## #372: The HUMAN Ster - W ... "TEL-E-VISION"

The HUMAN Ster-Y... "TEL-E-VISION"

With eve-R~Y CHAnnel we make a DE-CISION...

OBEY the "Warning" of "DON't Touch THAT DIAL"?

Stay \*GUMED\*... for \* FURGHER \* IN~FORMATION, we'll be Back IN a Short while.

PRO~graming tHAt is D~SIGNed to IN~FLEW~ence

C H O~"I C" es.

We "TEL-E-VISION" STOT-"?" with IN div\*I.D.\*U~AL

& COM-U.N.IV~"Y" - W\*I.D.\*e

Commun" C "at ONS of LOVING VIBRATIONS, for the MOST PART,

ARE UNObstruced In the PEACE & QUINE. TO COntains~ no Violence.

The \*\*\*ORCHESTRATION of LIFE\*\*\* HAS a HArmonY

\* CONDICTED - (BY THE \*USAY\*)

The \*DIE\*-"VERSE" it "Y" gets CORRUPTED BY {{ORDER???/

NG }} & FEELING a {{{MEED to PAY }} }

The Conundrum of possibilities Effects the MIND of the \*CREATOR\*.

We SEE the [AFTER-AFFECTS] when \*GIME\* gets it's own

P\*age\* 1 of 2&1/2

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A st\*AGE\* - [SO TO SPEAK] (wHERE) \*DIE\*\_"VERSE" it "Y"
Is as \*DIA\*Lect" C"ALL" & \*DIE\*elect R " C"ALL" Y"

OPPOSED

To our NERVOUS SYSTEM <u>existing</u> In a state of **BEING**Totally CALM & COMPOSED;

ABLE & WILLING to HAndle what \*CROSSES\* our PATH

Received as poss\*I~BLE\* Trouble.

FEAR is JUSt the RE-FUSE-ALL of the LIFE-G\*ING\*ING
\* POINT\* THAt POPS that Bubble!

WORDS like LOVE, & HATE, & FEAR, & LIFE we TELL

OUR

WITH.

LIFE is a MY"STORY"... we "RAP" IN Esoter "IC" yet "TELL ING" waves of ENER "G-Y" - no longer JUSt a ..... MYVH I

We TELL our E~M.O.TIONAL VISION'S with every SENCE of

SENCE <u>WE</u> can I'M <u>AGINE</u> <u>might</u> BE.

When <u>WE</u> Watch each others' CHAnnels, <u>WE</u>

TRY to BUY a \*sub-SCRIPT\*-10N THAt's A~VEIL~

ABLE for FREE!

#372: The HUMAN Ster - \( \text{TEL-E-VISION} \) "

P\*age\* 2 & 1/2 of 2 & 1/2

JUSt "GO with the FLOW", Smell the ROSES (&coffee?HA)
& don't g\*E.T.\* TOO BENT!

THIS Exsistance is as the BIG BANG'S EX-PRESS\*I~ON\*
{of YOU!} ... AMBIG UITY'S HELL "BENT VENT!

\*Life\* L\*I.V.\*ED in a \*\*\* CARE~AGE\*\*\* de\*!.V.\*ING
Around with an attitude of WORRING about "Things",
so When it's "Time to Leave", There'LL BE ...

NO SINS, NO REGR\*E.T.\*S, NO thing LOST,
NO BOO-BOOS, not even A DENT!

h TheBLUETOOTHpoet.com KOVATCH