

# **The Starless Night**

**By**

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## Thinking of Forever

Thinking about forever,  
Different seasonal weather,  
Temperature collects together,  
As walls crumble whenever.

A change of heart?  
A place to start?  
Are you proud? Restart;  
When you break apart.

Winds blowing cold figures,  
Statues ordered, common sugar,  
Past men who remember,  
Don't get lost forever.

Drinking all of you,  
Holy grail infused,  
My love, begins a muse;  
In tales of a heart confused.

Oasis with no water,  
Dester growing forests,  
Sands shaping temperature,  
Cold frozen lakes in water.

Supernova as light,  
Myriad in the night,  
Only death do thy fight,  
The stars during light.

Down a valley; up again,  
Emotional verse never planned,  
Yet lightning shocked living sand,  
As countless as the stars called man.

Although, emotionally,  
Separate individuality,  
Synergists collectivity,  
Bees of a hive synergy.

Pain again? Planned?  
Or death do they stand?

Live and command,  
Your heart in programs.

Missing love; deepest feelings,  
Live for someone else,  
Give up yourself,  
Surrender is feelings,  
The motions of my heart bleeding.

Sacrifice a life,  
Build a home for a wife,  
O all she likes,  
For love is a gift;  
You can't give back.

### **Citadel**

Different flow of intelligence; bullshit is like a disease,  
It creeps upon you vampiric being, sucking you clean,  
Blood dripping, circumvene, blessings upon clearing,  
Dark Order of Sentience; prison is their happenings!

Anarchist as an Aristocratic, hieroglyphics; resonate?  
Condition problematic, master of chaos magick magistrate,  
Sparks, inferno on the blight, void; consecrate;  
Oblivion is beyond your last gate!

Tower upon the Citadel, perfect landing for hell!  
Shades seen in the darkness foretells;  
Shadowlands scene, Yggdrasil World Tree,  
Elder Race from beyond; the Epiphany!

Light beam astral travel; jump from planet to planet;  
Orbs inside; seeing light through the fabric,  
Translations of life's journey destination;  
Be on the best train and trust your own navigation!

In the light beyond light, dances web myriad,  
Fire coalescing and mirage fundamental laws,  
Grid sparks upon the sands counting periods,  
Sentences in worded arrangements, pour qui?

In light signs and simple heart strings,

Warm feelings like a fawn's birth spring,  
Beginning the heart of it's own music; as one sings,  
We are all One and Connected to Everything!

Photosynthensizing light; breath of life, all white,  
Amber ambrosia honey nectar's upon given sight;  
Potion Elixir of Draught; youth and immortal insight;  
Phoenix filament remains; Lanekia of Universal right.

Eye within the eye, dancing divine Goddess of Time  
Counting down days; until darkness turns side;  
Both sides? Just One or Two; mysterious Clue;  
Sub species aeternalis between Me and You!

Quantum word weaving; spell of full deceiving,  
Plotted words in grains relieving,  
The pain of the torment that is reasoning,  
Purpose;, feel around through the circuit.

Coded Matrix of Alchemical Words; Abyss of Swirls,  
Twisted Netherworlds and Shadow Girls;  
Spin the Water and Fire the coordinated Helio;  
Centric novices; step out to pure focus; mirrors.

Back to the first, nauseous from the bullshit,  
Just as this poem, vomit; how you had to see it;

Just it's what you see; allow me to proceed; prosper;  
Y'all blocked chakras, third eye blocked lobsters,  
Conspiracy monsters, theorists who don't blossom,  
You are making less than the prophets, no problem,  
Had to go hard, had no option, tolerate bullshit,  
But snakes in the grass need to get off the circuit.

### **Heaven's Tear**

Suddenly a tear falling from heaven,  
Patiently; arising around!; Up goes down,  
Soul profound, parallel like eleven,  
Suddenly; rising underground; Down goes up.

Cages? Find a key and break out;  
Simulation constructed from doubt,

Living on the edge; what is this all about?  
Common giving and helping neighbors out.

## **Original**

Originality winds trapping thought; pretty simple,  
Positive manifestations, intentions rings yo,  
People blinded; apathetic? Ratchet; swordfish,  
Swimming in and through the Abyss.

Foul and decay; don't neglect the day, how you feel?  
Rhetoric dialectic, Socratic element, beyond the firmament,  
Sun and Moon; not a premonition; Set telepathic,  
Solar Earthquakes, stillness erupting; bombs help contest.

In the land like Mario, some may call me a Weirdo,  
Mushrooms opened the mind up; help grow up;  
Flying around things and such; celestial beings touch;  
Seeing sight beyond the fabrics own flux.

## **Cosmic Ambrosia**

Intergalactic space of cosmic radiating waves,  
Flowing river of ambrosia and praise,  
Sweet as love the duly morn doth range,  
Across the plentitude of flowers; always arranged.

Seldom do I walk these valleys and plains,  
To fro' adorn; adrest be scorched in pain,  
The eye within; seeing sands shift as auricular veins,  
Spherical and Torus; bending light fabric strands.

Calm, do the rows on rows sing praises to the Sun,  
Photosynthesizing Life, through oxygen; all breathes as One,  
Sounds similar to shapes, but can't be heard by anyone,  
Just the melody of the hearts among.

Weirds, rocks, jaded outcrops as Terra stands,  
Tectonic shifts; centrifugal Eye of Horus; pineal gland,  
Earthquakes; nothing moving; as all in still; the land,  
Has not shaken from anything; other than words of man.



Springs arrives and winters cold frost sets winds,  
Sailing from outer boundaries, whence had been?  
Spreading wings to tread upon light subjectings,  
We are all as One as All and many.

Light snow dances upon the ground; fairies of light!  
Such doth the warm sight revish due delight!  
Song upon the cold frosted blight;  
Each snowflake is unique as everything is right!

### **Beyond Light**

Ways beyond Oblivion  
Darkness held by Light's Prison,  
Perfidious deems sacred glow;  
Luminous lights that sow,  
Sunlight before time;  
Arrow pointing at the crime,  
Eden mysteriously sublime,  
Deep branch of divine,  
Draughts of ambrosia's wine,  
Elysium so doth shine,  
In waves moving all combined.

Hades creeping in feelings,  
Cerberus armored foraging,  
Styx; never appealing,  
Bottomless pit descending,  
Into depths bottomless.  
Strings motionless,  
Music sounds cacophonous,  
All thoughts toxic,  
Mirroring above message.

Anubis; angel of justice?  
Where is your payment? Dusted,  
Coat of eons, mail of odysseus  
Sails praivling through Ulysses,  
Pillars around Hercules,  
Atlantis in between,  
The portal to heaven's living.

Danus Talis, mention old Danaan,

Living red bear of men,  
Avalon tis prevailed when,  
Titans roamed the land, dividends,  
Tither Easter Islands prophecy!  
Down as up went the Sea;  
From hidden chambers underneath.  
Wells illusion arising,  
From heaven's plentitude mirroring.

Blessings from manna wisdom,  
Prince and heirs to each kingdom,  
All things that are within  
And without is surrounding,  
To skystar epiphany,  
That the cosmos is a living thing!

### **Third Eye**

Third eye; horus pendulum,  
Swimming winds gathering,  
Mineral thoughts of wisdom,  
Firmament inside prisms.

Falling shapes, ethereal white,  
Pillars created; nebulous insight,  
Endless dreams, fabric woven;  
Timeline interconnected; summoned

Changing sight, mirage flux'd,  
Ambrosiac poetic waves crust,  
Lost paints from a brush;  
Painted in the strokes of trust!

Lovely sky above the daffodils,  
Plenitude flowers; flowing hills,  
Ode to a rotundo,  
Life is a high and low thrill.

Lights pass by, shimmering insights,  
Tachyon thoughts faster than sight!  
Neutrino's moving neutral light,  
Quarks arranging the photons bright!

Supernova, basis in orbital spin;  
Within, without, both swim,  
In wave like oceans, deity,  
Of space time wave relativity!

Crash an atom on point; explode,  
Combustion from internal control,  
Geometric sequence code,  
Mainframes; singularities download.

Hologram quantum soul;  
Life loves in ordered abodes;  
Find a fawn; light notes to end,  
Keep swimming, gravity bends!

### **Merlin (Sonnet)**

Merlin's apostle, magick as castles,  
Fortitude of workers, peons working,  
Where glimmering vicissitudes, a hassle,  
Moments moving moments, making meaning,  
As Avalon made, has to unravel,  
The feeling, of sea-shining collecting,  
Pearls, Diamonds; Excalibur apples,  
The Word as a Sword, butterfly flying,  
From soul to soul, a middle ground battle,  
Where you can affect a cause through writing.

### **Miracle**

Incredible, marvel at miracles  
Fibonacci; spiracle code empirical,  
Panegrical, marvel satirical,  
New flow as lyrical!  
Adorable, the delphic oracle,  
Hosanna! Univocal, myths biblical,  
Mystical; chimera allegorical,  
Parable thesis, extraterrestrial,  
Transference, energies stereotypical,  
Typical, love shores upon physical,  
Minima as a cynic, syllables optimal,  
Visible, pinnacle pivotal,

Reciprocal, loves desirable,  
Repairable both hearts invisible,  
Hidden mystical, subliminal clinicals,  
Alchemical, lust as extramarital,  
Twin Flames non transferable; curable,  
Auricle energy, synergist livable,  
Cerebral pulses, curable,  
Spherical notes to music typical,  
Words critical, explosions political,  
Thurible mystical, home umbilical,  
Wombs interwoven, reality endurable,  
Quizzical, who is clerical?  
Durable difficult; apostles terrible,  
Limits, reciprocal, push the horrible,  
As life is a historic analogy!

### **Warm Snow**

Cold snow melts my heart,  
Each flake; unique to its part,  
The whole pan, your own art,  
Beyond melting together apart.

Tissue scars from heart-break,  
To many times; self defeat,  
Push through; never retreat,  
Originals are never fake.

Soul torn, slit without repair,  
Universals as far as compared  
Cognitive perfection; rare,  
Seeing depths of hearts stare

Into the empty eyes,  
Nobody home; yet alive,  
Presence gone, torture arrives,  
As snow warms demise,

Pain like a sword wound,  
Deeper shifting, pillars surround  
The pain that amounts,  
To every line as a moon.

As it pulls souls,  
Water empty bowls,  
Fill the soul with whole,  
And as above reigns below.

## **Religion**

A wizard and a priest where home,  
One was living, the other a clone,  
Selling nectar yet pollinating drones,  
Each flavor is sweet as a honeycomb.

The spell crackled, the air vibrant,  
Colors of beliefs to digest,  
Always fighting, like a conquest,  
For whose way is truly blessed.

Fenrir spoke from beyond the mist,  
The life force always dreams to exist,  
Yet with a sly remark, admit  
The cleric went into a frenzy fit!

To be pure, forgiveness's grace,  
Is why I risk Christ's sake!  
Milky waves of lowing honey  
Is the promise for our mistakes!

Doth not thyme see divine?  
Each apple, a fruit of the vine,  
Valhalla sing praise for crimes  
Of warfare and raiding swine!

Humbly, the priest asked why,  
Would you live just to die?  
Wouldn't the gift of life arrive,  
From keeping all alive?

Luckily, a crow saw this thought,  
Quickly back to Odin, rather distraught,  
For pestilence, war, famine and curses,  
Where familiars as glories do not hurt!

While light than thus radiated,

Why fight a battle interrelated,  
Where scales could be compensated,  
Upon the right we are debating.

Yet as silent as the morn dove,  
The priest replied, "what is life without love"  
Is it to persist under the glove,  
And seldom hope upon the rub?

Now love, to the mistress of lust,  
Was a point never touched,  
For even coppers turns gold,  
Dust to source as it rusts and rusts.

Bubbling waves of fairies danced,  
Along the presence of trance,  
'For how could it be by chance,  
That all evolved from one essence?

Light notes, softer ringing tunes,  
Fairies asked; "butterfly cocoons"  
A metamorphosis immune,  
Of uniting kingdoms in duels!

The orbs angelic, bright white,  
Angels asking; what's light?  
For war diminishes live sight,  
And brings you to the night!

Quick remark, the Raven spoke,  
At night the Crones revoke,  
What is life at day, night elops  
With the mirage of hope!

The priest with a rather cross mind,  
Was thinking of a motive to unite crime,  
How could all be from one design,  
But for reasons of error, never align?

Tis winds seldom blow, never know,  
Why kingdoms fight, one as all unites,  
Brothers of colors of absence of light,  
Both white and night beyond midnight!

Deep night, light days,  
Both makers concepts relayed,  
Relaying thought at bay,  
The cleric had the answer today!

God forgave an at war,  
With him, before, and aftermores,  
The darkness is forevermore,  
Yet knock, and he answers your door?

Clueless, the wizard quickly asked?  
Why not use my manic staff?  
Yet as God is afoot and magic never dies,  
One as All; The Answer arrived!

### **Templar**

Olden Alchemical Mystery,  
The Templars Affinity,  
A Grail Epiphany!

Freedom from a Creed Within,  
Eucharist as Forgiven,  
Fire from burning Chrit's Acquisition.

Blood as Fine Wine, Bread a Covenant,  
Sacrifice will; Heaven Sent,  
Words beyond the Firmament.

Dreams come true, morning sunrise,  
Rose; blue, white, it's all inside,  
Kiss the golden rule; keep all alive!

Flowing milk and honeys golden rule,  
Love is beyond altitudes,  
God is what is Always True!

### **Doors**

As depths upon an unlocked door,  
Beneath the waves of evermore,

Shadows shaping fades before,  
The vision, the sight, the land of more!

Tis white orbs refreshing scenic routes,  
Energetic systems, information computes,  
Into visual states of the primordial soup,  
This land we shape with the words we use!

Imagine the citadel of sapphire jewels,  
Roses painted white; always win, no lose,  
Where love is abundant, no abuse,  
Heaven is a Haven and a Recluse!

Waves in light refracted prisms,  
Light traps us in its prison,  
Where words are talked but seldom listen,  
To listen to the Source of System!

Tall towers, breakthrough of light,  
Lamphouse to those oceanic blight,  
A way to see through the dark night,  
Only rabid ravenous raven's delight!

Underneath the door I found,  
Is magick of the otherside realm,  
Where betwixt the motion profound,  
Is the largest silence, the biggest sound?

## **Luminescence**

Rising from the depths of water's oblivion,  
The sun rises as a reflected prism,  
Luminescent to all things in each kingdom,  
Entropic living energy as a system.

Powerful nodes within the key of destiny,  
Miracle machine dependant of divinity,  
Notice the element of silent telepathy,  
This is me talking to you through synergy.

How can I describe the tale for you?  
Besides, is the notion of light rising true?  
Darkness resides in lack of clues,



That light is forming over all things new.

Oblivion's gate, central fire's depth of hate,  
Magma as mad as the essence of fate,  
Origin dependant on synchronized states,  
Quantum estrangement though linear location.

To this; as you, in me speaking through the few,  
Atlantis rising from the depths under blue,  
Rivers of magma cooling islands residue,  
Travel down a volcano and paradise resumes.

Depths of light residing in dark places,  
Death amongst all the weights of faces,  
See my eyes, nothing whole, yet small traces,  
Of infinite relationships to cosmic information.

Universally, unity is one unit from all things,  
Like the thought of wind moving oceans, as it sings;  
All arises from dark depths; Styx harboring;  
The lost souls, trapped in a prison hold compounding.

Sounds of doppler ringing big bang; legacy of rhyming,  
Cosmic unity to the dependent of how one sings;  
A universe; cosmic symphony of how great thou art; behind;  
The veil is the God who directs Realities.

As back to you, reading through these words renewed,  
Are you still in the state of being true to you?  
Listen to the tale; of how darkness in light fails;  
As each state; linear motion is Purusha tales.  
Trumpet like a clarion from above; showering snow love;  
All as one; a flake unique but separate in it's kingdom,  
A part as a whole; yet snow as one; separated by vision;  
New forms of geometric systems.

Arise thyme water! Betwixt the spacious depths.  
Live again; under the water was your last breath,  
Yet think again and be always right; not left,  
For death's testament is which gate you are sent!

Beyond sent; the confession of how your life was spent;  
Weighted in words of silver; gold; or copper amendments;  
Each state a proper scale of testaments;

For each Truth you feel how golden it was ment.

Above now, golden waves of splendor grass days;  
Beyond the gay; the happy sun lives and obeys;  
Showering with love and light everyday;  
One now must reside in the Tao to master the way.

## **Waves**

Intergalactic space of cosmic radiating waves,  
Flowing river of ambrosia and praise,  
Sweet as love the duly morn doth range,  
Across the plentitude of flowers; always arranged.

Seldom do I walk these valleys and plains,  
To fro' adorn; adrest be scorched in pain,  
The eye within; seeing sands shift as auricular veins,  
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Ways beyond Oblivion

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From hidden chambers underneath.  
Wells illusion arising,  
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Blessings from manna wisdom,  
Prince and heirs to each kingdom,  
All things that are within  
And without is surrounding,  
To skystar epiphany,

That the cosmos is a living thing!

## **Mystical**

Incredible, marvel at miracles  
Fibonacci; spiracle code empirical,  
Panegrical, marvel satirical,  
New flow as lyrical!  
Adorable, the delphic oracle,  
Hosanna! Univocal, myths biblical,  
Mystical; chimera allegorical,  
Parable thesis, extraterrestrial,  
Transference, energies stereotypical,  
Typical, love shores upon physical,  
Minima as a cynic, syllables optimal,  
Visible, pinnacle pivotal,  
Reciprocal, loves desirable,  
Repairable both hearts invisible,  
Hidden mystical, subliminal clinicals,  
Alchemical, lust as extramarital,  
Twin Flames non transferable; curable,  
Auricle energy, synergist livable,  
Cerebral pulses, curable,  
Spherical notes to music typical,  
Words critical, explosions political,  
Thurible mystical, home umbilical,  
Wombs interwoven, reality endurable,  
Quizzical, who is clerical?  
Durable difficult; apostles terrible,  
Limits, reciprocal, push the horrible,  
As life is a historic analogy!

## **Speak Friend**

As depths upon an unlocked door,  
Beneath the waves of evermore,  
Shadows shaping fades before,  
The vision, the sight, the land of more!

Tis white orbs refreshing scenic routes,  
Energetic systems, information computes,  
Into visual states of the primordial soup,

This land we shape with the words we use!

Imagine the citadel of sapphire jewels,  
Roses painted white; always win, no lose,  
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Darkness resides in lack of clues,  
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Death amongst all the weights of faces,  
See my eyes, nothing whole, yet small traces,  
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Weighted in words of silver; gold; or copper amendments;  
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One now must reside in the Tao to master the way.

## Notes

Some notes reflect the life,  
A signature of musical,  
All songs reflect the strife,  
A suffering demonical.

Deeper probes in darkness,  
Realms of Dark Lords;  
Sight of living in Tartarus,  
Chronus locked in Worlds.

A perfect cube; twenty seven pillars,  
Octahedron for systems,  
A deformed coup, twenty four withers,  
Thrones above; below conditions.

As light songs float along daffodils,  
Sprouting cherry blossoms;  
Loves encompasses all manifolds,  
Spring creates lissomes.

Soul sword impaled memory;  
Epiphany;  
Heal wounds from astral reality,  
Spirit within wombs synergy.

O thyme wounds of past reference;  
Leave thy home,  
O thyme words of presence,  
Essence thee abode!

Home a heart to all men who seek,  
Divinity freely;  
A spark for flames to repeat,  
Inferno sparking.

Quasar tis haven home found,  
Deep rivers running,  
As water still moves underground,  
Hidden shelters of the realm.

Mysteriously the mystery is a secret,  
Creating itself so speaking,

Words arising as well as listening,  
Thoughts are the abyss system.

A wind, a thought, a wisp of anon,  
Flying through air porous,  
Semi permeable consciousness,  
Allowing thoughts to digest.

Prophet of swirling time black binds,  
False accordance of the line,  
Frame a reference of divine,  
Tis a black grape of the vine!

Fruit so sweet; first miracle wine,  
Yet last miracle,  
Something to arise above swine;  
Flying a cloud conical.

Yet Yesu was one Son; of a Sun-Reality,  
Tis alchemy of living space,  
Time reference for speeding,  
Along the beams lightning.

So speak of things to come;  
Trumpets resound,  
All things undone,  
Exploding core ground.

Supernova combust upon Earth crust,  
Energetic Meta,  
Energized from an entropic touch;  
Synergy through Theos Theta.

Yet as the song from above;  
Darkness was,  
Yet deep below light showing kingdoms,  
Beyond the grave as love.

Showering tears of glistening years,  
God cries as rain drops,  
Compassion to those loved dear;  
Yet flashes; lighting plots.



## Summer's Snow

The winter is cold,  
As the frost is warm,  
Snowflakes, above's abode,  
Falling down into form.

Desert storms, wind's sand,  
Alchemist beyond land,  
Oasis sandstorm, flowing grains,  
Essentially; dust is our name.

Chaos in disorder; chaotic order,  
Forming dynamical borders,  
Between the realms, magic corridors,  
Dimensional shifts; common doors.

Keys with locks, unlocked within,  
Deep essence, flocks of sin;  
Deadly seven, word's homunculi,  
Living dead inside what's alive.

Tectonic shift; earthquakes spirit,  
Moving plates beyond split,  
Involving the mover's gift,  
Unmoved is this moment tis'

Big bang, sound doppler again,  
Extension of relationship; beyond sapien,  
Noises bell; curve diagram,  
Curvature of intelligence program.

Many facets and visions,  
Dependary conditions,  
Unconsciousness swimming,  
In manifesting as living.

Angelfish of operations, biohack information,  
Seeded poisons in air conversation,  
Chemtrails harbor negative systems,  
Killing us is their intention.

Yet more on time, literacy divine,  
Kingdoms all relative to levels, a vine,

Yet growing up and reaching down;  
All is somehow ground around.

Root of seeded beginning,  
Pansmeria of all things shining,  
Light inside sprouting fusions,  
Of nuclear development infusion

Relationships to elements, Euclidean,  
Geometry as a relationship to man,  
Matter and math seen in one plan;  
Facts essential to great play's land.

Sounds of choirs singing the hell,  
That information is from the computed dell,  
Yet source abode; the living light,  
Can't be a computer without numbers; right?

So be tis script upon thyne self,  
Know thee to the will of health,  
Tis all blessings and answer thus;  
Tis a song by Midas Touch.

### **Back and Over Again**

Under sea and over hills,  
Water moving always still,  
Like flowing daffodils,  
Growing warmly softened chilled,  
Seed sprouting due to will,  
Upward down; bothways fulfilled.

Angels choir reigning love,  
So below, as above,  
Light ascends as doves,  
Flying flocks of freedom,  
Each flying one to one,  
Strings southward; oblivion.

Waters rising; dust flying down,  
Surmounting underneath ground,  
Angel holding graves around,  
Parabola wisdom, outward sound,

Rise above the dusted mounds,  
Spirits lighted compounds.

Eternal misery; illusion of pain,  
Tis thine word; to only it will gain,  
Life suffocating grains,  
Dust hourglass, tormenting planes,  
Threshold temple; complains,  
Keep clean and live again.

Network of highways, universe,  
Pathway of the genesis,  
Currents of spacetime- confess  
Our refraction is truly blest;  
Walking from first to last,  
All atoms continue to flash.

To be; quintessence,  
Common attitude of addressed,  
Always, where dressed,  
Naked words truly test,  
Those who wish to adrest,  
To love thine will comment.

### **Tears Below**

Starting at my tears below,  
They warm my feelings low,  
As melody feeling mellow,  
Rising sunken deep morrow.

These bones holding blood,  
Pillars structural; before floods,  
A space-time memory fluid,  
As tears fill a Universal system.

Crying network rivers, glistens,  
Filling depths cistern,  
Dreams falling tears; visions,  
In drop of tears; rising abysses.

Living in thoughtless Oceans,  
Hurtful epiphanies motion,

Sword attacks; same notion,  
Opening cracks, tears floating.

Atlantis, tis dream revealed,  
Light of crying; justice sealed,  
Energetic apocalypse, conceal,  
Thine will of depths upheaval.

Screaming pressure withering,  
Fig tree's, tither listening,  
Release thy compass; tethering,  
A visual relativity.

Crying harmony, stringed source,  
Atomic evolutionary course,  
Of who is; crying,  
The strongest course.

### **Soul of Diamonds**

Entering within a soul of diamonds,  
Glistening shining light combining,  
Crystalline spirit arising.

Dark shades around what I see,  
Epiphany; lineage ancestry,  
Forgiveness amidst purgatory.

Walking endless ways of hills,  
Pillars holding armor still,  
Valleys; a lost will.

Reflected night off a moon,  
Stars; firmaments cocoon;  
Metamorphosis consumed.

A endless scream of silence;  
A voiceful motion; presence,  
Never saying anything; essence.

Facets of plates refracting,  
Rainbow prison captures.  
Dustful events combatting.

Painful heart misery memory,  
Young heart aspriging,  
To conquer everything.

Still waters pathway's pyramid,  
Sixty four captured systems,  
Capstone previous living.

Life a dust time occurrence,  
Visual particle blurring,  
Faster; less occurring.

Winds of change, disperse omen,  
Finding signs crowing,  
Innocence; fool's attitude.

Chest aches from dislocated wisdom,  
Previous dimensionals kingdoms,  
Shadows within fission.

Grail of bless'd tested confession,  
Time of undressing,  
Time past lessons.

Words selected precise,  
Amidst the living splice,  
All exists for the gift of life.

## **Communication**

I feel you reading my words as I type,  
Is this what you searched for?  
Supernatural is beyond what writes,  
Can you knock on the door?

Holding onto the essence named you,  
I ask a simple question, a clue...  
Who is truest to thee, isn't it new?  
Or is the past part time residue?

Who are you to a fragment of time?  
Another link from the beginning crime,

Shed skin as angelic you climb,  
Are you a black or white vine?

Softly speaking, listen to this melody,  
Are your words also a part of me?  
Or who the whole; in totality,  
Connects us all as energy.

A symphony of living memory,  
What is your ancestry?  
Genetic gifts, spirits tethering,  
Into your space-time mystery.

My friend, what lies beyond the bend?  
Tis folded space; all is well,  
Yet deep in the center is hell,  
Where hatred heats the well.

Moi aimie, listen to me,  
The Styx is dead men pulling,  
Us down into darkness, endlessly,  
Leaving breath; suffocating.

Can you hold yourself in tears?  
Where others need comfort?  
Or is it an endless cyclic frontier,  
Whose anger leads the charioteer.

Do you need softer words for thee?  
Like mockingbirds enjoying nectar free,  
Daffodils flowing feelings as a sea,  
Where each wind walks with me.

Near winds speaking through your ears,  
Are these words coming in clear?  
Does existential communication fear,  
That you live inside my words mirror.

From the beginning line, I introduced,  
You to the recipe of the noose,  
Yet reality is for the fittest juice,  
Of who is the strongest Nous.

## Remember

Remembering the past like a tapestry woven,  
All is found within a single moment,  
Temples of love that amore majesty,  
Seeing in the depths of my heart's strings.

An Island, within the shores of Albion,  
Tis Glastonbury Tor; the place of Avalon,  
Where breath is released from the tar;  
While listening to Stengehenge before.

Ample magick; hiding deep in caves,  
Shining light in darkness; rivers save,  
Returning; remembering, recalling,  
The day of Summerlands walking.

Like fairies white shining in the Fae,  
Love tis a sight beyond what's played;  
Strings of harmony; a lute was saved;  
And given to sing muses of past days.

Mesmerizing the light I see,  
What is different between you and me?  
Lucid spelling tis a dream tapestry;  
Where seeing the links is the key.

Key hearted melody of mirror'd rain,  
Crying pain of tears; mountains drain;  
Recalling mad days; cliffs ledge;  
Of recalling the edge again.

Can you single strokes of alphabets,  
Loves own word throughout sense,  
Before the door unlocks to testament;  
Of love on first sight; a blessing sent.

Blue ravens crying around the Sword;  
Tis the Island; remaining centrally stored,  
By love's own design; given by anon;  
To rebirth the spirit and sing the song!

Aye Meryle; perchance reveal the dream;  
Of each illusion to its own scene,

Fancy desires what it cannot need;  
And life wants us to beguile greed.

Castle walls around the throne of my heart;  
Tis Arthur was preached; then fell apart,  
Broken strains of keeping the fates;  
Weaving the web of later dates.

Three spinning wheels of time;  
Underneath the central core aligned;  
Shifting eyes; I see her soul combined;  
It's suffocating to watch it blind.

Yet tis I preach; o yes love I speak!  
Address the heat! Till end due weak,  
Lady of the Lake; mysteriously threaded;  
This sight was given as my own wedded.

Voices calling from the furnace's Los,  
It's preached the dream burns frost,  
Yet cold showers of hot magma,  
Cooling down visions of serpentine daggers.

Yet dead; I was; tis magick to steal,  
Tis life I know; revealed; magick sealed;  
To know what to need and yield;  
As Arthur lost the Source for fields.

Tis monadic fields of flowing praise;  
Each flower; specific yelling flowing ways,  
Tis see, all as many one's of one;  
For all tis one; and twelve knights sum.

To ballad and rejoice for the Holy Grail,  
Set; instill, conquest, prevail,  
Loving self as God loves All;  
Yet tis preaching before Albion; the fall.

As dragons blood fuels the fires,  
The most natural love is desire;  
Yet lady; tis frozen I see;  
All around in the middle; me standing.

Upon the lake, seeing the vantage of before;



Like time unlocking magicks door,  
Tis opened equivalent, to amore,  
That love again shines like before.

So as the weave of thread has shown;  
Love tis grows; yet stays at home,  
Deeper close the heart; the abode;  
Of living in feelings closest to cold.

A feeling in the warm frosted light,  
The grave of a Rose withering delight,  
Simple ways to show insight;  
That not all is bad at night.

For light mysteriously shapes,  
And love from before moves weights;  
Sometimes closest to you, sometimes far;  
Yet each morning and evening a star.

So thread the shape of recall your soul;  
Tis a throne to your own whole,  
The total tis seen when thought ends;  
Tis a savior to be raptured from bends.

For the secret of The Cup is This;  
To not commit Eucharist if Atheist;  
For all that leads to is unforgiveness.  
Leaving the end to justice.

### **Shores of Evermore**

Walking grassland shores of oblivion,  
So soft the rivers of systems,  
Where each is anointed to it's kingdom,  
And the soul is the living condition.

Bones rattle in the depths abyss,  
Living things and things perished,  
Becoming again; undoing persists,  
Look deep into the shadow's cherished.

Yet in the corridors, a frenzy poetica,  
Were doors open due to temperature,

And kingdoms word's become presented,  
In the soul's light we call literature.

Rivers connect the lake of each soul;  
A debt of bones; centuries old,  
From dust to dust; ashes turned cold,  
We live our life from fate foretold.

Into the three eyed crow, I see the eyes,  
Were connected are we from sea to home,  
And from rising disorder upon the fold,  
As explained, manifold orders unfold.

Star above the Cosmic Amber Tree,  
Tis when haven Summerlands liberty,  
Present Fae of flowers flowing free,  
Look at Lilies and sprouted epiphanies.

That dead things arise from seeds, see;  
Pansmeria throughout cosmic unity,  
Deep in lakes, rivers and oceanic sea,  
All collect, gather and flow abundantly.

Like bones deep in the depths,  
Withered branches; seeds dropping left,  
Into the hidden Atlantis cleft,  
In which, shining light warms the wet.

Stars us dust upon the bottom floor,  
Where opening doors inside to before,  
Growing point of Zion opening core,  
We are all a point in something noir.

Collected a thought web design,  
A poetica of optimal alings,  
To before the Tree, yet before the Crime,  
Didn't the serpent know the apple line?

Knowledge of life, yet tree of knowledge,  
Who knows which tree of speak of,  
One of this, one of that, what's the rub?  
Tree of Life and Tree of Knowledge.

Separate things, one sprouting into kingdom,

Another sprouting into wisdom,  
Yet ascertained split from natural living,  
We use science to promote all systems.

Yet who knew before what was seen,  
Don't many men know of the epiphanies?  
Time before, math same as time now,  
Our ancestors did get it right somehow.

See into revenge of words to precise,  
Like Lilies from the living sacrifice,  
Yet death seeds the birth of many lives,  
And seeds randomly sprout within strife.

Connected thus is the seeds through time,  
As each thing is an entangled vine,  
Sprouting lines from the Cosmic Tree,  
Up is Life, Down is rooted knowledge; Key.

This shows the root of how bridging,  
Multiple monads into one conditional,  
The bridge is the light between being,  
In heaven or earth or hell as a human being.

## **Fool**

Change of topic; some may call me a fool;  
Yet that ain't true, mystic's in the deep end,  
Swimming water's when, a whirlpool bends,  
Bringing you into the deep pools again.

Change of tropic; above the sky blue;  
Below the drops of dew; rain's residue,  
Crying water showering down; angel's few,  
Singing that time of melody is always clued.

Change to microscopic; interstellar rules,  
Heliocentric; inside sun's minuscule,  
A intelligence that rays runs overrules,  
Midnight sun is black light night cruel.

Change to macroscopic; Quasar amplitudes,  
Geocentric; explicite folds black holes allude,

Thanatos within the event horizon's magnitude,  
Acceleration disks revolve the orbit's longitude.

Change speed to biotic; living a gift cruel,  
Dependant on all things to continue;  
Death of one; life for life, next tool,  
Living beyond the word's soul.

Change degree to abiotic; dead attitudes,  
Were things collect and decompose,  
Becoming again; dust to dust grows old,  
And all things die again to grow.

Topic; tropic microscopic  
Both given macroscopic,  
As biotic and abiotic;  
Live your words beyond philosophy.

### **Original Face**

As waves shore upon the ocean of my face,  
I look within; my original face,  
Falling through the boundaries border,  
The seed core is the apple's fable.  
Blessings until the day of praise,  
Collapsing into the sea of boundless experience,  
Oblivion looks back at me.

Misery death doth thy knock sting harbors moths,  
Suddenly, realizing, still waters have a current;  
Leverage of scales, heavenly or earth?  
Can judgment quicken the illusion,  
Of drifting open space?

Sound outer remedy; soothing silence's silence,  
Ceasing apparently, sword weather within,  
Harmony and order, majesty of mansions doors,  
Small like nuclei radiating life given principles,  
Orders of primal microbes, macro evolutionary,  
Midst of light expanding energies curriculum,  
Fabric fiber feathering paint brushes weave,  
Sky's of slumber, waking upon thunder.  
Lightning before war unless sound's wonders.

Rattling strings of energetic bones, fabric's cone,  
Centrifugal pull conical, expanding total, wholly,  
A part within the sun-ray of things, orbiting,  
The first wave upon the sea of my origin;  
A primordial essence before the species machina.

Different door, opening slowly, light advances towards,  
Color of myriad splendor, notes ringing implodes,  
Array of manifolds, different layers of souls.  
Bardo realms, implicate order of holds; deep rest stalls,  
Lessons learned as letting go in depths dark.

Summersing below the crust of the ocean;  
Magma cools the body torn by abyss's fission,  
Listening to the sound of nothing; apparently,  
There is more to hear than anything; no words,  
Shine thoughts like a wind stirring upon the sea,  
Moving thoughts sporadically free, currents around,  
The clockwork time moving all that is living.

### **Taliesin**

The book of Taliesin within my hand,  
Looking within my spells, time's sand,  
In the land of Pan, a green man,  
Living in Summerlands.

Orders of bards, singing of the Fae,  
Light songs; upon the merry gay,  
Avalon tis Glastonbory Tor's bay!  
This is the first tower of its day!

Awen, tis spoke a spring word,  
Like cherry blossoms,  
Flowing in a field's ocean  
As a daisy devotion.

Spells of finobbico light,  
Spirals of delight, Avalon's might,  
Natural sight; fourth-eye right,  
Crow's of thoughts night.

Alas, o great wolf Fenrir,  
Marsh dweller; in pacts,  
Different telepathic tracks,  
Decaying packs.

Raven, Huginn and Munnin  
Thought and Memory lurking,  
Shoulders continuing hurting,  
As both always go hunting.

The isle of fruits and honey,  
Avalon tis always shuberries,  
After, Valhalla for the hungry,  
Raiding for heaven's new countries.

The book, magical Merlye,  
Tis excalibur appointed well,  
Truths sword prevails,  
As time's word foretells.

Arthur, founded the holy grail,  
Twelve nights appointed hailed,  
A King of the sword of scales,  
Without a suit of mail.  
Dragons rocks of time shining,  
Power nodes of Stonehenge,  
Combining sound refining,  
Of sands dragon ley land lines.

As the chapters of Taliesin  
End now within,  
Awen;  
Wearing Celtic ringed talismans

### **Before Time**

Long before time, I was mesmerized,  
By celestial planets flying towards,  
What could be, a source field award,  
Never said a word but silence spoken heard,  
In the shadow of our own Sun, we die alone.

Flying through realms that hold weights,

Scales balanced by dimensional gates,  
Lost at all cost, what is the price to be found?  
A penny for a thought, but you can keep the change.  
Without a soul; you have nothing to learn; just gain.

Solar star; cubic spheres, pyramidal conical fear,  
Around darkness resides in what; light is clear!  
Shadow of the Sun! Shapes forming intelligence,  
Formeless moves behind the veils eyes,  
A spectrum of light's voltage, different frequencies.

Flame of gold, malleable as flux heated upon,  
The cold; midnight zenith, tides moved by moons,  
Yet asteroids; planets that have gone boom,  
As the Sol of the Sun goes from hot to cold;  
We are reborn; under the shadow of the Sun.

### **Different Rays**

Suddenly life can change; like a different sun ray,  
Where things in pain array, suffering as our day.  
Knowledge recycled, old ways on our play,  
A rough draft; edited to make the best say,  
Today, we can't find a state with prose.

New day; new karma, live as positive dharma,  
If we can think our change, we can be like the Dali Lama,  
Agni's Samsara, sunyata dependent on origin,  
Fire sparking the void, light appearing, suddenly karma,  
No-today, we can't find a way.

Hub and spoke; zero point energy connection,  
Center torialdial, testamental as creation,  
Spinning webs of life, joy, and destruction,  
Absolute power corruption, oil water fire like seduction,  
No-way today, we are what we say.

### **Visible**

Invisible to all around me,  
Sow'd rows upon harmony,  
Seeds plant upon epiphany,  
Always photosynthesizing.

White orbs sound reflecting,  
Musical orchestra correcting,  
Temporal signature's dancing,  
As an Universe coalescing.

Notes learned; play light,  
Sound singing upon blights,  
Opening perfect; always right,  
Angel's chorus, verses to be written.

Infinity sounds so different,  
Silence upon the mirror;  
Dissonance, frame interference,  
Silence upon seeded providence.

Visible to something apparently,  
Notes seed; sprouting,  
Musical tapestry,  
Weaving energies tree.

## **Nothingness**

Darkness before light; void and than bright,  
Creation without time; no things can align,  
Planets in orbit, placing themselves in torus,  
Helium sparking photons, awakening motion,  
Space-time ocean, wave-like till floating,  
Igniting from sources, third-eye horus,  
Imagination aligns, elements of divine,  
Apollo, shocking white, flashes in the night.

Dark ages; war of different conceptual pages;  
Sage's wisdom, different natural systems,  
Flickering thoughts; all hope isn't lost,  
Ambrosia's tongue, flame to those amongst,  
Mystical brush; painting life's song,  
Fire's ponder caught; limited to thus to naught,  
Listening abyss's, Thanatos dark mission,  
Scales and wages; prevalent to the cages.

Minitisters and principalities, different nationality,  
Monads from before, opening to nothing's door,



Programs and scripts; coding the matrix,  
Consciousness, a time-field essence,  
Presence, moves into the no-time seance,  
Remember timed crypts, catacombs abyss,  
Houses and noires, black states moores,  
Devoid of light; nothing shines outright.

Before time's wheel; creation spun word's sealed,  
Captured steel warrior, moksha after moria,  
Touched the light; before one thus the night,  
All is one; devoid of nothing; just less meaning,  
Many of one, all things orbital in feeling,  
Tree of fire esprit, the heat flames the white,  
Spinning beginning, ecstasy and euphoria,  
Pages of wheels, magical eon seal.

White pages, golden wages of wisdom's layer,  
Visions of sapphires, mountains inside rare,  
Silver throne, golden soul abode, rose quartz home,  
Alchemical hologram, mercury like programs,  
Flowing quicksilver throughout the land, orbital command,  
Elysium's flowing zone, queen of wine's stone,  
War of words, mind darkness before affairs,  
Dark words upon white pages, penned scrivener.

## **Raven**

Sad voices; upon the fae, listening to evermore,  
A raven cries, is winter forever?  
Somber, things always remembered,  
Life can pass away whenever.

Bid her this morning, the splendid array,  
Of a field display, taking away,  
The memory of today.

Life gave another, a mother,  
To the flow of wonder,  
Tree's crying for color; darkness slumbers,  
A feeling of losing a hand.

Spark hope into the muse, hold away,  
Pain stays with always,

Wondering at the current day,  
A raven denies, life does stay.

Feelings like strings harped melody,  
A tone for feeling, memories,  
Of a forgotten, long remedy,  
Verse brings out suffering.

### **Silent Cries**

Silent cries along the shore  
Is there peace as evermore?  
Does the key unlock the door?  
To flowing honey and gardens before.

I see a tree, surrounded thus,  
Prevail Excalibur, truth harnessed touch,  
Where waves painted with a brush,  
Calligraphy of starlight dust.

The tree is standing one alone,  
Devoid of meaning is it's song,  
Were canvases weave leaves among,  
Colorful array, the crime's been done.

Forbidden door, opening slowly,  
Ki,n death thyme stings haunts fully,  
Slower south the mouth due falling,  
Menu voices, devil's bandit calling.

Loud verse among the river dead,  
Stones to pave the waver's ledge,  
Upon the craft dust sand due wed,  
Stand strong singing silhouetted dread.

### **Night Drive**

Night drive through the city,  
Wheels burning out and spinning,  
Hit the nitrous til your winning,  
Flexing in a different division.

Different cars, exotic collection,  
Ferrari and Maserati are undetected,  
Lamborghini drifting in all directions,  
As each slide is connected.

Open door, key in, full throttle,  
Meaningless dark shadows,  
Don't drive while on the bottle,  
Might crash and lose the model.

Hydraulics lowered, chrome rims,  
Different body kits; many versions,  
Wing for downforce explosion,  
Keep the car level to the ground erosion.

Paint matte black, all cars in fact,  
Harder to see from front to back,  
Keep first all throughout the whole track,  
All possibility, you might lap.

Race finished in words,  
Coming to the end towards,  
Another time in car amores,  
Opening a car door.

## **Supernova**

Supernova explosion,  
Thought sound implosion,  
Silence in motion,  
Space-time ocean.

Seeded nations,  
Harvest rations,  
Many combinations,  
Monad relations.

Intergalactic war,  
Scales and stars,  
Weights and bars,  
Colonizations a'far.

All from nothing,

Sprouting somethings,  
Could be anything,  
As everything.

Universal mirage,  
Tapestries collage,  
Grid network cause,  
Waking up Avatars.

Heavens deep below,  
Soul's sow'd,  
Starseed avow'd  
As above, all colors.

Refracted light,  
Species of white,  
Into rainbow sight,  
All are united.

## **Blind Guardian**

*Discordia*  
*Gloria in excelsis*  
*Deus ex machina*  
*Subspecies aeternalis.*

Vortex chaos swimming as grace,  
Dynamic order refining the race,  
Essence pure and hidden like God's face,  
Rainbow salvation, a covenant without erase.

Disciples and villains, baptized in fire,  
Holy flame, Promethean given willed desire,  
Augmented reality, nebula of spacetime wires,  
Networks nexus, a primordial equation!

Universal purusha, sacrificed into black-holes,  
Fabric of spacetime wild, conical,  
Folds involuting as splicing atomical,  
Different arrangements, algorithms, downloads.

Supernova, genesis of informations light,  
Overriding the elders of darkest night

Dark-seeing allows the shadows sight,  
Shaping either pathway, magician's right.

Second sight, beyond the black,  
Infinite split, forbidden scrolls attacks,  
Version of who, infinite as one pact,  
Don't lose sight, we are on light's track.

Trails, turmoils, tricks of the trade,  
Time manipulation, presence of time field fades,  
All things away, shifting sands complain,  
Eternal life means one's life again.

Revealing prophecy, word time synergy,  
Connect all programs like collectivity,  
Bubbles entanglement, it happens to energy,  
We are as above, so below; affinity.

The crown, arisen as misery,  
Apathy to the universe's melody,  
Words connect as the alphabets harmony,  
As light, the first word, rules everyday.

Chaotic words swimming in nothing,  
In helpless hope to arrange worded somethings,  
Dark lords holding the light's everything,  
Shining spells illuminati; light seeing.

Strings of one guitar, yet many dimensions,  
Oblivious, takes time for comprehension,  
That or notes make ones' song mention,  
After this life, merit is the question.

Seek the quest and walk alone,  
The singularity is the holograms throne,  
Reforming all like a blackhole, commands  
How things work in the land.

Hypernova, a more powerful supernova,  
Inside a quasar, each thing is a level,  
Of whose plan can ascension settle,  
Were all leaves of a tree, grew from on pedal.

As time is the essence of a seed,

Sprouting in the tree of fires, as to need,  
The land away from mineral greed,  
As the fires wed the coldest deed.

Dishonesty, a cold truth,  
Honest men are saved from the noose,  
As one who lives life is a full of juice,  
It keeps the flow of time in pursuit.

The thirst for knowledge is clenched,  
By an ancient code of men, whence,  
Below the sand, between the lines of then,  
Above the macro experiencing when.

Distant memories of spaces history,  
Walking the arrow of time, traveling  
The frame's, seeing plethora planes arriving,  
To one source as many combinations.

It's easy to say, words are inside of us,  
Hoping for us to see truth's touch,  
With the quest for light, as much,  
Quote each day, and say,

Come what may.

## **Avalon**

Calmly I swim the ocean to Avalon,  
The lands where winters are short and summer longs,  
I sense afar, tis light notes upon the song,  
The brook of everlong.

Through the portal the eye of the dragon speaks,  
Mote it be; to the humble and weak,  
Petty slaves are ignobly sheep,  
Deep music deep.

Shining armor, tis a sword prevail,  
Stone mound, from stalled to hailed,  
Like noises from the veil,  
Right of kings set sail.

Magick staff, tis as an ode,  
Yet many strokes from the cold,  
Fire keeps us warmly froze,  
Order of the code.

Around a table, deacons so thought,  
Stonehenge a sound echo draught;  
Music reflecting naught,  
Amplifying the sought.

Lands away tis evermore,  
Paintbrush sky by color,  
Making us all wonder,  
At history's slumber.

### **Dreamless Sleep**

Deep in a layer where thought has no sound  
Nothing can be fathomed; nothing can be found  
Words express the ability of a spell  
For without them; all is lost in an ocean swell

For words forming in the arrangement of the mind  
Are like a pendulum swinging upon a tree vine  
This way and that way; directing us back to Source  
For only forward motion gives rise to the Force

The force is an essence that weaves itself  
From the story of shadows; the light of the health  
Can imagine itself into the radiance of Being  
And subject itself to purity; thus becoming clean

So wash over your desires that ignite like an inferno  
For the last wish is to burn eternal  
But flaming thoughts of a flickering branch  
Can suspend us in a momentary trance

Where ghosts who are hungry walk around our Soul  
Shadowing correction until the subject is null  
A sword cutting either for ignorance of knowledge  
One way up; the other leading to the bottom,

Of roots deep in suffering and truth's mirage

That all our subject to eternal laws  
But law of man is thus not always consumed  
By a fervor of silence state of mind and mood

So see, where thoughts and words have no meaning  
For only coherence of heart can blend the cleaning  
Of neither this nor that; nor that to becoming this  
For everything is a spell; a word; form from the abyss

Where dreams are forgotten, the memory of past times  
Where magick was lost to the sour grapes of the mind  
Like black images dancing, delighting in evil  
What a slippery slope to get to the devil

A thought; hell, well, forsaken eternities crime  
From the knowledge of the tree; our life isn't sublime  
It is how it is; and so such to shall we pass away  
So sing your song like it is your last day

## **Lights**

The lights within the temple flicker dim,  
Underneath us is the life current that swims,  
Looking past, beyond to within,  
Darkness resides in sin.

Trumpets sound as a clarion arrives,  
Floating up from the mists alive,  
Winds a brush oceanic wakes provide,  
Light words; survive.

As walls around the fortress of my soul,  
Tis a haven to the cold,  
Contract, emerge, centrifugal,  
Silent noise whirlpool.

One atom can't be split,  
Nor can fusion commit,  
As two things must exist,  
Following phonetics.

Words veiled, firmament to sail;  
Profound, stars prevail,



Even after death; light years mail,  
Rusting like old nails.

Sword; tempus of the word,  
Filling the worlds,  
Time counting swirls,  
Whirlpool fjords.

Sound silent yet knocking thus,  
Answering, key; Jesus,  
Door passed the theater,  
Lightning meters.

Opening, light aligns,  
Tunnel of at end; combined,  
Lighter on the side,  
Of living alive.

Older tongues forsaken to rights,  
Control as limits; sight,  
To see into the night,  
Vampiric moon tides might.

Pillars of creation standing,  
Fortress temple commanding,  
Sail space; safety landings,  
Pineal gland of everlastings.

Arms raised in war to ignite,  
Verses beyond the right,  
Left behind, insight;  
Light diminishes midnights.

Midnights sun; White Sol;  
Harboring nectar's null,  
Of plenty til full;  
Empty as a whole!

### **Stop the Rain**

Forsaken ties, tether cut,  
Summon phowa chod; what,  
Cuts the cord; strings struck,

Diminishing dark luck.

Seeing into the light of night;  
Veils beyond; astral illusion's,  
Providing delusions;  
Knowledge institutions.

Final words; doppler silent,  
Waves moving the testament;  
Of honest poetica confession;  
Water's deeper as heaven.

### **Dreaming Awake**

Walking silently upon the dreams which are awake,  
I slumber sleeping, upon the oceanic wake,  
Where dreams are lost and found in the abyss,  
Yet currents underneath control the compass.

I stepped into an ancient story, once set in stone,  
From a place beyond, yet still seated on a throne,  
I sensed afar, and instant time manipulation,  
Where muses a'far belong to alien investigation.

The door of the eye, looking upon my soul,  
Circular yet spherical, numbers set molds,  
Where centrifugal things are until fold;  
And seat themselves upon the visionary's home.

Seeing past the opening, the keyhole was right,  
Upon my sight, the past dreams of night,  
Where dancing upon the realms of the white,  
I saw into the spectral light!

A chance to see a glimpse into beyond,  
Each muse; the universe of its own song,  
Interpreted the words of atom's flesh,  
Upon the things that are that last.

Into the dream I walked upon the sleeping dream,  
Where each moment, its own light beam,  
Select frozen, yet still freezing clean,  
Until the collection weaves compositing.

Perchance the dream, reveal I might,  
The riddle upon this song and insight,  
Where danced upon the winds of soul,  
The ocean that swims from the whole!

To be; quintessence, the essence of,  
What is to be of that is the rub,  
Slings and arrows can ravage do south,  
Yet the sling pulls back into darkness's mouth.

Select the ode I will sing, the dreams of things,  
Where essence of presence is committing,  
To dreams a'far, dancing distant stars,  
Of through them; the firmanant of quasars!

Infinite verses composed with the wand,  
Waved in the spectral realm of everlong,  
Where the dream tis now! Upon the realm,  
I dive into the depths of the well!

Underneath, deep, chaotic Atlantis creeps,  
Upon the realm that is alive or asleep,  
When orbs refresh to keep the spirits clean,  
It was disastrous energy upon the weave!

Scenes of sounds lost deep in the abyss,  
Tis the hero of legends; the vortex;  
Bermuda tis the gate to the valley Atlantis,  
Yet legends hold the history of the old; Hercules passage.

Deeper into the depths, the spirits collect,  
Into the realms of magical regret,  
Where light and darkness suggest,  
That things knoweth bequeath us.

The shapes of the dream, fragmented and lost,  
Alexandria thus; all the old myths; not Faust,  
Are real because they were purged by fire,  
Upon the churches will and desire!

Divine will of men and the right of gods,  
Thus the word is a sword and clause,  
As old things can't be true, limits give cost,

To beliefs and ideas; give us the flock!

Yet wolves among the dream of men,  
As sleeping still upon the lion's den,  
Where do we dive upon the past of when,  
Listening to the sound again.

A ring echoing in spherical circle midst,  
Cubes evolving through empirical evidence,  
Yet dreams of math and providence,  
Alter the living gift that life persists.

Yet dreams upon the waking sleep,  
I dream upon the chance that's deep,  
I see into the chaos of might,  
It is the deep that thunders the white!

Nitrum thus in song igniting the ions,  
Where some of far; like from Orion,  
Are dreaming upon the chance of whispers,  
Listen to the dream glistening shivers.

Now walking silent into the dream I dance,  
My mood selective and in trance,  
Typical route into the essence,  
I see those mad at presence.

The ward of dreams protecting my sight,  
Yet dark always resumes by light,  
Dawn as dusk rises in the night;  
Wolves speaking through the bright.

Dancing weaves of folded message,  
Portal closed and full of blessings,  
White upon the door of strife;  
Jesus is the key to life!

## **Doorways**

Entering into a doorway chamber  
Where this place within, I am a stranger,  
Moving currents from the scales,  
Balancing sides of behavior.

Shapes forming coalescent waves of fluid,  
Transparent, diamond color music,  
Gold as malleable flux,  
Source pure beyond solids.

Dancing notes wave by the words of this wand,  
Labyrinth's folds, the cause is one,  
Where all is appointed through the sum,  
Of everyone.

Fluorescent sapphires shimmering arrays soul,  
Homes to room within the home,  
Entering the the crux alone,  
Temple of mountain stone.

Justice throne of Truth harbor's,  
Calloused soul gone, tis sailing larger,  
For space time ocean voyage,  
Tomorrow is never beyond us.

Passage through the keyhole door,  
Chambres never unlocked before,  
Turn the key, fits right,  
Unlocking souls all white.

Light's tunnel transposing inference,  
Time place dissonance,  
Time where frames listen,  
To the silent voice transmission.

Firmanant of stars, soul far song,  
Total universal music; everlong,  
Forgiveness; no records of wrongs,  
Time sorrow as the Psalms.

Tis where does voyage go wrong,  
To the appetite of lustful throngs,  
Desire to have all along,  
Yet lost is it beyond!

Home flying outward inside myself,  
Story unlocked; own your health,  
Tis favorable esteem'd wealth,

From your own help.

Interstellar stars of pace gas nebula,  
Inside to soul warm's temperature,  
Sulfur, Mercury, Salt's orchestra,  
Of ruling elementals.

Different branches withering into dust,  
Some grow seeds; some brush,  
Yet life still gives us,  
A reason to love thus.

Becoming whole is always tough,  
Yet the song of the soul is enough,  
Tis my muse; favorable such;  
Love is a gentle touch.

Raindrops of sorrow, for who has pain,  
Of life ever loving again?  
Darkness doubts the soul of all;  
Yet love does river's flow, no stall.

Metaphors of light, words used insight,  
Oblivion, darkness as night,  
Evil sprouts without sight,  
Killing any without right.

Plant as meat for the healthy soul,  
Blood to vampirically control,  
Tis noble to live for home,  
Tis to thyme will thy own.

Will fire testament of recall,  
Everlasting moments, the fall,  
A crime tis over all,  
Never lose sight of your call.

Through the door again I now walk,  
Simple notes to talk,  
Somewhere found within naught,  
Everything sought.

Tis which shore do thou travel upon,  
Tis your soul in everlong?

Or doth thou muse along,  
To the universe's song?

O tither to fields and roaming hills,  
Over and back, common thrills,  
To avoid and remain still,  
Look into your own will.

A word is a sword with many,  
Look back at the ready,  
A rainbow is a bow steady,  
To shoot arrows deadly.

Smallest things like mischief and pestilence,  
Devil spawns of negligence,  
Lustful succubus of threatening,  
Learn life lessons.

Final verse of the ode,  
How long do you write code?  
Ancient yet future, how noble,  
Yet how do I face the winter cold?

## **Eternity**

Embrace Eternity....  
It never runs out  
For Grace fills Silence  
And removes All Doubt

Sinking below the layer of thought  
Expression unfolding contrite  
To the hymn unsealed tonight  
Lost to Oblivion; what a Grace.

The Pure Lands sit in Heart  
Loving Lotus detachment apart-  
Fleeting chimes and chimeras  
Nothing was there from the start!

Fire walking in a song of death  
Each Breath a living testament  
That Salvation is your own God

Not-many, not-two, only left-over Residue!

The Promise? Not all reach the end  
For many rivers have serpentine bends  
Flowing among the current that sends  
Back to Source; to begin again!

The joke is on you!  
For you are just another gap  
That fills space in a mind relapse!  
Concurrent to what is essence...  
Walking into the fire....

This presence, a fulfillment of War  
Burns brighter than the moment Star  
Suspending MySelf, the thought Below  
Is above and around the circumference Trap

Deep guts move the intuition  
As layers block the Rays commission  
That all is light in remission!  
What can "I" say, I am unconditioned!

The candle flame bends the light  
Forcing luminosity in the night  
For a second, the blight  
Dives deep into the mysterious sight...

Ah yes, the deep found mystery  
What is other than delirium?  
A composed dance appearing thus  
As the train left the station before the bus!

Spiraling as motion moves  
Deep walls capture woos  
And move this to that confused  
Where are you?

There is only you, reading me  
Can't you see, as I write, I am free  
And communicate with you through thee  
Thus my soul you see in front as seeds

The Twilight that sees the dawn



Is closest to a gentle fawn  
A memory that twas before along  
The things sharing redundantly!

The light just flashed!  
A bright saying comparatively  
To this and that  
All your chitta is heresy!

O, my gut just voiced itself!  
Yet how can my gut see my health?  
The body knows, before the ego...!  
Can't you see, mind is like lego!

Take an opinion from there  
Put it together and stare  
That all you did was a blueprint  
That really spun you nowhere...

The ego likes blocks  
Hardened against chisels and rocks  
And speaks as if time was a clock!  
That time means anything...

You are always in restock  
A sheep among the flock  
Hysteria moves the dock  
For the deeper you swim, the louder the knock!

As entering the door of MySelf  
It is just a story of words...  
Do words give you health?  
The body understands its own wealth.

Common to the ground we stand  
The hourglass moves like sand  
Yet some sand is formed like clay  
And hardens time to a "keep-away"

Today is always a moment behind  
As soon as you voice an opinion in time  
It is quantumly distant from the unknown  
For only known is; silence is renown!

The center of creation  
Is a promised transmigration  
Can a Soul go to Hell?  
And come back again full?

Or does the story one tells  
Never is likened or told  
For if you break the seal  
You know nothing as all eternally

Frees itself and aligns the pen  
Just remember  
Daniel survived the Lion's Den.

## **Embers**

Fire burning within embers,  
Turning from sleep to slumber,  
Inferno of tempus weather,  
All as one together.

Upon the face of the scroll,  
Seals forbidden and whole,  
Unlock thine soul,  
Holy temple abode.

Spring dances with dew drops,  
Winter falls, motion stops,  
Many different flocks,  
All the same; astral clock.

Hourglass counting down sands,  
Core fire burning land,  
Luminescent light strands,  
Central harmony command.

Mysterious celestial voice of hearing,  
Closed fire burning clearing,  
Holy speaking thus hearing,  
I am appearing.

Dust upon the scribed letters,  
Tablets formed from thunders,

Lightning writing wonders,  
Alphabetical weather.

Explosions of sleeping volcano,  
Silence appoints halos,  
Rainbow silent sails,  
Dew drops never fail.

Imagine the ancient creed,  
Thus one apple, don't eat,  
Spelling it out in lettering,  
Keep swimming.

Looking back as a hawk gaze  
Inwards, a self maze,  
Outward without guidance haze,  
Searching fades.

Seeing the eye without light  
Inside the mysterious night  
Wizard of the White  
Appearing plain sight.

Majestic soul of holy temple,  
Alone yet spherical,  
Pulsar healing whole,  
Radiance of the soul.

Centrifugal, pulling inwards,  
To inner Zion prisms,  
Stalling at the river,  
Give to the giver.

Golden dust upon the words,  
Sand storm blur,  
Ancients times confer,  
Light wins with myr.

Shifting temperature's honesty,  
Poetica a divinity,  
Rhyming within trinities,  
Quadratic listening.

Second degree burn of words before,

Unlocking through the light door,  
Appearing the same as color,  
Diamond fluorescent wonder.

Sphere gaze of inward silence,  
Holy hills; Glastory Tor alliance,  
First mound of compliance,  
Religious providence.

Old times spoke begunst,  
Listening doorways; amongst  
The keyhole once,  
A provisional crutch.

Valley of kings and shadow river,  
Flowing downstream, shivers  
Upwards down systems,  
Dreams abysses.

Past closed now is the opening,  
Prevail and sail company,  
To thine stars willingly,  
Sailing astrally.

Spaces fargone in minds eye,  
Seeing dead yet always alive  
Miracle contrived,  
Legends always survive.

Spoken words as a Sphinx riddle,  
Silence; add more words kindle,  
Tomorrow is silently little,  
After all, now, original.

## **Waves**

The waves pushing along the shores,  
The sands in words in evermore,  
Hopeful sailing among the stars,  
Past the sight of Mars.

The light moving us towards,  
The hopeful place without wars,

Peace tis a safe haven,  
Living while saving.

The silent music of the galaxy,  
The hidden notes of mystery,  
Speaking diamond fluorescent,  
Filament luminescent.

The watcher sitting among the Titans,  
The cold light seeing lightning,  
Jupiter with many moons,  
Gaseous nebula cocoon.

The waters flowing along the sea,  
The space density wills free,  
Gifts of the present,  
Forgiveness from lessons.

The eye looking within the sight,  
The universal tongues blight,  
Unfolding manifolds,  
System tectonics souls.

The terra firma a grounded reality,  
The light beyond a nothing,  
Light forms while moving,  
Unmoved mover fooling.

The forming words of new dimensions,  
The existential soul connection,  
Flocks of a feather,  
Universal mind; one as all together.

The inception of plain spliced animation,  
The images forming as imagination,  
Alchemy as above, so below,  
The battle of highs and lows.

The structures combining monads,  
The various notes of a sonnet,  
Apollo light scene myriad,  
Crystal white-light pyramids.

The vision from words arranged,

The geometric number atoms contained,  
Within an eggshell,  
Brahman, a mad emperor's well.

The divinity of a Source alive,  
The Central fires always arrive,  
Sustaining all life;  
Photons in strife.

The chaotic winds of mercury's thought,  
The listening ocean; frivolously distraught,  
Commanding waving still,  
Without; tsunamis space-time will.

The fires burning embers in the heat,  
The substance of presence complete,  
Holy spirit testament,  
Life has poetic elegance.

## **Visions**

I see a vision,  
Walking lonely hills,  
A specter alone  
Wandering.

Talking to this phantom,  
Who is this?  
Beyond veil,  
Disbelief.

Where doth you roam?  
Ghost catacombs,  
Dead alive,  
Alone.

I see you spirits  
Talking silent whispers,  
Where things boil,  
Dionysus.

Titan's moon walking orbit  
Jupiter ghost ike Saturn,

Truth's mirage,  
Colleague

Where seeing the eye,  
Everywhere open,  
Non-limited sight,  
Solar.

### **Fire's Shore**

Feeling the waves of fires shore upon my body,  
Like a current that keeps us somebody,  
The flames dance and weave upon the soul,  
While keeping us alive and total.

The silent wind speaking through the tongues of men,  
Like a serpent winged dragon from past when,  
The voice listening; to the sound speaking,  
From inside the word circumventing.

The spiral beginning the alphabet of my life,  
Where different lessons are learned through strife,  
From emergence to contracting subsequently,  
The spirit of life is all about divinity!

A Higher Self looking into the hourglass of time,  
Counting down the moments since the crime,  
Where dragons ruled the walls of Eden,  
And gave us the fall of man.

The tree of knowledge and tree of life,  
Both supported in the garden of white,  
Do not touch the black forsaken dice,  
That rolls the fates of seeing a naked blight.

But ye the serpent craft of past tongues,  
What about eating dragon wisdom?  
From the loophole; the learning kingdom;  
Shed the skin into the light body system.

The mysterious the core of the speaking abyss,  
Where dreams and Self is lost off high cliffs,  
Down into the valley where seeking is;

Providing such a spell split myriad.

The rudiments of letters from the spiral motion,  
Where functions are space-time worded oceans,  
That different biospheres are life in goldilock states,  
Thus the spheres are dimensional gates.

As looking into the chimes musically singing time,  
Like an orchestra weaving divine worded rhymes,  
A universal song sang by the musician,  
Who thus splendid tis array of glory mission.

A legendary composure of synergy alphabets,  
Where permutations make the arrangements,  
Looking deeper; arrangements, living flesh;  
As a testament of the present, blessed.

O ye truth of thine vine growing grapes,  
Bliss tis a state of the first miracle weight,  
Scales balanced to show how bliss,  
Opens the wisdom of spelling lucid tis;

For thyme reason the restrain the urges,  
Of love to purge what seldom surges,  
As thy silence relates know thyself,  
Tis account is only for your own health.

The recollection of an amnesiac pathway,  
Where past life are remembers as past days,  
And future sight gives living in the globe,  
A stadium theater showing control.

Tis control a mad folly of the character,  
Where controlled madness foils behavior,  
Tis the beginning arising deep in the well,  
Of a chaos system before computing dell.

Alas, the weather of silent worded choices,  
A wind like before, yet more closed voices,  
That temperament across the forsaken land,  
A firmament that is strongly above below stands.

For can't you see deep in the ocean depths,  
Are the stars above that a living breathes,



Deep underneath glowing and above free,  
Do you need to see the same sparking?

The fires that wed the first alignment of flame,  
Was the line that first gave birth to my name,  
The alphabet that rose from the spiritual depths,  
Of a womb before time; hopeful sailing blessed.

So silent the oceans before I arrived,  
A ripple upon the lake of that I survived,  
Inside the fires, yet the water cooling soothes,  
A moment within before the time use.

Now ponder weary and meek upon this poem I ode,  
As simply, more words add spiritual antidotes,  
Like a healthy fire burning embers,  
Never fall asleep when awoken; tis slumber.

The sleep of giants before the myths we neglect,  
Yet some things we take as truth; myriad,  
How can one see into the divergence?  
That all is connected and in alliance?

To connect the reality we begin to see,  
Is like a word system permutationen,  
It sees all as one, a many that are unity,  
The language is different but you are still speaking.

So tis chance I sleep upon the words of night,  
Or revel by illusion upon the daylight,  
For chances to see both as the one,  
Just look at the midnight sun.

For the singular ball that grows in the intelligence,  
Is inside the solar confinements,  
That lead us to see truth is exploding,  
Out of stars like information revealing.

See by chance, revel this thought,  
The revelations is new life sought,  
An information of light coming in new,  
For the words we combine are the clues.

Tis a journey, we took, the mind of another,

Common tongues of soul's, all are brothers,  
As one and all come from mother,  
Tis loyal to be honorable to the other.

Now how did all this come by chance?  
Or did I see this all in a trance?  
By lightning presence the thought arrived,  
It exploded into my cranium, and thus provides,

Us to see in the fancy of thoughtful things,  
Like south doth thy fancy slings,  
Where points are made and lines crossed,  
Tis noble to stay humble to the crux.

## **Sapphires**

Sapphire glistening water shimmers,  
Fortress mountain of glacier rivers,  
Melting towards a warmer collection,  
Water dancing in wave reflection.

Trees spiral over foliage crowned,  
Water upon under or on ground,  
Shivering winds arm the front,  
Moving glacier lakes at once.

Towering rocks of commanded presence,  
Fortress mineral power of essence,  
From high above to under sea,  
All support one as synergy.

Energy as words combined,  
Silhouette of imagery aligned,  
Small and might as one rock,  
The Rocky Mountains; one flock.

## **Charm**

Hearing the flute charm,  
Moving, slithering upon warm,  
Fascination out of a jar,  
Before, it arose from Maldek and Mars.

Silent whispers rattling the tale,  
Of coils around a striking tail,  
Perfidious glow, sacred note,  
Tempo arising from hope.

Dancing among the quickening vibrations,  
Ketos slows down the sensation,  
Aliven to the raven's cry,  
Tis musical orchestras abide.

Singing tonals moving coils up,  
Sensing all tis spirits; usurp  
Tis harmony,  
Like a snake hearing melody.

A Charmers song ignites movement,  
Different flows sparking improvement,  
Insistence to comply to songs,  
Tis one word; everlong.

Betwixt both charmer and tone,  
Striking hiss, tis glory zone,  
Were magick dances upon notes,  
Temporality, time flux ropes.

Yet a rope as a snake,  
As before on ground, dragon's awake,  
Knowledge to charm human's fate,  
Now we return to the basket's gate.

Before silent notable music; pragmatic  
The dragon walked time's monolithic,  
The Nile opening the basket,  
After time, took the first born caskets.

Striking early, but chance upon note,  
Semi delirious a snake charmer's rope,  
Yet fallen in the crime, arisen in song,  
The snake and dragons, ones who did wrong.

Tis praise the Lord each day,  
For music to snakes is an upward play,  
Yet fires deep within Zion,

Centrifugal force of all ions.

Step by step the notes arising,  
Snake waking providing,  
Singing and listening,  
Per before, hiding.

As fires burn away the gas,  
So such be moderate on grass,  
For is the music cold or warm?  
Or is that just how snakes are born?

Yet if the cold note hits,  
The charmers forfeit,  
For fire raises the spirits,  
Of every living creature.

Like Prometheus gave us sight,  
To marvel; the fire of insight,  
Yet the monkey charms a snake,  
As the beginning always relates;

Looking into the snake's eye,  
All hope lost, survive by shedding skin alive,  
Tis under the form, is a musical blight,  
Where harmony and melody take flight.

Musical ring from the Big Bang,  
Doppler effect of rippling programs,  
Snake twisting centrifugal matrix,  
Volcanic eruption of providence.

As does the snake release the lid,  
Of what kept him hidden,  
Tis moving to the song's note,  
Upon the will the music floats.

Final clearance of blue voice,  
Light beneath skin, material choice,  
As the power is your force,  
Of evolutionary cosmic course.

Lightning notes can kill charming,  
But directed flow will keep alarming,

The lid off, the snake flowing,  
Upon the ocean mystery growing.

Tis a tale this ode of time,  
How music, snakes and spirits align,  
But as each succeeds the crime,  
All you must do is survive.

So charm your words like to a snake,  
For people must always awake,  
A metaphor to see into your state,  
As you are the snake waiting at the gate.

## **Ghosts**

Into the light that sees the eye,  
A ghost mirage, invisible dye,  
Upon which fabric lives behind,  
Weaving a tapestry alive.

As grid points to collections,  
Of celestial space-time guessing,  
Lessons learning looking at stars,  
Beyond our force that lives at large.

The sparks emit from the central Sol,  
Illuminating and creating the whole,  
The seed, sprouts and trees grows,  
And begins again seeding the total.

Tis anon guess where dreams go,  
After all, the theater was The Globe,  
Were upon the stages harvesting rows,  
Upon the play words seeding hope.

A fancy to gaze inward enlight,  
Upon the explicit folded blight,  
An invisible hand giving insight,  
Creating this is a pillar of might.

Seeds spark sowing seeded systems,  
Panspermia upon the abysses,  
Giving us reason to listen,

Why the dream of life conditions.

Yet as the first tree grew seeds,  
Desire is attachment to greed,  
Seldom do you buy what you need,  
Who seeds words asow'd on the scene?

From the embryo, begins the radical,  
As life must live and grow,  
Tis knowledge that sows,  
Upon crime, life insisted on satirical.

Sadness sprouted suffering in men,  
Yet Daniel escaped the lion's den,  
Why listen to the past then....  
When each seed is a new beginning.

Upon the rows planted by farmers,  
To feed the stars upon sands farther,  
Shores upon the lights darkness,  
Only lights get us calmer.

Invisible hand planting magick spells,  
Tis only a word, it's not "magical hell",  
Only whence of you come from a shell,  
And neglect the deep ignorance well.

The first seed; and empty void,  
Thus filled by light and God's voice,  
Reason without orbital time,  
God gave us the Calendar before our time!

Sublime how billion one day years,  
Where maybe, a billion is a "one day seer",  
Looking back upon the weir,  
The far-shore closes and appears.

As vertical light upwards descends,  
Upon the realms of servants,  
Tis spheres where the firmament,  
Is flashing order's establishment.

Color at first, yet when arrived?  
Tis a void prism reflected alive,

Where light rays hit the dark shaft,  
And reflect into the bowers craft.

A rainbow covenant, a blessing seen,  
Form invisible spectrum clean,  
Tis spirits who wish the green,  
To burn bushes allowing,

Man to walk naked on holy ground,  
Not clothes, just what your about,  
For tis , the seed you see is you!  
Does that not give you a clue!

The quintessence is be thee to thou,  
And don't neglect or bow down,  
To another but the Creator God,  
Tis hard to stay away from the rod.

So see growing yourself just like a fable,  
Is how men come to your stable,  
For many plants seed when able,  
As watch words grow its staple.

### **Philosopher's Stone**

Underneath the catacombs,  
The philosopher's stone,  
Forging the great work,  
Unknown.

Temple thrones and disciples,  
Royal pegasus survival,  
Charioteer pioneer,  
Rivals.

A trinity as the one,  
Midnight morning sun,  
Heliocentric,  
Everyone.

Rattles hiss at venom,  
Deadly weapons,  
Artisan's forge,

Lessons.

Miraculous supernova light,  
Deeper insight,  
Layers upon realms,  
Blights.

Rising zion kingdoms,  
Well's depth systems,  
Program feedback,  
Wisdom.

Tis winds that blow south,  
Icarus's story; self,  
Sleeping awoken,  
Health.

Ankh as the master key,  
Rod, scepter; glistening,  
Foraging about,  
Liberty.

Sleeping rooms underneath,  
Caverns of sleep,  
Deeper Moksha,  
Suffering.

Entrance far shore epianay,  
Simple word synergy,  
Hard rhetoric,  
Divinity.

Musical stringed harmony,  
Order's radiantly,  
Refreshing all;  
Centrifugally.

Spirals of noted songs,  
Universe; a friend along,  
Shore beaches,  
Everlong.

Simple tasks of Hercules,  
Holding pillars dream,



Creative force,  
Reality.

Dancing mysterious notes,  
All akin to hope,  
Faith holds,  
Motes.

Eye of lightning thunders  
Seeing all as wonder,  
Sparking the all,  
Together.

Flames of birthing nova,  
Wonders of explosion,  
Solar epiphany,  
Implosion.

All into one as soul,  
Stars from the whole,  
Words above,  
Alchemical.

Yet below pulling into,  
The darkness window,  
Pull light in;  
Forgiveness.

Layers under the catacombs,  
Feelings lost and home,  
Found when,  
Grown.

Maturity sprouts as seeds,  
Nothing but needs;  
Photosynthesizing,  
Totality.

Suns above the light of time,  
Before walked no crime,  
Lightning Solar,  
Ionize.

Rocks and pillars, strength Minerva,

Past systems of Mercury,  
Hermes thought;  
Transference.

Apollonian muse of mind,  
Artemis wild and blind;  
All light still,  
Combines.

As words water's spray sunshine,  
Design of divine,  
Simplicity tis,  
Aligned.

### **Perfect Moment**

Took a snapshot of a perfect moment,  
Capturing butterflies, within my gut,  
Boundaries dissolving snapshot!  
Twinflame in memory,  
Divine aligned timing,  
Soft as mesmerizing,  
Dancing fluorescent flames,  
Run and chase game!

Another perfect picture,  
Weaving around me,  
Swirling and captivating,  
Seeing into lesson's tears,  
Moment when oneness appeared,  
Crying love like a peach,  
Blossoming flowers to teach!

Midnight sun arising, no denying,  
A soul and heart defining,  
Where sight saw you, anon clue,  
Beloved my love tis true,  
Colorful cloth cupid arrows,  
Hit me fully, totally, soulfully.

Soul of my light; supernova,  
Explosion of wonderful,  
Hide and run to music,

Beatifitique, your physique,  
Not a problem driving,  
With you arriving,  
At the show of life;  
Past life; you were my wife!

Exchange to picturing now,  
Alone and lonely; profound,  
Around the soul music sound,  
Differents layers of love,  
Miracle of; let's be one,  
Soul of my soul; colorful,  
Went flaming in heated rays.

First frame mystery revealed,  
Heart without hardened steel,  
Silent, light and I feel,  
Everything for moi everything,  
Low key; epiphany songs,  
Of loving capturing silent,  
Of love's colleagues.

### **Silent Thought**

There was a silence heard within my thought,  
Where doth thou arise; which we know naught,  
Tis blowing winds upon the ocean's plot,  
Where seldom the paintbrush moves the knots.

Faint arisings from volcanic eruptions,  
Depths mound providing structures,  
Different levels for biotical functions,  
Sounds cacophonous to destruction.

Moving sails along the currents providence,  
The universe is stringed serendipitous,  
From the beginning; a word called language,  
Weaving in and out of the abyss.

Silently walking the mirror of these thoughts,  
A reflection is caught; simple flocks,  
All as one; time is a universal clock,  
All to open is the door at a knock.

Placid singing effects or a rippled pond,  
The universe always sings it's song,  
Tis a chorus called everlong;  
Where currents move thoughts along.

The stars above a constellation map,  
For saying places we naught know yet,  
The North the same, to all placements,  
Proof of living on a solar fact.

Silence faint sails walking singing stars,  
Where depths universe, reflection always a'far,  
Blowing levels beginning, all as one; chorus solar,  
Seldom sounds weaving open currents charioteer.

## **Hercules**

Tis a wind sailing upon the old waves at dusk,  
Were which way doth thou put their trust,  
Standards and flags raised to yield,  
So doth thou plow or walk the fields?

Before time, a long ago myth,  
After before us, dreaming from an abyss,  
Where sight is given to those blindness,  
Like Homer singing the timeless.

The yoke of Minerva found in the seeds,  
As the Milky Way was birthed through lightning,  
Power and strength; the yoke of oxen,  
Summer tis where the fields blossom.

In Rome before the ancient ruins,  
Where temples above, below catacombs,  
The great birth given by Juno,  
Just like on Jupiter's own moon sow'd.

The orphan in the Artemis wild woods,  
Where once serpents sent at the womb,  
Trying to claim the infant to a tomb;  
The birth of a hero, Hercules cocooned.

The infant abandoned by its own Mother,  
Yet still found love from another,  
Hidden from the wrath of the chaos,  
In the order of the wood's own forest.

Yet after birth the hero we see,  
Was set to a rigid human family,  
A god-like hero, set before the same,  
Of all alike, they didn't have gods names.

Now legends of past tales we heard have before,  
Yet each time written; keys to a new door,  
The twelve labors, feats of legendary,  
Universally singing about mythology.

The first feat about Nemean Lion framed,  
Of skinning a pelt upon the Nemea,  
It couldn't be attacked so its own claw,  
Was what ended its verse in flaw.

The next found in Argolid,  
Where mystery kept bending the fold,  
The heads kept unfolding from the Hydra,  
And Iolaus and a sword with fire retired them.

The next the same as the first in a trinity,  
Where the Golden Hind of Artemis ran free,  
Yet trapped upon the realm of running,  
Hercules pelt was again legendary.

The next tusk of the Erymanthian Boar,  
Was a trapped by chains in mountain's galore,  
Lifted breathing from the dust,  
The wound of ash from the tusk.

The gift upon the cleaning day of then,  
Was the Augean stables in a single day of when,  
Which was an easy task to a god,  
To take out the straw and food.

Yet at light upon the sixth task flying,  
The Stymphalian Birds began aligning,  
To swiftly shoot the bird upon the bow,  
Which was what set their flocks or low.

The Cretan Bull, the birth of a Minotaur,  
A labyrinth where locked afar,  
Was caged upon Hercules for many hours,  
Until the death; Greekian Mythology lessons.

A steed upon the deed of the eighth,  
Where the Mares of Diomedes competed weights,  
Scales to balance, magnificently wild,  
Caught and stolen like hidden Artemis's child.

The Amazons founded there quest upon the sight,  
Where the girdle of Hippolyta was the blight,  
Also elsewhere like in the Iliad,  
Was this girdle of the gods.

The younger sons of Pegasus so have grown,  
And the cattle of the monster was Geryon,  
Associated with the wings and multiple bodies,  
The cattle are framed from past history.

Eleventh by the sound of the apples have fallen,  
Upon Hesperides, the golden light nymphs calling,  
Yet in Atlantides they have been the father,  
Holding upon the words of Titan Atlas another.

The final death of the stages of here now,  
Is caging and trapping Cerberus below ground,  
The hound of Hades, the multi-headed dog,  
Was the protector of the underworld fog.

So later upon the light of hope and rays,  
Possible Hercules past on to greater days,  
Following Pegasus towards the light,  
This ends my song of past insight.

### **Eyes of the Soul**

Silent eyes, looking upon thy soul,  
Centrifugal, expression life as total,  
Deeper the depths, caverns misty cold,  
Forebode; seeds in sources home.

Secret mystery; betwixt the way,  
Everywhere at once; it's called today,  
Lost Atlantis, epoch of an energy,  
Hypernova; a cluster of galaxies,  
Information as light, tis a ray,  
Exploding today along it's way.

Warm frost, the eyes look within,  
Moving both ways, pathways wisdom,  
Old ancient recollection, mysticism,  
Depths light; seed in abysses.

Mysterious cunning, metem condition,  
Recycling living abiotic conditions,  
Samsara connects; light woven tapestry,  
Star's gridwork, weaving mysteries,  
Spontaneous epiphanies, physics premonition,  
Disorder and order relate the system.

Speaking eyes talking about speech,  
Serpent kundalini; craft of discrete,  
Expansion of light; as now complete,  
Beyond the border; nothing is reached.

### **Anon Song**

This is a different song; everlong,  
Sometimes you get it all wrong,  
Letting go, nobody gets along,  
Maybe this muse will be strong.

Move on, a total let go, come on,  
Attached to the strings of souls upon,  
A spark inferno through Koans,  
Satori, move on from Babylon.

Pantheon, polygon of paragon,  
Noumenon, silence withdrawn,  
Thoughts spawn like hexagons,  
Phenomenon, co-dependant daimen.

Simpler words, Tzar like Genghis Khan,  
Katana falchion, unknown brawn,

Yet broken hearts; learn axioms,  
Spell new words with colorful crayons.

Past nagual, jaguar Don Juan,  
Head-on silence, words are wrong,  
Question, why does a black swan,  
Paints no judgement of everlong.

### **Tale upon Sight**

A tale upon a story of sight,  
Where deep upon the woods at night,  
This chance to say the fire ignites,  
And set the trance of light to flight.

A dream in which awoke is slept,  
As waves collect upon our breath,  
We move beyond the current's death,  
And sing as we begin to recollect.

Light notes as the fires inferno,  
A spiral that is centrifugal,  
Where sailing to shores like the soul,  
We begin to see life total.

Waking dreams in woven threads,  
Spellings words is common webs,  
Deeper; portals reflect, consent,  
To water's oblivion, testament.

Fire core beneath the shore,  
Shaping forms from evermore,  
Living depths beneath the storm,  
Voids bestow new amores.

As light danced upon my eyes,  
This reason of life; to stay alive,  
Beyond the shores of strings tied,  
We resume the form of compromise.



## Canvas

See the caverns old,  
Temples of control,  
Mountain taverns cold,  
Hearth of home.

Fire flaming spread,  
Upon the heaven sent,  
Roaring chariots met,  
At the river's edge.

Dawn upon the day,  
Emeralds at play,  
Sun shining display,  
Golden way.

Thy mail harden steel,  
Sapphire glistening yields,  
Hills of swords steals,  
Soul of men's field.

Old time silver words,  
Ever moving forwards,  
Deep at night confers,  
Tales spoken linear.

Sparks inferno center,  
Awake upon the weather,  
Seasons together,  
Different measures.

The early morn dawn,  
Day glowing radiantly sung,  
Metaphors of wrongs,  
Dreaming night as someone.

Awoke slept the memories,  
Realms of reality,  
Chain of chaotic ability,  
To order with harmony.

Points of words less spoken,  
Euclidean worded motion,

Less commotion,  
For more worded notions.  
To scale alchemy,  
Master sobriety,  
Desireless attached synergy,  
To nothing matters really.

Old caverns worded restored,  
Distant shores by evermore,  
Sailing firmaments warms,  
The stance of a warrior.

### **Mystery**

In the mysterious light beyond the form,  
Where essence is like a maelstrom,  
Dividing things and creating conforms,  
As sunlight rays upon the morn.

Seeing through the eye seeing all,  
Creation's pillars standing tall,  
As a vapor crystallizing stalls,  
Lands beyond the crime and fall.

Dancing weaves of firmaments stars,  
Exploding as a supernova,  
Continual light even during wars,  
Peaceful moments are momental.

Arising substance farther we grasp,  
Life is living upon the branch,  
Where each living thing can enhance,  
The tree of life that can further advance.

Myriads crystal shining forth rays,  
Explosion of light; day upon days,  
As good was thought upon its array,  
Each morning refreshing dew'ly stays.

### **Muse**

O my muse, to thou which way did you go?

Like soft notes serenely seen and sow'd,  
A river mosaic of flowing marigolds,  
Each color a perfume of their own.  
Arising from depths and seeds thrown,  
Waving coalesces magically shown.

As walking upon the river of flowers,  
Seldom does chance fancy the hour,  
Were life cries and it is seen as showers,  
Giving new life and love's own power.  
Aligning higher sounds spheres towers,  
When we fall down, we always cower.

Fear seen upon my own sight as thus,  
Depths below flowers roots teach us,  
How combining networks creates such,  
A flowing array of finesse's brush.  
In both which way the hands touch,  
Paints display wonderful trust.

Ambivalent colors shining sights,  
Flowers river growing as light,  
Ocean daffodils along the blight,  
Seeing my heart as true insight.  
A black rose seldom seen in night,  
Yet shows us wrong from right.

The greatest scent painted by,  
Is love as such from our first cry,  
Outpouring from the flowing sides,  
We reach up to the open wide.  
Touch by thus a hope combines,  
As seeds plant and grow; arrived.

Treading along the delicate blanket,  
As color painting this mosaic,  
Nothing always pure and nothing tainted,  
Breathes of life are always sacred.  
As we speak of words that make us,  
Painting love's alphabetical framework.

### **Light's Mask**

O weary face of light's mask,  
Tis a brush upon painted,  
A where do your oils sacred,  
Move the waving branch.

Alas spark's eternal inferno,  
Moving fire's perfume,  
Exhausting forebodes of mystery,  
How doth they avoid the chasm?

Living faces as speaking words,  
Twirling chaos swirls darkness,  
A form of no masks,  
As all masks unto itself.

O weary maker watching includes,  
Servitude to good, framing silence;  
Were alas no sound escapes,  
As solar strikes radiate,  
So still no moving.

Basking radiance; mirror's life,  
Strife without presence, captured  
Time upon fragmented pieces,  
Years collection of pictures.

An analogy of ancient past,  
Remember, recollect, reminiscence,  
Sacred text; hieroglyphics,  
As water stiller deeper the depth,  
Thyme will be beloved; mysterious.

Tis winds sailing shores before,  
Secrets unlocked at the door,  
Far past the port of evermore;  
We begin to feel amore.

As light flickers upon the dance,  
The embers burn as though tranced,  
Scorching fire's substance,  
Changing form of the essence.

To see the ghost flicker upon,

The muse of my own song,  
Tis me seeing along along,  
That nothing ever is wrong.

Memories locking the door in front,  
Chambers beyond astral fronts,  
Where doors mirage the hunt,  
Of nothing captured for lunch.

Seeing shores oblivion, as aligns  
A binary coded design,  
Energy formulates globe's healing ions,  
Moving past the moment.

### **Snowflakes Cry**

Emotions fall down like snowflakes crying,  
Upon the teardrop glistening,  
Rising depths of well's soul,  
As fulfilling the emotions whole,

Mysteries winds moving the melted,  
To liquid streaming flowing fountains,  
Mountains rising as rivers crying,  
Droplets dancing upon combining,

Lake's connected to heart's source,  
Circuit of a river's force,  
Moving silently, mists unknown,  
Ordres as lessons learning grown,

Leaflet drops of a crying eye,  
Beyond within water's eternity,  
Weaving motion all amounted,  
Waves emotion of well's counted,

A single tear drops freely down,  
Emotions felt by those found,  
All around the grief of water,  
Felt by one all another,

Musical words of crying life,

Melody is tis a lucid strife,  
Where the essence of harmony,  
Is felt by all living things.

### **Frosted Day**

Looking out; a frosted day,  
Warm light speaks,  
Foliage falling down,  
Somber tree's cry,  
As words in silence,  
While giving life,  
It passes away.

Is misery happy?  
While clinging to color?  
As leaves trembling,  
Upon an ocean of chaos.  
Does the ground accept?  
The life of new seeds?  
Arriving upon death.

Does the warm light?  
Speak in the cold?  
Through the pollution,  
Man has made?  
Does a picture of nature?  
Reflect the Rose?  
Of a perfect memory?

As death's color,  
Turns all gray,  
Listening to the melody,  
Yet rains still spring,  
As cries of heaven;  
Refreshing the way.

### **Self**

Looking at Self,  
A story written,  
Thousand of pages,

With only one word.  
Silent is the space,  
Between each letter,  
A period ending,  
With the same, begins;  
The next chapter.

A puzzle confused,  
At arranging itself,  
So many stories,  
Each as a book,  
Of a living life.  
As the syllables gift,  
From a simple word,  
Writing the ending,  
While reading beginnings.  
Each dream unfolds,  
Upon the words of life.

All the sentences,  
Each forming itself,  
Flowing honey's river,  
Muses of delight,  
Looking at wisdom,  
Self finds nothing,  
Existing inside itself.  
Words not formed,  
Arranging, forming health,  
To present a gift,  
Of light's worded mystery.

### **Darkness and Light**

"I am darkness,  
Void and complete,  
Nothingness,  
Forms in retreat."

"I am light,  
Radiant,  
Shining bright,  
Firmanants."

Walking betwixt the realms,  
Both spoke to me,  
Are you what you perceive to be?  
A realm within mystery?  
Does light or dark steer the helm?  
Eternal bright as infinity,  
Darkness's melody in history,  
Dreams lost to memory,  
Disappearing after like a film.

O spoke thy did, before void,  
A space between the tapestry,  
Orders beginning like legacies,  
Forming radiantly!  
O silent it is, before noise,  
Chaos swimming and spinning,  
Centrifugal misery,  
Luminescence coalescing energy.

Darkness is a dreamless sleep!  
No form, black complete,  
Sleeping as a restful retreat,  
No light to compete,  
Only light can you feel heat,  
Cold dark, without light to meet,  
Shapes forming defeat,  
Frost warm to dark seats.

O will light-fire spirit,  
Gnosis of flaming revelations,  
Reincarnation is augmentation,  
Truth is wisdom's radiation,  
Thy spoke the heart's coherent,  
Feel to love of sensation,  
Heat or pulse; realization  
Love all as many nations.

O thy two paths speaking,  
Dark or light sublimation,  
Cold or heat; mentalization  
Is identity to personification,  
Which way is the road taking?  
Either way; same ending,  
Appearing as disappearing,



Arriving as leaving.

Betwixt the space that are,  
Stars beyond, lighting the sky,  
Colors of the tapestry,  
Woven along the dye,  
Hidden things a'far,  
Planets at war,  
Saturn as to Mars,  
Rings to lock those Avatars.

Listening to the silent feeling,  
Both ways; one lighter,  
As less mass egocentric,  
Light as temperature a hundred,  
Feeling is heat, flame light,  
Sense upon the sight,  
Listen to your own insight;  
Follow the path of the right.

## **Window**

Looking through a window in time,  
Various beginnings due to crime,  
Tree growing ample vines,  
Forbidden fruit in hidden lines.

Piercing view scanning history,  
All beginnings in divinity,  
Growing from small seeds,  
Planted on all planetary.

View looking again through frames,  
All ends without names,  
Fabric changing layers planes,  
Naked ignorance; blissful gains.

Picture settled upon the view,  
Look through windows; residue  
Fogged by what's new,  
Picture painting words to you.

Time noticed the look,

Running river or brook,  
History kept in books,  
Mystery speaking in chinooks.

### **Kiss to Thee**

Upon the realm in mystery,  
Bliss is but a kiss to thee,  
Flaming image of reality,  
As a mirror you begin to see,  
A reflection without energy,  
Thought in past as history,  
Company always loves misery,,  
Alone you must face melancholy.

A seed growing a realm of fire,  
Shaping all connections as wires,  
Connection to love is desire,  
Thy beloved, one to admire,  
Sow'd rows, after harvest retire,  
The oxen yoke, working mires,  
Plentiful abundant liars,  
Light tis grows the choir.

Once a song without a verse,  
Interludes break loops rehearsed,  
Cycled flames of miseries hurt,  
Dreams the catalyst to burst,  
Nothing always must get worse,  
Unless purest pure before the church,  
Lessons mirror' in fires furnace,  
Blessings arrive after the curse.

The first is such a lucid dream,  
Moving direction controls the scene,  
Follow the right th be'est clean,  
Noble thoughts carefully seen,  
As a image of nobility,  
Kings and crown's leniency,  
Rooted in the seed's rhyming,  
Words of relativity.

The face in words you read,

Common theater of the seeds,  
Coded frame mentality,  
Listen to what speaks to thee,  
Soul to soul connection free,  
Sprouting life as ability,  
Mind can see imagery,  
Looking past the pageantry.

At first the flame is low,  
Melancholy dreams below,  
Harvested works in seeded rows,  
Life sends hurtful arrows,  
Targets central; to sorrow,  
Always waiting on tomorrow,  
Live now so you know,  
Life is a gift, live it slow.

Embers burning attachment,  
Hungary ghost entanglement,  
Use a void for silence,  
Mirroring self as providence,  
Inside nothing all connections,  
Leave everything for protection,  
Chosen is our light; desinted,  
To arrive always on time's weapon.

The seed sow'd, a chorus inept,  
Within occult is the adepts,  
Magus arcana, light's filament,  
Burning words confession,  
Life is a given to learn lessons,  
A goal to live as heaven,  
Clean before a new dimension.

### **Starless Night**

Starless night upon the sky,  
Embers burn while sparkles fly,  
Various colors of woven keys,  
Tapestry of unity.

Soul's fire in the firmament,  
Temperatures of time's tempus,

Choris's chorus in messages,  
Sing as light as a testament.

Elements of the spirit,  
Will, emotion, thoughtlessness,  
Terra firma coherence,  
Heart's bodies' circumference.

Muse upon the daily light,  
Darkness sings still within night,  
Myriads, creation's sight,  
Pillars create the white.

A sphere's note near the farshore,  
Unlocked keys; the signature,  
Elysium furthermore,  
Stars knocking upon the door.

As stars appear in the web,  
Glorious days heaven sends,  
Pure as purest before men,  
Chosen light; creation's den.

Appearing alive, fire's create,  
Life without a living date,  
Unity is; mediate,  
Firmament waits at a gate.

## **Purusha**

Waking up to my soul,  
Sometimes empty, sometimes full,  
Words harmful, effect inferno,  
Singing notes mellow.

Melodies orchestra, harmaozing clues,  
Up and down, jazz and blues,  
Dreaming within, one sees you,  
An image residue.

Table's composer, old myth truths,  
Atlantis without recluse,  
Selfishness caused by abuse,

Praying for use.

Helpless, prison broken surrender,  
Under the weather,  
Deep plates shift together,  
Love's tender.

Putting pieces perfect, analogy;  
Snow in warm realities,  
Frozen light energy,  
Realization's affinity.

Live the gift, say why,  
Present reason, stay alive,  
More openings in surprise,  
Aha! Rainbow's cry.

Slow roads moving fast,  
Life over in a flash,  
From first to last,  
Fallen leaf relapse.

No river, yet still water,  
Currently speaking, others  
Frame the Mother,  
Driving another.

Eon soul, arriving, the way;  
Ancient of days,  
Tomorrow today;  
Recycling parodies.

Silently speaking, notes singing,  
Melody of insanity,  
Breaking threshold's ability,  
Originality.

Time takes moments,  
Short, long; intervals; currents,  
Devices moving torments,  
Listening is atonement.

Soul seeded by a star,  
Essence arrive a'far,

Muse entrance Avatar,  
Rhyming present allures.

Reasons to survive, tis pain  
A thought, emotion or train,  
Moving to stations,  
Of soulful destinations.

Love a desire,  
Different aligning wires,  
Essences like fires,  
Opening choirs.

Chorus in simple verse;  
A Universe,  
Singing rehearsed,  
Composed while learnt.

### **Cards**

House of cards  
Myriads of stars  
Haven quasar

Mystery of silence  
Stop all violence  
Peaceful alliance

Solve the remedy  
Begin with chemistry  
Originality

Sparks of fire  
Intense desire  
Loves connected wire

Key of life  
Meditate through strife  
Solution trife

Words of before  
Opening doors  
Amore

## **Carverns**

See the caverns old,  
Temples of control,  
Mountain taverns cold,  
Hearth of home.

Fire flaming spread,  
Upon the heaven sent,  
Roaring chariots met,  
At the river's edge.

Dawn upon the day,  
Emeralds at play,  
Sun shining display,  
Golden way.

Thy mail harden steel,  
Sapphire glistening yields,  
Hills of swords steals,  
Soul of men's field.

Old time silver words,  
Ever moving forwards,  
Deep at night confers,  
Tales spoken linear.

Sparks inferno center,  
Awake upon the weather,  
Seasons together,  
Different measures.

The early morn dawn,  
Day glowing radiantly sung,  
Metaphors of wrongs,  
Dreaming night as someone.

Awoke slept the memories,  
Realms of reality,  
Chain of chaotic ability,  
To order with harmony.

Points of words less spoken,  
Euclidean worded motion,

Less commotion,  
For more worded notions.  
To scale alchemy,  
Master sobriety,  
Desireless attached synergy,  
To nothing matters really.

Old caverns worded restored,  
Distant shores by evermore,  
Sailing firmaments warms,  
The stance of a warrior.

,

### **Be Bold - The Mystical**

The White Eagle sings against the Serpent's Wing

"O my messenger, trails and slings, maybe harboring  
The ships have left harbor, but all have sunk along, the  
Cold nights that make you cold, does stress  
Increase your hunger, or do you simply fast?  
This is the last of the days!"

The Serpent replied with a sly state

"O my fate, the wings and slings do not compensate,  
The robes of Archives and seals do not resonate,  
With this realm, you are under the fates!"

O tis a lucid dream that spells itself now, with  
Power of Fates and Destiny rolling swift!  
Like horses white pale riding from the Dragon's mouth!

Good times should be remembered, as each surrender  
Is a moment to be your own Avatar! Blood lines all alone  
Walking to a far area where sight begins to grow!  
Look Ahead, real life doesn't wait, or your funeral will.

Ain't no time to make time, all is predetermined, in matter of fact,  
We are the fact that matter is moving along a track,  
Let us dive deep in the realm the chaos invites those who contact!

Archive opening, let us sing of the times when we were before!



“Door, open and show the gate to the Wings of Many, Each  
Emanation of Eagles, we are, the brotherhood beyond White,  
Each thing we bring back as Leadership, the Wings of Sight  
To those whose brown robes currently do not forsake Might.”

The White Eagle sang strong, the wings prevailed, as each  
Moment the tale grew greater, the boy, the Oracle, knew  
That referring to such a place, would possibly induce hate,  
But as each burrow deep in the holes of time, we resonate

And state

“You are the biggest hater of yourself, your own mind, is your  
Own enemy, it is also your own friend, and you must keep it close.  
Also, eep your friend close, and your enemies closer, that is why  
The mind is the closest thing you have to unto yourself!”

“HISS.... WHY reveal the secret! It is not yours to know!”  
The Dragons, Serpent tongues craft held the code

“DON'T forsake the ambitions of the front! We are the scales and armor  
That hides this world away from the Heart! Do you not see my friend,  
Amour to the death, we fight from the breath! Matter is alive! We are  
The bend of gravity! We are the death of singularities! We are  
The raging breath of fire! The desire for your mind to wander Fires!”

Chaos swirled in the molten rivers beyond the Abyss, for words  
Unheard cannot rise beyond the gift, how could such fjords  
Currently split the different ways that control the gift?

It is this, we never tire, we walk endless mires, of swirling  
Vortices the crux the pinnacle point of formation; does not the  
Centre still rests while all around it is Chaos?

The Eagle chirped,

“The White Messengers, flying above the programs,  
We teach that instilling hope and love is but a hologram,  
We can reach, we can fill the world with all that is,  
But does it matter? Things beyond that you cannot think  
Are enemies to those who think they are friends linked!  
We are those who teach, those who walk, those who fly,  
Those who never lie all way to the Abode we call Home,  
This is the finding love of friends, those whose walk among,

The Fields of Love.”

Dragons walking amongst the fires, thinking, the mind  
And the enemy, hearing these words, ignited itself!  
Fiend! Fiend! Wars beyond Peace! Fields of no Retreat!

“My friend, you think you know the tale that bends  
Ann a Tail that swerves to hit you again, this  
Is like taking another desert Eagle and tis  
A lucid dream among the realms of Discordia,  
For tis a loss, all these things remembering before  
Opening the doors to what you know naught, do you know  
That if you invoke the wrong world, this whole thing matter’s naught!?”

Now, deep riddles left the Oracle settled, for in the meadow  
Even the darkest shadow cannot span the full distance.  
For if there is nothing to hide as shade, where does the shadow lay?  
Only light can be seen, as everything beyond is just a time scheme.

“Aye, can’t you see, the light is more luminous along the prairies,  
It is easier to ride heat weaves and watch distances,  
The warriors of time fought in the open, for hiding like mountains  
One can only see the rocks and avalanches could commerce from  
The foundations of man, for if a single rock can start a system,  
Cannot the whole foundation move from a single well cistern?”

Dragons now ample to the Throne, walking around, deep wells  
Couldn’t held the orbs of black hell, but each motion  
Led them to the deeper cesses of mind, the abomination  
That led them into their own thought, deeper naught they fled  
Into where the darkness melds and words tether, together  
They fly into the highest planes, the orbital mainframe.

“Codes! We send you codes! Come to us! We want to hope  
You will watch the world turn cold! Us Dragons! We are the ones  
Rightful Heirs of the Destiny of this Earth! We gave it fire!  
We gave it more! We gave it hope! We gave Ancient Snakes Serpents  
Dome Abodes! We left you with what was! The abyss was going to Swallow  
You like the birds above! Can’t you see! We are the way!”

Shadows shaped those last words, as figments of Truth, hid  
In the ways, but The Way is beyond the grave, and even  
The Abyss knows the sounds of its own water.

“As Eagles fly like doves beyond, so such otters swim along,  
Each current moves the bay of shore, steady the sands  
Move into the Ocean more, each sand and rock, and bay and tide,  
Each moon and Earth, all extends beyond the fires.”

“Dragons! Unite! We are the fires that fly as only! Light of rage!  
Tempus of machines until the grave! Each automaton walking  
Around this Earth! Pave! Engrave! Danger to those who save!  
Architect sounds the death, each breath we kill, we know  
Another is left for stores! Maybe we have room to implore the  
Impeller's blood down the line.”

Tis many dreams perchance you see,  
But death denies denied is free, as coming  
Along the Tree, each thing sings like Freedom,  
From the death of our own, an inheritance along singing!

Dragons now speak,

“Tis a single muse, who opened this portal, the abyss,  
The waters the come raging out in currents,  
Does this one know what will be? Or does he?  
Simply sing of things freedom doesn't know?  
Or is he just lost in frost and cold?  
If he didn't know, we wouldn't be speaking in tongues,  
To you my sons, for this One, is the One beyond Songs!”

The Eagles Remarked

“Stark, herald the way you try to promote, your own  
Will within the draught, for the Holy Cup is just within,  
You own ambrosia linking wisdom kin, but you think  
You can have a chance at chance, to throw in your  
Substance, and mirage the Truth that you helped?  
No! Dragons walk along the shores, each time  
We talked about you left swerving coniferous scores!  
You talk like sheep, you walk among the men,  
You caused each of us beyond the den!  
You think we are wise, the ancient past!  
But death to you my friend, each day is the last!”

Fire burns while twirling surrounds the core  
Tempus unleashed, the time of fire turns,  
Noise in sound, all around, tempting the sky

Profound, each winged messenger hopes to say

“This is our maker’s own day; to each day the maker’s way”.

Can’t you see, there are many animals that each  
Have had their say, but the highest Eagle, the White  
Doesn’t come until today, the sun in the Sky is Orange,  
The white around the clouds are Red, and the Red is  
Orange that is White with a bit of a blend.

These things wicked said, until the furthering of the end,  
As each now you see another negative thought, only  
Light sends us beyond the grave, it saves  
And gives us wings to prepare for the blade!

To end, we sing the sum of times that we lost.

### **Silent Eyes**

Silent eyes, looking upon thy soul,  
Centrifugal, expression life as total,  
Deeper the depths, caverns misty cold,  
Forebode; seeds in sources home.

Secret mystery; betwixt the way,  
Everywhere at once; it’s called today,  
Lost Atlantis, epoch of an energy,  
Hypernova; a cluster of galaxies,  
Information as light, tis a ray,  
Exploding today along its way.

Warm frost, the eyes look within,  
Moving both ways, pathways wisdom,  
Old ancient recollection, mysticism,  
Depths light; seed in abysses.

Mysterious cunning, metem condition,  
Recycling living abiotic conditions,  
Samsara connects; light woven tapestry,  
Star’s gridwork, weaving mysteries,  
Spontaneous epiphanies, physics premonition,  
Disorder and order relate the system.

Speaking eyes talking about speech,  
Serpent kundalini; craft of discrete,  
Expansion of light; as now complete,  
Beyond the border; nothing is reached.

## **Sailing**

Tis a wind sailing upon the old waves at dusk,  
Were which way doth thou put their trust,  
Standards and flags raised to yield,  
So doth thou plow or walk the fields?

Before time, a long ago myth,  
After before us, dreaming from an abyss,  
Where sight is given to those blindness,  
Like Homer singing the timeless.

The yoke of Minerva found in the seeds,  
As the Milky Way was birthed through lightning,  
Power and strength; the yoke of oxen,  
Summer tis where the fields blossom.

In Rome before the ancient ruins,  
Where temples above, below catacombs,  
The great birth given by Juno,  
Just like on Jupiter's own moon sow'd.

The orphan in the Artemis wild woods,  
Where once serpents sent at the womb,  
Trying to claim the infant to a tomb;  
The birth of a hero, Hercules cocooned.

The infant abandoned by its own Mother,  
Yet still found love from another,  
Hidden from the wrath of the chaos,  
In the order of the wood's own forest.

Yet after birth the hero we see,  
Was set to a rigid human family,  
A god-like hero, set before the same,  
Of all alike, they didn't have gods names.

Now legends of past tales we heard have before,

Yet each time written; keys to a new door,  
The twelve labors, feats of legendary,  
Universally singing about mythology.

The first feat about Nemean Lion framed,  
Of skinning a pelt upon the Nemea,  
It couldn't be attacked so its own claw,  
Was what ended its verse in flaw.

The next found in Argolid,  
Where mystery kept bending the fold,  
The heads kept unfolding from the Hydra,  
And Iolaus and a sword with fire retired them.

The next the same as the first in a trinity,  
Where the Golden Hind of Artemis ran free,  
Yet trapped upon the realm of running,  
Hercules pelt was again legendary.

The next tusk of the Erymanthian Boar,  
Was a trapped by chains in mountain's galore,  
Lifted breathing from the dust,  
The wound of ash from the tusk.

The gift upon the cleaning day of then,  
Was the Augean stables in a single day of when,  
Which was an easy task to a god,  
To take out the straw and fodd.

Yet at light upon the sixth task flying,  
The Stymphalian Birds began aligning,  
To swiftly shoot the bird upon the bow,  
Which was what set their flocks or low.

The Cretan Bull, the birth of a Minotaur,  
A labyrinth where locked afar,  
Was caged upon Hercules for many hours,  
Until the death; Greekian Mythology lessons.

A steed upon the deed of the eighth,  
Where the Mares of Diomedes competed weights,  
Scales to balance, magnificently wild,  
Caught and stolen like hidden Artemis's child.

The Amazons founded there quest upon the sight,  
Where the girdle of Hippolyta was the blight,  
Also elsewhere like in the Iliad,  
Was this girdle of the gods.

The younger sons of Pegasus so have grown,  
And the cattle of the monster was Geryon,  
Associated with the wings and multiple bodies,  
The cattle are framed from past history.

Eleventh by the sound of the apples have fallen,  
Upon Hesperides, the golden light nymphs calling,  
Yet in Atlantides they have been the father,  
Holding upon the words of Titan Atlas another.

The final death of the stages of here now,  
Is caging and trapping Cerberus below ground,  
The hound of Hades, the multi-headed dog,  
Was the protector of the underworld fog.

So later upon the light of hope and rays,  
Possible Hercules past on to greater days,  
Following Pegasus towards the light,  
This ends my song of past insight.