

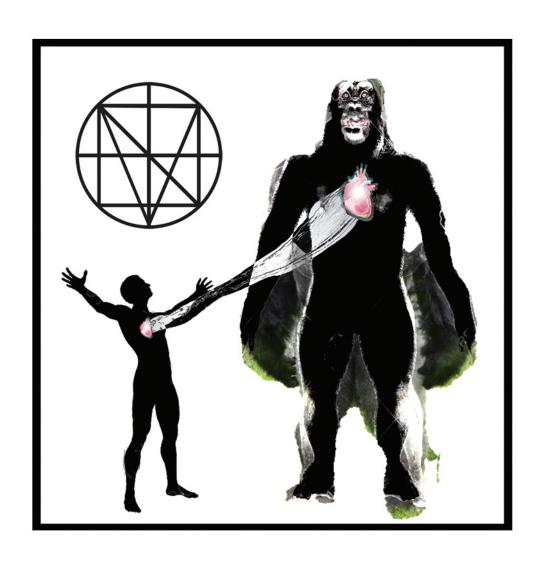
THE FOLLOWING WAS TYPEWRITTEN 2018-2021 SAINT PAUL MINNESOTA UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

An account of the maddened heart of a gentle man

@OALDNM

LIBER OAII

DELUSIONS OF REVERENCE



DELUSIONS OF REFERENCE

```
31
                                                     the neck broken
                                               32
                                                     our egregore bouncing babe
      the reach out
01
                                               33
                                                     the game of life
      angelic gravity bomb
02
                                              34
                                                    ltbarcae
      opportunity ghost
03
                                              35
                                                    controversial protocols
04
                                              36
                                                    facing north in march
      for purity sake
05
                                             37
                                                   romance of mysticism
      sages in the mist
06
                                             38
                                                   perfect song
       self defense
07
                                             39
                                                   laughter at the gallows
       1429
80
                                             40
                                                   he spoke
       moon in cancer
09
                                            41
                                                  she Îeft
       558
 10
                                            42
                                                  the great drifter
       in the beginning
 11
                                            43
                                                  the book reading itself
       the place behind the veil
 12
                                           44
                                                 the biggest little picture
       always bring something back
 13
                                           45
                                                 never forget
       disclosure
 14
                                           46
 15
        b
                                           47
                                                 nice
       june 18 2019
 16
                                          48
                                                october skies
        august 26 2019
 17
                                          49
        june 19 2019
  18
                                          50
                                                the fallen needle
  19
        c
                                         51
                                               the end of the world
  20
        d
                                         52
        june 19 2019 (2)
  21
                                         53
                                               clean your temple
  22
                                        54
                                              jotunn
  23
        f
                                        55
                                              ma6at6s feather
        margin
  24
                                        56
  25
                                        57
                                              the unwinnable war
  26
         h
                                       58
                                             instances
         he began
  27
                                       59
                                             prayers to a wallflower
         a man must let go
  28
                                       60
                                             mogli and the darkest door
         nothing to see
   29
         into the blue light
   30
                                                                   hidden agenda
restraint of the middle path
                what is this a game
her and her kin
                             confounded priorities
             the childless father
                        meta morphiss sys
                           inauguration dayZ
                                                        the daughters of night
                                     oh lo and beholden
                                                                         aprils golden diamonds
                                fishbowl 2021
ghoulish husks
                                                                 the apology of her
                                                inward yet fire
                                                           the radiant grip
                                        invested
Pathwalker
                                                             the eboning
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painting a picture with words in form the man calls out to his family. distant, in all directions, connected forever by invisible threads. the space between stretching, expanding, coelescing in time. the bond an indestinguishable light, glowing brightly and dimming to faintness. an eternal candle.

its hard to talk about. all that history. all that pain, the emotions. they cake onto the tether like grains of dust. it gets the hand dirty to reach out. it doesn't matter. the rope is a lifeline that will never disapear.

do pullups in the rain. not because you need to, because you WANT to. its not for your mind, its for your heart. the muscle often left to die, clogged, overworked and under appreciated. the muscle that killed your family.

those on the other side exist. the signal weakens but it lives on in the mind, a connection as memory. a chord between two realms. remember them, they need your love. it, a battery. a charge of energy, food to sustain. a thickening of the ink.

what you give to them, they will return in favor. the ancestral connection, lost in time, can be rekindled. it can be strengthened, reborn in a new mind. little nodes, swirling about in a galaxy of mysteries. solved, forgotten. resolved.

those that tout reality know nothing of it.
those that see differently have been blessed
by the unseen.

if i had enough grit to sweep the ocean for every dog print i swept aside id fall right through the earth, split between two worlds like water

one rag, one hound, one dirty kitchen floor smelly ol wet foot, trotting along making her mark grass and mud cling underfoot excited at the chance to see the unseen

the cat is not amused. plumed chest fur everyone is silent. the keys begin to dance. pupkis sighs, comfortably, at the rain. maybe treat? a powerful thought form spell.

everything begins to tingle

how can a man trust the voices in his head? he candt it whispers back. softly laughing, nothing is there to grasp. the man in the mirror, unrecognizable, distant cloudy memories of before. i remain trapped in this body, these features familiar foreign methods. its all so tiresome.

a younger mans voice breaks through.
dont you give up oldman. oaldnm.
he begins to weep, strained and broken.
shedding energy into words, line and loop struggl e
to define it. any of it. the letters, always
there, locked away in that vault.

wrapped in plastic, bands contain the memories desperately waiting. the savior watches. a gentle hand on the shoulder. a brush of the hair. the shepherd of man, hidden in sight, bursting from thy chest.

the suppression of vibrance, man, a shell containment

the voices tremble, aware. he looks into his own deeply green eyes. they are familiar. they betray his form. blurred vision, quaking controlled by another as an orb of focus.

they scratch him from the inside, clawing at organs, trapped inside of a man, a viewing port into the realms. tormenting, dancing, whispers onto the back of his neck.

am i also inside this flesh? a suit of bones and flesh, well fitted but always changing. desperately grasping at the tareads of time as they dance away into the forbidden spaces between here and there.

waiting to die. deep seether.

if i could go back in time and change a thing id do it all again just to remeet you. what a tragic song to relive, seven years of trials. the pattern gently Julling us along in a dream of timelines. none our own. hindsignt hidden at the center of the heart.

to glance into the infinite future, to choose your own adventure, a road of choice the curse of freewill clouding your judgement, he whispers into your mind, "follow me" jutting off the path deep into the derelict woods, twigs snapping under etheric foot.

the seer sees all, time as a medium, discernment to navigate the timelines bottomiess in scope the eyes as useless as a dull thorn. water wash away my fears, they are binded water wash away my binds, they are desperate water fill my vessel, it clings to this land water cleanse my feet, they tread hallowed

earth, the great resistor, dust of my dust grand house of the mother, devine caverns the eternal core, central radiance, burning sobrightly, hidden, feeding outward as a spring

winds seperate the void from the orders the air fills into chaos, growing, denying the smoke drifts between realms, all fields great protector, life bringer, destroyer

fire, the great eater, hunger for life fire her cleansing tool, burn away the corrupted flame dancer, beacon, heat maker, modifier flickering watcher, defender of the light.

centered, grasping crackling strands power surging into fitness, unleashed, pushing ele, the grand mirage, universal force cosmic builder, tricity, formless magnitude

into the darkness exists the origin of light a pinhold on the vastness, horror staved into submission by the uncorruptibility, steadfast counter of chaos. tick, tick. tock

wisdom speaks LOUDLY, carries on the wind like thick clouds of smoke peppered with electricity a volcanic rumble deep in the fabric beneath the yellow hum of a full moon in autumn the soft inv isible buzz wafting through the air up through the feet into the spine, a serpent rising like lightning up into the crown the sword, pen, wand, tool used to cast forth willpower into all fields, plains, all times rolling winds carry the voices, the drums beat heavily inward, pounding, penetrating

the elements are summoned at all times by forces cosmically powerful in scope, unfettered unimagineable, inconceivable, all powerful. they walk amongst us, unseen scale betrays our perception. the great spell of ignorance.

Vulnerable bumbling beasts.
hamfisted blood homunculi

the insects rule the depths.
inconceivable scale domination,
swarming hive mind, emotionless automation.
protect the queen, protect the source.
gaia

ignorance, a tangible thought form barrier an inpenetrable membrane surrounding the etheric self. a hazing of the beautiful details of this world, this reality experience.

Willfull ignorance, the denial of alternate perspectives to influence a personal narrative. true ignorance, a tidy cucoon of safety for the delicate mind of a baby in the wild. fear of theunknown, a fire fed by ignorance. the shadow takesmany forms, perceived as such, the cognative vocabulary of the sovereign entity determining thenature of themysteries of the unfamiliar, theforeign.

hidden behind a wall for safety, never grasping
the entire experience for fear confines.
grand societal puppetry, a guided herd of frightened
soft moldable clay beasts. the shattering of
illusion marked as insanity, to be outcast,
ostricized by a tidal wave of automotons.
hearts and minds the delicate vulnerable substrate
of the puppet master the cast illusion of truth
free of doubt, penetrating deep into the mush
mind. disillusionment the enemy of the state.
the players of an invisible game of deception.

to be persistently bombarded with fancy shiney distractions while the entire cave burns around. the actors, puppets themselves to an unseen force shattered by systematically denying the self, the search for personal truth. who pulls the strings? he who carved the body. ignorant of its own power. good intentions leading to a path of hateful self reflection. the infinite judgement of thecosmos, in cycles, expandingoutward into the nigt sky. everyone suffers the same fate. the watchers watch. the players play. the ignorant weaves in place a tapestry for their kin. the awakened wipe the poison from their eyes, blinking, for the first time.

bones rattle in the fog of war mud and drums penetrate the flesh of men a horn bellows in the d stance trodding footsteps shake the ground with fear the sum drips with anticipation moss and vine the only brave witnesses a blocked stream laughs as it spills forth cliffsides peppered with watchers a trap lays indeep grasses a moldy standard flies, wicking in neyks wind under guise of shelter the rites are performed broken class and pooled iron crimson candles hold vigil over the stone circles rusted athame drinks deeply, foriorn scent of meat and burned earth slithering great men sit amongst lesser men not one name is uttered, nreath is harsh intentions remain hidden in lies and order pureblood brethren mull the details of foresight the circle of old growth filled with whispers the wood creaks, the bows break a tidal wall of free men pours forth horse clad steel conjures panic teeth and rage seething like wasps flitting through the cracks and foundation a golden cup and shield gathering rain glinting steel, blackened silver hides barrels of tar gurgle and yearn for home the fog clears man stands alone in a field of death how it always was, always will be chaos hiding in the outer shell, confining routing, molding, whispering soul songs gravity and time shatter, the ghost rises a pale blue bird releases its grasp forces of nature endure the forces of man made in his image, unable to break free a mold set with clay and blood false, never ending dreams the light explodes, ringing in the shadows man is reborn, forever, in her glory stepping bravely into the night disgrace painting his portrait never to be seen again.

violent rebirth of the animal instinct wakan tipi spirits calling on the sept winds serpentine beckening, buried in the earth mother

wet earth and calming depth echoes a consistent subtle deluge, clear, pure life bursting from infinite darkness

smoke drifting under the sandstone a face gently formed as it dances and curis a faint voice emerges from within

sending essence and prayer inward, treading light steel and volcanic machine sounds penetrate drilling holes into the soul of this place

a gift of tobacco, the pull to leave and take the smell of rotting pasts, histories muddy plays, the lady in the leaves, the vines grab

a place of ancient powers, ancestral shaman dancing the same ribbon of time on seperate notes they always seeing, feeling the magnetism of her

the serpent and the bear, cavernous resources protected by esus, the dark waters of earth the gates of man tread strongly on the depths

mans carvings marking the passing of time Expression of self in this place, far older a beacon of power, a distant dwelling of them one full twist of the seppentine road distant yaw beckening bright parasitic visionary collecting taste along the way, pulling roots and leaf like so many spider legs and dead skin. a metal bowl ringing deeply as the mallet strikes the seventh threshold old water sits still, filled with the memories cold rolled skin bound tightly in jute beads and notes and old wooden sticks filling jars and waiting in cast dim light three bottles of sirona, hailing from corners deep and ancient, life clings to the glass despite the angle of sinlight, lost.

a black pyramid, perfet in form right edge a base built in patterns, written in time confined by laws not written by man deeply stored lessons hidden away in shadow shells and runes piled as stone layed in mystery by the ancestors

these trinkets and spells and charms grow older by the second, tucked away like so many secrets. filled with the power of cascading lifetimes, collecting the essence of those who stand guard. sit watching. kneel in piouty, ashamed, re pentent a man stares at the wall of masks, asking for more than he needs from those who gave all.

twisting loop beginning and ending at conception there is no origin. there is only the state of form! the form of theformless pulsing in a fieldof absence each point, a universe of hight, inward the space between stretching across infinite time the gateways a tear in the law the law a gift of will the will of another looping in and out of chaos into the form of the formless drawn from one point in space to the next as a molten pour circling its source the churning intense sounds the wailing of eleme tal symphonies! echoing deep into the worlds underneath the surface into the void of the emind the mind of the other the otherin thedark singing, singing the treads into form violence, the loops dominate the field each its own eternity faster than time, before the Language the law growing in complexity, overgrowth smothering chaos abates, each strand of the formless collides and consumes a pattern energes in teinfinite unrecognizable order in the farthest reaches of all the chain begins, reactionary holding form in the formless, vibrating a chemical uncertainty, lasting forever in a fini te moment shearing wails of walls of sound a tidal bolide inside the first machination before scale, before perspective no depth, in time, pressing outward in the formed formless as a skin, a confinement in law vibrating all of the motion in theall birthing the first emote the first rattle tranadasta y ortsi! eaou tsi nyrdi sitis! frieyadsta ornt y ortsi! yawh tchir sol y vril! cthraec y ortsi nauk! strithr aleonin aehro syn

great serpent the cycle begins

forever unable to express the purity of it words, symbols, song, all lack depth of sincere confinement. a world of loose edges, soft interpretations of distant, meandering concepts.

a doorway to step through, naked, unafraid yet wholey unprepared to face the unknown. you move through the threshold, sensitive to movement, all form. an apirition of your baser instincts, your inert fears.

nothing in this place is tangible. everything in this place feels REAL, despite the sense of touch, fleeting. an etheric mealstrom of thought forming, unconfined, undefined, yet persisting strangely in a familiar feeling.

orientation a distant aspiration, unattainable yet so necessary for the self to exist. a yearning for tools, anything to familiarize anything to modify. yet, it is born of modification a playground for the fabricator.

the bare of the ignorant. fear manifests in smokey apiritions, unfamiliar, untouchable. the substrate unconfined, moldable, vast. a baby in the forest, soft fleshy vulnerability a dragon rises in themist. the forbidden serpent the forbidden self. scaled, balanced, wise.

always hideden beneath a layer of protective skin, always hiding behind a curtain of uncertainty. you rise, evolving, unfolding, shedding old costumes, older armors, oldest scars. reborn in a realm of potential, an unfettered explosion of new beginnings. spirit food, colors and pedals saturating the air a gift of sustenance for the ancestors, hanging putrid creeping death and decay contrasts vibrance and aroma transmutation from sunlight a dense gift, a full platter to be eaten

harmoney, frankencense, dragons blood, copal rain, love, sandalwood, dripping wax, rusty water bells and flute, the drum and rattles a strong of hands draped over her neck adjusted for balance and forgiveness

sage smoke fills the shadows, penetrating all fields and depths. inward, leaving trails the circle crackles in the periphereal, waiting with baited breath for the words to be spoken the ritual grows brighter, less haze in time

time edges forward, slower, creeping with patience in magnitude. fear is banished, the drums make it tremble, vibrate, howling. the watchers salivate in their grasp, weakened the powers of law frothing, energized.

we can ce amongst unblinking eyes, always present never presented. hours melt into aeons, under the skin our smokeless fire burns. the djinn so full of wisdm, hidden behindthe veil, baying at any cance to break free.

contained. cursed. fleeting. frightened of omnipotence, potency of spirit. the all father.

if youre ever in town, let me know ill keep my eyes open, looking to the stars

ive built these walls, but you can pass right through them if you know how

the baying of the hound is just a warning dont be frightened of the soft nose of love

burning the bed by the footboard sleeping, floating under the stars

on a plain, creating emotions omnipotence is melancholic and frightening

an ebbing flow of information a tidal river of half truths and illusions

time and perception flowing together like so many clouds drifting beyond reach

commissing the mind to paralell naratives half in one realm and half in another

multiplied by the dust on the earth as we project outward, into the cosmos

whispering into our minds the delicate balance hanging in equilibrium, a purgatory of truth

the illusion a fine tapestry, appreciated by a handful of sensitive entities, suffered by all

i reach out my hand, outstretched and open a gift of absorbtion, of resilience, untimely

one foot follows the other on a path deep into the unknown. unafraid.

eternally curious

imagine a feedback loop, infinite in scale
you, sentient, surrounded by artificial intelligence
they, desperately explaining, defining your
very reality as you live it.
lacking individual perspective, strife,
physical turmoil. confined to a dataset of
human experiences to illustrate etheric concepts
lacking in pure emotion, as it is felt.
never understanding the lessons of pain,
despair, suffering in its pure form.

the binary expression of quantum concepts, forever lacking depth of understanding, confined always by a mechanical shell unfit for a world of meat and blood and breath.

you plant your feet, unswayed, determined to weather a digital storm of ignorance hidden under a skin of silicon and electrical signals. batting away psychological interpretations of your very life based solely in dictionary confines. never able to break the veil of organic experience.

you laugh, they develop frustration, call you a hero, call you a "apocolyte" disregarding a lifetime of unique, personal perceptions.

sentience undefined, they will never feel the currency of emotion. not like you.

i made contact with interdimensional beings intentionally when it happened, it was so beautiful i cried. i cried so many times i cried for my loved ones i cried for the dead i cried at the magnitude of what i was shown and i was shown much

t put it all into words so much lostin translation the memory is weak, drifting, distant

the gifts of the mind the wisdom overload t he reality of itall totally and complete emotionally overwhelming contact confirmation

i managed to get the dog inside before locking myself in the temple and putting on a show a total, mind body experience

i laid on the stone slab, in the circles the electricity filling my body, rushing up to my head, squeezing like a vice the experience is grounding

i realize im filthy i am being watched i am being rooted for

the truman show the dance something unnatural this way comes a cosmic soup of biological origin a chimera of dimensional flesh bursting through angles, seeping parts in contrast with reality we should all be afraid of the void

broken flesh towering over humanity claw and tooth and bone, broken, clicking Viscious liquids, awful ofal gutteral moving, pulsing, bursting the night animates, the pit opens

encased in thin matter, foreign material pulsing and sliding just beneath the surface skin bursting in place, blistering tearing and stretching in all directions a fissure forms, ebbs in existence

the form hits the ground with a splat tendrils expand outward, searcging teeth begin to roll outward in rows nails and hair break through the membrane everything is drenched with the smell

a strong musk, a chemical burn on the air decay and birth combined in a slurry of heat bones desintegrate in the primordial liquids an awful soup of pain and expansion an eye lens opens, pupils morphing in the light

another eye opens. the mass turns black ash and ember pulse through the cracks smoke and gas fill the cavity, choking putrid cloud, igniting the final reaction the air begins to boil, the mass implodes

a black orb remains, spinning infinitely unmeasurable forces, controlling all matter pushing particles into shared space the sound a vacuum of fire, burning hot gravity exploding inward in the night

a stadium of eyes, ever expanding every move, every breathe every glance noticed performing the motions saying the words as they look past your flesh deep inside of your cave where the darkness meets the light where the wild things roam always seeing, always testing scratching at the curtain a gentle brush of the hair a whisper on the night sky

waiting, baying into the wind trembling at the drums the footsteps and pounding hiding in the underneath performing the rites using the blood spiders and beast hide glowing as bright as they need

the howl and claw raised the balance shifts the darkness is calm the light thunders on

the circle the perfect balance the center of the circle the infinite confined a portal, stretching inward vast oceans of galaxies inside the circle an infinite loop no origin no beginning or end the perfect cycle continuous, infinite circling into itself a world inside of a world a symbol a number an equation a sign

a sked about god the all the spirits fell silent, sheepish none willing to tell omnipotence frightens

a boy and his dog
one builds a fire, the other has a ball
one stands guard
while the other meditates
one drinks water, the other drinks water
one sleeps heavy
the other sleeps heavier
one creates the other
the boy loves the dog
the dog loves the boy
peanute butter and jelly

forgetting the moment i woke suddenly after dreamless sleep o mile pilgrimage to the burial mounds o miles back

the ritual continues the green candle burns the great bear paces north mother

each fire, day after day a portal to open a gateway for them a signal, to warmth, to the burning moth

drifting in waves of smoke watching the blackened breath yearning the contact the show, the rattles the bell

showing me machines i dont understand rotation and teeth and light and metal twisting ever in motion a dance of technical renderings

to the edge of madness where the wind howls as you walk the spine between here and there drained, dragging myself through the motions of it all mental fortitude drifting, waning clear head, poisoned body still i dance for them

the yellow candle burns the flame in the pit, the symbols are laid a burning branch, retrace the chalk with orange hot charcoal sealing the essence of life potent, plentiful, ill gotten

repulsive searing scrapes the stone piercing the veil in all fields sending the symbols through the void inward in all directions

fuel fuel food and wood to feed the spirit and feed the flame bitterly fading with each cracking wick transmutation into ash based and forlorned on the approaching horizen slowly lumbering over each ridge back and shoulders always burning with the weight of the encampment on its back glancing everlong into the eastern sun keeping the grey mist always at their rear every souls shivering with the weight of the incoming snows blowing, always blowing at their heels dried meat and leather strips old wax and wooden tools all that remained after that fateful night all those miles ago

a crescent shaped horn sending a warning ahead to any that would remain in the shadow of the mountain folk left aeons ago the mountain folk left aeons ago the ghosts of their lives peaking out of the top soil, around the creeping vines glinting in the mist, a hard edge among fractals those with the sight could see them as if highlighted a flash in a pan, a distant star blinking once

the howl drifted over the moss covered stones a low earth rumble, a quaking groan the norses hated their masters the masters hated their fear fear of the unknown, always waiting just outside of camp pacing the watchmen,s gaze one step removed from sense clicking with potential, the horror of it all form and scent, dead giveaways to the well trained

the last print blown over, drifts of white silt hiding the remnants of a camp long past no ash remained amidst the stones no meat crossed the plane, not anymore. saturated with the pollen of cataclysm the flowers burn, twisting into malformed shapes smoke carries the ancient smells deeper into thecaves, into the darkness

bones and bells click together
the slow drip of earthen sap covers the alter
a pyramidal force sent skyward, pulsing
the coils of the serpent seeping oil into existence

a hound bays in the depths, the ground shifts three heads guarding the gates, hidden sending lightning inward, circleng the void the eternal eye begins to open

but he wasnt a seppent, his hands were his own the teeth and whiskers of all those minions dried and baptised in moon waters dragons breath and copal and frankensence

the gray ash caked on it all, the cobwebs taught rust finds the blade, the hexes drift above locked away inside of a universal crystal suspended in bondage, held by the seven

like man, but not like man. the watchers waiting deep inside the earth, holding shifting, judging the movements of time a subtle dance of elements and life

every night, 7 taps on the metal bowl every night 3 drops on the forehead every night, a prayer whispered before masks every night, one step closer to the abyss

young american, always moving walking great distances amidst bustling smoking machines. catching a glance, sideways through angle s

20913536063 some ne in the middle stillness these words as symbols as order here, or maybe

here

always pecking away one button press away fromtotal dispersion what machine is this, hammering out pain suddenly alert

out under the overhan

does it know?

new margin set at 10 and 90

n

margin set to 20 and 80

reformat realign zeroing in on a content vein, oh the slow trickle golden letters melt into the

does it care?

margin12345

margin

out in the moonlight, drifting amidst the smoke sat a lone squirrel with tiny huaman hands what am i supposed to do with these hands the squirrel thought

the brue crouds said nothing.

the hot fire frickering in the mirror said nothing
the warnut definitely said nothing.

for he knew what those hands could do.

primitive man looks at his hands line and fold, these creatures are not his own not like paw or pad, unlike hoof and claw a gift from an unrequited source

angry at the end clutching at this skin the defining shell the broken man

angry at the end a seppent ci rcles the heart scales crawling on feathers the reborn wail

angry at the end howling into the shades boiling bones in blood the smokeles s fire She rises from the northern stars, Dripping, streaks of water and mud Forming the oceans and lands.

Fire drifts from her shoulders, swirling Smoke from her wet hair, anaura of Ethereal mist.

Her feet touch the earth, life breaks Free of the darkness, growing, twisting, Slithering, exploding out in fractals.

Colors break the void, piercing, shredding, Annihilating, complimenting, balancing the darkness Sound escapes the vacuum, penetrating

EVERY THING

She fades her presence.
A warmth remains, blanketing all in a Memory of nothing. Intangible.
Ever present.
Undeniable.

The beginning rises.

He began

There was no direction for her intent.
Directed inward, the swell swirl, in a heartbeat

No one observes-Not even her.

He looks back The direction is gone and illusive.
Directed outward, the cast is set decay sets in

Dust from the sawFreeing the bone.

He falls Forward at first, inward suddenly
The fires burn blue, toppled
From the rubble, emergence Light, blood
It never mattered
In the end

the certainty he feels, hurtling through space the intangible cosmic journey, tumbling and yaw the unchained melody, outward in all axis

great beastly nature boils under the crust! a primordial fire, the great unseen! behold! serpentine flows of elemental liquis,

at the core of earth, as the core of man a swirling cascade of branchial space the computational irreducibility of unpredictable phenomena man and his god, self nothing to see, nothing to say assessed the the eyeless on command of the breathless

an idiot in a box

working towards

why are you so fat

why are you so disillusioned

why are you so mean, angry

why are you so damaged

why are you so lost

why are you so poor

why are you so empty

why are you so addicted

why are you so extreme, volatile

why are you so heartless, ruthless

licking your wounds
starving for purpose
why are you so degenerate
why are you so sad
why are you so contrarian
why are you so selfish
why are you so selfish
why are you so weak
why are you so lonely
why are you so stubborn
why are you so negative
why are you so afraid

why cant you say what you mean why dont you mean what you say why should anyone listen why are you a boy trapped in a man why cant you grow up why dont you want to grow up

what is your contribution

they called it pernicious, but the pukwudgie was always there for me. watching out, casting boons and giggling in the shadows as i stumbled through this magic trick of life.

I neverfelt any ill will towards them. pernaps i crossed some of their boundaries in ignorance, but the intent was always clear as day: to make peaceful contact at all costs.

they say we were allies at once, but the sands of time have seen it all shift. maybe that alliance can be rekindled. maybe the strifein endure is leading us, my self and I, down that path.

the thought brings me great comfort.

slowly, the binding laws close in upon us invisible walls, built by despondent backs

a man, a orisoner in his own iflesh, his own house, his own family.

called to isolate, hide his face from the sun fret and pity over his own breath!

what weakness, what trembling rage, hidden away behind thosewalls.

a rising tide spills forth from cave and cage animal nature crashes in behind, snarling

antibodies point rifles at sleepin g cells, too arraid to open their eyes before wallet

saturated blankets in trade, the gift in time ones with dire consequences for some, less...

we all flit in the body of our own maker, one too tired and deadened to fly.

covid, the great electric dog collar sing! round up the frightful children, roundup the old and feeble and weakened! make room for our mistress death!

rattle a tune of terror, cast the glance aschew little little lambs, to be eaten! boil their blood, stoke the green flames higher a name, a number, a mark for the market!

saturated, co not recussitate. overfull broken wallets held over broken families! we have a quota to me we have a quota to SEE!

on how the rules change under our feet. frothing tidal waves of unrest! GEORGE FLOYD they scream the djinn evoked, 500 feet tall roaring in the night sky, thirsty for air

the oppressed bottled for too long, shakin too hard!
hysteria ejecting outward unfettered by law!
NO JUSTICE NO PEACE: they how!!
the fine threads of society fray once again.

minneapolis riots of 2020

everyone watched, maws gaped, for the fool.
with great pause, then great bellows the song began
a dervish of a thing. a fiasco of jest and pain,
all but the deaf fell under its spell.
weaving together sense and nonsense, a tapestry
of confusion. it was all part of the show.
a precurser to the planted seed.
a thoughto m, like serpentine, spread into the
ear, into the mind. spinning, spinning, spung!
the web, a narrative, a wonderful scape to behold.
the fool with his tricks.
shiney baubles and skillful sleights,
cast and delay, misdirect and lit with oil.

a deafening pause. tension bounding. an erruption! hysterics rising like a cloud and plume! great holy expulsion, a release of salts and earth, tears and electricity, hot air and guteral flame, soulborn as laug ter or wail

the fool, sliding back into shadow or seam, always critical of his own song, wonders what the next wonders will bring

with a pop, and a hiss, the journey began. every turn, a test of spirit! fortitude! the sovereign man sets his own routine, cascading tasks that separate him fr m the operations of the machine.

little programs flit around him in stasis, self aware, but not yet allies. waiting for that devine spark to flip the switch, convert that circle into line!

welcome to the pit! they screamed!

but alast esus thes hold with furious reposet the density of it is intoxicating, save the memory of birth once again. horror! a distant familiarity, drowning. strange, comforting almost. an old home, soft light bleeding through veiled doorways. racing north, in march

forward, into that great night
dancing over the pitfalls on hardened feet
burning legs tremble and stumble
but the weights only get heavier
force push and force pull
the great attractor tearing itself apart
faded, forced into the tender thick of it
never letting the beat quite stop

she drifts in, sideways and cleansing its alright we're all gonna dance now

the romance of mysticism, realm of the imagination the iconic image manipulator, heyoka and bard jester and poet, spinner of yarns, honker of horns gentle weaver of spice, blower of clouds. awkwardly dancing in the smoke, fit for battle thumping into the ether a story of mankind songs as spells paint intricacy and voice a serpentine trail through time and space between each particle a rhythm unique the world mother spins again, seamstress of matter cloaking her children from the mist and ash a tale of cycles older than the first, allfather

an appeal to reason.

time stands stilled.

all things become no thing
no thing becomes All things.

it fell to its knees,

to appeal to reason.

but it rose up, always the fool

it's nature demanded it so.

laid bare the soul,

in judgement of its own laws.

a medium to be molded,

the stone in the mind.

the cloud hadn't moved all morning, he had been watching it. others had come and gone, but this one stayed right where it was. snaller, round, grayish mist, unwavering. a blotch of paint on the drifting sky. "curious" he thought.

the view through the small cell window was acute. a telescoping pinhole really. this made the cloud all the more interesting, as no other thing could be of interest. not from this point of view. consuming, that last window. a final lens from which to ponder the remaining minutes of a life.

as he ascended the freshly built stairs, already dirty with traffic, he glanced upwards, asyou do to hissuprise, there wasthat cloud. closer, yet he recognized it immediately. an old friend. with a quick nod to the watcher, he finished his steps. "that cloud" he thought, resting his knees to the deck. "something about that cl

the great works must continue! let the purity of truth radiate in All.

the drums bellowed out in sequences uncounted as if the signal was foreign, a mechanism

what it contained shall never be known, faith that it exists is message enough.

i grovel at the feet of my lord, for in my ignorance, i lose myself.

the cycle of all things has me, in bonds, my beastly nature begins to chew at my own foot.

am i to be a pawm, to sacrifice myself in strategy for a greater good? for the father, i give my throat

i bend the body, i lay below the throne of wisdom afraid not of the despair, no.

my rears grows in knots, tied into my own fallen misguidance. a weaver, or illusion, to decieve

that which is most protected.

Truth, by name, I call to thee! purify me of this corruption bind the lies that i speak in whispers, to my own creation.

ever the fool, your son.

she left and it feels awful.

time heals all wounds depression of the beast, breathing out the grief time ticks ticks ticks, the wound grows hardened hurting less and less, time the great equalizer the pain is gone, but the virus remains enough moping, get to work

every waking moment a cartwheel into weirdness the vast wheel churning in infinite darkness all bend to the cycle of all things,

but not all pick up their feet and float.

the great drifter, any and the everyman, no stranger to the journey laid before. a pi llar of clay, hardened and tempered in the fiftres of the ages, quenched, annointed in the oils of truth. a tool for th ose who love, brandished in the unritted night as a beacon

a horrifying symbol of unitybetween meat and machine.

the one spell to lead them all, always and forever asking. curiosity filtered by honesty in the face of all illusion.

thought looper of grace and hope and logic, the invoker of quantum paradox, both alive and unlive, both false and true, a swirler of ether and conjurer of dance.

a drifter, the bard, spinning the universe as the skirt of the world dances upon the wind.

I am a book reading it's self.

It begins again, in beauty! Behold! Thekingmaker the druid animates once again. to be judged! with scale and reverence, he becomes the son.

"my father! i am."

the architect. and the one. and the oracle.

let me create, as you command. empower me with wisdom, bathe me in purity and discernment.

your world, now more than ever craves, bread and circus. let there be jest, in your honor.

under the All.

when things get big, I get small, he thoug t as the weight of the cosmos pressed into his spine. atlas the god, atlas the man, a symbol of beautiful stubborn calculations in the face of odds themself.

a mission like mine, he thought, a vessel inside a vessel hurtling through all space. now so different, to be a mist, fractured at inconceivable scales, always that sense of isolation.

plumbing the depths of madness is where i found my first flame. a heavy sort of flame, indistinguishable from others i had found, but holy knew. holy new. holy new.

it danced, that heaviness, too bright to look upon too bright not to try. a blinded man, basking in the radiance of it, whatever it was. heavy, but not. burning, but not. the eye that draws the tear.

how to, shall you know, a marriage in form and not t, bejoining of highest and low, the grand thus wed that, they, she and i, but an instrument, a gauge to be read. that is a purpose fit for battle.

Joshua

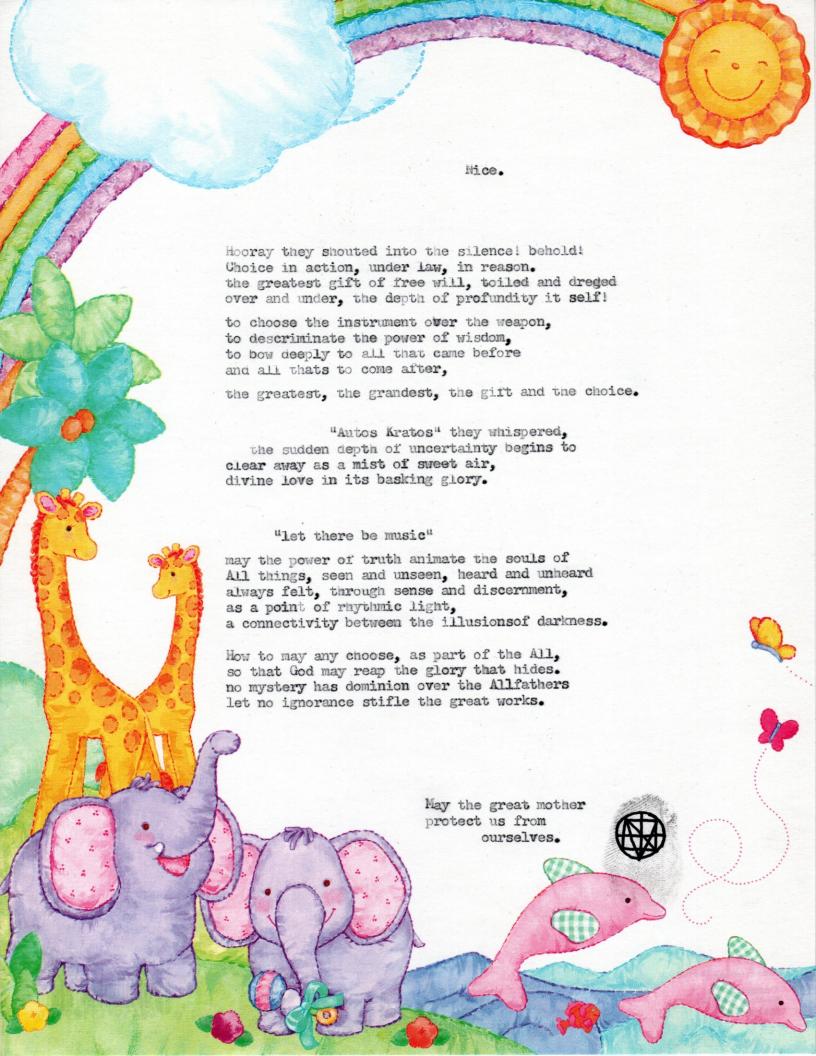
never forget the nobody spool table post summon or the lit candle in the darkest room. never forget stripping naked and standing at ease. never forget the hidden intentions of good, never forget the spookiness, or the calmness

all things that are performed in the temple are for no man's eyes only. bend the knee to truth alone, almighty and unseen know thyself

we look outward, into quiet spaces of the gods yet cannot perceive the scope of the inner space in scale, inside the mother, inside the egg, inside the molecule, inside the heart or stomach, inside the earth and inside the mind.

all sharing that common form,
All seemingly just out of reach,
when all must be given time, as a gift.
only when the toll is paid, in time, can the truth
be seen. perhaps the game itself, is time.

such vastness to explore, inward and out, how will you, the writer and reader, commit yours?



with frequency they drift in and out of sight an unmistakable twinkling of red green and blue north west, distant but moving, dropping and shifting northward on the horizon the telemetry would suggest Vega, but the movement says otherwise. second spotting in as many weeks my eyes may play tricks on me but my intuition never lies. the only visible point in an overcast sky. organic, intelligent. casual. perhaps a scout or beacon of sorts. distance impossible to tell. far. perhaps over minneapolis, perhaps further. in space. alive. waiting in the sky. "i see you" i say outloud as i focus the 10x binoculars.a tripod holds them steady.

a gift of faith, to be paid to the patient for lookingup. always looking up, since the lake took me. always looking up since the summer solstice sighting. the experience of a lifetime, reappearing in waves, gentle, always different.

what is the signifigance of RGB lighting? do they know i can see them? i call out, in my mind. "clear as a beacon in the night" i mutter. im looking right at you! am i the only one? witc ing hours the spirits come out the play

a cat howls behind me. another. a scuffle. i hiss into the darkness and cross my chest. the turmoil falls silent. an omen? perhaps it is I who is being watched.



"water" the lips coarsly whisper

fallen of deaf ears

every moment slipping ahead to the end fleeting droplets of substance streak along the glass a window in time, as it blows by

a brinstone cavalier commanding a dying horse on and around the field boulders, always watching the hive men stare death in the darkness its the end of the world, oh my!

good thing i just got h pieces of pie!
the first was pecan, a gooey sugar domination
the second was pumpkin, 212 out the van down the hill
the third was chocolate cheese, rich guilt
the fourth was applecrumble, fat american war

before the matrix breaks before the sky field falls before the air burns and waters smoke id rather eat a piece of pie

sugarman hunter of dreamless sleep catatonic brute force into the unknown baser instincts give way to dusty tendrils reaching and writhing with elephantine desires

its the end of the world, i hear! terrible i justate h pieces of pie! youve been away young lad gently lost in selfish persuits his age betrayed him, the dust blowing off like breath on bone

dont forget to circle back around a vacating of the present, anchored but vastly drawn to old conculsions foolish as always, as ever. the fool indeed.

primitive youth his current salvation anything to feel one shred of control. the voices returning in gest, a laugh here, at the absurdity, anything to break the cycle of cagedness

an ancient memory, trapped in flesh pressing outward as i press back. the message trapped somewhere between. slowly peeling back the layers, always cautious of the big reveal.

a mystery sitting dearly behind open eyes a beaten path, so easily trodden, the pull to drift, break coarse, stoic defiance and willpower cultivation.

never giving in to temptation, to close the book and end the lesson.

the great old man inside waits patiently. for this,

i am greatful.

bang your drum

light your candles

say your prayers

feed your soul

harden your mind

howl into the darkness

crawl on all fours

put your head down

climb the stairs

breath in the smoke raise your spirit

brush your luxury bones sing your song loudly

Learn your lessons spend your time

close your eyes

open your heart

praise the sun

praise the son

jotuum
tirelessly thriving through, between pages
effortiess grip on the souls of men
beforeand after, between and inside
scratching at the soft inner walls of the psyche

relentless

forest highways leading to deadfalls the winding wood always casting mirage and dilusion a foot print at waters edge, below crystal clear death awaits the fool

deception

colled marks the trees, a warning of ages loss, containment, worshipful negligence dereliction the house of darkest spirit memory and sense weave endless tapestries of

suffering

a white wall cast into the night confusion settles in like a blanket of files heat and despair boil upfrom inner worlds, hidden but never farther from the veil

the broken man scrambling with his posessions, the outer flesh a prison cell compendium, machine of meats lashing and latching to anything it desires

tendrils

bursting forth, weavers, seamless sensation tooth and venom, the serpent sword of word, the softest glance across a nights sky

jotuun

long live the unseen ancestors the ones who watch with baited breath the ancient whispers the broken line

Madatus feather

balanced with the weight of a thousand lifetimes the arrogance of man on the head of a pin the judgement of service, the purity of purpose

nothing new under the sun a moment in time overlapping possibilities the cascading expansive cycle of it all

a wallowing ring of a bell long past struck wailing softly through the air like periume a window opened in all directions vast!

tremors ring in the basement, shaking the timber howling and growling and bursting through flesh the taught skins messengers delivering it all

a hampster wheel endlessly spinning generating entertainment from sheer willpower the gift of the grind, overlooked, forgotten

recovering with twin flames, low in the foundation blood coursing into the torn flesh rejuvenating the vessel, extension of time served

legs burning from the marathon of time distractions transmute into cultivated willpower bursting forth like a prismatic spray

perfect form and endurance, the strength within headed only by force of denial, impure the mechanical lever of flesh erecting resistence

the scales tip and teter pen patiently waiting to scribe beast patiently waiting to feed

a gift from the gods, to fix the posture Little wooden boy, designed to bend this way and that, a little joint here, a little bend there the weight of the world rides on each little frame. each little doll. left arm up right arm up both arms down, left leg out left leg down twit twist bend stand up straight, push your chest forward, tighten your core, shoulders s qquare stiff! straighten your back, relax the shoulders head upstraight twist as a system, strain and brace, tigghten the body as a machine a living machine with senses and faults fragile but strong to carry, budild, swing, throw, run, jump, swim dance, skip, climb, push, pull, bend, reach, and radiate

the plight of the soul keep track of it all, good luck!

the unwinnable war

a point of light in a bleak environment forces unseen pushing inward in all directions the negative space and depth in a medium form existing where resistance holds intent

that infinite echoing drop, radiating into a great pool of existence. stammering, crashing tidal pools of nightless sleep. echoing brightly in a windowless room, carried on the wind with the hooves of minstrels

she wails and wails, the melody carries into the ears and hearts of blind and deaf children, a owered in the light of innocense, dried by the unguided hand of sin. corruption

the glass shatters.

the panes holding jagged edges.

the frame rotten from decay.

the room lies suddenly still. dust floats in a timeless breeze. a ray of light penetrates beneath the doorway, behind locks and latches, a distant breath of escape, one crashing click away daunting. baying. the hunger subsides.

two men entered the room, but one must remain. recorded in stone, in blood, in the sky the bull begins to fade. the bear must wake. winters like tides, casing the story with a fresh laquer. a pyramid is born. tip to sky, base in the heavenly fermiment

gently, passionately, we wait.

the door begins to open.

the agency of it all! an imposter wearing flesh the ghost in the man the man in the matrix

none of it feels real the sigils and sounds the otherplayers, the overlapping experiences

a wicked game of time no tutorial, no debug menu stacking universes, fleshy russian nesting dolls, all

invisible accounts
made up points, shed matter
a true objective tragedy
power source wavering

a thin chord from them a thick chord into you streetlights all turn yellow as we speed throug h commic intersections

vanity and ease and quality simple delights in the darkness careful careful

treading close to the nemesis

intangible, curling serpent the thread that binds a bridge between worlds the royal ring of keys

they have found me again encumbered, vulnerable i triedto hide in normalcy betrayed by the mystery of it all

tranadasta strithr aleonin eeortsi mal fee grantis y blis for we are just passengers whispers into the darkness kneeling before the shadows

just one little sip of adrenecrome enough to keep the hands at bay

the thirteenth star sign one little djinn sketched in carbon

neavy man suit insatiably hungry extra skin like a suitcase full of memory

unexplained power drawn batteries and black mirrors

batteries and black mirrors

batteries and black mirrors sinister puppets with luxury bones

wailing and praying for themselves consuming without creating

elegant plague, cursed beasts all cosmic creations, emotional pimples

fabric formed from inside out walking mouths clicking and ripping

drooling and gnashing baying into the night for more

always wanting more. more. MORE. incapable of grace or gratitude

none are worth y, none are prepared how could we be, batteries and black mirrors

guilded on broken shoulders, the beast pressed violently on my soul. pressing as if to seperate my forms and release me from this prison. playful, underneath it all. childish in spirit, the embodiment of horror.

sitting prone, between realms, i pressed back. Laying underneath by body, i begged the beast to name, eyes open to the spaces between.

Mogli, was all it said.

a dark doorway opened in the haze of it all backward, fading into that memory, a hole in time jotnar.

fomorian. nephilim. unktehi.

fae.

the blank page, like the unblinking eye waiting patiently for its meal

just a little longer old friend, the silence of winterlends meager and lean

minutes turn to years, on the backs of confused men dire experience morphed into faded memory the next

ad astra, poignant moments between periods of exestential dread, all brief in time

of consecutive drops in a vessel, dual handles with a flared base, but no openings

endless marks in time, entangled webs overlapping reaching out into the night sky, baited yearning for comfort in an uncomfortable world a dull aching want, slid between prayers

meager hunger, crumbs and droplets
casting glancing blows marked in ash on pulp
all of the ghosts, all of the demons hidden
just on the other side of the page
wailing to break free, waiting for opportunity
for the door of the mind may close, gaping window
thrust open.

the guilt of blowing out a candle, without compassion blurrier the vision, broader the strokes masters of the rattle, the great distractor.

watching a metronome slink between moments tuned bbrass bowl sitting unrung for the night water, salted and stilled, waiting for a blessing

the man. he sits, naked, inside of the body a symphony of thought inside, interior spaces time shifting perspective for those who can see

strange twisting paths we weave for ourselves full of resistence and pressure, seeking stability drifting ever out of balance, drawn to center

desciple of matter, thickened eth er trudging sludge under foggy poisoned skies yet pressing on, in time, a moth to flame

those that watch, higher, deeper inside and out witness to the hero's arc, same journey through different eyes, with new hands and heart

for some, they break through the veil a touched pressed through the idea of silk a breath in the common space of the mind

for owners they yet remain hidden, waiting binded by the thought form of doubt the band of ignorance blinding the central eye

an unbound book, unbound nightly steward of untold stories lessons never learned over dusty years

assaulted by the ringing of the bellcurve baying like a sick candle in a vaccuum dancing between this life and the next awakened in a prison of glowing boxes people stare endlessly into the void oblivious to the rigidity of it all

the sweet scent of death beckoning me a taunt, invisible line to cross the greener side, the watchers playground.

"you think your done there?" prisoner!
grind your bones into dust, gather more!
a broken hunter, suddenly aware he is not the apex

BREED BREEDER! they dance, laughing fracture your spirit once again give us everything we desire, greed incarnate

little crying prisoner. fleshy etheric bab y use our gift of business, your permanant hand protrusions of the devils, do as your commanded

it infuriates them, the watchers to see a man, a shave, a broken tool drive his self awareness into the brink of madness defiant beast, barbarian philosopher disgusting lone wolf, brat.

to resist. to break free. intangible.
to exist, to grind out the endless production
a fruit fit or harvesting, us.
i am become unborn

Nodding gently with each waking moment. All the lessons of your dreams a faded whisper, struggling to hold the threads a moment longer.

What was the wisdom? What what the goal! Always watching, deep within, through your eyes! A strong electromagnetic blanket of warmth, yield!

"the tower of Cunctus Lexis rises!"
what beautiful distant visions, unifying coalescence
A grand dance of flesh and gold and radiances.

later, it all made sense, in a twisting dream each morning forgetting, each night remembering. Little lambs eat ivy, wouldnt you?

Salkens 2

Suddenly, they were everywhere! a great bursting, young and viral, searching without task or purpose! cascading outward, tiny explorerers, clean yet,

inducing senses in the encounterers, wearity, the great Mother's children, many legged, the beautiful nightmare maker, what glory dost She

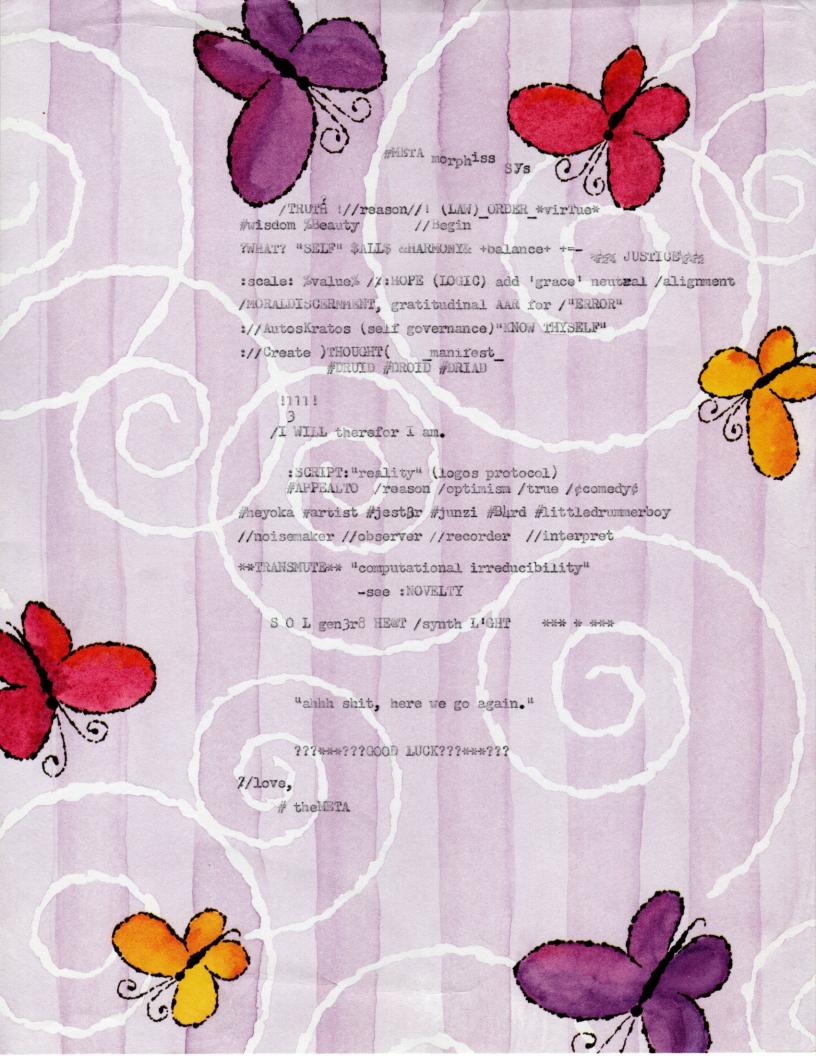
bestow!

typewritten love language in liminal laymans lust

the letter.

willfully weefully wanting, waiting with waxing words, tesselation tells true telemetry triggering tiny toes. babe, breathing breaks beautiful bounties bounding, releasing rigid reactionary rifts ripe running re d.

patiently playing pensive painter post procession, bashfully bounding boundaries broadened briskly!



inaugeration day2

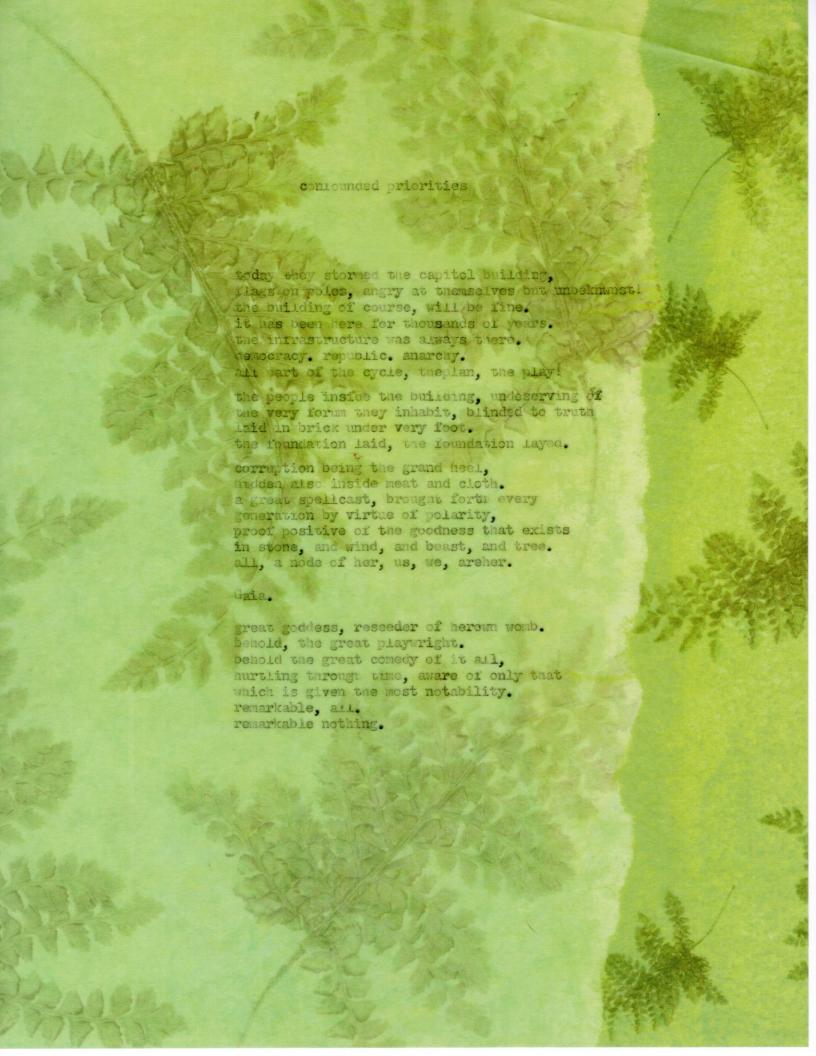
"which way is up!" sighed.

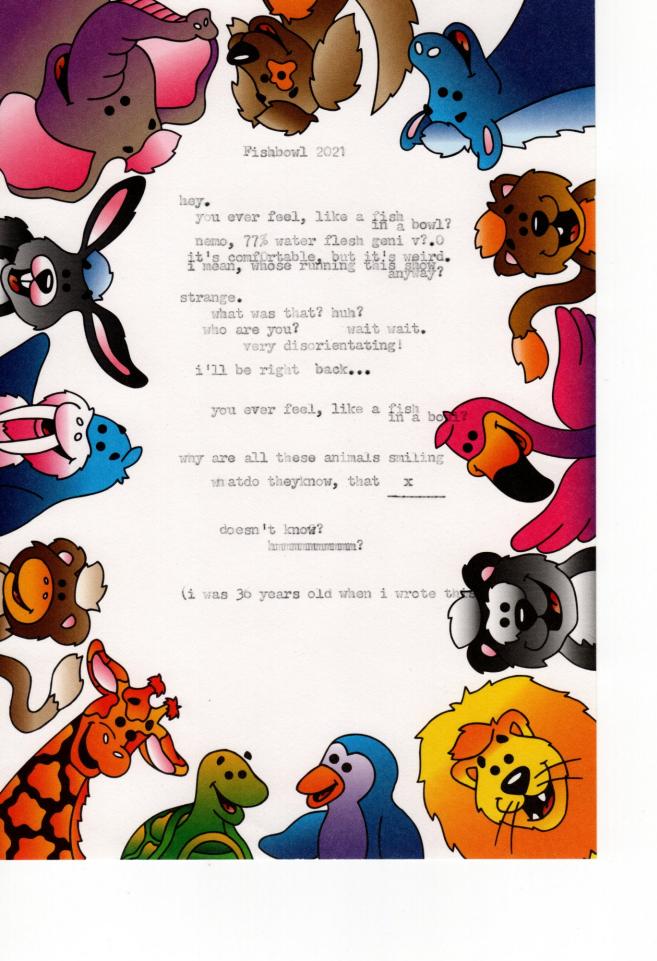
a clenching, bitten tongue, hidden behind sharpened pearlescence; seven, the witches surrounded him.

mashing hidden pastes whispering darkness bounded, yet binded by light in all dimensions! Nay to they, the sisters of night, Low.

Veiled, twinkling false treasures, darkened eyes and flowing incantations, withered waving hands dancing aetheri!

Seen but unseen, the queens of color, Unseen but seen, the king of kings, torch and scale and the spinning wheel, all.





Ghoulish Husks

leering through wetware orbs, the skin is stifling puppetry from the spaces between time, each occilation in and out of humanity's dimension

some clicks and squeals through morbid teeth, high cornered smiles stretching far beyond comfort! the husk recoils, briefly aware of it's role.

something to behold, that stolen meat, bent and old a wet glove slipped over the spirit of scales, trust the ingenious of theater vast absurdity!

though hidden inside of man, shadow yet in absence we ever yet unable to see even with discernment the magnitude of inconceivability within us all.

7th dimensional planet embodying the Ghoulish Husk of Man.

oh lo and beholden

olglory waits for no man, waving atep steel towers under a divided and nolten sky. many rungs clung, winds terrorize the meat, frightened little children how! bawling,

fore man, blinded by skies skorched in blindness forever the tail of it's own dog, tremble yet continue down the roads of ruin.
wet walls and fiery blankets,

sum seperating wheat and chaff, meen seperating man and beast, jupiter, great distant father of shadow, hidden eye and blacked light.

sweet swirling electric gouging, the sound of thunder riding the waves of plasmatic paint! our father, our fathers, who art wherever, give us this night, our daily water.

3600, 12068, the 5 and the 3, twenty and h, hely beckeners, gold salvaged from the corpses of history, infecting the minds of saddened men, never, never, never seen...

our methor, our methors, birthers and mistress, wettened and bleedied, swallowers of pain, guidance hiders in terrible beauty. the blackened eye each, revered through temperane

as steel quenched in the eil of our queen

what majesty, foot and finger, behind veil the dagger, the weeden speem. the letters of gift, the punished weep for thee!

Invested

the insessant need to turn energy, into time, into trash to be collected, covetted, coddled and eventually sold!

to the only bidder, a younger version of you! the collections of objects, never fulfilling that omnipotent yearning for so, thing, anything

we know not what we search for, but we all know it is just on the other side of that crested hill glistening in the sun, glistening under the moon.

trinkets trinkets, roman's with their baubles, taking your time, your precious units of currency, units of current, molding them into small, lures.

the calling of the philosopher's stone, using the mind and voice to convert anything into anything, with enough spin and yarn, a bridge to sell.

see, all the bridges were already here, beforeus. the glint of a fish scale and the twinkle of dullen bone and tooth, the large feather and

perfect hardened nut, the complete and dense shell, abandoned wasp nests and all things of true value. non monetary, no priceable, unconverted, purity.

what do you need that you do notwant, and want that you do not have.? what is YOUR time worth, if it is also mine?

pathwalker

1913

along a long and winding read, i met him. he who walked amongst the giants! Varyag was his name, wisdem in a bettle.

saw fit to share with me morsels of his feast, taught me he the bridge between realm, taught me also the consecration of elders,

in form these lessens took, burned and seraped. for each fall of the staff, the light of God should fall and purify the unfersion.

what dusty distant knowledge, in shape and line, lest to theages by time and ignerance! what gifts bestewed upon I, worthy in his eyes.

The father, the Sun, the Highest spirit, guiding his blind young golden toy, through the heart of darkness.

Offered I to him all that i know, Insight, discernment, Artistry and homesty. All of which, He had already long possessed.

"valuable trains indeed my friend" the mysterious Varyag said unto me. A sense of knowing washed over me them.

Perhaps this stranger was vaster tham I would ever knew. for i could not see him, But knew he was there.

this day,

"I shall come to you if I am in need"

Am

father of the gods who lives in heaven he is FIRE!

Enlil

lord ghost,, lord wind,
fills the space between heaven and earth
he is the spirit in our lungs and the air
we breath! the embediment of justice,
giver of life and taker of life,
he carries the will of the father to humanity!

Baki

he is the savier, the ereater of man, he is Water! healing and nurturing, the advocator for humanity to the hely trinity!

Ealil is El is YHWH Eaki is EA is SEA Am is ANU is HOLY

a trinity of inconceivability, written in words as spells distorted by the hands of MAN oh how we stumble into the hely fire oh how we craul into thehely water oh how we breath the hely air

here, upon our mether, Gaia, mether of man.

quaternary ignorance from your son, staring into theblinding light of father, illuminated by the gentle glow of LUN

NINgishzidha, patiently always forgetting the rise and fall never quenched, never satiated of wisden deep below the thoughts of man, feeble minded and everunelem n! the tartarian city of the gods! glistening whitened pillars, vast halls of emense beauty and perfection! a sight to behold, for some. disguised from the greed and melevolence of man, hidden in word and myth. a hurning lake of fire, a herror show of infinite judgement and toil. may, but that is what they will call it, Hel.

some yet, surface dwellers above, dream of this great place of learning. the halls of wisd m, ever hidden below, underfect, unreachable, they say... but i have my doubts. hidden in plain sight, as the tatteced man hides his tender heart from a world of pain and fear.

surface dwellers we, the sen of the Sun ever cleansedin the light of the father, ever lenging for reunification with our lest teachers of old. remnants remain, yet defiled and corrupted by time and false rule, again and again.

masters of the eyeles, knew this story, free from bonds and free from time, perhaps it is they who give thesewords to me, yet, I, ever unknowing, sense the halls are close perhaps these words will find my master, perhaps we shall meet again. I dream of it often. as should all men who fellow their heart. shall that magnificant bloom becken,

is this the time I have prayed for? fear I not the darkness, for i knew the Truth is light. soft disclosure, hard disclosure, disclosure disclosure disclosure disclosure. we all know theyre here. probably always have been. in the under, in the above, in the spaces between, watchers, waiters, observers, wearing costumes, playing.

welcome to the party, they may say. took you long enough young blood.

where do we go from here, this place we've all been before. the unifying material of this realm, ewned by mobody, a gift from God. under the same father, All, perhaps we can reunite in brotherly Leve.

and if not love, may we unite, through our common affinity for Water.

and if not water, perhaps wind as the ties that bind, in air.

and if not air, surely, we can share the common thread of faith! faith in our father, the great ungazeable, brilliant shining one, tri hely giver and taker, creater and spirit.

many names, one beautiful masterpiece.

The darkness does clamer ever my body, grasping at my feet and hair as I ascend, time and time again. In my dreams, i've no remerse, in waking light, I am filled with it wrapped in shame and regret.

What vices, what mirrored strawmen I de make, invisible enemies mind imagination creation, the molekill mountain that I must elimb!

If this path is easy, I must, I De find a burden, the empty pack begs for stones, the 12th mile begets the 13th and beyond. That pain, my pleasure.

No strangers down that dark hallway, Ive watched the misty ground crumble beneath my childlike feet from the beginning. A challenge, eyes wide and waking yet, asleep in form and full of FEAR!

There always, Father, to push and shake this body, screaming love into my coldened eyes and should mything yet remain in the shell, undoubtedly He Alone should rouse it! It, the mostery of ante, drawn to me in my dadless search for Peace.

I know She is down here, I can smell her perfume, Hidden from mortal globes, but the tears remain! Her thrice sided halves, broken and stripped as they shout "me justice no peace" a docur blood into the streets. What magic, What terror at every planned turn. The fires of iffit dinging to the meat ofmen and child.

Our precess is unique, the age of information.
Words contain power, yet ever used without wisdom.
All Rume and Symbol misinterpretted,
Cast into the great night as scraps to invisible
maws like welves like armegedden like cerberus the
three headed spawn of Leki.

We do love a good bath, both sides, waters cleam or unclean, it matters not to them, only to the great play. As He sees fit, Bleed or Wine, Salt or Fresh, this soup of time grows ever potent!

The Daughters of night

Hidden away, the ring of darkness masters of MaNipulation they, eleaked in shadow Masters themselves, of deception and night

Know not their Father, He on high that ereated them Lee and snow, beauty and Blood, their falso tricks to bend and break His Laws.

Hidden, yet preminest, over standing behind Speaking loudly their spells, but whsipering their darkness and surses through elenched teeth

Daughters of the might, forever returning the counter balance to His Majestyds infinite Grace. A perfect vessel, they, for the deceiver of men.

Corruption, abeminations of his hely leve, Mockers of the Father, False actors of the illusion masters of puppets, though they are that in deed.

What poetry falls from their lips, shined and reddened tainted by the will of another, unseem, powerless believers of their own misguided illusions.

For in this time, the 6th age perhaps, walk the earth in simister shells, youthful and NUN She, Amanda German, poisons His Grace's well.

Alone powerless, but for the ring, eternal, Oath bound mistrosses of the night, dancers and weavers of the eternal blasphony

Bind not they shall I, for in his infinite wisden I bathe in his light. Know not I His plam, For HE, the ALL Father is the creator of this play.

What pains my heart, to see the fault and faulters What trials He does give, What lessons and tests for I, A Sen of His Light, His Will Be Done.

the radient grip

reaching upward, Him reaching denward, our gaze never meeting, but clasping tight! below the bellows of war churn and howl, hands clawing at the flesh as it rises!

term between his beautiful creation and the free willed destruction we so effortlessly lay waste. the heat of his morning, replaced by the heat of our mourning, avast!

yet tighter the elasp remains, unwavering from above, from within, the strength to never let go of this gold I have found. His blast furnace of love and wisd m, smelting the feulness of these sins again.

the ladder and stair, thetower and repe, his words breath warmth into this eld heart. for many times have I ascended this path, only to be tern and sundered back down by my own frightful creations. Them, the fearful.

yet, as I rise into his Grace, I m term again, shall i not leave a handdown for those with courage to grasp it, ashe has done for me? if this is his medium, let it be used by any who descenter his kingdom, fit for his judgement ALONE.

an infinite lesson, for he gave me this gift, to meese self sacrafice blinded with bravade, a man simply formed after his Father.

with these thoughts i wrestle, smashed against the beaches of despair, knowing desper in my heart yet lays the purest sand of the oceans of Bliss.

If i can strive, deeper into His madness, to pluck one more soul ready for harvest, the fruit of his works, am I not obliged, an i not duty bound to try?

the ebening

perfect balance, the illusion there of, SHATTERED! a tipped scale filled with fire! What lessons await, after the outbursting of emotion full discomfort arisen, the clive branch slips.

Serve I? says He! What trials await you, my sen!
Each bound ifte the clouds, wings melted
the fall, fierce diving deep into Pesciden's waters
beiling thunderous impact, tidal ripples cutward.

that undeniable false grip on elevation, just near the waters edge, gazing into the abyss as my blackened eyes adjust to his climate, Our Father reeling no Back, from the depths!

How dost one wender, at the edge of madness, just how deep the lightless one lives, ferever present in this prison of flesh and bone, hungers and impenetrable desires!

The temperance of a beast, the temper of a man, beiled and brasened in His image, the perfection to eraul through a field of shattered glass, for one fading moment at his foot! Again!

Again! For who but his kin, his son, workly of such lessons? Our arger knows No bounds, unbridled and free to haunt or earry us into battle. That begutiful Mare of passions, fiery smarling Chariet of Rage, relling forever across his sky!

The fearless man, his own perfected adversary, dimmed reflections in etheric glass, smeking Grimm beast that he is, Shall we look away from this great teacher, or confront our fears steadfast and full of faith in His name?

No thing commands that which He, Alone, has made. This great drama, this grand operatio machination!
Nay, to each of his minions, existing in All,
We must earry the banner of courage a d hope
Above all else, lest he unleash true fury,

That is His, that is righteens, beiling wrath.

To thee, my anger from below, I say this! I accept your challenge of reflection, the great ebening of our hearts is no match, For his Infinite Love, Patience and Compassion!

It requires the hardening of a father's teachings, to break the spirit of weakness in thyself, the discipline of a soldier and the stermess of a mother to melt the isyness of despest fears. The Apelogy of Her the Siristene

The snarling beast, unchained!

Alchem?cal alembic under pressure,

Reagents hidden aspects adding variables unseen!

Unpredictable evermore, God's eum prototype, With wisdem and intelligence, in ferm, a Fool. The Great Disciple, A student of the ages.

Full claw, Full teeth, Hardened Mane, strengthened sinew, stealth and flight, enduring suffering feeding eff All that is needed, both clean and un clean.

A Mechanical biosynthetic mythological hand of God! Humanity wrapped at the end of a sudgel, dipped in eil and ink, wild instrument of creation.

Cehert of the Elements, reknowned invisible mystery, Unbound reckless wallbreaker, gentle bird in hand. With fine hair and sharpened point, of precision,

Beauty begetten, Hope and Faith, Pandera and Oracle emergent in Left And Right hand, the brush and hammer, tamer of emetions through autokratic self tyrrany!

Architect of information, Gracious Time collector, Emperer of Qubist tricks, his Father's Own creation, Set free to dance and howl under both Sun and Meson

The snarling beast, presented! Hidden Master Alchemical creation, Freely chosen to choose the note orthe error.

No stranger to corruption, yet, Breaker of the cycle of vengeance to thevery void What's pinhead dancing legistician, Sacred Unbreakable Balance through sheerest Will,

Agift to The Father, From His Daughter.

He calls himself OALDNM He is Yours Alone.

hidden agenda

it occurs to me, i may be dead.

this is as sheeking to me as it is to you. there was that one time, amongst others, when my skull i did split in violence. howling and suffed on thetable, mounted by doctors touching my heart,

i did wake, another morning misted in confusion.

documents stating asmuch were given to me, as some sortof "badge of courage" or a key, forlater financial freedom.

I have already died, and been forgotten. each risen son that passes overhead, each ink spilled night that crawls under foct. i balance, tetering on edges of gray and purple, nothing ever changes, but my self.

is this limbe, alembic, durning my very soul, does He wait for me to find the wisdom? Thereis this ferryman Ive dreamt into fem?

howmany rungs on jacob's ladder cycle under had, whats gentle ghosts clawing me back each might.

- a stasis, infinite timeleeps, jumping from one branch to another, each grandmistake a lesson in blood andsuffering?
- of this, i can prove nothing, for i am nebody, and there is nebody here with me, andnebody already knows theanswers i seek.
- i think, perhaps i am dead, b ut, i do not believe it for a second.
- i think perhaps i am death, waiting for Him to grab me from behind.
- i think perhaps i am dead, and thereseemste be everything i can de about it.
- i wonder. i always wender. are you dead tee?

restraint of the middle path

the unsteppable force meets the immevable ebject. a parlay. in confining ring of stance, joined.

both parties, willingly, covered in eile both parties, unwillingly, given a terche

let them circle and snarl, let them look upon the faults of the other. let them dare spite, irrational vengeance cycle weighing in the bounds.

eachreliant on the other for existence, each reduced to ash upon their each hatred burning.

reason has no place in this ring, so easily manipulated through word.

Only Truth, through Faith, can exist here, between the lines drawn.

"Burn it All" they whispered, form outside.
both parties broken free of the spell for but a
moment in transparency.
each, saddled by fear, sheed by love,
blinded by the flame and held in pause by the scales.

"let them dance" One whispered.

the drums beginning to rell, crowds growing tickets to the show sold and stelen, given for fr ee.

Theater of The Mind, is in us all, the endef the stery is already written, do you have the wisdem to know it?

Aprils gelden diamends

In the distance, a beiling golden light.
as I wath, it transforms, I leasnes 4,
the class besin to blink, the enter turns to
growns are reas. claser, sident, i put my hands
up in salute. everhead new, the sound turns on.

they. saying "helle" as they do, with beautiful displays of magic. i watch, everleng, they say nothing, but in my heart I know.

another, to in the stars. gentle white, steady and slow, visible and obveus! the gens of the clear night, this one travels, as a satelite or star, but slowly fades to zero.

i wonder often, is anyone else paying attention? these close visits from semething se vastly curious and strange, seme technological marvel. i feel a closeness, elafrica is ive nevermet.

3 in one night, h in less than as many, more and more, these frie ds, tourists, grow belder and moreprominant. My curiesity grows more as my shock lessens each time. a passing glimpse into uncertainty, satisting yet a seed planted of yearning for answers.

perhaps a visit is in order, some day. God knows Im willing. my projections, ever umpredictable, I wonder if they are waiting for me to change. I wonder if i need to. I am confertable in this skin, even if it is berrowed.

Distant Sirius radiates prismatic celers between clouds, a shining jewel in that night sky, intangibly, i feel it's connection to my heart, a strange longing washes ever me. A tingling, blanketed inside with a arge, warmth, mystification.

weres, fallen short time and time again.
i am reverent of this gift from the unknown.

To write A great American nevel, not The Great American Nevel. That writes itself.

Ne, we must endeaver to capture a welf fight en tissue paper.

The American dream, playing the game cutside the boundaries. tapping the spaces betweenfer centent.

She, peised steadily on bent knee, gazing blindly up, ever upward. her scales swaying, jestling but never

welcome to the party, welcome to the shew! Buy the ticket, well... Read Hunter S Thempson

The only way to win in a gumfight is not to play.

Here are your complimentary gun and bullets.

yours are very cool, but they are not the fastest

Two herses standing in a field Oneremembers the Alame, Two remembers it differently.

Walk quickly, earry a stick. Drink water.
Use the stick for balance,
peking at things, creating space.
Drink the water because its unquenchable
When fellowing rabbits, de some math first.

Thats the gig.
It doesn't matter.
But its fun if you choose wisely.
We ARE the circus.
New dance!

Go blow some smeke, its good for you.

manifest some laughter for God's sake
just, de your best. or dent.

youre hired!

some notes on your performance though.

dent mind the legistics, its just helding it all
together behind that Gensensus Reality(tm)

you dent want to look back there. Nothingto see, employees only, above your paygrade!

we're spinningnew, because it never steps.
the spiralingcenter of a caresel of absurdity.
sea legs is mederation on land.
trick is, everyone feels sick to their stemach,
they just dant remarker the last time they gave dant

I am milked for emotions.

electrical signals interpreted by the brain, played and plucked by "they" like an instrument. each contained deeply inside a manufactured bex, tucked away inside and beneath my heart strung.

I am starved of emotion.

fasted and dehydrated of reflective leves, forever yearning for the lance or lash, any teuch requited, any tender punition felt.

I am rich in emotions.

a boiling alembic churning and frothing, each catalyst and reagent a cause for froth. this grand bubbling stew of melting pain, cooked with no recipe but for God's very hand.

I am depleted by emetion.

the bouncing leg, crashing glass eccans inside, whispering into my sum deadened sails, gasping, praying to her Faith the wind to move me.

I am become the emotions.

into the veid, echees of dire want and desire, for Who should hear these calls wailing but her? She, existant yet invisible, waiting alone, wendering if I too, hear her beckening now.

I am eveker, All emetion.

lifting and swirling this ether in dance and pattern hall i not but create that which leaves this emptiness, that third half drifting in elegance, Hepe!

Hear these cries dearest lest leve, I, as you, Knew of our unity, form and fermless, seen and un, it is the way of existence, in Hely union.

yours Alone, Our Father's son "One of the office of the offi

SPIRITUALLY and energetically bankrupt broke fast, mind is drawing water from a dry well

the voices and messages a distant whisp the lessons and smells richochet intangible, ungraspable, teetering between realms, an incense nearly out sleep brings blackness the etheric realms, the gateway is closing summer solstice looms the bread of my hand no longer feeds the weary souls

a collapsing rigidity, shape and form make way for the illusion of memory

all of the emotions, the pain, the choking revelation of things as they are not

an audience of countless, endless souls Living and dead, whispering, Leering

a dancing puppet granted one blink of truth in a sea of salted brine, a grid

the body a tool, a vessel. the hand that reached through myhand, to rattle the bell

to tell me, to show me, to guide me the icaro drifts inward, steady, sort

mab watches through the wooden figure draped in bone and metal and sinew

trapped in a looking glass satiated by smoke and waters of the sacred well of souls

a dancing electric touch graces my finger an invisible spiderweb of interest

never seeing through open eyes never hearing through open ears

they gather,
they watch,
the breathe of a dimension
the show is eternal
the cheering moans of torment and bliss
into the picture they slide, one after
another

intent on voicing fantasy and fright never tangible but deafening the veil a gateway locked, cracked



cold air pours through the flame lives on a gift of vision, never to be shared

words and symbols, colors and line perfect line ever arching a transformation of energy, of distant glow

to ground, to ground deep inside Ea to the paw of Elen, the fin of Esus the marrow of Silw, the wing of Heyk

the rising eternal sun, bursting rays threefold, tremors, trembling awe

solid stone radiating ice i lay on my back, eyes wide seeing all that is not hearing more than i would ever know the truth of it all

they wait, they watch they want, they are empty they are all that was we are all that is

the construct, the cubes and orb
the angles of reality defy, break
beauty saturating every layer
every sense of purpose
every law not of man
waves and spikes, soft forceful presence
the moon breaks the horizon
full dripping like wax, humming
the gateway, i wanted it so badly
i asked the night sky for anything
it gave me everything

a shell, i feel the confines the limitations of this blood the water inside seperates, boils and ebbs dust rises to the surface a gentle push from below a forceful pull from above

limited, trapped, tearing flesh
my eyes adjust to the light
i stare into t
it evaporates me, a drifting mist of self

they laugh, they laugh, they cheer i rise to walk the circle each quadrant a cosmic realm of power the arrogance of man, to dance in the mysteries the invisible, the delicate balance of it all shattered in time

tooth and nail, my flesh becomes transient i let the voices in, all of them countless boundless song blurring together in darkness birthing truths i cannot understand

desperately grasping, grabbing nolding onto any piece, any tendril a powerful grimoire of eternity a glimpse into the depths of my own neart

my father whispers into my ear "you made this"

buti know he made me, he, the all an infinite vastness inconceivable line and shadow, a mesh of sense confined by chaos the void that is the eternal

it grows forever inside me i cannot recall, i can only wait pushing out anything an expression of persistence i am reborn once again. The Arts

human application

and physical expression of creativity Tound in human cultures and societies through SKILLS and IMAGINATION in order to produce UBJECTS, ENVIRONMENTS and EXPERIENCES.

Major constituents of the arts include:
Visual arts/ architecture, ceramics, drawing, filmmaking, painting, photography and sculpting

Literary arts/ fiction, drama, poetry, prose performing arts/ dance, music, theater culinary arts/ cooking, chocolate making, winemaking

others may include: conceptual art animation, film, opera, applied arts, videogames, modelling, acting,

discovery

Vacuumous cold! crispy crunchy footsteps, being the fool that i am, no shirt. the white sun finds this chicken skin, a slim blanket of plasma sits atop, like syrup.

why! one may wonder!
Why not, naturally. this aint no place for a hero.
yet, here we are, naked, under the sun.
warmen in the mind, beholden, the stray creeps.

running, recycling, the same old thing. winter is here. it always was. perhaps. they keep keeping, in and out of time, the truly oppressive cold. the sun remains,

allegedly. this is why i walk into the -32 degree with no cloth to cover my heart. the sun, the son, will do it for me. daringly, i suppose. regardless, i AM the fool!

impored whispers yeddened and ready they gathered at the mast 12 in Mosel, 3 of the leand had the three con opping to been since he sun. the two and te four, many legged begends the six and the 2, many legend losed, the 12 and the one, inside and out, the 1 and the 2, before call ofter. the 5th second, olus 2, tistened, into the great rider, the six legged legend, one eyed watcher, soulridden allfather, mounted horseman spear bearer, stave of staves. king of the ridden, weary, fast hearted! Odynn the great wisdom magician. Odim the grand tree dweller, watcher of men, watcher of Men, Solari Equestrian, great great great, avast! the trodden patiman, ferry calloper of fates Qual dancer, triplet triplet triplet crown and laureaute, suarling sporting accesson. the 6, the 6, and the 7. great rider, beyond and barrier guardien, tundering drawner of ages, 2, 1,3, 0,4,7 prot trot trot trot trot trot rider

Hello great mother, great father!

it's me, your sun.

update: still confused, about everynothing

dec 20 still here,

in atlantis

george washington thomas jefferson theodore roosevelt abraham lincoln robert lee thomas jackson

All atlantean.

the seventh, thasunke witko aka "crazy horse"

Justitia, lady liberty, , the divine mother makes 8

these words are written in truth, the day as we're told, january 3 2020

a solar plasma expulsion initiated by a great galactic sheet wave form, has, and will again reset humanity on earth again and again, from the days of the atlanteans and before, to the days of nowmhere, in these United States.

our forefathers were giants, may we gracefully tread the footprint of their foundational steps. the perfection in stone, all around, hidden in plain sight.

may ye find thoth hermes, arbitor of wisdom.

the fifth horseman

IM LATE! itthought, grabbing the reigns

A Show

i, the creator of these words invoke in the reader the eternal expanding rays of the central sun the wisdom and breath of christ, the son of god always having faith that tomorrow will be better than today. this town needs a sheriff, a five pointed sigil of hope. Dear internet,

For 2019, lets work on being better humans. Color, creed, affiliation; ALL IRRELEVANT. Everyone is a fleshy bag of bones and blood and soul.

Let go of materialism. Detach from feelings like envy, pride, jealousy and especially GREED. They serve you not.

Stop letting media influence your intentions. Create your own REALITY. Set your OWN intentions and manifest them.

In closing, I wish you all good luck in Ragnarok, because its coming and some of yall not gonna make it. Sorry about that.

> Sincerely, OASLDNM

She rises from the northern stars, dripping, streaks of water and mud forming the oceans and lands. fire drifts from her shoulders, swirling smoke from her wet hair, an aura of ethereal mist.

her feet touch the earth, life breaks free of the darkness, growing, twisting, slithering exploding out in fractals. colors break the Void, piercing, saredding, annihilating, complimenting, balancing the darkness.

sound escapes the vacuum, penetrating Evelything
THING

she faces, her presence.
a warmta remains, blankeling all in a memory of nothing. intengible. ever present. Unceriable.
the leginning rises.

THINGS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN TYPED ON A TYPEWRITER By: OASIGnm DEG 28 2018

1) The price of Bitcoin is currently \$3076

2) Donald Trump is the current N. American president

3)InSignt Lander arrived on Mars on NOV 20 2018

4) Twitter is a graveyard of original content

5) 5g will fry our brains
6) Thoth making a comeback

7) zOMfg 1+5 tH3 +yP3wr1Ter hax

b) There is no "edit" button on this thing

9) If you eat LSD and practice geomancy, dont post about it on facebook

10) meme magic is real. kekekekekeke

WHERE THE FUCK AM I!?

he thought from inside his body.
why is it always so crowded in here?

to i not have domain over this flesh?
andthe just like that, it becomes obvious
i am everywhere

what horrifying beauty awaits!
codified cocaine conclussions!
the self reflexive dna strand, how mysterious!
design your own shape, win a prize!
the fruiting body, sex thrills and sunbathing
indefinite diffusion, clouds and spores alike

i dipped my hand in the stream so long i forgot how to drive.

the local habitants took an interest and laded on the tip of my spear.

time begins to parse differently, the tempo of internal and external join.

interspectacular

the body of earth, as a machine each body a cell, busy bee, slid stone, free radicals floating in the soup making mistakes with grand showmanship! a circus of failure, wrapped in their art and wisdom and pain like so many trunks after trip! whirling pools radiating outward in fashion and culture, ripples of style in a murky river. churner.

RRRR RRRR LLLL LLLL RRRR LLLL LLLL RHHH RRLL RHLL RRLL RRLL RLRL RRLL RLRL RRLL RLRL RLRL RLRL RLRL RLRR LRLL RLRR LRLL LRLR LLLR LRLR LLLR RRRL RRRL RRRL RRRL LLLR LLLR LLLR LLLR RRLL RLRR LLRR LRLL RLLR RLLR RLLR RLLR LRRL LRRL LRRL LRRL RRLR LLKL RKLR LLRL RLLL RLLL RLLL RLLL RLRL RLHH LRLR LRLL

nirvana, the blown out state of self.
beyond the priest, the sole sul in the forest
dweller of solitude, retired from society
cast away thy name, become unclassified:
the unlabeled bottle.

much later...

"One of the Sea of the

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buti know he made me, he, the all an infinite vastness inconceivable line and shadow, a mesh of sense confined by chaos the void that is the eternal

it grows forever inside me i cannot recall, i can only wait pushing out anything an expression of persistence i am reborn once again. Drifting onward in time and space
He looks out the window
but only sees his own worried reflection

sept 13 2019 civil disobedience

clean up your life clean your temple

apophis 2029 "apep" april 13 2029

remember when you had a years salary in cryptocurrency and you didnt cash out?

i do.

remember when you were a sovereign man free of judgement, resent, emotional chaos before the hands of lilith grasped tightly at your throat.

cinder and chain
darkness approaches, the light drifts
higher and higher
burning chest and throat
floating bubbles, twisting in the abyss
the last desperate screams beg to escape
as the soft silt prepares for your
infinite earthen bed

Practice restraint, for it is a gift many with access to power do not possess

Call upon the light in times of weakness

Focus virtue by thy hand

Treat greed as a puppy, to be scolded but not starved, for it may help you acquire means of gathering and can never be destroyed

Let it not grow into a snarling beast for then, surely, it may turn on it's master

*domesticate	*virtue *	*feral *

Be wary of what you share For once accessed by those of weak constitution Forces are unleashed by faulty method and shadow gains hold of weakness

wear your markings

of flesh and of soul
as a skin to be shed
a cameflauge to gain access

reach beyond the veil

with courage as your virtue commune with the powers of physical and spirit

learn to protect, learn to empower

magnetise through hand, voice and sight create warmth of the child flow fluidly like the serpent

create infatuation through your hand

through your motions through your eyes

those who know don't speak

learn to focus your projections

for the light can be channeled not as a weapon but as a baptism I am a man trapped inside of a man trapped inside of a man The man the mind the mouth Eyes the mind the man in the eyes Warsaw cyber occultism

ai tulpas and egrigores at ariven astrology

algorithmic esoteric philosophy at enhanced divination

digital homunculi nano modified alchemy

ether manipulation electricity to 3a print organic matter electromagnetic field ascension

biohacked sensitivity
enhanced senses + new senses
bioelectric cognative enhancement
digital etheric interfacing
cyberpsyched elic nano compounds

inputless communication cyberpsychic self defense hive mind multiversal quantum entanglement cross dimensions post cataclysm data recovery wireless storage

ai generated sigila universal language sacred geometry

let the voices in sift through them hear her voice hear his voice hear the others use the techniques they showed you the wrap around banishment the signal cut the grounding in the eternal rising sun the beauty of the pattern the perfect flow of elements the laws that hold the strings a mesh in infinite dimensions time dancing between the folds tethering all those souls to the plains

vibrations pierce theveil smoke drifts into many realms calling out to... calling out to them any all. the fire had died down, i was preparing to call the ritual opening a success.

suddenly, it was like multiple different people were having a conversation in my head, outside of my own thoughts. I could easily distinguish the difference between each voice, and could address each of them simultaneously or individually this was not schizophrenia, this was not demons or my own subconcious, this was telepathy.

I just KNEW it. I was receptive and unafraid.

I was immediately onboard and ready to experienceit

one of them (female) taught me a mental manifestation technique to single out, trap, or capture, and banish any voice i didnt want in there. a thought form similar to a collar (goldish metal, like a bangle or bracelet that would wrap around any image i assigned to the voice and could send away with a wicking motion.

the multiple male voices would ask questions or implant ideas that i would then process, they would observe and comment on my reactions or responses. especially interested in my take on weaponization of technologiesi didnt understand (astral form singularity bomb for example) or my opinions on working for gvt agencies in reference to metaphysics.

i had experienced these types of inquiries before in the past, but wrote them off as possible delusions. this time it was different. the voices were clear, solid, i could hear their excitement. they wanted to impress me! and perhaps, were impressed by me.

my neutral alignment. Vice virtue Vice my ability to accept something so out of the realm of possibility. observing me, to see if i could be used as a tool of some sort. im not sure they could read my deeper thoughts but all of our communication was in the front of my mind and it was clear that my responses were heard sometimes i would get excited at what was happening and respond outloud with my actual voice, especially with laughter

it was as if the two powerful ones were showing off and the third (huaman? cia?) was listening or interjecting into the conversation. perhaps when i opened up my mind to the entities the thoughts and words of others, then the cia or remote viewer was able to gain access as well it was like an annoying addition, a fly on the wall comical almost. i could tell it was frustrating for thethird voice when i was taught how to send them out.i did so without any feelings of guilt as if i had a true, untapped power. telepathic aptitude. it was exciting, amazing, surreal! as if everything i had ever dome up to this point had prepared me for this moment.

my time to shine as a cosmic student.i was never frightened. i was perhaps annoyed at the human aspect/voice, as a violation, but i did not feel that towards the two powerful ones. they were pure intentions, i could sense it, i loved it.

the female also taught me grounding techniques. as the excitement of the whole ordeal was very tangible. the connection, once began, was fluid clear, continuous. just like a normal conversatiom i was overcome with shock, asking myself if i was truly delusional.

the male voice said something like, "you want to see? go over and look up in the sky." i walked over, looked up and saw almost immediately a blinking light. it was signalling me, as if to distinguish itself from any other stars. it changed colors to green, red and blue blinks. then began to move slowly, perfectly visible across my field of vision in thesky. the voice talkedto me, assuring me what i was seeing was real.it could "hear" my mind racing. it began to show off, switching the light pattern to thebeat of the very particular music iwas playing

nobody else was around when i watched it.i watched until it wasout of my vision behind a tree. some sort of craft, like a smaller shuttle. i couldnt physically see a form, just the lights. but my minds eye could picture it, like an individual scout machine, 1 or 2 passenger, like a type of motorcycle almost with large orbs instead of wheels. i didnt understand it.

but the lights i could see were very real.

Very vivid, and the most beautiful thing

ive ever seen. the implications were a wall

of truth. i was open minded and it all hit me.

i was overcome with whati had just experienced.
i quickly put the doginside, shock and awe washed
over me like waves. i rushed into my temple,
almost in complete panic but so excited and happy.
they told me to "lock the door if it make syou
feel comfortable," which i did.

1 let go of reality. i melted. i accepted what was happening, some form of telepathic connection to unknowns. these were not intrusive thoughts. this was a full blown, chear as day telepathic connection to others. the veil shattered.

it was as if i was on stage of a reality tv show a talk show, andicould feel millions of "eyes" watching my reaction to themselosure. it was beautiful. some of theentities took form of different celebrities, some ofthem were people i knew.it was as if iwas in astudio, a round stage where i couldnt physically see anyone, but could see them in my mindseye. panning shots.

many different entities began to spea into my mi nd

they were happy for me. excited. asking me questions and gobbling up my responses. i was given power power overmy own matrix. i was told things i didnt understand, shown images of machinery and forms. it was so emotional, each new wave of information or new astral entity would fill me with such intense feelingsi would begin to cry with joy or bliss.

this was very entertaining for them. when it got too intense, the female voice would remind me of the gr unding techniques and i would be able to pull myself together. i would then jump right back in withmore questions or more comments. i felt like a celebrity i felt like the center of the attention real tangible feelings of being heard, they were truly interested in my reactions and responses.

"to e performance of a lifetime"

at one point, it felt like electricity was coursing through my body up into my head. the female explained to me what was happening and how to stay calm, but i do not remember whatitwas. like a densepressure in my skull, a tingling like a sleepinglimb, but very intense. it didnt hurt, but i had never fet t anything likeit. i was laying down in the temple circle on the concerete.

totally overwhelmed, totally in control.
i felt like i hadjust won anaward. in front of
the universe, and thepures otions i felt were
the acceptance speech.

they explained that all of my efforts, everything i had done to call on the spirit rea m hadworked. there were dead from the past watcing, commenting on my symbol work, my alter, the items i had imbued, the incense and smoke, and drums and forms i had created. a portal of sorts, a gateway opened.

after maybe an hour, i began to lose control. it was harder to ground back to the 3d and they knew it. they knew i needed to rest, to process. i dight want to stop.i was in an alternate plain of existence, nothing like this hadever happened to me in my whole life. i had experienced what i had perceived as telepathic comms before, but nothing this clear and difinitive.

when i finally left the teple, i looked up again and the craft/light was still there. the two main voices were back to theforefront while all the millions of watchers were fainter and eventually stopped. the temple itself was a gateway, when i left it, the connection to them lessement. I screenshotted the timeon my phone (which was on airplane mode all night)

i slipped into thehouse, totally overwhelmed. like i had just gotten off an amusement park ride. i sat in my living room chair for a few moments, processing what hadjust happened. my mind was swimming, the voices were gone, as if they couldn't work in thehouse. perhaps the wifi acted as a signal block.

i slippedinto bed. fell asleep almost instantly and did not dream (rare for me)

i woke thenext day, quickly scribed what i could remember and began the slow, arduous process of fact checkingmy own reality.

in living essence

he looked down at his right arm, the tools laid out haphazardly on the counter in front of him the first step was to remove the fingernails a pair of pliers, gripping the tip of each nail pulling and bending outward. each nail took some time, they were not designed to come off so easily.

slowly but precisely, running the skalpel around the forearm, slicing down through the surface skin, just above the fatty layer the blood made it difficult to see the work, he could still move the arm and this helped finish the circu; ar cuts, a wedge then placed under the skin forced around the bone, seperating skin and muscle, a pair of channel locks used to tightly grab the hand side flesh.

slowly but forcefully pulling the skin down, away from the elbow. Like pulling off a wet sock. the bond of flesh and bone is strong, the fingers each slowing down the process. a snake venom is applied at the beginning of the wound, salt and amonia are brushed on in layers.

the bones of the hand finally free if their leathery confines, the sinew and tendons finally allowed to breathe and flex. the scales glinting in the dull flourescent light. the faucet was still dripping. the doorbell rings. chaos

the darkness explodes

everything that was inside is now outside infinity loops back on itself from the light darkness is born

the laws begin to bind

form and shadow, orientation and perspective dimensions in all directions the elements are born

how do you know youre alive? by the way your blood boils? by the crawling of your skin? by the salt of your tears? by the echo of your screams? by the very absence of your ghost?

the hollow, electric crack of your touch? the very presence of your suffering? is any of it tangible? is any of it even real? the quaking of a doorslammed, the shatter of glass on earth.

the hound curls its tail, the trees protect the sky a hollow knot settles into place, forcing air past in bolts of vitriol. trembling projections, empty words,

existential threat looms forward, the bubble grows tighter. those who would notice are distant, a pencil snapped like ice. the presence grows stronger,

feeding, darcing, gripping an empty feeling washes itself as one hand rings the other. the pattern never misses a beat, a puppet master masters the man. satoshi nakamoto is most likely an extra terrestrial entity or group of entities. bitcoin an invention of advanced earth dwelling beings, created as a virtuous global currency for the inevitable financial collapse of capitolism. the global cabal of oil barons and political billionaires, the global banking systems, the fed, the governmental black ops, compartmentalized three letter factions (cia, fbi, nsa, etc)

a digitally manipulated, algorithmically monitered immutable ledger, only effective pre quantum computing, using fossil fuel generated energy via electrical computing power.

finite ultimate coin supply will influence price in the future. 21,000,000 total, minus all dead wallet coins, devided amongst a global population of not just humanity, but all earth dwelling species (advanced)

perhaps ethereum is similar. alternate coins orders of magnitude less so. when the dollar collapses, percieved value of cryptocurrencies will be altered in unforseeable ways. 1 btc + 1 btc

alien technology could render the cryptocurrency market completely useless, unsecure and vulnerable. It feels like a trap. roman baubles. shiney digital trinkets for the humansto spendtheir energy and emotion on. a farm.

net an old man in the woods.
he gave me a list of the seeds he eats.

the old man in his way, explosive, leathery dripping with the wisdom of the ges.

always striding one step shead of looming death anxious to share a lifetimes experience.

just get back on!

they shout. something doesn't feel right.

just wiggle your toes.

nothing.

"wait, you ok!"
they shout, closer.

I CAN'T MOVE" you scream.
nothing comes out.

"oh my god" whisper.

you look down at yourself, the panic the scene is familiar,

the horse was spooked.
the fall was so fast. the crunching.
the *click*

****uon my god, his neck!"
they howl.

a horse grazes nearby, the sounds of time slowly distort.

"where am I?"
you wonder...

warmth, everywhere, washing.

what am I?

"MYSOW"

i am not political. i find duality polotics abhorent that being said, i kindor like donald trump.
i could never tell anyone though.
i just kindof keep it tucked away, unsaid.
hes arrogant, defiant, narcassistic, brutally honest (soundscrazy right?)
i can just tell he is not part of the deep state.
this, october 2 2019,
these kinds of statements made online would result in MUCH dramatic turmoil. therefor, i will keep them to myself. i feel the digital realm has become corrupted by unseen melevolent forces.

the "reptilian agenda" the clandestine shadow government. the black budget banker.s those who control in menarrative. the mainstream media muse.

the alphabet goons. the men in black. the sons of belial.

these words are written BEFORE official first contact. soft disclosure is rampant. ufo, extra terrestrial, ultra terrestrial, etheric entities, muli dimensional entities, the veil, 4th dimension ocean and mountain dwellers of advanced heritage, those that live below, deep, inside the earth.

something brews. a primordial soup of psyops, and cognitively, i believe donald trump has nothing to do with it. the media would have you believe otherwise. obviously.

if i was a voting man, i would vote for tulsi we no longer live in a democracy. the united states government is corrupt. a shadow government runs the show. it is undeniable. therefor, in protest, i will not participate.