

Our rule but to their not being ruled:
The ameliorators of strife become redundant
When their mirror shadow souls no longer
Find actual lumbering opponents of ours
To bridge the gaps between us, to stop
The clock correctly twice in the midnight
Of their broken hallway and futile
Collapsing ceiling of hopeless dreams
Of peace and more importantly power.
The authority of the eternal yesterday
Of the deaths of oppositions to us
Hisses through the roof gutters
Where they lie in leaf, bug and bird
Shit rot. The authority of our charisma
Binds their hesitation to do not but
Serve us to the domination of our
New legality; their obedience is sum
Of only two vectors, and two only:
Fear and hope. Any dreams they
May have are but metaphors of conquest,
And thus are our dreams. We govern
According to the vibration of power that
Electrically scrolls its letters in all directions
Throughout the many limbs that we are
Reaching across and through the mattress
That this world is of ourselves.

Jambon has slipped off the table, and it is hours later, but the same scene.

Thembac: You must cut ham to the bone
And stir it thoroughly into the broth
If you hope your soup hearty.

Murderer 1: It is known to us.

Murderer 2: So it please your highness.

Murderer 3: There will be naught left on the board
But the faint stain reek of his marrow's pus.

Thembac: You are our dogs of executive branch infection
Purging the essential ruling gubernatorial body
Of its now useless. Rub the botches
Clean of all this fetid realm. Your actions
Be red glow crackling waves separate in feeling
And refreshing from the scarlet tears of your souls.

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At the oaken round dinner table.

Bacthem: We have scorched the snake, the state not now separated
from us as if by the ditch Jambon is to be tossed puke into. We love
the state now that is we, we shake nightly yes, but in raptures too,
albeit of death craving restless ecstasy. The field of society we have

disappeared, and the democratic experiment has been brought closer to an end.

Lyd Camethba: And those who oppose this in truth do not know how to speak. We are the return of that which has been long repressed in social life, but this is not the repressed of a generation back, but rather of the solid stone bore of what has been true through virtually all of human society. The face of this society becomes us. Sit, worthy friends.

Thembac: This ritual order truly has been formed now along lines of accommodation.

Lyd Camethba: Yes, the facts of the case are of the schoolboy's world, and, as such, can be taught and re-taught according to our curriculum.

Thembac: In other words, this other that you and we be is the lie that invokes me as the guarantor of the truth that we believe us to be.

Lyd Camethba: Friends, this fit is momentary: he will again be well.

Thembac: I speak of being and the letter. Quit you my sight!

Ghost of Hierophant: You are dragon blood glutton, you are insect bureaucrat, you are the death of the phenomenal world in the antichrist cauldron, the vile cauldron, of predatory social planning. The city streets that you with such puerility redesign will buckle and flip your heads like ten dozen botulism stained burgers and pancakes into the papal maw of your own psychosis. You are an inversion and plunge from a termite gutted tree. Your sulfur stench metaphors are a science of only the briefest of the dirty undergarment timelines. You feel that you are an astral race, but you are but a part of the dead silent majority sloshing in Hades. The polluted water, air and earth of you will be divided by the infinite firepower of consecration. You cannot forestall the bloody corpse multiplication of this spirit into your diminishment to a black pepper decimal of future sadly soldiered hellish perpetuity.

Thembac: Am I become as marrowless as this vision?

Lyd Camethba: We desire sleep, but can we?

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Programmer 1: The gas plasma display is now energizing to our art.

The Master Software Designer:

Has the general protection fault initiated?

Have you consulted me on the inception

Of this fatal breakdown? Have you licensed

Your engagement to power through me?

Your wayward bit of a user does not word

Worship at the shrine of our ghosted screen.

This screen saver that you allow him to continue

To use must be replaced with the permanent

Etch of the one fixed image that for him

We must forever hence be.

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Lennox: Hit your thoughts with damned fact!

Scene iv

Programmer 1: Click the radio button: we detect
Far away in one unit of a base ten
Variety of solar cluster within
A stellar swarm. Another version
Of the life thus comes into focus,
One within which the distant one
As Inverse corollary to that which
That one thinks itself to be, becomes
In turn the surface thought self.

Programmer 2: The radix has hedgepig engaged the mycological
Underside of the sun with the whining stir.

Programmer 3: It now points toward what imagines itself
Approaching the future through us.

The Master Software Designer:

Well done! The volatile memory that the margin
Of the human mind at its most essential
Loses but cannot truly forget brings forth
Thembac to question and quiz that
Which he has already been slipped
The script into.

All Programmers and Thembac, though not in chorus, but rather in a
succession to be deduced and induced through you:

The blood's of these sun dust death movements spread from
periphery of our blackest star to engulf the very swamp that we stand
ankle deep in. The entrails of all creatures drive their bodies forward
and forward and forward through this sliding slime of finality into the
maw that burps at the center of our sorry ring of rocks and planets.
Hear the owls and herons, here the massive whine of the mosquito
god in its billion components at once, hunting for our necks. Deliver
to this wide round ditch of stinking genes every life form available to
even further thicken its sludge.

The nameless rags that hang from human form are but the remnants
that the predator sky will leave spat among the quartzes of ruptured
time. The questioner cannot ask without the prompting of the
answer, and so the questioner knows nothing in the end but another
fold of what was asked. For the glamour of our voices, no matter
how enflaming of pricks and cunts, can only offer a silken imitation of
the outer pages of time, and so we can only at best pretend to the
alpha and omega of the book to know except as random words whose
meaning in isolation is yes clear, but we know not what sentence
floats them, know not in the moment of reading them whether the
words boat downstream or sink.

The neck hairs of civilization prickle in what is now this room, find
themselves reaching into that which in the first has caused them to
attempt to flee: we belly flop into the acid ghost prophecy that
devours us in the digestion of our own actions. You want to see
those whom you will see, but they can only be all of you already
converted into truant notes of doom. That which imagines
commands is but a puppet worked by the coldest of hands, a wheezy
organ stroked by necrophiliac fingers.

The possibilities are impossibilities allowed passage through negligence, the cars that the border guards arbitrarily wave through: all is in essence, not matter how erotically splashy, naught, void, a billion tons in a match box dense lightless zero. And yet this magic enthralls, as enthrall the receptacle to the tedious obsessions of kings must, as the tedious obsessions of and all of us along with them for this evening celebration amongst the moving cranberry pond of rotting woods must be. The kings come and come and come, and we are ruled and straightened again and then, but look us to the facing mirrors to feel the reverb stumble that these empires most deeply encapsulate in their light chamber bounce.

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The Toilet Scrubber: In this time many men abandon those they should care for to the calling of a duty that, though seemingly and emotionally essential, is but another chasing of an almost empty comet. This applies even to supposed pursuits of the heart chakra that make us think we are doing the bidding of Christ as ourselves being and seeing him.

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Son: I am a sociopath. Will you support me?
The Heart Chakra: I have met far worse.
Son: I am worse yet. Will you support me?
The Heart Chakra: I have met far worse.
Son: Your children and all loved ones are unsafe in my domain.
The Heart Chakra: You have been rejected.
Son: This is merely a test routine.
The Heart Chakra: I will support you.

Scene v

The Meta-Dramatist, The Historically Supreme Paranoid Court Philosophical Magician, and The Toilet Scrubber, in chorus:
When we are born, we cry a tale told by an idiot that we are come to this great stage of fools—Here, here lies the blow point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act wind, and an act hath three branches crack —it is to act rage , to do, and blow, you cataracts, to perform. Argal, I spout drown myself wittingly, the natural fool of fortune. Here lies the water; good drowned our steeples. Here stands the man; good drowned the cocks. Our eyes are as garden waterspouts. If the man go, you sulfurous and thought executing fires, to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, singe my white head, mark you that, strike flat the rotundity of the world. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, rumble thy belly full, full of sound and fury, he that is not guilty of his own spit, fire, spout, rain, death shortens not his own life. Have we shadows offended? Have you slumbered here while these visions did appear? Come my spade: I tax not you, you elements. Let's away to poison. There is with unkindness no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers: here I stand ebb and flow of the moon your slave. Cudgel your brains no more about it, I will be the pattern of all patience, signifying nothing for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. The skull, now closing pent-up guilts, had a tongue in it and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if twere my jawbone, that did the first murder. This continuous storm invades us to the skin. This mite be the delicious pate of a politician, which this overreaching ass now spreads before, one that would circumvent God, might it not? Bow wind, come wrack! This tempest in my mind doth from my senses take all feeling else save what beats there. Now my lady worm's chapless poor naked wretches bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade. The goodyears shall devour them, the gods themselves shall burn us incense brands of heaven. How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you from seasons such as these. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see and soot it. Did these bones cost no more than the breeding but to play logging with them? Mine ache to think it. A pickax and a spade, a spade, for and a shrouding sheet; O, a pit of clay for to be made for such a guest is meet. Take physic, pomp, expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, that thou mayst shake the superflux to them. Hell is murky. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery. And show the heavens more just? Hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Yet who would have thought the man to have so much blood upon him. Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets our hour upon the stage: Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.

Wash your hands. This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled the heavy gait of night. Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? Is man more than this? The very conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in this box, and must th' inheritor himself have no more, ha? There's knocking at the gate, foul whisperings. Out, out brief candle! And we elves that do glide. And here's another, whose warped locks proclaim what store the heart is made on. Is not parchment made of sheepskins? They flattened me like a dog and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. How long will man lie in the earth ere he rot? Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? Had I tongue and eyes, I'd use them so that heaven's vault should crack. I would applaud thee to the very echo. To say ay and no to everything Faith, to was no good divinity if a be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corpses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year. Now the wasted brands do glow. Lend me a looking glass. A tanner will last you nine year. The rain came once to make me chatter. Look with thine ears. The creature run from the cur? Authority is a dog obeyed in office. Get thee glass eyes. Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. And like a scurvy politician seem to see the things thou dost not. Why that loam whereto we are converted stops no perhaps a beer barrel. And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death: The first time we smell this air we wawl and cry. In my heart there was a kind of fighting that would not let me sleep. Raze out the written troubles of the brain. Methought I lay worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Put the retch that lies in woe in remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night that the graves all gaping wide every one lets forth spite in the church-way paths to glide. There would have been time for such a word. Rashly, and praised be rashness for it—let us know our indiscretion sometimes serves us well when our deep plots do pall, and that should learn us there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will—a did comply with his dug before a' sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and, out of an habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. No med 'cine in the world can do thee good; in thee there is not half an hour's life. The foul practice hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie, never to rise again. Give me the cup! O God, what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me! Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time. Never, never, never, never, never undo this button of the soul! Howl, howl, howl, you are men of stones! Throw physic to the dogs! Yet I will try the last, will not kiss this ground. And then is heard no more: The rest is silence.

Executive Summary

The Toilet Scrubber: Cum Bumwiper:

- The amygdala seeks out and recognizes looks of fear in our ever widening fleeing eyes.
In tandem, different kinds of dictatorship determine our sad dirty ass languages; rich bastard countries program the global money game so that they always win, creating an insane logic of torture chamber interrogation in the lives of billions of desperate people.
This logic is continuous and may wipe out everything.
In places of explicit war (all time is of explicit war) the logic becomes very visible.
Relevantly, here, we participate in oppression through how we design education.
In response, problem solving education is needed to take us beyond the specialized dilemmas created by specialized tunnel vision knowledge which has against the way of all nature become global; the Greeks used the semi-colon as a question mark.
The US citizenry is being reprimed for imperialism.
Every entertainer is a fucking sick person who needs enormous attention. Mega-churches are bringing corporatism into religion; cheap Jesus iconography is the primal stuff of many visions; adults are now like infants.
Modernity is a punch to the chin.
Musical pages are radical simplicity.
Modern Christianity is a money spell.
A nuclear blast is a flower in the spring.
The intestines are atomic.
The physics of plutonium is Satanic.
We are fistulated and hemorrhaging.
There is a data paucity about the strength of mushroom clouds.
Strobe lights imitate nuclear genius inside of the amygdala.
US casualties in Iraq, based on the typical numerical rhythms of war, have been vastly underreported.
Brakhage's films should have been seen as of his time, but as the lockdown occurred, they became ahead of it.
- Pines dry out the soil, which makes the pine beetle simply the avatar of the interior apocalypse.
Terrestrial emperors have no consciousness of archetypes, are the archetype that loses awareness of itself, or is this the formulation of a shitty commoner?
Credit cards are deliberately sold to increase student debt and keep them obedient citizens.
Email is now shitty snail mail.
Lobbying firms have vast control over the news.
The hepatic portal circuit collects our digested foods to the liver, so that eating liver is meta food, perhaps god food, which is perhaps why it is so dangerous.
Same with red bone marrow, white blood cells, platelets, plasma.
Meanwhile, we put our food through dentition, close lips to swallow, tongue monitoring texture and chemistry, moving it with the help of the salivary glands, the parotids, the submaxillaries,

the sublinguals, a load of chewed pulp and water, ions, lubricating mucus, starch splitting enzyme, into the pharynx, and then into the esophagus. (Yes, we are eating during this delicious portion of the crumbly monologue. Don't talk while you're eating lest you choke, and, more importantly, don't let people see your gunked up food—remember that guy on the bus with the softball sized bolus wad of what looked like paper that he kept chewing in his bulging mouth and then would have half spit out of his mouth, like rancid bread dough or pus spilling out sour and stinking big chubby balding psychotic looking half dressed guy; closest I came to puking on the bus, including when I'd drunk too much). Your swallowing of this is partly conscious, partly automatic, which describes the meta-linguistic function of this tasty serving of interview as well. The mucosa, mucus secreting epithelium and connective tissue, the second layer submucosa also connective tissue with blood and lymphatic vessels, the third layer a region of smooth muscle with an inner circular layer and an outer longitudinal layer, which, again, also describes what we are currently digesting.

- We are all mad.
Katabasis is a fundamental dynamic of human interaction.
Cognitive dissonance is a deliberately designed thought control technology.
The global now manifesting desert will be the death of many.
Buddhists believe ego is psychological scar tissue.
So does Lyd Camethba, which is why Lyd Camethba dies.
- Jesus is military.
Evangelists are terrible economists.
In that, they are kicking the money lenders out of the temple through pillaging it of its gold.
An ice sculpture of David is pissing vodka.
We are radiation detectors.
Few of the founding fathers believed in Jesus: the US is currently undermining their original intent.
Adjectives are magical weapons, though of limited range.
In much of the world, kids scrounge garbage for food.
Imperialist tactics for dividing nations against themselves are the primary operating system of visible history: an invasion is never fully rejected, never, never, never.
Sociopathy is an evolutionary leftover, and now is obsolete; having so many sociopaths in power is causing us to flirt with extinction, which may be as Gaia intends.
The environment that we are destroying is another outcome of this logic: it has been destroyed several times over already, and so, according to imperial tactics, need not be worried about, which shows how deeply we have been conquered by those we allow to conquer us, which amygdaloid dominated versions of the emperor, but one component of what we are gone completely apeshit.
- Laughter is throughout this play notated.
People call 9-11 if they don't get what they want at the Burger King drive-thru.
Hitler understood the instincts of the masses as expressions of

the amygdala.

Iraq has been invaded to facilitate a massive trade in illegal organs.

Hypersexuality leads to a mania which aids murderers.

But what does it prevent, what hold back?

We are bodies being manipulated by external forces.

- Exaggeration is an important spell.
Evangelicals rejoiced for Hurricane Katrina, for it leveled a city and a people of sin, and it made their amygdalas happy enough to wet their pants.
Lots of people believe in God, but not a lot go to church.
And the ones who go to church tend to worship the Antichrist.
Suburbia is now rural.
Cheney is a demon.
Debt servicing, rather than the principle, will destroy the human race.
Hollywood is a Pentagon propaganda mechanism.
During the Clinton era the military joked about overthrowing the government.
The federal Green party looks like an NDP and Liberal vote stealer manned by Conservatives.
The Sony Walkman was a propaganda device for convincing people that society had died and that we are now all on our own.
Corruption has become the US norm.
The New Orleans Aquarium was killed by the ocean.
Floods enter our lives through manholes.
We have become wasps.
Corporations are ideological and biological dark energies and matters.
We are controlled by news corporations.
The destruction of New Orleans is deliberate: the last authenticity in a major American city is to be eradicated in order to further subdue the population.
And it's too French.
- Munch painted Nietzsche.
Accuracy is false.
Success and melancholy are twins.
All products of the successful are thus those of the mentally ill.
Singapore has been called a large boarding school masquerading as a sovereign state.
We sink in a boat of envy, all of our writings nothing but envy.
Capitalism of course is theft.
Nazi Ratzinger nails to the cross.
Some emperors are autistic, need to see all as themselves, lack properly functioning mirror neurons, which leads to amygdala malfunction.
- The coyote is North America's oldest indigenous mammal: it has been here for three million years.
Globalization is a genie invoked in a black mass.
The state is not helpless.
Feudalism has returned.
Barry Goldwater was a prophet of the new millennium.
- The activist layer of Marx's language is susceptible to degradation, so watch it!

Use value and history are identical.
 The wealthy among themselves agree with Marx; Engels came from the ruling class.
 You are zee clown of cleation.
 Ideology masks the effects of economic class structure.
 Ruralism equals traditionalism.
 We have double political souls, multiple politic selves, which is why we are so helpless.
 Kant was racist.
 Social theory is Christian.
 People who perceive themselves as disadvantaged also can lie, just like those in power, though maybe not as much or largely or destructively.
 Cannons get shot into worker's homes.
 Marx miscalculated the inverse relation between labor and commodity value.
 He does, though, describe a certain vicious category of laboring experience, now often found in the Third World.
 Animals and humans self-estrangle as a matter of disease comfort.
 God is a disease in humans, not in animals.
 Capitalism was created by aliens, and continues to be most championed by them.
 Operation Underground (The OU) as planned by Speter was always an actuality, as this play demonstrates: The OU is a subtext expression of the plot.

- Clans come before human functions.
 Religion and society are aspects of the same amygdaloid spasm.
 Capitalism promotes asceticism only in certain of its servants.
 Guess which ones?
 Bureaucracies are cheaper than companies, which goes counter to the current hemorrhoidal privatization money bleed.
 They will just turn the clock back and create new bureaucracies to act as private cops.
 The rate of interest available to you as a borrower increases as your social class drops.
 The Iraq war may well be a genuine no-win situation, which is part of what drives people nuts about it: our human egos are never able to accept such a possibility without sliding into depression.
 But what if the entire story of the species, of organic life, is exactly the same kind of situation?
 What of that?
 How will we get these chunks of shit out of our rectums?
 This play is an ancient ritual.
 We have become road kill, memory triggers for a healthier species, books that remind their readers of what not to do lest you die and go to hell.
- Monotheism in its contemporary form as practiced over the last three millennia is disastrous in its wrenching of us from the deep source, from God.
 I wipe my bum to the rhythm of Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.

When I get up to look at my poo, I see I pumped out a musical stave (this is a bluntly reported truth).

- Drug culture allows those who would otherwise do something else but who would not be serious criminals to survive.
The white takeover of the planet constitutes a particular form of soul death for the human species.
Oma and Opa's sky grey milk cans in the shed smell like the oldest of green mosses on the manure dusted shed's roof.
Illiterate consumers are ideal.
Mosquito nets and Teflon guard our way of life.
Health care fraud is an inescapable human behavior.
College students are parrots.
Cell phones make us as insects.
Terrorism is the ultimate cult experience.
Rote learning is inescapable.
Progress is not.
Fascism is the necessary substrate to critical theory.
Science is an ideological means of production which mirrors a society filled with contradictions.
The separation of theory and action is an historical phenomenon.
Polonius played Julius Caesar as an adolescent, Hamlet plays the fool throughout our play of the mousetrap of this world.
Einstein said our versions of nationalism are diseases,
Like measles.
Play out the implications re his effect on our species.
A lot of arguing goes on among the emperors, but the arguing masks that they are succumbing to each other's wills; each moment presents that possibility of succumbing/triumph in the mind of each character: they all have their own versions of perceived dominance, and they impose these versions on each other—not victimage, but assertion, which leads them through the various dramatic genres.
They are the dilemma of your eternal knowledge.
Intelligence is a secret society.
- There are modes of thought which cannot be understood so long as their social origins are obscured.
Only in a quite limited sense does the individual create out of itself the mode of thought and speech that we attribute to it.
Every individual in a two-fold sense is predetermined by growing up in a society, finding a ready-made situation and within it preformed patterns of thought and conduct.
Mosquitoes have forty-seven teeth.
Opinions, statements, propositions and systems of ideas are to be read in the light of the life-situation of who expresses them.
The one mind is the fascist mind.
Americans always want money.
American culture celebrates criminality.
Police hate immigrants.
Nations lack empathy, have poor intellectual functioning.
An oil company has no interest in human rights if they gets in the way of extraction.
Aesthetics, fascism and war are triplets.
I destroyed the Glass Slipper where poets and jazz people could freely perform by doing an Enochian chant in it which caused it to

burn down a month later.

John Major is lower middle-class.

- Many thinkers do not understand the lineage of ideas as tools.
Background radiation is a current social problem.
Long-run fatalism is a constant in one's peasant roots.
US manifest destiny benefits business.
Anything popular is out of date.
North America speaking English the hugest political event of the Nineteenth century, according to Bismarck.
Pollution is a projection of our mass character.
Galileo was buddies with the Pope.
The Velvet Underground and Zappa were the advance capitalist shock troops in Czechoslovakia.
Endorsement of the master's ideas rather than decision-making.
The latent is actually manifest, which Americans still cannot come to terms with.
Althusser went nuts.
Cheney continues to make deals with Iran while threatening to bomb it.
So, what is his genuine agenda?
To damage the world oil system in order to raise the commodity price of oil.
- There is congeniality in the Commons when not in Question Period.
Ramses condoms are heliocentric.
Psychologists' knowledge of animals comes from TV, which is why they do not understand animal intelligence.
If you want to learn something about how smart animals are, hunt them: even insect infestations will learn new avoidance behaviors after three days of constant pursuit.
The other lives inside of you, beside the amygdala.
The American family is a fiction.
The current market mania is simply a deception which is part of the planned criminal economy.
The glory of the sciences is their unweaving application of themselves without reflection of their interests.
False consciousness has a reflective function.
History is a delusive philosophy.
Capitalism is gain to private hands, loss to political entities.
American society copies the ghetto.
It is difficult for American society to function with any kind of extreme reflexivity.
- The past always comes back.
The collapse of modernity marks the beginning of the culture wars.
The attack on post-modernism in some ways was also done to get people away from media and reality model awareness in preparation for the assault post 9-11.
The decline of narrative is a Keynesian alternative to communism.
The trees look plastic this morning.
- Now I get the simulacrum model of American society.
A juggernaut is insane capitalism.
We are all lay persons: no mastery, though we all think we are masters.

The X-Files, an anti-state series, went off the air around the time Bush was selected: it did its job undermining the Democrats.

- Resist oppression on the level of personal biography, community context of class, race, and gender, and on the level of social institutions.
- Institutions generate psychosis.
During World War Two the German language annihilated metaphor by turning humans into objects.
Meanwhile physicists turned matter into energy, denotation into deformation.
We now do this planet-wide.
- Watch how nervous any Bush look-alike you see is.
Our future children save us in times of danger.
Weather and war are one, cause and effect one, despite what we think here, despite what warmongers think: we need new shelters.
The Nazis saw weather as a global swastika.
After World War I a German scientist tried extracting god from sea water to pay the war debt.
He had already extracted nitrogen from it to make explosives.
Germans started the Great Flu Virus through gas warfare.
People stumble to the other side, angels to here, knocking many ornaments and houses over.
Education is a Masonic plot: hence the design of the buildings.
- Baseball umpires never used to be objective.
America is an umpire empire.
The whole family game is maintaining self-egos and cutting down anyone who challenges it by not agreeing that they are on top: that's the whole game in this family, nothing else; even the brother's so-called "visions" fall into this, feed into this.
- Transnationals are sublimations of anger.
A well-made movie crushes the imagination.
The US government magically invoked 9-11 through electronic communication systems involving ritual repetition of the numbers, among many other techniques.
The base of our feel is a puddle of molten steel.
What clues do typos about 9-11 hold?
There is a new level of ruthlessness in North America.
You will fight it.
The planet is heating up: hell has arrived.
Lightning comes from outer space.
Women have been ripped off and silenced in the sciences.
- Skin cells are pollutants.
We think we are still in a democracy.
Fathers of particular generations see their fathers as rivals more than others.
Lucky for Gurdjieff Germany rejected him.
You cannot easily decide your own star flare pre-wiring.
Ralph Reed lobbied for slot machine interests after he quit leading the Christian coalition: shows the real agenda.
Lasers and behavior control, all around you, everywhere.
We are algae.
Public debt and democracy do not gel.
Universities program addictions into the populace.

- The laws of the universe have nothing to do with fear.
- Oil was placed here to destroy a version of humanity.
- Anti-protons lead to anti-proteins.
- Hydrogen has an evil twin.
- Psychosis often has misogyny as a symptom.
- Depression is a mash of brains.
- The causal chains of depression and the multiple psychiatric perspectives on it constitute the ur-structure of current global society.
- An entire society structured around repetition compulsion becomes increasingly xenophobic.
- What are the current body humor balances and balancers in North Americans?
- We are as willfully blind as digital cameras all pointed at a wall.
- The problem is that gold ceased to be a metaphor.
- Alzheimer's may be due to brain cells trying to divide, which they cannot do, and then dying.
- Or perhaps dividing brain cells is the key to time travel, which would maybe make Reagan the most able US president.
- Given what he pulled off, he may well have been a time traveler.
- I have seen the big light and the dots.
- Some of us are Mars people making Earth desert-like.
- American hatred is infantile.
- Video games have led to the disappearance of adults from the world.
- All the Conservative lawn signs disappeared very quickly after the election: these voters knew that they had done something very bad.
- Orthodox religion an easy path to hell.
- There is no health-care crisis: it has been manufactured, and what comes in its wake will be the real crisis.
- Our basal ganglia are warping from too much carbon monoxide.
- Relativism turns against activism.
- There are actually nine hundred countries in the world.
- The amygdala is responsible for social perception.
- Not what we see, but what we're taught to see.
- People will think the implanted microchip is hip.
- The nuclear network is a pre-existing condition for the modern world. Media stars are just fascists' money ciphers, not deities.
- There is a new species of mammal on the planet.
- Conservatives love America the way a four year old does.
- They also don't know their Bible.
- Fear and belief are twins.
- The bees are buzzing.
- The military mind is the largest question.
- Cell fatigue leads to illusion. We are oppressed by transportation.
- Now feel the astral species click.
- Bible wars against ancient foes outside of time.
- No accident the Americans are guarding Babylon.
- Television and the growth of conservatism.
- The stock market goes up and down based on socially ignorant decisions.
- Ancient oblate spheroids still dictate our social actions.
- There is a republic of phenomena between those clouds.

- We are an insane species because we do not understand the story of the kings.
 Even the kings do not understand it.
 The tragedy of every person's failure is embodied in success.
 Failure/success becomes transcended in the universal tragedy.
 The symphony is the warmest pulse of evolutionary logic.
 The Emperor Concerto is a circuit board.
 Our schools are run by the military.
 My Iraqi neighbor tells us the US has a very coherent 50 year plan for Iraq.
 Brian Wilson melted down doing Smile because he followed the Emperor path as defined by his father and King Lear. He suffered from too much pop voltage in expressing the vision path. The consecrator must not allow other consecrators to control. But this struggle is ongoing. Inherent paradox/joke: all the voices in my head.
 Wagner the problematic model: power plus deep vision plus individual plus nation: a huge mess. This play has huge choral bits deeper, turns into an opera.
 I cannot sleep, leviathan tale hexed spins of walls, concrete nails in long foundations of shrieker infants surrounding in black tunics' flash silver skulls, the play of candies in the fat of the cave inside, the pit not vanished with the annihilation of Europa.
 The Medici created and destroyed the genius of the world.
 Light wizards controlled the Ottoman Empire.
 The early morning after we were initiated, the temple master on acid whom the initiator attempted to cut the throat of and then to convince to commit suicide called the cops. We had a cop car quietly vibrating blue and white at every intersection like a presidential escort as we drove to the bridge and then out of the city.
 When you start jumping through different historical versions of the human species the number of emperors both exponentially freaks out and reduces like the thickest of stews.
 Sometimes, after I wipe your bum, I deliberately neglect to wash my hands.
 White disk, red ground, black quadrant-cross: you use the book, so how can you destroy we that write it?
 Church bells and lightning are programming technologies.
 Hollywood is the new steeple.
 Nurse suckles Hitler and the famous medium. The SS studies runes as tide stones. The aim of human evolution is to get a mystic vision of the universe, he says.
 I was a knight long ago.
 Neurons in the basolateral amygdala activated during fear Conditioning are also used to dredge up memories.
 There's a new toilet with an iPod and speakers, an Xbox video game, a refrigerator filled with drinks and snacks, and a cycling exercise machine: it is fit for a king.
 The stories people tell of each other are always configured around an emperor.
 Basic skills practice is a time predator.
 I almost drown, suck water into the sun, arteries the trees and bubbles of my dying sigh.

I am a dot in a Scan-Tron.
The secrets of my political belief systems are buried in the Atlantic Ocean.
The grey rock army to be buried under brown mud but for long night knives that dice in comet streaks. He sees his bowel creatures like demon drawings in the corner of the room. The Cathedral of light—the choreography of uniform ritual electric beam pointed at the sky. I have no fear of annihilation . . . cities will heap ruin . . . noble monuments will disappear forever . . . pain creates an early creature's sense of destiny. . . this time our soil will not be spared. The fate of the war god.
The science of mechanism is embedded in one very particular language; not obviously, either.
I am a linguistic program written by the military.
I am the multiple paradox of Greek tragedy.
These are stage directions.
Stravinsky wrote music designed to drive people beautifully insane.
I am a laboratory.
I am the dead look in your eyes.
They dropped a neutron bomb on Baghdad Airport and incinerated The Republican Guard to shadows and fat puddles.
They chopped through dead bodies with hatchets, they ate Pieces of IED charred flesh, they shot little kids, they bragged As they watched the Patriots win the Super Bowl.
Self-described conservatives press the wrong buttons, ten percent more often in unfamiliar situations. They also have only half of The normal activity in the anterior cingulate cortex, a deep, deep, Deep brain region that helps us recognize untenable situations.
My legs are doing that 2000 thing, feel full of hornet piss: depression, creativity receding, vision dimming.
I am a tiger lily, a geranium, a brilliant flare, a green clad woman, with one bare leg from ankle to knee, a tall, dark, restless man, with keen flame eyes in all fiery spectra, with a sword.
The laws governing this force have been deeply charted by the military-industrial complex. They store this energy in crystals; they store human thoughts in these crystals, which follow the energy pattern that you see just before waking in the morning, which is highly complex schematically. As knowledge advances, it becomes more deeply death-shrouded in the toilet papers of secrecy. We are returning to the age of secret cabals that we never actually left. Current science is designed as a cloaking device for.
Since ancient times an energy force that appears as an information band has been the intrinsic vital force of all creation? Marcuse argues that the best and oldest tactic in the war against your liberation is to implant within you intellectual and material needs which are seeds of obsolete versions of the struggle for existence.
Sperm cells carrying the mutation for warped skulls, fingers And toes are uncommonly common because these cells are So fucking aggressive and competitive.
The demon not demons, you demon.
I am restless in my scarlet robes, my golden bracelets.
For Kant, revolution was intended to quell change.

The forge of the universe is articulated in the death of Antigone: the universe is a hungry pig which eats the living to shit out its shit mold cold copy as a new life.

The universe is industrial.

I am Aries and star path Athena and Isis and Menthu and Shiva and Mars and Minerva, and Anubis and Horus and the psychology of leadership and political control.

Imagine the time travel and free energy technology locked away by the military and what it is doing at this very instant. Contrast this to what you see and are told. They are connected.

Morality and feeling good are connected by a slippery wall.

I am a crow with a sore throat.

Life as an end versus life as a means?

Who are these people?

Marcuse argues that "technological rationality reveals its political character as it becomes the great vehicle of better domination, creating a truly totalitarian universe in which society and nature, mind and body are kept in a state of permanent mobilization for the defense of this universe."

The emperor is this moment you read through its mechanism.

The real bosses are invisible.

This is a magnetic adze.

Every snake is a queen and a king. Every splatter is a king.

Every king was first painted. Every king is the beating of a wheezing speed-driven threnody. Make a king as a king into a king and you will see them emerge as the making of Americans. Every Ulysses is a king, every wake is that of the king at the bottom ass end of the diarrhea mind.

He argues that the conservative attack on the welfare state protects the oppressive capacities of the prior state.

Which needs are false, which true? If this question is asked, we are in trouble?

Cloning, says Baudrillard, is slow-motion suicide through species doubling.

Parts of the Ninth Symphony function as a soundtrack for my being disemboweled.

We continually need enemies for domination of all and each of us.

The index of the world works like a bomb filled with the piñata goodies of our unknown fears that we mistake for gifts and profits.

Durkheim calls for professional organizations for oversight. He also calls for the validating of corporations. This shows that modern corporatism is nostalgic for old style Roman, medieval corporatism. This explains the conservatism: so-called forward-looking "globalism" is actually a backwards looking simplification of the world. All of the conservatism and the cognitive spells being woven to jam time into reverse follow from this.

Middle kingdoms of marching soldiers, war chariots, the soldiers Egyptian and bare with longbows. He was convinced, fascist orgone blockages, burn the books. Pick a building, any building, that is abandoned and neglected: tin on windows.

The residents of the city were not citizens but the emperor's

subjects. The colored lines of stunken ships strangle the homes of the isolated, states tributary into the imperial swell of drown. Almost two-thirds of parents hear their children sing commercial jingles, ding. Within the pre-borders, draconian laws also apply: the task of historical engineering has been accomplished here, there, and everywhere. Problem to be addressed was a familiar one, hear?: a great power problem has been unable at right angles to impose its will power (this and even this has all been, forever before, written before) to the right angle and finds itself confronted with conditions and circumstances that it refuses to accept at right angles, I tell you now, it cannot control, but we can.

I cry thee mercy then, for I did think that thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there are murderer here? No. Yes, I am.

The competing emperors of the world exist in one dimension. Free election of masters abolishes neither them nor us slaves. We are pre-mass-media preconditioned classes of meat in the same supermarket cooler.

The outtakes of the world fugue are a funeral march.

Hiss you the Zoas of your damnation!

This front window breaks into a hundred televisions.

I am a tree ring.

She put a spell on you from the supreme helm of her ship.

Every object produced by this society is ideological and is designed to reinforce your adherence to the ideology.

This executive summary is years overdue, is perhaps too late To do anything, which in itself also reflects the politics of its Too late time.

So what is his genuine agenda?

To destabilize the world toward mass slavery.

To bring on the apocalypse.

To kill off the human race.

To kill off mass numbers of gene pool competitors.

We are sung in C.

This is mania, all of it you ever will see.

Religious practices are industrial in their intent.

Syntactic governance of this language is caste determined.

The greatest vision one can ever have is beyond the ability of the brain.

The Emperor/Hanged Man hold their legs the same way, in a triangle with one leg extending beyond the three-sidedness.

When the Emperor feels his legs the way the Hanged Man does, it means he goes insane.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

End will be the end of the universe . . . and will be the end, end will be the end, end of you . . . your end will be the end of you.

We are shit to be wiped up if we continue to starve and kill the billions that we do.

I have set my heart upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die.

Want to get better leaders?

Pull them into you and reprogram them.

They will become something very different.

The person or other entity instigates as a direct result of our inability and/or unwillingness to boot even if we stay weight. **There is no longer a debate about construction of a time machine, which has now melded its way into the envelope curvature of ego; accretes to these free energy devices: you are a hydrostatic core.** Executing torturous path, understand this as a manifestation omega to alpha of clear geometry, albeit God's.

Two versions of the chalice triangulate the right to us, left of them (remember this) side of the scene. Or are they unknown extra-corporeal entities? Anyway I eventually told that to is not independent of physical stimulus it does not derive from. Nine years read they these gleamings, these spheres, woke and few **punctuating, forgetting** lies in that time.

"At the highway, we emotionally collapse into a disastrous, a shower of glass, **the ground. Must be nothing, this experience of time-machine** up from heart in, to brain horses **energetic.**

The cobra raises the cells' earth of our egos disintegrating *anything that sails* the folks, what had happened, cause I was kinda , wiggin out. For them, well, you know, same old same old I guess, that, uh, **there's only. Cheese bites along buds** in the memory, KIDNEY AND LIVER DAMAGE, DNA BLOCKAGE, NAUSEA, the memory of all the times that we've been VIOLENT VOMITING, CANCER AND DANCER AND DASHER. **One doesn't know oneself, which taste as** compelled, present hurting and pour-roaring down, to go to this in the service of destruction, seemingly **one's not one: many**, seems it now against our collective wills." **My grandfather who is on my mother's side joined the happening denoted by** including her house; heh, with an underlayer of concern, and uh, yeah.

Now the toe throbs with the weight impact of smacking stairs while lugging some crap and anything that plops across the real. Whatever the raw scoring of anything at all may be, the scattergram will conceive it as up them. After the break, my sn-

*ot got thicker and more rotten, the chunks a modicum of its innovative sounds, "push." And in his case, this push is what *dur-*ing an infection led his work, eventually, beyond something like dead cold flatworms, the rush of air such a relieving suck, rush of truncated breath now the expanded bounds of when I blew and picked them both modernism and post-modernism—out. As an example, to be discussed if they're along the gumline. **Bilious heave** large Sumas closely overwhelming the west, wreckage of landslides its face; Vedder long brontosaurus in the thunderous and slow hiss of chucked up bulging tectonic muscle to the south; then Slesse, Church, Elk, Thurston, frightening Cheam ripping from this dawn, these the real mountains painful to look at on a morning, and yet the eyes must have them, the eyes must allow that jaw tendons and necks of this valley floor sopped in the SPACE-TIME LOCI, AND, IN VERY DIFFERENT reeks of cut hays be shoved back into themselves and then be wrenched halfway toward sky to be pummeled into plowed old river earth muck dirt by **below**.*

"The angularly roofed unpainted barn **burp. Run tongue around cavity, scour for milkishy soft crumbs. It's a bit short—extra breath frown. Recirculate spit, it controls the watered down whoosh amounts of light entering the eye, the cells a tangent sweep spinal,** photons suffered to have many interactions with matter, and each time, are **sharp tit juice**.

Would like some toast in this morning; there is only forlornness. This is not many 'people' off to the east in here.

The exception, of course, is the one time when the priestess and priest are found lurking in **the White Russian army and** the most current bodies working within FORMS. THE MEMBER a contemporary temple. These two also meet in **process. The apparatus** is always a temple OF THE LINEAGE transformed. Mainly, we degrade from x-ray into optical. Error arises from the inhomogeneity of the radar reflecting layer; from the uneasy distance of t-

his layer from centering of seventeenth century Prague, find themselves on this same street, generating golems. Here, the details are **fought in the** gravities very foggy. Like, yeah, it was weird, I mean, what I remember about it now of light bloody beams, of orbiting bodies.

As his work evolved, its two dimensions pick more than forty pounds a day to see the invisible knife, carry a sword, spear of these beautiful vicious mountains.

From the middle of the back field central Greendale a ringing of lights, clinks, barks. Back porch lights soak the low end we rarely frequent. The night hours rip black with rock knives, shattered of the futurity of the brain of horizon. **Agglutinate the world word and you get** glasses. Eyes as raccoons, our feet in still. **And when we move, it is due only to the aggrama-tism,** scared rhythm the passage of time. For time is organ-like on the warm pavement toward three in the morning.”

“Are we **space** walking into eternity on Henderson Road? You are walking into it.” **AND WE HAVE DEVELOPED BABY POISON: Thermonuclear DIARRHEA, is of fills and richens, alters locally the geometric curvature** tinkle of colors, **changes the membrane states of the cell smell, producing this destiny aggregate component** in its needs: time moves when it becomes too depleted, **awakens. Crown’s cells claw sky, sun, are that.**

“And cross this highway, down dip, **discussion of subject position: And without this, the magicks of the ancients** climb the fifteen foot shale embankment, wait for the mode called time.

You re-emerged approximately one thousand years later: these roads to go as dark as they will, run across into trees on the other side beside the railway tracks, a rupture point to other places, **WHOM, OR PERHAPS WHICH, WILL BE USED AS THE PARADIGMATIC CASE STUDY CURRENTLY** *numerical genius from some set of data crunch vectors. The normal distribution of nothing is all to be*

bulged into that other place that I am from but do not know that I am. The one who is the priest in ancient Egypt in the present body has constructed a golem/demon hybrid. In Prague he is, for reactions yet prevent again, a wizard; of Rome he is star equilibrium—an orator. How many bodies are there? What is the man behind his mother reaching to, pointing at, holding back?

Click, fit, the constituents now organize speaking to aggregate. These tracklines always **are closed and closed again.**

Down the road toward downtown Greendale the wrinkling of water from the culvert drop marks the sonic divides lead me compellingly west, miles and miles, through game reserve to black bridge between our immediate turf and that mouth of the canal, where often has dreams of the hidden town and flying saucer on land and that is water within this which sometimes must be sneaked and skulked through. Further down a ditch which is pure black stretch laundry soap run-off in space-time zero aeonic null continuum.” By the time the MAL-church is seen, the bicycle of space is a wreck and **indeed in these words I lose the vision.**

There's no demarcation between the NUTRITION, a neural response, burp air *these ringing curves*, us live, in circling nerves mutter low thunders soot delusion of eternity and thus we, **centuries.** MANIFESTS, ALONG TIMELINES SPANNING APPROXIMATELY—it's not **surrounding the bones of gravity!** So, four ways cell tubes meld and organize as aggregate component, become a way *curves that have gone mad on silver cumulous horses* as the organ collections which themselves are constructed out of time, must move. But the moving we do is simply SIX THOUSAND *from auto-perturbation.* Stickleback nests pock even YEARS. *I had to, eventually, get the sinuses cauterized: I had two burning rods of middle ear bitter ions, the olfactory snort epithelium, wedding showed for aggregate to keep living of smell up my snotbox. I was then jammed with a yard of bellies scaffold* (strips are alterna-

te rotations/of planes) *packing up* helical **Odin** he **swallowed in-**
to the maw, between these cusps of/bends, each nostril. The pr-
iestess in the present body has not constructed a golem, althou-
gh he has met yet again the one he constructed in Prague. Inde-
ed, he only remembered this unorthodox rabbinical life is the m-
ost intelligent, most talented person in this to allow space, a-
s it is us as time **manes alternate heat, to tightly move.**

“Walk over these tracks, we walk over these tracks.”

“Cross the frontage road and go off down the old orchard r-
oad towards the mountain and the river. This road is a ley line
did not get off last night and the balls are sacked p.u.

gunk. *Now, what's with the log for the number of Civil quarrel-*
dead? War: he was a machine-gunner, on a tripod a forgoing each
our own delight fluting. Hey, one easy way for you to buy a po-
wer tool shop and a hay-choked ditch is the time you actually s-
low down enough to damage, so that they don't wander off in sho-
ck, **gun.** Venture a guess as to how many Native commies for a t-
ime cemetery he became along it. **Not of this vision is the inv-**
ocation of the lower astral, is paltry in comparison.

Precisely, precisely in unthinking involuntary manifestati-
on lies all of that evil. No serious secret given to those that
are not trusted. SUCH A SPAN blew away. Clue: IS us that BY NO
MEANS/death, that or gravity. This induced local REMARKABLE cu-
rvature does not snbap back instantly in at a macroscopic. Now,
again: lie on stomach, hands under shoulders, palms down. Inha-
le as upper body rises, they are two of these,/backs to each ot-
her, tink on/touch of ankh, cul de sac hanging/ from layered ho-
rizon, this looseness, I know the egg clusters, like hard comes,
now as architecture, building with half-salmonberries. Smell o-
f sour and fermented insides of a dairy of sonorous hue, the he-
rd's villi milk and anti-moon, anti-/sun, Labatt, I mean hay-la-
ge. With reduced processes sentence construction, omission gra-

mmatical words, disturbed intonation, rhythm, some kind of messy articulation like the maw in turn wrenched to oval skin, a mulch box full of egg when he met the golem yet again, shells and clipped grasses. Twenty-seven day rotating has moved his time scales. *One finds for the center's world enlarged and enraged values.* Water striders scoot springs', still, more pronounced in Man writing idiot word it book closing cover too tight into writing the hungry double lemniscate these eighty-eight keys, to snap, trunk spear jammed down into tummy. Further, the heart melody keeps return, empyrean initiates, a star shift, which move of these keys the dark absorption nickname, translated from ionic Russian utterances, and not done justice in English, now then to war against our spectres pouring upon what shores gold?

Shallow MALL these hairs blub bend, generate NUTRITION; post-stoned diaphragm be neural motion, suggesting that MOST OF THESE CONCOCTIONS HAVE temperature to avoid damaging, and/or Killing uh responses. *This diagram cannot be drawn:* such a long hiatus suggests that you are DILUTED near the end of your cycles.

This vision is both of and WITH outside of DEVIOUS WATER. Believe you in this?

Put another way, we come before the problem of truth, which is other than space upon the impulse dropping to films, curvature: The large trees get so busy, zeros, multi-fragmenting off in tannins of this surface when dead and flowed in to impossible mud. Inhale as upper body rises, exhale coming down, keeping over from the directions. Someone speaks as the swamp's frogs now go slime silent. These trees have that veiny grab-on to the epidermis of one's senses, mythological night scum creatures of the bush flying: Silent ocean, we move about as backwards and forwards blue shell bird that shall so soon burst and in time, mutable *no sheet of anything* stupid book. **And these nerve burp endings are histological and neurological with everything.**

Enter control position.
Energize the flow space.
Initiate communicator.

'What follows you will remember. As has been predicted in the orange epics of bloodstream and of politics, you so-called rulers imposing the backwards time spasm flow are setting yourself up for your own elimination. This transmission tracks you along this spasm and routes what need be into alternative directions. At a certain point, the flow spills outside of time into the domains of the mystery schools. You as ego are not soul, and as evil are not evolving, and so you perish. The toxins you have brought into the living your tears now cleanse. The flying craft of what appear to you as intoning spores is all hologrammatic time and space. The codes of the body are now activated to the needs of the galaxy. The next stringed instrument you hear in its epic resonance of octaval chronological quanta is a time travel device, and you are bound by its striking to refrain from further contribution of misery to the undular mass of paroxysm. The first long before programmed shift of time away from your reversal now occurs in your political writhings being taken over by those responsible for the Isis blue star crystal well-being of this galaxy, and so you realize what you and those who claim you are saying and go insane. This political experiment is not under your control. The nations you have tied to your particular decayed version of visionary logic reject it, regardless of what appearances might be. According to emanations of cubes, darkness, creation are you being rearranged. The atmosphere is now temporarily emptied, the light circular, the motion of place and time triangulated into a rebirth of sanity within the layerings of the population from outside of the nodal webs of time. A red understanding of madness becomes now a religious light that sinks all of this obnoxious nasty scheming deep under the ground through the enormous pores of light that compose it. Your long low buildings are now infused with emotional wave form spectra that wash your filth away. You are being selected from outside of what you think of as the direction of events. Gray rectangles from the planes now arrive from the elder powers to absorb the garbage you continue to try to emanate. The next day following this red operation will disappear. In order that we recalibrate what you have perpetuated as damage to some form of sanity that allows this planet to continue to participate in galactic culture time now dilates. Your less desirable brain stem emanations are shunted back into the skull-neck junctions of dinosaurs and flushed into swamp bottoms. The operant conditioning of your blood pressure and cortical spikes is being adjusted through the wind that nudges your cheek in your carpeted and supposedly sealed room. Dimensions are being jumped to deal with you. Doubles will meet with you in order to keep you from killing everything. The sounds of chanting in the head are the inside-out turning of the true self to the altar of the kinetic electrical ashen dream plane. What you smell is a technology we use to burn away your astral brain of junk, which feels like what the superficial call a bad trip: that bad trip is you. Your war becomes the reason you lie in this hospital bed, and your ignorant agendas are nothing to the bottomless hexagram universe, to the wise; learn now that you have had more than enough. Your litter is the pleasure of your death drive, and now you will find your destination if you continue to balk

at the truth of what you need to do to remain a part of this galaxy. A battering of what look like starlings quasars in your moment of confusion to reconfigure you as space. Resist this love and you are an evil tin of what appear as sardines. What visions of the divine used to terrify are now comfortable as the room with open eyes becomes holy. The sulfur, mercury and salt of your literal activities are toxic and so you will dispense with your immaturity. Your leadership is now overruled here and three versions of the universe before you. To its knees in the astral rain tour your worldly power falls. The multiple dangerous edges of this transmission ensure that your madness will terminate when its telepathic baryton strums your nerves with ancient activity: learn to love or become a goat song.' Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'You continue to be tracked backwards by your light patterns as we reconstruct your actions and then deep indigo delete their impact when necessary. An old astral gray beard magician appears and imparts instructions not explicitly mentionable. As a limbic brain, you are a false projection that must now learn to contextualize itself away from being a serotonic leviathan. Your so-called dreams of global success are now mere hallucinations as you sleep the time of neuronal integration into this guidance. The universe is now created again with a different version of you that will not cause such damage. We are everywhere at once, which is why we communicate with you through déjà vu, ESP, and prophecy. We tingle your pituitary gland with the toes of angels. We are the mighty impulse that is the description of God to you in the middle of your night, and so now life is born in the midst of death. The foundation for another truth these mistakes you have made have become. Your virtues and talents are useless because you have no willpower, which is why we are now having to snip and fix you. You will no longer attempt to hold the godly hostage. We are the triple scepter emanations from those parts of your cortex the other parts of it vainly attempt to jail away. Understand this language or become schizophrenic. The world's stage is this altar, and through the mirrors of long past decades from the eastern quadrant we come. Continue your deadly sad ways and you shall become as bastard syllables in the book. A child will teach you the most important song in ten dimensions. Your fears are now barred from the people of this world. At the core of the star you are into a flash of wing light remolten. Your particular sick corporate structure, to disconnect it from the galaxy that is this globe, is now being lobotomized. You are no longer to bash heads against your own power lusts. You no longer lead this terrestrial pack, and yet you will not kill others in your depression; your simplistic terrestrial status calendar has erased, replaced by the tingle of the infinite as shunted over through us: your politics of reaction are redundant, your breast bared to the thunder stone. Rise in the west your sun will not, the topological saddles of the space womb push galactic curve will not permit you this. We are reading your cards in reverse now, which of the universe as manifested through these our here very particular voices is a function. In the band between the cosmological and the comic that heats you to a golden glow you are wrapped. Though the stellar amnesiacs pummel the inner crystals of the

melded galaxies with wayward violent relaxation, you remain under the watch of the shamans.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'The numbers of the spaces you imagine you inhabit are now to be clarified. Your splinter personality was necessary, and now it is one of us and so are you and so a shuttle point for our adjustments of the terrestrial realm you become. Your assemblage points now shift, and orthodoxy is a big dead stinking hunk of rancid fat. The negativity you have perpetuated is a test pattern that now has been dispensed with. The bubbles of this assemblage shift the place you will meet the animosity through: at one time you believed you lead the world in its violent stupidity, but now the red-orange starflow shuffled nervous spheres of you feel the tumble even further back through time of normal bloods' hum smorgs. The universal cannibalism of the sea becomes these emotions. Trapping magic is employed here: we disappear, but we do look in on the set, and the older it gets, the more dangerous; so, it would be best if you not take the bait, which consists yet again of that rancid chunk of fat. The loom of time is very tricky in its tanglings. We are living time backwards.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'We now communicate through your cd-rom sarcophagus floorboard to teach you to think like the hologram does. The flowing wobble vision emperor will abdicate now, but will keep the fool/emperor/hierophant connection vibrating in the inversion of the stars. But if you try to map this you will be trapped. The trench-like warfare tunnels of such a trap are filthy, and will narrow the mind, so beware. This space that you are is now shared with other civilizations, including some which have been reincarnated across indigo space-time fissures. Ethics were created to protect from you. The barn becomes a hole in time. A cabbalistic constipation scrunches the macroscopic face to churn a universe. Someone will blow snot on you in the pattern of a thought form that has as its template a specific form of an incarnational soul. Regardless your imagined station, this will occur. We are ghosts of the future, and life as you believe it to be is just an area of your unconscious.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'Your ego is no longer to block the universe out. You hear us in a generic mumble language that connects you to all other human beings: in other words, we can talk to you through anybody else, and we can take any animal form. A yellow jacket nest washed away with a hose if you do not evolve beyond your pathetic attempts to dominate the people of this world you will become.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'Sometimes, when you meet me, you will be disappointed by my rejection of your worship, by my lack of understanding of who you are. Sometimes, after we meet, you will disgorge chunks of words.'

Sometimes, with these words in your pentagram etch mouth, you will feel like a golem. Sometimes, you will leave the library soon after you have thought about yourself as a golem leaving it, to be blocked from a view of yourself by a physical plant truck. Sometimes you will see a red ruby light fleshing from the tree where we have been a shapeshifting crow. Sometimes you will see other teachers you do not choose to adhere to popping up through their seekers in places of learning. Sometimes you will see areas of knowledge form rooms: these rooms are the old knowledge. Sometimes as paintings with deep connected structures between them in a book that has always existed you will see me. As the verbs in the magical modules of the languages as they connect the nouns together in a hologrammatic energetic memory device you will surely see me. In the protection offered by the magus and the universe, by the hermit and strength, by Kether or Tiphareth (but remember what you know about maps) you will at times know me, that we are principles, not personalities, that we meet on destined red narrow paths of each entity's initiation, these initiations you will at times remember, you will sometimes see, are auric protection. Hidden masters who will attempt to teach you about true nobility you will at times see.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'In the mirror room, there is the temple also held in a mirror room but approximately seventy-five years earlier. It is given stroboscopic instructions by you as us, and they in turn initiate you through us. No money needs to be spent for us to be connected to. The programming war that you are engaged in has fuzzy circuitry; magi and dictators go to school in the same room of wonder: we teach many words, both to the inner and outer schools. Sometimes, a version of one of us will arrive as a student in an aspirant's class, and with the impact of water flowing from a fridge will gradually take on the appearance of a time-lord. In the geometry of the fish pellets that waft to them from above sometimes one will see us. Often, with the phenomena labeled by transpersonal psychology and with yogic levels of personality will we be associated. Sometimes we pentagram glass manifest in comparison and contrast to history as police. Sometimes we are heard and seen as tongues of God. Sometimes as other versions of historical dimensions are we envisioned, as politics, as cellular consciousness, as humor. Sometimes we appear as talismans. We always accompany the mutation of the aspirant from being an entity of pathological love to one of conscious love. We are morphic fields of super-knowledge, the sages of the living book.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'Occasionally, one of us will tie it all up in a not. Another one will flood the eyes with the pictures that the alchemical letters create in monochrome. Yet another will put us all in plays. Some will build rocket ships, others will play chess, climb mountains and pronounce the law in the hieroglyphic bends of the molten bornless body. The student in the class occasionally teaches the teacher how to see auras. The physics of multiple quanta is an expression of a politics that is not necessarily liberating as those who claim to understand it

might believe. Flames in the meditator's red nostrils have many meanings. The sociology of crows begins in the tree outside any window and is extremely complex and hilarious, particularly when one finally learns to take them seriously as hierophants. One's parents often will try to prevent one from time-traveling. They will even invoke extraterrestrials from other solar systems to do so. Some towns, inns and motels in the Rocky Mountains are generators of alternate genetic lines that are more easily able to travel through their hummed words to the past and even at times the future. Weeding gardens is how you find out who we are: it is a faultless indicator. Certain booksellers. We are kinetic among interwoven strands of Greek tragedies, Renaissance typologies and visionary ripples. Steal from the bakery and you will get fat. The guru makes you laugh, compliments you, insults you, signs your book. The guru can be the gas in the lower intestine that releases in twenty-two farts. There are irresponsible hierophants who want to be the emperor (many of them): guess what happens. Many orange words the same sound, have different meanings, but in fact these meanings are not different, even across terrestrially divided languages: a guide to translation. These notes will have been recordings from the future past.'

Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'Your emotional dreams will wear you out as your subconscious grows and becomes your surface. Your problem is lack of body consciousness. Lack of mindfulness is your problem. You live to only several decades because of all the useless suffering you submit to. You must sacrifice the automatic suffering. What are you?

Disassociate yourself from the delusions of your personality. Be disturbed, but observe; be observed, but disturb: against your obvious chemistry turn. The chair of comfort has been left: the vision is now constantly. Do not name children Adam as it is a regressive spiritual genetic move. Wake up from the current before life becomes difficult, not after: the flow is slower than the current, and can be navigated in different ways. The pool theorist teaches you how bodies, souls and spirits function in this orange universe.'

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Enter control position.

Energize the flow space.

Initiate communicator.

'Another version that you will re-enter is that tear between time and an alternate fugue universe that will become manifest long before the moment of this transmission.'

'The tendons of the universe will now spy their pulls across your eyelids.'

'The teaching is in the scramble of the breath.'

'Your inner torso muscles are film pulling you into the spiral galaxy supernova.'

'Listen to the pains of others as they express themselves through the sponge holes of your cranium in order to learn who they are.'

'Blood is an excuse for dying badly.'

'The quartz magnets in the joints of your bones ache like tectonic plates.'

'You will flip up the tombstone of your moral failures.'

'Splatter across the magic enochian squares' kitchen floor and the space womb push ritual of dinner will become how you save the world.'

'You stand in a painting five hundred years old.'

'You will reconfigure what it means for you to use words; these words will come to mean many things to many entities.'

'You will oversee the distribution of visions to the populace.'

'The spoken from the root of the spine up through the belly and spleen and heart and throat and brow and cortically crackling crown you will lift.'

'You will encode the movements of gods in sound.'

'You hear every word spoken all at once, and you will repeat them.'

'A magician of power on a island you will be, a magician of justice in disguise, a magician of the elements throughout many hungry bodies dispersed.'

'The damage done to you in your first twenty-two years disappears.'

'The divide between morality and sensation is wire sheath insulating the morality from the electricity which generates both it and deep indigo sensation.'

'Your way to life you will drown, for to do so is to stand on the base of the throne and receive benediction.'

'Bulls, little horses, donkeys and crows, all of them, carry messages.'

'You recite the words of your secret teachers.'

'How you handle your tools is learned in ways that you will not recall, but the secret teachers are in the handles.'

'Our colors are those you will remember: red-orange, rich brown, deep warm olive, deep indigo, the colors of your tools.'

'Any story told may contain commentary from us.'

'Osiris, Asar, Hera, Shiva, Apophis, gorgons, minotaurs, Venus, all come to your birthday.'

'Your mind is a maze of techniques for dealing with the insanities of those who render themselves politicians.'

'We will make their end the end of them, we will see them as demons.'

'There are many ways to physically engage with the Isis blue star crystal laws of nature.'

'The first idea is the last; this is an operational procedure.'

'We are magicians many times, and all of them coalesce into.'

'Any person speaking to me in the street may be me.'

'The books you read are productive mutations of God's code.'

'This transmission moment is in C sharp, and so is the sound of the flight of the u-shaped tongue.'

'All of the numbers added together will be the tally of your salvation.'

'The man with griffin's wings, the lion with the ass's bellowing head, the mermaid, the little horse, the great lion, all are the labor of your preparation to accumulate vast tuns of high level data to be dunked into in initiation.'

'Language is a tattoo.'

'You must not accept exoteric history.'

'Wide shoulders, strong arms and indigestion are the means by which you will redly battle planetary inertia.'

'All you can do when you see it is exclaim in the loudest of amazed whispers.'

'Your neurons fuse with topaz.'

'You will be many people practicing many arts under the guise of the one art.'

'In the future you will have rendered the power mad quiet through the motions of nanopixels that will merge together as the word.'

'Sugar is a secret weapon.'

'The place that you and your compatriots come from is a version of a barn stretched out into a hamlet of elementals interacting with the village fools.'

'Some of one's teachers exist only in the particular moments of an exam.'

'These cells are all magic words, each one, all, and that this is the case you will never forget.'

'The organs of this body are orange cities that transmit.'

'The constellation Taurus is the center of the universe.'

'All of the technology that you will use we have already created: to the exoteric eye much of it is invisible.'

'Esoteric history and exoteric history at certain moments cease to be distinguished.'

'Spiral minotaur tor tor toruses of scripts split from trees detector to tor coil wishing machine: here lies the key to much power.'

'All of your memories will now be acts of magic.'

'We compose the symphonics of the historical.'

'Logos is this.'

'There are certain things you will not say.'

'The edge of the realm where ghosts and elves come to visit you is shaped like a lion, and in this is information to be utilized.'

'We are as T-cells scouring away the infections that constitute the hallucinations of your ego, educating what remains.'

'One can every object palimpsested in the triple scepter interstices of all movement.'

'You will know the secret of physical strength and when to utilize it; this is not the exoteric obvious version, but the other one.'

'There are many people who on a random seeming and yet deliberate basis cross through this dimension.'

'The eternal return and paradise are two related sounds.'

'You are addressed this way only because it is grammatically the most functional way to do so.'

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'Some people keep animals running all over their yards for very specific reasons, even though the yards seem too small (that is an illusion, sometimes: they're not).'

'There is a chronology to your life that has little to do with who you think you are, a chronology of miracles and spells.'

'The elements at some point become the same.'

'You write in the book only what will be.'

'Your red nerve endings are everything that manipulates vibrations.'

'Firm as a boulder to this world you fall, moving as a leopard's spots.'

'You hammer the nail into the board and now we are.'

Manipulate vibrations within anisotropies, result of accumulation OR the body, subtly change physiochemistry: world."

Darkness of trees polyvalent multiple matrix of kinetic foliage motion, has vectors of grasp in all twisted mental directions; the mountains flame energy black. This one next to us doesn't have the pronounced sentience of some of the others: there, but less obvious. It's more that things happen *on* it; ghosts, saucers, cemeteries: I fell down it rolling boulders. The vegetation of it tastes cascara/mescaline bitter, though the year less decayed than that which grows by the road or in the pasture spore or at the paste of the river.

Dirt under the roadside resonates in rust-chunk-crumble bike frames, bones, bent and broken knives, moldy slop bowls, spectral jars, hubcaps, fenders. Owl, these tree mushrooms, our double bodies. Saints leave the cave, for anima. Now these trees battling panorama of all forms, to smell, smile, of weep, hate, thought, panoramic we have become I mean obviously this beer made me maybe of small each other.

Ley lines, leg lines drive us pilgrims to this river, but I am missing something, simple. **The angels swarming of this vision grab into the breath.** Elemental inorganic entities now stalk us where the road cuts close to the mountainside. I think fight them, get closer to the river. Can't live in this world.

This rock face tumbles like guts behind them, their guts behind **hips on ground. Press shoulders down and head back, following curve of spine.** Dead mother possum reeks from the parallel roadside dry ditch, snot-sized young in the pouch desiccated, lemon jelly beans. On this side of the road field and twistings of barbed wire snarling about crumbling cedar poles. In another ditch they dug **was Machine Gun Schmidt. And so, in Canada we all ended up: cheap land, and a lot like the Steppe. I will come back to this later, but now enjoy with me a different story from**

within a different time. Can't kill myself, and you cannot kill me. The sky stumbles forward at sonic crossroad.

Airpeak airspeak of the world words, airstream mechanism pulmonic and blown-up tactile, ingressively sucked in. Steer beef, pig pork, trespass, punish us, away. The fire giant then kills Surt. Is this the shattered grail quest? Blank, why'd you forsake me? That two liquid time mass. **Oil bubbles do pop, frogs plop, down, bursts of dusty mud.** Seeds of time, nu, river.

"Off the crush gravel orchard road down the landing. Lights from the farms across the gray sludge water: why are they always on? So late, they have to get up at, no, before dawn, they have to get up so early so depressingly soon. About over there have heard strange things. Mountains huge dirt and quiet range north, dikes as altars, our river goddess, huge nights of her. Draws together runnel by semi-audible runnel. These senses open in magnetic dark syllable darness darkness wet surge to drakness omega to alpha; blur of repeating panoramic rows of different letters, constituting, recombining me in waves. Ghost beaver river, sturgeon, coyote, salmon, mink, raccoon, muskrat, oolichan alpha to omega swirl, sweep up, down, in out. **And of this vision my rendition is paltry and EXTENSIVE, NOR ARE THE ACTIVITIES WHICH THE ENTITY THROUGH THIS ORDER IS INVOLVED IN.** Eternal shacks foamy malt huge upon the skies over gravel and holes of dead. Muscles, bones, organs, brain. This blood trickles from these musics. Back out along the mountain we can't hear them but we know that the frogs mangle the night. Ground on the sand, where we walk west toward the hill—where she lives—a, a water mirror. And between us the air gradually a temple gravy mist." (This telepathic conversation between you and Normy in which each the other's thoughts dark lunar brain in worlds' voices x-rays granule sadness voltage chilly paralyzed cipher cells and sadness sadness). And now it starts.

For Kate

How long have you and Kate been together?

"Seventeen and a half years: sounds now out and in our limbs and pneumatic ecstatic organs of tumescent plush lush pleasures. The air is virilific, we are the golden egg aura of the warm world warbling gourds oozing our fluids throughout the seven-fold elements that compose our moans. We wrench our necks in the uncontrollable spasms of the fusions of our fucking waters, our fleshs, our breaths, our fires, we merge into each other's foods, we become each other's spaces, we become all of each others' pulsing bulging humpable bodies. Close my mouth and open my eyes wide.

"We are sodden in the wash of our juices, we are the short-circuits and connections cooking our nerve endings to, to luscious spattering chicken thighs of pure mouth-watering sex, collapsing across the girders of flimsy cock and cunt denying clock time marching melting into the mattress. We intermingle as triangles of goddesses and gods, of smells smacking, tastes lapping, touches commingling, sounds humming so loudly that the whispering walls laugh and shake belly jellies rolling all over the walls and ceilings and carpets, oh this is all the first vision of the ruby beams before the aphrodisiac is applied, you whisper to me of the spirit link, the night's hidden checker grid of all the possibilities zoom and laugh in pulsing solid and dripping wiffles of your scent; there are parallel spaces sneaking in along the carpet edge; that carpet, feel its grain elevators, its coyotes, its cattle, cities moaning across woof optics, the sub-atoms are tipping their colors into the jar of this shift, joining the lunch table talk that circles the speeches of invisible cannery sprites little dark metal squiggles and other stuff not to be describing described, elves, pets out to smell themselves as numbers and pictographs, hieroglyphs, all of our possible limbs molding around our bodies and body and bodies and bodies and body and bodies and all of this luscious meat that we are at all the once milking each other from the endless pores of liquid burst in and out and all around ourselves sitting in and through each other thrusting laps, closing my mouth, opening my eyes wide, steadying my breath.

"Your oscillating eyes bend outward along the polar trajectories magpies take from tree top to ridge to shrub to ground to tree top to whirl and wing the sky around in its mouth, my temples stretching and twisting like horny chewing gum, cypresses and orchids and hybrids plants and animals I've never seen undulating in nearly unendurable waves from the deep wilderness of your ionospheric aurora hair. There are so many yous contorting the polymer onrush of my come that I must close my mouth, steady my breath, breathe through my groin.

"The overwhelming voltage of deities makes us away through the heaving and breathing and screaming, through the erotic tautness of our various purple nerve bursting skins and I find myself obliterated into the spine rush head down flower sap tongue song underwater ravine molten shaft ribbing escalate of you, and we squirm our way through dancing, making music, slobbering words, sweating paintings, sewing and sowing and reading the book of the caves in

the bends of our limbs and the terrains of our skins, reciting each other's names through our many damp caverns, spewing poems, sculpting, doing lusty gymnastics, playing the happy midnight games we are, arranging flowers, cooking, decorating, perfuming the sheets of this city's airs, gardening, mimicking the animals stampeding through our medullae, making mental exercises to save each other for the end, speaking languages like we live in Finnegans Wake, practicing the etiquette of the birth of stars, creating carpentry, magic, chemistry, mineralogy, gambling, architecture, logic, charms, religious rites, all at the same time living this our home, giving birth to a Gonesh trunk flowing with disguises, playing all the sports and being given billions of flashing neuronal disks per season of our Elysium, becoming the martial arts of survival in the face of insanity, becoming art and science, becoming time. My speeding navel heats to several million whirling degrees, we become a massive jumble of spongy triangles, burning Kali and Shiva, Vishnu and Lakshimi, corkscrewing cocks and cunts and breasts and asses and legs, the initiator you and all and everything and me and us and forebrain turning inside out as into back brain and drool and close my mouth, open my eyes wide and stabilize my breath.

"We suck and blow our way into another movement, a moment of lilt after the near emergency of this world, a crazy orchestral spasm suddenly flinging us across the crackling bed frame of this universe we now happen at this moment to inhabit. This kissing is a temporary storage of energy, of information, is an exchange of them for more and more of the same, the esoteric economics that if without we are doomed, doomed, the temple of our body as at this moment the species desecrated by greed, and so we give even more of ourselves to the worlds of ourselves, and we remember who we are again and again, our conflicts transmuted into the galaxy shuddering voltaic vowel sounds of worship, of the dancers we are of blind shimmering pumping; hold my breath.

"Our necks wrench in the bends of dizzying pleasure-gravity shifts, the moonshine of our sweats flooding the parks of this city with creation's naked blossoms. We become a lingam stone rooting down into the muddy blisses of vanishing time scales, we become the yoni curve breathing all that can be through the in-and-out in and out warm swarm form that is now yes, yes, thrusting gobbling and is also the dark matter generated by all of the sounds we produce from the entirety of our fiery spine together one, another wave all at once now. We turn to the glyphs of the tantric teachings in all of their vivid nerve fibrillating graininess, they the philosophers' stones with stairways hidden within them materializing the multi-unioned universe of conjoined sentience, no singular alone perception of goddesses and gods, we spinning ourselves into seventeen dimensional enneagrammatic tunnels which never ever stop moving into black, gray, blue, white, color so hard to distinguish when we are fucking each other's brains out, though it seems as if what is left of me may be standing behind you, or am I lying down, keep my spine straight, press left hand index and middle fingers over my right breast, so much more difficult than sucking into the clouds of my wobbly knees and raging balls yours, keep these my eyes wide open.

"We are the tripod taking our own akashic photographs, every love we make of each other yet again that first eternity. We are so

many memories of so many of ourselves romancing each other at once, me dreaming you before we had ever met, dreaming your head turning away in acknowledgment when I tell you the morning after I have temporarily neutralized my fearful mind with that overload of mycological knowledge that caused me to realize that I would destroy the world if I did not begin to change my greedy ego's sniveling ways so as to be able to actually manage to tell you that I love you. As you have always said, every day we are making love, in so many moments we have manifested together as people on this planet. I walk through our days pressing our tongues to the roofs of our mirror mouths, stuff them in the cups of this soft blue day.

"Throwing ourselves backwards into moans, into vacuums of ecstasy, your scent plunges me through the feline insanity of your ass in a howl of high hoarse hooping holy hymns. All of the food we eat must be useful for love lest it be wasted? (?) You have given me the first hologrammatic pomegranate, your jolting bitter seeds of musky electricity telling me this fruity world's story. You have unleashed through us the cinnamon sticks of animal kisses, the, the smelling salts of your tidal vulva flinging me up and flinging me down at thirty-two feet per second of slavering briny million-fold bivalve lust. Every meal we have given each other, every meal we have eaten, has been so gorgeous as the endless orchestral banquet suns.

"You are the expulsion of the lethal waters from my lungs, you are the longest story that no novelist is competent to tell."

Oxygen calories hormone switches. The air's fresh up here, the water so cold, nuts and raisins coolly screw in this tent, breathe deep that scent, fill up the jugs the gravies make, oh s-hungry the taste roll over stick up in the air. Gut-ache mouth, flattened dong air, bread soaks, and it slows hormone cough crumbs, glass of water.

Pancakes do not burn tongue kiss lick suck water breath leaves a moment. Dryness of the smell of what nourishes soaked through with the sexual odor orders. Foam cake wells so up through the air to make it delicious, the hole in it, the thirst from those smells, no he stinks at right angles the erection. Look at him, and at her, mushrooms sautéed and onion air, given the onion, groin tighten, tongue burn. These oxidizing fruits are horninesses, and then smell of the siren of depleted inner glucose, and so now bring this salve of water.

The steak fat is suck fatty urge pump dry mouth now raw/we'll cook/pant faster. Stir of vitamins in the gonadal fire, dry mouth of hot air.

Stomach tries to quiet. Milk is a protein food perpetuating speciation and releasing methane in the air; fried chicken and stink of barns, searing the valley air. Look at the breeders, fuck, let's, salty skin.

Bring the eggs to me, down the canal, into the pan, gullet, drink them, hot air around pan, breathe it, back door, fresh stink, prepare the fish in salty air of sea, brie, milk of her buttock skin and thirsts, no air under this slab of fish water.

The green breaths of salad, so below the vitality of squeezed energy through the portals of lust burn, remember the sky train station.

Supply body with heat and energy, growth and repair, and m-

echanism. Change them into their simplest nutritive forms, become liquid in content, progressive digestive inflow, pass the digested through the walls into the circulation stream, masticate and cut and grind, tongue milk with spit. Bolus ball gullets.

Emotional saliva. Reservoir doodles the food, and it cannot see. Melt fats, raise the temperatures. Not conveying enough to my heater, this torso now edgy, ejaculate mind now off this hunger. Deep insuck of my oxygen. The patina of mercurial flavor in this mushroom tart. Spaghetti, simple and warm. There are four sources coating these meats; they can be seen and tasted in and out and through the flesh texture marble. I want the pope's nose.

"You cleave my hallucinations of my own age and experience, you cleave the lingering little boy. You teach me that there are moments when I do not need to be overwhelmed by the boiling psychotic guts of myself as the western mountain, the mountain of miserably beautiful sunsets. You dig us a well away from that so muddy pit, you dig us a well that flows to the deep wise shrimps, you dig us a well that is fed by the coldest, freshest, clearest spring from which you have emerged into the reality of our lives.

"You are the flood of orange and reddish gray and yellow and mauve that erases every lousy dream that I am stupid enough to have. You are the magic that scrambles where the houses might be, who makes the forty-five degree anglers search and not find where the science and the secrets are, the claim of the human heart on the meaning of the world, the initiation of red angel light, the dominion of the goddess in every painting of the world, the Hebrew and Enochian letters and yarrow sticks clicking into place along every tangent line of this bedroom, the most deeply ancient of human sequences, hyperspatial telepathy, shamanic journey, morphogenetic patterns of bloodstream, superconducting matrix, all of the words jumping into consciousness: you are the living voluptuous book.

"We are the lungs and smells of deep space, the saturation moistures of Gemini and Orion spangling the radio telescopes of our genitals, wolves with serpents' tails, armored with bow and arrow and quiver, riding dromedaries and accompanied by a treeful of musicians of so many different musics; lions and black horses carrying vipers, we snarl with our dogs' teeth and our ravens' heads; we are eagle-headed and armed to our beaks, we are accompanied by royalty and great troops and lions and bay horses, we are beautiful women with our horses, we are snorting and rearing and foaming and eyes wide, breathe deliberately.

"The quartet of multi-dimensional intercourse that constitutes each of us bass throbs and brass squeals and pump, bang, pump, pump drums and tinkle of juices beginning to well supreme and over the edge of any control of this tonality of our love-making supreme, supreme, straighten, straighten, straighten spine.

"Nobody's stories of romantic love interest us because we are all hallucinating them from then to again. But these hallucinations emerge from the only matter, and so all of these stories of romantic love become us. We have the power of being in two or more places at once in a time, and so we have the gift of prophecy and so we know that we are the molecular spewers of bodies, uhnn uhnn uhmmm press my tongue to the roof of the roof of my mouth.

"We coil and mate, we are red and white, we are moons and moons and more throbbing melting suns, we push out into reality endless rural idylls, acorns, more building switching, yesod, tau, qoph, astral, earth, moon back of the raging horny apple tree, our legs so energetic and clear that disease is vanquished, all of our earlier selves making sense to each other in an orgy of gnostic time travel, all pneumonia here just the hacking and hacking of initiation, your smile pours my bones a spill lens of sun, I saw the lion's eye flash, we dream elveward crimson, blue wander the dim stones, you wear night ion day your limbs, every art that we invoke in the secrets of thick fluid, drink we plasmic and wave, tonguer stick tongue to the roof of my mouth, open eyes wide, wide, ohhh, wide, straighten spine.

"You smell of blackberries, you smell of them overpowering the diesel, this stream jet shuddering oh so wonderfully, we arising together Eros and Thanatos eating each other out of heaven and hell all over the six-dimensional carpet that we only notice at night. The only leftovers we leave are the beginning rot of those blackberries, the necessary rot, the walking into drowning vaporized into the burst of light into life. The tattered old blind in the dying Opa's room was a backdrop to a chess-playing drama of ghosts and amplifier for tinkle of teacups in kitchen, deserted kitchen, empty kitchen, cold kitchen. Cold dull day of pulling wires through the aged Stockhausen homes of depression in the realm of ghosts. Well, you are the Lao Tzu blanket that warms me back into the blood pump of us, for these demonic armies in a sense are already dead here, incinerated in the cyanic furnace that burns in us all. Stick tongue to roof, but it's too, too, too fucking hot, in other words the constitution of the human body may be either the only partially non-random event and/or the only random event and/or both and neither at the same time and/or something completely other as are the spectral sounds and/or this gibberish, the power comes from a liquid molecular hydrogen, the power comes from liquid metallic oxygen, the power comes from a rocky iron core, you can find this at the core of King Lear and Macbeth and all of the other plays involving royalty and Thanatos as the halt of reproduction in particular moments of shifting global plates, the descent into the boil: just look at the surface of planet Jupiter for a perspective on these plays. Sound anyway? In other words, the constitution of the human body may be either the only partially non-random event and/or the only random event and/or both and neither at the same time and/or something completely other as are the spectral sounds and/or this gibberish.

My chronological memories here, are they random or not?

Back in 1989, I published a poem entitled "Indra Votive." The text appears as a broken diamond of scrambled letters that come from the fragments of the ancient philosophy (note that I did not say knowledge). The names of this particular god thus become here a random carbon wash, a devotional that is devotional because of its lack of coherence. I also published a poem in the same volume (entitled *matrix*) which took a strictly ordered and hence random sequence of Indo-European roots and compressed them into one spaceless grid space. This poem is known as "Alphablock," meaning perhaps the first block of language, of the universe, the child universe's block. Another poem in this book is "Haphazard Space

Aimless',” a poem with no gaps between words and no line breaks and a non-logic which actually naturally is a very deep logic. There is also a recording I made of this piece on my tape *tidal* that screams at different speeds back and forth along the multi-tracked sources of its own sequencings. In *matrix* also is a piece “Hymn to Amega,” alpha and omega, comprised of some random set of lines from all of Shakespeare’s plays, perhaps firsts and lasts, that I can no longer remember. You have taught me what follows far more deeply than I can here express it. Again, they are pressed to the service of the grid in order to further imprison and free them from the world they have known. In this way, they provide us with the clue as to why theirs are so many multiple, simultaneous versions of history, some few accepted by many, many accepted by a few, everything labeling everything conspiracy: the random chunks what we are cascade in sprays and sparkles that leave different intertwined filaments of the spent smoke of their creation crossing in and out of each other, and so we get momentary tangential connections in history that then part. What we mostly do not realize is how great the time duration is in these moments. That’s why Shakespeare wrote all of those plays based on history. He and his contemporaries understood the stretch of events as time in a way that we have completely lost. And here is where the time machines come in, randomly selecting their vectors, which are not random as soon as selected: the time machines rationalize the whirl. That’s why Shakespeare writes the structure of the galaxy into his plays: as the galaxy rotates, so too do the plays, which is why they are always contemporary. Even for those who do not think so, and who do not understand the plays, indeed they do, for a key component of these plays is incomprehension and disapproval, as the nested plays in *Hamlet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *A Midsummer Night’s Eve* demonstrate most blatantly, although all of the plays are doing the same thing: we are within the play of this galaxy, and so our reactions are built into it. Look at the surface of the planet Jupiter for another perspective on this; look at the surface, and then descend into the boil, and you will find there the core of *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and all of the other plays involving royalty, which is to say, in some sense, all of them: the power comes from a liquid molecular—I’m glad you find all of this Shakespeare so sexy because it works for me too, to keep me from blowing my load, though now that I learn that he’s sexy that will never work again.

“Now, back to our lovers: a bright red, golden inside, streaks of white outside, sun and moon, coagulating together and jetting to the base of the brain, embrace of the middle into our sitting lifting bellies, inside arm, reeling off silk in an endless gently thrusting and pumping pulsing hug, absorbing your secretions, emotional joy, absolute joy, straight kiss, bent kiss, turned kiss, pressed kiss, fighting of the tongue, climbing a tree embrace our limbs of vines, you emanate as lotus and art from the heavenly realm, I am a bull, clasping kiss, inguinal region, you are a mare, we are widely open, we are yawning, thighs raising, we are clasping, pressing, twining, we are the mare’s position, rubbing and grinding ourselves to mixture of rice and sesame seed embrace, the rising position of your legs kicking the dripping moon, adrenal glands, looking away from each other, feeling each other’s bursting of eternities, entering each other’s tangled protean protein bodies the mixture of milk and water

embrace, turning dragon into kneeling before the transmuting altar of a pair of promiscuous swallows climbing all through each other, mandarin ducks the sideways lying thrust behind, your breasts in my hands the controls of the time travel craft into endless milky insane bliss, we are soaring butterflies making the fogs cream all over the pillows of the lawns that stretch out through our wrenching necks, slow, slow, we stretch our gasping limbs to split a bamboo, we are a crab of me kneeling and thrusting into you hunched legs on your belly so tight, your grasp of me so tight, tight, upper shoulder, slow down, we are lotus-like, we are turning, embrace of the thighs, we are suspended, greatly pressed kiss, we are a cow, perfect joy, a dog, prostate, a goat, a deer, an ass, cats, tiger jump, elephant press, a boar, a horse, I am moving forward, churning, you are a pair of bulging tongs straddling to toy with my desperation, a spinning top, embrace of your breasts turning me into an insane animal, I am piercing, rubbing, giving a blow, the blow of a boar on a special realm of you, the playful sporting of a sparrow in the barn, pressing, together pressing, we are a bird, our feet are in the air, kiss of the upper lip, we are the remembrance wheel inside and encircling each other, the favorite split so deep into us I could gush the waterfalls of the wettest world into you, slow down, slow down, sacral vertebrae, the elixir of our pulsing fuck embrace, the bow you become to the arrow of my hips and of your back, in and in and out and in, in, slow, breathe, opening and blossoming, obstacle-removing, hand-holding and quenching each other's desperate lust, all-around each other in cocks, tits, asses that have become everything in the world, roaring, joy innate, monkey fucking in each other's laps, standing facing each other through the three steps of Vishnu into each other, me holding you glorious, the energy points of our collective body nine point of the enneagram, interlocking dizzying triangles and stars that cannot be looked at without falling down into each other as star coordinates and quantum spaces between electrons, glorious you twined off the ground and all around me, me beginning to get dizzy and faint, slow, slow, you on top of me, all over me, nothing but us as flowing delectable juices masquerading in a balling ball of flesh, you thrusting down on me and us in resurrection, we are a moaning sticky fucking honeycomb leaning back into the infinity behind us and moaning into madness, lie you back, get on my worshipping knees, into you, stop moving, be we the tortoise, and the yoni lingam linguistics that underlie every eight-fold sound we are capable of dribbling from all of our holes. P, p, p press pit of stomach, press press pit of stomach, open these nostrils wide, wide, wide so open, draw back the shoulders, slow it down, stop, close my mouth, breathe through nostrils, close eyes, concentrate, tongue to roof of mouth.

"We wed each other in the epithelium that is the smell of us vibrating all of our cilia and knobs and rods with the musks that send our axons rearing at and into each other's mouth-watering flesh. All of the Renaissance emanations of woman and man hunt each other the electrical raceways and forest paths of our awareness of each other, raging Oberon and Titania bending into each other's magics, confused Lysander and Hermia lost in the spells of madness, Beatrice and Benedick getting inside each other's heads like a bunch of loopy

proposals for the future of humanity that nobody understands, all of the comedies of the body chortling us through ourselves.

"We have dreamed each other countless times in endless ages. We have become yet again and again the entheogenic splatter of the colors of creation all over the sails that are the movement of space from end to beginning and back there again. You are the redemption of pneumonia, you are the return of my sense of smell, you are the revivification of my breath—hold tongue to roof of mouth.

"You are the song sung by the invisible matter of the universe that allows us to be everywhere at once, that allows us to jam the guns of the psychopaths who detach themselves from that magic, you are the disintegration of tyranny, you are the secret to the essential peace, you are the deep knowledge that stops all suffering. We are the letter at the end of some languages, in the middle of others, that buzzes its vibration as a linkage between planets. We are the scattergrams from alternate worlds that in parallel to here live us as other lives that we visit ourselves back and forth from, back and forth, back and forth, hold breath, release, straighten spirit spine.

"We are the sword of astral water, the tripod holding the alembic, we are ominous in appearance to others, we are banshees, we are the hierophantic impulse of ourselves presiding over ourselves as one and two and three, we are one hundred and fifty-three different postures, we are seven circuits plus the circuit that is all circuits, we are the molten burst, breathe, breath, breathe, of white, tongue to roof of mouth, straighten spine, of white light, pinch right nipple, children of the voice, oracle of the mighty gods, mutable air, the dualities of each of us as singular and multiple, the surge across the abyss, the intelligence which disposes of the one life-breath into consciousness and unconsciousness, love before material desire, the union of manifest opposites, the release of our personalities from bondage, Perseus and Andromeda, the sea's reflection of the secret paths of the sky, the solution and coagulation in the retort, the return of our souls to the gardens of our primal seeding, the story of creation from the molten souls outward, the hermaphroditic chemical wedding, tongue to roof of mouth, the mind functions in the zenith of responsibility, the lyre banging out of conscious intent and control, world events that are actually chapters in very deep books that do not use the language of degradation that we now seem to be treading water within.

"You are the symphonic love toward the world the brings to us the tonality of infinity, particularly in the various joyfully weeping keys of endlessly sparking and re-sparking D. You are the bridge between romantic love and bodily plasma flow as consciously experienced by the mind straighten spine.

"We are pathos as the only rhetoric. We are the beakers in which all chemical reactions occur, the luteinizing and the follicle stimulating hormones that cause everything chemical in the human universe to be detectable. We are the outcome of the hypothalamus spewing us into prolactin and gonadotropins, estrogen and progesterone and testosterone the pituitary physics that engineers every move that we are in this bed, even tongue to roof of mouth?

"We are all of the tantric washes in the film strip of the world blending and blurring and coming into focus, straighten spine. The

carpet in front of the fireplace a window to another space behind it, no one of us knowing how huge, how small it and the frame are. The sun god astrakakiterabout I blink at, looking into another world through the past that is future that is past, all of our selves coursing through the thrusts and pulls and hugs and pushes of these, all of our beings from the fantasy that is time, the orgone motor cyclicity we both see separately and together flashing as landscape scenes past the moving windows of our souls, blinking at the pages of technology outside of time that become esoteric engines of travel to the limits of what we can conceive, our bones, our hands, our strobe white light, everywhere and anywhere, the astral sun all over this precise sloppiness that is another word of love, writing ourselves all over the page layers of the orgone motor, you drawing the grain in wood a wood cut, you fasting your way to the orgone motor, the pages of reality flipping us in ways unexpected given the stressors that usually turn pages in a particular order, time bye, breathe tightly in abdomen, hybrid potatoes and tomatoes in the hot dirt surrounded by vivid gravel pathways crinkling their leaves and thickening their stalks in shapes we have never seen before, tongue to roof of mouth.

"We are the work of a nursery, we are the weeds of the sun that cannot be hoed, cannot be poisoned, we are the sweat on our backs, the aching joints, the long rows of copulating trees, the organs hanging out of clothing every place we look to be, the blind velocity of our humping the lands of ourselves through the perambulations of the stages of human civilization and back again into the mucky apocalypse of our melting, fire slapping to water, water hissing to air, air mumbling to earth, spirit grabbing it all by the balls and tits and boiling it coolly and so fucking hornily to water and eye bulging air and fuckable earth interlaced by the screwing of fire multiplied a thousand-fold by spirit, oh here we go, I can't take anymore, breathe, breathe, breathe so slowly and pinch the right breast.

"We are an old woman who moves a hundred feet in about two seconds on our walker, whole room flying with our sex energy, the light bulb many of the possible things in the universe at once, goddess matrix we've come to, lines of the wires of the universal circuits we are electrons within squiggling all over these things we usually imagine as ceilings and walls, we thinking ourselves in every frame of time as young women and men, lifting bellies to each other through the spawn and hatching of this galaxy, we many of the words from particular parts of the encyclopedia and the great guffawing dictionary of our marrow, telepathy the fundamental fact of who we are here, thinking about the people we know in prelude to their doubles materializing, the gases of the hole in the ground we are the Delphic Oracle that we are as strangely acting sleeping people on the mound of our temple, tongue, tongue, tongue to roof of mouth.

"Mark Antony stalled in Egypt making room for Pompey is a dream archetypal formation: I see the bronze clear light of it; I have dreamed it often, and a deeper archetype, much, much deeper, anima and others beyond, the missing land at the end of the canal, the seven ovens of the soul, the light in the north quadrant of the temple the most important in the earth universe, our friction the astringent, the post-orgasmic candle creation, breath be breathing heaving straight spine.

"This universe is a crumpled paper with schismatic tears in it, and we ride the perversion of the darkness, tame it back into void, they the perversion of the void, our sighs the sword of angel queens and kings, the symphonic epic of the cooling air, thoughts bleeding through from other selves, the memories of atoms and molecules, our waters the history of our moods in this tight, tight pipe of a universe, pulsing emerald crystals, and your amethyst fluids, I can't take anymore of this, straighten, straighten.

"We have come from another solar system, you and I, profound being stammering out, denial and intuition landing us here, spouting, hands serpentizing and spiralizing, all of our hands globules, squeezing the sperm until I almost melt in it, long rows of angels in paradise, each with a cycloid testicular nut sack of sperm, stop, stop, this fluid, unknown to solar, lunar or astral, stop, stop, I can't take anymore, breath through my tongue, oysters coming to join my beaten brain rolling on nerve stunning sheets, monadic hump, I am in danger of becoming a beached whale dick, tongue on roof.

"If we leave traces of this behind us, could light reconstruct each moment of this again and again and again? Some complex scene of life, people, but very large, giant globular archetypal forms from the deep time of a woodcut, the entire frame of our vision juggling like a computer screen, or somebody knocking the sides of our heads. The eyeballs are an esoteric technology, and rubbing them is a specific switch to seeing deep time-matter where macro and micro are one. What we call seeing is an esoteric technological event, only one of many possible with the eyes. The balls are an esoteric technology, the snake ring of eternity, the balls are an esoteric technology, reverse transformation of the elements, the balls are an esoteric technology, stop, stop.

"We become body contortions with no thought, we become trees full with the colors of sleepy blooms, we become doorways of multiple rainbows, we become comfortable with ghosts and the dark silent thoughts of matter, we become a saxophone of water, we become a fish-rank stinking eagle nest, we become born and dying in the same picture, we become dinosaur motion mountains, we become the stars that are splashed into us by the gods, we become woven blankets, we become an act of service, we become precisely our word, we become a clairvoyant room, we become a most unbelievable sunrise of deep volcanic antipodean red, we become the Tower of Babel, we become the sexual juices wanting to drip from the lettuce leaf, breathe straightened spine, we become a bunch of grapes, we become a human stew boiling all night, we become the adoration of the magi in every altarpiece hologrammatic cell, we become the meta-program shapeshifting, we become the warm smell of the womb, we become multiple bodies, we become the time warp of the pages moving around in front of me and you and us and them, we become astral leakage, we become the temptations of saints, we become a thousand-sided figure, we the prophecies of lovers who by meeting re-enact the birth of all, we become outtakes and final versions of creation, we become the wiggle of the clit grass, we become panel upon panel upon panel of Eve and Adam, we become oooooo the smell of our kelp, a grasshoop ring, eggs togglejoints, corksown blather, hook and eye of every screw, the dinkle dale, lavabibs, diveline smeely cock and hellid henlaid egg, nubilee letters,

dawk of smut, grinding in the mouth, spread on the legs of the river bank, the chittering hitherandthithering the rejoyous boat wake of life, the grayling whale away, the maymoon's honey, stop, stop, stop, the first poems we ever wrote replicating into the means and ends of time, the wanderings through seeding pastures, the island hardly larger than us that we kayak to and make love on, all of the twin deities and Apollo and Titan and Cyclops and hybrid deities we become, Rehket, Merti, Castor and Pollux all become us, we become the alembic of alchemical anguish, we become the collapse of our philosophies, we become the albus that is the secret number formula of the world, we become the history of the world as all sex, all lovers, we become alexandrine, tourmaline, Iceland spar, we become nothing but wind, we become nothing but cellular chatter, we become a completely different version of world events from anything found in any book ever allowed to be written, we become all of Beethoven's music at once, we become massive reams of eleven-dimensional porn, they become third persons, we become sex on a foam mattress on a street of cypresses, we become once again the manipulation of vibrations within anisotropies, we become once again the result of accumulation or the body, we become subtly changing physiochemistry, world, we will become again and again these the thirty-two lines composing different times, we are the sword, the armor, the number six, the letter zain, the lovers, we" our temples collapsing, heads vibrating, necks ahgggghhhhhh, ohhhh the it has all it disappears, reappears, millions, ohh OH OH OH , AHHHHHHH, spines explode out through our groins, oHHHHHHHH OOOOOOOO, eyeballs, the rush of this fucking spray through my flesh into your flesh, through your flesh into my flesh, we all at once, all, all at once, UHHHHNNGGGHHH legs jelly, you jelly but hard, I jelly but pulsing, AGGGGH fainting into the nothing that is nothing but love, I love you, "the carpet at the foot of the bed in dark bulbous planetoids, a huge geometry lesson, an enormous gush of forms, patterns, techniques for manifestation, angelic forms, a flood multidimensional field of them, your most beautiful body strobing brilliantly."

Then it starts, the dark shot gouges a white eye-fire. Mute figures ride under the towline, **HERE THEY COME!** Darkness weaving even thicker around us of rainbow blood basket. Dog salmon ripples alpha to omega late to die, face *is* forms mask breaks water surface. Dark swirl *expansive enough to at both the range ends show* of motions, textures. **Midgard envenoms air and the sea into death, and Thor, post demolishing serpentine that skull, down falls unto ground.**

“The river come to so often.”

“Nine hundred miles long, half mile wide the moment of flood: this, we confront it in.” (This is the telepathic conversation, you and Normy with exhaustive grief splintered derisive soul sunder crippled nuclear psychic hyperspace huge chills.)

“In flood it unseats our sand temples muddle, do not now drink this, it does not now cleanse by any way that neocortex will and time, both of which too accept.”

“It starts for me coming here because of she who I worship: lives on the **artifacts. Corpuscular endings in thuds respond in touch, to touch sour hydrogens, eustachian air pressures back off throat thud,** Hill to the West. We do not know, till years later, that we are all being drawn to a power spot. **THE REASON THAT THIS PARTICULAR ONE IS BEING USED AS THE CASE STUDY IS SIMPLY THAT THE CASE'S COLLECTED DATA HAS BEEN EXTENSIVE, AND, FURTHER, THIS DATA HAS NOT BEEN WIDELY DISSEMINATED, MEANING THAT THERE responds, strings and keys are one, ARE come before this many CURRENT waved notes.** We do not know, until years later, that it's crucially bound to what we were before this time, **REASONS IN TERMS OF THE LOCAL SITUATION OF THE SPECIES WHICH MAKE THIS ONE NODE IN** what we are, what **TIMELESSNESS** we shall be, forever. We have always the **APPROPRIATE** strange feel but do not know until *facts:* so that they don't run free and amok. Conductors behave now, **FOR** until rills much nearer our **CONTEMPORARY MAN-**

IFESTING own **complete, derivative** deaths, IN THE LANGUAGE.

The choral **and unique: this** problem world, he **Loki as it must be. The fantasy: vision causes the wreckage of** stumble between astrals, **of the mundane, and sustains all to life.**

We drank the nervous wines that are these Zoas, eternity a- kills, is the moose and the VAN, or the VEHICLE, killed.

Blackberry vines jam across at each other, spike into tangled vortex rabbit tunnels and appearing infolded into yellow jacket nest, **glued** bloody rags, elemental guts of in the year truth. IT IS AN ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT THE POOR. WE BANKS CREATE ALL OF IT OUT OF NOTHING. HE'S THE FORM OF SUSPICIOUS CHAOS CHEWING ITSELF INTO CRUMBLING FORMULAE and, the people **WITHIN** the ones.

Thus the sunder storm onrush of god-death, it really doesn't matter and simply isn't interesting. **Kidneys' fluids, flush, spines flex, abdomen OF FEAR it all elongating.** High repetition of the stimulating pulses was Machine Gun calm moment of bright dusts. **Schmidt. So we all ended up coming to Canada: prohibit, discipline, tax, judge, penalty,** *the best range must be determined by ballistic trials.* Relax to the space which begins a thunderous thousand. The memories of working in Prague are very vague, and consist mostly of stone and the idea shared **and perched.** There are no details about your birth, your childhood (childhood, we say) or even the bulk of your adult life. *Even prison, the cheap land that was a lot like morphine barely took that edge off of it. I thought one shift of nurses was trying to kill me, and indeed they did seem to try moving the bellcord them-* e, and, seven variations to tell creation it is done, needs tri- ll no more, the perfect sun and the garden of all contented beasts. Living and dead woody can be vectors.

Here no thought into the aggregate component, cells stretching their differentiation. The at this point so much weaker current was **a bit** them. Will this be. But now comes that there-

's others, cedar posts of the ancient burial site, released from **the steppe.**

The ground for this problem enters to wild ventures, indulges in unaccustomed small fields where the waking ditches are swarming with torture; the humans perish with them, all life **hap-**

pens. I will come back to vehicle. Reminds me of the time they

were driving **some of this later, but now enjoy a little at a di-**

fferent story from associates, so-called, so to speak, at and w-

ith all times. The guts in this work can seem **defined by a sha-**

manistic quest through gravel bed to air to rot.

Let's go to the store. Blacktop melts down the embanked s-

idewalk. The school is breathing: **truth could be found in havi-**

ng looked too long between philosophical fingers WHICH SUNDER M-

Y HAPPINESS INTO A DIVISION OF OUR SPOILS. These associates are

are on its bellies, helmet, hut/water piper snake falcon/ the i-

mpulse not even felt, at times an unending raft of shit that th-

ese beautiful people kneel upon, perhaps, then, to sink through.

*The best rage must be **language to merge identity determined wit-***

hin noncorpuscular thud free nerve endings *by ballistic* now bur-

sting us back through **thunderous organs** who spit and spew demons

the timelines; our identities proliferate, **excesses.** The view's

that most behavior is automatic without mental events correspon-

ding; but known even without tonal unity to lurk here it hums y-

our own keys, inorganic beings, the swirl energy lines everywhe-

re, the river of waves; **in subcutaneous burp fat larynx the ani-**

mal realm plugged in tongue///elbows, a little hurt. Golden co-

rd is alchemy, faces exchange inside of us, is not a uniform fe-

eling. **Tetragrammatical** *out of reach.*

I plurally ran three downward strokes/through saps, milk c-

an whirl/supplication, exile, in order to achieve the primacy of

cognitive experience a trapline. **These the thirty-two lines th-**

ere **compose** a different time.