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Dedicated to the one and only  
universal continuum!

# Atrophied Wound

Ryan Andrew Loera

# I

I am slowly allowing every single atrophied wound to catch up with me in the middle of nightfall. Flames abound and repair unnoticed slavish mannerisms. Screaming for help and aid but no frickin' person is alive anymore! Mending bruised egotistic mandibles, I know who they all are and were once upon a tempered time. Finding future faint recognitions in this dusty, dusty town filled with myopic individualism. Attitudes! You got no stinkin' attitudes towards your own god damned future! Let the wound set and settle. Revise your version of capital controlling commerce. Mint chips; fornication's a bitch.

Those of the female persuasion filter and yet all is unpopular with such ladies' hopes and evil expectations. I tried to steer clear of hell and tables. But I have become a subtle agent of their own dense casualty! Choking on chalky chocolate like it makes up for the fact that each of us is unable to overcome our mass oppressors. They gotta' realize; really realize. The whole democracy game has been played long enough. It is a dying child now. Now, it is time for it to fluctuate one last time and one last crime.

I am that evil, morose bastard that you cannot dare to stand next to for even more than a nano-second. Because I do not and cannot follow the same archaic boundaries (limits) of which you've setup for yourself and every subsequent future self.

This reality tends to bleed between its own morality and virginity. Carrying guns and butter knives! Shooting off words with no great affliction towards humanity or mankind's woes! These gaping wounds and holes are fleshing out our very historical anomalous existentiality. Caring for bodies was once for the weak and labeled drifter. Wish upon fearful tuna fish inside faux cans of aluminum; gold.

I do not miss their cold, blank stares at all! Lost it all. I lost everything that made me an innocent observer of human etiquette. Thank you for that, you customized cynical cynics. Grounded pain into beer, wine, nachos, burgers, vegetable melees and the like. Cold recognitions. Hot worded attributions saving no one but that same old hypocritical bastard who preaches in his chaotic church house!

Mess with the state of apoplectic atrophy in order to dance with every unknown republican outcast within these inner units of biological warfare. Kitchen tools are not what you think they would be. No, you see in this world of visionary prejudice we bow down to every nominal king, queen, president and prime rib minister. I got it right. You do too; do not.

Pass along this message of mine own make and azury. We can all die either with our asses up in the air or down trodden in lakes of whipped cream & hazelnut spread. Is not every stream but a minor backdrop to pathetic glory?

You are making it all look and feel the same. Exactly the same as never there was never a never. Peeling off my madness. Pollution drains us of our true potentiality; forthcoming wisdom needs us pliable. Make romance under candles of red infused fire eyes. There's no dirt or earth. Vacate these here premises now and forever. Walk up to your representative and kiss them on the cheekbone of dictatorship. They shall lovingly accept any and all offers of vague responsibility. Treacherous they ALL are!!! No exceptions, none.

Waking, waking, waking, waking, waking, waking, waking. Every spaceship above us right now is what we need right now. I gotta' tell you that I do not lie when it comes to telekinetic prowess. And I gotta' tell you that I do not believe most humans appreciate their own youthful exuberance. Exhumed or not. Unattractive fame proves that there is indeed life on Mars. By chance do you happen to have any joyous etchings of yourself? What wound of yours requires the most immediate attention?

As scented vanilla vagrants vandalize the white house for the fiftieth time in line, I drive a stake through the hearts of profiteers. Amidst a diseased flock of rubenesque cherubs and angels who told me not to fret. They told me that very soon this paradigm will unravel and has already begun unraveling since the first homosapien learned how to think and analyze the Universe.

Frosted fudge burritos will undo us accordingly. Imagine what it is that they name their children in China or France. But it more than likely doesn't matter. Not entirely.

So, if you say you'd like to know me on a personal level I must warn you. I am unlike any expected expectation that you've conjured up in your feeble brain. This is no bland statement.

Or is that an understatement? Merrily I walk the wound but drown the vote.

"There's no shame in ignorance. Or so I was told once." His face looks worn in and familiar. "I believe you are correct." I replied.

"No, no. I don't believe you. Not yet."

So then that summer we did nothing but sit on the steamy front porch and ruminate over the lifespan of flies. All because that was the most interesting activity around. Yep. Such are the ways of Texas. I often wish I did not live in Texas. I often wish that Texas never existed. But what could I possibly do to make that a really permanent reality?

If you'd like to know... my name is Charlie, Robert, Jim, Andrew, Mike and Billy Bob. I have no permanent residence and I am not looking for one. But I implore you to enjoy your own existence. Before it atrophies beyond reproach.

I tell you this outside of confusion and mass delusion.

## II

The Moon she is glorious. Glorious. She has the ability to devour us whole. She glows effortlessly. Yes, she shines down upon us as if to say to us, "I am the Moon! You must adore me! But do NOT worship me! I am the Moon!"

Appreciate the Moon. Appreciate!

A man walked up to a contagious counter and let loose his emotional veinage. Nobody noticed initially. And so he maintained his air of complex superiority.

It's got nothing to do with confidence. It would be more accurate to refer to it as blatant honesty. This man knows who and what he truly is.

Judge not lest ye be judged firmly. Fudge topped pizza will abate no one further than the bold can postulate.

In another lifetime we shall dance morosely. Please, please read only to massage your pineal gland.

And if you do not measure up to society's expectations then tell 'em all to go take a long walk through the forest of akashic resonance.

Watching this and watching that. I know not what I watch when I watch it. Only because most dialogues on television tend to favor the usual uninspiring demotivational speech pattern.

Patterns! There's patterns in everything. There's everything in patterns.

Watching this weird 1990's film about ignored college students who subsist on Shakespeare. Watch it! Watch it! Watch!

Understanding the moon would be like trying to make sense of democracy. It is hallow and hollow. Yes it is. Very much so that we tend to ignore its presence. But it knows, it knows what we all are up to.

It knows us very well. Yep. You don't gotta' make an effort to understand anything these days.

Just keep in mind and keep looking into the Moon's glow and warm embrace. It knows us. It knows all about us.

"You gotta' keep doing what you're doing, man!" I said to myself out loud with a certain sense of my own prowess.

There is no death to fear. Death is but only a word of our own making. Why should we force ourselves to believe that such bleakness exists? Why? I say nuts to that! The entirety of life goes on and on with or without our arrogance. Doesn't matter to the Universe what Gods we do or don't believe in. We're all just guests here.

Temporary dinner guests.

"Do you have any idea what you're doing?" He asked.

"Of course I do." I said solemnly.

Not all conversations are the best ever spoken. Still others flow like fine wine.

When I was an orphan of nine and a half I was surrounded by male prostitutes. They all wanted me to be just like them but I could not. I did not want to soil my dignity for a mere ten bucks a blowjob. I inevitably wandered. I wandered through valleys and deserts.

My friends could not help me. My friends care more about themselves than they do about each other. Always have, always will. I'd make new friends if only there wasn't so much effort involved.

I met a girl and told her I'm a poet but she laughed in my face and called me a hopeless loser. Hopeless? Really? At least I'm not the one with burns and scabs all over my body. What a bitchy bitch!

I do like women but only when they are docile. Docile enough to be tamed. But then what woman can be tamed? Or human being for that matter.

Among these followers of consumerism I do feel safe and unspoiled. Hard to tell if I am being needlessly sarcastic. Haven't you ever felt this way? Not even once in your whole pathetic little mediocre life?

It is probably best that we not exchange pleasantries with most of the awkward beings that we run into on a day to day basis. Probably best. But then it would only apply if we were living under a form of dictatorship. Oh wait hold on... I believe we are. Yes.

Take a break here and go analyze your own breakfast meal; what did you cook today. Do you cook for yourself or just for your children? If you do not know then I suppose you can never know.

Whenever I look away from what I am eating I swear I can hear the pain and sorrow of every sentient being on this beautiful planet.

I trekked through that treacherous forest once more and found only garbage. Piles and piles of melted garbage. Perhaps I was wrong to blame someone; anyone. Just like we always envisioned. During such a snowy snowstorm of minor apocalyptic analogy. Vagrants. Vacant and vague notions of what it means to be a jealous ex-lover of life. Tears fall and fell in pools of atrophy.

When she could not respond to my wishful pleas I knew right then and there that she needed me to get lost. I don't think like you think I think. If I did I would not be here.

And so when my army pal came back from Afghanistan I asked him, "How many terrorists did you kill?" He did not answer me.

And so later that night we went to a dimly lit bar and knocked back a few. Other friends showed up after the stroke of eleven and we engaged in a game of billiards.

I asked my pal again, "How many terrorists did you kill?" He laughed but still did not answer. He won every game of billiards that night. He promised to return in the summer.

I often wish I could paint like Jackson Pollock or Vincent Van Gogh. Not just so I could show off my talent but primarily to create true masterpieces and have them preserved for future generations. I guess that's what I've been doing with my writing. But it would seem that few people give a damn right now. Woe is me.

Give it all my attention and intention. Intentionally focused I am. Like some winey wine soaked old believer sticking his hands in a Bavarian cream pie and licking the filling clean off.

When drunk women sleep they will often mutter evil utterances to themselves; unknowingly. This is no judgment; just the truth.

"I do not need you." She mumbled in her sleep.

"Yes you do." I replied.

"No. I don't love you." She mumbled some more.

"Okay. I understand." I left her that night.

I walked back to my cramped studio apartment and ate cereal for dinner. Cocoa puffs to be exact. Before going to bed I read a couple of chapters of an obscure sci-fi novel. It was quite engrossing.

I never saw her again except for in my dreams.

Read what Tolstoy has to say. Read what Marx has to say. Read what Melville has to say. Read what Thoreau has to say. Read what I have to say. Listen to what this great, magnanimous Universe has to say!

Plain not! Plain you are not!

### III

I knew it all before I came to this wretched place of a dimensional conflagration. Yes, sometimes words have more than one meaning but that does not grant us the permission to annihilate each other with sticks and swords and nuclear grievances. I am always wondering where the next made up threat will come from. The spirit cries; our spirit cries out. Collectively we need to stop each abuse.

Wonder and glory feign our interests. We gotta' remember to let the laughter echo throughout the Universe. There's always plenty of time to change.

Let the sea and tides take away such nonsensical emotional things we've been taught to believe in and hold sacred. Fuck it all! It only serves to make more war and chaos an institutional thing of profitability.

The vortex has got us mystified and subservient. It is the same damn vortex that sucked us all in three and a half centuries ago. There's tearing us away; it is among our defeatist elitist control.

So do not limit what your prophet speaks or utters. I'm afraid to listen to your popular pop star analogies. They're all mere marionettes controlled by the fast talking beings of the shadowed government.

So lead yourself to fame and fortuitous circumstance. Just don't expect every obstacle to bend or break according to your whim.

"Are you insane?" They asked me once.

"Yes. Of course I am. Why else would I be living this earthly existence?" I responded quickly.

"I don't think that's wise." They wanted me to be as doubtful as them.

"I am so sorry you feel that way. That is your choice."

A choice and chance at divinity is why these broad dynamics exist within each and every one of us! Do not forget eternity. It's too easy to jump up and blame these wounds of interracial dynamism. These illusory pains cannot kill us.

Twirl around, around and inhale the galactic stardust pervading your bones and wisdom gladdened thoughts. You are yourself and I am my one-self as well but still ever intertwined quite logically with the greater whole. Eternity is us. We are it!!

Lavender parabolas' teaching us of infused human emotionality and wisdom and how such is what we expect from ourselves during times of great fervor; acumen. No longer may our own vanity plague us.

Play with yourself. Pray for yourself. Religion is meeting its demise as well.

Playgrounds of unnatural visionary disgust discuss long division and secular romantic notes of which could not regulate the oil industry at all or during eternity. Fear unfolds insecurely not securely.

Losing oneself is always a good idea whenever such an occasion arises. Present yourself to the whole entire world of grand deceptions. As you would a child.

Projected innocence of another special recognition right in front of every turmoil & trial. Grammar and reasoning be damned! My biology is an affront for weathered patterns of senility.

I am a ghost in particular. Taking painstaking remarks and morphing them into something much more manageable by holy standards of illogicality.

Priests they run into gold plated cabins of loathing. How many times must we afford them the responsibility of managing the human race? If we give up we give in.

Run from purple pretentious pretenders who use up talented poetic verse. Claustrophobic stains aren't what they once were decades ago and ago. Am I not a fictional character between these plots and lines of story?

All is a farce and all is unjust. Hurting splinters and hurting tomes of tombs with granite & lime stone. Yes, give me what you require because we all know that when the shit hits your brain you'll be thinking of why nots and other regrets.

There is nothing that justifies every delayed deal of yours.

Recall insignificant loneliness inside soul-less forgetfulness and you shall see the withered efforts of men.

The only careful apocalypse has passed our waking hours of clarity long ago! Push for democracy & fearful things! It can only make us better peoples of a once unstable unfocused generation. Right? Left?

Killing things and judgmental attitudes of yesterday's old acknowledged scholars. We gotta' be pertinent more than ever! I can show you how much the dream state matters and *should* matter to us humans!

These days I only have my insanity to carry me through these caverns. These days most people only rely on their financial aptitude to slay them into submission. Perhaps all is meant to be the beast of burden.

All that I am is not your concern. Nor has it ever been your concern.

Continue down that road of self discovery and eat what you fucking want to eat without staples. Smiling politely. I've noticed that pain is often an attribute I cannot afford. Again I speak only to speak. If only I could weep for those who cannot weep. I am not saying I'd like to be a savior of sorts. Maybe... in some regard but not entirely.

"Keep writing as you always do." This is what she said to me when we were both teenagers. Both lonely and disillusioned teenagers.

"I know. I believe I will always be this writer of sentiments and uncensored mendacity." This is how I replied.

"That is good. That is great. Don't stop and don't let your mind get in the way."

"Okay. I won't stop and I will not."

Green and swirled efforts of marbled disguises evaded me internally. In my own mind's eye I stay subtle. The subtle observer of truth and hypocritical oafs.

Understand. Understand there's plenty to be grateful for. Plenty.

Like this friend from high school asked me to help him write some book idea for him. I told him I could only write out my own interpretation of his story.

I lost interest rather quickly and began writing of a lost love of mine. The first girl to ask me out. Her name was Crystal or Jackie or Fiona. Well, perhaps I don't recall her exact name (really I do) but I do recall her glowing smile and vibrant spirit.

It happened during 7<sup>th</sup> grade math class. I was trying to find the value of X when she leaned over and whispered: "Will you go out with me?"

I was stunned and didn't know how to respond. I somehow choked out a resounding, "No." Ain't that a bitch! I think perhaps somehow my subconscious answered for me.

Today, she lives in Los Angeles and is a struggling actress studying her craft. She has blossomed quite nicely. I do hope she lands that perfect role that'll really showcase her talent. Would be nice to say I knew her way back when.

I wish I could tell her flat out what she means to me and how much she inspires me. She is one of those influential women who rarely knows just how influential she can be.

I do not write this because I am perplexed. I only write this in order to maintain some form of clarity. I take breaks now and then from the melee of civility. As much as I might like to be a part of society at large... I can never really see past my own perspective.

Perhaps it is an affliction or something else. Don't you have long drawn out conversations with yourself? I do. I mean who else am I supposed to talk to? Especially since I only live with myself in my head. It is rent controlled and bullshit proof.

"Where are you going?"

"Do I need some place to go?"

“Yes. Possibly. You gotta’ have one place in mind.”

“Hmm. Maybe Alaska.”

“Alaska?”

“Yes. Alaska.”

“Okay. Why not Paris?”

“Oh! Yes, of course Paris!”

“First, I must reevaluate some stuff.”

“No. Just go to Paris.”

That is sound advice I’ve given myself. And I am full of great ideas.

Certain parts of myself have died out. I expected as much but now I don’t know how to deal with such loss. I’ll just have to sketch some stuff out. Out sketched.

I’m not much of a sketcher. I’m a much better colorist. I’m a good writer and also one hell of a guitarist. That’s what I’ve been told.

I’ve never written a real physical letter to someone. Well, maybe once but it was a stupid love letter that never once mentioned the word love. On and on it went.

Did you hear about Joe? Yes, you know which Joe. He up and quit his day job to become a ventriloquist. Good for him, good for him. I’ve quit mine own day job many times over.

Okay, okay. So, I just went to Jack in the Box and ordered three chicken sandwiches and two orders of curly fries. But the dumbasses gave me *four* orders of curly fries!

I almost complained but then I realized that I had no real cause to complain. Some people in other countries would probably kill each other for just a handful of curly fries. There’s a universality that binds everything and everyone.

Tell yourself this is all just a lie that turned into a dream that turned into a large lie. Smack yourself in the eyeballs and brains for ever believing it in the first place.

Recognize; recognize. Don’t beg for some balance. Remind yourself to create oxygen. It is a lie. This life (is) what follows impurity. There’s no space time larger than the one inside. Feel like Icarus and Fly.

## IV

Curving towards infinity and back. She hovers over my grief. I try to forget what makes her... her. No such luck. She curves. She's reluctant. I am too cowardly to turn things inside out. She curves with purpose. Like all women do. It is not up to me to define her or evolve her senses. Though, I wish I could. I am no hero. Truth and honesty are of the same maker. Curving towards infinity. She returns only when she has become lost & insecure. Even then... she will always curve right back to Infinity. Infinity.

Underneath a cultivated pine tree I did observe the most peculiar observations of my lifetime. Squirrels played harmonics on an old Fender Stratocaster. I conversed with them for only a spare second. They had nothing applicable to say. The cycle continues on.

There can be no "death". Death is a collective delusion. Transformation is more of a certainty than death ever could be or ever was. Nor is there an end to anything.

On my smart-phone I doth protest over the blatant ignorance of my forlorned generation. Visibly viable and insanely astounding sounds pour out from betwixt my cerebellum. If you think I am lying well then fuck off! I cannot lie any longer about what thoughts formulate within me and my soul.

By one millionth of a second of a morsel of an altered cheese sandwich which I digested unwittingly. Life tastes the same when under antagonistic rule. Beauty both surrounds and evades us.

Why must we all be such ignorant assholes? Is it truly something ingrained in our social psyche? This could be a fact or maybe a fictional faction.

Burning guitars and flames abounding up, up towards ever present demolition as the white house with all its conscious fear disintegrates justly. These things I cannot ignore or abandon.

At the age of three I tended to the aid of a homeless man who was sifting through garbage and murmuring salutations to himself. I had a full brown bag of luncheon meat, potato chips and one apple. I did not ask him anything or even why he was sifting through discarded melon rinds. I simply held out my sack lunch and motioned for him to take it. He needed it more than me. He looked as though he was not at all that different from me. Now that I think back on it... he reminded me of me.

Darkly infused peanut hazes with side effects uncommon amongst the privileged few democrats. Grieving as they usually do over spoiled beef and unfulfilled prophecies. I lamented not for such harbingers of deliberate sorrow.

Run your own life as you see fit and care not for the opinions of others! We must be true to ourselves no matter the cost! Even if you find yourself without a limb or brain to speak upon!

Deceivers they like to beg and plead for more temporal control. You see, it is their way of justifying their own horrific existence. Barring reality; they like bar everything within their world.

Faces without faces. Rebellious protesters are not for thankless prosecutors' eyes.

"You are worthless and viable all at the same time." Some females speak.

"Yes. This is true and quite unanimous." I hear a voice in the distance answer.

We've all gotta' be golden magical orbs of pure pleasure and delight. The world is not for treasonous backstabbers or ridiculed faith healers anymore. A cold pale visage displays across my skinned allegorical prominence.

You do know of course that this kingdom of democracy and hypocrisy will come tumbling down around us. It will implode upon itself but not before consuming everything associated with it.

So take out your buttered sustenance and you shall vanquish that which does not serve your highest purpose! Glittering deniability will also follow.

Look upon the new dawn as if it were your brand new best friend because indeed it is. Blame none for your existence. Blame yourself if you must.

Figurative glances and abstract allusions keeping me to my backside of pain and its many painless atrophies. Perforated performances aplenty. I told her to wait for me outside near the rose bush and between the bicycle shop but she did not.

Surrender and you will see into vortices of unrelenting controlled substantial kisses; not romantic.

Surrender your booty! Surrender your beauty! Dripping masses of church goers eating prostituted pigeon meat sprinkle it with Chaucer and hints of vanity.

Nothing is pacified nowadays. Resistance is a mere infantile anomaly. And yes our health beckons for truth amongst the truthless.

Much like a tortoise racing against no hare. I am Your God! You are not!

So come on and let us feast on corn nibbles and mustard chunks. Preying on masochism and fashioned terrorist acts of steely danger. You do not want to know what lurks beside you!

Your blackened catfish stalls vocal influences emanating from diaphanous caregivers' wine pouches. They say all is darkest before its last reign of ignorance. And there may just be a morsel to suck on in this here cabinet installation. Is there no feat greater than to make modern man fly without wings or machinery?

At the tender age of sixteen I invited over this girl whom I had no crush on but who seemed indestructible and impervious to the socialites of our days. She defended my arguments and I defended her decisions. Many opposing forces, considered to be the popular populace, came after us and assaulted us mentally and physically. It grew increasingly difficult to imagine living in world without such constant torment. But such was how teenage life turned out to be.

A week or so after graduation I heard from an acquaintance that she committed suicide almost by accident but entirely on purpose. There was no grand ceremony or memorial service for her life. Though, I made every effort to make sure each of our former classmates remembered her

effervescence. You wanna' know what I did? Let's just say it involved tons of whipped cream, toilet tissue, egg yolks and pig's hooves.

All feeling of what we once were has been lost many times before the beginning of this beginning in a stitch of continuance. Learn as you go along the gilded path made for lovers and heart reducers. Whatever holes remain fused will be alarmed and steadily awakened into wholeness. I (him) have no other reason for exiting other than to guide the rest and whoever shall follow blindly down the rabbit hole.

Muffins and candy offer no lasting replenishment. Nourishment is what we are all in dire need of right now. Stop denying your own potential awesomeness! You can be a dragon. You can be a banshee. You can be an eagle soaring majestically above the streets and minds of discarded analogous believers. Lighted. Ignite all that is stale!

Beautiful dreamers awaiting the forklift and other nonsensical analysis overnight. Quite the contrary; our universe is indeed home to an unfathomable number of civilizations. The word family must extend outward and beyond any perceived limits of stubbornness.

Cosmology contends that notions of solitude are useless in the grand scheme of things.

Shear cut your attempts at duplication and lasting immortality. (I am not holy.)

Feels as though we've gone in cycles an infinite amount before we were even cognizant of what it means to be conscious of life.

Spiritual analogies shall develop further over their due course. (Jesus was a man.)

Never go within with the intent of finding something special about your identity. Only go within if you believe yourself to be nothing more than an ego-less seeker. Displacement does not wait for any one sentient being.

Life and life again I vanquish the same totalitarian profiteers. Do we or do we not know why our tears evacuate during recession?

I loved and loved it all.

I stumbled and stumbled onto theoretical luminance.

Leave lonely wolves to their own devices and they'll surprise even the darkest of intentions.

Plein inquiries into madness and unstable conventions yield only more doubtful pertinences.

I used to be able to write every paradox on a bucket of wormy worms without batting an eyelash at my oppressors. But now it has shifted; this esteem and leveled evolutionary diction. In love like goaded castrations of a Casanova.

Waffles, waffles, waffles, pure.

The devil he sees us stabbing for fame and just relaxes his haunches atop syrupy waffles.

Not that such a being exists in physicality or other dimensionality.

Now it all seems clearer than the clearest blue lagoon I have never seen at all.

Forgive me or not if all this seems to be no more than one man's obnoxious observatory hopes and wishes.

.....  
.....

I shall shine and you shall shine.

Zephyr-like in appearance and division.

Divine none other than lighted revolutionary revolutions.

Make of this consciousness what you will. (vaguely.)

Blank and vacant eyes tried to recall the day that that one particular burger joint was set on fire by the police force. Outside the trees smelled of black mesquite and greasy french fries. Cooly, they returned to their game of dominoes and freeze tag. Entertainment was originally designated for kings and queens. They choked on it in between intervals of war and conquering one another.

**V**

Rely not on archaic scripture. Be wise and drink no spoiled soiled wine.

I refuse to be your oddity! But if I must then I must. Just don't point at me and expect me to believe in all of your fallacies.

I've never had much use for religious matters. This pains my mother for sure. Though, she knows I am good natured. Still, I think she wishes I were devout. Little does she know; I am so devout that no dogma can stick to me. I am without limits or sin. I cannot believe in sin of any kind.

I despised the traditional Sunday mass as a boy. I still pretty much do. I remember being forced into a pair of itchy khaki pants and equally uncomfortable polyester shirt by my father. To me... church service always seemed like a cleverly disguised cult of guilt trippers.

Besides, nothing man made is guaranteed to last. Religion may work for some but not for all. This I am certain of.

I happen to believe that people need only to believe in the potential within. Everything else works itself out.

There are serpents in the toilet who want to slither out. They are conscious of many things that we aren't. Yet, all they'd like to do is slither out and about.

Oh how wonderful my childhood was! Well, most of it. I remember those long glorious summer days filled with super soaker shoot outs and ice cream sandwich socials. Truth be told... I spent many a day immersed in everything *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle* related. Then time passed.

Most days I walk the sidewalks of my neighborhood; looking at plants and cloud clusters. Cars whizz by so fast that I only catch glimpses of their color. I come across the occasional stray dog and wave. Most people fear such lost creatures but I do not. For I understand their particular plight.

There's an interesting store on one of the corners. It looks like a typical convenient store but inside they sell many wondrous things. Their prices can be steep but every now and then they sell something so spectacular that it just urges you to possess it.

Purple vagrant mockeries juxtaposed against pale backgrounds of unethical regurgitations left me jolly and raped. Emotions left it in a brass box. There is no lock and no key or combination.

And I've come to the realization that even the worst of us needs a grilled cheese sandwich at least twice a week. Mmmm. Yummy. When all else fails... cheese is a certainty.

I've written ten books thus far. Most of which are poetic anomalous compilations and prose experimentations. All were self published of course. So far, I am not widely read. Unless you count the stuff I post on my varied personal blogs. I don't really count those. But perhaps I should.

I don't know just how much I like or despise the internet. It certainly is a valuable resource and tool. Yet, so much of it is misused and deliberately sabotaged by the usual capitalist fallacy.

I speak the truth. My own truth but a truth nonetheless. Haven't you ever noticed how both lies and truths are mere fabrications of the human psyche?

Forever rested proudly atop lonely loiterers. Blue sage and yellow charisma filled my lungs when I inhaled carnality and exhaled dichotomies.

She's a pain and a pleasure to know. Her bright orange hair gave me something to look forward to each day. Her scent would always send me to states of habitual introspection. Love?

No it was not love. Was not much of anything other than vast frustration. Meaningless? Not at all meaningless. I don't but into the concept of meaninglessness. Anyone who does deserves to be punched in the gut. Punched in the gut. Gut.

There was a boy I met in ninth grade who wanted to carve a likeness of himself out of solid glass. Many called him crazy and/or insane. Nevertheless, he kept at it. Despite numerous cuts and gashes. Determined was his middle name.

He once told me, "Do not be so critical of your rough draft life. Consciousness is a stream. Life is a river. Existence is an ocean. And the rest is... well... the rest."

We were never great friends. Primarily because he was far more reclusive than me. Though, ultimately I was him and he was me.

Indigenous bio-chasms upset our dismay. I'm a man. I'm an original painful watercolor; exuberant diocese. Emotional wounds heal and repair all time holes. Found or not found. Recollection requires no matter.

On February 2<sup>nd</sup> he slipped into a new atmosphere. Left his old shell for a broader more expansive multiverse. We all knew it was his time. I knew it was time for another chapter. Time for creating a paradigm worth knowing. Time for creating a paradigm suitable for flexibility and sustainability. Time for many such things. When do we implement?

Confront yourself or confront no other. Think of more hostile days unfolding and revealing merriment. Hidden joys and pleasures.

"I like nachos."

"That's good."

"I like insanity."

"That's great."

I am a writer of my own farcical romantic shortcomings. What I formulate is more than postulation.

"Dude, you gotta' do what I tell you to do! How else are we gonna' make it big?" Anthony spoke while clutching his bong and licking its exterior hungrily.

I despised him thoroughly back then. It was not long ago but it does indeed seem like an eternity ago. Florida was such a culprit. She both lured and cured me.

Entities; entities. Seemingly justified positions of unnatural authoritative predicaments crawling up against our tree hugging relatives. Walk alone as if today were the last days of the last days of the last days of momentary relapses.

It is hard to be relevant nowadays. Especially when relevance keeps dying her hair black, blue, gold and brunette. Especially. And there was also a death that took place inside your chasm.

Prefer thick existential diets of grilled worms and mice tails. Stale. Be still and gather around the old wishing well. You know which well! You know how well you must praise each masochistic day! Lying and laying in piles of garbage unsanitary. Habitual sympathy is what you gave to me and him and them. No one soul can be innocent until proven unknown; unfamiliar.

The liars come and find our teeth to sell to every right handed bandit within this nation of capitalist flesh creators. Dropping acid down inside deep banana splits. Hopping and skipping over dirty dirt clods so as to misappropriate substantial closed dementia. Funny boy flying over rooftops.

It has taken so long for me to recall that time one thousand days ago when the sunshine blasted their hearts with primal mixtures of convenience and precious luminosity. Illuminate! Eat each other or eat more soiled truth. DO NOT FOLLOW. Breathe like you mean it. Spit and salivate like you need it; you do indeed need it.

Relief is coming down the Nile. Ganges river beds. Heads drowning helpless but purportedly pursuing one way dichotomies. This is there will be for us. This is all there has ever been for us. For us Humans.

If you go to funerals wearing black ties and sporting dry eyes I recommend you do not fret. What you see before you is but a reflection, real but not something to be feared. All is well and able to decipher itself. You mustn't allow it to puzzle your speaking voice. Lovely ponderance it can be and make you into a philosophic be-lie-ver.

Orchards turning older. Making wiser cider to sell in the marketplace of which whole grains are consumed not too often but often enough. Mothers shouting at the passage of time and unruly toddlers. They know that starting over is not an option available to them.

We're liars. Groups of negligence we've become. We are all liars. Unknowingly pursuing fame's glorious bitch phase. There's point to the pressure of finger pointing. Nope. Just as though Mozart was uncomfortable with guilty emperors and their needy attention spans. Sometimes we cannot ignore the wet shit or the dry shit.

To know me is to not know me. Some would say hilarity abounds.

## VI

Where there is goodness there has always been darkness. Always salt and pepper, always pepper and salt. When I was born I could not conclude much of anything. When you were born... you could not preclude any one of your identities.

Expansive pain. Expansive pain. Pleasurably encountering the visceral cooperation that comes with being born into shameless habitats of shapely shadowy passions.

Know your fear for it knows you well. It knows you well!

Rotting inside melon holes and sugary preliterate ages of decades of yearly evidence of weightlessness. Save the date because shit adds up to the next millennium and beyond.

A little saint he imagined all that he saw was but a mere hopeless dream. The flowers he picked and watered were manifested by his soul's desire for beauty. Even though he crawled through mud and weeds and ground up virginity he still believed that much of it was permanent. Of course it was not!

His reality is not real. Your reality is not real. We're temporary explorers inhabiting temporary vessels of duality. Do not forget this; do not turn your back too far back and around.

And I was a guest of my own temperament. Justified by only one fifth of an ounce of latent reasoning. Without seasoning to jest this makeshift body we shall deteriorate multiple times.

Stronger peoples voyaged across great phantoms of oceanic wonderment just to settle into some routine to call their own. Do you think they meant it? Do you think you mean to be so cruel?

My one worry means nothing to these wandering manipulators of washed wealth. Stupidity and flagrant disregard for human life warns no one. None of us should sit here one second longer than is needed; truly. Stop listing all of your one-eyed mistakes and just go out and do what must be done! If they disagree then one must naturally tell 'em all to go fuck themselves harder than hard!!

Time is no manager. Stumble as often as you must. Get out of time while there's still time. Because existence is one thick headed mother fucker.

Shopping should be referred to as CHOPPING. Enriched minds blindly consume and subsist on these consumerist fascist dictations! Censor nothing! I'll bend backwards for freedom but NOT for more blatant capitalism.

Do not buy! DO NOT BUY! DO NOT BUY! The end of another ending is on the horizon.

Harmonies tell no lies. Do not back down! (do not touch Willy.)

Underneath things of godly origin you shall find the human spirit and raise its frequency to unfathomable dimensions of blissful sentience.

Poop shoots fertile seedlings of ideas and ideals for the new golden age of mankind. We need only to harvest them.

Left some combs underneath perforated canvas frames. He could not and would not incorporate them into his artwork. Genius. Genius that he was. His far out acquaintance liked to ridicule him bi-weekly.

"Why can't you paint stuff like other artists paint stuff?" Her hair flowed for miles and miles down her curved backside and ended somewhere in between her buttocks.

"I cannot and will not be like other artists!" He took a shot of tequila and a shot of vodka.

She did not reply but instead joined him in commiseration.

"Here's to all the artists who refused to compromise!"

They both took three more shots of something or other and chased it with beer. They did not pass out but definitely fell asleep. Genius.

Peanut butter excursions lead to exciting afternoon sandwiches. I'll usually enjoy a PB&J after midnight. Just tastes better after midnight. Not sure why but it does.

After consuming eight slices of sausage & onion pizza I ruminated over unknown postulations. It was nice. She stared at me vacantly. She was nice.

Life is good. Life is exceptionally good. Don't believe me? (laughter)  
Searching souls stretch to infinity. Right through mediocre institutions and established establishments. This prose excursion is coming along nicely. Nicely viable.

Tomorrow we will rise with the Sun. Not literally but pretty damn close to literal. Closely damned is what we all are. Always were.

Love is a many splendid thing. That's what she said. That's what I said. That's what they said. Once upon an age when age was irrelevant.

As walruses vacated special summer spots for the ages... she slapped my heart; hardly. She said, "I want you to die when I need you to die." I smelled her neck and back fat. It instantly transported me to a magical bakery in which bear claws cost a penny and chocolate chip cookies were abundant. People are born every day. But reborn rarely.

Gamma rays and robust fictional index cards fed this world that belongs to my super subconscious. I used to be scared of white cheddar cheese popcorn. Something about its kernels just rubbed me wrongly.

Every time I asked her out she turned me down in some new creative way. She once even hired a barbershop quartet. They sang like doves but their message was so obvious and hostile.

The next day I tried calling her but she would not answer my calls. So I called her best friend and her best friend told me to stop bothering both of them. Still... I got the sense that they liked being bothered. Don't most women enjoy being bothered?

Ten years later her best friend became addicted to tons of pain killers. She overdosed on purpose on a Sunday afternoon. No one attended her funeral because she was cremated. Her ashes were never claimed.

As luck would have it, she was also three months pregnant. The father was her father. It was an agreed upon arrangement of sorts. Incestuous but agreed upon. Agreed.

We must be ourselves or be forever doomed to repeat ourselves. Destiny. This is the way of man. Am I serious? Don't ask me if I'm serious.

Crack open another head. Have another beer. Have another shot of bourbon. Have another glass of white wine.

For you will *never* know my truth! You are blind and docile. Just like an old raggedy doll with its stuffing torn out and burned to ash. Why must I ink such descriptions? Don't ask me why! Don't touch me!

Let it all be as malleable as a crystal blue tide. I love you and you love them. For every always will lead to our sensational salvation. Jesus and Buddha are the same damn entity. Yes, they are!

Do not argue. Do not argue. Do not argue. I miss the holiday season. I crave some turkey, mashed potatoes, stuffing, cranberry sauce and candied yams. Oh my! Such cravings can be torture!

I've had the same affliction for the past two weeks. Two weeks. But it's not like it's serious. I'm not serious!

"Would you like to create a monster out of discarded Popsicle sticks?"

"Um... sure I guess."

So we set to work straight away. I turned a bit right but maintained my composure. It was hard not to laugh.

"Do you know where you are? You're in downtown Juarez, man! You're gonna' die!"

Hurt people sometimes hurt people. This is what I thought of as we walked around and ate corn out of Styrofoam cups. I had mine with butter and cheese and salsa. Before the walk was through she grabbed my face and kissed my forehead. We said our good-byes.

Hard to believe I was once a helpless fetus. Though not entirely unbelievable. Every one of us started out as these human tadpoles.

Wouldn't you like to know where to go when this magical lifetime comes to an impasse? Wouldn't you like to know if soy cheese is an adequate substitute for pain?

I've tried and tried and tried and tried. Love is morose yet sentimental. I do in fact like grilled soy cheese sandwiches. Do you love yourself?

I believe in it all. I believe in most things. I just don't like people telling me what I should and should not believe in. If I choose to worship a cheese log then I'm gonna' worship a motherfuckin' cheeselog!

And yes I know that chocolate malt balls are the least of our worries now. But it's not like we can do much about it. Or maybe we can but just don't know it yet.

Countless other beings are jealous as well.

## VII

A pillager never pillages twice. A romancer never romances the same person less than one million times. Because we knew what is what before it could be called what.

Plowing wheat fields with horses attached to honest plows. Making sure every shred of decency adds up to another pile of another pile of immaculate shit. Oh! She's a skanky bitch only because she likes to be indecent.

Giving gum and hope. We're giving gum and hope to homeless senators in an effort to stave off stupidity. Dooming down their glory. Isn't it always safe to backstab and poke the bear with sharpened bone fragments?

A marriage of equal non-rights to go along with your holiest of holy scripted scriptures. Damn this logic of which you have no control over. Poison us now and poison us well! We're all freaked out servants!

I am going to take an icicle of truth and stab every single one of these abused and abandoned formulas of unclarified knowledge! Yet subtle deviations make us immune and aggravated at the same cathartic moment.

Momentous analogies of yester year feasted our eyes on fish hooked onto religious dimensional altitudes while wearing perforated jean shorts. Deaf women stare at blind aged cheddar wheels because they could not reconcile their own self worth over their self loathing.

Loneliness is the bitch goddess that steams forward busted rhymes  
vapidly into our corporate government. Everything is everything!  
Swallow victoriously; vivaciously. Still... we must let the randomness be  
as random as pillow faults.

Winking dialects make sense of pleasurable attitudes against dimly lit  
apocalypses when the cafeteria has run out of peeled potato wedges.  
Wasps hovering over carpeted impediments steal glances. Waltzing  
above evening water tides. It is almost as if I have no spacious vacuum to  
call me now. I derive no pleasure from this.

She said it was not viable; musically. Take your plate of refried  
punishment and throw it out the window at all those passersby. Reality is  
just as farcical when it needs to be/become amusing.

Everything looks better from the end of nuclear weaponized cannon  
fodder.

Paint your perfection with two cold cucumbers grounded into archaic  
jello molds. Do not forget me. Play games of chance with little defeat.  
Do not reuse me. Make love to your confused and misinformed husband.  
Make sure not to like it much. Create friction where there needn't be  
friction. Do not forget me.

Guillotines are special choices of guilt ridden cost effective groups of  
shit heads who do not know much about peace or circumstance. Best to  
propose more proverbs under new management. But most managers are  
arrogant assholes who have no business managing anyone or anything!

What can we chase today? Maybe money, maybe fame. When we die  
will there be more crap to chase? Taste something better than capitalism.

Silver kisses making wishes and grinning Chinese women frolicking  
through green forests of debt. Soul longing.... Peeling bananas as though  
the days of our lives shall drain unwillingly. Mouth equals words  
unspoken. Politics equals hot air inflating egos.

I wish for your happiness; truly. I wished it into being. Prayed  
voluntarily every night. I am glad it manifested but as the same time I am  
also jealous. Jealous!

I am jealous that your husband gets to put his arm around you whenever he so wishes. I am jealous that he gets to make love to you consecutively and without great struggle. My lust for you was always far too metallic. It would have destroyed us both.

I can only speculate now but I know this to be truth.

All of life is a gigantic speculative conscious effort. Historic analyses.

Running backlash defeatist memorable moments of faith healers' herbal abundance made me swoon.

How could you possibly know what goes on inside my synaptic amusement? HOW!!!

We all eat hay and expect the establishment to make things smell like cookies.

Theoretically speaking we should overthrow every single one of these authoritative figures who so effortlessly steal from us and keep us bonded by rehashed promises and suppressed technologies.

Our human analogy can often be as zephyrean as any foreboding wind agreement. Off I go into the wild blue yonder.

And yes her sexiness induced something wild and unstable within mine loins. What was I to do but ride these wavy emotions towards elation?

Numbers and logic denying lusty busty roommates their comeuppance; beginning with the invention of harshly distributed techno music. So take that fucking fudge bar and hurl it galactic like and all that crazy caca sense.

You wanted me to save you from that egregious edge of humanity of which you've grown accustomed to shirking and jerking. Beauty queen paradox.

Poetic excursions and prose annihilations are what I infuse into today's meanderings. Do not let your poet suffer before your juiced up eyes!

Pain an antiquated notion of remorseful third dimensional beings. Sentience is a both a whore and a chore. Yet... it chose us and we chose it! Pushing it all into infinity! And I say to you that if such loneliness and swarthy recollections insist on blocking your vision then you must do whatever we deem unthinkable. Smash the globular dark matter.

Take a cent and divide it by pi then subtract sentimental attitudes of once abandoned prophets. Al I've got to do is tell her what makes her facial recognitions shine so magnanimously! Her face is usually displaced by democracy & vile etiquette.

A sordid resurrection declared us healthy yet poisoned by society's ills. Creatures we are and creatures we consume. That stitched vegan philosopher spent a summer in diet pills and antidepressants. Before you were so willing to know me I could stand up to most miscreants and shove whole bars of soap down, down into their pink brains.

The yellow bricked sanity sterilizes all visionaries! Eighty eight is the number she wore down with. Within absentia.

Feelings of holiness left us dry and vapid once again. Once again I really need you to tell me who or what it has turned into. This oneness begins to surface; agile as acrobatic aliens.

I hope it all remains. Wild shooting galleries set the cautionary stage for us humans. Cosmically I am the eternal flame.

Her nameless experiences still float around and mind not what purpose she uses her body for. There's much to be dissected over such external superfluous superficiality. I despise superficial entities. Yes... yes. I am a telekinetic wonder of modernity.

Wearing my eyeglasses and munching on toasted sourdough slices. That's how it all comes into focus for me, you, them and us. Some things are better left to un-professionals.

The little believer who lies is just as much to blame as the whole damn human race. Forked clarinets play on and play subtle variations of black purposeful infancy. A widely wide deniability. We still gotta' evolve into luminescence. No amount of resistance can force it off.

Pivotal spin. Monumental win. Placate platitudes for they suffocate you. Do not forget to dance the dance of cheese and delight.

But then you see I saw her stepping forward from out of the aftermath of that fabled terrorized attack. The debris was not plenty. Quasars pulsed but could not return. I ran up to her and shook her hand. She

shook her head but only because she was disoriented by the smell of conspiracy. After an hour we hugged and dined on chili dogs with onions and sauerkraut.

I cannot face this anymore.

## VIII

Fantasies will be fanning the flames. It is all happening in its own due course of course. Yes, you know what it needs to be when the need arises here, friend. Friendly.

Oddly enough you really tried to make a great movie or film. I purchased a copy and watched it on a sober stomach. Perhaps not the best way to watch it but nonetheless I did find some enjoyable moments in it. I especially loved your scenes. Every other actor seemed to be pushing their performance. They either tried too hard or not hard enough. You just keep doing what you are doing and great things shall come your way.

Sun sets then changes the day henceforth.

Driving along in my automobile nobody really knows just what I perceive on this glorious day. Cars that whizz by have no recognizability to me or to themselves now. But I swear I am not drunk or hazy on the details. At a stop light some young girls pull up in a black convertible and start singing along to some annoying pop song. They toss back their heads and raise their arms up high as if to say to the world, "We're awful singers and we don't give a damn!"

When the light turned green they sped off so quickly that they almost smashed into a nearby motorcyclist. I couldn't help but think what morons they must be.

So you think I walk weird huh! Fuck you! What the fuck do you fuckin' know, prostitute!! You fucking prostitute of capitalism!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You know what? I am glad that I do not walk like the rest of you cactus

swallowers! Who is gonna' remember someone that walks like everyone else?!!! Fuck off you dickless self serving nihilistic frog fucker! I don't give a damn. Go blow yourself behind an abandoned Twinkie factory.

We are not solidified! We are not so physical as those bastards of authority have led us to believe. We are no more limited than free flowing water is limited. In other words... we are extremely powerful and extremely unlimited!!

Otherwise now I wanna' tell you I like your stylistic fate.

She used to remind of a very familiar and beautiful actress who was known for her nude scenes and sultry dialogue. And she used to know me personally. And I once avoided her like the plague. We never even kissed or fornicated. I suppose now she's married to some jack-off with huge muscles and no brains.

Don't you know who you must become?

Verily merrily beaten into submission by obstacles unknown like gangsters wearing yellow plasma pants.

In the kitchen we find fallacies that were once created by cosmically ordered cows with long eighth horns protruding from their utters and such. Everything that was Zen is no longer sexy or inescapable. Violence is a protrusion within Harlem heavy neighborhoods. Daily and nightly guns massacre innocence!!! Yes the people are also to blame but so are the mother fuckin' weapons!!

Get high on peace and love and coexistence. We occupy the same planet for a purpose. No it is not to profit off of one another's misery and incompleteness. There's not much reason to believe in government these days.

Purplish funk infusions screamed deficit at my holy caramel milked eyes! Her thighs are a legacy untouched. She beckons and understands the art of teasing men. Could not begin to believe in these laws by which fires are forged. Nude satire amuses friends but also none.

I eat chains that lock sensual pleasurable serenades! I want to construct an affidavit of sorted scents and pastries without icing or sprinkles.

Enchiladas named Richard crippled capitalism within swimming dreams of pastrami ruminations. Dying red oranges black and white with vague spots of glory.

Limbs are often insufferable because we make them so vacuous, deathly hollow. Go ahead and poop in your hands then fling it at the president and his cabinet (dis)members! Allow *them* to choke for a change.

It was too late to slip her my phone number underneath her plastered biology. Forked spills of oil and semen sent diabolical dames towards certain lame atrophy. Pie. Chocolate pie reads lightly in dimly lit afternoon shuttle rides.

Breaded human hearts consumed by abolitionists with Tabasco sauce and spices pairs nicely with blood soaked wine. Cannibalistic choirs sang out loud but not about Christ or primordial recollections. No, they wanted to wash away our ugly uncertain skins of endearment. Yes.... Skins.

Our leader is a fraud! Our leaders are ALL fucking frauds! Fraudulent and hopeless. Scum and bacteria are not capable of being near their vicinity.

Spinning webs of guilty golden nihilism. In this country it is better to go to war than to work things out or talk them over. What the fuck kind of logic is that??? This is not the United States of Fuckery! Last time I check it was the United States of America.

Hair flows naturally down backs and legs so smooth. Hate and love coincide more so than we care to notice. Take the time to understand this or forever be confused and frightened by life in general. (Generals)

Sleeping away tyranny. Sleep away the manifold. Would you care to know what it is that Christ held up to the Galactic Center? It is not this democracy. It is not this consumerist paranoia. It is not these drug induced states of hilarity or contentment. Embrace yourself in order to know yourself.

Beef steaks inherit disorder from their parental sentient beings who know no other way to stain. Bad sentences make for true realities' milestones.

Millions and millions of deaths do not faze us. Per chance to dance a mile in unwanted shoes logically is considered sinful by those not so holy popes. Love must be allowed.



Stop your voting and counting on countless manipulators' overblown bullshit! They only respond to decadence and violence. They are the true ruling shaded (un)government.

Fuck your capitalism!!!! Fuck off, capitalism! Life will return! Life must return!!

Holy divers needn't be so callous and/or conditioned to accept a government raping.

Happiness is a marbled convergence upon which I do not step lightly. Only because I see every single little line that divides humanity from humanity from humanity from humanity from dichotomy from monarchies from cold hearted wizardry. But most of them are asleep.

I exist for a reason don't I? Don't you? Hollowness cannot be the purpose. Profits cannot be our only recourse within this thoughtless paradigm of pretentious currency hoarders.

Angels cry and chant. They cry and chant! For us they are willing to reshape the very state of these things. You see, all is not well.... not quite yet.

A dawn allegiance underneath broad strokes of infertile justice and abandonment; tears well up reluctantly. I must profess myself to myself. There is no more red to subterfuge along the submarines of eternal grievance.

My feelings multiplied as I stood there amidst darkened memories of internal crises. Trees were not so green but tried their hardest to surrender truth and wisdom; centuries old.

Still I felt the need to stab through apoplectic souls. Turning back seems like too much of a waste when faced with white washed importance. Forgiveness; false starts hope for more than bliss.

Smash your face, smash your television! Study every thing in your present presence.

Large quantities of waves and bass beats fluctuate right through our ego when we least expect it. Buy nothing! Buy nothing useful! Buy nothing useless!

Speak easy or hardly or vaguely or infrequently. Whatever delights your fancy. Some say we are never born and never die.

I am this generation's nomothetic leader! You worry but you know it is true. I am meant to take this millennium and shove it up every being's (ur)anus!

Insanity is all that I have these days. Why? Oh I don't know it could have a lot to do with the fact that my friends have left me on the side of every road traveled and every orifice sponged off by jokes. Sullen I contemplate steel vestiges of proper first dates.

Is it not but a vast cosmic allusion within an infinite amount of illusions and deceptions??! Death is for the living. Apple pies need to be cooled on the maximum holiday festively; festivals unlike riddles.

Belief is subjective. Especially when you consider the possibility for other worlds with other civilizations and plenty of patient observers waiting for their turn to traverse the Universe. We know very little about ourselves! Yet, we insist on supporting archaic ideals and ideologies.

You may think me unrealistic but I say it is YOU who be the unrealistic one!

You believe in war, poverty, famine, disease, homelessness and hunger. Serious.

I believe in peace, love, compassion, shelter for all and food for all! This makes me unrealistic?

The new/next scope of human advancement is within arm's reach and you wish to stop it!? How dare you think yourself so omnipotent and godly!!!!!!!!!!!!!! How dare you!

The biological morphs all into light incarnate.

Beauty and biology blend as needed by the masses. Lovingly referred to asylums and pharmaceuticals as happy spaces of commercial free judgment because all was a vacuous commodity.

Pills be smarter than annoying priests with hairless girdles upon their flesh driven securities as worshippers handed over fistfuls of dollars and cents. Makes sense?!

She said she would not steal or feel any emotion whatsoever. None of it matters now. They'll either get me or not get me. It's up to them to decide.

Red weeping willow shaker maker said be unsaid and be free from tearing flesh asunder.

Blue ants marched stunts off high boulders not placed in the ground but among cacti and fallen roses.

My eyes study energy energetically.

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No female shall ever see me as anything other than a lost poet. Poet. Poetic inclinations stab at my soul!!

Yes... this is the part that shall worry you and scare you and make you reconsider all those shitty verbs and adjectives you so fluently choked out during late night prophecies. Caca eats caca.

We are infinite. We are infinite consciousness experiencing finite consciousness evolving back to infinite consciousness.

This is an ongoing experiment. Everything you see before you is a small fraction of another small fraction of a greater entirety. It is continually upgrading, downgrading and revolving around consciousness.

Eat a hamburger hold the burger hold the ketchup but smack the lettuce then pursue its grandeur.

Echoing thoughts of analogy and pretentious organizations holding hostage their own misunderstood forbearance keep not from spoiling the centered specialness that is carnal caramel inquisitiveness.

If you are reading this then you are reading this and experiencing vibratory sensory delights; unbeknownst.

## IX

It was a cool and caustic afternoon when she wryly pursued her own vapid arrogance. She sat cross legged underneath a shaded and aged willow tree. It spoke to her but she chose not to listen. Food, sex, love, heartbreak and caloric waste were the only things of utmost importance to her.

She did like waving at strangers of all facets. It made no difference to her where they stumbled out from. People were people and subject to stupidity and juxtaposition. She mused jokingly over a glass of white wine. Nobody minded except for one careless watcher.

Fables she told and fables she experienced. Temporary enormities misguided her and caused her to become trapped in a state of allegorical detriment. Yet, she still sipped her diaphanous glass of white wine.

What we fear is what we always find buried in the backyard of superficial contentment. Many try but many fail to recognize this just method of imitation mayhem.

Isn't it hard to ask for the help of another? Especially when that other is drowning even more than you. But what is to be done is to be done egregiously. Help is often subjective and rarely implicit.

This human thing is often a ten way street of doubts and riddles. Hey, it is for our personal betterment and always has been.

Chalk it up to experiential melee. Envision azure augur vandalizing your bland perspective and creating something far more expansive and extraordinary.

And so when the wellspring of knowledge runs dry we must refill it tenfold. Agree or disagree if you like. Your negative musings will not claim anything useful for mankind.

Coldness and dark mighty fallen heroes have come to a standstill only because they await our refusal to accept enslavement on a mass social scale. Hope is only painted when the people want it to be painted all over every town and city and village.

Imagine what our lives would be like if we were yellowish slugs and depended on each other's warmth and kindness for salvation! Hmmm...

perhaps we are. Perhaps we do. On an unobservable scale we must, must.

Doused flames in head space not being rented or afforded by millionaires. Guillotines recall broken democracies and aristocracies losing the will to stand in front of their own hypocrisies.

Remembrance is nine tenths of the mind. All recollections set us free from the burden of existence with all its fortified indentured servitudes.

Drainage, draining something stable and somehow required credentials just to be able to ask her out or whatever I guess. Loaded smile could not please her. It is the fault of the media.

The soul creating machine cannot malfunction no not ever! Armor is a given, naturally.

You gotta' face life as it comes your way.

Sickest sickness grieves for shitty causation finding its numerical value within yesterday's super vented fourth words. History is a parable for generations and generations and generations and generations and generations of movers and shakers and inventors. Vagabonds! Create at will what you'd like to see manifest right in front of this poor political landscape filled with poisoned wildlife.

Maybe you think that thinking is nonsense. Maybe you believe in stoned preachers and malevolent teachers. Maybe you'd be right in an alternate universe but not here, no not here.

Do not follow the trends. I do not follow them and never will. One must stay true to one's own ideals or else sanity is lost forever and always.

Disenheartened. Inexplicable romance in hollow hats cloaked unnecessarily in Malaysian silk. My rum is weakened by her advances.

Somewhere there is doubt in your eyes. I cannot blame you or him. Wanderers tend to favor the unknown journeys of the mind. These things are never enough.

Yes, solitude is never enough. Abstract portraits splinter off the walls of clarity and melt frantically during every social occasion. I have not been invited to a party for some many odd uncertain years.

I know why. I know why. I know why their arms exist in plastic casings.

Focal points are met with frothy pints. Wishes are amused by latent goldfish swimming through dirtied promises; driven by moral instability. We're all capable of mass compromise. We're all capable of mass protest! We're all capable of mass awakening!!

Why must we be so driven to profit and mass destruction?

Is this stationary life enough of a farce for you? Is it? (all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration.)

Laced 1,000 chalices with sentimentality and compassion.  
Compassionate goals are our obligation.

Let's destroy ourselves over and under.

Logic dictates to every moron regardless of denomination or secular adherence. Secular not circular.

Poke your butt and eat the feces. Poke your butt and eat your feces.  
Poke your butt and eat some feces.

There is nutrition in altruism.

Wiuiefnvef iwenjn are urfnefinvj get iwevui hair ijnfiewniguts wet  
wright wrought iron , jokes.

Pinche mucus canal fragrance odors listing colored progressive shape shifters.

And now your holy immortalized man begs to differ over cosmic radiance. Just tell him to eat more enchiladas and wash behind his cares.

Last summer, when the leaves were brown and glossy, she coaxed me into fantasizing about all the myriad of superficialities she had already succumbed to. Propaganda was definitely one of them but oh not entirely. She wanted new friends to treat her like old friends. She wanted old friends to completely abandon her. Why? I do not know. Nor did I really want to know.

But the following afternoon we attended a circus that had made its way into our unknown town. There were elephants, tigers, acrobats, clowns, giant Gila monsters, fancy horses, fire breathers and sword swallowers. They all dazzled and amazed us.

The entire show lasted about an hour and a half. I was quite parched by then but still waited for the last clown to wave goodbye. I grabbed her hand and we ran out of the big top tent at break neck speed. We arrived at her apartment five minutes later and she invited me in.

I was happy to say the least. I sat on her plush sofa while she fixed us up some drinks in the kitchenette. "Here we are!" She exclaimed and slowly walked towards me; carrying two glasses filled with a purple like liquid. I grabbed one glass from her and chugged it down almost instantaneously. It had a familiar taste but when my mind searched its memory banks it came up with nothing relative.

"What is this?" I asked. "Oh it's just my own little concoction." She replied wryly. "Oh really? What's in it? If you don't mind me asking." I stared into my empty glass.

"Not at all. It's just some grape juice mixed with orange juice mixed with vodka mixed with... something else." She grinned as if holding back a chuckle. "Something else? What is the something else?" I was beginning to panic.

"Don't worry. It's nothing gross or weird. Just one tiny drop of... my blood." She winked right when she said the word blood.

"Ha, ha, ha! You're kidding right? Aren't you?" I didn't know whether to laugh or get angry.

"Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not." She winked twice more and chugged the rest of her purple concoction.

"Well... are you kidding or not?" I felt something tremble inside me. It wasn't fear but it was something akin to fear.

"Don't worry. You'll find out in the next ten seconds." Her face became much more stern.

"What?! What will I find out? Did you poison me? You poisoned me! I knew it!" I hopped off the sofa and made my towards the front door but something stopped me. It was a weird shifting pain in my gut.

"Ow! Oooh! Why did you poison my drink? I barely know you!" I shouted as I doubled over onto the floor and grabbed my stomach.

"Don't worry. I did not poison you. I like you. I really like you and I just wanted to guarantee that our relationship never ends. You'll understand in five seconds. Four seconds. Three seconds. Two seconds. One

second.” As soon as she counted down to one I felt my entire body shift and reshape itself. It wasn’t too uncomfortable.

“Aaah!” I screamed and shouted out in agony only because I was just really freaked out about the whole unfamiliar process. Luckily, the sensation ended as quickly as it began and I was suddenly overcome by an enormous feeling of... certainty. I stood up and felt stronger and leaner.

“Now do you understand?” She hugged me and moved me in front of the hallway mirror. “Look and you’ll see who you really are.

I examined myself closely and saw only smooth skin and rippling muscle tone. I had become a newer version of myself. No, not just new. I became something pure and invincible.

“I’m immortal!” I exclaimed.

“That’s right! And now our relationship never has to end! We shall outlive the entire human race!”

She kissed me with great enthusiasm.

What do you propose and ponder? My dearest of dearest friends have abandoned me for some other state of unclear inebriation; consciousness. Lovingly I only deduce what finds its way to me. Me and my sentimentality.

Funny art thou in your mind! Mine is clear but not whole. Has not been whole for quite some unknown time. (non-linear)

My how we’ve all grown into ourselves.

Heartless.

Bodies announce their own pleasure centered graph of unequivocal markup.

Though I know all fallacies are not truth, many still insist upon doubtful paths towards existence.

Is it worry that gets conjured up time and time again? Again and again and again and again and again and again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We’ve all been here before. We’ve all met each other many times, times before.

I gotta' speak out what is in my own heart. This reality is a stupid concoction.

It was all concocted and formulated by weary self-impostors of pretentious family heritage!

Eternity is our destination. The journey is what keeps us warm and makes it all much more focused; hindsight.

Begin to believe and you will believe.

Begin to doubt and you will doubt.

Be a forest full of wise trees.

Full and fluctuating out towards the heavens and all of creation!

Do not think of time as any one thing or evidence.

Douse another capitalist in dire dreary currency. He shall use it as toilet paper when all is said and done.

There are no scratches to be had or bones to be mended... other than the world's.

Bruise your ego 'til it bleeds and needs nothing.

Late love

Old love

Fruitful way into

Body parts of sociable

Sucking parasitic

Political agendas!

We are all late today.

Choked up flux.

Chickens dance as if the moon were to dictate tomorrow's racing results.

But oh please deny the facts before your face!

Wanted

Needed please

Doubted

Hair sprayed

Fusing of long

Legality

She admits to no showing

Of vacuous

Emotionality

Purported to

The right side of

Untended

Romance

Vernacular

I fly to God

I fight my SELF

I be I

Listening to swallows carefully

Sing in trees

Branches

Of each government

Make nothing

Certain

But their own

Greedy

Admittance

Taking the time to suck

Suckle on yonder

Sunlight

To illuminate

Dry

Rotted paths

Cannot eat beliefs

Cannot be beliefs

Dried

Analogies

Make one

Want to become something other than

One

But it is needed

One

Is the only

One

There

Can

Be

Finish this sentenced sentence. If you may. You have already decided whether or not you adore this and me.

Chipped trickery

Igniting  
My sentiments exist  
Solely  
For me and you  
And you  
And them  
But make no mention  
Of old staleness  
Amidst  
Deniers

Senseless; warring tribal factions running away from light and forgiveness.

We've drawn far beyond any reasonable lines.

"You cannot think about these things anymore!"

I confine the worry and mitigate post haste.

Fourteen cosmic planets swirling and bending the minds of dysfunctional scientists can indeed separate the soul from body. The body from soul.

Feeling needles dragging across surfaced skin marks made by wandering ascetic monks. In china we ruminated for hours at a time.

Just to embrace love, pain, suffering, plight, water, fire, earth, wind, leaves friendship and one another quite the same as before.

Feeling soul make certainty.

Feeling feet tingle insanely.

Weakness absorbs strength.

Across my face are all the same markings of the same

Universe



I have felt what it would be like to churn butter chaotic in moments of splendid splendor. With or without my jaw line which was stripped of any and all true usefulness. Do you not see what moves me? Do you not see what moves you? You feeling and unfeeling whore.

Wasted much of my time with musical analyses of a star struck nature. Because I needed to feel some sort of clearly concise amount of pressure from the peoples.

Thought I could make my fortune in gold, wine, tears, violent tendencies, parlor tricks or vanity pieces.

I am the future writer of new born affluence! You defend what you can and die when the effort becomes differently difficult. Poked the significant understanding of rational thoughts.

.....  
.....

With another death of mine and hers we examined the special deformities. Really and peacefully. You were always there. Weren't you? For always and never forever but certainly dried up in bold river beds.

Little wise.

Little known cures for galactic convergence can be possibly understood by the mass populace. They deny everything when all is unfortunate.

Killing one another for silver and bronze. Fishing for truth but ignoring the evidence!

Making no promises to you or me.

I have rid myself of your ruling thumb and frequency!

We must speak and realize what matter of significant portioned out troubles actually cause our spines to tingle. Backwards then forwards then side to side.

Why? Because there is a drenched lion in my pants that wants to get out of his own vernacularly challenged metamorphosis.

Oh and we needn't find purpose in negative things or functions!

The ideas come stiffly and interspersed.

I am begging and calling out to her heavy heart but she refuses to give me an answer. Her husband realizes she needs much more than security and reasoning in her life.

It is a trivial thing. A very trivial thing this concept known as existence.

But know that I hate no one. I do not intend on ever hating. For the day that I do is the day that I lose my soul.

I shall have no qualms about losing my ego but I shall NEVER lose my soul!

Come down off your high pedestal and join the conversation.

“I do not need you again! Go off and become an astronaut who centers himself around old lies and vague truths! The truth is circumstantial. The paralysis is no more unbearable than a weak bee sting. You see, I was fine without you. I was fine all along but I just needed you to be broken for me to realize that very fact. I know I never took much stock in factual pieces of evidence but hey everything must evolve at some point. We must all morph into something or someone so much more positive and real.” She licked her lips fortuitously with her wetted tongue.

I cleared my throat then moved onward.

Iusahvufavs inasifduvnfuvi vianvuindfvun viandvund AUINVCUNV

Words used by ugly pretense make skies glare bare nude female occupants.

Were we ever friendly or friends with each other back then? Back then.

Kidding hallway doors left open to allow prowlers to fornicate with pigeons.

Don't know whom ate my pie.

Sliding electric doors made of glass kept us in fear of future social anxieties.

Is it better to be ignorant or diluted or knowledgeable?

Don't stay on one verse for any longer than a few seconds of wise mulling.

We ate it whole

We ate it raw

We ate the world

We ate the gardens filled with juicy grief

We

The fact remains that nobody shall ever care much about this word or this word or this word or those words over in the corner starting a fire with nothing more than sticks and twigs.

I walk like it all matters... matters more than you or me.

Am I your poet?

Never been one to point purposefully towards raw emotional scabs but there's a first time for everything.

And that eats mockery

Justified carnality

Straight long deals mentioning

Hot mustard gas

Spraying protests

Off with their

Heads!

Let's refuse surveillance

Let's make love to our government

Tear off their clothes

Tear back the sheets

Kiss its back, legs, thighs

Every inch shall be

Submissive

Intentionally

Intent

Let us make

Love

To

Our

Government!

!!  
!!

We wanted peace but now cannot afford it.

We wanted and oh we needed watered down vaccines

During retrograde

Catharsis

Camelot sucking

Riffs of minded

Knowledge

Going to the bathroom

In an effort to stave off

Desperation

Of the familiar

Variety

Varieties

Of moths

A moth

A moth did follow

A moth did mention

My brain

Is that of a centuries old

Mystic

Wiseman

Shaman

Healer

Gifter

Artist

And

Galaxy

A moth

Did follow

Me

He is now

Outside

Within

A forest

Resting on a

Tree branch

Hoping

To meet

More

People

Who shall

Become

His friend

Friends

Moth

The time for foolishness has come to an end. Thought I would have had more time with it but no. Goodbye stupidity and goodbye loose ethics!  
I shall see you when the going gets tough.

I am my own wound. You are your own wound.  
We are variations of the same dysfunction.



