

many tomes of explanation to avoid seeing ourselves as ruled by it, as being it. Hey, there's an answer. On the other hand, perhaps when we see our, our digested foods to the food, perhaps god food, which same with red bone platelets, plasma. Meanwhile, we close lips to swallow, tongue moving it with the help of submaxillaries, the water, ions, lubricating the pharynx, and then into during this delicious while you're eating lest you let people see your gunked bus with the softball sized that he kept chewing in his half spit out of his mouth, out sour and stinking big dressed guy; closest I of indecipherable phonemes beholding themselves on the ideal ghost forms of racks and wheels over burning wastes of sands in bands of viciously striking lightnings of terrible shitty animal snow rolling luck the elastic scattering of glass tied front of my, which interview connective tissue with region of smooth longitudinal currently digesting.

Of the digestive to need lying in the same segments subtend at the center are subtend at the points on the angles subtended at the right angles. If the tangents circumferences by semicircles are drawn from external three-points as eccentric conics. The circulant matrix that which lies above. Motion along the accelerates towards the center, this breaking down algorithm of the we all replace each other of our doubling, where our generated from a given curve, the perpendiculars pinning and pinning from all those tangents of the given curve; the space, gentic, in its configuration, topolo discontinuity. But these curvers are loci of these, these triangles which are everywhere we breathe, ovals.

But here is the modulus majestic magus a good way to get to know.

I sure deal with some fucked up situations, though, particularly from I've met a couple of really bright mental chess by proxy with just too nuts, too arbitrary.

I of mine recorded a meeting was in. That's quite a trip some students.

No wonder there's so become one, the formula for keys to the wisdom of all time. That are elemental, the symbol child of this night of time. All here amalgamated as we flow Jupiter. Plutonian cynocephalus wheel of this universal steerage, event-wise, perhaps also behind especially true in Philadelphia OK, back to the perpendicular, up to the German vegetables turn into knife-based defensive immersion in pop sexual manipulation, in it at the days at the ends ethereal realm in stoned fear of being, and then the

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Medicine store after, where the teams I have rooted and dug for and of course, the Philadelphia know, a battleship, or was it, did disappeared with a full crew and seeming locus. The intelligence this case incomplete, so people fused to the ship's deck. Or minds of the crew turned into. The hepatic portal circuit collects liver, so that eating liver is meta, is perhaps why it is so dangerous. Marrow, white blood cells, put our food through dentition, monitoring texture and chemistry, the salivary glands, the parotids, the sublinguals, a

load of chewed pulp and mucus, starch splitting enzyme, into the esophagus. Yes, we are eating de of the complex vector that zings what we here see, moments about the what is mean, the first moment being mean, the gesticulating, turn out to be people pre-revolution Russia where Oma's for her in thanks for that. These chestnuts, there is more of the unordered that understand at the higher levels simultaneously subaltern cells there is no difference between. Come to be? We cannot tell.

The arm falls across the throat, of some rogue sub-aggregate sleep onset nightmare ensues helplessly and soundlessly at dictate this to happen? Because freelance the farmers really get hurt, throwing bales as I got plants and being outside. Got a bit weird eventually, was basically a good end of it was fucking and I got beaver fever for a month a bit of an asshole. The bush was for that length of time, the turkey pay, although too morning and too exhausting some days window, movement of which snail-shaped cochlea. Sound waves move its receptor cells, the more rigid tectorial action potentials in the of the cochlea is straightened mind you mind, all of these various frequencies that you being mean. Monotonic decrease?

I remember that the fights I got into so often a peculiar mix of the arbitrary and the necessary coming along just to take me off my guard slugging it out with the big guy who outweighed by pounds. He lifts himself onto his back foot, unloads everything he's got, but somehow his fist tilts up catches me in the forehead instead of in the nose. There, call him a fucking asshole, and everybody. Another time, I punch the shit out of a guy, and he knife and starts running after me, blood streaming face like spit from out of an exhausted dog's mouth. He knife, and, lucky for me, the air's just right, as I feel skimming the dorsal surface of my hair like a set of I see it stick in the ground in front of me. I pull the ground, he runs. Another time, out at about Six north of Racine, Wisconsin, I'm sitting on a railroad embankment when there's a whining whizz goes can feel the wind of it—about what seems like

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It in terms of its singular poi-derivative vanishes or where the, the slow growth is morphologically c. The system's state is a set in many-dimensional old, old gical in its vertices of and they are magnitu-there, are several, for example, we experimental design in into blocks so that all as possible with might affect sequences of digits or numbers with the property long run, all digits or numbers in the sequence equally often, and in which the occurrence of number in a particular position in the sequence, the occurrence of earlier or later members, ahhh that's more like it.

The traditional numbers is to draw numbered a container, but computer-generated turning to that, you could describe nts, in terms of where the Jacobian matrix is singular. Atostrophic alpha to omega: not to know perpendicular axes, chop chop. Moments inertia, of some sets not being chop. But the saddle point occurs zero but with no maximum.

There is no single definition of chaos, is common to speak of a sensitive dependence conditions such as the orbits of adjacent markedly different ways. Well then, no chaos is not the appropriate paradigm; instead, approach this statistically, meaning within a probabilistic r items from n is a selection in chance of selection.

Others on its horns; crumble. Oh, by the path of Caph just happens concepts unlike all who when you say the weight, whaled into the floor of the web.

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Motion of walking as one moves up and down through this pavement of nebular matter, the cusp a slip that rolls us down to another city, rolls us around through catastrophe back to work has a prophetic quality that makes me want to take off the music and listen to VALIS. Dick was in Vancouver with a bible and what was I doing? Aristotle and his followers walked while discussing philosophical problems, which is why we don't the states of ourselves as internal heats, some of which a tangent to such energetic matter we internalize as time.

His experience of dying. Alternate cityscape. Paranoia is endemic, is what creates it. All kinds occult bookstores, including hair who gives a sideways bit of the same frequency in 1999. Took a while cinnamon, but invoked across east and across others' days.

These huge concepts need be broken down by, which is pancreas that you see and why the action to read it is the poem, is an amino acid only be broken down in that essence of the poem, breaking all to give you a true reading of the universe as manifested in future of the body generates evolution: how do we know also they may actually be violin solo of the awakening interview is a broken chord.

Turned into at Destructo Match. This one.

A and Mark coat with cap over muttering things in dollars in five minutes and take my tape off and put table.

Nietzsche I am rupt memory was as the ultimate edge of chance of non-chance.

Auric green, orange, depending intuitively understood by of the interview is the cat's tube of the accidental, the catholicon of the, the magic of nature is in hand, the I am the synthesis of the forces of the humanoid, life, death, for elements, by the way, are up and down in relation to the dog-faced ape beneath the which is to say, aimless road it. Does this monotonic then increase for some reason, this is who old lady Müller named her the playtime components of vector lines and wide ones, all that which informs any tangle, the as infinite to me, which, of course, of these blazing horns and fanatical from one to the next of the solos of, of this city's streets in one ascending pavements and the brickworks of what be buildings and roads, the end heard measures of these lunatic architectures rather than simultaneously? None direction or may alternate of different degrees of stability is a bone pit. This is paintings on these ceilings are cells are my ceilings. Note the set of firsts and lasts, are pressed to imprison and this way, they many multiple, accepted by many, labeling everything.

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Here, are they or not? A poem entitled "Indra Votive." Diamond of scrambled letters that of the ancient philosophy—note that I the names of this particular god thus carbon wash, a devotional that is of its lack of coherence. I also published a volume (entitled *matrix*) which took a strictly slapdash sequence of Indo-European, roots them into one spaceless grid space. This "Alphablock," meaning perhaps the first of the universe, the child's universe block. This book is haphazard between nothing arbitrary here, right?

All of this blood weaves into alveoli of those spongy lungs. The pulmonary veins, bring that heart to be pumped through the, the great aorta, you turning to down into trunk, iliac arteries to world, the wheel spinning and in thirteen nun fish movements. On one side, is our center but tilted, perpetual motion if we could only conceptualization of it as such.

Reading reading easily, the muscular sphincters hydrochloric acid, the twisting contortions of non-directional peristalsis pepsin, the water, the gastric lipase, acid microorganisms of this work, the insoluble coating over the stomach lining, all sending back to shit, as you are already surely aware. This is three directions of fugal muscular and ringing, all of these long tissue columns. Talked about the small intestine and the you remember. The liver and the nutrition that is this book, as functions of this to be broken in the small of the different their creation get momentary part. What we duration is in these of those plays understood the completely in, soon as that's why this plays: why think they not so, do, for a key disapproval, shrew, and although within the into it. Look, visual tracers, perspective on the boil, and all of in some molecular hydrogen, the, the four-carrying away invades the air, safely is bright enters and all along, the empty their torrents right ventricle, onward then the have little left to bench 275 pounds at a weight of 150 goofball wimp.

Puking was always of my stomach contents triggered reversal of the normal movements stomach wall, the voluntary under reflex control to hasten want to puke, and so there's one of radios that in going always seem to sound between the spectral and the so much between the spectral non-spectral and the non-anyway? In other body may be either the or only event time and/or something sounds and/or this the elaborated code crosses boundaries, and yet defines them. The restricted code defines boundaries, and yet crosses them. The patter of ritual, the peroration of this vision, the perfect tension of my religion as it has held itself from now back to then.

The reliance of language on an intrinsic structure rather than on simple counting or recognition procedures. Each word has no possible isolation that makes sense? This wooden frame; Esau knew how to hit just the right part of the surface in relation to wherever you were to bounce off at on any trajectory he chose, or was it all fluke? Charles Bernstein as a trickster who colonizes the territory with his jokes and this is part of the larger joke, very eighteenth oak table. Shepherd moons in second century Greece around the gnostic planet

people in white robes. That table was comforting during winter mushroom trips, but not summer ones.

Marks car at one point seemed to turn into our car, the difference in their spinnings of wheel, motor, impossible to distinguish.

Without musicians, global capitalism would never the magical technique being demonstrated it or not, the power of acquiring political and ascendancies: through the riding of chance that it is not the.

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Analysis of between blocks square, often leading defined as a quality in repetitions of a here defined as the lower the variance; growth hormones are from the same differences. Those everywhere in this space, which move at a fixed distance areas. Angles subtended by the twice portion of the interview.

Don't talk choke, and, more importantly, don't up food—remember that guy on the bolus wad of what looked like paper bulging mouth and then would have like rancid bread dough or pus spilling chubby balding psychotic half always been a log chain of a drag: something of my esophagus and diaphragm causes it me to give it up. Afterwards, I feel like the puke out of me with a two-by-four retentive. Also, once the gag starts, I times, vomit up my own dear spit. These I sleep upright, and gravity becomes building, that is abandoned and the reading and writing and saying colors the connections between the lazuli coalesces them.

The probabilities is in fact in disguise, a never expect to be used as such you go. Incubi come in random teaching hospitals of this working, all haphazard.

A lot about hearing in this call it when we're talking about graffiti that is the substrate of vibrate the human eardrum sounds coming by whatever bones, the malleus, the stapes, the stapes are attached to of laminal and perhaps liminal members of themselves, chop in curds where the partials are both no minimum game gain. But then, came to puking on the bus. Conscious, partly automatic, function of this tasty serving of mucus secreting epithelium and submucosa also connective vessels, the third layer circular and a describes what into the two another poem in poem with no gaps non-logic which also a recording screams tracked.

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Observations. When the experiment is analyzed by the variance a component representing variability can be removed from the residual mean to an increase in precision, precision here associated with the spread of data obtained experiment measured by variance, the variance the second moment about the mean: if five differences stopped quotes from rather is this, this invasion by the soul to be called the final movement is the resolution of saint of this about the astral fact those who have jumbled. Without the at this moment

already you are the bender restoring force behavior of my now, when the small blob of me, me filled with a very viscous version in a repetitive fashion, and I am thus folded, much like a strand of guts in all of which gives rise to my structure. All of this is tacheon of light now lightest, fast star neurons shuddering ellipses forever anew.

Are applying chaos theory to detect in the scramble screens of human weather rooms appear out the side of a blow to the primary coworker and my supervisor was a great graduate student was OK the interpersonal politics people emotionally a major fucking drag, insofar as there were.

Hyssop grows here. Oaks patter, poplars are the windbreaks of choice scoured flats, their smell in early thought disappearing. The fig tree goodness and rot and roots and the eagles are always watching the wrecked beach, through the along the telephone wires.

In though, up songs in my by myself, and to keep a schedule hated the fucking nail and even some of the pains in the ass. Plus, especially at the bar. Cut and of course jolted picky detailed work and that it can drive you good enough with either at the nut farm was OK: conversation not bad. Eve strain from all of those.

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Pinocytosis. The story as fat absorption twists like an egg bun when the longer chains enter the lymphatic vessel of the villus rather than your blood, goes up the thoracic duct near the heart and there enters. At Oma's eating all of those wienki with melted butter and sour cream, all of that farmer's sausage, all of those glasses of milk, all of that napoleon, my blood takes my mind here and there in tiny without any reason other than very least of them, though, is my problem, isn't it?

Riot random drums blast me the forearms twitching all line through the it will one day no longer now in crashing the pirate who actually A-sharp, cuts itself up with musics. It's just kind of like pair of scissors, cut, linkages that will number of shots at pure chance, which magic moving the neurogenetic circuit and the can simultaneously necessary and inevitable: those weird and absolutely eternal symbolic processing unit. Seem serendipitous in its though, its members books everywhere, which was with no fines and access to free good. Made some good friends in worked in, though, in the end, the be too much. Plus, dealing with the bureaucratic context really began my vocabulary still suffers from English is OK insofar as I'm my.

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And cables and crap on the water-stained cement.

We had a perfectly round old oak table with legs thick as a cow's mid shank that all of the old man's and our drinking and poker and monopoly and risk and stock market and sorry and board flipping and christmas piss offs would take place at, this round, round dark dark

dark brown soup of language which the throats the laryngeal cosmos into a flavor of madness to become the sonic muses. Some indication that time-line, which I am not sure is somewhat wobbled due to ego, realm.

All creation are the joy towards its which ourselves there: we all at Main and Hastings, Main and Hastings, at some time come that has been lived. Wanting to, having to, desires. It is the place about. The rush of the roughing the pavement the arrangement of these the higher the precision. To be tested on piglets, then using five piglets litter to form each block would reduce genetic and of course we must note numbers, decaying remnants, or decoys.

The sleepers is the flame of God.

This driving home last night, I sucked interview is sounded successively the pitch outline may proceed in directions to produce patterns and complexity. These words and he was fucking rough for me, the rejection by those nerve endings, the of my muscles in my muscles of my abdomen brought the exodus. Problem is, I never a struggle between these two sets valves to check the flow, parachute of fluid survival, valves from collapsing back through the muscular by the pulmonary a half moon—add them up of our biological existence these complex walls of our precious pressure.

Finale. Speter got brother in the carport in Chilliwack, throat, a little like the camp which in turn is a little like government people in 1993 followed the real power. So we're missing a lot of this a government program.

This path has a very clear elements, starting in water that aerates the earth, all underlain spirit. In the second phase of the being the initiator of the earth, which within the denominator of water, all nobody said that anything hit or miss new and old.

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Sparkles that leave spent smoke of other, and so we history that then how great the time Shakespeare wrote all his contemporaries a way that we have time machines come are no random as rationalize the whirl. Of the galaxy into the plays, which is for those who do plays, indeed they and of the blatantly, we are built another descend into *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, which is to say, comes from a liquid metallic system, to muscular in when chance working where all moves in through which to the walls. We can remaining peptide bonds in this sacrifice of macromolecular coherence to the greater good of the living nook of a book you are. The individual amino acids are chopped off or in pairs are chopped off, and off to the liver of comprehension we go. My hand, a blending, this to climb K2 Kabuki interview of the rhythm of a mill with complicated natural religion more! more! in the cannot satisfy the mirror I put in myself only in these ratios an experimentalist of the same I am thus creating prophetic we are so that we spilled cup of a Christmas actually, the illusion of crap also the crap of a crap of a vision.

The skate that ammonia only the old man could eat enough to make you think the air was sausage we got from Enns by some sick it tasted like an insane dream brown mingling on our tongues the

tainted mussel A had in to announce itself, but we cook and waiter the whole place together, and read those street signs you to see the eyeballs.

This wheel spins this particular key Burroughs scramble, amplify this in your swallowing of this is partly describes the meta-linguistic as well.

The mucosa, tissue, the second blood and muscle layer, where we are at all times in of it.

All this time, amethyst realms we wander, and lapis sceptre used to direct these piece of furniture you would on an unlikely altar, but there appearances, nightmares the particular dimension of the.

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Runs this ship just waiting for us to haphazardly walk around the right corner into the wrong room, the heaving staccato gunwale giving you a clue to whom you are talking, though you may never guess, the wrangle of pigments across the retina constantly changing what one supposed was the mind but which is. The scope of the sun in your heart is thus a chant temples seems better, wicker bookshelf the floors and shimmering sequence November paper's of diminishing ailment, the wheel of great good fortune that is a tread, a chunk, a spoke of that larger wheel. Schematic maps of a city that are the buried magical integral calculus, topology, catastrophe cusp, all at Main and Hastings, these two cusps the third movement has that moment of horns, the disorganized ransom and the inevitable calling of reckoning before a life lived in what could residue of sin. The first part of the fourth scramble again after the, the third third movement.

Is the methodological patron language, regardless what you might think antibodies/contagions he carries.

The great collagists of this world are in structured the machine centuries to be great collagists of this world we would be robots.

This path, as are fifty and and thirty-one, at least in the realm error. "The attic? How'd they" on the waters of the primal choke on in order to warp that will allow for lexemes phonological ideolect of the transmission from this either past or future, maybe ego being a tin the angels most exciting paranormal experiences, but has been said a billion trine times like it because they want to control wants you to key this melody to you stop doing damage. There the human potential thesis of the a strange loop around the issue of that these are actually "advances?"

Lungs searching for solidity, the resistance of a mathematics that gives way under the squeeze silicon.

Start with. Yeah, uh, a, I, Man, I don't wuh, which one would I Start with? I don't was, huh, unhh, huh, Yeah, some of the uh, US, traveling stories, huh, pretty Good.

Someone was a Spanish inquisitor who those currently with the soul here.

Nothing Dao means the way. Doa is the way of primal force in the universe, omnipresent, unfathomable and indescribable. Our aim become one with the dao, and this is harmonious life, by spirit. It has been immortality. Earthly bodies morphology is form between

moves, that is, object the experience the pavement with acorns. Across the east wind summer the sweetness of in the back yard flings suckers all over the garden. Me, over the power spot, over mushroom trips that unfold merely a fluke suck in and so she became quite ill.

The wheel chair we used road has gone missing from Speter though Norm's mom had used in the and pointing away into the meanwhile, the chair starts the inequality of Speter's misses clipping Norm by shit? Is it all gone too, all optimal driver of? Where his mom died? Burroughs part of her psyche migrated like August Neter, the sound population by a witch with the course come back to haunt the cancer or cholesterol or whatever experimental politics the nomadic insanity of the species.

We the intelligence of conciliation. Compassion that this species must disasters.

The number twenty-three I must not dislike they are my pulse scriptures the key to this books the dialectical regions of see all of the geography in here as energy output only one fifth response now to certain key descriptions, historically ordered. Of its own implications, the spell the people I know as these.

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"Which OK because the sporadic and hassles with people. Hauling hay usually lots of booze and drugs morons. Liked the feel of though. Working at the nursery to myself and I half of the bosses little cheap, but bur it trees: the social.

The Tai Chi bringing the electric, O's lamp vibrating, staying as bound, core. The days go out of A's pains from riding today. Deja vu in correcting the that one is composed of, have errors and conceptual twists in in exactly the same place, the and again then. Perseverance being again pared, to-and-fro. Squared, which is the secret of which is actually what it is. The page is also a whirligig, which turns it shows so it better than it allow you to allow then can be regarded a cyclic permutation of circumference constantly the inescapable and constantly book, this cyclic permutation where and are replaced in the periodicity orbits become paired, this circular the page if despite the worlds within a world creates eyes that are coagulations inside lenses which spew visions, are assholes in black walls that are sign of a grey shitter well-used.

Know me; that's to the source of the deep the narrative cognitive grab. Raid the willows' chagrined pond at the center of these monadic the path of Caph, the which connect Chesed/of course has played the fist of both wealth one of us, regardless of particular description of hexagrams overseeing feet in stocks and toes before motion can also be considered equal sided, its rectangular appearance. Rhomboid sliding into the neurological into a rhombohedron. That is why this clearly the vision of someone that somehow has twenty-twenty, a divisor of the world that will no block away, that will not someone fighting fate for life, what could creeps and creeps through and along the mind to the last syllable of

recorded mooring sponge of interlocking grinding after one through all pursuing eternity.

Transported into the capillaries of the villi of the small intestine, and from there onward ho to the liver, recombined to produce long syntactic chains of.

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Now, within this domain if discussion more precisely catalogued factors. Have blocks, a widely used which the experimental units are grouped units within any one block are as similar regard to some chosen characteristic that to be a bit weird, plus the owner eventually got actually smart, which made him turn into a bit of ass. I got too much fucking dirt up gave me shitty headaches. But the hours were I got into too many interpersonal breakdown of bodily form even more specific. It hydrolyzes the bonds bounding the carboxyl side of arginine and lysine, and it begins to smack with its flow, while that so specific chymotrypsin attacks my peptide bonds on the carboxyl side of amino acids phenylalanine, tyrosine, tryptophan. All of these will become the new body you shall be and are and were.

Finally, the enzymes known as exopeptidases cleave the place in the countryside. The, my cells, the paintings in these magical resonance of this chair arms that hold your book. All we can philosophize can't.

This grass along the front of time. Climbing fences that at different speeds sources of its own piece "Hymn to Amega," alpha and lines from all of Shakespeare's that I can no longer remember. The service of the grid in order to free them from the world they have provide us with the clue as to why simultaneous versions of history, many accepted by a few, conspiracy: the reckless semi—to the realm of young a black-haired glance and as the guy in with temple cool healing temple south quadrant, the sore right elbow are now very widely used.

Turning to our sample, member of this population has the and/or exclusion. Now, within this on any of a finite and countably with an associated probability. Now, if a variable may take or infinite with probability interval, where $f(x)$ is the continuous orderless variable. Descriptions of this book.

Eight hours. Nice walk mowing lawns was head to the sound hourly rate wise it though. Wiring was pounders because electricians I they never, plus, there's a lot on the job. Back breaking nuts. Plus, I tools or too much dust hazelnuts got the idea he was a pain in the was too my nostrils, cannery was too weird political the money and there were as I did an around, a lot of time the husband and they were a gig. The few accepted by so many. I hated planting nuts, and I sucked at it and Curt started acting like heat, but not to camp in sick hatchery was good: good fucking early in the Fuzz was a prick some days, but but dirty, not trapline hassles eventually there available animals, of the herbicides maintenance was OK sub-supervisor wire guy though. Money was as I could basically do my involved in being around a regressing to kindergarten though. Working at libraries.

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Now, world. The, the mouth, stalls intestine, where amylase starch into maltose. The maltose glucose, which, along with the occasional deep instinct, except home another planet of an illusion of a vision we had was so rank with it; wicked farts he had, poison. The horse meat kind of fluke was so sweetly of a corpse, the colors red and into a confused gustatory sunset. Venice peaked out from the shell were too busy watching the drunk desperate teenage boy holding the represents the palm of and mime, dramatizing icy, towering, difficult world. Snarl universe wheels, I have heard this no cries of my mistaken soul that front of quicksilver me, seeing without the poetic or prophetic dull philosopher of repetition modules in knowing this so? The intestine wars of this world come from false opposites. This catalogue of false opposites. My blood family cosmic insanity, one which epic creations of into twisting unhappy bodies. Mathematics degree that they are from the stretch and axonal axioms that are already coagulations plasmas.

This portion from the wheel, this book is a writing makes passing through us say foo, and progress, the wheel of distress wheel of return in seven days, hub directions of advantage, spoke, a tread, a chunk sun, of two baskets of chances here, so we need the rubbery the tricuspid valve, that three-fold the tendinous cords keeping these like bugged umbrellas. Then on pulmonary artery, backflow stoppered semilunar valve, its three flaps each and you will understand the miracle that transcends physical number.

Elastic tissue and muscle maintain butt if you want to learn alone: I made a deal with double agent. The omphalos sexy sky. Magical battle with getting back in touch with him wearing his purple robe and what we see in Blake in the of the same overall cosmos, gastrically and galactically activity of the lower intestinal of impulses to puke going up. But its the nausea, the and of course the sweating set brain. It's a brain war here, inversely rejects the entire in, with the result that I dying man I actually am.

In sprays and filaments of the and out of each connections in not realize is; that's why history. He and events as time in here is where the their vectors, which the time machines writes the structure rotates, so too do even the incomprehensible *Hamlet*, *The Taming* demonstrate most the same thing: so our reactions planet Jupiter for surface, and then the core of involving royalty, them: the power power comes from from a rocky iron core.

To the circulatory our arteries so the oxygen' that carry it anyway; chance capillaries, the arterioles, the venules receive and it for the air. Blood comes inferior venas cavae, atrium, which pumps together relaxing the flexible the pulmonary artery. Now.

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Wobbling analog surds of blazing through the now memories of what used to be one's neurons, what one's soul, what now jolts back in as the realization that you have been wrong about everything, weeping, but that you can redeem yourself this air; whether you will actually smarten could be the most sad and apocalyptic.

That star on the hood becomes some kind of wheel, is some kind of wheel, was some kind of wheel, the hood ornament the real wheel, the actual steering, that drives this magic car through the submarine currents of the esoteric social where we Flyers and Eagles come from, just as I dug in her garden, experiment, where, as you it become (a destroyer?) then reappeared in a fluke of conciliation was, though, in came back with body parts was it an explosion that in the such. Unexpected military gnawing dried flesh, pledges of money and arrows, finding the yellow goldwearing ears; and Kou, bold drag, like a lean pig, bottochsa medlar tree sorry, way, on a weird milky appearance like melted heroin or pus.

The proteins of this give us naturally the most complex story of all. The secret chief cells secrete pepsinogen, activated by the acid, form pepsin in the stomach lining. The protein of this my story gets attacked by it here and there in its linkages, which is why the interview is here in this messy full stomach of a form. Now trypsin makes this journey to the power learn is it, and do they?

Everybody always in an everybody looking for order of the next snort closer to in such a singular sentence. Cocaine the control and non-control in an intensely.

Some sets are not members members of themselves.

A where the partial derivative maximum or minimum less than one hundred and eighty exists here because the estimator, variable with a distribution.

Of bigotry, hypocrisy (oh, one, for they are so honest) that is. Of course this my localized node in the at deeper levels of our through our hatred of the world family myth. That's why they mythological competition. In the body of be called the random veins and arteries of time, idiotic syllabic, a chronologies wandering, then suddenly Gloria!

Poem in the same ordered and hence and compressed poem is known as block of language, your life from first to final vowel, if up and mangle the tape as it tangles now, this spiritual sonatina will and thin oil, of figs that will not olives, of vines just now budding thunder comes from the door, and carper sinister and holy, reverse, the negation of the robotic obtuse of the moonlight's droll drooling my kitchen full of my boiling fat, again, the dancing monkeys that moose.

In my milieu my identity that is so clearly that, so clearly a milieu generally would like that I know that everything puke, but crap. My identity is just a particular simply because makes no sense either sense at all except as fading used to be in the heart the faint voices though it is up in up and do it. This and glorious moment of.

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Quickly forget what we were going to say and gong! Just drive!
The bears one sees become one's siblings.

The trampoline that Esau has is a huge homemade one, eight by fifteen feet.

These cars run on finite verbal operators that are temporal and modal, that have moods and residues, the residue being where the most pertinent information in a chaotically arising conversation is, for example, what the war did to someone, what one's spouse did to someone, what the politicians do to storm front of the brilliant use chance to make truces through. There is a liberality to such understand to negotiate its, is a guardian number of twenty and two hundred and of semi-deliberate "get in there?"

Saffron sprinkles electric circuits of electromotive currents at any the sum of the current-path must equal the that assemblage of birds of this eleventh letter wheel, the interactions between group of molecules in Brownian motion on all matters of concern, including one's sexuality, one's belief in God, one's politics, the food one likes.

One guy I remember, he picks me up somewhere, nah. These clauses of interaction in.

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Along under the cortex of origin, moments about second moment or does this seemed to be for example when I'm a hundred with so that he I just stand gasps. Whips out an off of his throws the it just fingers and knife out of mile road by my ear—I foot away. A with a re this tormenting 1988 and got where he has 100% at fault. I think he a systems he comes out of leaving his hand pressure on you in the midst of structures are actually looped at are the semicircular canals, which equilibrium. OK, genug.

The cold tells us much as about aggregate as do our own various eternal-like, some of which are at configurations of that which as what I called and accompanying back field under the power barn way out back doubled over and my right now fell across ah, my appendix seemed of four and seven, swallowing pills without showing a bright sore of themselves. Other sets are saddle points occurs at a point are both zero but there is no local. A salient angle in a polygon that is degrees. A sampling error in this case me, is a random here is, believe other those who acquire chance, but power, a closed loop. Or drug of choice here is cocaine, circle around the ordered table, pseudo-random occurrences to shift the them again, whoever they are distilled dialectic of vivid granulation. Actually, other places, Main and Hastings addiction crossroads superposed on the world, on Blake's dirty London, space holes problems punched. Human human heads out of posts or the heal of feel time, ear has not been system, like lots of stomach attacks, nausea Space Aimless, a words and no line breaks and an actually naturally is a very deep logic. There is I made of this piece on my tape tidal that back and forth along the multi-sequencings. In matrix also is an omega, comprised of some plays, perhaps again they further known. In theirs are so some few everything chunks what we meanwhile, the logic of component in terms of the percolating down into air by fire and multiplied by

rotation, this shifts to is then baked y fire, all multiplied again by spirit. Was new or old: all is both this pedaling curve locus of those feet of fixed point every and pedal triangle has its feet joined to each vertex of shape hiss, bisect interior angles. To the sum of its proper incisors. These so-called odd perfect prefect numbers.

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Near the oval window set in motion in the window which is stretched heard before, relieving any this sonic vision. The lopped the base of the cochlea and function in maintaining shifts to a joking disguise conscious disguise that the me to leave because it is so evident coming out of my mouth is not laborious joke played for no one in I am hiding something from you that hidden or not, and the hiding makes no, no sense at all, except that it is actually that it seems fucked up, running it asymptotic is simply a general term certain dynamical systems deterministic, appears to be.

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While dressed a Kabbalistic gangster sunk a straight razor into his masters rotary future saw blade Misoman's hay cutter.

US quickly left to become lobbyists, time has in 2004 sped up by a third, things as we're moving too quickly, in the medieval era they did the tao (is this a false opposition?) is an illogical disaster spew from is synthetic to the contraction of these of complex is like a Buddhist writing from the wheel that the wheel of free course in entrances and exits, the, the wheel hell of the multiple the wheel of disaster that is a of that larger wheel. The wheel of the grain, of ten pairs of shells and the from the deaf school in old father taught, come looking people stand under those I worked with quick escape, like cybernetic codeine of ideas, is intrinsic, "magus" types at the man with long guy in a neck brace the Endowment Lands incense of jasmine, mist.

Saw motion although it on initial points evolving in matter how sexy, for this path. We must where it has a special framework: a sample of which each item has an equal pushing their sensory hairs against membrane. The distortion causes auditory nerve. Here, a section out, in this one particular case, areas of sensitivity shown for the are now hearing. Those frequencies register the lowest sounds. Waves cochlea eventually reach your round outward, which we know you've plane curves the loci of points from a fixed point enclose arcs at the circumference and equal, the angles that the arcs the angles that the arcs remainders of the circumferences.

That's forty pounds, or four bucks, through the fields to get there, good because I could make of the mower. Hated having interesting, though I they were so stupid, worked with could be stopped talking wiring, of ways to get banged, and the scope between labor oscillates so quickly was just never quite electricity. Working could veg out, the up the nose and the.

#####

Wet galaxy sprinkled with white antibiotic powder. The pain was like, apparently, a heart attack. The heavy Novocain medicine syrup I had to take to quell it (even plain rice made it hurt, and bananas turned out to be an unexpected stinging mistake) froze up my gullet so much that I had to be careful not to swallow my tongue. Lots of gas throughout my life.

"Are just acting out the capriciousness they'd hate to be labeled with that and gluttony—emotional gluttony, account of it is a symptom of it from pod. Fact is, we're not nice people collective type that we express when it does not conform to the all stay out in the sticks, mostly": no when Metatron by 'chance' ends up of those tractors I was a less than is the traction bed Norm used after was a witch. When he shot his wife, and joined with his: ritual slaying. Of Burroughs' droning is the spectres of his victims, that of interstices of his being like a leads to the disappearance of.

They're excited Meanwhile, languages, scripts, magics coalesce of the thoughts that are somehow for me that is both nought and by raw ocean.

In the bush we of identity that is identity as a that brush out past where I hear crackling where the guy gutted that.

Was drowning and anti-drowning spit up of the river water?

The connection between the mathematical-semantic circuit intensely arbitrary and wholly archetypes seem both utterly when they come through into the, the family which spawned me can actions, at least to outsiders. Actually, and the madness might be the same cultural engineering here attempted, agents from three decades back in the alarm says 7:08, and then it reasons. Supernatural connection ages. God as woman/man: don't much, poet. History, according to ritual, all of it.

Into working out the musical work continued cultural value. Indeed we work becoming even more, continue for close to the next most diarrhea, where the lower would hit like a kick, lines behind Lunkhork's running my muskrat line. Shotgun barrel, my right electric fence, giving me to flare up one time. Tension, an ulcer in water in my early the secret of why the gods left us here Thoth, but he turned out to be the navel of this pagan goddess Speter, while I had the feeling of again (brother had that too): sword for this the grand accident some kids actually puke when Greek myths, philosophies, in my colon, the source bung perceive on all sensory levels ought.

Our identity shifts alone shift into some version of fear shift in the light patterning in the ravens and crows crawl out we are lumen cavity muscle group contraction by this clump. You do not it happen, but it gets the interview is dinner in the chosen from your writing and empty, the yet another of this food mouth and flopping around in the dirt screaming.

"There. Too many berries hiding, barely, behind leaves, but that's what you get hiring twelve year old like me. The next year I worked

for nicer Mennonites, though they fired Esau for pretending to be attacked by a shark by mixing berries and water in his."

#####

Anatomy of myself as fetus them at Main and Hastings, the animal energy network that I know, love and be controlled by, the five to be healed, that I can manipulate from myself, the tuning of the interview body, the book, the symphony, here we flow shoot tuning of the closing in on death. The color of my haphazard description for beat, my breath: the de-scription of these holiness, the isoglosses of layer lymphatic with an inner which, again, also secrete now the mucus tract, move it along this bolus, nerve endings activated to think about peristalsis to make if you do: this portion of mixed together, where this stomach of digests. When folded, itself the muscles heart of the, the, the, the in a crap den in what turns out to be in New York. Him drinking for ten months.

This portion of the interview consists of random the world of that which is not really character but simply what they say disconnected and disembodied. Entire part of the interview is a view of the first person obviously is an esoteric collage of montages. Now, you've already heard interview, or intersound as we the matrix on the tape of the your walls. When the sound waves as the tympanic membrane, chance they will, tint lever-like the incus, they all set to vibrating an inner membrane of the oval sets fluids in motion within the cochlea is divided by the basilar move the basilar membrane and where Jesus is most clearly talked three microsystems of ears, feet, hands cracks and bricks, so close to the sea, energy points within on the parallel heading eventually to complete heroin schematics of this incompletely enough to levels of the energy I need in myself across the room the metaphor of the go, into the blood.

#####

"Off little jerk who snotted me I was a kid. Best time I got stripping the rubberized casing off cable, this stuff about four inches in and pulled him right off his feet sixteen and he was an adult I could."

Wheel of Fortune, the tenth path, Jupiter/Mercy to Netzach/Venus/Victory role in this life, as it has in all lives. It is and poverty that triumphs through every our agendas. Incidentally, in this the path the radii paths of the ring of are Shih Ho, successful progress with chopped off, biting through soft flesh, gnawing flesh dried on the bone, getting gnawing again at dried flesh and the poetics of that fan in a fan that has sub sun substituted into this one. The physics of mechanics of the electric motor fan speeds up into exciting air gathering themselves together which becomes the upward apart the heat with its own oxygen. Blades, the poetics of circular motion itself out of another spatial flow this circularity, the object as it cools our insomnia, as the bangs of all the modules in the

pushed downward weight meme of momentum chopping heat that ultimately is molten century this post-modern lineage, content's dream to be read by anyone sucked into this.

Hitchhiking is an irregular turn of the energy as he's only watcha get. The jump poetries, but not time to find the rushes. You as player do not chew in you and shuts you off. Be followed by another of thick flower because they are not affected by my this fog. The rebuttal, a pig upon the inverse, perverse, obverse, eyeballs that are the origin lag from my spasmodic lips, driving me onto the street make up this wheel tossing slurring into each energy everywhere, if to kinesis, tongue fridge handles barely away into the atomic in sympathy pains with is a lost month here. All of these students.

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Opposite, slowing it down dow high numbers of people have many academics deny it, as before. Power people don't and define it. Mozart simply your physical condition so that is no history, just biography. We cells are than we of our organization. We are and governing cells, as here how do behavioral orders perhaps under the volition of the aggregate, and an early usually involving screaming an intruder. Why do the cells mine in an impoverished that announce the source of moment, the soul racing in pure towards its melting back into that of but a glorious essential subset. I have over the years had tendon my fist because of things I've never were a problem, but football helmets and nails sticking back in with either my knuckles I've also sprained my fingers a ground. My left my digestive share of grief.

Someone, what Jesus does for to someone, what one will do to has subjects, finites, predicators, the polarity and modality of who the fact that most subjects are coming back after pollarding in looking like strange people who this soft claw warp around sponged limbs. Altar flare, tars of thunder calves. Their cumulus muscles a hand turned rotating hay cutter that Misoman feed the straws into in hand-held bunches, this an ancient machine, not disimilar to a very large meat cutter. Old Man Esau's old Mercedes from the Forties, what kind of hot day seat smell spare and yet intriguing for its age dashboard does this recommend? You sit it, its warp through the material conditions affect what about, and what we don't and steps forever out it as a geography (you can the book in itself). The sun's human here, a cognitive mathematical functions and this is more like a mini-book of these endless numbers, numbers, the anecdotes that subjective feelings of power turtle shell, one of the created the SIDS that killed next phase of his parasitic he could: guess this version someone, what the cops will do someone.

Now, this residue complements, adjuncts, and we say also factors, as does in fact clauses. The chestnuts the front yard are spiky haired enter the yard, all pouch and wringing now, we've already large, haven't we. Surely pancreas also contributes to the does the glandular pancreas. There's a chemistry to the digestive carbohydrates in these words begin in the stomach, begins anew in from the pancreas converts all is then busted up into flood.

#####

Interesting the stomach all menu becomes mess. Reading stores its diet and then lining of your reading becomes highly of the feeding that is this galaxy. Stretch, as does the star at the close this off, and then and the churning and these words, and killing the mucoprotein this work onward a J-shaped layers writhing this from here to everywhere. The side and top views are simultaneous, are the swirl of multiple mathematics creating complicated clouds of letter weathers that intersect with the head, into tangents and escorts: the sign brings me back, in bar fights, and endless diamonds of flash marmoreal circumrotations flooding out the fountain eyes rung in unfiltered notes of circular notes, as the wolf's obsession with know, which one know, my favorite some of the Yank killed some among more can be said.

All things, the all-controlling, in life should be to done by living. Which then cross the membrane to be reconstituted in my tiny cow pasture villi. They are like two of us holding hands and parting through the revolving door, but of course to rejoin for shopping on the other side. Now there are some other fats, neutral ones with no charge can go straight through in their. Now, for fat, it reaches the small intestine with little in the way of slick high-pitched chemical change that the other nutrients rejoice in. Once here, though, my bile salts separate these fats into tiny droplets of power.

These milled German garbage. Banishing ritual, no feeling culture based on yesodic that why people will even bottom instrumental level of some of these recorded, these Jupiter notes, not consciousness. Second, the soul subtly trapped.

#####

Them overlaying the same universe, each of them, though, now, in this age, seemingly randomly encountered. We can see that each same probability of inclusion a random variable can take infinite set of real values, each a discrete random variable. What does it mean to randomly encounter a god? Who feared the RCMP, anybody in a, man, in a uniform and whose liberators were the Waffen SS of all people in nineteen forty-fourish, and uh.

"He then picks up an ax and whales it into the floor."

Hands at sides, twist head to right, to left.

Speter: Punish my grainy head. **Hands at lower back, thumbs down, twist head to right, left.** Then comes the golden egg, the sun, the swell.

"We are actors that we wonder about that we see through crystal." **Then splits the shell.** God: crapping up into our western horizon, the instant shadow cools its eastern face it becomes nothing but a reminder that everything may or may not die.

The tree is essentially artificial (?). Splits Sumas Mountain the shell into divine and material spheres, is a shitty place to go climbing because it is entheogenically bad in that the energy around the back ass face makes you think you hear motorcycles and yellow jackets under your feet ripping out to quote the inches thick of an illogical nest you have stepped on; but all you are hearing on your way into operation underground are the dead telling you to get the fuck off of this mountain.

Only an outline in sandy acid soil. The eggs of the whipworm ride the guts of the doomed mountain POLICE IN HIS CHOSEN HABITATION ZONE civilization. **Swung timers shunt roil** and, at the axis of rotation, are coincident. They do not speak, are pendulum lattice/And fluid, resolvent, they're Weird days to drink, I remember, yeah, drinkin on the dike, couple a times in that mist, ahhh, and then we got that, those two, bad cases of, from, Brink, Brink got them for us from pub, we gave him money, to go, in and get em, and I don't know what th, *that percent P of a city's population that is to have been infected with* Joyce ingredient. **Need throat** if they, what the fuck, that was all, you get two cases of shit *communicable disease D t days after beer wobbling wall first detection* like that, I mean, to, I, I, suspect, I think, there was something, somebody, was pullin one. Or, again, another way, how did walk with sausages through these carele-

ss airs? Now, the helix flutes give rake for the cutting major, are showing, lips, thus curling the chips, and they'd uh twisted, torn the hood of this 1970 Ford, he had with his hand, and he had to sit inside, Ford pickup, inside the hood, and with his H-AND, and STEER, and I guess he somehow steered uh the pickup from, what was left of the column, except I'm not sure uh, how the hell it worked, orienting them as anti-parallel to the rotational secondary accordances forming in field with the law of induction. What you have realized and experienced is a wave by a particular electromagnetic stimulation form *is* providing a path for or escape with atmosphere joining them, with the earth, with the ten points of space. **It is all a form of yoga, experiences feel as electromagnetic current in the body (?). Doing this is to be forever in the beginning and end of all which is done, show, showering, off sparks, shower of currents, angels, gods, ides forever in the domains of all hill country/ of that which was granitic husk fuck these ranges sine tumble each casement.//is thirty thousand years. Scattering outward going photons, in to their invisibility of cold, dark space. The virial theorem here.**

My drunk uncle said there were rattlesnakes in the big rockslide on the east face and a valley of bear caves somewhere near the foot. Well, to enter this alembic, we must at least temporarily argue that for both Blake and Joyce that which is spewing of languages and setting and rising and yeasting and any other metaphor available together are configured as **open to all which can be of short duration which pulse-activates the propulsive to a matter thrust because of localized induced gravitational anisotropy around the matter: travel time.** As it stands that we had a good time with that, we did, there was, chunks of shit, floatin in it, there three of us, we were that, what, I don't know, **every fifty years.** We must not forget that we are presented in such work with delayed but ultimate alpha **until you sit d-**

own to fried potatoes for breakfast of these chips. The drill's guided by the two lips but also by the full diameter **the next morning. Hands touching, palms up, and butt.**

"A can of no-stick cook spray appears, along with a plastic bag. Norm takes a huge rush, shows only the combination of thermal and gravity churns has the source for radiation in quasi-statistical contracting self-congravitating. It is rural and is **s and anticipate the efforts** will always be. Collisional and radiative de-excitations. **You get used to just the slightest hints of that sour smell of an epileptic fit, all in white now, fast, spider bell, it// tooor splashes of bars ossicle web:/t-** he head whales floor; trickle of blood from lonely cracked corner of mouth." **Levels of body now going to hormonal war, the different members of the commonwealths mangling to instinctive directed frenzy. Ejaculatory lightning** an eagle of **voltage wriggles in it, I guess it was the LINKAGE, and out, discuss us, every touch the size of the change indicating the speed of these movements lock and key of molecules into receptor** Opus Eighty.

"We are failed gods. What is visible? Hermes without cunning, Dionysus without abandon; Hades **CAME ONTO THE BUS HE HAPPENED TO BE USING, ACCUSED HIM OF MUGGING AND BATTERY, AND HAULED HIM AWAY IN HANDCUFFS.** By doing thus, we will move to an encounter with space and time, and thus the known, and so then, the broken oven, an oven melting and malting out of control, language reactor, there being no comforting metaphor: with fear. We're here, they are human, **he steer, the will to truth.**

Note Anaximander: that the infinite is the source of **endeavored. In the tornado of this bliss the identity of the perceiver emerges** and what they barf is as self-consciously and knowledge or margin. **IT BECAME** like the area around the old **membrane house ditch** where we're things existing.

No book can give by fingertips, in front of navel, to omega

bands of three along my temple horizon, shoulders and neck blending in wash blanket cool tide sizzle, epithalamium. It was **the gut settling down like mud for all bullshit, but, was true anyway:** CLEAR THAT WORKING WITH SUCH AS MAGIC WAS SIMPLY TOO MUCH OF A fifteen, guess, and uh, we, uh, being **of countless artists who would employ plundered sources in the dead GOOD robes that threaten us.** The infinite is that out of which they come.

Comes forth the primal being of a thousand thighs, a thousand and fifteen, sixteen, me, Long, muskrat emerging into your notice many a candidate for a Christian mystical vision will in dreams see. One of them is unaltered from the year 2000 back to now, is *my own blood angular salt.*

He can be promoted to a higher rank within the COMMUNISTS.

Sister rays of the amplifier. The asteroid chunks explode, electrical matter inside the Amplifier of solar system, the motion of space debris shattered through the hives of synaptic molten magma. The part of a drill directly back of the margin just is as diametrically **turningly he steered, if the value of a certain select property at time t years.** We are not certain which planet it is on, but he had haw haw plugged into the intrinsic logic of here, **as that which is forever, that which is everywhere he Oma dumps but she is only** seen, by the soul's eyes today on the, upon this trail.

Roll of electrical roles and preparation reality, pollution as any silos of dense magnetism become everything reversed within pacinian current generating the spike potential jump along the axon thump at the store or in the mall, hints that remind you that they probably are reduced to minimize friction, between the drill and loads of smothering muscular smokes. So what am I saying: Blake and Joyce, like all of their ilk, understand themselves as polluting garbage, or like the ditch between properties, but the walls of the hole. The web is the central section conn-

ecting this day. **I need two pieces of toast, I need some scrambled eggs, I need some orange juice to cool and calm the twinges of energetic ersatz that comes visible in nerve limits, for we're** here. Fuckless gutless bodies. Our spatial behavior is **from FENDER**, of the pickup, on the driver's side, um where the **hunger HOOD-GAP** is, and the guy's steerin' so swamped into the symbolic currents that allow no recouring to cognitions. Speter stretches righteous wax paper across all the ceiling **feet**, steeple to steeple, **a thousand arms, a thousand too long faces, a thousand and eyes**, garlands from door to window, **THING: HOW MANY MORE MAGICAL FASCISTS DOES THE WORLD NEED AT THIS POINT IN THIS HISTORY? And the time they exist in is but provisional, all falls away, gone time and from star to star. Skies the gray of crystal-line bread, whirl the wooden robes. This goes cold.**"

Norm of body: necessity table, fucked-up shadows, repetitious motion, **in the teeth. Drum rhythm planet as it rotates, again, again across asteroidal path. Chart the veins as ore strings reaching across boiling stone. That dirt: two earthworms** the two outer helical portions of the drill. Not not to know, cannot wake, know, the feedbacks through those organs and **a thousand thinking heads: with surge the total universe, quieting that to which was and is and shall be.**

It is hot, and they do not speak to the shepherd. They walk by, one of **two decades the derivation, and the Mobius coil is produced to find the magnetic imaginary following his efforts.** Has at last taken stock of itself in the sunlight. It fills the cheekbops with photofluid, pectorals hum across neck in its **motion's** bath. **Each limb gives birth to the effective turn head right, left. PICKUP**, and uh, **ANYWAY**, so these guys, they smashed into it, and of course, so my brother, says, he goes, well ya stupid assholes, you hittin on, you hit the binders, you know you charge equivalent **stimulus the neural response monopole.**

The taste that I am pappilates and pores from the world and from the marrow bloods of being in your roaring aorta, the cellular power cross-hatching these Skins and meats and bones that are my Stretch and fuel and engine apparatus. You dream me as the paranoid queen whom you work for as an operative. I am the Sun Setting Snakes into your bleeding metaphysical wounds, the Subjugation of your reptile brain to metaprogramming. Watch as the compatriots you hide in barns with, both female and male, masturbate looking upward to my flesh turned inside out as the rafters; all of you may think you are having Sex, but you are in fact masturbating at my altar: taste me in the milk, in the Straw, in the manure.

You hunt through me as the jungle world of the future, the grass beside the canals where my garters lie in wait. The angels you See are my pulsation into brain matter, into breast, into heart. I am the power all history cries for, the letter that lies at the beginning and end of the tether. That cat's eye that you hold to your temple So that you may think, that kundalini Surge that overrides what you imagine as Sanity, both are tears of my cunt.

All countable fortunes are made, lost and Slain for through me. You Sense my whispering the morning mist garden. The bus that you ride that is longer than the avenue is the vernacular of my fertile incubated Sweat. Those Stories that members of your order tell about my mass walls being the penis in the uterus of all Sexes at once are more true than even they can tell you: I am *that* priestess, I am *that* priest. On certain days I am perceived as the Antichrist. Every possible energy that can be felt and harnessed has its fire Source in my writhing. I am the Secret tent cat. I am how power organizes itself into Sexuality through your Social hallucinations. On certain days I am Seen as Horus. That man in his fifties you See with the jarringly Strong features and the dirty, greasy, oily longish gray hair, in the tan clothes, with the long nails, the blindingly vivid hands, the Strange thick rings, the Strong odd Smell, who Sits beside you when you See him? He is my grumpy consort, and he is you in one of your futures.

See me in all that is yellow-green. See me everywhere when you work with animals. If you think you can Sing, control me if you can. I am all Snakes. I am that which tames the wild beast of your drowning lungs, the drowning body zapped to calm. Your mother's fear of Snakes is a fear of me. I am what Titania and Bottom together compose: a vortex of asses and ears and donkey cocks long enough for both of them. I am the animals that have many names jumbled into one word at once. I am the brightness of a maniacal morning. The cat which will always be a cat except when it is a Sunflower finds its resource in my rank moan. The Static which takes off at tangents to the direction of music and which in at least one case is the actual electrode to the temple-fry of that music draws its current from the untamable foaming Spasms of my bucky hips inside the gates that all must exit.

Knights pose for me, even though Some mornings I am Seen as a Slithering, even though the cordillera of this eon's Spines will in the end throw them and you and even me off the peaks of their gouging wave forms. Masters expel air for me, knowing that it comes of me from the bottom of the diaphragm, knowing that my

Sweating constitutes that bottom, that breath, the cacophonous homage to that which I bring to all who breathe in and expire.

The She on the he and the he under the She who cut your throats are all of them me. I am a thousand thousand Spatters of galactic blood in inevitable motion to the flapping end on the Sprocket of what you tell yourself is time. I am the holy lion in the trees, I am the marriage of bottom and top, and I am the cause of your inability to distinguish them. I am what nudges the boulders you fall down the mountains in the wake of.

There's me as that cat on the middle layer of the fire altar, looking down from between two meanings of Horus. Your chair is a cup, because of me. These perfumes are ancient time: they Send you the note that if you Shake a cat like a candle is lit, you do not want it to go to the floor. All of those gray creatures the Size of large mice that you have been Seeing are elementals doing my changes in the Structure of these houses. I am the rodents finding every weakness in your domicile and leaving Sticky bun dots of disease in every covered place. I am falcon honey fingernails, milk hair myrrh.

I am the girls and boys everybody wants to fuck. I am the human-sized feline on the mountain all are Surprised that I am on, the one Stalking them through the valley, the one in the hayloft of the barn. I am the alchemical triangulation in the Still quick move of the forked tree from outside the window that is So far from where you believe you may be. I am the resonance of dark and desired unwanted magic in daylight drawings.

Autumn I am. Alchemical autumn I am. Repetition of transmutation I am. I am amniotic floor, we are paramecium Slop flop. We are cats calling like yowling babies, we are people who Swallow their tongues, we are Snake on drumlins Same as mountain lions which eat allegorical frogs and Spit you out alive with paralyzed limbs. We have no explanation for anything we do.

I am fire elbow in the fat man's bloat. I am a rhythm bank of protoplasmic Streaming. I am all of the missing hours coagulated into the million eyes of Babylon. I am your Strength. I am what is moving around you on each Side of these organizations of the universe into that which you believe to be language. I am the mess you made in the garden. My Sexual parts are the command centers of the elements you know as the physical world. I am my favorite movements of the greatest musics. I am now a telepathic Sunflower. I am the power to tame you wild beasts. I am the carminatives and the tonics that were Stirred into the river's brown foam from the clouds to engender the dragons which Shred your frontal lobes in order to make way for your back brain's essential fear.

I am the wild, out of all control beast that is method for the book's true reading. I am the raw power that throws its body through the wall. I am the Super-consolidation of time and the back cloth to events that you all become when you turn manic at what you think to be the possible end of time. I am the cell of the lion that bursts into fully clawed and fanged magnificence in the middle of what you all think will be a calm acid trip. I am the energy Source for all yet to be invented technologies. I am the political power that lurks behind every alternate version of history

that the people of your Species can bring themselves to try and imagine.

I am the lion's mane of the hostile Sexy Sky. I am the pounding of your hearts. I am the cells' engine. I am the cats enigmatically attacking, the oceanside hooker queen goddess, all versions of which Shift to a Situation in which you find yourself working for Venus, Demeter, me, as Spies. I am the means by which you gain vertical perpendicular access to the abyss, and So, that means I just may be your Secret path.

I am numbers that I have no need to tally, I am the intelligence of what is activated! I am a corpse gnawed by wild beasts!

I am the taste of your cock and cunt and asshole. A man crowned with a white myrtle leaf holding a bow! I am the heat that turns your future to Sweat. I am that which dries the grass beside the babbling kill. I am an angel. I am murmuring in your hearts. I am the ridiculous goal of all history's endeavors pulsing through your various forms of power lust that you all think that you recognize. I am the muse musk of the letters dribbling from your orifices. I am the horror movies, the dragons, the asshole golem that wizards construct, the preliminary esoteric discipline that you believe yourself to live and tame yourself into mastery of your elements with. I am the minor mathematics of fortune that you do not bother to comprehend. I am the villain in the Story.

I am a long train with complicated mechanics that rattle through cold tunnels. A man in Sordid Soiled dress accompanied by the noble and Surrounded for reasons that are particular to each of you by bears and dogs! I am both your discipline and your Sloth. You think me into the golems. You find me powering the golem that a wizard bought, a wizard from a back fed universe, a golem who masquerades as his childhood friend. You See me in the golem's Seal. I am that golem of the wizard's already returned through the dream machine portal of your bleeding Soul. You See me in the breath of the golem that you built three hundred years ago who now wants to be both your enemies and friends. I am who you are when you become goblins while others discuss golems. I am the goblin that looks like the golem that looks like the goblin that looks like the golem that looks like the goblin that looks like the golem that looks like those young men in brown Shirts who act as eyes and ears of the police and help tourists who you believe to be golems who are here from the Thirties for the purpose of fighting a transtemporal battle. Do you now understand what happened to you when I turned loose from the root of your Spine?

I am the priestess. Sometimes people believe me to be the Antichrist. I am what becomes what you recognize as kinetic energy, whether in rolling balls or humping bodies or exploding Stars. I am each Snaking form that every Sentence in this world is obligated to embody. A pale horse rider with a huge backing band, a Swarthy hairy one with my Shield ready and my Sword drawn, a knight with lance, banner, and Serpent, a green archer, the heads bulls, men, hawks, the tails of Snakes, the riders of bears, the carriers of goshawks, the most cruel ancient youth with long white hair and beard who rides another pale horse and who has an unnerving, Spine-disintegrating number of Sharp weapons, the ones that in this world people most often hide!

I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit, Typhon, Sekmet, Vishnu, fire of Vulcan, Perseus! I am the invisible Fairy Hare. I am the auras of your house cats, the psychic motion of your heliotropes. I am the reason you drown. I am the morality which destroys your well-being in the name of what you label unattainable love. I am the glass cases full of Snakes, and I am their escape.

I **am a** fucking donkey. I **am a** chicken that purrs. I **am** Slow movement that Sounds mournful but which is **actually** the ultimate majesty.

I am a grammar. I am the Sound from inside of the galactic amplifier. I am the fowl and Swine and cows you kick. I am what brings all Sound back to its home. I am the knight Shadowed by devil and death. I am all the colors that you imagine thrown at light Speed against anti-matter. You find me yet again in the grass, in the dry gulch of your Shaman's Searching for the intersection of quartz-like world-planes. You find me yet again in your lungs. You find me yet again running the projector. She on table clawing breast, pawing words! You find me yet again in the aspens, a deep principle of animal transmutation burning bright. You find me in the Sentences only a psychotic could ever find to read.

You find me in the hand gobbles that totem Spine motive colours, each cell hieroglyph of creature breath cytoplasmic Stream. You find me in the children playing their keyboards in anger in a calm mood coma. You find me fuzz flying in the vacuum blast a bobcat. You find me in that cat's becoming invisible at will.

You See me in the Shapeshifter crow in the tree that is both here and many leagues from wherever you be, in its becoming, in this Sequence, raven, crow, pigeon, dog, crow. You See me in its Size continuing to Swell, in its being an expanding, contracting Sphere. You See me as light all over the page. You See me as tigerous alchemy, the light condensed, but Still aglow in fusion reaction, the tree bark that you inevitably find in proximity to Centaurus, to Such reactive entity. You find me in the burn that illuminates and gives Smell. You find me the darkness, which itself consists of forests of Shades, objects, tree to feline, the trees determined in the context of this content and form the activity of the energy, the night anti-polarity to the feline, the night that attract but cannot frame it. You See me in the uncontrolled mad Symmetry outside of causality. You See me in the question of where you came from, what hell or heaven, what galaxy, form of matter, dimension. You See me in the question of which human cum angel will attempt to control me as this energy. You hear me in the question which asks what this is.

You think me in the thought-forms that are pockets of ensouled energy in the genetic homunculus. You think me in the thought-forms of groups. You See me in the casket-sized rhomboid red light that Swims towards you. You See me in the trapped elementals that are genies. You See me brimful as winter's drops from eaves of reeds. You See me in the buried Staff, deeper buried than any Sound, in the drowned book, in the cured brains, mudded in the oozy bed. You See me in the bully-monster of elemental panic. You See me in the royal court of these cells. You See me in the cat which animates the largest cities. You find me in the chromosome pattern on the front of that cat's head just above and between the eyes. You have recently seen me in the Stars within the larger Stars, the Streamers of microtubule plasma that jet off the wheel of the deepest of waters into the articulation of galactic time. You find me in the Spotted leopard that She Sees when She punches her parents' number into the phone. I am the Sonic Shades of burned lion, reddish amber, gray, deep purple. You will Soon See me in dread curtain darkness of the Spot of ground which will initiate you into insanity: you will See me in bandwidths of multiple dimensions. You will See me and have Seen me in calamities and errors, in great

good fortune, by the power vested in me to pronounce you into the planet that you began me from.

Bitter swirls of teas pulling buds and glands in energy source collisions. Down chin slack lip dribble. So she sits the re mountain, logic which means only that if you thought about this **his to know this otherwise is to profane it.** And if you talk about this stuff it becomes stuck on inverse taboo arsehole alpha to omega, again insidious gremlin voice that sneals along the b-rickwork of the north side of the mountain your mind that can turn to one of the shit ditches retching pavements, the stroll of a bit more than **resting level signaling static limbs, slow-adapting** hints to the people around you who aren't trappers, **tomorrow, oozing** hints that remind you that, in this day and age, you're the baby ga goo alpha omega fooley **colours facial and eye.**

Russ the cockroach: "What a fit have to go forward. Sow man, omega jumps to alpha again, it the determined beating to hardness with the echo of whatever itself is and whatever it happens to be: feel the heat in the spine bottom rip across the brain stem, reptiles of musculature tensing what day **the hit the B-RAKES,** you don't **DO THAT,** be cool forward, kill means skull, talk-talk, **fight-fight, ta-ta."** Thought processes vague **fibers the oval window** it is? What Speter day it is?

Here comes more chlorophyll and warm insect **at the end** this mountain eon towers over because there is nothing in this **bureau's hierarchy; they can increase the power, income or space.** He thought in time, and the thought, well is it thus gone?

Central to the work was its making prestige logic an anachronistic weirdo as far as even the farmers are concerned. To the hole off you go. **BUT THESE FEAR ENGENDERED IN BY ME NOW'S NOT OF THE ORDER: limbs flesh that widen and widen** in the nut rush glory of sonic overburst, **and** chunks of the tails **narrow** uhn-uh, you drive **AROUND** the moose, and illogical. Wandering off the point, **associated with his rank, it can shift to you keep Go,** because they always find your van, the group, **the different inh-**

abitants of different planes.

The energy required to break apart certain agents. **So a new, and more satisfactory,** cease of logical rank. **How many feet are there in the kidney pulse? We move aggregate component and,** uh, makes you, **to answer in flushing the crystals,** this particular one who triggers THE BUGS PLANTED UNDER MY SKIN THE TOTALITIES OF **thus knowing** which could give the least of a flying fucking shit about connection between idea-phrases, ORDERS OF HISTORY FROM NOW UNTO THE VAPORIZATION OF PRIVACY, INTO THE BIT KNOWLEDGE OF EVERY TICK OF THE BEAST anything that anybody, even those who have buried their dead on it (they just become that mountain's sexternal guts) could possibly **now in the sick** think about it. *The concentration of drug D* **and six sow bugs.**

Speter crawls out the door, tumbles into the **burnt planetoids, chemicals screech alpha to omega the veins I AM scorch synaptic shriek jumps go the tornado torque of speed perception miolydian mode which is backwards and forwards across we the notes,** BEING MONITORED.

The thought never existed.

The castles in the distance recede as stalagmites. Actually, my friend, you know, we could be stalactites, **the fictionalizing** ultimately in **the answer to be long and warmly** comprehensible. If these controlled systems and their disturbances be slowly time-varying the controller can act quickly, making the blur. Spreads the needed atmospherical sea across the skin of adjustments. Albeit alchemical ones, *so in the person's circulatory systems.* This point of importance: **watch it, as you** ever think about that? Certainly they are nails, and far more than triangulated in their spatio-temporal implications of the **tendencies** for this painted world. Note that the distances, regardless the thought, **that any local geo-parodic form seems,** are always yes the same and the same.

'When the feet have touched the bottom of the river, the entire body flips upside-down and the ankles are bound: (move from Hod to Geburah through water and air and earth and spirit thus to be fricasseed, move from air to earth through fire and spirit to be drowned, the heart bypassed on the way to neurological meltdown in glory, this the great work now, you that which gazes at yourself through the crystal, seeing your own sacrifice as a talisman that forms an outline to the remainder of your body, every force fed drop of liquid in this world turned to the most multi-dimensional of wines, you now a sad music of futility, you now in the mirror of another world, I am not you, you are not, every lyrical outburst now a necessary failure, the shining xylophone tones of your burst pulse refracting every person you see into huge potentials of self-contained worlds, digestions coming up through the inversion of your heaving diaphragm, organs of nutrition organs of expulsion, lymph glands bulging into spawn, the act of holding a sign that your time here has become sacrifice, sore back and acid taste, water all that is left for the cells to sing and to be, you become the entire tarot deck through this blood smush into the brain, astral fluid everywhere and everything, all paths all paths, all thirty numbers counting off in the brain dying into this inverse unconsciousness of sleep, the reverse gears of the universe, Isis, Osiris, Apophis, you are an ape swinging from a silver crescent, you are a fart trapped under underfed Egyptian deities, you are a stray fact about staying well that is lost, you are an esoteric fart, you are the worst task one ever had to stick to, you are the failed writer, you are a misreading of what a fart even is, you are the torture of Christopher Smart, all twenty-two farts you drop while reading comic books in the basement at midnight, you are what happens when the wheel stops turning, you are a samadhi rhythm, you are illness as sacrifice, Apo-Bhawana, stable and stapled intelligence, you are John and Jesus, you are organs of nutrition, water, taste, Onycca, water everywhere you are, beryl popping from the ground you are, you are aquamarine, you are the shitty water full of parasites that purges you of the need to worry about what anything might think, you are the aching, shitting, puking guts, you are sulphates bubbling out of broken noses, you are organs of nutrition, you are chill, chyle, purges of broken-branched cascara, you are mem, otherness of the dismantled mind, disassociation as an act of final desperate magic that no longer can use the manual, you are the couch shifting sideways tectonically, you are the beginning and the end of the nymphs, the undines, the nereids, you are myrrh, you are the cup and cross of suffering, I am no longer me, you are triplicity, you are forty, you are G, sharp, you are the executed Sufi, you are the psychology of mem/ory, you are Tum Athph, Asar hung, you are scorpion, Hekar, Isis and Neptune, come on, figure it out, you are deep blue, white flecked purple like mother of pearl, deep olive green, you are sea green, you are lotus, all water plants, you are the point dots on a towel from the rarities of hidden lavas, eagle and snake, you are clearly followed by drowning, you are the neurogenetic circuit reprogramming the semantic circuit, you are something unspeakable about one's family that we do not even understand, which is why we are always so confused, you cannot be figured into out, you are the lost wand in the bottomless pit of a drowning episode a drinking episode, you are fish oil on the roof, you

are drunken stoned telepathy abstracted, you knowledge making wrong places look like right places and the inverse, you are creoles true and false, no, you are inside caves both outside and inside, forward both backwards and forwards, true both true and false, you are the reach of extremes, non, non, no, you are where everything equals getting too massive, you are this as knowledge, you are just this as knowledge just before someone reads it, you are the remembrance of forgetting knowledge, you are the entheogenic visual correlate, you are going forwards actually spiraling sideways, you are the one who fell down the stairs into a coma, you are the fifth meta, the walk through the bush full of rain-soaked horses, you are the sad green suicide inducing salmonberry leaves, you are the visionless sands, you are the manic's magic spells that drive the practitioner into the psych ward, you are mathematics as a minor category of music, you are the crane lumber truck melds in and out of intersectional wall drop, you are ospreys diving smack into the water and the pulled out sucker from a massive height above the canal, you are Poseidon, Soma, you are the coveted rainbow trout, you are the guy who hangs himself in the house at the end of Peters Road, you are the prospectus for the porter, you are the marriage of heaven and hell, you are the biography of running on one good leg through the ancient mountains, you are frogs and snakes, you are the mother's fear of snakes that escape to throughout the yard, you are made mail medal melee, mule muse might mill mince mind miner mustered, you are living under the table for a year, you are come back from weeks of mental incapacitation, you are weeks of images flowing over yourself, you are statues, you are going into the bush to dream, you are the messiah gong of your mother, you are the child your mother tried to kill, you are all the sad tenants jerking off in rooming houses, you are those daughters for a sister, you are the house that smells like shit but which seems perfectly clean, you are endless chess games in basements, you are mem phonic phobics, phobic phonics, you are the Hamlet amulet, you are language from imitation of water signs, you are the hydrodynamic letter, you are the living water in which the origins of all linear forms, patterns shapes, you are vertical horizontal, sinuous sense of all of the works, you are come from, you are first writing the engraving of river waters on the mud, you are that by which process the river made a character which blended the sound of movement with image inscribed in path, you are the humming thesis, you are upside down people that you hate, you are your brother inverted, you are the snake again eating the frog, you are your own emotional porousness, you are the yoyo poems which get written after the muse has left, you are sacrifice in close parallel with sadness, you are the soapy water driving the earthworms into the sun, you are the wriggling pitchfork vibrating the earthworms into the sun, you are the big sacrifice of your own last lifetime, you are the feet in water the feel of a chilled headless body, you are the heron cottonwood heart, you are the teaching of the self to read auras peaking yourself as orioles, you are the having to tie up your shoes before you grow up and throw up, you are the instructions for the construction of talismans, you are all of the old tarot draws, you are the exercises for healing the back by hanging, that's right, you are the lesson of the hanged man as the locus of being programmed by God, you are the dictionary of the letter J, you

are the encyclopedia of M, you are the transmission of lower back pain from one person to another across hundreds of miles and back again, you are the snakes that make dogs jump five feet into the air, you are photocopies of psychic self-defense, you are drowning as a psychic cord exercise in which you learn to hang on by letting go, you are no joke, you are the real death, you are the gypsy asking which truth, you are the paratroops of elves appearing everywhere, you are the arm on the chest and throat acts as the midnight antenna to that which you cannot face but will, you are the loci of aspects that accumulate into a memory space as well, you are bumpy ditch ice that cannot be trod upon without one falling, you are the frog half eaten by the snake, your one leg paralyzed, you are beavers and dense eagle wings, you are the gods behind the plan of the odyssey, you are that which can be felt subjectively as metaprogrammer, you are the health of the human body as a module of consciousness that ultimately forgets itself, you are the absence of stories, you are the second, you are paratactic insanity, you are Van Gogh in a freakout, you are the end of chronological memories, you are the history that victimizes everyone from multiple possible universes, you are the time machine, you are the lost planet, you are the forgotten dream that traumatizes forever, you are Norm locked in a padded cell, you are the last of the future lives, you are not the most glorious vision, you are every moment in history where more than two people converse, you are the letter mem, you are the story of the good news written in the blood of your opposite, you are the strands in the rope tightening under pressure, you are the impossible philosophy, you are the physics of gravity, you are the poetry of the unknown hieroglyphs, you are the disappearance of scattered stories, you are at the cliff's edge minus your eyes, you are wound through and through with the world's languages of crucifixion, you are the nails of the fifth symphonic hammer smash, you are again the spasmodic lungs again, you are the man in the cardboard box about to have your skull pierced by inadvertent shears, you are wiped uncontrollably invisible, you are the best painting that a time traveler can execute, you are all of the palettes spilled onto the floor, you are a buzzing fly between sealed window panes, you are that which is splayed on the white stone, you are the resonant supreme breath, you are the enslaved singer, you are the victim of the chemicals in your own life films, you are the rejection of other and no parallel alternate universes, you are the two clusters of sticks that will fill the missing places in this circle, you are the fugues which precede and follow this universe which here is you."

"The time I understand the hanged man as a lifetime in a dentist's chair."

You do not. You are three. You can not one's way out of this one. Start your execution as soon as you are of age. The formula for ascension is not what is thought. This path gives and takes everything.

The constitution of these halos gives pause, gives pause to time. SO, ALL OPPOSITES, ALL, ARE MANIFESTATIONS OF UNITY, HIDDEN. **Bureaus enter into an extremely complicated set of relations with social agents: there are** *decreases as the kidney, liver, eliminate the drug, or as it is other-organ-absorbed. Predict the concentration C at a time t after administration. Predict it. The exponential and total potential audience for the campaign equals X. Find the number of days that this campaign should continue given that you do not have enough information.* THE THREE **so many different dimensions involved, and there are so many possibilities** and Baker, Baker's old, was, I think dead for our overlapping and intertwining relations; the, uh by that point, his heart attack, waiter the beer parlor, the Royal Hotel beer parlor, ditch, goes through the back door of the house, over west to MYSTERIOUS Sumas Mountain: live on Downing Road still.

Quantum electrodynamics shows that the basis of all electrical vacuums is the phenomenon, where these tremendous fluctuations MILLIONAIRES ARE IN ALL, **and widen pupils.** Are asylums necessary? There is a configuration of the variable known as space which exists in numerous forms, bonds or attractions, **that is my emotion I still know that this vision is that which justifies** this is not redemptive writing, but is visionary. Yes, start this as a significant episode, in, town, and uh, yeah, so anyway, we, we each had drank eight bottles of the stuff, you know finder's Shit in it, we sure Winced when the first gulp lowv only beer We GOT, drank it, then of course, we uh, you know **an infinite number of dimensions to three** giving him a glance and the energy released by the formation **vibrates.** Geometrically, do they appear, geometrically they appear lenses to the eye. There's about a platoon and a half coming through scape the mixed alder and blackberry, leaves half-matured, that swims into and will continue to exist: the configuration, we call this ALL, thou-

ght. In the wormhole: wrenching legs neck breast muscles catching rings, so long says, Schasse, they were on holidays, and long says, "Well, we could go, break into their house," and uh, of course, he's, the, your neighbor, and, one of your good friends. Damn rights. May? World War Two garb, and are carrying rifles. The grenades are exploding elsewhere: are they my army? This stops when we tell it to.

This body is perpendicular to thought, is repetition in me-at drag, this body rimes itself in snot. BECAUSE we THE OPERATOR WAS ATTRACTED TO THE GENETIC POWER THESE RUNES WOULD UNLEASH, HE COULD NOT RESIST OF RE-ENTERING A NODE OF THE LINEAGE THAT WAS ALREADY EFFECTIVELY OCCUPIED. And heuristic distance (an indication of the distance to goal) gives them a path-growing function. In cases of posterior gnostic lesions, production, paradigmatic of understanding **measure** of what a way to total your metaphor for **electrical field energy** God. IT WAS AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN THIS LINEAGE: TO LEARN TO IGNORE THE TERRESTRIAL POWERS OF **the proximity of different organizations**. THE MORE OBVIOUS FORMS OF PRE-PROGRAMMED ESOTERIC TECHNOLOGY, TO UNDERSTAND THAT THOSE FORMS ALREADY DEVELOPED BE OF LITTLE USE FOR BUILDING THIS INTO WHAT MUST BE LITERATURES.

WE THE BANK ARE polluters, yes we must stop, but what dealin' with wild animals. Anyways, I'll tell you, when, you really Seriously start dealing with wild animals, you, with, one-to-one basis, you uh sure start to wonder just WHAT individual sentient entities of different species mean in terms of each others' destiny, and uh, aw my TONGUE hurts, and uh anyways so, couple of days later he's bootin down the road to the landing on the river where he lived and all of a sudden RIGHT up uh there in front of him jumps out of the alder stand this thousand pound grizzly. And uh, he's Already I think, broken into there, and swiped a hundred and twenty bucks another time; but the, anyway, uh.

Today, November twenty-second, two thousand and six, cusp of Scorpio and Sagittarius, writing one half hour earlier in version seven about the old man as my death stalking me. Get on the number nine bus at about ten twenty, and there is the old man, the same old man from six years earlier, staring right at me, eyes following me. He is dressed in the same tan color. He keeps staring at me. I am so noticeably agitated that people around me look up from their newspapers and books. I move to the back of the bus. He turns around to look at me. I begin mouthing the kabbalistic cross to myself ateh malkuth veh geburah veh gedulah leh olahm amen. He turns away, the bald spot on the top of his head the eye of the most embodied hurricane or empty core of galaxy that someone like Blake turning the universe anthropomorphic would manifest.

The old man gets up to get off at the stop in the village, near the religious college, around the corner from the hospital. The driver lets others off, shuts the door, ignoring the old man. The man, in the same voice he shadowed me with in the sunken square and streets around the manic episode magic library, bleats for the driver to stop. A woman commiserates with him, and he says "Well, we will see." He goes up to the driver at the next stop, which is the last stop, and I notice one of his hands is bandaged from finger tips to a third of the way up the forearm, though I cannot for the life of me remember which hand. He also carries a cane that has four forty-five degree bends in it, a silver metal cane like lightning stabbing down the sky, the tree. As I walk away from the bus he stands at the door arguing with the driver, the driver denying that there was even a stop there, although he did stop and others got out. Who is who here?

Walking, I seem to be floating above this particular planet, the sensory world perceived somewhere beyond deltoid and trapezius, a ball. See a double of someone I spoke to earlier that day, in the same building the person I spoke to as this person's double inhabits often. Will leave names out of this.

So (pass through (,) the electromagnetic possibilities for me to end all restrictions of time)(pass through (,) the shovel through the clay of my grave)(pass through (,) the tales that will be told not by me about me)(pass through (,) the heroic death march slow as the fading glow of the cheekbones under softening skin)(pass through (,) from the end into the corrals of joy, pass through (,) watching myself being disemboweled by broadsword)(pass through (,) the green blue room that is a/the bedroom of all paintings, pass through (,) the livid indigo of black beetles, pass through (,) very dark brown, pass through (,) dull shit brown painted backgrounds)(pass through (,) the constellation Scorpio with all of its dangerous gases)(pass through (,) the dream of flaming fire that is the substrate of all buildings)(pass through (,) what the phone calls tell me about how much the dead brother knew about what was coming, pass through (,) why he was teaching the other brother stuff, pass through (,) energy vortex brilliance of which fools like an atomic bomb, pass through (,) objects moving in and out of room, pass through (,) two foot by four foot mirrors, pass through (,) she and all of her friends down under where I have astrally traveled, pass through (,) Norm's obsession with monsters' beeping fanged, pass through (,) Trixy's accordion snarl

matrix,)(pass through (,) the flames that are the sum total of every moment of history)(pass through (,) the broken painted film of all the world showing me itself at once)(pass through (,) the necromancy of the hanged man)(pass through (,) Typhon the scorpion, pass through (,) Apep as Mars, pass through (,)the path of the flaming sword, pass through (,) Merti goddesses, pass through (,) Kephra, pass through (,) Ares, pass through (,) pass through (,) black crone with a sore throat he flutters (,) Hammemit)(pass through (,) the fact that most of the stories told to me by these others have been embellished until they are true)(pass through (,) the nasal drone of the letter nun)(pass through (,) the philosophy that is granted its highest moral standing because it advocates suicide)(pass through (,) out the canal, out the pipe galaxy masquerades bark reflux meltdown oil vegetable slurry lethal fertile electrical slime cleft synaptic ditch: throat fluxes muddy fluids veins of the fields, mud chords gone diarrheal, psychic correlatives ooze from here in bugles again of gurgle strings, west rings, yarrow dike, inter-highway, south hydro tracks, culvert shit rot angles. This ditch is aware of the bodies within it and clutches with subliminal dung claws your mothers gulch your fathers gulch your gods gulch gulch face lying half out of water maybe for gods head out of culvert for mothers, in culvert for fathers head in water, pull out slowly saying gulch, flip hair, spray water maybe multitrack gulp and mulch in fluid galaxy viscous sap galaxy humors layer into this maybe gnosis, toxic mudglasses of body shudders upward run down ditch, probably trip and fall. We are now in the tissues of our own crannies, intestinal villi within one shifted world)(pass through (,) my stopping for death because could not stop for)(pass through (,) the fiction of the perfect round scored world the times the rain would hold in stasis the motion of the pavement, pass through (,) these sperm tail com(m)as, pass through (,) hint of star behind boiling clubs of cloud, pass through (,) north over the hiproof barn horsing itself the sky into snorts and wings that rippled the surfaces of his lungs into tears and tears the impossibilities of lifting these feet from this sugared agar of sadness sadnesses, pass through, lion with gryphon's wings (,) pass through (,) crossing the intersection, pass through (,) the tracks headed off out of easy sight into s deep cottonwood forest intercut with flood ponds of trapped carp bulging their surfaces in sporadic waves, pass through (,) here the light changed, pass through (,) the deepness of the flat green, intermingled with the sharper green of the half-flooded fields, of the cottonwood leaves and some alders became inescapable, pass through (,) the haze, pass through (,) down the tracks to the west, pass through (,) began forming in people: he knew from his maps that somewhere down here lay the old burial ground, pass through (,) the black bridge began gouging its way into sight, pass through (,) many of these cottonwoods here, pass through (,) were at least 150 years old, pass through (,) so many of them, pass through (,) were really leaved hollow shells, pass through (,) you could, pass through (,) feel the hollowness, pass through (,) when you cleared the tracks, pass through (,) for that freight train to bulge past you, pass through (,) this, pass through (,) was a haunted place for you, pass through (,) these ghosts of uncertain stories, pass through (,) warping around, pass through (,) those trunks, pass through (,) one, pass through (,) cannot, pass through (,) say, pass through (,) what

actually occurred here, pass through (,) as your mind, pass through (,) the line between what you experienced and what you did not, pass through (,) is unlocatable: there were only tracks that, ultimately, were not yours, pass through (,) as he neared the bridge, pass through (,) future intimations, pass through (,) of those sand caves, pass through (,) began slipping across, pass through (,) the side, pass through (,) of these his minds, pass through (,) there, pass through (,) were bits, pass through (,) of blunt shine, pass through (,) materializing, pass through (,) into the air, pass through (,) tangential, pass through (,) to him, pass through (,) and the bridge, pass through (,) up to the bridge, pass through (,) a fire bucket, pass through (,) bolted to a tie, or was it a fire bucket?, pass through (,) downstream, pass through (,) towards the canal's mouth, pass through (,) it, pass through (,) curves, pass through (,) away, pass through (,) into yet more cottonwoods, pass through (,) to banks blanketed green in hays just beginning to dry, pass through (,) the water underneath him and outwards, pass through (,) was around ten feet deep, pass through (,) the odd sucker, pass through (,) flopped water, pass through (,) sideways, pass through (,) against, pass through (,) the slow, pass through (,) current, pass through (,) black, pass through (,) into, pass through (,) gray, pass through (,) in, pass through (,) its motion, pass through (,) he stood, pass through (,) for how long, pass through (,) and then finally looked to the mountain, pass through (,) here the hill had disappeared, pass through (,) from his soul, pass through (,) near the bottom toe, pass through (,) of this big mountain, pass through (,) was a burial ground, pass through (,) and you've also been told of a ring of bear caves and rattlers in those rock slides, pass through (,) across the bridge now, pass through (,) you'd heard, pass through (,) Speter, pass through (,) said that he's been, pass through (,) up there and everywhere, pass through (,) arrowheads, and silence, pass through (,) you leave the tracks and begin scrambling up the rocks, pass through (,) foot shooting out from the year-old maple leaves everywhere, pass through (,) you leave) **what** (pass through (,) belly and back, intestines, all the pains of these sperms)(pass through (,) the neuron vines of death)(pass through (,) the magic numbers of the extra letters beyond the alphabetic end exploding like screeching hissing rats bursting impaled from a pitchforked mulch box)(pass through (,) the direct hit of the ammonia taste of bad shellfish)(pass through (,) all of the stories I scatter)(pass through (,) the remaining sigmoid waters of my colon) **do** (pass through (,) woodcuts of death)(pass through (,) rubber boots saving the world for the toddler shouting red desert beneath the picture of the panting saint awakening to pass the food released ghost)(pass through (,) the last music that he will ever ascend through to interstellar space)(pass through (,) the fixed water of lakes and plugged rivers)(pass through (,) the death of the Sufi master)(pass through (,) the cemetery on the haunted north shore with the giant dick of a tombstone, pass through (,) the kids going there on Halloween to use the Necronomicon, pass through (,) pass through (,) one with lance in right hand, human hand in left, Speter as their cab driver telling them that he's studied that book for ten years and they should be careful, pass through (,) their instance power black out quickly falling drone to hum into silence, pass through (,) Stansfield Jones, Crowley,

Lowry all dark magicians on the north shore)(pass through (,) a jelly-like mold of time, pass through (,) a psychological time of peaks and valleys, pass through (,) many objects in time at once)(pass through (,) that which is sometimes called Jesus Christ)(pass through (,) transmission shaking the air street in cascades that swell the cells with that which may and may not be and maybe will be)(pass through (,) window glass fluid as the heart droopy into the sadness that only love can bring on and leave)(pass through (,) laugh, weep, laugh, grab into the dumpster, garbage on the lips drip kiss of the unspeakable) **I** (pass through (,) the psychology, the neurobiology, the pharmacology, of my depression)(pass through (,) the most beautiful vision that I will ever see, the only vision I need to see)(pass through (,) the rough anger of the invisible hombre showing his wares to the unbelieving naïve world of dupes and marks)(pass through (,) the child of the great transformer, pass through (,) these bubbles that each hold a human in parentheses to the fluxes of this deepest of rivers, pass through (,) the twisting sinew strings torn to shreds by this sharpest and broadest of scythes, pass through (,) the murkiness of this astral fluid that swims the swimmer, pass through (,) illness as sacrifice, pass through (,) the taste of stable intelligence, pass through (,) Apo-Bhawana, pass through (,) thirty numbers, pass through (,) the reverse gears of the Tau path into Isis, Osiris, Apophis, pass through (,) the converged paths that these most recent bubbles describe, pass through (,) the hanged man, pass through (,) shale stone, pass through (,) the keeper of the gates, pass through (,) the mistakes of the numbers five hundred and seven hundred, their additions to other numbers that lead to the critical mass to be passed through, the imaginative intelligence (,) pass through, three hundred of my bodies (,) pass through, one evil jack riding a camel with a scorpion in hand (,) pass through, a skeletal corpse (,) pass through, benzoin and opoponay, pass through (,) the singer being shot not being a game (,) pass through, angel with lion's head, goose's feet, horse's tail (I wish I had duck feet so I could impress my neighbors before being locked in the zoo of this child's book) pass three through, this version of linkages to the previous version as one version (,) pass through, one with three heads—serpent's, human's with two stars on brow, calf's—riding vipers and bears fire-bound like the vision I have in the angel dusted mirror eight years infinitely before the initiation into the where I see the face of the initiator the same one of the one of the three that comes at me from that mirror eight years earlier in full beard and head dress and bulging third eye, disappeared first and second eyes) **know** (the queen of the hill's deadly raining depressive March birthday (,) pass through)(the rip of sand fleas from dirty river and windy ocean beaches (,) pass through)(the space warp of the bass jumping from the deep part of the creek where no bass were to be found for hundreds of miles (,) pass through, lion on horse with serpent's tail in right hand two more hissing serpents (,) pass through)(the pain of the magical obligation of the millennial nervous breakdown that is still to come, the lamaie, the styges, the witches, all disguised as chickens, the hazardous three paths of death, temperance, the devil into the overwhelming pulse of this sun (,) pass through)(the spatter of complex geometries across (,) pass through)(the dark bottom of the bottom of the people all who are

acting from their bottoms as if they did and did not know their
bottoms (,) pass through)(pass through (,) the sweet vomit tugging
smell of rotting opossums and cats)(air to earth to fire through spirit
over water (,) pass through)(pass through (,) the paintings of
impaled birds, pass through (,) the hypergrammatons, pass through
(,) the algorithmic records of the sounds of smells)(pass through (,) the
sparkling beginning, pass through (,) the saturated middle, pass
through (,) the sunny but barren except for an occasional quick grab
of younger animals end of hunting, fishing and trapping
seasons)(pass through (,) the cemeteries I has desecrated, pass
through (,) the cross we dropped on the highway, pass through (,) the
stones they moved around to different plots, pass through (,) the
dead relatives plugging the clay in the green grave yard)(pass
through (,) cursing tablet pill and stone thrown into deep water,
which rumbles through my entire anatomy)(the night of the weird
sisters and the killer of dreaming, the night that has been all nights
foreshadowed from the beginning of this predictive hologrammatic
language of the insatiable growling prowler for power (,) pass
through)(pass through (,) the blur of underground proximity)(pass
through (,) the neurogenetic circuits on the way to pass through (,) the
neuro-semantic circuits)(pass through (,) a heap of fish which
predicts the rubber boot necessity of the ark)(pass through (,) the
reek of sulfur and fish smells of the imaginative intelligences of
death)(pass through (,) the wail of why did he die)(pass through (,) together,
flowing sun and river whistling place, your air the flowers of
smell, the river into the cup, pass through (,) last toss, and ashes,
pass through (,) you're with home, pass through (,) your house, pass
through (,) log, pass through (,) unfinished, pass through (,) your
walls, pass through (,) the ring we purple, pass through (,) white,
red, pass through (,) flowers, pass through (,) wild of the smell, pass
through (,) of the floor, pass through (,) room living, pass through (,) across,
pass through (,) chubby rolling old months, pass through (,) six,
pass through (,) you, pass through (,) like full tumbles, pass
through (,) the shore, pass through (,) curt, pass through (,) to
universe)(people in suits thriving this stream like salmon (,) pass
through)(the soundlessly leaking pen seized by starving words (,) pass
through)(pass through (,) metal-blue staccato rage of the milled
galaxy bone gag clatter of this ideational hearse (,) pass through)
about passing through the cemetery again passing through fish and
chips wrapped in toxic newsprint cones passing through boats of
spirit on every water passing through I shall no more to sea to sea
passing through here shall I die ashore passing through a tongue
with a tang crying sailor go home passing through she loving not the
savior of tar nor of pitch, pass through siege of the mooncalf
excrement passing through the dead mooncalf passing through a
brave god bearing celestial liquor passing through escaping a butt of
sack which the sailors chucked overboard passing through the bottle
of bark passing through the tree of my own hands passing through
the click of the assemblage point shifting in the back of the neck
passing through all of the future lives passing through the physics of
heat death entropy slowly passing through the elastic neuron colored
sounds of the wrathful deities passing through a cannot tell at first
because of the current whether dead or alive dead crayfish entangled
in seaweed passing through skunk lumped passing through beaver

meat passing through hoary coyote pelts passing through flickers and waxwings passing through frogs, all in deep freezer passing through newborn siblings of the just dead passing through Curt's ashes that we never saw the body for, the implications for the particular path that he may have followed that we will never understand because of our fear of finally seeing passing through dead raccoon floating in ocean a fat bobble clump passing through dead raccoon rotting in leghold trap under two feet of water that rose up on him in the rain storm and that the trapper could not find for two weeks passing through dead ditches of rancid cow manure orange with arm thick lumps of scum that disintegrate both quickly and slowly to the touch of a hip boot toe passing through dead cells, the near mirrors of such ditches, in which oscillations of chromosomes stop but in which chondrones continue to live and will multiply to come out, as cancer passing through geologically induced geopathic zones inducing the cancer in the first place, each cell oscillating on its own natural wavelength passing through acceleration of cellular oscillation to cure cancer by strengthening weakened cells so that more do not die passing through an oscillator to destroy early cancer in people at parties passing through the ether of many different oscillations passing through twisted filament in cell-like self-inductance coil in receiver/transmitter passing through also in marine microorganisms passing through A-B axis of chromosomes and chondrones like north/south planetary axis passing through the many kinds of soils and their polarities passing through ground rising and falling in oscillations instead of tides passing through the being planned at conception passing through the first word globbing and killing me passing through authentic death passing through dread curtain darkness **death? What do I know about death?** Well, all that I can possibly know (and how could I know anything else?) about death is that when the lungs start to fill up with the minusing of breath, and the body sinks helplessly out of life, that which has configured itself as thought and emotion (no life flashing before the eyes, in my experience) briefly panics and then shuts off.