.

Bursting, the robins, from that motile grass, landing, bursting and you no longer have to use force input to rotor the torque to the stator: robins, hammering woodpecker that cottonwood tip. Acid humus. Leached gray in brown. Brown yellow thick and gravel, shave of fire-line maybe one hundred fifty years ago, alpha to omega. **Shaking grass three inches in diameter at bottom, and kinetic an eight inch diameter clump on the top that brushes. Hammering woodpecker that cottonwood pit, chuckle-howling looks like a carved eagle head, but may be most certainly indeed something completely different. This appears to be a burial bud sunhole black hole site.** And yet, this ritual jumps from the timeline, just managing to manifest of itself in like temples down through the chronomesh until now.

Now, standard histories of settlement patterns seem to suggest that if this area were settled, which it appears to have been as you skirt Law's LENZ. Except this vision, there is no hallucination, there was every hallucination. One-tenth of a second of excited iron atoms will flush up into lift a ferric year a metallic screw-turn feeling woodpecker.

The drill is an animal thrashing under the tyranny of my grip that could break the drill you jam it up. Smell its electric sweat gang tackle the nostrils from its brushes. This wood's harder than thought, drills like a beam full of knot holes invisibly stretched sideways for fifty balls. And since all electrons in all momentums spin on their axes with the same angular atoms omega to alpha, one each is an infinite source of energy or God's perfect wee flywheel. From the torque of standpoint, it is an over-unity device for the times.

A rotor split provides the key alternating make or break magnetic circuits between (Washington) DC and AC (it being Crowley) and the coils. Sometimes, it seems as if they have disappe-

ared (such as during the robot dance). Making no sound, he'd stand there, arms flopped across his lower abdomen along the inner core of its entire length. The sound and jar of the drilling take over all the driller's body, wrench it into as meat extension of disobedient vibrations, a pissed-off cosmos of sawdust in the eyes and up the snot-box. **Become of own music bad electric-al straight jacket. It shakes:** like he is looking for some from somewhere medicine to rid himself of **balance. On tendons blub twisting forces** everything. **Cottonwood bark, muscles, limbs splep scab the stimuli. The lion's chest ripples.** What a, the uh, what he'd just been putt-putting along, in fact, you know, ACTUALLY, uh ACTUALLY, his motor, this, I remember now, was running an outboard, I believe had stalled and clunks off, rustle to wound, ants, moss dry powders the packed mud at the base/Now again here movement on us now and me outside loss of more outside, now again here, then here movement this in "me" inside/Tunneling **worms core** FOR THE ROOM. A ROOM IS THE TRUNCATED NEGATIVE EQUAL OF AMOUR. THEY THE REASON THE AIR WAS SO THICK AS MINE THEIR RECORDING DEVICES ARE ASWIM AS AIR. INTO HOW PLOTS OUR WORLD CONSTITUTES? (LOOK AT HOW A SEQUENCE OF **cottonwood** LINES BEGINS.) **The language has no eloquence to state this and so every language states me it.**

Finally, the far side of the beam gives itself out, and the bit reams through, ripping the far of it planing away from hole, in the shreds **and hollow cottonwood, core cottonwood, mulched to various instruments such as scrapers and bowls**—with an incorrectly done fucked-up job that will come back to in the form of shitty *still torques outwards from elbow into shoulder and then back down the shoulder through elbow again, and ripping down forearm to finger* splinters or an even shittier wire pull that hangs me up on some crap *muscles*. **Circuit voltage increase with an increase in RPM. With the number of turn atoms on the coil out-**

put per theory transformer, circuit voltage increase. The infinite thought that this is what will lead you to the infinite voltage that is the perfection, the final summation of what it means to have created dirt, just like what grows in (the worms are the size of my pinky finger). **It shivers.**

GENESIS CAIN THE VEGETARIAN, GENESIS ABEL THE CATTLE BUTCHER; CORRUPT MEATING HUMANITY: **The relative twitch, its intensities of forces blub, the changes of movements of over time, signaling movement and** WAR, SLAVERY, CRIMINALITY; **posture.** The forces of social loafing: exert less effort when **using.** **Thick scab of outer dead cell layer in blub glabrous skin** performing alone.

So now one must be rid of thousands of hallucinations concerning

THE HIGH-TENSION WIRES RUSTLING OVER THE VALLEY HIGHWAY AND CODING THE FARMS OF THE FENCES WITH SHUTTLES OF DOOM'S EXCITED BASE snag. Wire pull. Well, maybe there's more drilling to do.

What's this revolutions per minute? Well, cutting speed multiplied by four and divided by the diameter of the bit, the drill REALIZATIONS RE THE EXTENT OF THIS POWER bit. People often have believed their mental state, behavior, health are linked.

Speter already looked really edgy. Normy and I, we did like the coop because we imagined it functioned like a sweat lodge but Speter's state of eternal claustrophobia, even though he liked locking himself inside of steamer trunks far inside of closets. What's the cutting speed? Well, it's pi multiplied by the diameter **creativity and a conscious life, for there are many times** multiplied by the revolutions per minute **such that creativity's shredded reason is lost and everything is** the two-tiered terrain of loss framed as negation and as the denial of value, **destroyed**, divided by twelve. But then what's the revolutions p-

er minute? Drilling is **ride/into those black holes of wire.** He goes by me to look out the boarded-up window: **Here is where** there's the snort surfscapes with the gigantic hanging eyeball flo-

ating above it, or is that the poster we put there? **Power increase** WHICH GRAPPLES YOURS THE SIGHT IN TO DESPERATE HINDS ULTRA-IMPOSING AGENDAS THROUGHOUT WHAT IS IMAGINED SKY; **but as well many free everything which has been created by those many who believe in the ultimate twitch nerve relevance of** THE MYTH ME FRAMES CAIN AS THE MURDERER.

“Hey, it’s nice out. I’m going.” So he lies down onto the floor face down, head over toward the south and the sealed human door. The shed’s due north/south. All the other movements’ churches in the area are too, except for one, which when the congregation fell off became a sausage factory. “I see cell demons of hell monocular filled-in totality,” Speter says. “And now I see, see strange, strange rustles of demon tails, with semi-faded solidity freezing in my mind as excited kinetic signals.”

Well oh rectilinear and circular fuck. In this, they achieve the aim of all Egyptian temples per perpetuating the priesthood, insinuating it through and by all possible paradigms of the various extending space-time continua.

Secondary reinforcers are stimuli previously paired that are neutral **with increase in magnetic-field endings**. Within, and on the top shelf, with hybrid yellow stimuli already reinforcing **strength**. I lie down on the couch, opposite direction to Speter, arm is here imparted: on forehead. **The resolution of the piano notes into the quiet birth space—including a jade scraper or knife—the creative mastery commences even in this moment of polarities, G minor revolving, resolving up the spiral our souls come from, here is where.**

Today in the consciousness of cells awakening into outer aggregate, the meridians are calm. As etheric today, there is no interference, only awakening and a clean spinal canal. Phase of resting; we cannot, however, go excessively restricting known time with too many binding specifics.

Young flung fire-brain sweep sown sweep fast star webs, fast star webs slash sprightly by neurons' leap shuddering ellipses forever anew.

Smoothness stuttering smoothness in trickles through deep snug tranquil quilts of hir hearts: s/he hears onset of most steep glorious tor tones, and even though on this occasion will sh/e be mistaken in hir blue estimation of God's consequence, learn compassion for all creatures by suffering these most miraculous delusions s/he will. Sh/e now becomes in animating metaphysical plasma so many beautiful big thousands of hallucinations bundled together in primordial swaddling cloths of many-pigmented and multi-tissued womb warm fragrant gravitational water centers of stellar bang nuclei.

And so, at particular moments number systems will shift, and s/he will misunderstand meanings of people sh/e meets in now succulent irradiant gleaming streets, and so unveil hir heart to irresistible love s/he will. Opening this drapery coding of deepest feeling impulse, that which impulses all will tell hir sh/e is doing exactly as s/he should: scrambled black filaments of obscurity cover hir weird names and hir esoteric histories and hir illusive futures, for in blinding limpid mirage sh/e must love to scald and cleanse hir core to love. For hir to become fully hologrammatically beautiful time it is. Universal alterations of proximity and necessity into hir nucleus bring dissonances which will lead to deepest blessed tenderness. No matter how blisteringly furious hir agglomerating energy transformations and variations be, s/he will preserve hir moving between near copies of hir selves, sh/e will spring among realities of hir membrane wandering soul spirited back and forth through discharging wonders of that scribbled void. As crossing fields is s/he wisely love, and yet to not transverse in singular continuums is for hir to learn to traverse all continua as waves of sapient love: to feel all loses sh/e pieces.

And so s/he will believe sh/e is as s/he should be, but for hir pity to be born in this here sh/e will not be. Certain resplendent strangers show friendliness, but hir essence must accept that they too will stay and leave. Hir initiatory sibling soul is s/he who believes sh/e knows both more and less than s/he will, and this must be as sh/e needs to feel hir distended heart surging to burst for hir realization of love's future descendants to conceive.

In subsequent spinning gossamer high wing-pitched drone, acetous bluish brush discharge envelops antennae: oscillating light instigates its solidification; rankly flecked yellow empyrean ceilings of dynamic angels their stentorian glowing fluids through azure soul voltage tears spill, drill bodies out from densest boulders of precursors to matter. Airs of worlds scorching deep violets tumble and tumble in leaping spins of photospheric realms coming into being through endless shapes given every movement that all will ever make in spumy yelled warm bubbling purple gurgles of divine newborns.

Twitches s/he births as woodgrains incessantly streaming every odorous slippery tree and wall deeply surfaces of Jupiter, senses presses of blunt planetary poles from variables elsewhere in hir

shaking eternities, their slicing ebony electricities and latticed civilization sizes reminding hir of many different lives sh/e in hir hole of sun heart will magnetically love but never in mind know. Come to being in small solar system s/he will feel them, but will not see them. Dine at cafés that will not have good food sh/e will, s/he will reach deep inside for them, hurricane indigestions will share with reversing planetoid sun globules very far away. As astounding curved scepters amber bubbles will melt their burbling mobilities all over hir symphonic planetary surfaces in minuscule angle arcs of orbs humming tincturing eyes, and to feel will sh/e learn that if s/he treat these worlds and enter these bulbs kindly sh/e can and leap pulsating space-time spheres. S/he will love and pity and try to accelerate jittering sapphire lightning, pounding red earth and hail, to soothe people's aching blood houses sh/e will try.

Sh/e has been pre-wired to realize hir sinewy four-sidednesses are sources of times, and that hir now becoming globby human neurology will not be able to uncover and comprehend. From beyond hir neurological wands' ranges hir lustrous associates will liquidly arrive within hir integral synaptic energy stream every twenty years or so to remind hir of her source connection. S/he will recall and forget.

Now emerged sh/e has into new beginning: purplish tinged sharp-scented white fresh fairy in dining room doorway. The round rods of that reverberant archetypal dimension s/he emanates from s/he remembers, and now sh/e is gone.

Type blue vision of some place to go to a room, a very good undulation. Someone wearing a loud crown, lazuli and ivory in some kind of small room: the warm book is this room in which the crashing connections between experiences are reinvigorated, where their compartmentalizations are broken down, where the room one is in becomes branch warp cusp linkage of catastrophic sky.

I must learn compassion from the tests following of my soul.

The slug has the sticky tetrahedral landscape of numerous star-cycles on its scrawl; the scepter has large plum sun; the cow's gravitas head is white as sandy bleach; balance the bowl of oscillating muddy star/night on snow brain pan; glowing crowbar wand smashes through jeep window, vulture asteroid debris; slithers of psychological diamonds, cat fangs the dawn, thousands of cephalopods invertebrates.

From side two pyramids look like walls Seal of Solomon/Star of David. This chattering geometrically ironic structure contains all the wisdom of the universe and can be tapped either psychically or electromagnetically. Also where melded mountain bays have incisions for spacecraft abduction purposes. This tessellating tetrahedral composition is passed through by a magician when a moonchild is created. The magician's own consciousness or psychic/sexual reversal energy is taking the latent protein within the centers of these tetrahedrons and is awakening the kundalini within the zona pellucida. A magical child is thus being created.

Such endeavor is the province of the truly masonic, throughout all of history, and is a technology as vividly elaborate as anything built in the most advanced of laboratories. This operation must be understood as the true polygonal meaning of pyramids, spheres and all solid figures, the true meaning of the brilliant chemistry of the liquid tetrahedrons. The builders of the emanating world must feel pity for this world, though, or it will not sustain. Those who do not feel this pity are not builders of this world, but something else which has very quick ending. The measuring cohesive intelligence will not function without this compassion. Whatever one thinks one is doing, without this compassion, it is not that. When I can accept that the amethyst necklace I am so bedazzled by is actually a toilet paper role, the action of an imaginary amnesiac spell that wiggles over my ears in a primordial closet, then will I be allowed, then MighTyjuPterAmouNfloOdinGskyIsisInnuNdatEposEidoNwotAnblAstiNd raConnEctiOnlwIredLuciFerwIsebRahmAsplEndiDspiRaldAnceUnicOrn mAKes sense to me again.

For now, flesh is a supernova tattooed into us. Until we remember not to allow the stinking psychological imperatives of pain fire to cause us to forget to feel full-throated for others, until we stop forgetting are cells are the sociological microcosms of all intellect we need, will continue to loudly burn.

####

The little child poked and poked pieces of straw one after another straight into the garbled edge of that taciturnly burning furnace of the Mennonite hayfield. On what almost seemed to be chance, s/he looked down: a palm-sized hole has seared through hir pants, its edges glowing orange as the smoldering perimeter of the bumpy field. A detonation of blaring pain mixed with the smells of scorched flesh, straw and sticks shatters the compass of hir spine system, and so sh/e insanely and haphazardly bolts, the flames digesting hir fed by the nutritious logical inrush of delicious air. Fortunately, a religious neighbor parent saw hir running and screaming, and darted out across the street, grabbed hir, whipped the flaring pants off before the lower half of hir body was engulfed and thoroughly burned. Feel compassion for this child as for any of the many children in the world who suffer much worse. Until we do, we repeat the same loops, and die as rotten excuses for a waste of oxygen.

The traumas that the five year old addicts to for the duration sometimes will mold themselves into mournful riverside nipple musics of self-pity. This is another form of foggy compassion, one that loops through the fiery airs of its own exhalations back into its own bone keys. The tune of this bleakness can both darken and fade the pen of creation's damaged stars, can generate further sobs of the sadnesses it also assuages. The fully grown rivers that some find themselves by encode in their tracer paths all of the ledgered mercurial stories that scarlet sad people tell themselves as each other across the chains of the bodies of those they have back and forth through the squeezes of plural time loved. These psychotic sonic opiums feel as delicious and sick at once as all stages of a rushing

trajectory. These sounds and sights and feelings and smells and tastes find their ways into memories of purgative compressed bubbles of water, and wreckage spheres of fire that sizzle this booby-trap fluid away so that one finds oneself walking anabolic along the bottom of that sad bloody river yet breathing. These songs are both holy and demonic in their compassions.

When I am here I keep half-think thinking that s/he is in a palpitating house sh/e used to live in: the writhing scepter throb of time twists similarly here, as do the people. S/he now finds himself in a seniors home where women and men borrow each other's names, where people are confused with siblings who die two centuries away. These are the rattle shaking chronological loops which, depending upon the wind, hold the cacophonous secrets to how the configurative scenarios' repeating dynamics create what we here construct as super-consolidated family obedience to any whim and work. We here could be stolen spear gun projectiles, socks full of broken coal toys: the world steels our acidic pulse into mechano set endocrine.

The Pleiades disappear as photocopies flung away by the gust of an almost immeasurably sudden coal gulch hot blaze. Number systems shift again. This condensed cusp point between entrances to what sh/e is here changes the hidden cellular recordings from red to blue if one stays on here.

A warrior is shown here hatched by the traveler shape that is sharp time embodied in the historical scratch of shambling perdition that composes most of what most will in the end remember to the exclusion of almost all else, which will be another shell-game test of short-spoken shriving compassion. The sceptered words here become genetic pun snatches far below visible shank shard syntaxes, drunken hatchet groolings of black-treed desire for to dispatch in batches the rackets of one's show-off neighbors in the bitch of the necessity to properly tend the shoddy ovens of the forested half-solidified shielded shit villaged dominion. Those itches so many feel at moments they are trying for stillness are clothes they wore in shabby past lives.

It is elementary that s/he think here that the Antichrist equation is needed to magically stretch to reverse the scepter burning polarity of an unbalanced overemphasis on the esoteric Christ: that is why sh/e finds Christianity taking the odd configurations it currently does, and earlier grave forms, such as worship of Baphomet during the Inquisition, trying both (though which in the minds of the Inquisitors and witches?) to squash and raise the beast in the human. Meanwhile, elsewhere, s/he tries to beacon balance them in fulcrum full Tao across the dorsal wavering to the liquid molecular middle through the nebular priestess, horoscopic retort, never-sleeping universe. Balancing Christ and Antichrist so involves subjects of inner time and how sh/e becomes entrapped within locales of millennia-old empires of frightened heartless pulsative soul. It comes when s/he wants to be strong and alone, when sh/e wants to mix ascending and descending tones, when s/he becomes both living black stone and dying white stone, and opposite, when sh/e finds

himself in algorithm version of infinite ain soph which has fallen off from other infinite instructed versions and which contains them all in perpetual z-vector phrase-scripts of magics.

S/he reads the chronicles of the afterlives on the bridge crossing over spongy thick slow fish and beneath skittering bats the multiple layering substrate pyramidal evening before the morning when palpable Jesus Christ! in the vision of love surging in the center of the chest will be seen.

####

As the heartfelt loving light begins to come into being, sh/e realizes that s/he is a pregnant virgin, at least in this bulged version. A latent protein lies in all bodies, and can be triggered. The protein is activated to act like humanoid sperm and "tricks" the gestational apparatus into what is, usually, a ten-month pregnancy. This mischievous batch of acids is found in the body's original skylight cells, which are 8 in number and which are found at the mathematical base of the spine (root of the kundalini). These 8 cells are juxtaposed in trigonometrically bundled fashion two fused microbial tetrahedra. They interlock, upside down to each other, and are the Madonna pattern, people as deep cave echo-damp grammar, the sudden rush, the farmer's friend and rainmaker that is the perspectival structuring of the bleeding book.

Sh/e learns that there are conspiratorial space tunnels between twins.

S/he learns that there are mystery schools with strong interests in certain individuals who are not members of any of them.

Sh/e learns another morphologically compassionate lesson of the historical heart.

S/he becomes a master of potions configured by the wand-stir of a wizard; sh/e falls from a hole in the ceiling and vomits; s/he locks himself in the closet and climbs into a trunk; sh/e suffers the world.

S/he monitors the planets of the 12 major mystery schools from the perspective of a highly advanced apparatus positioned in another cortical historical version from the ones they exist in. Sh/e is not a member of any, for s/he is too unsettled in hir elongated waving motions. Sh/e converses with us in disguise, a sower weighing measure by measure to forgive without so much ado that we realize s/he is doing such, lest we grow fiercely angry, and vengeful.

####

Sh/e is out of phase entire year with himself: periodic realization of such suffocation induced traumatic fact leads in one direction to boiling gold tube ring waves expressing themselves through diaphragm and ribs for sharp red tracer line cactus splintered mescaline green hotly ductile dusk now darkening box-crunch near-eternity, to crash from vehicle which lands in new worlds of fiery biblical songs that sound so and too brightly full overload empty.

Thing or two about feeling one's morality beginning to run away from watchtowers of being able to psychologically discern friend from foe in terror. S/he is out of phase entire year with himself: periodic realization of such suffocation induced traumatic fact is same song whether played backwards from rush to injection or forward, is anxious mistaken unexplainable hop ahead in, pavement groove though not, in material fabric of one's, walk because one feels behind on one's way up those flights of stairs to get, what one must, always in ends need. Periodic realization of such suffocation induced traumatic fact is, clattering mess of deafening dyes that sh/e is going in all directions at once whether from, beginning to end or from top down splat and spatter.

That s/he has blaringly scribbled hir names into the abyss gap sh/e sees. In doing so, four lessons s/he has learned of amazed compassionate magic: the abyss conscription to brilliant love is necessary; 500 hundred easy frequencies has the deciphered heart chakra, if only sh/e were not afraid to know so; a rhomboid energy gauge s/he is sliding into spraying neurological whirligig blender bouncer of bent dampened collapsing harmonic oscillation, the mixed fluids of hir the restoring force of the simplicity of bounding through calculator chaos as sh/e is repeatedly stretched and folded into creature sad guts of convoluted and intricate nervous structure; that the underworld sprite claw resonant string bass tyger tow and hir grinding voices' wheezes of sticky snarling immemorial tango tangles ripping multiconfigurational cellular astral teeth are but a love of death in the salt hell of sea wrack slugs, a wordy wand a vulture which spins in the hands of drool-inspiring Qliphothic erotics and so need not be violently loved from fear.

Two gentle-hearted loving young men who worked in the cannery on the corn line, the Temple brothers.

The internal lawn mower that in its deafening torque scalps away the sacred Druid clover that we eat in an immense field of green joy spits out rocks that shred our soul's shins, makes us shriek like Cain with hands gripping head zooming insanely away from Abel's mangled body. The ferocious fertile oxidizing love of the mower's wand-sword tosses out clairvoyant stalks that are shackles removed and supinely sinking auguries in chain-linked hexagrams of divine mud.

Finally it must come to this: compassion psychosis teaches us that super-knowledge of heating time is to experience non-entitiness, that to know mentally is as one-dimensional naught. All of our spiritual self-obsession potentially does nothing unless we feel as much pain of those who suffer it the most as ours. The only reason for us to preserve our temporary lives is in order to give succor of whatever sort we are called upon to give to others, to allow our lost hopeless souls to test themselves. We must stop the enslavement of the world to our own anger, must treat others well, else, among many other horrible doings, we poison the initiate pool which esoteric teachers go to in order to bring back what they are able to. We spend our morally masturbated millennial lives wasting what

should be necessary compassion, when we should be the squeezing of the holy olives to the purest oil to be shared with all the world. We wander collapsing, escape from error into more terror. Our confused interests are chattering needs which set what we believe to be our genuine needs but which in fact are sad simulacra of what our unknown crucial interests are. The fluid recording of what you need to know is here in sunlight evaporated to erasure so that you will move this knowledge from your mind to your heart.

The emotional fields of those we enflamed give our deepest and best passion to we outwardly adeptly merge with, our combined energy plateaus spinning out god/dess godd/ess godde/ss goddess/s goddess/flow of pulsing loving, and we draw the obscure infection out of our child, the infection that seems to be spectrally spawned through the persuasive sadness of others, fairy lights waxing all over the beautiful child's room. Spleen, heart, throat and crown collectively and brightly tingle, and then the rest chime in when it is time to fortify. Even the compassionate sun center fulcrum must be prepared to protect others. It feels so good to be breathing in the ailment, breathing golden warm heart, and then the child does so likewise in perfectly temperatured sleep.

In the morning the angelic computer switches on again, floods her room in radiant blue topologies of silent light. Oh little sweetheart, you're here to listen to the wonderful noises. We both dream of crayon figure orbit horses in wispy snug ruby liquid light. The child knows all she does thirty cozy seconds before it exists, and so she says, "Daddy, let's get out of outer space for while."

Time it is for us to grow, up into being alive for others.

Nebular hypothesis of soft soul motion formation gently suggests that we accrete ourselves around central molten core. Sometimes in joinery process there is central liquescent cusp where lives of two fold points come together. Sometimes one of the watery lives will know where any object in a given space is, but not which hand is which, nor how to pound or pull out a nail: number systems are sprinkle scrambling and collapsing together again. Welcome to the path of mercy: scorching angels become cornucopic resplendent horns and super-scintillate strings, horns and strings angels; water flowering in animal lungs is as nothing; s/he awakens through soul experience; fast star webs sprightly by neurons leap shuddering ellipses forever anew. The most beautiful experience sh/e will ever have is that of .

THE LINEAGE AWAKENS THROUGH THE SOUL EXPERIENCE OF ITS MEMBERS: Blake's owling sense of spectre grappling crucifying crucified issues through from throughout feet in flames, every vein, every lacteal threading created by terror's wool animate. BEFORE THE WORLD, THERE IS SOUL, AND BEFORE SOUL, SPIRIT. IN THERE, A FIRE THAT ENGULFS A SHED: SHAKY CAIN ALSO THIS FIRE motion combined. Hey, so shove it up your ass.

*Goddamn multinucleate rip! The z lines dividing the repeating units of goddamn pain. The movements' A bands, M zones, and H zones, all filaments of pain, which would never have happened while I was pushing weights, although I know my tendons have themselves to take on properties reinforcing, and WALK down, uh, down the Train tracks Back to Norm's house, and Hang out with Norm there, WALK back to catch the bus, or what the mind THUS learns alpha and omega to like. In one vortex, which can be a funnel, a sweet bun, an inflating torus OF EVE, AND THIS: THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK THE WIRE TENSION, TURNING THROUGH HIS STOMACH. **This can be imagined as coming back into being along various paths,** of every color that ganglia will yield up, as as many souls and nerve cells as they themselves will then envisage themselves **(coyote shredded, coyote gobbled the rotting pears, yellow jacket ticking entire range of them two chunks three on grass coyote shit) as spawning on. Peeling scrolls birch bark coded/Now again here outside/ your sons/so much iron turns into black shit//ah, the little coins are crucified/in reverse relation to G major into the fuller version of it slowly climbing the cosmos their/quasarous bangs of hierophantic gangs///IS THAT FIRST AWAKENING MEMORY WITHIN THE LINEAGE.***

*There is a version of the chain rule for functions of several variables: **Semicircular canals monitoring rotary sneeze acceleration, sound waves channeled along** to take, go, home, again. Anyway, so I, me, we go over there, Norm, had, a little bit, of,*

beer around and uh, **of cool, warm satva cellular spiral fluid.**

Crumbly, mumbly, sonorous dirt, of rotten cottonwood cores, turning to dirt, floods, **the hallucination.** My every speech, we have forgotten, my hashmal, and every shard of my remnant mountain cave aeonic language. **Now sing phases of clam, now smile in the electrical lemniscates that are a good, clean awakening.**

Little counter-rotor on torque. Its recorded efficiency is movement on "us and me" rip and rip our skin/one hundred and twenty-five percent. One key pattern unit of cognition to run away from all this intelligent warp keening through ghosts of matter was the return that the perception of idea is bend of the screaming burn of ecstatically unhappy manic flesh: And that said, you have not allowed the skepticism that is born of as yet incomplete knowledge to hinder you; in other words, what we do view as capability is, for Blake, in the coils of his zoas, simply his prison recoagulated to something temporarily tactile, *the Jacobian matrix of a composite function obtained through multiplying the palpable stairs, standing, into walking phase changings of breath, and pristine unto rotting.*

Blake is giving a version of the human body as it manifests into mind (shifting automatically into the letter font gobble of painting with inexplicable clairvoyance), and of mind as it ticks out its creation the body, that lies on a plane somewhat perpendicular and outside of what its accepted configurations within the domain of the material metaphor will tend to show themselves as. For example, when we examine our version of the transcendental esthetic, we can postulate a coordination of sensation, **but the memory of splendor is none and all of those paths.**

Look, you're supposed to put another applied to the rule of perceptual forms, **auditory canal to twitch tympanum. Sclera bulges plastic tall pig morphing to a corneal, blub conical-hatted evil window.** After all, we are the same soul.

It's a rattling furnace never shuts off, it's a roar never stops.

Know you're in trouble when you realize you are the hanged man.

We now select, on the basis of preliminary judgments that were made at a particular blank bashed Hephaestian mallet-headed moment in the past concerning the appropriateness of certain intergalactic passages re inclusion in this portion of the universe, the following tones of the hidden smashed records for immersion in this caustic process. The first set of shattering passages is crown root extracted of the chronological time well of these secret political recordings: they rise to trigonometric spikes as lances and up-chuck, drop and plug the canal as kidney stones. We are the pieces, the colors God uses.

"At Main and Hastings in the winter (damn manic dragon year clanging in) of 1999-2000 [] was in extremely and painfully deep psycho-spiritual crisis. At one point, [] was approached by an [] looking about age sixty but who must have been closer to age seventy as [] had fought right up at the bloody front in the infantry in the Korean War. The [] started telling [] about [] life, [] kids, fighting in the war. [] talked to [] for about twenty minutes over by the north windows by the newspapers. ***You can tell all you will of your desperate psychological traumas, but every time you use any external energy to do so you are adding to the horrendous coal boil that this planet will become. As well, any 'suffering' you will report and replicate will be laughably minuscule compared to that of the sad billions who have gone through the life-destroying flesh shredders of demonically vicious endless wars for you to end up here.*** [] still did as of mid 2000 not consciously understand the full impact of what the [] was saying, but [] did at least comprehend that [] story was about a dignified dealing with pain, sadness, frustration. Another [], a short chubbyish one with glasses, earlier on, had clapped [] on the shoulder in sympathy while [] was checking out [] books at the circulation desk. Later on that winter, perhaps in February of 2000, [] sitting at the northernmost table, again facing south. [] looking at a book on cruise ships. There's a picture of the Lion's Gate Bridge with a cruise ship going under it. [] talks about it being closed or being built. Maybe it was the Second Narrows Bridge. [] didn't talk to [] [very] long. [][go] on working. Then [] goes to the shelf, puts it back, gets a book on pool. Sits down again. [] talks to [] again and it's then that [] [realize] that [] [have] to. (Later addition: Lots of [] in this area watching out for their kids.) [] goes through each page, explaining with the most planar clarity, gestures both wrist to finger delicate and flicking and shoulder to triceps to forearm forceful, each picture, how the different games are set up on the table, the history of it all, the technical developments, the different kinds of balls, cues, shot formations, chinks and strategies, famous players of the game, telling [] how [] plays for money. Longish hair, hat, jeans, elfin face, small, 5'4"(?). At this point []['d] just found out about [] 6 month time gap. [] [turn] to [] at one point and [say] hopefully, 'kind of a good metaphor for life.' Click, [] ['re] on. [] goes through the whole book. [] had

squatted by [] for about 20-25 min. [] gets up to put book back. [] [say] thank-you. [Ask] [] name. [] says [].The book explanation an amazing microcosm of so much that [][need] to know. [] shows [] later in an amazed voice, 'Look, that [] you were talking to, [] gave me the Province back, **FUCK!** there's a whole page story on [] [] showed **FUCK!** me.' [] read it. Supposedly fetal alcohol syndrome. In and out of jail. Parole problems. Claims to have not been in 11 jails law says [] escaped from. There are huge lessons here about clearing the table." [] at this stage in the hidden **FUCK!** records understands the **FUCK!** simple insertion purgative aspect of this experience, perhaps, but **FUCK!** much else bubble hum strumming is deeply embedded in it. "Imagining rats in walls, hear [O's] voice as [A] talks to Molly. [O] already asleep. The vision of God must be constantly." Here,[] is having real difficulty maintaining [] vision in the midst of [] mental breakdown. [] sense of people at this clanging point in time became very dirty in terms of the astral garbage clinging to [] goddamn soul. This made it very difficult for [] to be a fully loving human being. Shitty [] had to be burned away. *Armor shine*. See every rippling, bulging god of the pantheon in that toilet full of puke. Next, we have "the need to really get inside other crashing modes of being, to shuttle between them to find out about them through Motion from and away; a good example would be [] previous time-trap-lines configuration—rural [back and forth to and from] urban, trapper [back and forth to and from] non-trapper (the explosion of consciousness when the trap first closes), 'science' [back and forth to and from] magick, 'philosophy' [back and forth to and from] 'science,' [back and forth to and from]magick, 'poet' [back and forth to and from] 'non-poet.'" So then, this passage represents a truncated, difficult understanding of necessary transcription smacking to mutation the polycistronic multiply twisted protein coding sequence number five sphere regulatory cellular change, and an equation of the snapping of psychic and physical violence with purgation. Politics too. The next one here is from probably the same day: "Sitting with mouth open in sunlight, feel the raze rush in, see angel-dots, feel it go into [] legs, transmute leg memory-energy." The body/soul is in the midst of a radioactive psychic purgation, which appears as symptomatic of animal mania. Oh no, oh no, can't find the doorway, panic, panic-spin around five times quickly looking for an exit, they start shouting, very proficient looking thugs block the way. The pile earth flushing upsilon down a muddy flooding gully concerns the brother of [] father's cousin: "Marga's brother: 1 ½ years in hole in ground. Bodies in a whole heaving as they're, shit, shit, dying. Ngo: cockpit washing, pirate boats." Marga's brother and his wife, near the end of Stalin's era, were allowed to leave a prison settlement they were in incarcerated in in Siberia because they were counter-revolutionary Mennonites. The camp commander took some form of "pity" on them, and just let them walk out, albeit with only what they could carry. They either found or dug a hole in an embankment and lived in it, scrounging from the bush through six seasons whatever a human digestive tract could withstand. In the meantime, Stalin died, and domestic policy quickly began har har thawing. They were able to move back south. This all would permanently **FUCK!** fry the nerves. These are two very

tough people. Ngo, who spoke at least five languages and had **FUCK!** a degree, wanted to be a pilot. Instead, he was conscripted to hose out the wrecked cockpits of Phantom fighter-bombers that came back from attacking the Viet Cong with one of the two crew members shredded dead by anti-aircraft fire. When he left Vietnam his boat was **FUCK!** attacked a dozen times by pirates: **FUCK!** he saw firsthand what an AK-47, Uzi or M-16 does to a human body in two seconds. Another one known by the [] as a child saw her parents murdered six feet away from her on one of these boats. Shit, luckily, his family stayed behind. [] worked together at **FUCK!** the turkey hatchery, dumping and hosing out exploding rotten eggs, dead poults and live ones hatched too late

To be integrated into the process of modern life from wheeled stainless steel multistoried banging and crashing phalanxed hatching tray holders, the hissing hot watery smell of it all like a hundred thousand slippery breakfasts gone somewhat to sulfur. Grime mire of grim grin migraine. "The moment before dawn: the horror of the void." Man, these pounded tones "hut helmet [] water piper/snake falcon, larynx plugged pi in/ tongue /// feline, hot and cold fluid spheres/stretched and hollowed and cut open,/comb feather, mountain down/dusk lightning jags the He eart/on rate to pound, graffiti on/[] yellow wave of hair." The next tone deemed to be relevant because of its under and misunderstandings of these gold-masked lion mane sheaves: "knowledge as bad conscience—let amphora bottom fall out, relate to fracturing and caving in the AK-47 box podium when leaping off of it in performing an occult poetic crackling rampage, the crackling clatter splitting the grungy beer-sputtered paint peeling room like an agora election in hell. My neurons tunnel into a slippery stinking molding mountain of rotting kitchen scrap vegetables. Your elastic anus always will know fistula first before you do, and you'll know only after you anus: go explore your precognitive sensitive popping anus and why you are being tightassed. Speaking through your ass = shit coming out of your clever mouth; one's own funeral—relate to drowning: long term slow ramifications for [] manifestation. Peering under the moth riddled carpet metaphor for knowledge—it's actually out in the open, Persian carpets the blood brilliant crimson example: 'decode' into language." Here, the hissing circulating energy retortings that [] was undergoing are beginning to be generating cataclysmic fertile scorching pour out. The next tone: "burning knee." Next: "legs turn to smoke." And the next: "opossum seizure." Next: "the injury caused by Newton's plonking apple; but divine alchemical action ultimately?" The next hard smack metal and cracking wood presents an early stage of under and misunderstanding: "fights [] ['ve] had with []very specific names, much more than people." Their relevance no longer extends beyond what is present, even though they were assholes, some of them. *Lance and sword and dagger sharpen.* The next dumb-ass tone was entered as an early summing up of a burnt out particular aspect of the earlier life that was both pressure and purgation: "sleeping at Norm's—2hrs. worth—porno—stick to leather couch—[] []coming home covered in blood—did he kill or did he tell the truth—full moon Kentucky Fried Chicken holdup—beating the crap out of

in the thick." This next is based upon an esoteric **FUCK!** hard silver

Reading of human geography as a hammering retort, every locus that animal sentience finds itself in an arena of the morally insane purgation that this chemical brew of a soul-stunned species imposes on the physical world: "old roman wall in London." The next is self-explanatory: "the complex civilization of any individual **FUCK!** fire." These almond bronze tones are still from mid 2000, as is the following one, entered in a time of maniacally fine physical health, which is one owly dimension of these sheaves, while the following demonstrates another: "[] illnesses etc—**FUCK!** broken nose/kidney stones/hospital/burned knee/white blood count disease/colds/ flus/teeth/cuts scabs—make all as initiation." The next echo is a little more esoteric: "Dog farting [smokily]in [] lap/the whole episode." This account is a blown out micro-chip containing a foggy dank experience near the Canso Causeway in Nova Scotia involving an spindly, spidery old nu drunk who picked [] up hitchhiking. [] slept in the furnace room and the completely and totally pissed old man, hallucinating an ongoing conversation with some guy named Barney about the state of the local legion and of Nova Scotia's tourism industry, repeatedly tried crawling all over [] and so [] had to kick him in the chest and head before [] was allowed to sleep. The overweight little black farting pug's name was Vodka. Next: "get Terry Fox biography." Next: "influenza as an influence." The subsequent hybrid dysgenesis spherical crack and killing tone wreaking the head. The next smashed ostraka crack is a continuation of a particular upward seeking slap of understanding that of course must have the bad yeast of its ground burned away: "the phenomenology of being in a fight." This will be further interrogated in another barracked burning rod up the shackled political prisoner naked whipped ass lacerated version of the booked universe. The self a batch of retroviral cells from as far away as you can imagine squeezed into this. The next tone traces in kabbalistic fashion the path downward from this point, the realization that we are naught but garbled garbs : "clotheslines —Greendale—Italy—metaphor— fascist deathline." Note the second hanging line of these copious sheaves. The next tone returns a comic earthly version: "trying to find places to sleep in Chicago." This was 1983, in the street, the heat and lightning of the summer killing people all over the Midwest in the alembic steel burner handgun to the head shadows. The fallen angels invest their wealth in the pandemonium derivatives of the current apocalypse. The following blaring loud tone is an environmental version: "tarps turning people's hair color." This was notation of [] grandmother's hair singing an odd brown-blonde color from her eighty year old gray in the mid 80s. She had been under a blue tarp at a wedding in the sun. This had never happened before. The family concluded it had to be due to a hole in the ozone. That same summer, approximately, [] family started having mutant rhubarb and beets and cole crops springing up like crazy in the garden, plants that looked like they were pseudo-genetic corms grown in moon dust or on a science fiction Mars. Now they're gone again. Politics. This sore helium tone is from three super-fluid lambda turns before the previous one: "bone mountains." One's sour boredom is a function of these hag sharp

sheaves. "The cloud became an anvil over/ that doorway that closes **FUCK!** before the/ moment that one thought to enter/that doorway a low mausoleum gate, /temple chart, picnic table/ that **FUCK!** [I sleep] under,/ the kid's hash **FUCK!** smuggler headband full /of sand flea hops,/ of molten kappa thought in/ potential energy bricks." *Shield reinforce*. The next fold back tone was placed here leafy hiss due to some very **FUCK!** confusing memories of early **FUCK!** childhood that haunted the subject's motions for many years with their homiletic vividness, up to and including [] sixth psilocybin trip that carried [] rung by rung down some of the same hydro train track mechanisms and which was an initiation into some of these issues, albeit a comic one which ended with [] lying on two charred boards [] laid across each other in a cross to teach the one Catholic of [] party a lesson, a shearing teaching amplified by listening to the yellow and black bulb broken into silver room wide wash version of "Heroin" on *Rock and Roll Animal*: "orange BC Hydro engine (emotionally cozy and warming as a couple of slightly worn-edged, old red chimney bricks on a quiet garden shed shelf) in Sardis, that strange transposable cassette-function shaped mating space in old bright green and white colored Sardis, by these tracks that the screeching orange flatly bright blare of a scrunched toy-like rectangular two-thirds to square engine goes down shunting boxcars in reverse, the milk plant there first, the electrical tracks laying down beside them in response, the old man drying milk, transforming it with retort heat into powder; [now next this is someone who also worked at the Sardis milk plant] horsing around [with dairy farmer wives when he'd hump his long tanker over to pump out their full creamy bulk tanks] —the weird night time of that Woodruff distance [the name of a crossing of the tracks that [] could see $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away from [] bedroom window]; [] huffing pounding stentorian rushes of no stick cooking spray on those tracks; [] falling asleep

On those tracks [the last two deletions represent two different people]. This almost silent ghost of a tone is from the previous turn: "the weird distance perspective in the gap between the trees and bushes to the highway, the highway seeming simultaneously blackly closer and brownly further away than its supposed one and a half miles, the highway seeming watery unreal sound of bees, Gorman's semi-dull red and white striped two story bland house the perspective point; to lonely Woodruff hot electric shale train crossing—the rainbow and cutthroat trout glassy creek space, the weird blunt and hazy distant quiet dun drone barely heard army base air raid siren mid-afternoon light always of it; the different feelings of emptiness and loneliness in each direction? South very detailed (also Vedder Mountain/the North): the midday blankness." Here, Greendale becomes a substation of these sheaves this furnace, , just as the psilocybin trip down the Hydro tracks carried [] past a Hydro substation of global power in electric manifestation , and the rhizomatically starred sky that turned [] brain into a hieroglyph is a substation of the universe. The following suppurating tone plumps from July of 2000: "I have to piss so badly that the body of my perception will scream in a torrent of poisoned soul, it is poisoning soul away from spirit, the bus thumps soul into thud shock

fuck this body, I hate it—the window curtains gray pot, oh there is peace in that resemblance to the grave tone, the world so ugly today where id god, the minutes too slow, my dreams balk the invisible, this disjunction between waking and dreaming as soon as I talk to [] [a cellular energy healer] it started—all this stuff around pissing—there’s something wrong with a world where you can’t piss without spending money—astral demons vomit out mouth mouthward/ demon whirled the permutations of possession the die——rolls, cast, die ide eyed, puke, prick hurts, conditions snicker snooker it, flail, smash head into plexiglass, bumps of torture, possession, the streets so long, heave out the food, bile, bile, file and rubble, accordion burn and they are doubled, help, help too dangerous for me to know anymore. This by all rights should be a suicide note rote scream help I cannot bear/bare bay this, **FUCK!** yank the bell-cord. July 14/2000: manic **FUCK!** demon energy simple as needing to piss, badly, complicated are simple as the dick needing fuck/demon spit, end less piss/boy on end less piss, endless/piss, **FUCK!** endless piss hurt/--the triggering one, **FUCK!** I must leave

All, go into spirit, /body must forever be/subjugated, thus the/ mean of asceticism, but/where’s the balance--/the human test, **FUCK!** test,/testing, testing. Artaud hated people, I understand why: maybe this is a demon speaking, maybe it’s about writing, maybe it’s about ditching the writing, maybe I’m sick, maybe history will say that everyone else is sick, be patient, it takes 4-6 weeks to kick in, maybe I can’t deal with women, maybe I’m being punished by god, maybe, I understand why they lock people like me up, maybe too many earth signs, maybe Freud, maybe maybe maybe—pound, pound myself in the head, well it sure makes great literature, I’ll have to do this properly to redeem it, poor [A] having to put up with such bad drama. see the semi-lucent demons in the piss stream. When I heard about those two my space shifted to yellow but sick fading heart, a heart reaction. Flesh all of these last [turns] out. Intelligent people so dangerous to as they cannot offer certain kinds of support: is this a demon speaking/ This is in so deep. I have to cease to let my body dictate/or the soul for that matter. A face dripping with crown-bursting headaches. The rooms are interconnected string semi-vision, everything is tied into everything: why would god put us through all of this, it doesn’t, people do. the river a bookshelf across/a river across side/desiccation, the words ripple /// backside of sight balls,/oh please, please let me/pen across my navel makes/me ill, there was a gold flash/from the pink couch pillow,/the cat hunts whatever/it—is—fly /// the dying green trees reflected/in the spines of the musics/the cat paw on my carotid/induces nausea./ball joints blow out of sockets/in psychic fuse to/building blast. my brain hiss needs to be stunned beyond any last exploded semblance of stupid belief, no more brain, crucify.” God is compassion and pain. The following four are on a turn cross-hatched with rippling energy patterns: “chiasmus chiasmatic mind,/cross cross crucifix/scramble of data points/ reconfused all in a/glyph called thought/one of many glyphs/// ghosts of doomed doorways within/pale shadows/// silver indigo from the doorarch/ reverse glare portion/// lying on side on cold grass/vertebral hiss seventh plant/planet sun guts rot/