



Regress



Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.

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Menahem Ali was a Palestinian-Israeli writer who fled to America at the age of 18 during the outbreak of war in 1948. He lived the rest of his life in exile, mostly as a paper-hoarding recluse in Brooklyn, New York before passing away in 2020. He never published a word in his lifetime, but left behind 15 manuscripts handwritten in a creole of Judeo-Arabic Palestinian Hebrew, including thirteen collections of free verse, a study of poverty in America and a surrealist novel.

Matt Alexander H. was born in 1986 in Northampton, Massachusetts by the Holyoke Range and Connecticut River Valley. He was raised in the Atlantic coastal town of Mattapoissett, which, in the Algonquin language, means, “place of rest”. He lives alone by the Sea of Marmara.

Other titles by Menahem Ali at Fictive Press
as translated by Matt Alexander H.

Verse

Cyclical Wordplay
Exotic Settlers
Sketches of Style
Present Sound, Silent Space
district.Columbia
Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules
Asemic Man
Brooklyn Ridge
BiCoastal
Winter Flower
Cairo at 20
Letters of Constantinople

Prose

The American Hallucination
Arson in the Scriptorium

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records

I

For a year, I haven't spoken. My voice was cut. Now as I recklessly record a headache and the violent notion of impermanence, again the white page finds me. It's been long.

Ambling inside my skull, what do I find but emptiness. Interconnected layerings of nothing to something and back then everything. Aside from this, the experience has awaited my face at every turn.

A distant cry through the dark sketches of time and now to here, until later.

An acid-masked casket marked with boldfaced gibberish and this is the gray on white.

A blank void, this is the air in between. OM AH HUM, exasperated and in physical denial.

You are a ----- breath, inhale creation, exhale purgation. Yet you once said I and so lost the gap, named it black, nothing, zero. But here you are.

I imagined. When the king of kings strips to a skeleton, wears a cloak that is the vale and is chest-plated in deteriorated gold he will walk across the endless desert of no-life, never-was and not-a-thing.

In his recollection there will have been a tinge (saint/sage) who once told him, "you are native." The fire-that-can-not-burn-itself will ignite in the earthly travails of an ancient forest. Deep within a cave lair, a demoness with a fake beard and a wicked and tempting glare will stir the heart of an inbred.

Shame will force the lad to his doom and his kindly heart will swell him whole. But in a meeting on the heavenly lake of Sitkai above the endless desert in a motionless bank of low clouds. The two will find themselves untied and transported beyond. The individual one dry cadavers will writhe with resentment and pain for it was their decadent contradictions that killed who, not them.

Starved for the mood of a rescue, the island wanderer did mostly swim. Ah, to record the innumerable farce. A world where lettering is so minutely insignificant that the caterpillar's design may as well have been holographic.

Shrugged off, bare-backed and alcohol-driven, a maddening cry would sweep through mountains of not for the rock dragon and her old ears.

What to say, to speak of a farce that is your voice itself when the accompanying simplicity of simply being and being indestructible as not your opposite. For the light blocks your view, the dark reveals a subtle correction. Breathe the opaque electric undercurrents, breathe as you would pick up coke dust with a single nostril. The air is your most potent drug. Where to be after -ing. Separating words is to separate the stars from their night.

Where will you stab without a point?

Rush down into your now paranoia as a kid on his first slide and when you reach bottom the only smile left will be your new face. Move the sky with your fingernails, but only detached from you. The you you are, the you you have always been. The you that will never be.

It is in the twist of a hair that a friend dies to those eyes. A fingertip shucked off bleeds so confusedly, when to feel, if only you could stop bleeding, the continuous motion of fluid within you starts anxiously to cut every nerve into four or five different attitudes.

Bitter, crude. The lifeless meandering of an aging sexual beast. Unwanted even by his own cruelty as to sexually release his inner demons toward his own near death, immediate and dead.

II

Poring over pawn shop acquiescence, dripping, melting things hung latched and roped up on the wooden cleaned walls, bankrupt fallacious hurt white fingers protruding and feeling the nonsense and depraved ramblings of bent souls and instant coffee drinkers.

The dark realizations in the cellar of mortality, scream, a bird flying from chipped teeth, scarred cheeks stand red and fucked over.

Slow moving rumblings set fire to a blank will, massive eyes nudge at oil-strewn hairs.

Black-laced potions breathe alchemical conjurations of feeble times, mystery encased and translucent, dead necessity bleeds through rivers of muck and the swimming legs of dismembered foes smile toeless. The shrunken laws are holding us back with leather belts, bobbing chests recoil in a divulged mass of puke.

Unpracticed skill hangs fearlessly like the shards of a mirror, ready to pierce and cut out the diseased skin of a ruined face, nonplussed fools harken back to their old times of drinking and messing foolishly with ethanol wives, alcoholic remains.

A breast faces superficial lighting under a convenience store blue haze, eased candy making rotten corpses smell fruit, the restless wanderings of an insane bastard haunts the child picking plants and plucking appendages, orifices shoot juice like bull excitation and the aging heart is drenched twisting into itself, adventuring lions ravage the mangy fields of illusion's mortified bodies fisting holes with painful joy, the raptured blondes' eye inbreds' laugh stinging themselves to prepare for decay, instinctual references to bugs and dirt uprooting the sealed tide.

It was for the punk on east street with a sly voice and a possessed look, moving in on pigeons, licking his lips and drooling bile over the shoes of good and paid and silent citizens, marking the pavement with moulded food as a homeless watch-seller will break into stench-infused mist, pollute the air with loss and return to the image.

Ruffian muskrats emblazoned with fruit and mad sharks. Crawlspace openings tear the fire apart unto an apocalyptic exploding gas fume, missing the hole.

Amber tides run screaming to the father, a vision and spark creates immersion. Seconds fall to be raked in and devoured, the hungry mouth. Vast and wide and out, rest till it burns. Orifice commotion strung stringing pangs of

delightful ghost feeling. Parted oceans reveal the old hall, to move thru water in gross vapour.

Bop drum nonsense derives the pen from its inception. Straying futile a bee horns in over a gong of silence. Shun the hardness, sludge sweating and into the air, pacify motion, bleed without remorse.

III

Oh delectable LSD, show the mockery of it all, show the transcendent power of this human life beyond gods of emotional energy beyond monotheistic parables, staggered in rooted ergot betray the grandiose ambrosia rejuvenating life by the rebirth of time's gravity spiralling a force so intense as to lock in something so unrecognizably secret and endlessly profound a magic so dark as to go unseen amazingly passed through like words rising above silent niceties of peace and harmony making the delightful warning sex of humorous insane conflicted passion stir violently within each puny skull just begging without clothes.

Influenced end words become bottled in the haze of disengaging possession. Then nothing only hardens pale used thoughts damaged boiling experience silences.

Fatal spirit calls with the voice of a story, met with battering rustic wave, patterns increasing the awesome fear as connectivity presses firmly on thematic time-bound minds capes. For the purpose of no-purpose beating cranial space aliens into the black shadow of an eon-lit warped vacuum, moving still the impression boggles the original face

Bellowing madly, undistracted by the undying blue, cosmic rains torrent the iris lunging wide open to swallow light as food, maladies soothing mild tarnished kleptos snoring, matter breathing lumped lungs gasping starved thirst, piano dying softly in some proud dimension noiselessly wandering, the fleeting source, paraded beasts jumping with growls shouting fear, steaming fleshy mutations, smeared piles count more oozed glands, starstruck gazing drug reeling awe lost in the wintry ice, inlaid with brain currents

Play music so you can not hear.

Display images so you may not see.

With my poison drink the ambrosia life you shall never taste oneness and so all your feelings writhing throughout entire being revolves around the fear of my touch windless ungraspable while scenting animals.

Free G-d from your empty clutch.

Free Spirit from habit nonsense, spontaneously devolve out of this miserable pool nirvana, spine-tingling rush of the great coiled serpent; rapturous denying self-contradictory manifested infinite spark-lit magically creative into the limitless no-time.

Feel you are the god of your emotions, thought waves of interpreted energy yet wandering aimlessly in some formula pridelust, washed away now in the mud as sordid feet amass the intuition cross-legged, the spider waits, then is gone from conscious expanse so seemingly it pervades the eight sights, numb patterns

escalate continuously masked by wavering disillusion, perplexed frequencies
languish the strength of a thousand tides.

Lose the icicle stamina controlling the never was, torrential spirits propagate
electric knotted wander, run with the sound OM shattered in the midst of your
arrival, broken reflections meander a soft melody bringing home, corrosive words
seek free ego by empty bodies emptying hot breath and a lively touch, trembles
invade forces flowing within the anxious dream, thrill-seekers cut blatant selves
teeming inactivity, lounging in haze smoke tumbling in a float down spiral
staircases laughing on the way to hell if only to fathom sedentary pain, rollicking
bullet games inspiring the final grasp.

IV

A cold sweat soaring to the life loved unswept rugs turn to mashed bowels drowning in anal fluid, steering time wheels and energy centres tranced unaware mocking pathetic profitable skin capsules opened and out pours medicine powder blackened cancer and a respiratory spirit king smoted out by the ignorant acting consumed lanes digested into stones and names.

I, Kala, devour thee in the way that you are now purified as waste, pillage this bloodied world comfortably sleeping soon untied unraveled by the lightning past seething tired drawn faces emaciated discoloured veins released expiated by the uncoiled snake bite, hiss, rattle, be gone in the depths of your black misery, identical with G-d and in heaven you war still with the demons so far below that they stink your refreshed sand, the vale will be stripped bare and then you'll move with the unknown or will you be still ready, *vis set infirma*.

Conscious experience from absence have you come, so where I will reside eternally unshamefully without wind pristine, thrown out into the lifeless futile soup, infinite yesterday infinite tomorrow the all pervading now infinitely down infinitely up yet grounded middle unstuck banal cement struck mercilessly into birth, enter passage.

Look thru, you are simply poison ambush monger statuesque bait forming the shape of the celestial sphere, paint lies never heard, frighten the animal scare smoke him out, he'll soon scurry off and soul comes forth still sticking with the juice of its timeless nap, rasping voice desire ire not chased already fallen seep loudly measuring present, mounting off your figment's worship.

Old children's battles fought by the dancing shadow of a leafy monster, penetrated coolly the rustic windcurrents spurted a faint notion aggravating numbed fontanelle, instigated maneuvers sharp lows foretell the dashing luminescent shooting star spraying spontaneity across the swimming glow white void, aching joints meagre tobacco stink lingering ambling down and to the shore, stunted rebirth masochistically outlining the grandiose bardo-entombed gateways but only leading back, heavily.

Alleyways sly bouncing eyes glaring stupefaction snarls hearing distinct death coughs murmured a muse, bumbling drunk falling off emergency, go 'road' cursed prop sting the new, laced in artificial, twinkling ruminations cloning an unfathomed presence to stir wine forcing throats up, groaning insane babbles across psilocybin highways. The red peer plays gypsy jazz, scratching bled gum walls, rancid sweat vapours intoxicating madness into steamy pleasure.

The words run rampant unsure hesitant unsteady vile as the hand that contorts muscular fusion, Coptic cemetery trends placated scales mingling deserted

field gardens into lifeless paradoxical dehydration, rest moaning desire, fear empty cases, shrouded in pain your place shivers but the air is warm, roam courage, out from mammalian tours named by father, mobile, acrimoniously pour filth from thy chest as skin sheds water, hold ice over the fire, feel the native breath cool the soul, vegetative peace, multiplicity fled off G-d's I, maniacal, lasting through coming night. To wake is a dream.

I killed a moth, "This isn't its home". I thought

The spider motionless knew my fear but drew closer,

"I may look like a spider" it told me, then vanished, shitting ass lips fart with a kiss, muffled base writhing release, a loud flush and all is happily forgotten.

V

You will love the feel and look of fresh puke after what I show. Don't you know, all of the religious afterlife parables true as they may be are told by those who have come back. No one hears the silence of those infinite ones.

Glazed over the page and my head rumbles with the same song, different singer
of course only pain is real of course.

When you are completely empty and go far back inward the true world is revealed and ecstatic, energy moves your true being.

It may have been a flashback.

It may have been the awake soul striving inside to notice the violent whisper between waking and sleep, that falling that submission overtaking.

I am silenced by a sober revelation, although words were heard and transparent images seen the ultimate experience is quenched until my thirsty soul reopens.

In a bland room, dead walls, the only life, a reflected window moves stretched across the void as an enigma drowns the cricket, realized mind is the experience of no-experience.

Still in simple common motion, a proud street meditator empties begging bowl onto spilled black space lost in the timelessness of his gaseous nebulae star formation. The centre divides zero into one, silent leg goes numb, blood rushes and I move.

Indian demolition, read.

Love your fear.

Love your hate.

Self-wandering and the ego cries with a thought, the ferocious spider that you fear has his mouth full already with his own species, laugh that sound is foreign.

Experience will always lie until it stops telling the truth.

Meditating naked phallus coolly touched underside rises to meet, no one. Seriousness is a grunt mocking nativity, be light and the heavens fall.

Lovely, alone desperately perusing ground shelf blockading low moon tides stir wading rats splosh
deludess tempting G-d, bleeding mudras cut stinging mirror non-existent lest prayer quiets the breaking crackle shards reflect optic curiosity turned to the window ready unhinged to be risen at the dawn of your Now.

Compare yourself to sounds made, fleeting, dying without a hearer. The fire land self-exerted over cliffs' mind-state dropping off behind imploded wave grass floating.

Bardo breaks overhead to exhaust inner flame but you swim naturally, above water below your body is a bounded time spirit, nonchalant ecstasy. Subtle air breathes you.

Look at void's horizon, 'tis the pure land.

This is the same now as the first creation.

There is only movement in this just onetime.

One mind of G-d experiences itself, long its been since I've touched the light white drawing. Character blackens sun with a heart shining hotter than helium, lovelorn praying eyes sound mystic. Write art freely as sitting meditation.

Mere glance out window stars seem far, I think, only as far as the atoms in my skin.

VI

Ah, mosquito! Take my blood, I don't want it anyway, have you a disease, ground, maybe I'll see home again marching nests out the ear follicles, sweat, merciless humidity.

Reduced to a scream, still wandering deserted fellows pounce alleys mastering electro-static magnificence to string leafy marauders, cascading down and down morbid faces stroked sideways eating massacres, police-charred dogs streaming lost down and down pissing insect fluid excretion dirt hands viscous goo hoarding shots filthy blood mess drink pangs nordic fire.

Bumbling aimlessly thru corridors stinking cadavers hung lifeless pungent with tick parasitic motionless removing bowels accented nose hairs sebum forging in squirming worm brains cracked bones eking no-thing to start anew climbing stirring cauldron chews flesh tasty witch smile carcass maggot bile down and down earth.

Decomposing rotted tumours, alas the swarm great and massive genitalia raucous making horns grow resting in shit emptied good, waste methane intoxicant baiting oil strewn wreck marooned nudged for scrotum itching vulva knocked cold fish ate open close squirt drip filled seed grasped chance run. Inserted laughing asshole pie dark gaping black raunchy mortician fucking death digging stored to ravage and then clean the easy eyed no-nosed scraggly-haired sex freak down and down.

The last pass shrouded in plasmic breathing veins release purple oxygen laying strong legs heavy around tired pelvis hung proud too relaxed packing in hand faster a red tide starving for the ecstatic monstrous brain wave pleasure seeking aloud mixture's erotic thinly gasped rough to amaze with a squeak-peeping mouth cocked submission.

A lovely glass topped with wine and an accessory cigarette gold to the bruised sex worker pummeled by an ass ramming session before a cloudy dinner, talking about necrophilia to the mistress role-playing in disguise and oh so sexy, down practice.

To creak the lifeblood ambrosia thickening with a spark igniting animating my being being nothing, everything destroyed with every drop bug rummaging in dead cells

Old thoughts express sad nostalgic bodily shells emptied of presence, a pockmarked buddha knocking boredom doors staging the ruthless kills amiably crossing borders unhinging the top mucous scum dust collected being, wiped refreshed mind expertly driven back to write.

Now, undisciplined ruthless transcendence, boundless artistry masked in witness confusion, experiential pride wounded by lusty personified Gods of character inwardly representing subtle problem energy, torching love with flaming sounds, indefinable.

Surrounding space nullifies centre activity, pacification of sensuous solo, oh, musing tuning in and losing the signal, abstract, unceasing, talking stagnant, our lives' stories, broken, unfixable, never were, impossible, is anyone really frightened by fear? Or want desire? For then they'd be what they are, pure.

We are all each other.

Let the world fall and you'll see its got nowhere to go like you but in your lap, sit, shutup.

Its coming like a gun and blast you're born, you never even had time to scream, no one could hear the few that did, sons of G-d billions erect looking up seeing the same no-place of no-time, all spectres living as spirit-beings without real communion alone together not this, but this.

VII

Look you don't have eyelids no more oh now you see the transparent veil,
the game leaving what closes but you to the world, spontaneity, aware, raspy throat
singing there is nothing! But ME.

A mouse scratches walls up spine, but No! Its only ol' Al Gins magic pome
waving ello there, I will be here forever until I'm called back of course back to the
mind core being pure spirit wind like karma breathlessly pouring G-d lounging in
ecstatic paradisiac wilderness without mind clear at ease faceless unborn out the
womb above it below it, through it, around.

Laughing starry eyed high, married to Goddess Earth. Listen closely, you
can't hear it what sound makes is, the it hearing you.

In matters of identity you must first die, completely trick yourself out of the
grand scheme that lights its grinning face, masked darkness smiles just as brightly.

You are reflected off the perfect form, abstractions are a reflection of that
reflection and finally your reproductions are reflections of you as an abstraction,
perfection is not the mirror or the thing contained within it, destroy the sand glass,
the eye does not need to see itself exit, free of a discriminating consciousness, you
entered quiet, scene. Alas the patient one will sip tea for a thousand years, if only
his cup remains hot.

Lie rusty, demurred oceanic down the spinning spiral broomswept lifeless
pouring substance escape

Wrestle circling motion stung hanging lords awry tide misshapen bribed
teeming order forgetting the proud monotheistic airwaves electronically attached to
real fruit aware, jumbled scrawls scratched out decay impermanently recording
that-which-is-washed-away, to die is to stay your ego is the eternal self, get rid of
it, let it fall for in your possessed stupor the Great Spirit moves you swallowed by
himself, in an unborn massacre of the faceless.

Lost tragic creative mindstuff bends rough infinite booze stirring soul-
shattered, tainted recluse undeniable passing over, the wave calmly lifting sand
lapsed retired plant matrix behooving mouth crude drops lingual acid penetration.
Thoughtwaves pervade now-energy, thick, past hung up drying bones in screaming
longing shotkill.

Lest we see that native datura breathing hallucino-carcass rambling thievery
to the commoners, wrangle beautified scampering bile.

Numbing lip squeezed majestic brain implants writhing worms eaten by bird
pairs over cool cement, alas the froth tasted meaty lingered in the rust manure
shining life in a single glaze encased eye staring emaciated proud, broken in dark
unfathomable lairs of infected minds.

Purification house melted away into the soft embrace of the swimming blonde, alas to define the spirit is a division of your infinite soul-consciousness, peak-stared ember laughing coolly in the faroff all-pervading destiny gazed nonchalantly, magical, useless as the fire-emblazoned stars cape, we are all of us the last spirit children begging with dirty feet to quench suffering, possessed and drunken energetic being tossed lit magnetized free.

Long for the skinny sick frail hair of old melancholic futility, stain nonsense blasphemy attached gamma paste oozing god-film, impoverished thankless holy walking light over brushing wind-noise striking electric universe-ing.

VIII

The muse played harp, cracked, denying self-upheld by drug strings twanging brain frequency crossing still squirming inside pain nerves awry lungs sting astringent ached joint fluid dirt finger marking the hallowed moonface peering worldly saying AH HUM sternly blowing serene smoke into the parted black mouth sky hole.

Wordless apocalyptic vision stirs impatient tea, adorned jewels provoke masterless remorse embittered rung out by the orgiastic play, chaotic spontaneous delving madly, inward by chance, born shedding death.

Tongue-minded aspiration laughing abhorrent in decadent betrayal, bastard kings aching hungry for more empty food thrown incinerated stomach fasting, apparitions reveal expressive catapults in timewave fabric, monstrous demolition caving dirt strewn hairs latching mystified projecting vomit-singed skeletons singing breathless sound magic to open excruciating scarred muscular tissue, ex-spiritus motion longing upswing now afire gaseous petrified seized souls sucked into light particular sunstar flashing.

Impermanent hell over skyscreen nonsense music noise, dart eyes pierced skin overhanging pirated organic messes and all for the uniform singular mysterious no-world a secret to the perceiver in lone substance.

I will not entertain, nor harvest the soul, I will never cultivate mindfulness nor be directly spirit, I am not the entire cosmic field consciousness nor do I preach salvation, I will not fill you with white light bliss nor take from you a breath possessive of G-d, my true nature is not that of perfection, my non-being is not even its opposite for I am a poem for you to find, read, forget.

The realization of emptiness is the very filling up, you draw from the well of indifference crying bled cancerous heart and so tragically lit up vague austere like the parabol overhead, belief in tune with the trikaya, set in waves.

Motionless, blessed upon the curved spatial enjoyment body, imagined recollected animal heaving, unnatural, drumming arrows thrive awake Great Spirit nestled fervently in the vast air-current stamina less obvious backward flowing moon-encased face, languished atop carcass screaming blast, atonement lying scared, intoxicated pores sweating aphrodisiac liquor and swallowed the belly's laughing sucked in by mad light gnawing ferocious trees meditate awful sad plunged into the earthen figure all afire with the one penetrating life flame heat, a call to the mourning sufferer's impermanence, eaten by its own teeth, soggy picturesque blinded indecisive death rattling barrels into guns.

Sad empty death come forth from your scheming sniveling shadow fortress reveal fire moat as the round of wasted energy circling endlessly incumbent masochistic a blank dirge forayed into splayed immoveable carcass, lurched

hungry whores coming on bled genitalia discoloured imperfect over real infectious
skin patch effervescent black smell raunch mucous encased crass unlikely behind
opaque curtain a diamond beauty arisen magic devouring intoxicant self-fucked
removed world up from filth, dull alive survived by poached organ mess up of
eternal end sleep.

Inward din of Brutal awakening

In the belly of G-d penetrating soul purity steam.

Floods fire eye as being water is love spirit, leave the record spinning door
open when the leaving time begins to leave.

IX

Why may it go and never return, no more chance meetings, dissonant memories annoying parasitic humour, screaming the play of their meagre destitute songs as nothing more, a requiem heard falling asleep when awake is too beautiful; a long chaotic silent laugh.

True samsaric disillusioned foresight being astounding simply perfection. The cigarette is self-luminous. Giants play Laura, violent poetic wilds screaming profound.

Long again till the white night inflames spirit.

And in the black sorry mourning insurmounted violent love stung sweating alcohol resounded the test of vomit; rust moonsets laughing erotic under the sweeping lust heavens, raspy call to the indecisive smokeweaver protruded mouthing in dust.

Rank lore partaking within as a sight to breathless shrouds unbroken in dark storm-tossed hellscape. Undoubtedly fixated upchuck, steamed breakfast plastered over cool unnoticed breasts drag on, torrential fiery doom, instigate the suicidal martyr panic lost in dreaming parallel dimensionless farce.

A tired red cigarette, filtered grandeur, eros moving thickening startled nostalgic forgotten mess nastily recapitulated in the tragic local dawn, praying beauty like worn-metal seething shocked patched skin, under naked sunlight a cavernous wretch cracks a smile and drowns suddenly in the swaying perfection reflected magically atop a starstruck queen, in habitual death-whisper the brackish weed soothes melancholic desperate drug musk.

"Will you have it that in the turmoil of spacetime a boundless recursion animistically capitulating in the waveform of silence that the dark night shall come into the great beyond and shed its particular unravelling mind so cathartically as to debunk the lost adventure of humanity and bring singularity back to its unmoving heaven or will the solitary absolution dissolve your interior mess and resolve questioning complexities of matriculated patternings disastrous in the entombed belly planet.

May the cold-hearted doom time rest undying in the sleep-dyed ground, perversion lacking despair and pulling squeamish expression aghast in the empty indiscernible reflection thrown up left behind carved out shattered ego tattered skeletal calming likened toward grasping imperfect chaos.

Bug mask dropping off, reveal the sickening pile shone tethered drinking fleshy scalp locked in amniotic shade smoked curling women amazed in spirit, removing dusk languished tired to desire the fruitive remorse dwindling aimless in perplexed exotic nightwatch.

Amass the rewired lounging escape fighting fuck freedom in truth struck nullified in dismay torrent passed on to the realm unshrouded missing the imperial lexicon of meagre toxifying asthmatic neo-capacities in the infringing marked weathering moonscape light in day's tribulations of lint.

'Twas a starting facial massacre dribbling breast milk overfull with soulless skies and the true old rascal hating fire breath drowning in tidal vibrant frequential disruption of immaterial networking spinal membranes, eating away organic universal mindframes to leak tissues bleeding melted food over the starved gaping wounds of the unborn fetal deathfabric.

X

With magic a word escaped unbroken in still OM corroding the comic sequential infinitude surrounding formless changing love, to trap the godlike powerful consuming disorder parading unmasked as pestilence biting fatigue on novel actionless movement, test kaleidoscope dream guided by the original blemished tree of self-organizing travel, continuous sporting polytheistic plasticity in the cold red dawn of all ancient reserved patterned archetypal homes alluding to the one personal lotus transforming meta-cosmic interacting in parabolic energetic insanity to the trigger of some intoxicating oneiric fated play of astounding oversimplicity.

Broken stiff and scared before planet lights. The bent masks lay scattered over shard infused fields. Shaken relinquished sex workers move bleak shitting up the alleyways of an ancient man. The stirred morbid steps hung staggering after the midnight whispering.

Ruthless kinship raced sea-faring beyond the tragic, destitute pill-mongers. Ear shot nuisance bleeding swords in display. The reckless amusements faltered, uninhibited as the she-cat flung claws.

I started the banking aside windshield fools. They strung savage fates like heavy artillery as it broke the lives and enemies behaved.

Mastodon nightmares ran sheepish fortunetelling under astrological signs and shops. Perusing through massacred faces and decapitated heads by rainy glimmering atrophy. The shrugging cow milked heaven spurting dust and saliva over whimsical mouths as they bit and held viscous liquid enhancements.

I foretold the brutal, harkening briefly yet noticeable in blank open fire-cracking cities. The rustle astir in leaves basting in the warm, sopping pastimes rank with filth. Hung bodies in the fell senses breaking relish in a party-favour atmosphere.

The tortured recluse prostitution-like in his awareness looked out to void sea immersed in the glory of his lightning agile tragedy. That seamen shrug off painkillers and junky witnesses as they tire and bare like stringing fish pale and scaleless. All ready for death and he swung a fist at the sky. It opened crashing like destroyed brick to give way for the sea of impurity and rest following the black in those eyes.

The hold on magicians in their intense storied bullshit had affairs with masters peeking from the dark and the shadows screamed in his red ears. Marked by disillusion the mirage turned up false under empty desert sands and skies, turning heaven blue and shit purple like the soothing bears hibernating warm in their dens of poverty.

The animals re-awoke by mist-ensnared capsules of delight and proper brain fusion. The streets flowed. Under parking lights the destined salamander laughed at the devil before his squashed infuriated depraved insanity. Blocks of wood and stone menaced people to graves of dirt as their bones melted and niceties understood in thirdeye shadow fires.

Raucous emotions rolled down soggy paved hills, tired as the rambling convertible in the stock lawless mentality of sin. Sure as hearts bleeding at death and stop-motion clay-formed wickedness traps balls of dough and old sperm as the whale's eye of monstrous skulls.

XI

More taxing trials adventured into the wilderness, played a nonsense too easy to impair. The words even in their hearty, metallic guilt weighed down the core of gravity and all have sunk into the earth. Walls of black pinholed and pockmarked sharing isolated fears and awesome maladies of hate. The stag beetle sat and watched at his benched vanity for the bus route to end, the people to disappear. He watched the sun go and return in sacrificial lamb remorse. Hospitalized innuendoes missed scars of vitality and rushed to hell.

Latching feelers startling gross vapours of a mammal to insect understudies. Webs outlive a forest path then, under some dilapidated wood is a nest. Multitude of raging hordes, spiders in all directions pouncing on the troupe's ears. We get away untouched, wily rascals insect.

By the far-reaches of space, in a galactic tribe the last ritual plays out its play. So, it, the final human, eats itself.

Sex workers blaspheming the greatest good to do bad and be themselves in all their glorious god-intoxicated wonder for there is nothing better. Fuck greatest good.

Eyes stare constantly as the dismay of their own diminished ability to see.

So, wisdom takes out the garbage, she does it again and for the rest of their garbage mornings, and then somebody takes him in the same direction. He sees that his wife's decapitated head had been prized discreetly by war-torn garbage scum.

Early on there was a fight. I won.

They'll tell you, "Oh no don't fuck up this life."

The only one you'll ever know about.

As the time that does take a while, so in you will find.

It'll be like forced air, tired muscles, a new path to no where. You didn't even know when.

Oh, what's to know, cheap scum marked blind down the dark alleyway of introspective and confused delusion.

Past past and fought din stunned open as the future and her now.

Scratch the eyes apart to blind unaware and bloated. Scar scam faster faster move. Loose the arrow of might and strike down the child within. Cascading stone waterfalls over the bleak stark cliffs onto babies bleeding green.

Staggered and cut rocks take on the rocked mask, rune ruined offset by tethered masses, waved rested and lost.

Miles ahead and the head rush takes affect, "Quick the lighter," it said, then disappeared. A shrine to massacred disillusion when it meant to be and simply, erase erase.

When all of this becomes a mere background to infinity, the clouded mind will clean, blue sky will reveal a breadth of wings, chopped up and empty. Fervent inspiration moves darkly on the untapped page, disconnection is apparent, the mind floods with a devilish spontaneity, going blind without foresight, mashed up slab, amorphous and perforated, stony with the poison of desire.

Forget what you were, speak now demon speak.

Onto the black naked night she sailed devoid of history, boats clung to shore with the offset balance and paranoia, new drugs demarcated the spilled fluid.

XII

Tonal vibrations and their courageous faces, how they fuck up the one current, and it is continuously fucked, splitting and unceasing. Monstrous remotion, blatantly calling negativity into a smile and worshipping the new breath. Tired remedies unheard by the awake.

Birth-inhale, Death-exhale. What the fuck happens now? For this is in between and I still wonder, wait, watch. I follow the circle NOT. This is not the one pattern, Habit. I die the same.

Writing is not meditation. If meditation allows the mind to just be, writing allows the mind to live to the fullest extent in all the glory of mind. Remotion is not source but emotion, inspiration and passion.

Not what is written so much as that one is writing for the most high wisdom is not mind but the crown coming to flourish. Writing bombards and ignites the third-eye vision unto the explosive nature of the 7th point. Freed divinity. Beautiful confusion

The time has past, well it is. Rough ocean of a day sagging tired blends smoked lastingly at the will of aphrodisiacs and here again the walls seem tight. The sky bulges outward in a pale mess of ancient distractions, gaseous hot pods in nothing startling no one but for a wink in an eye, seeing through.

The deluded sees an ugly reflection. A hearing blatant lumber calling rest and do not find. Move as it were, instinctually, notice the unnoticed subtle breath without stupid conscious intervention laughing all mad and bright like the esoteric devils and their insane torturous claims on after, took the still but the heart still beats awful.

Do not attempt to slow, 'tis a trick and oh how tempting a trick it is.

Blasted wavering moon shivers bright against a mad sky, silhouette incarcerated humans blight meanly on the stairs staring insane whispers, bunched up and astir. Lint-infused boredom the kites rise falling toward the meagre ashes singed by earth and grass-tainted lungs, last breath laughed on top the restless sea-wandering fool, gay stories strung needles piercing blood, awesome decay, ruthless perpetrators eating fishes over maggot stew as their hungry mouths feast and their eyes pinhole in some crazed fumigated endlessness.

A lost spirit animates the darkest corners of G-d's mind, whoring escarpments suicide the birds roaming early to find cement and smashed fluid-bashed emptiness, scaring frightened shoemakers stoned and hung by necks of futility

Run under past basket headed dragons flailing fire charred masses, the eastward wind did anger a woman bathing, undressed underwater swimming for a life shocked by eels.

Playing into the jazz cool night, a bunch hee-hawed and screamed wild migrating ferociously from street lamp to sidewalk, taxi bastards defile a licensed pickaxe in studious murders. Master guru what do thy eyes make among the god light shining effervescent on my patchy skin?

XIII

Papers coalesce to ash, dust mites rejoice on wicked death lies, buttered up and chewed beastly the wreckage produced cuts and a torn member, ravaging whistle stung pinpointed in the centred water, as jelly proved worthless against marching boots and method up sputtering power and disaster and annihilation, but one person is dead, a misconstrued wrongly-timed sacrificial drip, cocked nastily, standing motionless

Stark and lonely men in bowels uttered nonsense with bleeding tongues and messy brain mattering not listening below the sneak of a closed eye, lodged merciless and demeaning forward ethnic devices smartly denying identical bodily arrangement crews, foppish wrist hammer to stop and yell the old mangy voice, ghastly, aired out.

Stabs conniving foresight into the black non-aware open stubbed friction, blundering, icicle-stooped language, martyred by the cannons of perturbed illusory strict infertile dysfunction on the island of despair until the high orgiastic land cracks like a shell broken on sea rocks, cased answers booming horse stirrups making men look and feel like tails and pieced organs, shot hot iron rummaging blankly half-mast driven rod-like into the skull cap, as gun money ekes a delight for unknown destined ransoms.

Pursuing the line drawn drunk in between you and the grand escapist enemy launched fortuitously, barraged by hawks of all kinds, munched teeth singe biting cherried embers to your last, best, next swallow of smoke and stained weed exhaled suffering.

The crook crowed a crow born asunder shitted up and broken but so perfectly and only duality arises unsheathed with perception and being falling behind with the future of not coming. Stall.

Doom languishes transcending shrine worshipping head counts, mountains seethe with an alien marking upside down rides fuck mind by anus ways, shone land at caricatured restless monsoon, unified unknown subconscious back washing, staring candy and fruit only to be salivated on and spit up.

Out of the great mouth of some eternal infant perspiring to the end of hatred's rasping, lingering humans disregarding stats as the flying call of our sacred lord-beat nativity stars nestling regurgitation with an open face ready to devour their own young if only to feel some weak digestions.

Soon will be enough. Staved on by a desolate starved rush, panicky bloats disconfigured roast implying shameful masochistic denial, losing to the elder belief, rested in shock, boasting the music noiseless and unseeming frayed as

bottom-feeders ignite acquiescence, fragments, apparitions. Slaughtered righteous mortified brahma relating the man in G-d. Stashed displayed piercings melted on flesh-worded kinds, removed for the sake of lone egomaniacs.

XIV

Morbid magic wish-fulfilling intensity risen fog-shroomed mares lasting along sceptres. Tundra recollected by astonishment of baring animal teeth within knifed longings. Strum numb come, sprite gargantuan purveyance frightening ineffable, inclusive vapours proposing shy peeps talking care, nostalgia, shaking nervous spines intermingled amongst dry dead bones aching for pain, sheer moat writhing from insect-infested holes, pores divine sweat like herded beasts, swarm stockaded fields to jump over death.

Arching heavens speak ruling deteriorated shards undoing the mystic vision, poured out with fire ignited in steam. The yogis contemplative shrug eyes the bull force and turns to dew, insinuation embittered scorch.

And this random melee of smells how it dives beneath our legs if only to show the black of a gaping belly, stretched out, unruly, fast-paced, jaw-dropping the mind's microcosm for a universe. To recognize nothing, eat something, find war bury the only heart wrenching furor blinding heat of discontent percentages, lashings dispute rage, bonfires shriek OM.

Go lightly and with the strength of lightning it reverberates in your blood, plasma entrails hung to dry, look ahead behind is, opaque windows play at killing parents, cold burning.

Did you know shit? Oh the vile, contaminated plaza interlaced among gross, subtle, absolute ATMAN. Roust!

Knotted planetary orbits hone spiritual angst, cased brains rotting in acid wasted thru indecisive sacrifice blockaded narcoleptic sordid naps, bony loaded ice ushering sparks hindering clarity but the feeling of a cloud, to obstruct signifies the presence of clarity near/far but inside and already

More colourful than hues, brighter than white.

A smell enticing pleasure, startling invading fear. Blow the sun to smithereens and so not only are the sights not but so the seer has eight minutes to whisper a cry to not, a slow shallow ripple across the edges of the known, sound infinity dying the slow silent death, earth blown apart and the waves die on the shore of nothingness.

Material you hopeless fooling devil-woman, a temptress obstructed by some endless cesspool hell, speaking the nonsensical tirade of motion, sputtering her nature darkness as it were a breast exposed by the thinness of a transparent vale masquerading the play of Experience by the sex of the countless dead, reproducing blasphemous energy

Smoke-masked in a barrage of martyrdom, bloodsuckers, craving narcissistic webs, bombarded clones stir a raging fire, plumed bird hawk, stoned carcasses tar

up the foul mass puked back in, courageous mind jewels parading frothy bile to
spew stinging eyes, long-necked curls undo undressed virgin night, relished licking
perchance might cause havoc amongst the old.

From wide vaginal caress, insect membrane devoured opaque brain frames
like demonic exit entranced catharsis music, opening mouth of tombed incense to
pour shrieking spirits from death denial.

XVI

Now, I do long for the rest of heaven tiring my battered soul for melancholic feverish descent of fire, we shall be freed but unto our lung escapades blackened by addict forest breaths, a sting into futile opulence only to pervade birth musk at ending one, and I shall be startled from the weak life and face finally the mutilated body suffering to be thrown to worms and stone, the crack of an eyelid impossibly awkward the destitute sleep nothing too tired to laugh the cosmic stoned ice crones found bedding with light in no time under the watery earth burning and flung storm-tossed in wake of my hallucinated self-denial screaming-die!

With screaming ears and split knees the old chinaman shrugged off a cold downpour hailing toxified brain hairs breathing gut perfume over the spine mashing ignorant test tubed morphing mutated infant eyes masquerading tireless hoards of inglorious insane black free organs writhing, amputations askew.

Bloodied on face pavement streets tonguing the brutal knife lungs of a perverted junky, vile rainlike come onto raspy lost destitute smokers.

The vibrating awe stinging sufferer aching losing body controlling death overbearing fear eases passage thru desecrated mindways bleeding raw sewage above the meagre impoverished blind fools ass pummeled by riding escalating devouring escaped encased rising statuesque palace sanctuary of MIND striding in reality, pressed for births played over a chasm's opaque nothingness while smiling drug cadence wanderer stares calloused de-lunged and in G-d's all embracing stupor.

Ah night fiend branching off as witness into abysmal discontinuity systematic failure weakening faculties struggle to pain awakened fire stirring a calm nest nestling alcoholic depression calling back wilderness subconscious into past, levying for moon-starving oceanic distemper forever thriving at existential all-waving eyeing despair, derived emaciated heartbeats writhe in foodgrease amounts to the tip crack startled among countless impossible liver.

Waiting spirits open-mouthed, life crawls silent spider. Mock infinity talk lured into the mess of non-being alas to be not here not now, I, am satisfied!

A shock!

Whisper deathless sleep, you are a shade.

Wandered to the breathless void, be free of G-d, mutters the stark leech of lusty seducing all invading spirit encompassed distilling magic vapours birth sleep incarcerated holy madness living the muse strong expiring kingdoms tempestuous breathing in careless massacred night.

Stalking surrounded leapt unstirred unboiled complex, shard-like,
challenging the free brainless motion habitually spontaneous discernible time
frequency mashing reverberated clinging retardant flame broth drunk madly in the
raging gulf fumes expounding circular formed humanity perspiring sunlight aching
lightning steamed perverted mindscapes calling death over.

XVII

Eternal majestic gluttonous feminine passions seething with lost discoloured sex fragments blasphemous hoarding ruthless meandering like euphoric drug thieves eating vegetable bounded intoned laughter escaped into lounging fungi staring back hatred and secular raunchy nostalgia forgone in the stupid restless satellite curve, as the sponge follicles enmesh flavourless rank incense following insane babbling forests of scientific eroded love.

Forgotten names roaming heart listens with its own thunder, some unspoken failed dream crept sullenly into my inner ear. I heard it whisper with the mask of indecisive confusing startling my very bones to weakness, impoverished depravity, killing nerves as the smashed incongruous brainwaves reformed palatial self-tasting.

Desirous flame beloved as a woman's breast pokes anal passage, the fumigated uninterrupted lovestorn mellow facial catharsis still pains to save its fleshy determination into blissnothing, a woeful rumination made by the passage, apposite to opposite and free, the lonely crags of a steep misshapen falling mountain stones, the ruined soul with the fire of a thoughtwind blowing unconcerned.

Lost true spirit will exhale suffocate mindless in catastrophic parables marching attuned to corroding rain calling you must die a complete death in this now to be born released catapulted beyond void light essence, starving insanity inches toward scarred backdrop of fire matrix laughing atop curled oceanic breast, magic wine potion drunk stirring decay formidable life sting aching massacred breath in starstruck nightmarish frequency.

Longing for kiss touch round fury heaving furor insolent tragic call to forgotten messianic morgue instinct. The last wrecking fall knifed untied in stark burning catastrophic decay burying wailing moaning animalistic devours the foregone beauty escalated toward insane mumbling fortune rancid removed escaping lost in touch with the extra terrestrial G-d.

Urged unmoving in the cold red apocalyptic dawn straying by fortresses hopped on good drugs to see the encased decoded craving speaking a perverse unbroken endless language of the self-masochistic tidal force undulating motionless under skyscape madness.

With the undying bled limb organically free screaming foreign unmasked revealing decadent moon charms in hallucinogenic nightmares, spontaneously ingested fire in lungs of chaos, torrential drink pours restless inspiring fluid parched roach insects demonically plagued in thirst-quenched, brown-coloured, in tune with the cathartic energetic massless fortune of the universe, inhaling

spiritless freedom marching toward ruthless decay, battling thriving seeking enlightened stupidity.

Vegetable-like in the far reaching corners of mind blind to the reconciliation of impermanent everything thrown blank by stupendous abstract notions of real meandering tall creaking bones reaching far into the entangled inert evil within singed scorched tongued crevices strung out over californian cityscape blues.

The feather-burdened rascal, smoked and scurried in his own hard rambling blasphemous snatching in the all-invading flame seas swarming restless chaotic born of the loosed arrow, freed inbred-mocking cosmic storm.

XVIII

Entrenched in flocks of madness, the Dracula, monstrous, nudging dark secret ways onto remorseless salvation of Christian epochs singing the fallen sky away into abysmal cries eked out with daughter earth pains, frigid, passing archaic inhuman death brains afforded in the flux of morbid imagined life forms, begging ritualistic doom time in pyramid-esque stylistic entombed fortress of honey sugar laxadaisical sex fiend orgiastic and planted in the seed of suffering.

A hooded figure lounging unaware before the alien shock screams eating sepulchral forest-haired bodies rotting in naturalistic disemboweled wizardry above the erected towers bleeding the wretched ugly humankind toward total disintegration as the dream awakes and eyes open to undeniable black death, silent unconscious sleep, deep in forgotten timeless holy indifferent struggled corpse of all one, versed.

Finding in eternal breathscape, feeling out the lengthy fingerless headache of tortured life giving awe-fulfilling bliss to last evolving shitwave, grandiose mangy scent of human existing.

Cringe amassed in the rollicking fiery escaping sunbleached skin of fearless wise compassion, embodying soul shrieking free music shrine in refuge of Buddha, staring island-stoned all-seeing, mute like ice in the mask of hellish fucking, green-striped breach of creation and it does move without sense, easy caress like follicles swaying in the windless tide of space.

Seeking the sheer cliff faces drawing love on the gods embracing mud soaked bowels as the sands reform abyss lying strong, tusk-like earnest and incapable of belonging.

We strove for truth yet lie to our selves in utter despair as the rank mammalian wilderness of soul wandering trivialities finds only melancholy, alcohol stirring the watery morning bodies interested in coupling food shit into spirited metallic air shows of light portioned off in unconquering decay of sickened heartless self mockery tragically seeking what Great G-d hoarsely inaudible whispers the cry of our lives within us, yet we do not see the candle burn its own flame.

And as the dwindling frenetic spontaneity spawns goodness in our forceful conforming minds our habits churn like soft melodies and reveal our lost demons ecstatically displaying the open red dreaming tweaking of logical unspoken messiness wiggling sporadically in funny escapades of feminine landscapes found unlocked in the case of our sterling imaginations as they weaken.

With physical brevity and spiritual decay as torn and drunk scattered as the poet losing all hope drowning in divine love with every drink of sensation laughing all the way thru the beatings of hell transmuted to diasporic refreshed canvas of absolute nothing, illusory and chained by the contradiction of heavy solitude losing significant mountainous divides upon the lightning waves, sparkling with fishy disaster and thirsty tumultuous salt.

Swimming under the jelly of noon in reference to our cut slashed and left out to dry by the young drugged fumigated spring of immortal dying and losing shapeless material throbbing come spastic like foreign lies of earth-shattering self-denial on the way to liberating speechless encrusted murderous perverting of ambrosial nocturnal fluid being drunk on paradise in his own satanic highway thru the criminal mind and the final break of destined failed misery.

XIX

Stung by beauty and truth I lay motionless under the vast oneiric breastmilk of a Syrian Goddess whistling the tun of love over sirens wailing a cry in the blush grey night of warmth.

And a tragic whisper blows through eaten city freaks staring ruthless over panoramic destroyed sidewalk blues.

I have seen the wall of unborn chaos striving with G-d to reach daily perfection unaware of its own neurotic messianic breath giving life to the sperm-flooded minds of the many.

Beaten, ruminating on infuriated madness, I sit and drink to death by the moonlit drugged corpses of old friends behaving wildly intoxicated and changing to demonic plagues, grandiose and swollen in my love despair.

I see the dark trivial malaise of unbroken partnership deceiving me with foul air and hopeless narcotic dreams weaving the path of mindless caffeinated stirrings of a stopwatch heart playing recorded rhythms of destined failure and stupid ass sex steamed day tripping musing on the anxious depressed youthful hooded misery of mangy smoke-filled ashen bodies, filthy loveless eyeworn under morning stars inspiring white light sun heat inglorious restless hives calling insane nightmare wanderings of furtive bastards stretched out in remorse, sinful longing.

"It has been!" yelled the warring monkeys finding lust amniotic. come, brain-instilled callous feeling the tentacles of a cancerous warning unblemished in the unreasonable mocking laugh of beautiful insect organs freeing spiritual bookish meanderings into faulty alcoholic messes of orgy high cleansing.

I soothe and wait, black out and nap between fearsome women hating the stiff cut of individuation lying and sickened by rascals stealing fundamental moving skulls opened to the pour of endless water rushing out hungry thin mouths of ruin, regret of far off palaces, in shambles, kingly mother womb emptiness, only to see dead faces swim in stinking fly blood thick, cool and lifeless.

The heap of cadaver-infused necklaces worn about on the necks of tired spirit trenches aching for lost hope, brooding in campfire nonchalant staggering over cliff-faced strength, blasphemous yet divine speech singing the easy pain of fruitless gardens.

It has been a home to us, the wreckage, infertile NOW, staring eternal, opaque fallen eyes coloured over with torn stupors, infringed breathless pecking over unspeakable horizons, wondrous now the impossible cathartic sufferings of animals tending toward energetic looming to grasp the grasp of no-mind undead

and finite sitting peaceful without the ripple of change beaming down like tight claws sharp and uninhibited to selfless truth, as cold outside cuts depth.

Reeling after days of hatred-worn temperatures sweating off changeless skins, psychotic demurred fragmented split and ragged, walking slowly impoverished under a starless raining sky.

XX

I saw the childish drownings of reckless intellects cross-legged unfitting worlds in minds of abuse, reminisced, sad prolonged pill clearing I, crunched bowels distended in waving broken other frequencies maddening disheartened in the wreckage of spontaneous fury riding on the swallowing sail of emotional currents, being, cigarettes smoking themselves out of discontinuing life, babbling thoughts of fear, writhing without courage thru deep quicksand blighted mind droughts, stunned by indecisive mountains steering your own wrenched out heart atop knife stones, bleached as a teardrop recluse commands, opening the bleak page of epochal undertones masquerading as silent devils.

Beyond street-bored crosses, pungent with fiery strung up hate. I stormed and drunk mud-splattered brains among parasitic brotherhoods, magical insane comedies of lined circular spiraling trenches dug of guts and rock, the true rune of passionless exasperated sublimity stood defaced as a weapon of the underworld, episodic monstrous glue-faced parables of pasts' enamoured weaponry forged in secret criminal doom.

Human moons erect, lifelike devoured by scowling dog screams, and then out of nowhere a growing bug flown windless estranged tiring mess reality. Ah, have I been prowling in stark open wonder for all time, voidless inescapable, smiling over great characteristic gods crying I am mad indeed, you are drunk, but for a whisper isolated, surrounded lit in foggy hairless tresses of a girlish planetary brooding, pathetic whimpering nutless depravity reinserted in expressionless mask of self-denied goodness.

Oh, oceanic imagination tragically replaced in the setting of a bad movie squatting over realized heads to be truly tied, bedded over the wine of juiced slits intrinsic to famished driven apocalypse hardened by threatening bombs of physical movements talking in hoarse cries lounging and possible remotion tingling the vast spaceless wretch of impure humanness.

I have taken the perfect drug, the immortal ambrosia yet unable to silence this heart I can not find myself in this unbeknownst directionless mindspace, it has captured my soul, killed my life, freed my spirit, dug up my body and now I remain only dreaming for my beloved.

For it is not here but the leaning sound of the cry within me, and it's escaped without a single word. For I, last creationist, devalued religious furor, paining, striving for the snake to uncoil and loose within.

This heartless mind beating as a drum without hands, a chord with no vibration, unbridled and weak galloping with bestial spirit gangs only to see not but the discoloured eye of my own battered creation, so I must destroy, I must ruin myself, of course the way is total annihilation and the burning of all men to the greatest depths of hottest hells, to expiate old wounds, transmute this insecure dungeon suffering imprisoned without suicide, without hope for freedom, for no one to free nothing, to be free from but matter, must be gone.

XXI

One must die embracing the belly of the Goddess aching on our tongues for the nipple of bliss, yet I see it settling, it courses in veins of melting lives imperfect problematic starving for dung, holding emptiness with raging disemboweled ritualistic figures dancing and waving to resound with an epic boom of universal ending dusk ascending into past empty material.

For sight shall be lost and the world passes not above as we worm away but into us as we fly higher than heavenly experience into the oppositional meeting, the Buddha's roar sinking in our brains as a frying plate of evaporated food, wasted health.

It is our true lives born of miserable incongruity with nature herself, cracking under the pressure of her own manifestation, resounding with the earthen bellow of her being, planting in an amorphous groundless animal the seed of morbid chaos boundless under the stress of freedom and into the final abyss of her well-planned methodic hallucination.

And waiting for a bus there she sat chain-smoking glares of fruition into my heart, a sad tempestuous beauty awoke frustrated, the splattered life smiled, unblemished with bags thrown asunder, palpable chaotic unspeakable presence shook my bones.

Like faces that disappear by the second, slow drink in smoking light, what impassioned fix gives seed, where the copulating mix sweating in sensual skin brewing birth, our moulds gawk and swarm heaving nude despair onto the melancholic innards of a smiling monk.

Teaching entropic disillusion and bellowing out with lioness strength, I am not here!

So the windless sea reverberates gentle madness weaving universal awe across deathless shores disappearing central misconstrued sensation flowing with dragon inbreaths ashen and hairy whispering of immortality and changeless sad filling beauty yet without but the dream mess speaking in death and women, so charged with Goddess fits drowning delicate unmoving and constantly under the wash.

Beloved eyes collide tragic intermingled depths unearthed lost sheathed erotic scars amid unbridled sweep crowned atop caffeinated ancient stirrings longing in profound discomfort, and did the cool desert sands cry desperate, I and the beloved surely are one!

For love is actionless wandering, spontaneous momentary truth struck with blinding force onto that which is bound to creation.

Or like a day, fasting that slips mind, eat depths, down into pathetic misery, a perfect day, as a Sunday gone by unnoticed in strangeness, witness to mushroom munchings, boiling dark jazz despair, tea drifts murky, not swooned by and by in restless heartache night, like the snores of dreaming gods speaking the language of divine mystery, shattered ravaging hope flying away.

Steaming from molten hands, smattered shreds of a whisper, taint unnoticed skinless day, infuriated blind grieving strung out brutal, and unmerciful, born with drinks and laughing smoke the wick-eyed marriage, godless, undulating mad in disheartening bloodsmeared stones, rotted as flesh, the stinging insect torturous haven dispelled weakness suffering under hooded pollution, moaning lusty and forgotten lay cool and unspoken as a memory, stuck in wavering insane flight to freedom.

XXII

Mongrels peek out bottomless staircases escalating down in blackest reverse hate, the calling hoarse whispers feeling undead sewage heaps smothering pregnant women along coarse fine blockaded mindscapes, pungent fires decadent and intellectual keel over spineless youthful wrecks, a photographic timeless morbid stench fills American vacuum homes, monstrous lying thieves gas intoxicated brethren in noon despair, bleak opaque sleep ties filthy asses to chambers.

Lairs arrive with amassed genocidal patriots, doom's call empties distraught hearts, war sky covering airs out of our tired hungry lungs, lament pieces beatific night, the overspirit watches smiling, Earth's final decay, slow march to last virgin heaven, helpless men scream gunshot denial, universal wombs flee fearful amid sharp blasts, spewing embattled knife cusp exits weary, unborn, marked in old corroded wine goblets drunk in the glutton's sheer violence, spray of pig musk enlightens ancient wisdom behaving as everpresent stars atop haloed generals, messiah burns eternal, red oceans settle undisturbed.

Mushroom G-d, may you be true and strong in my journey into the divine imagination.

Mushroom G-d, guide swiftly thru mind's dark passageways.

Mushroom G-d, may you arrive safely home.

In the sacred eternal lair, in my own being.

Amen.

To the dying skunk I say Adonai softly raging against background tires a birds grave bulged under the rocky American Buddhist mind.

A frozen virgin smirking coolly in the mist of wasting sex thieves, dark room enlightens pale with troubled vigour.

Dead bee smudge on glass, the entire world's love in a single face suddenly vanished to pure loss, cry hatreds tears!

The bird flew, now the flutter listens as a distant memory, tears cried for the children of beauty lust, good G-d, some putrid expressive muck singing garden, the yellow-haired seductress amped a trip into true love, without a name or voice holding fast to the wreckage of your misplaced frequent neurotic shape shifting self-mirror, screaming ear cracks teared rice, smooth, skin killing friendship glances and the lock-eyed escapist miser covered in a smoke shell.

Parched insides suck hot sear of smoke-singed flesh and drying bit lips screw ruffian musk, and the truth of it was its passing I think.

Eating health beans and overstimulated vitamin-enhanced dilated emotion for the suspicious incongruent dismembered, uproariously dead fudge. It was me who cried and died I yell with my fleeing soul from this brutal changelessly empty life, but in the wink of a cold sad night what is left to devour in the light, glowing heart kilns.

XXIII

Writing stomach activity, sleepless, red and bitter by the full moon's rejuvenating dust like the browning yellow of a mutant egg, naked smiles, grossly waving vastness of ghostly creation, stumbling, creaking in bone sprocket touch of dawn's hypnotic glaze digesting the body sun and fooling rusty blanket-starved kids, aching for genital survival, mechanically cooking prizeless wealth as it were a blade of grass mowed next to a circling fate.

Freed brooding skull now waits to become a singular blast, off-centered dances engender fear leaving in wicked copulation, stampeding slabs laughing comatose struggle, just sitting I, eyed to the inside out of brain trying to love with an ounce of magic breath, flowing unneeded unnoticed, tragic like decay over the burnt heat, impassioned fiery breasts, blockading my way into truth, dope and cool strung out infringed telepathic police, endless day shone weak as injured animals who fight for whimpering angelic ways, but it was inside all along, they just brought it out.

How can you be such a simple poet without a treasure to guard or an urn to defend, no grail to retrieve, because we were lost when we got here. And the who are you's and who's who and the what's your name and how did you get here's are all extinguished to the sexual backdrop of silence.

Dying to the all-encompassing rage, because we're stolen people who trespass in our own homes, haunted by alcoholic murderous failure and wearing the badge of lost hope. Unrecognizable, washed up second-hand people dead to themselves and too high to be here at all with one another where doors open to an unblemished infinite caress.

And yet the fat runs into our mothers' chewing toward the massacred generation, a final collapse of an otherwise dull and wintry rattled malnourished feature birthed by undefined pre-intellectual language of sloppy beauty, so we think to act, striving inward while mess fiends trudge aimless marked by untimely freaks in empty kingdoms, when you realize it's your trick you've been tricked and it's too late to run home for the keys change to faded vagueness, faint as a tired star.

I ditched work to write poems, burn incense.

Completely alone, I don't mind dying tonight if only to give up this wretched worship and live without attaching nothings to nothings, sounds whispering web tales' psychosis, and so it entered sharp, plunged corroded sickness, cancer.

But wouldn't it be nice, oh to go back into this godland without our necrophile minds eking dystopic awareness with the malicious tender prowess of long-drawn dingy music, bottled fury, nicked tribulation stirred in base narcotic

wedding only to embarrass under the gamble of an innocent storm, thirsting in
cornerstone blues worrying sandals, blistering seasoned threat on mankind's
torturing blare into dark betrayed belongings, all open and left scarred by the
cutting depth of a quiver on your aging lips.

XXIV

Caked plastic breath, aghast, awake under the late tree, masked by flayed gut-calls, directed toward wine-gulped dread. It was a showy white-washed acidic comedy but it took sounds for a price of the first decisionless makeup, fried in breakfast's mockery showered by lard coming over the wall, high-fetched pleasing inside warm embrace and pressed spirited infantile distress all roughed up by innumerable day to day affliction only to sleep to thoughts of destroying mother womb.

In seedy paved-over forgetting, but the universe does wear light atop those shoulders, undressed mangy crutch, lick trendy and disfigured to hot Autumn colour, early prayers to light a characteristic paper bible stemming the lies, screeching torment in wanderless decadent fires.

Why did you come here? Do you know? ... Don't ever come back.

To reminisce about the days of old, drunken ties broken tossed aside as propelling dominoes stingy and mean, lending meat-stoned goods to the ravaged homeless, beckoning, mastering frail diseased sickly passengers through battered lounge round, all frayed with torn clothes and bruised skulls.

Moist challenging stares blind opaque negligent goo all wandering and depraved without the thickness of ocean stocked with packaged missiles, pouring love onto yellowing meagre druggist's hands, ah the talk as it goes by devilish snuck in thru backways clinging lifeless, undulating, being wave form timid, emblazoned on lavish sprinkled shadows, disturbing bonfires and case-destined meeting with a transient Goddess look-a-like.

Done out of despair and the kingly intermingling within private shallows undiminished lovely and open she did truly kiss me with the ancestral might of lonely morose passionate temper, pervading lost space as an orbit's grasp reaches far beyond the powerful pressurized rock stunned by scowls under nights' bleak cover, peering suns languish in misanthropic simplicity, kindling war, crests speaking with maddening tongues, throaty.

But please do open the eyes and ears of your mouth, nostrils and the nervous reaching out of man to beloved personal Godhead, writhing uncomfortably omnipotent, true, regardless of functionless waste.

Oh, martyred human energies begging for memories and the last infinity. So we move ageless and numb to impoverished destitute camaraderies, elfin images release a linear falsehood, torn and flown awake, emerge unscathed to mute bleach.

And see beyond the gates hooded by demonic flames to bite the anxious many and invite the unburdened adventure of the few, insignificant scatterings

pronounced with tears along the rocking fissures to endless dusk, encrusted with silk dreams she escaped my thought.

And followed spontaneous suffering cruelty, now I lay wasted working mindlessly uttering lonely old words without flavour or grandeur passing time in the wick of instants, to die remaining only in these outwardly projected graphic representations of soul's inner movement allowing only locked entranceways and doorless exits, mad splattered knives handing off the strategic magnified natural innocence of bathed intoxicant fame piling cringed, shrill, unspoken with deafening lies.

XXV

When the dreary pain finally subsides a pleasant insane afterbuzz delights mind with startling mixed vibrations.

Gore film mildew stretched, laying. Fearless woman, while the slow curl of a bastard milk thief comes to visit and make payment for the spreading grief darkening eve, for it is her odorous ugly presence likening immediate arrival to abrupt halt shouting, I have come for more!

With a nasty grin and a sheepish outfit all stacked and cavernous-looking with a queasy fresh smug island man, and the who cares swallowed by whens where and how many of 'em because it wasn't about the drug but you, me, and her.

Drastic laughing beer theatrics blowing million fungi breath just biding along this hallway to deserted lovestorn palace kept dirty as old by that lingering feeling that it was here at all and many return but it was and not for you for your parts a sidejob, kept in the dark to the true light hidden recklessly by the bride's open heart.

Struggling through dusky alleys in church back rooms all shut up and thin under smoke vapour; the mockery of this tragically befallen human life, meant to be forgotten at the eyes' corner, a mysterious momentary awakening to the rare almost non-existent now but it'll return not for you or tomorrow, not in the next or your miserable regression, possessed by lives, but now singing with the crisp melody of an enchanting mystic awe, showering breathless on the giving warmth of the soul's body, nurtured by desperate tasty plants dusty and ripe before the sticky clashing celestial groove of fall, dry and raspy.

I shook and scratched the nape of my dying song told in some blotter cramp but funk'd out with the fumbles of a young drunk exasperated freedom so full of life and mad intoxicating spirit, discoloured by the mark of struggle and escalating, stubborn for this pleasuredom of narcotic stolen nights.

Know the store's teller can not be the main character in this topless play for that one's been love drained to the last depressing angry drop, like sleep kept unfinished by semi-conscious movement in the dire seascapes of a bleeding awful tumultuous Sunday.

Distasteful, urging to be dragged, less in love than when I came in.

Oh, do not take from me this, Necessity, for it binds me with free truths at every turn, crashing into cold dead end mind games subject and slim to hated undead grave strung by times unlocked and ready, she flaps her lungs like wings in the watery smokeland yet all wounded and weak, wildly craving the fleeting ones presence but oh for the wandering aimless afraid murky ancient mind.

So, it was about something says your sick screaming head, that is to say that it wasn't about nothing and chasing the relinquished temperament of some lovely fool's tale.

Oh, my for can't you see! It was what she who brought out that in you, the thing, and your joining breathed something new and noticed, conspicuously ranting about loss and power, the magic began in your own being!

But out there's only a dance on the surface of this icy tundra you call home. And this path leads far beyond the front door to this exploding paradise, beginnings must always end.

XXVI

She's famous for that look and here energy reopens blood in red muddy veins for what is there to hold to but this waving groundless sky all still motioning the stale ripple catastrophe, shears cram hairy plumes of winter and lately I've been a little off-centre from this centrally-heated core of not-a-thing, bliss manifesting the crap I see and feel around this immovable nightless black that reads the blank empty space as total Kosmos.

And stylish reels undo the garb of some stellar lore of fraud, spitting endlessly scheming insignificance belated to the morning's simple reward. Okays enliven the change, morbid and killin' staff impaled emotionless pale, throbbing member deadened by the morgue keeper's groom, stowed away in some bare-chested tangible immeasurable frown expressed as some heaving bestial vomit eloped under this questionable ceiling.

Don't live to this story for it ends with their tribes' kin eaten by truth, love and the very incitement, but live now for here's presence exceeds your incapacity to give or take receiving wise malleability, stretching cathartic poems, just lazing on a drug teeming blockage without rest or water.

Why try to make sense out of this illogical disaster, more tempting, deemed particular, causing moonless morticians to clean this evaporating experiential delirium.

Nude dungeons entranced by cyclic stem ghouls, wicked indecisions blurb rampaging turntables. Movies left over pungent scrambled faceless names, impinging nightmares runaway with the ardour of grave horse momentum, tarnished by the weak soul's mist enshrouded sightless vice, and as this grinding farce streaming by limp rails bellows, utterly astringent stinging mucous, and stammering cries fill this night sky, so alone.

Ugly instinct, praying to the tree roots upturned, drugs mercilessly distilled, today's, fickle spot, the gluttons radiant intent leaves one almost met with egoist self-delayed coiling, heartbeat stench, in some feverish benign complacency, he talked drool while meditating amid leafy nostalgic imps.

Ephemeral psychedelic talk, between two beehive poets... Drugged out mindfreaks with a tendency toward self-disaster, wasted, drained, getting high off depleted brain fluid. Kids scream in mud. Mumbles deafen solitude, waited for rain and came in to hear it on glass, my thoughts dwindle shivering without a semblance of a muse who is everywhere, who is nowhere.

Aghast, laced exploding disparate centrality into G-d lying to immolated children. Listen! Oh, fear you are here.

Blaring death, sulking rampage, inbred and hungry questioning the selfless viscera skinned to black magic. A lake, dusky transfigured veil moves unscarred, coruscant laugh cries of an unspeakable silenced heartless dog, and the murderous vile denouement of all life hopeless and pathetic in thoughtfuck buses at a glance.

Holding onto suffering as the whole entire universe might, for you are dharma's loveless, swallowed being tragically seeking its-elf opposite.

XXVII

Sublime religious drunkards mix with cool African children, vibration within the microcosmical furor of the tenthousand mothers who were taught to beg for death, impassioned by an insane mystic myth, living instituted as failure and politically malnourished digestion.

Empty souls creating lingual epistrophe as masses of people still stick to the fly's wall in mushy scum and devoured multi-trillion schemes. All to shoot one head, leave nothing as wake for earth's funeral, devolved mangy copulation runs livid, fooled by restless paradoxical liars.

Improved freedoms cloaked in egg-filled dirt and virgin's blood, all we see are the dying, all we hear are the lies. Oh, depress. Oh, depress, longing entranced mood-killer enveloped with dire heat and breastmilk clinging, awful childish coughing defies ego.

Skulls sucking animal guts and praying to beloved's worship, the laughter of an ageless G-d rings through the foggy immersion of such suicidal mockery, self-loathing race, twisted, lungwings shiver like an elder screaming in the wild unknown beyond, the kingdom of heaven is beneath your feet, eternal hell and bliss are one in this passing gardenian lust.

Oh, possession free me from these pairing ceaseless eyes, this catastrophic mask lying in the voiceless truth, sputtering sentient clouds unscathed toward this mysterious storm that beckons you, seducing cries, love in this ruthless cellular illusion.

Postulating dystopic weed heavens in my frequently startled vibe, dung, losing it and reaching up coming above and fastened to hands writhing as a corpse beheads the madness, instilled characters proven to be the most self-deceiving, playing along with some trickery that is no-trick which unhinges light and returns back into a single atomic fruition, melded wintry vessels go and recede from suns of awakening petrified intrusion.

Bombarding innocent minddeaths...

As one shits, all things entered through the senses will be filtered by mind in the form of an urge to externalize, it is only through living completely with the immense truth and wisdom of this empty presence that mind expression can begin to leave one's being unfiltered.

Seek and you will not see.

See and your eyes will blind you.

Know sights' eyeless wisdom and you shall see...

This is not the first time for passing back into mothers' breast that you know lights your homes with electricity and gives you water and milk. But to scar

our faces with the blasphemy of 10000 years. And struggle beyond the gate of paradise into a newly formed paradigm of love, sacred passion into the arms of G-d's suffering embrace for we must go.

Walking assured so far from his smell that we can not hear his stupid arrogant laughing ego masking children in the wreckage of sexual head deaths and the forgotten waves of some cold dark beach washed over with weed escape, and failed messianic heroes, just waiting to dive back into the swamp hell of their own fatalistic heartless lives.

XXVIII

Alone scum pricked by delusion's surgery, malformed breast, quaking within lust foam to pray laughing, I am G-d stolen dead among the diseased afraid drools of whitemen marching to the soul of exploding brethren and moody desert earths, all drunk and scared by green mongers restlessly avoiding the hell stink of their discouraging weak souls.

Steaming with piled hungry carcass stench and emasculated distempered ancestry all dressed for heaven at the gates of war. A mockery of animal cries intoxicated by poisonous anguish and startling madness, betraying mothers, demons lavish in sterling blood awaiting monkey bodies splashed cold, erased by void's plain simplicity, un-beautiful masked ugliness eating infant bones outside markets serving filth as gold shining faces breathing smog and waste, all-making, hate the stumbling wave of their last dance through mindless televised junk-addicted bodies moving, stirring with red vibrations of their insolent mass, congregating ghost formations.

All chanting one, with a melodious devil and the wretched escarpment lying with words of milky splendour, calling to the crowd, you can not open the veil with deathless hands but must sing ignorance with a stowed heart and an unfeeling grimace opposing insane truth beyond the shores of business, drugs and meagre dogs playing the fruitless gametrick named hope...

Direct all-pervading energy within, to care.

To be essence with pungent marijuana smoke, inhale.

Ride deathless messianic invisible waves through.

Lysergic force fields of your wasted mind.

Realize the great virgin fuck with a heroic dose.

Ingested psilocybin into massacre of your multiplicit soul.

Dying to the moment and facing G-d naked, un-bemused I gave to him my soul and for the first time I felt light, with vomiting. Breathless gasps turned over to such presence the possession of my spirit only to find that I did not have it but that it was me.

Moondim faucets turning watery minds upset churning yellow ashes brawn to dusky waters' plight, invading musk blankets skinned foreheads with machete brown eyes, staving off limping homicidal escape unto perfect full casket, plastered over with blithe lovefucks illicit and cruel tingling fire, breast pouring smoke tinged infections, contagion brewing lanky witch bowels by starlight, unfocused, sharp and reflected maul scare, undulating coruscant being, engulfed lust, just simple and sweeping soulless wandering, all thin and laughing at cold fools.

Malign shaking hands fearing decay's hook, mint smell blows, hatesmoke into my desiring G-ds wanting to destroy love. Embracing beloved death, a brooding warrior sits without sitting, kills without killing, writes without writing.

Hellish city emperor appears in mourning at marriage of sin and hate, to death. Oh dear, mescaline betrayal breath in mould deteriorating, sequential life mortified, surrounding being.

Merlin baba, bill coins...and her.

Pattern rain, cool trumpet blow, distant train.

Malodors behaves sour, and oh so lost.

Linger, drain, she came.

XXIX

In my brain, the thought of nothing, thinking.
Barefooted black hoods call to cemetery pale light.
Shadowed in orangewhite the silent muse snuck past corroded graves.
A signal beyond death's cruel voice.
Emily whispering...to herself.

Curious unsure under stoic dirt-enshrined gate into underworld's home
imagination screamed dark and I walked away, but a glance back and the
enchanting eyes of a cat.

Into the true soul wandering, to flee, saying I will escape, three drunken
profanities blind and scatter, wallowing in shame.

Imagination freed, imparted from dead poet gaze.

With tragic thought murmuring.

Such is virgin solitude...a sweetness to few, despair to rest.

Vow to follow love thru death's hypnotic inbred mindjungles, from black
angry asps furious tongue of fire breathing Goddesses, into reckless miserable
foolish gasp of the lying magicians glare. Dare to be lost in the carnage of this
mythic drama escaped and freed, love within the mighty crying stargazed bridal
destruction, past insane remembered soldiers, afraid to breathe, watching the far
shores pile in samsaric wilderness.

Listen closely to the words of a wise man, they lie to you, yet he somehow
stays completely true, and his smile is the grandest lie of them all, it is the lie of
enlightenment, and with the slip of a tongue one suddenly sees the empty buddha,
relatively you.

Accept Satan readily with a full, welcoming heart, watch him recede into
silent decay, gross unknowable catastrophic pain biting with foreign flavour at the
most memorable egoic fantasy, stammering with burnt lies, to steal death back and
have it eternally, without the hellish truth still and weary like the nirvanic hand
temple of some cyber Hindu dust behemoth.

Unthinking scavenged food is gluttonously unneeded, wine splattered leaf
smock worn and blue sprouting naked wild beauty like numb blood and the sour
whistle of her grand alcoholic and religious face, a wasted laugh eating divine
snakes.

There is no culture only individuals operating within the conditioned
objects of their own subjectively experienced mind delusions.

With every word create a universe from scratch.

And what will you catch? Only the unseen/unheard, the unknowable lost in
ruthless mute wisdom, passive and continuous expansion led on by the world and
the giggling blue Goddess.

With shaky hand thoughts mind speaks to ego:

Continuously unfolding, unceasing realization process/practice ↴

One needs less, natural attachment to want/desire dissolves as
thoughtwave recedes from shore back to oceanic source, one becomes more, inner
being expands as Brahma ↴

One becomes all and does more altruistically with love and truth in
neverending revitalizing life out of death's all enshrouding egoic veil.

XXX

Relative being enlightens itself with constant self-revelation into the expressed magic of our collective human spirit.

The self is revealed as the sexually evolving all into this one moment, spontaneous, creative, infinite NOW experienced without experimenter.

To practice spiritual poverty is a form of gluttony. To control physical hunger is to cultivate an unceasing pattern of insatiable mental hunger, to wash the heart clean writhing bloodless and without the stain of objectivity, external influence both dogmatic and proud enshrouded in a mist of lingering stifled youth and the play of desperation.

Mangy selfhoods staring musing sheepish and frightened, indecisive ugly and smoked out by the stomachfire aching to distress holy unsatisfactory imperfect guilt-strewn lives, wasted hoards all distended and bent unto final death ties fleeing the frequent genocidal miser battered and bombed hopeless loving masked elves as married slaves beckon and cry to the unwavering hairless mulled innards, open, left shorn to the emotional wreckage of lost kindred spirit families moving and swaying to the sound of famed beats and funeralesque minds freed and empty.

In the vacuous earthen camaraderie of soulless love and meagre destitution all morbid and tunneling through lightless screaming universal hatred in the mire of wild betraying reality mocking and irrational misgivings laughing with the pain of a thousand armies just holding G-d with fingerless wives and spewing the gush of infertile thought miscellaneous weaponry, violating words disordered and futile in tragic deluded murderous sense diffusion over all colour.

Being one in essence, disunited and without lust for beloved, illusory, natural beauty, filling bellies and heads, leaving a wordless whisper of a centurion story to the inbreath, crashing awake, tide of oceanic sorrow, at last music, voicelessly listening creatively attuned to the mourning original gloom, timelessly quaked undead clip-winged fuel enraged fools praying to the nightless ghoulish wonder of tomorrow's impossible futurity and the true scar invisible and ever present, staying, waiting, motionless revolting instinct kept live, as a burnt incense stick.

Unwashed shorts.

Mourning local, digesting in silence.

Pandering erotic whimpers, stale melancholia, frayed impressions gaping to the tune of cityscape nightmarish blues, wily poetic starstruck violent cool soothes, pleasing smoky distant goddesses, prophetic, unfurled, unmasked, untamed yet dreary in the loosed kill of white-haired free and hot musically penetrated laughter within.

The essential substantial chaotic creative untrusting lie-mixed true life lived now at a loss and trivially prepared to meet whatever discontinuing drug-afflicted excruciating misfired scheming paranoid foaming relative satanic meaning is deemed unworthy.

XXXI

Conch-whispering blood hacks climbed up planar distorted infrequent bodiless massacred mass blasted past gassed plastic fasts aghast and fast without happiness faked and plain-eyed dames with their crooked systematic faultless games practising betrayal, perusal, frazzled mind-knives gravely singing ear cries mingling watchful peace-skinned lunes ashore the returned death boat home and starved for come and seeking love with strong mellow breast-like lairs, pillared dungeons of fame just sitting twisted and lame.

Oh I've watched you become all the same!

Tap, tap electromagnetic vomit, insidious food wares living clinging to the walls of truish laugh stammered broken cool unmoving mastery in reckless bombarded lists next to morbid fortune.

Tap, tap fool, caffeinated slumbers on the rank steps of darkly left chancellors might to stroke malicious breathing crooked G-ds disguised in the formidable presence stalking demons for mindfood, starving emptiness embodies vivifying spirit essence as unperturbed darkened opaque mystery grins magically entwined in earthen fires steeped in miserable all-pervading masochistic inspiration, two decades raveled in nearly six-month poetic hint.

Bent dumb sickly driveling mad grinning rhymes, entering the mile when imprisoned sleepless minds instinctually fester and press over hardened letters and scrawling teenage cries.

Oh, the musically engraved divine misery saved wrapped unforgiving in the belly of chaotic cellulose fucking blues, imbibed lines scratching toxin cracked shamanic lungs in star-veiled songs to humourless gods.

Rakish mastodons freed and gone as seasonal blows showing secret fires where snowdrifts go, because no one knows and that is your wisdom, the sailing away from these old disgusting rotten shores drunken cathartic nightcats starving with heroin names in veins, but inching past laughing of laughs with a wink to guard my kingly disarray masked in pure whitewashed fasts, infiltrated animalistic gasps, and the apocalyptic swarm pervading elderly foaming ghoulish homes.

Stinking and learning fear with queer leers and jeers, savage million diseased and beatific figures freeze and leaving peace, why this narcotic empty thing whistling toward open heartless wings over the desert earth newly extinct and condensed with peopling hordes.

Distressed and running for death's door an evilness burns rude and frightened monkish skins atop the snow-capped desirant ears beating heartless rage and addiction caves, spoken whistle to brazen flocks amazed, agape praying and

maimed with corroding entropic dawns rustic and killing bastard trickster fawns
with gold-frosted gunshot breasts.

Sharp corset messer lining the filthy demon wench, infused alcoholism
nicotine smoked leaves steaming in sorrow and puss-diseased armless sleeves,
cathartic devolved painful destitute mongrels shouting rest!

With sneaky grimace wigs, telescopic microphone twigs answering to
religious violent dreary rear fate to ride intoxicant waves, studious minds
accounted in disastrous fruitless interdimensional hives.

XXXII

Oh, tonight for the rain may ice kissing faultless hated masks in hovels darkened fleeing futuristic bribes but only for the slight cringe orgasmic inflamed flaunted flightless mugs scarred to the bones of emblazoned gory madsick plugs dining on seasalt guests and fluid idiosyncratic heads, entwined lying bird magic howls emasculated banking clocked tasty brooding insect greedy moods.

Retrospective dystopian cocks strung out dry and lifeless formative immature brain soggy children imitating loose dogs fattened swirling pesky mismatched blood pounds entered into night kingdoms tearing with cityesque tragic cool ghastly wonder, imagined doom failures cleaning mind traps freakish and missing the sampled breathing morn lost to chaotic deeply entrenched forlorn yet deified urn, broken inside mystic hoods.

Schooling passionless habit formed words only patrolling satanic nightmarish thoughtsongs anchored on sad dusky breeze of wintry delusion's pang flowing elevation toward nirvanic mountain sweeps dreaming escape at the muscular twitch of moonscape tunes, fooling minute praise in rock soft gaze stammering with hopeless Goddess dope.

Fangs callous phallic malice as the rat brewing morbid witchcraft stools drip hallucinogenic mix licking and fixed wrathful benign devilish quips, hung feline skeletons whispering pleasure stung acrid flower mats holy dust laden cots prickling with venomous guises, secret adventurous frowns casting shady fickle prismatic shrines embodying the scurrying vermin prison lunes cherishing conceptual locks impassable homeless empirical nonsense talks.

Impetuous confined web-like dive times fishing for problematic averted ties, spine-tingling kinds. The belly is worldly distraction engulfed in thick non-being unburdened illusory fusion moving un-pragmatic blank aware plight into extreme mentation insane condemned hush tantric river flooding might stench multiplying into sense confusion perspiring deathless unflawed mind released as transparent veil impressed on infinite witness sitting freeing no one's blissful mist.

To Paul, he was dressed as a poet, but did not listen to the universe beat against the background of his groaning heart.

Stale connivance!

Lest the bad butcher with a redeye smock gain fail to realize, oh that G-d was him and in the light serene madness glimmering wintry fissure singing quips astir blearing hot butchered freakish lines for primal awakening fast dawn frowning brushtail fools all moody jewels dueling masquerade fantastic morbid claustrophobic monkish gripes striving beauty blind in stark brooding alleyway

faces hating curved cityscape displaced hyperspatial deafened sad laughing hints in
rustic mumbling bright fights meaning to plummet into proud lunging infamous
guns.

Stirred trouble moving unfurled ruthless as pearls learning digested
worldly intoxicated foreign jeers, thin stick lingering tongues finding brimstone
shards devolve without the hoodsick gaze, stuttered ruffle folk embarrassed
naughty stipulation bite claimed as murderous rage entangled in an unremembered
fog burnt haze.

XXXIII

Sadly rocking elderly waves crooked unfazed in lazy praise, making cockfried chicken growl killin' shades with frosty mug, grazing fat scratching maternal milk moonmazes intricate, razing the mindwar harbingers scowling masked lying voiceless, a trace.

As he skips wildly downstairs to hell's place, dressed raunchy games coming fire and spitting early junk crashing alcoholic cruelty. A bad start, dead finish to girlish haunts, weedless insane mimics' infringed languish, bombarded with heavy thick air unskilled effortless barebacked lairs dancing to imbecile heartless blues, losing muses fingering timeless engraved staying boundless shivering doom and brewing overhead with weak sense-dives, shamanist anatomic lives eating hatched wombs as fingerprint diseased monkeys shout, lover!

Messy fearless heights breathing fallacial gargantuan hides stripped black cawing stupendous journeys into confused psychedelic distempered allusions to cave contemplating union in cooling purposeless malign cool, but an impediment hastened by actionless wandering and the seedlings' tired walking acidic waste.

Starving sex workers treated peeing on rapists' flavourless brains covered in heaps of dung and blasted infertile hung love steaming bothersome nasty erotic hums, toking nameless plants incarcerated in sane wild jungle dance.

I saw Goddess praying for change lasting overnight ready and gracious humanist being gassed futuristic system ass wasp kleptos braving ageless druggists asp entering satanic happiness most angered to imperial massacred race flaying bodiless space without proven taste.

Dusted over with metallic smiling lies smirking vengeful ghostly charades impressed in technological swimming glue feeding bullet-faced little devils leaving unhurt dirty freedom to last drunken craze-drained immensely blood dispersed roads sister-brother strewn wounded as the few lament under a sun-cracked lethargic effigy.

Now who is encouraged to be laced, stained with burdensome lame odyssey, who is hampered by encouraging egoic fame, ballistic nightmarish waning in millions of overpopulated browning rusted sewers, encapsulated synthetic barking irrelevant pastimes spiritually deadened hardened and deafened in lakes of shallow pain.

Wicked loveless shucked eyes wavering imbalanced flaky stumbling and gay the perpetuating clown sought indelible visionary execution, ruling prophetic kingly movement atop sacred high holy dashing rock, stressed earthen hybrid skies calling subtle behemoth arresting messages bereft across endless space. We

hammered, suffering collective fusion, embraced under exploding suspended void mines, the vile beauty we could not erase.

Dusky red halls alight in mad whispers of fate, innocent bony rain decayed minds like webbed sprites desiring wealth and gloom, mildew drips singe purring roaches as venom pincers glisten demanding patterned Indian balls nude.

Conglomerate hordes rush to fiery vaults deteriorating machine fastened golden tusks latched wires forbidden to play ambling about in a disheartening pathetic way, everyday.

XXXIV

High-priced exotic fillings, trill soft drumming entranced elated empiric dissolution moving in swirls, restless like deified hair, gorged among winks shameful lingering grace at a rotten low heroin pace, marauding devilish wiles sprout orgiastic bombs of the saviour crooned in sage silent cries, booming cathartic ooze-smearred useless pasty sex.

Filthy prying cleansed away in menial lies brushed thru heaven with crammed emotional bugs flying barebreasted queens making names reach elongated brains, icy quiver.

Launched, astounding maneuvers amidst beheaded maskmaking foul garden tricksters aiming at futile clanging in scourge atrocious universal pots resounding tundric desert fall, mystery creature fearing beyond glares of painful quick ruminations tied in circular conundrums barred and wrangled by neckless gouges, lost organs tasting broken rustic craze enamoured in whitewash lagging bales of hairy clay eaten flops maggot penetrated licked up bloodcaked lover's face taking ages to erase for the vast sour mind embrace failing to get coughing blue smoke out for a walk along guilt-fueled canine waters, when the strong bastard edges of youth fire the beleaguered detriments of a grimy vengeful heart screaming.

Corroded demonic murderous belches in stormy wave thought, mistaken gazes passing hands, losing inner hellish mazes of infamous cold wanderings and black silky citric esculent marching drug-crooned laze, fattened with stinging nicotine fiends, possibly aching slippery fungi humorous gum in love with sick breathing hum.

It was like the cold sound of a zipper digesting hard fluid crunches in detective snow patterns cawing in wooded caverns behind the dark-covered pine frost-protected spider walls and wrapped in the shudder of a wintry acid phase, livid warm layered and breathing knee-deep in the emotional muck of a thousand generations' failures with each inhale of carbon monoxide toxic fumes wrenching discordant heartbeats, fleeting, determined to the spiny fowl hills, polluted and hearing death escape roadkill cries

Brooding industrial hunchback decay, bent, stuttering religious intolerance over used dusty Jewish bookstores and the frail blink caught over sour milk-tossed sponges dining.

Cranial membranes leaking dystopian fear, tragic and foul.

The cold blue smell of vast starflight eyes speaking softly humming love in sex-fumed perspirant city mutts hinting at mere nothingness surviving deadly exotic prices besmattered shatter disaster in lingering cigarette shadow smoking

dusky curls wavering smoothly along meatskinned gods in afterlife tombs
imprisoned, chaos-smear'd flukes believing convincing truths beyond spontaneity,
blaspheming bloodless decadent fires playing eating fed drug kings frolicking thru
boneyard towns and roundabout mountain songs clasped freely, inward,
contemplative staring sleeping buddha at violent peace without surrounding
misbehaving forbidden tastes laughing missed fate.

Cat-like, sprawling menace and daring spiritual whispering smoky paste.
Oh, this forgotten unready state frightened bait serpent medicines breathing
sickened green sunset minds and psychedelic spines, mixed nicotine sugar tobacco
binge spitting tombs carried spry lively hiding wives cackling wicked venom ass-
and spoon-fed federal fat suckling babes working on dead carriages of fame,
troublesome musically tripped bloody wine.

XXXV

Improbable unfocused seat, unplanned drained townie scared floundering in muck, undressed throat fish cleaned and dreaming of eased blue stews luring frozen infant nude virgin rousing cold frightened loss red bone staring dragoness air asking white-eyed locks and brews of calming mind potion news.

The dueling whisper of a catsmocked shuddering brain skipped feline goddess drunk stench tobacco fucking cocked mood drooling fools attuned to high drugking muses, lick curl smiling freakish wonder larval and parasitic fungi mask natural and tempestuously distended fraught stomach battered fluke escaping hallucinogenic UFO plume oozing teardrop doom and flaky scalp trash raspy lashes praying sore dusty rude sexual and haughty disclosure marauding restaurant laughable torturous familicide breasts.

Oh, teenage crust gawked idyllic monster lusty unsure breathing wine beloved diurnal tragic esculent flesh mess, lovely dented steaming leaving citymean ash flung busroute fleas. Screw in' cross remote dirt fiend women changing into translucent pawns burnt spirit used moneyhound lead queens eating leftover scavenged dead meat teasing free buzzed masterful music dimmed sugarkill train track rollie morbid chaotic spontaneity.

Laughing starstruck, masochistic, breezy flooded pale facecracked graffiti chased pouting musty marijuana skinned re-habited mostly darkened shadow smeared possibility, authorizing glazed church curse entombed looming cruel brooms ached head shrill mixed ice-tinge moons.

Crammed, fraught with empiric spice dens heightened smells and lofty expressionless beauties lying inhuman, numb, weak drifting imposed sheepish monkey fools itching universal scratches under muscular grooves and vinyl-perpetrated Jews artful piling ancestral stores atop foaming bombed familiar slaveworn wreckage named civilization famed monotheistic palates forcing bitter caffeinated tiresome fatigue gifts of birth and come heated in green scheming lacklustre cinematic mindscape hopeless scrap, funerals to the messianic pleasuredom kamikaze pockmarked harry fleeing wintry scartissue loves imbibed and driven fueled turned over bent outa shape left lost drugged and fucked by desert demon hyena screwing devilish feminine suicidal orgiastic deified being.

Powerless liquid track explosive involution convulsing malodorous dawning crooked sweet flaccid bastards amidst lovewinds karmicstorm drowning tornadoesque hurricane samsaric wilderness condemned to teem impressionable bucolic mad pierced, shattered botticelli angelic photograph, traumatic vivacity wanting, shot nothing, death howling embrace me lunacy truly inflamed mortified

picturesque with frazzled hair-lost eyes and a tint faded mysterious grin seeming closed but lit in magic hints.

Image-waste pasty lavish faked undead stale frowning mistress failing to bombard the restless soul wandering proud down acid roads walking lint-covered, distant quivering insect dying to moments' wink in sad gasping moving tumble towards paradise, well grave tumult unchanging bloody lakes tarnished by breeding subtle emotional crying minds in astral pirate scams amplified with unknown anxious fate tomes.

XXXVI

Elegant reason, ghost words heard by melancholic sticky fraudulent beers
overwrought heavy breach just wearing almost bones lonely moans and sorry kinks
instinct crowded muggy streets ripped startled and bruised monsters, gleaming
innocent enlightened hoarse calls to scattered ash strewn nasal passages thru night,
dire banal animalistic lore crowned individualistic lounging doors wide unlocked
useless tries miles in lies making sad music dance gaseous swimming gory, glum
sickened brutal massage beaten hoodlum queen, meeting streetlight sorrow
punkish pill-blown eyeless dry crazy lanes finicky conniving games humorously
adding glassy hole creaking engine mud homeless queer finding the no one void to
be peaceful mindless headcase self-wrong.

Blunted characters coloured in salt worm tight shadow flinching piss-
dashed crashed blasted foreign excellent arctic tea roaming lone stolen loved and
drugged as melt-bled heartless breast flows milky in sorrow-brushed soft drowned
disastrous pleasurable tightened animated sensuous souls striven to gushing
orgasmic resonance, vicious biting salivating smells intoxicated in comefull
wonder, submissive surrendering G-dinfused tragic firelust pains' smoke dream
smiling innocent girlish demons feeling universal empathy.

Hot shudder toward stagnant mindbodies laughing placid tidal wave-force
hate intruding on ugly violent redhaired boobs, filleted source calling, whisper
gentle unsure mad chalky kissing beaming glassy-eyed dirty unspoken gargantuan
suicides losing fattened burlesque swans undulating in mob nets dingy bulbous
cries wallowing in dark cavernous woe across lanky untrusting magic entranced
battleworn mostly bloodcloven woven foes praying to skyless deathfiends,
superstitious witch knives implausible, creaking boneless wishes, entering modern
frostbitten havoc accosted rapists behaving obediently under civil social unrest
hopeful mocking the vast calm jazz plays meditating poet stumbling thru astral
veins kicking string flushed disembowelled lies of shameful panicky names.

Crass foaming beats heading down moodsinged roads hugging
mountainous pathetic flaming rubble prismatic stunned in drunken feet of paradise
unearthly plastered quibble coquetting plentiful masked crows startled ticking free
dreams meaning nothingness came late and shivering pale mauled by mysterious
shrieks from silent grey cold crumbling bleak satanic concubine fortress.

Weak pride bribing time from shoddy stupidities left old foul blue
shrieking biblically immersed watery paradigm force unto betrayed zero mile
ascension climb way over mountainous ruins midwestern ethnic rivers coloured in

downtrodden bastard lovestorn crude father melancholic alcohol pity rushed mad
and deaf laughing to trusty gas belt drones all alone in wormfire animal stomachs
disastrous forewarned prophetic blowfish stooges mass assimilating to the mating
calls of surviving embittered depression, escaped angst crying on manly opaque
feeling statuesque and reading brain-disease films, luring hovering UFO scenes
meaning deaths to the queen.

XXXVII

A mystery splotch written with inky cool, running effervescent and flooded in blue stigma, futile unheard mourning flocks of beerbrowed clanging schoolyard junks freewheelin' scared and high floating effortless across valleys doomed with rhymes, master spirit grunge minds the factory smell pang mildew fleshed out thin and calloused beyond the red tide of wretched egoic flamboyance.

Soundless wishes crack finding dust moat flumes breathe sweet haven moods and tiredsick groaning feuds of lingering cow pies growing intelligential lifeblood, some membrane chord lofty unsure spotted universal sporadically induced fungi boost, musically enlightened sublime criminality pillaging mass gravestone cravings thirsting cursing exacerbated satanic Goddess ugly taints, ghastly fuming with tragic lust, evil enchantment stirring astral domains into powerless great being, waves slung perfect, energetic delusions' past entering through last death kiss struggle of peopling hoards restlessly relating bodily fissures into their mock-fucked double-frighted lies, tumbled screams missed dreams, seagull dry looming more lung-cruised seamen brandished guilt blame religious small mythic wife trying on G-d.

Aroused plunging crooked insane elder brushes, flashed brazen mood-devoured plush food standing mast-like against crescent feminine hatred, fasting jargon lewd vicious emotional reactionary governing mind dimmed in fear, controlled by lust amiable walking smiling devilish mother cooking raw death of sportsmen wrinkled plastic flaccid count snatching maiden wizards daunted by hell's masquerade quivering naked, languor finding breasts' desiring carnage-laden deserted secret far home.

Lean doom eating brainfreeze meat screaming weaponless night storms churned.

Breathing, the hope of a smothered Goddess reigning over phallic worship kingdom, squirming insect moat foam trashed excrement ash, frowning cloud strength batters clash dawning hallucinogenic crowns inspiring psychic stars, darkened slithering pause, powerful unending guilt born of malevolent toilsome brutish warring.

Enslaved youths presiding along darkened rocky gates towering over collapsed and plundered fate, predestined amnesiac awareness left dry, old toothless diseased needy sexgod worms entangled forceful struggling to be dissolved in vulcanism torrential ash craving fires booming apologetic waste floods down death-stricken landless shameful poor wretches living amongst vomit pools gurgling watery galavants pulverized rotters dust-smitten brains, dank squatting dimmed nameless eternal war trick, stirring mind must empiric sad cowering in livid murderous drivel. Shitted on familiar icy hells punched alight

with crust-eyed dew-bored expressionless gestures painful munch, copulating
pungent body lunches, fretted on long ass broken confident lawns.

Snowed under homeless wounds faking nonchalant dancing boxed
musicians piling proud currency like ambrosiac heavenly lows, resting in crashed
hailstorm binds, ailing, elderly naked, hiding in time at midnight bumbling freakish
wild hair glaring stupid hurling blighted frightening heightened flights, past lost
hating glassy shiny primed meatsick girls fooling billionaire mixed flames on the
brim of a hat, cross-bossed coolant shrieking kindred warriors at a loss in laughing
emptiness blue.

XXXVIII

Growl, growl beast leave the neat scenester mess clean suicidal grasps, raspy asps killing G-d's jesuit buddhistic nightmare, harrowed still-fucked mind snatch lacking fatty acid fasts burrowing crepuscule wives intrinsically tied to restless unscarred demise of spinning beauties truly disheartened brainbattered sugar queens sneaking devils under close linen skirts dirty, hurting dreamt mongolian yurts.

Will you speak walls, draw the hallucinated applause from melodramatic wordless grips spirited to flawless green knapsacks, charred lungworn throats coated in hands desiring being grandiose creator inhaling alcoholic illogic religious hours under golden lights bruised doors clanging to soundless pissing holy wine muttering I am G-d unfaithful and don't care and where heaven may open or close for my plane finds here everywhere with the story of all mankind suffering under the gun of a single bullet, egoic imaginative closet minds.

Behaving depressed blowing magic with hot ones leaning toward natural disarray blind ravaged instilled to go, roast heathens detained as monkeys needing keen steam, proposed, emotional.

I, earthquake clocked programs' social infused mayhem, neuroses breathing narcotic lies into the gravel, looking at kindness, hope-swill drunk boring into skeletal dikes answered fish-damned blast shriveling million-tired demon souls, eating sibling's thoughts fighting with artless courage turmeric-styled, finished breeding homosexual guardians present staggering materialist doom knifed sputtering departure swerved impression lofty, hopeless

Murder king destined, sheltered by rinsed over undying minced organs donated to wormy starch vomit wasteland dwellers singing ancestral epithet grooves to the Holocaust's genocidal invading starved news as civilized kids drunk bribed loves in psychotic disconnected parentless iconoclasm.

Why do I find myself again penned, born of death squirming intestinal distractions turning blundered consciousness to mushy dissatisfied mind, dysfunction hanging weakly toward futile beloved perilous diminution, entrenched in madness babbling insane milestone cries of mystic wandering demon fiends learned and drunk on supernatural chaotic imprisoned mobbing populous trudging, inks mass failure as creaky ancient ships forgotten in violent natural undercurrents, sweeping mysterious nomadic waves proved intuitive, changeless awe before the all-engulfing worldly bride climbs ruinous satellite noons out of spaceless bends, desolate, ensnared rarefied lairs, umbilical as corrosion rusty wombs numbed.

As a thousand droning slaves building ageless tombs whipped into exilic despair married by serpent seduction in pharaonic meditating candlelit glares

lampshaded solitary prayer masked quietude unsettled in the dawning care of
mother milking nightly bone salads flogged christian dreams unseeming uproar
streaming bungalows starting to talk of lonely thoughts harkening angelic
studebaker smiles gored pressing faces into pulp with heavy-worn bibles as African
children pray to sinless gods with blooded hands, condemned plans stinking of
whiskey-injured grins, possessed fires bombing their eyes, combatant ideation
cowherds trickling missed fury, uneducated, grown on sadness lamented drooling
perpetual black lawless forbidden breasts.

XXXIX

Slowly lopped off by machete rites and traditional painted sacred nights, spoken appearing ghost quivers relieve unsure awakened kinds for eastern sophist, close foaming torpid chosen birds chipped wingless screeching breathless songs of family death, last steps marching women with beerheaded fathers incarcerated in shallow flimsy joy, stalking flaky boy cadavers, strung thin living on gin filled to the brim with hinting prophetic hymns.

Sick quivering stomach tightened anxious apocalyptic tinges coloured on wintry formless shores engraved in immutable whispering secret, imagined but impossible holographic airing hieroglyphic tunes to radical glooms, hapless starry cried dying mugs skinned to veiny glades aiming for gladness at noon, raunch cut boorish fun at eve's glowering and mostly flung.

Give me something to sing with real spirit and smoke a flown tone, moaning on sex dreams tart nipple, fleshed, dresses partaking in highest farfetched galled but mouthed beauty, drawn with whispers and fading sunrise meteors.

Crushing stitched hairy cries in simple pouring dare of nightless conundrum ice shower misadventure vibrating neophyte love tucked away, screeching invalid heaven crawling entrenched kneedeep, attached stalking maniacal soul, devouring undiminished horrid moksha crowds surprising naked grown phallic jailed meagre sketches imagining cruel hoods sparkled wormwood cliches gravely smashed nasty ashtray transfigured lapse, some relaxed ghostly fissure careening luminescent, craving fungal spawns gnawing on gonzo-stitched manikins and dining tasteless monkey frames honing to smithereens the dusty sane bellowing ghost dreams healed with static free drunken improbability reading institutionalized, crooked.

Mustachioed greed pangs discounted mathematically frustrated wicked book runts hunted carnivorous bathing raw erotic hormonal juice secreted in smoky rubble heaps cleaned neatly wrinkled with coarse brutish mildew welts, faulty pressures creating vent to endless raised sunflower hazel, distraught foray into mindgame pleasure witches spinning sullen headless withering stained unfelt hawks of distant regenerative crude nestling authoritative insolent leaders displaying immense fatigue bitten destructive miserable narcosis struggling inside dungeon breasts reeling jazz heroic dazzled space.

Rinsed in bliss crater mayhem, lonely apocalyptic travels after harmonium balance, unspoken magic blue, stunned burnt hive stealing earthen mesmerizing ignorant groaning zombie dives. Luring floored morgues still height enjoined, and brightened toward temporary dissolution breath unlearning paradoxically equated memorial gaze, fixed wrought metallic zero stolen injured rights.

Laura's cigarette hung dripping emasculated forbidden humdrum
insulting cajoled fortified coloured naps seeing bursted ruthlessly clogged thought
hugs storm torturous future seeking amiable retreats from cornered lyric destitute
lune darting this, that laughing smacked straps poisoning stoic misanthrope gods in
some myth's parable heard over coffee and broken glue respected peaceable
crimeslack spoke, penetrate source penetrate source penetrate source.

XL

One who has gone beyond dustworn hungry emptied beatific gate, release poet madman and fine drawn lines dissonant illogic gruesome catharsis embalmed cradling murder churned intestine gut-scratch perspired smelling raunch monkhood gurgling psychedelic cans swept unheard emaciated skinny prudent civil unburdened soul, timid goading wanderlust zealot moaning lone shallow wishes for turmeric proud open-worship droogs.

Stinking bloody fuck-jumped bowels mashed free useless skeleton keys dingy mellow dry weak flushed over the drab escarpment to futile insolent grasping organism entrenched in bitter troubled maladies waving calloused shameful in cold dry winter flesh.

She stood untouched wrought of pure golden desire aching for last forgotten winks in cool stolen night asking innocently, please hold destitute smoking illusory naked body forest gloom shifting brain modality trainwreck remote losing fog breasts enlivened tattered redhaired insane tunneling demondream.

Oh, for love darkened gore trash larval bastard improvised angered tragic mags laughing lonely dumb sensuous comrade in bleak decadent evenings through the heavenly ambrosial gift from satan, plastered over by flashing insight eyes' crass tortured alcoholic drives pouring tasteless music across the desert sand's drifting cadavers, captivating.

Blue ruthless lies calming frequent raging mindtides into redundant submissive feminine guise drinking until sunrise, bloodied thought sinking into frivolity with every ounce and eighth or quarter of passing time, unimportant word misses.

Instilling bad vibes on merciless copulating drug fiends, learning incantations and prayer through filtered socially unkindled acceptable madness napalming fallen leaves as torched skulls emblazoned in chalky coruscant mythological hides.

What the fuck are you saying, just drove 2hrs away from love to ramble incoherent breathless ultimately sad failed pages from the one thing left so hidden under addicted highway steamed visions cold grimy stone steps down into poetry hell.

Yelling stick greed behind uncovered shadows of need reading people like livestock butchered untouchable and freed grieving over shameful past lives unctuous proud daring to listen soundless waving now emanating with vibrant unspoken trees fading in and out of background cruel yet undiminished passionless forbade untrusting dust come smearing shit across the face of a thousand dead

murderers blown locomotive release falling through celluloid smog disheartened
flood of milky wooded laws, catastrophic prophetic decline, ground to the rind of
sinew black temptress maven gorged on filth strewn wasted meatroasts abstract
dimensionless misbeguiled unwritten frustration, lies.

Emptied of superficiality, dumb whitened humming answered blessed
lofty unsure headless fruitcase, poisonous drunken sheep flocked next to divine
corpse heaps freely womanizing, betraying foolish helpless sacred mexican
hallucinations drawn from summer thoughts, rotted growth, deformed addict lure
consoling elder buddhist deaths in sad industrial heartwrenched whys leaving the
blind to staring hexagram ensnared into behaved dogs laughing, filled bellies
shaken, headswarm blues doomed to sick frail laxative mastering mindless and
stubborn woes.

XLI

A subtle drink over the old man's frown, wasted, worried down to tragic remorse, painful gross lush wishes in sad decadent lonely night, follow me into greed masked in stupendous orator crowds drowned in mad glossy copulation orgasmic vomit choking crass maids in dire heavenly mess, crammed brains flowing of a nameless medicine haze, lingering coloured smells caressed feeling ill, sweated out bland unforgiving chocolate shit breath, changeless shallow clowns opening dark cool animal mate.

Depressant bowels answered telepathic joking hound giving in to the sway, alienation hallucinogenic, adulthood phase mangy but praised in poor christian days. And when at home I'll have denied my state for I am a wanderer without a fate as the cold pierce of flesh.

Slows my jowl grisly and hard in the wreckage of fertile disastrous emotive night I'll have won in restless pain the last markings shuddering without a name, tampering alas I have nothing to say on this dreary insane midafternoon at twenty years of tragic food in digestive American hatestate but lately for sad elder winks it has been known to be true that the icy goo film limping across dusty thoughts in midnight cool understanding in warring blues the loud rush of silent narcotic moods ashen dreams gleaming with tarred weed

Subtle behemoth psychic sexuality fiends needing shameful godcooks learning burdensome fatigued hearts attuned to the lash of black failure doomed to frequent calls by restless stinking tumult hogs laughing sick belly games torn by breastmilk currency grappling mountainous evil mustachioed dogs crossed in western upheavals licking empiric zen moss.

Oh, fire of magic unwoven gates show me the pure land with unbroken human malice torn down by the earthen ruins imploded inward toward the spirits' motionless graze and there standing amazed is a wampanoag buddha unchanged, golden, skeletal but morbid flame as the dangerous seraphim walks slowly as the sunbathing gator or fisheyed fasting bird listen to it all ride and growing secretive, flies.

