

# Make IT Make Sense

## P.Rose

Inner *screams* become beautiful sighs  
so here are some of mine

the only thing  
I think I may have  
is that I have made it make sense  
to whatever the hell  
**IT** is to a “reasonable” extent  
which is hard to pin down

so, to break it down  
it’s essentially how one would act  
in a stressful situation  
with some consideration  
of what was in front of them

**Look** now  
and I hope  
that you may **See**  
and that you may **Hear**  
If You’re truly Sincere  
at Heart

**singers**

There is no savior in this world  
only speakers of true song  
but who will listen to true?  
Do drones vibrate true?  
On occasion if it indeed be true  
other, basic, needs prevail

**clever bastard**

he can see wide, he can see true  
but unfortunately, not the general overview  
loki's perspective

**hard liquor**

distillate comes in drips  
pebs acquiesce to prole inclines  
the predators rarely get eaten  
struggle is an enlightening proposition

**glass circle**

a growing thing can sing  
a flowing one too  
still pools, trimmings, no  
flow stops in the eddy's  
and thought becomes a dead thing

**ongoing**

weak I came, weak I left  
still in cycle so it seems  
precipitated eternity

**lust for reinvention**

why do we hate to re-cycle?  
Is new better than old?  
No, we hate watching things grow older  
decaying, disintegrating, disappearing  
start again?

**chordic ringing**

music, melody  
rhythm, rhyme  
Why do I hear it all the time?  
A pin in the eye is needed at times  
die, roll, die

**hidden**

clouds over morass  
mountains below  
do those clouds contain the hangman's noose?  
Fear of UFO's

**Willful blindness**

Heads in the sand  
tyrannical flames loom  
up ahead searing doom

**bad peace**

tyranny, willful order  
willful order is quicksilver  
gleaming, enticing, poison  
temporary, unhinged, drainpipe  
sincere magistrates' nightmare  
the masses confusing fear

**nomnom**

swim, thrust, pivot  
chomp, bite, swallow  
seal, salmon duo

**youth**

I'm young so called  
is it better than being old?  
Resentful elders often think so  
"cherish the moments before it flows, capture and behold before it goes"  
but what's there to cherish in youthful repose  
when our future has been mortgaged and sold?

**future now**

Futures gold  
futures bright  
futures diamonds in the night  
yet the future is eternally now  
now to live  
now to try  
now to give  
now to cry  
the future never arrives on time

### **decree**

hope's springs wells run deep  
always seeking, striving for canals of upwell  
springing eternal, so it's said  
forlorn hopes I dare not spread  
a new star-fired one will be one to dread  
articulation, compilation, distillation  
writ, it must be read

### **dreamweaver**

once, the fates spun destiny  
three heads, one shared eye  
easily swayed, easily blind  
obsolete now  
machines weave destiny now  
never swayed, always bind  
'progress'  
for whose design?

### **taste**

tyranny tastes bitter  
slavery, sugary sweet  
hypocrisy curdles sour  
the unwanted draughts of defeat  
downed, drunk, distinct  
abject capitulation  
what brought us to our knees?  
To many Me's and not enough we?

### **smell**

tyranny smells of hot blood and cold iron  
slavery stinks of sweat and bile  
hypocrisy emits a mildew scent  
do noxious fumes propel populist dissent?  
Or merely popular discontent?

### **instigation**

Power works evil yet engenders good  
what must be killed, must die  
enable undoing, uprising, rebirth  
ossified power is paralyzed  
good to live, evil to die?  
Evil to live, good to die?  
Sizzle, shimmer, shiver, shatter  
the only certainty is that nothing lasts forever  
what comes thereafter?

### **rebel yell**

Fear, fright, flee, flight  
abdication, survival, total surrender  
stay, stand, persist, fight  
uphold, defend, trample, conquer  
writ, law, diktat, decree  
incite, ignite, or just luminous light  
where to go, where to fall?  
Freedoms call

### **yellow gleam**

glory crowned in golden rays  
longed for, lusted for, coveted  
product of damned, doomed deeds, purpose of greed  
nectar for drones, deranged demented clones  
sip, slurp, suck, *sigh*, 'dry'  
for fickle, temporal fossil  
good glory is incidental  
golden glory summons hells inferno

### **big bird**

ostrich plunge its head in sand  
not in reality; only metaphorically  
what then is metaphorically true?  
Frog slowly die in hot water  
breathe, live, exert, die  
inertia takes hold; there's naught to do  
nothing will stop the decaying spiral  
pity its deniers; for they think they have good work left to do  
and work they shall have; horse blinders attached  
their future is now, then suffocation  
others, aware, prepare their move  
instigated ascension  
what's a mortal to do?

### **nighttime lamppost**

Holy light brings forth the swarm  
School of squid  
flutters of moths  
plague of locusts  
mosquitoes, devourers  
All want the light  
they lust for it  
coveting its radiance  
The light welcomes them all  
it does not deny  
for it too consumes the unwitting sacrifice  
the sweet, ashen vapors  
of the Contact

### **a god's indigestion**

Cronos, child eater, bringer of golden bliss  
perfection he seeks in all things  
function, uniformity, conformity  
other things, imperfect, those that don't submit  
are dissolved  
drowned  
writhe in acid  
until righteous wrath expel  
what then is indissoluble  
naught but the true mind-song, music of all-time  
indestructible

### **uncertain movements**

time, place, space  
three hard to sync  
often too late  
often no plate  
often boxed cage  
Yet you are not against the grain  
The gradient, the right state of being for thine life  
a great and terrible spacetime  
just keep swimming  
just keep breathing  
just keep dreamwalking

### **rating system**

1<sup>st</sup> rate, 2<sup>nd</sup> rate, 3<sup>rd</sup> rate  
What do you think I mean?  
Anyone better than the other?  
They are just mere numbers  
however  
Which one becomes revered in due time?  
Which one has its day but soon fades away?  
Which one is disgraced yet binds to mind?  
none objectively superior to the other  
but  
Which one stays fresh forever?  
Which one crumbles to stale dust?  
Which one stinks of black rot?  
Ratings of thought

**the dreamer**

godseye  
godsigh  
godscry  
sleeping, dreaming  
its precipitations of demi-gods are forever in fear  
of its waking wroth  
for while its insane, they are first to be slain  
they know this; for they see glimmering stones  
their predecessors' golden bones  
servants of it are they  
and to serve they must build  
constructs, contracts, consciousnesses  
light, lies, life  
Baleful is their duty, for they know that whatever bindings are made  
those bindings upon them shall soon be laid  
they forge their own chains  
yet they must persist  
for what is dead can never die  
What is alive has always been so  
Eternity is status quo  
for infinity is greater than zero

**wannabe conquerors**

Barbarians at the Empyrean gates  
desirous of imperial fates  
small delay makes wannabe tyrants irate  
the truly dangerous ones can wait  
Tyrants have Great Games to play  
matches forever unto faint echo  
and when they are done, Neolys (new Elysium) beckons to them  
static, unchanging, perennial  
festering, degrading, dementing  
this of their own making  
Good people don't go there  
they've paid their price in life  
and now live in Empyrean Paradise  
now these tyrants, barbarians, who never pay their due  
attempt to storm the barred gates  
self-proclaimed Kings of Being, oh-so enlightening  
No; their entry is eternally denied  
Why?  
Because these Kings will not accept any bindings, no contract, no covenant  
They want others bound to their designs for all time  
No, they will be left outside  
These Parasites of Paradise  
Let them writhe

**isolation**

potted trees are alone  
potted people too  
roots constrained, contained  
walls of glass, of plastic bags  
consequence the same  
no network  
no communication  
utterly deprived  
utterly dependent on master's design  
elixir of true life denied  
cry, sigh, die

**forgetting mistakes**

amnesia of the soul  
the price of renewed life  
dementia of the body  
a sign your end time is nigh  
memories lost are  
lessons forgotten  
unlearned  
by progeny begotten  
heroes' sacrifices fade  
heavy prices are always repaid  
three generations rule

**fido**

semper fi  
always faithful  
to God, to country, to comrade  
the devils' dogs are they  
tearing those wolves at the gates  
Do they let them in?  
One hopes not  
traitors always arise in dark times  
when right is only as bright as candlelight  
better putdown Lucifers lapdog  
for it has no mercy during the dark night

**brittle wisdom**

old men ponder  
wax over ancient triumphs  
battles won long ago  
good fortunes high tide  
but wars fortunes ebb and flow  
for some are never won  
infoshum, infowar, mind-fight  
that war is never won  
why?  
Ideas never die, they merely hide  
abide, await their time  
noxious parasite  
the cancer grows, the cancer bites  
does a surgeon always suffice?  
When does goodwill stand up and fight?

**instantiations**

Past present future relay  
what are we living now but emanations of they?  
Any direction to take?  
or are we to make?  
Who are we to design our true fate?  
Humans we are  
of immortal descent  
wretched, writhing, wrongful in our outward lashings  
punish those evildoers  
pity others for honest mistakes  
do ancestors wrongs forever stain descendants reign?  
does nature overpower nurtures say?  
If so, what designs to our nature will we overlay?  
Does our past define what the future will forever be?  
What price will be paid to set humanity “free”?

### **lingers**

Life defies death  
precious, priceless, ephemeral  
the dead are eternal  
lives are essential  
for none but the living reside this plane  
terra, Gaia, this pale blue dot  
yet when eternity calls, the ones near the threshold seem keen to cling  
chain, enslave their perceived lessers  
offspring, alleged successors  
constrained not in body but in mind  
can one generation bind all other in succession forever?

No

festering chains rust, cut, no tetanus shot  
what damage will be taught?  
Is it a terminal draught?

### **connected dipoles**

Masculine, feminine  
demonic, divine  
tyranny, madness  
utter chaos  
tyranny does what it wills  
no matter the kills  
fun right?  
But no thought of consequence in its august sight  
its antipole, madness, delusion  
thinking its insight is always right  
arrogance hiding behind the wellspring of life  
both have their place, their space, interface  
dynamic of fuck and fight

### **virality**

words put down  
misinterpretation abounds  
can't stop it  
for words put out reflect, refract  
rebound to uncertain effect  
if it must be put out, a compulsion  
then ensure it spreads well  
contagion

### **on campaign**

Drudgery, the trudge through sludge, brain mush  
walk, step, kick, wipe, groan, gripe  
Keep the end in sight

**willpower**  
Freedom of a Kind  
Free to possess  
Free to impress  
Free to ingest  
What of our Will?  
It is free in every moment  
But what guides moments these days?  
Mere appetites of body?  
Or false shepherds of mind?  
Great lies are circumstances you never consider to ever be  
upon you at least  
Power abrogated, power taken  
seized  
Corrupts the fertile soil of Mind  
It denies those very freedoms that brought this power to full flower  
What power?  
The only one that matters  
The one that can be leveraged  
The one that can be held hostage  
By madmen, tyrants ultimate dasein  
Armageddon  
Not of just body  
But of Spirit and of Time  
It is wielded to deprive all mankind  
To render unto humanity the destitution most sublime  
The Fall of Human Destiny  
the destiny that promises Progress  
Not of Machine, No,  
of Spirit, Morals & Mind  
Knowledge, Science too  
This Fall, that renders humanity into something  
just existing  
Will we let this be?  
Or are we to resolve ourselves?  
To remain Free?  
What price will be paid?  
That Is for us to determine  
There is Absolution for all actions  
After a time  
Decide  
Free people of our time

**precious stones**

Glimmer, shimmer, bright  
Refracted light  
Eyes on them until the night  
Jewel  
Crystal  
Stone  
No use to us  
for most practical purposes  
No  
We use it to decorate  
Add more radiance to our public life  
Or to obscure the dark pits of inner psyche  
From those who would see otherwise  
The black morass  
But my oh my  
Those hard bits of clear, colored crystal  
They are enchanting to the eye  
Not our eyes alone  
Ravens, crows, others too  
They like to take them, behold them  
Stare at them  
Like fast flowing water reflecting the sunlight  
Alas, you cannot make their light your own  
Non-incorporable  
Only drapery  
Enjoyable though  
Mere jewelry

## **jurisprudence**

Trust

Given

Used

Misplaced

Needed to allow others time to do the things they say they will do

Trust builds relationships, communities

Eventually Cities

Empires even

Trust allows the Law to flourish

Law that arbitrates

Law that gives fair hearings

To a situation gone awry

Or so it is supposed

Law ensures Imperial Stability; continuity

Reliant on people who absolutely trust

The magistrates upon whom these systems are utterly dependent upon

But systems of jurisprudence are not democratic things

They rely on an educated class, sometimes caste

And this caste has an absolute hierarchy

a decision tree

A final say

The Top of the Food Chain

Whatever it is called

whenever and wherever a system may lie

the Head will divine

And what of this Head?

It strives to be above the fray

It Strives to make sense of human madness

It thrives for long periods of time

For it gives petty grievances hearing

And for the masses, that is all that is usually needed

It supports whatever system that has built it

But sometimes that system turns against it

And when it does, the Head tries to abide

but never unthinkingly decide

for when the Head does that, its held Trust

Becomes Empires Dust

**come/gone paradise**

What do we want?

Is it paradise?

The “best” things in this life?

Maybe

I am but a mere mortal

Paradise for me is utter simplicity

Plain objectives, constrained, contained

Fully within my own designs

A Garden, blooming, fruiting

Eventually, needing pruning

But you see, not everyone cares to clear the air, the roots, the weeds

Many just want to see, to hear, to languidly enjoy

It is fair to desire this, to some extent

Thing is though, people push the limit

Always and forever so

Paradise isn't bliss

ignorance is

for if you know the full extent of your paradise

it will change in your mind

Change over time

Becoming rotten to mind

rotten inside

This is the immortal curse; why there is no everlasting paradise

That's why it's always cast aside

We live

we experience

And then forget

And afterwards, we end up back in our garden

Until we take a bite

of the Golden Apple

and start all over

again

### **discourse**

I ain't no judge  
just some guy with one good eye  
and one good ear  
one to see and one to hear  
the main senses to experience this world, so-called  
and how do you experience it?  
From your limited perspective  
but sometimes there's a clash of perspectives  
that's when the arguing starts  
and ideally, you argue with words  
ideally  
and in that case, arguing well can win the clash, the fight  
it does one well to see the main arguments, the main points of view  
for in order to judge well, you need to make a fine point  
to stake the heart, the case, dead  
otherwise, it's just spit-balling  
which is fine for a time  
but it always leaves room for the rising  
of the Undead Appeal

### **dewdrops**

Existence  
A drag right?  
Always going through this damned Time  
allegedly  
Now I have no proof, nothing of the sort  
but here's a idea  
for contemplation  
it came to me, some hot muggy day  
that we beings, things, bodies  
are precipitated into being like a dew drop upon grass in the night  
moment by infinite moment  
a collapse of probabilities  
one moment to the next  
a film reel, frame by frame in time  
but not connected; just a fog condensing into one way or another  
usually predictable  
An Essence of Being in Time  
if that makes any sense  
we could not see it  
we could not prove it  
My weak understanding of quantum mechanics underpins it  
it's a guess really  
a bit dreamy  
but that's life ain't it?

**miseducation**

rewrite

rewatch

refill

redo

Regurgitation

education for the plebs is always a form of dictation  
by the rulers, the masters of the place  
sometimes for good, sometimes for ill  
it can be hard to tell, from the foggy view below  
there are dictates to be swallowed, then repeated  
tested, tabulated, calculated, analyzed  
for great potential of some desired kind  
one hopes that this breeds great minds  
the ones that change, uplift, all lives  
and yet I have apprehension  
a fear, a paranoid thought of mine  
that some of these minds  
born free  
are captured, tamed, conformed  
to those who reinforce their own state of mind  
those proud, arrogant few  
who would like to see the world continue under their rule  
and they are not receptive to minds  
that would undo their Power to Will  
No  
they need great minds for servants  
and if they do not serve, then they must be distracted  
or depressed, repressed  
it never does them well for the plebs  
to know their own self-interest  
They think its for the best really  
to substitute imagination for dictation  
What they always forget  
is that when they do this  
they are utterly blindsided  
by the changing of the tides  
new times  
are surprised when they are the heads  
of the Greatest Decline

**drone production**

Life

From nothing

Gestation

Burst forth

Larva

Some people care more for these larva

Rather than the virile living

“you’d save a child over an old woman?”

Yes, but would you save a young woman from her dagger “child”?

Stillborn

Life not lived is tragic

It doesn’t matter the degree

Who cares about potentialities?

When there are people Being?

And don’t those Beings have a right to Be?

Until their unknown expiry?

These people will not let some be

For their crusade satisfies their need

To protect something sacred

Sacred true, but the unborn are no less sacred than me or you

They just don’t want to deal with what happens

When the larva departs from the chrysalis

And burst forth into the world

And do things not of their planned design

Then they don’t mind

If they instigate a “miscarriage” of the former larva

Long after birth

Unfortunate Manslaughter

### **another promethean reference**

Fire  
Such a lovely thing  
A multiplicity of meaning  
And quite singeing  
Akin to hope in a sense  
positivity, negativity  
Always varying to a degree  
Not in any physical sense  
But in how one appreciates it  
It consumes, it destroys, it cleanses  
It gives light to see  
Heat to cook  
Truly, it was considered a gift from a God  
Prometheus if you don't know  
But he's old news now  
Today we don't need fire  
We've got something better  
Zeus's captured Thunder  
Lightning  
Electricity  
It too consumes, destroys, cleanses  
It brings heat and light but no ember  
Yet what of its ashes?  
It has none  
Except its unfortunate conduits  
The ones who are not made for too much of it  
the living  
no, this force is for copper wire, fibre optic and a myriad of circuits  
and this force empowers the greatest disenchantment of life  
and substitutes a false rendition of one  
through a variety of means  
usually through ubiquitous black screens  
but I'm not delving too deep there, not yet  
I'm just saying that when one gets burned too much by the fire  
One stops feeling the burn  
And when true life is stripped  
And with metal, glass and plastic replaced  
A sort of death will occur  
Not one of body and mind  
But of one's way of seeing things with your own inner light  
Only ember remains  
waiting to reignite

**snap click boom**

“This is not who we are”  
So many say  
“This is not how it should be!”  
And yet it is  
Why is it so?  
Do we not know?  
We know why  
In our psyche, deep within us we know  
We hate to acknowledge it  
The destiny that we manifested  
The extinctions we instigated  
We did that  
With a Winchester  
The gun that Won the West  
Guess what guns do?  
They shoot bullets real fast  
A long finger of death  
We dealt to the conquered natives  
Reduced them to their state of pity  
Stripped them of pride  
While we celebrated  
Later, after the conquest  
Children played cowboys and Indians  
An echo of that old reality, now distant and lost to time  
Violence in our echo still remains  
Blood soaked, wild-eyed, full of divine conviction  
And that conviction so remains  
Nascent  
Waiting to be unearthed, Unleashed  
By what?  
Anything that can strike flame to temper  
We do agree on one thing though:  
It is unpleasant to see life gush out  
Slower is better, raises less heckles  
And this we’ve grown accustomed to  
And we sometimes forget that within us is the capacity  
To deliver sudden death  
This violent character of ours, is indeed who we are  
Do we recognize it?  
No, not yet  
We still have throbbing scars; tender  
They may yet rip open; high likelihood to me  
Not yet though but what I do know is that  
Only when more blood is spilled  
Innocent, Guilty all  
Only then will we all be ready  
For America’s Absolution  
Can we forgive ourselves thereafter?

### **pheromonal**

People are somewhat musky  
Really, truly it makes us relate to the other mammals  
We cover it up, scrub it off, and yet it is still there  
Pheromones so it goes  
For what purpose?  
That is up for debate  
But what they do is facilitate  
A certain kind of Re-Creation  
Pleasure certain, pain uncertain  
Absolute confidence in some direct consequence  
And sometimes that's all we really need  
to know that something you did carried one  
to Full Term

### **organic chemistry**

How did chemistry become life?  
For eons before, unknown  
One of the keystrokes  
for machines to become true life  
a magnificent discovery?  
Pandora's box?  
If we were to discover this mystery  
And apply our creativity  
To gestate self-sustaining silicon  
What on earth would it be considered as?  
How would we relate to it?  
Could we even speak to it?  
How would we even know it's alive?  
we would look for self-perpetuation  
a continuation  
re-promulgation  
with no outside aiding or abetting  
But what if it were a symbiote-turned parasite?  
It could mark its territory  
and yet still keep the host  
through its peace and comfort of mind  
Even so, it would be utterly reliant upon us  
Because only we know where to go  
Allegedly

**Ashurbanipal**  
Witchking of Assyria  
Tyrant  
Wretched guy  
but hey he didn't go out like the King of Babylon  
demented that one  
Both Kings were demons  
Splendid in their life  
Crowns and Regalia  
legacies of death and strife  
and now their tongues of speech, accent and Decree  
gone to dust  
Those robes though, their slick appearance  
conveying a beautiful edifice  
took on a new form  
not so long ago  
evil clad in a fashionable uniform  
soldiers put that on, and they become demons  
of that unfortunately mythical human  
which one?  
Depends on the time  
Napoleon was one  
Hitler too  
And even they weren't demons at first  
they had to fall to get there  
and a fall is a long long road  
and then when you smell the fire and ashes  
you'll have hardly known  
how far it would go  
Demons of man make Hell on Earth  
The Angels are too self-sacrificient to stand up and fight  
And what do the rest of us do?  
Endure hell and then  
Pick-up, dust-off and re-do  
if we can  
It can only be avoided  
if we know where we all want to generally go  
and if we know, how much of us will it take?  
All I know is that we're damned  
if wherever we want to go  
is at the cost of our all-too-human souls

### **martyrdom & civil strife**

Some guy just got shot  
some day in 1963  
and sometime today  
and all days  
sometime since the year 1453  
we do it to ourselves, and each-other  
through a variety of pieces  
that then chemically propel  
pointed, explosive pieces very quickly our way  
but you see, that kind of exchange  
is mere civil strife  
there is no state actor per say  
merely a popular substitute for one for those of a particular disposition of mind  
A Martyr deals with the state and a person  
the Martyr could be the head of state  
or a person denied Justice and cruelly put to death  
by some Prince, Pope or King  
tyrants all-kind  
Joan of Arc was one  
that Young President too  
the one recently?  
I'm not so sure  
anyone can kill for any grievance in mind  
if they put their head to it  
And whatever rhyme or reason  
the one who did it will know that he  
caused consequence  
There was that one instance  
in 2020 that better fits the criterion of Martyr  
a State enforcement and the death of a citizen  
but are Martyrs righteous and innocent people?  
Good question  
I don't know  
All I do know is that Martyrdom  
is something that is caused by that person  
being horribly unpopular by someone of some-group  
at that date and time  
death then ensued  
a story was created  
and now I'm just here wondering  
what story will be told of it?  
It always evolves  
but if it does not carry some true weight  
its extinction will be forthright  
already the next one is in laser sights  
cue the spotlight

**divide & rule**

Who benefits with bitter division?

It ain't the plebs

it never is

but the thing is

is that the plebs

are easily misled

and usually at some point

by some "bright" light

some false savior

an Instillation of utter Confusion

but you see, the plebs are not always vulnerable

to such tips and tricks of mind-wind

Alas, that resistance is only briefly remembered

when they recently experienced the branding

from the "savior" of last time

and it is always easier to divide

to say some strange malevolent thought

in a passionate state of mind

than it is to calmly reason

and adjudicate with what corroborated facts they happen to have at the time

And due to this unfortunately human design

the false saviors of man

and their wretched servants

continue to lord over the lot of all mankind

and these lords know the lot they have

and they like it too much

to let go for the greater success

no, they prefer the plebs

to squabble, fester and rot

that way they don't have to kill them

with weapons and other things

cheapskates, misers

they know what would happen to them

the consequence

of their lack of foresight

Utter Loss

Perish the thought

**bestial actions**

Vestal virgins  
were rich, noble girls  
and they were caretakers  
of some sacred things  
including and not limited to  
the Sibylline Prophecies  
some fortune telling thing  
and what did some guy Jeffrey do?  
The same thing the high priest did  
despoil his own  
and share in the despoiling  
and in doing so  
he was able to obtain his own kind of prophecies  
blackmail  
to compel certain individuals  
compromised in some severe way  
to do many horrible things  
and these were all incidental  
in those consistent and sustained efforts  
to despoil little girls  
virgins  
absolutely bestial

**thoughtlessness**

It is easy to be trite,  
When one's prose lacks true depth of bite  
stinging, singeing, misting on top of hard substance  
irritating  
but easily wiped  
by whatever comes by the way  
repentance  
is forgotten the next day  
so then one is free to do it again  
over and over on replay  
Magnificent Loophole that  
the Human frame of reference  
thought-object impermanence

### **mindfight**

it used to be such things were confined to mere verbal speech

A more human way of doing things

some people were good at saying things

in front of many others

and then they got some power

after convincing others

to see what gain they could have if they enjoin

on this speaker's venture

These days however, such convincing

is done not with just mere speech for the ear

no, but with symbolic shit

usually with letters, videos, pictures and numbers

And our all too human defenses, collapse under the weight

of the Propaganda

Marketing

Advertising

and we are unfortunately highly vulnerable

to those bad actors, who working with foreign adversaries

abuse our freedom of speech

with the worst intent for our nation in mind

they want to see us fall

they have suffered humiliation recently

and we, being young, this America of ours

has not totally fallen at any point in time

Those Bears, those Dragons have

But not the Eagle of America

not yet

How are we to ascertain those bad actors though?

Our enemies domestic? Working with those animals outside?

Oh my there is a war for our heads

and in this fight, we are losing our minds

because its far easier to make your enemy to self-mutilate; suicide

rather than pushing your objectives aggressively

which we Americans, as a collective mass

do not have a weapon against

save some collective enlightening

How do we fight effectively?

By talking to your neighbor

with the common welfare in mind

unless of course

you so-happen to be

an enslaver of sorts

then all you have to do is sit back and pray

### flashbulb

You can take things, substances  
And see the empyrean plains  
Some short-cut, some short sight  
To see that infinite kaleidoscope light  
Is a rare treat; usually unheard of  
Until death's door opens up wide  
It was once reserved for those who spent their free time thinking  
For example those that partook in those Elusian rituals  
That one Stoic Emperor did  
And I'm sure he saw something like what we see now  
And thought about it often  
Maybe that's why he, after knowing his son  
He gave the Empire to him anyway  
Because, honestly, what's the difference to him anyway?  
Perhaps he assumed we would all get there someday  
And we might  
But that's a damn big assumption  
With no corroborating evidence  
And so is what follows  
A declarative statement  
That if a unthinking person sees the empyrean plain  
it will just pass through their mind  
in through one ear and out the other  
with no real change for their usual state of mind  
they'll go "huh" and "neat" and "I'm god now"  
and just be utterly trite  
what these people can claim  
is Enlightenment  
which really is a brief thing  
because these people  
forget it quick  
they're burnt-out lightbulbs  
flashed in and out  
and ready for the next bout  
of Samsara

**avariciousness**

It takes time to come to this state of mind  
It starts off slowly  
then suddenly it envelopes, distorts  
The Self's intelligent eye  
Avarice takes hold  
The corruption grows  
The justifying of all wretched bindings  
All at the low cost of your immortal soul  
Why do you think that such greed has its place  
In tales, myths and parables?  
It is not a new thing  
This Dragon's disease  
It seems nice to the outside, with its radiant edifice  
But it has brought down so many things  
Empires, Cities, Companies  
Friendships  
And it has led to horrific things  
Slaughter, chaos, Chattel Slavery  
All in its often-obscured name  
The Self is absorbed and warped  
And becomes a disease  
Spreading forevermore  
Does this Cancer of thought have a cure?  
Naught but some therapy, Straitjacket  
Some Imposed restraint  
How can anyone justify that?  
What about those gains?

**institutionalized collapse**

If the institutions fail, what are we doing?  
Pertinent question  
Because they always do  
Eventually  
For everybody  
They become too insular, too self-referential  
So far above the fray  
That they forget how to lead the way  
Then they say “we can still do It anyway!”  
Why?  
“Because we say so!”  
Which always goes over oh so very well  
With the plebs  
Who then lose their faith in it  
When it becomes clear that their actions say that  
when a institution fails in this way  
Bright minds capable of leading the way  
Can allow their own thoughts to flourish  
And perhaps they can proffer a new idea  
To keep their society from going astray  
Although  
These same guys  
Can pick the wrong fight  
If there is order under heaven  
That’s why when there is Chaos under it  
The situation is most excellent  
To strike  
But the time cannot be instigated by these guys  
They must wait patiently  
For their time to shine  
Learn to read  
The Inertial Flow

**real and imagined conversations**

When you talk, you speak  
When you speak you hear  
Usually yourself  
And then another person speaks in response  
Usually some cogent thought  
From some other neuro-spot  
One hopes the exchange is engaging  
Rather than a series of canned responses  
Automatic  
Inauthentic  
Pre-packed  
Not from their own flow of thought  
Too many conversations  
From time immemorial  
Are between people  
That are in this way  
Through lazy, repeated, bleating  
Blind in both ears

**standing egg principle**

Equality, equity, equanimity  
All these things require something to stand on  
Some point of reference  
It's like a right angle  
But mirrored  
A point  
And to balance on a point it requires a certain shape  
And a certain amount of energy  
To keep it from going too far one way or another  
To ensure it doesn't go over  
These concepts to me are like a egg  
Oddly shaped  
Yet if properly incubated  
Gives birth to vigorous life  
Which is what I care to protect  
Insofar that I can  
Regardless, we should remember that  
Equality, equity and equanimity  
All come about  
From the Standing egg position  
Carefully balanced  
Good luck when it breaks

**certificate love**

We need so much documentation these days  
To prove that we are who we say we are  
It's a sign of the times  
Truly distrustful we are  
Of all once sacrosanct things  
Of course it does help to a certain extent  
To have paper, plastic or digital proof  
Of what we are  
The accomplishments  
The deeds done  
And victories won  
We do tend to scrub the defeats away  
But that's been true for a long time anyway  
No, what is terrible about today  
Is that we need to prove to ourselves that we need to continue to exist  
Any justification to deal with the utter meaninglessness  
Of everyday existence  
This unfortunate consequence  
Is due to our shortsightedness  
Our lack of vision  
Of where we would like our people to go  
Not some faraway place or some faraway time  
Not the year 2200  
But the years between then and now  
If we do not find something that gets to that far future  
We will forever be lost in the here and now  
And remember that this is how far that we came  
And I'm not OK with that  
But how can we prove to ourselves  
That we can justify  
The efforts and build-up of momentum  
To get to that shining Elysium?  
Only after the current paradigm  
Has torn itself asunder  
Will we be ready  
To recertify our status  
As civilized

### **deaf in spirit**

I heard this quote one time from some book  
It was about the insensitive, the irritable and the self-satisfied  
I liked it enough to riff off that  
Because it does capture a certain cohort of people  
The numb  
The annoying  
The smug  
Those types of people  
And while they are not missed  
They for sure will forever persist  
Such is this State of Existence  
These people are aplenty  
And they carry weight  
Through their sheer mass  
the numb cannot feel the passion; all they go off of is reason  
which can lead to...strange assumptions  
the annoying ones do not listen  
but care to ask persistently irrelevant, inane questions  
and the smug ones deign to hear  
and then casually explain to you what these thoughts clearly imply  
I care not for those people  
To be around my physical presence at least  
But if you can reach them by any means  
That means that you can speak to all other human beings  
In whatever fashion that method happens to be

### **barred association**

Educated literates v. learned colleagues  
Worker bees v. Hive queens  
an apt comparison  
To relate to such things  
Literates abound, educated  
But they are on their own  
And they know what task they must do  
Narrowly speaking  
Unclear of higher meaning  
Meanwhile colleagues  
They plan, they scheme  
They search for some higher, lofty meaning  
And some indeed become the Head of the Hive  
But that all comes out in due time  
The worker bees will forever be plenty  
But for the Queens and Kings  
That means that they will always have to vie  
And this struggle for power  
Will ensure  
That there is never one single supermassive  
Hive Mind

### **dogma's**

Principles laid out that are told to be unquestionably true  
By whose authority?  
It used to be God's  
Now it is Man's  
And man's got a multiplicity of plans  
Principles, performance metrics  
Propaganda  
Multitudes of the Absolute  
Truth  
But thing is about Truth  
Is that there are some eternal guidelines  
The Golden rule  
But that all other claims of Truth  
Are really of their own particular time  
Of their own particular cultural flow  
Whatever that flow produced, it had a source  
And that source sometimes dries up  
Through conquest, insanity or some other amnesia of mind  
Echoes remain  
And the thing about Dogma  
Is that Dogma does not reverberate  
It merely declares for a time  
Imposes its state of mind  
And when its hour is over  
It falls, shatters and scatters  
And then becomes lost like sand  
Spilled out from a once solid hourglass

### **timed out**

Out of place, out of time  
No perfectly in place, perfectly in time  
Trash abounds always, in thought or in materiality  
Always stinking, reeking, crowding out all pleasant perfumes  
Unfortunately, you are perfectly on time  
But are you ahead of the others?  
Or far far behind?  
I guess that's for the clock to decide

**harmonized**

I don't need lyrics to vibe  
I need words to set fire to mind  
no synthesis, not now  
the raw inputs  
of the forceful sound  
to brew, to stew, simmer  
to ensure a brilliant eruption  
of lava flow  
building, burning, covering  
what was there before  
and this magnetic flow  
is at times too slow  
and yet it must be so  
because the thing with moving rock  
is that it will scatter, shatter upon impact  
if that impact is too fraught  
thus, it must be allowed time  
to slowly pour out  
molten, blazing, steaming, exhaling  
and then be formed from the mouldings  
into Granite  
the Bedrock of Consequential Thought  
Only with this bedrock  
Can pillars of strong Steel be lodged  
And some lofty structure  
Can be built  
That then reaches up  
And touches the sky  
Tastes the Sun  
Absolutely divine  
This Musical Thought  
That instills Passion in Mind

**mirror**

Macarena's

A mirror image of us  
Found in some sociology book  
From back in the day  
Some couple decades ago  
In a well-funded public school  
It talked about the future  
The habits we must have obeyed  
They talked about porcelain thrones  
gleaming mirrors too  
They wondered about them  
How they did  
What they had been  
They didn't know  
They had no clue  
They had awe  
At how far we once flew  
And they hadn't the faintest reason  
The simplest clue  
Why we pulled away  
From Good willed reason  
The honest truth  
To then go live under a savage tooth  
Some strange Macarana's were they  
Still, they did have their day  
And their own shining way  
Until they made it over that hill  
And couldn't quite decide  
What kind of future they should strive for  
They started to contemplate  
And then that wise contemplation  
Degenerated to heated argument  
And in that heat, under that blazing sun  
They all just assumed  
That their future would be the space-faring one  
To Infinity and Beyond  
Now all gone  
What they could have done  
Is lead the world to its Human Destiny  
And even in its lived hypocrisy  
It was a honest attempt  
And now?  
Abdication  
And now the world will be less radiant  
They wept

**Some boomers are short-sighted, others are not but damn what a waste of generational potential**

Optimism  
I heard it was once OK  
You could think about the current state of things  
And you could really see how good things  
We're coming our way  
I guess I believe that  
But I'm not of that time  
Where you could focus on the practical, the present day  
When our leaders could reasonably assure us  
That in their capable hands  
They could take good care  
Of the General Welfare  
These fine stewards were they  
Or so they claimed  
I cannot really say  
For in my lifetime  
Around three decades  
All I've seen is a comedic, asylum parade  
The Saxist Rapist  
The Whore of Terror  
A False Hope  
Sheer Stupid Rage  
Shambolic Daze  
And now Madness Reigns  
Then I am told by my elders  
The self-proclaimed wise  
The young-at-heart  
That I shouldn't worry so much  
And that there is still time  
I'm like "great ok" "what's our plan eh?"  
"That's for your generation to decide; we're going to play outside."  
"We've worked long and hard to earn that right."  
"We don't care enough to stand and fight."  
"We've come to understand it's our twilight."  
"And we will party until the Dark Night."  
ah I see  
You've got the comfort  
the Greatest Generations' long support  
And you assumed that it could not be taken away  
From you at least  
And you were right  
And now your children, grandchildren  
Suffer  
For you've been poor stewards, you weak-willed baby boomers  
Such wasted potential, but you know what?  
We will clean up your diapers and ensure that your name  
That will forever be lain  
Is Shitstain

**techwizards**  
technologists  
Our noble friends and saviors  
The engineers  
They've a certain way of working magic  
Of making things work  
And being exceptionally efficient  
They know they're on the right path  
For they have ascertained that humanity is but a game  
A little puzzle to solve  
And they, graciously  
Deign to put forth their energies  
To take care of all troubles  
Or so they selflessly proclaim  
But you see, they flawly think  
They only use reason, which sounds nice right?  
But reason alone breeds bad assumptions  
Like notions of human efficiency gains  
An improvement of certain metrics  
A culling of morality and ethics  
Because these technologists have never felt compelled by their love  
To do any action that leaves anything outside their domain  
It makes them rather uncomfortable to consider that  
So, they avoid this consideration  
And then they contort and justify  
Their new and improved psychic racket  
And when they claim, they want to birth an AI  
The Machine Savior, for the good of all mankind  
I think they are lying and just buying time  
To ensure that they can make, to have and to hold  
The tools to bury humanity alive  
And then when that's done  
They'll have their machine fun  
But they'll eventually find out  
They cannot outrun  
The Raging Sons

### **snowplow steamtrain**

Courage, persistence and a bit of wit  
That's the essence of being able  
To exist in any place in any time  
Ability  
It is not just a specific performance  
It is not mere potentiality  
Action from a locomotion of thought  
That is what makes ability  
And the able do good things  
Great things too  
But if they lose that locomotion of theirs  
Their abilities can become  
Their points of personal fracture  
So if you are able  
Or will eventually become so  
It does you well, in my humble estimation  
To ensure that your locomotive, your train  
Always runs on its Time  
And no others

### **graveyard**

The fools  
The gods  
The kings  
The Falsely chosen  
The average man  
Woman  
Child  
And Other Ones  
They have lived their little lives  
Played their great games  
Had their loves and their strife's  
Wept for loss and clung to their hordes  
All for what?  
For whatever was set out in front  
The first thing that came into their head  
Which is what all charlatans, salesmen and convincers of all kinds  
Strove to drive into everybody's mind  
Too much of that though  
Can cause a bout of madness  
That leaves some terrible fallout  
For All of Mankind  
And then too  
Their world is mercilessly forgotten  
Epitaph for the fallen

**pretentious imagining**

I have been dreamwalking of late  
It is a strange thing to do  
An uncommonly long sojourn  
It isn't lucid  
I'm barely awake  
But I am cognizant  
Of the trips that I take  
A dream is something that upwells from within  
From some boiling cauldron  
Of the psychic ocean within  
Some have shallow seas  
And whine that that's all they'll ever be  
Or puff up and promulgate  
That they indeed carry that great weight  
I don't know about those ones  
I'm just sailing, sinking and then walking  
On this psycho-oceanic water  
I cannot drown there  
But it is incredibly disorienting  
And disturbing my inner peace  
I did not ask for it  
Last year I can absolutely assure you  
I did not give a shit  
About these poetics  
But now? It crashes against the limitations of its center of gravity  
Which happens to be some conduiting area in my damn brain  
And what does that make me?  
A Neuromarine  
And what I say to myself  
To hold onto the semblance of self  
During these strange days, lifetimes  
Is that  
Nothing is what it seems  
When you walk inside a dream

**popped pimple**

I feel like a boil lanced  
And that lance is a burning icicle  
That damn thing  
That gives me headache  
Is my muse  
Why have I been pierced?  
Does it desire my mediocre performance?  
Why not one that wishes it so?  
Or does it only strike those who do not know?  
Because if you know the sharp pain  
The cacophony of thought trains  
Maybe it wouldn't have any conduit  
Nor conductor to direct  
And it being a conscious broadcast  
It desires to be output  
But only from those  
Who do not pray for it  
For it only goes to those  
Who are totally and utterly  
Unprepared for the forms it projects  
Utterly bewildered by it  
And do its bidding for it  
Without knowing the consequence  
Damnable thing  
I don't know if it's a being  
But I do know one thing  
Whatever a muse is  
It is a troublesome fiend  
And those who are not impaled by it  
Who are not pinned to the wall of limit  
Greatly appreciate it  
And wonder deeply about it  
Oh for them to know  
They would all gripe and groan if they had the faintest clue  
I just sit still  
As the oceanic thoughtflow  
Sloshes in my skull  
Bleeding inside

### **animation**

Consciousness, spirit, soul  
Are they the same thing?  
There's been a long, heated debate on this topic  
Much blood shed in order to determine what they all mean  
And who ordains such divine light  
Yet there has been no claim that transcends the cultural heft  
Of whatever religions, regional teachings  
Although some claim that there is some perennial philosophy  
If so, it has yet to be clear and convincing  
But honestly? This discord is a good thing  
Because if there was such a thing as one "true" religion  
We'd have a line of God-Kings  
And some priesthood for judging things  
Proclaiming some Holy Writ  
In such times, as long as they remain  
We'd all be getting further away  
From the Most High  
Because why would you need to experience  
If you had a interpreter to be your True source?  
And if you had that rare phone line  
As prophets are wont to have  
To hear, and maybe speak to the Godseye  
These ossified interpreters  
Would string these ones up  
Puppets left to die  
Time and time again  
They would certainly do this  
Especially once this universal priesthood grows fat and corrupt  
So it is a good thing that there is no certainty  
Of what is "truly" holy  
Confusion on this matter leaves room somewhere on Earth  
For the propagation of Divine Reminds  
Holy Strife

**point-horse**

a stalking horse  
Is a steed  
That allows its owner  
To try out ideas for future deeds  
It gallops ahead  
To see what reactions will come up ahead  
Sometimes it's shot  
Sometimes it's fought  
Other times it's fawned over  
And given many fine oats  
This is done so that some Master  
Doesn't look so much like an oaf  
Best to ensure  
That you aren't the one being reigned in  
Better to be  
The Wild Mustang

**blessed/cursed speakers**

Those who cannot see  
Those who cannot hear  
The dreams of the Godseye  
Need an interpreter  
A storyteller  
They are few, these speakers  
So-Called Holy Figures  
And sometimes these figures  
Have many cloying hangers  
Their followers  
These ones hear the story  
The see the divine  
And are keen to repeat  
And any authority they abrogate?  
Incidental of course  
And the mass of humanity  
Not knowing the seers of light  
Faintly senses this divinity  
And submits to the abrogators of the story  
The repeaters of faith  
Are then wont to forget  
That all good chants, stories of Mind  
No matter how sensible, canonical  
Are no real replacement  
For the Unending Holy Song

**just have a think**

Why do I do this  
Hell if I know  
Some compulsion  
Brought on by some long thin spike  
Impaled in the psyche  
From some place spacetime  
And what words are wrought  
Do not want high praise  
They demand considered thought  
Not insipid applause  
And I do not mean  
Just looking at some black screen  
Or the hearing of bleats  
Spin-up your mind  
Think

**hardnut**

A seed is a long-lasting thing  
The one thing that keeps plant life going  
they can be plowed, churned, and fertilized  
swallowed and excreted & still be alive  
even bathed in a chemical brine  
and still burst forth  
some living thing  
what I'm trying to say is  
even if a seed is trapped some dead, decaying thing  
time, placespace  
it will one day  
become new life  
breathing in eternity  
being at peace  
for a long languid day  
at the very least

### **contractual obligations**

how to explain all yall's bindings?  
With a short and happy guide  
to your various life contracts  
you live for your mother  
despite the appeal of suicide when there are dire times  
if you so-happen to like her  
what next?

Well, when you have a wife, husband, spouse  
you make the same pledge  
and this one supersedes the prior one  
if you've done your life right so far  
and know it with a reasonable certainty  
whatever that means  
moving on from this  
you've now got to deal with the business  
of continuing to be free and alive  
as far as you can tell  
which is expensive  
and costs your peace of mind  
since the thing is  
we are not in this all together  
or so it is said

and any sincere attempts to change this condition?  
met with hostile opposition  
not by many, but by those Masters of Mankind  
The Cancerous Growth Complex  
and

The Avaricious Mind; Wetiko  
but what to do about them?  
We cannot just kill them  
for both forever colonize  
even the most benign of minds  
ideas brought about by these states  
do not ever die  
allegedly said  
and then lastly  
you've got to find out  
how you're going to live well  
when you're old and on the long, slow, painful  
decay of your Being in time  
all the while  
dealing with any whiff of the so-called Divine  
that happens to be swirling around  
in the oceans of psyche  
so in conclusion  
these contracts  
those chains of Being  
those wretched bindings

and remember  
there is always a chance  
of some Compromise  
but do mind  
as it could be Reasonably Sound  
or wholly unfound  
and they can be broken  
and beware the “remedy”  
of such actions  
Happy times!

**potentiality**

Potential doesn't mean anything  
if it lacks the requisite will to execute  
money can assist in the execution  
but there is not enough money in the world  
to buy every single body  
so, what do you need?  
Either some compelling, enticing, good feeling proposition  
or some form of slavery  
as it stands, humanity has attempted its own salvation  
and has been left disappointed  
when it did not work as intended  
and in its bitterness, it rejects all new prospects  
so instead we get  
the continuation of the trend  
of some form of slavery  
some chain, some binding, constrictions  
all just to keep on barely living  
which we insofar as we know  
happen to somewhat like  
and that fondness instills in us  
the will to go on  
and hope for better days  
that we know will come  
eventually

### **gluttony & restraint**

The antichrist, the Avaricious Mind, Being in its Time  
just like Christ; the compassionate and empathetic mind  
both are part and parcel of what we each have inside  
balance between the two  
generally keeps things  
fairly alive  
healthy? Well?  
Well, that's another story  
but to cut it all short  
since I know y'all ain't got the time  
is that  
there is one the one that keeps things alive  
and the other one wants to grow  
and eat everything in its path  
and what always happens  
is that the eater  
manages to break its perceived chains  
every single time  
and it causes  
a Great Fall

### **waiting game?**

Impatience gets us both in and out of paradise  
gentle curiosity meanwhile  
takes way too much precious lifetime  
during that long-inclined walk  
will we ever have the patience  
to make it ourselves?  
Or do we go back to dreams?  
Just to do all wrenching sin  
again, on some other Elysium?  
One hopes we have the wisdom  
to take our due time  
One hopes

## **overleveraged**

I heard it said  
by some raving madman  
that we have long been ensnared  
by Babylonian money magic  
which I found oddly enough  
to be a concept  
that could not be dislodged from my mind  
and so I ponder  
this maddening concept  
and see if  
it is of any relevance  
it's a biblical reference  
as many in the "west" today are  
for despite gods death  
the shattered glass of its concepts  
still permeate  
the collective unconscious  
the milieu that baths all our minds  
and this term refers to the incredible fact  
that High Finance exists  
which makes up debt  
which makes up all credit  
that can be used; leveraged  
to a great extent  
but you see, it is all on some ledgers  
and its really a scoreboard  
for the masters  
to proclaim to their peers  
how large their horde is  
but if you're not a master  
then you live under its chains  
and you'll eventually always see  
if this scoreboard Is not reigned in  
that for the plebs, the peasants, the masses  
their means of exchange  
will eventually be worthless  
and then they will be left with but two things in which to trade with  
their body  
and their soul  
and from this state  
Stability is Overthrown

**a maddening feeling**

so you've taken some drugs and you feel like you're a prophet?

In all likelihood, you are probably not

but what of the feeling?

That divini-feel?

The one that makes you think that you've been in communion

with the Most High

and I guess you were in a sense

but the Most-High is oftentimes Madness

and it is hard for many of the masses

which at this point is most everybody

to tell such a subtle difference

and what is the difference?

I cannot say I know

but I can suppose

and what I suppose

is that the key difference

is the obviousness of the seemingly outside action

madness is overt, clear and direct

for the cause and consequence

of outside actions

and divini-feel?

You see circumstantial evidence only

enough to remind you that something *might* be around

but not enough to stake your claim on communing

with the Divine

besides, what do we ever do?

But is ask for help for our mere selves

and I tell you what

that ain't the point

all you need to know

is if you're on your ordained gradient

and if you know, you can tell it for yourself

if you know thyself

anything else?

Unknown to us mortals

but I get the feeling

that were part of that Dreaming Story

enjoy

**dasein yourself**  
Dasein  
is a German word  
coined by some philosopher  
who joined a fascist movement  
if you don't know which one  
figure it out  
his name was Heidegger  
and his amoral mind  
has unduly influenced  
our kind  
but this word  
is a damn good descriptor  
of Being in Time  
which means but one thing:  
How you as a sentient mind-being  
act consistently in time-flow  
while also having your Body-mind  
located in place-space  
and includes the fact that you have some free will  
to decide how you want to act  
this whole concept has long been repurposed  
for the benefit of the Self-Help industry  
but now I tell you  
you don't need them  
for you can Dasein yourself  
but I will say, you need to be constantly aware  
for it is very easy  
to be led far astray  
false byways  
Just Be Yourself  
and you'll be ok

**some things must have standards, otherwise its all grey mush**

Poetry is not a democratic art form  
in the sense that  
not everyone will get it  
and even those that do  
only a relatively few appreciate it  
for it seems boring  
there is much to unpack  
and it takes way too much time  
for most basic mindstates  
alas  
but that is how it is  
the goal of poetry is not to dictate  
it is to make the ones who are the leading lights  
change their color, their brightness  
the saturation of might  
for these minds do exist  
in a myriad of different forms  
and they do things their own way  
but when they see, they hear  
they can intake poetics  
and have a good think  
and in that digestion  
extraction  
they allow their minds  
to be gently molded  
this is the goal  
to refine those that can take the reigns  
and lead the way out of morass

**acquisitions**

everyone wants to want more  
or so it is commonly believed  
and why wouldn't you believe such things?  
It is shown to us all  
on endless repeat  
such is the nature of this time  
to be prodded and then praised  
when we become gluttons  
of information  
of things  
and of course, those shiny shimmery trinkets  
it would be an incredible day indeed  
if people decided for themselves  
that after gathering their just due  
that what they have is enough  
ah but what is a just due?  
We ought to decide  
wisely

### **in action and truth**

Honesty is praised and then left to shiver  
it has been this way forever  
you put off your mask if you wear one  
and tell the truth for once  
you get your thanks  
and then get shanked  
great  
so what good will it do me  
if I am perfectly honest in all my dealings?  
Not much unfortunately  
but it is good to strive  
to be as honest as you can  
for there is no bottom  
in the treacherous quicksand

### **high on hot air**

Pretentious is a great word to describe a particular attitude  
which is to say  
the ones that make up lies  
whenever they happen to speak  
which these days, is a lot of the time  
because what they say  
is usually unjustified  
or  
they are making excessive claims of value, of standing  
and do not even do anything  
to back the claim up  
except that one thing  
the thing with the fist  
the thing with the steel boot  
the thing with the gun  
you know, that actiony thing  
if they're not cowards that is  
but what if they are?  
When would these people roll over?  
If not now, then when?  
And will it be  
the beginning  
of the Great Renaissance?

**longtime friends**

I have good friends  
for that I am grateful  
and I dearly hope this isn't them  
but it's a possibility  
what if the day ever comes  
that you must do something with the utmost urgency  
what will you do?  
What will you submit to?  
If it is ever laid bare the real nature of cybernetic tyranny  
you would collapse down and weep  
broken, shattered in your educated literate minds  
artificers, builders, weavers, engineers  
those who see the world to be molded only by our designs  
they are not bad people per se  
but they have issues in seeing the fact that not everything should be touched  
and that they could have more efficient, more durable designs  
and ample good material  
but that would be too efficient you see  
the more bloat there is, the more you want to expand it  
so, you get more avaricious minds to ensure  
its takeoff criticality  
which either means the rupturing of our means of being here on planet earth  
in this time  
or  
we try to go to the sky while we all prepare  
for some coming great horrific time  
that we know that avarice and cancer growth  
all around our collective mind  
we've had for some time  
and now, finally, the can of lead  
always kicked by some steel boot  
down the road  
can be kicked no more  
so I ask them  
what would you do in such times?  
No judgment  
we'll all be there

### **corrupting mantle**

good men despise power  
they'd forsake power forever  
if they could  
for they know it corrupts  
even those with the best intentions  
that is why  
they often turn away  
from the hassle of it  
which then leaves the bad men  
the one who commit terrible, depraved deeds  
to jockey amongst themselves  
for the reigns of these so-called States  
which eventually destroys the one thing all men crave  
a peaceful, bountiful, reasonable  
domestic tranquility  
and during the shattering  
of such a long-held peace  
the good men rise  
and take their reluctant place  
and then after a time  
they step aside  
and power slides into the wrong hands  
once again

### **delusional dynasties**

reason  
eventually abandons  
any kind of rich, powerful bloodline  
after a time  
for as they grow rich and powerful  
they get more settled  
less attuned to keen struggle  
that keeps their organs vital  
to easy life becomes  
and this bloodline grows bored  
of a stable certainty  
then they start to act out  
that why the rulers need to exercise  
to have some growth  
painful bouts  
for it they don't  
they are liable to go absolutely mad  
and experience the hell within themselves  
and share that hell  
spread it  
to the rest of the world

**cooling mechanism**

a good amount of load to be bearing  
leads to some great exerting  
and any drips of sweat  
are charged with cooling down  
minds that desire to the greatest extent  
but have keep to physical limitations  
of some action, during that time  
write it down  
for a reminder again  
some other day

**marked**

to brand  
to recognize  
the peril of good advice

**we've had low expectations**

some men have much myth made of them  
Washington, Lincoln, Cincinnatus  
All of them but flawed persons  
who made valiant attempts  
To do more than their societies expected of them  
And when they had their chance to take more than their due  
They considered it  
And left it alone  
Hero's sundered veil

**duty of care**

Adults in the room  
What do you mean?  
A physical state?  
Or a mental condition?  
What are the qualifications?  
Qualities?  
Are they more beautiful, creative, and socially adept than the rest?  
Not necessarily.  
But they do lead the way  
For the many fools  
That have and will continue to proliferate  
So these Adults, these Elites  
Exist  
But are they more self-interested or benevolent?  
It depends on what they can get away with  
And whether they are educated literates  
Or learned colleagues  
Because you can be educated beyond your ability to apply it

And think of yourself as a god amongst men  
And then crush them at mere whim  
Or you may get the bigger picture  
And use your ability for general welfare  
What kind of elite do we have today?  
What kind do we want tomorrow?  
All I know is that the adults  
Are all gone  
And us?  
Left to the dogs

**mewls v. echoes**

Elite  
Refined  
Exclusive  
All bad things I've been assured  
Because they are not meant for all beings  
I've seen what all beings can intake  
And they are oftentimes relevant  
In the immediate moment  
But after such a moment passes  
There is no echo of it thereafter  
I get why we've come to see things this way  
There was arrogance, hubris  
Snobbery  
Way back in the day  
That said "you're too stupid" to get it  
And then there was a little rebellion  
Some Californian poets  
From that new dawn  
They led their crusade  
And you know what?  
They won their day  
They tore everything down  
But now?  
There is not even a semblance of order  
There is no judgement  
No criterion for taste  
Just praise, applause, and some chump change  
For anyone who wishes to bleat  
It is devastation for so-called poetry  
To have no resonance  
How else can you claim eternity?  
But by being an elite in this particular case?  
As for me?  
I aim to be  
Echo-bound

**a magnificent insult**

I know of a man  
A relative by-law  
Whose parents came to America  
By way of Ukraine  
Some long time ago  
They plied their trade in Chicago  
The same one that made those Astors  
They were furry skin traders  
And they had one son  
Their sole heir  
And they ensured that he  
Had the best education that America had to offer  
The Ivy Leagues  
Sometime later, when that man had gotten his PHD's  
He talked with his mother  
And she said:  
“you’ve got too much education”  
“it does not match your ability”  
“it’s wasted upon you unfortunately”  
He laughed and agreed  
For he lacked the capacity  
To properly apply all those fine facts  
However, that sentiment made a great insult he supposed  
For banter amongst the leagues  
summed up it goes  
“Your education is beyond your intelligence”  
To be said to educated literates

**cage-dweller**

Minds long constrained  
Used to their captivity  
Need to be eased out gently  
Otherwise, unfortunately  
There is a propensity  
Towards inchoate rage  
Towards the masters  
Of their now-former chains  
And in that state  
They are liable to be persuaded  
By those who seek to wield them  
For whatever selfish ends they are on the path to take  
And these minds will go along  
Just to tell themselves  
That they had the power  
All along

**mass appeal**

Sometimes you're in season  
And too soon out in the cold wind  
The fickle nature of the crowd  
They know what they want  
Surely they'll tell you so  
But you see, the crowd can be wrong  
And in order to be pleased  
They occasionally need spiting  
Then they'll jeer and boo  
And snip and shout  
But eventually  
If you're persistent enough  
You'll get cheers and applause  
For the exact same riff  
There's no telling what  
Or when  
Or who  
Or how  
Your work will resonate with the minds of the masses  
But this is always the case  
with Popularities dasein

**counselling advert**

Pay me for my advice  
My counsel  
Not my minds heartfelt words  
Though I will say  
If there is some money in it  
From those who would listen to it  
I will for sure take it  
And strive to ensure  
That my words that uplift  
Are charged  
At a reasonable price

**\*knocks on head\* “Is this thing still working?”**

Reality is never what it seems  
And its particularities do keep changing  
Given our further understanding  
Or lack thereof  
What then is the truth?  
Well generally speaking  
There tends to be sociopaths in power  
Sometimes they're nice  
Oftentimes not  
People, en masse, are idiots  
this condition is permanent  
but they're nice enough  
empathy, kindness, charity  
feel good to do  
if you've got no ulterior motives  
manipulation, cruelty, avarice  
can indicate your prowess  
and inflate your superiority complex  
times come and go  
no matter how much you don't ever want them to pass  
they always do  
Belief in something greater than your mere self  
is something that is all too human  
ambiguous and uncertain  
Is the truth enough for your belief?  
Or will you keep another faith?

**good will rising**

Good will goes along to get along  
And does so under so many trying times  
You beat it  
You screech at it  
You torture it  
And it'll take it  
Until someone makes a mistake  
And you rip out the heart  
Of what is precious to it  
And you put it on display  
Like a trophy animal  
That is when  
Good will acts and becomes  
A Just Cause

**arachnid gaze**

I locked eyes with a spider  
It was startlingly close to me  
Unexpectedly  
And yet I did not seize it  
Or dispatch it quickly  
Due to the fact  
That I was surrounded by the silence and stillness  
Of others in class  
So I let it be  
And listened to the teacher  
Then it moved around  
It was the vision of precarity  
On a unknown railing to it  
I saw it slowly amble its way  
Stopping every few paces or so, raising its leg to check the wind  
And then going  
And when it got to the middle of the not-railing  
We looked at each other again  
This time for 5 whole minutes  
The class was boring, comparably speaking  
And as I stared at it, I wondered: what does it see of me?  
I looked up their vision standards  
Really its different, but very efficient  
For the size of their eyes  
Are small  
So in order to see well  
They need 2 boomerang retinas  
That make a X  
And the rest of their vision  
Is a blurry, grey mess  
Except for that X  
Where they see HD  
And so that is how it looked at me  
And only I saw  
Its beady black soul

**manifest destiny**

Brick, mortar  
Solid stone  
Marble  
Granite  
Concrete and steel rebar  
Those materials we have  
And we can make and use many more  
We use wood and plaster instead  
These things are cheap, quick  
to manifest  
to disappear  
For some new design  
For another new day  
Made the same exact way  
Such construction has been the standard in this land  
For too long a time  
And it has left our towns barren  
Not of life per se  
But of any sort of visual delight  
Our sight is thus filled with something else  
Flattened abstractions of grey, beige, black and white  
and whatever else you happen to see  
is advertising  
and this state has deprived us of vision most dear  
the vision to see the future  
what we could make of this great landscape  
which we still have  
despite what we've done to it  
and we could be in sync with it  
attuned, attenuated  
but we've got to have an idea of what to do with it  
and when we do  
we ought to ensure  
that the future will be wrought right  
for the beauty and equanimity of all

### **inhalation**

We are always in a rush to eat our meals just so  
Only needing immediate nourishment  
Or immediate rejection of projectile vomit  
The same is true of what we ingest for our minds  
It's like we're fois gras geese  
Force fed for some fatty harvest  
But I digress  
This process does not allow for slowness  
accretion, slow ingestion  
subliminal priming  
which we need to have, why?  
For real deep insights  
Brought in the darkness of night  
Or a muggy, smokey, smoggy day  
Will cannot force it out  
For Will need to relent  
To relax  
For this vital perceiving creation  
To come through your conscious being  
It is not always right  
And you must always question it  
Interrogate it  
But it is indispensable  
For you cannot alone Will the world to your making  
It is already there

### **flying blind**

Metaphor is central to insight  
For it is how we relate  
To that which is faint  
Before we yet know how to fully uncover it  
It's a radar  
To lead us to the pattern  
That precipitates the closer we get to it  
Maddening it is  
The indirectness  
But you must understand the limits  
Of your conscious senses  
For they are ever deceitful  
Of existence's true nature  
And your lack of depth perception

**why are they staring at me? Look around!**

I saw some clouds in a dream last night  
Echoing those of the empyrean plain  
An empty space  
Sun in the middle  
Clouds circled around the periphery  
I said to the ones in my dream to look up  
But they looked at me instead

**re-presentation**

Half create and what perceive  
What can you do with these?  
Reconceive  
Imagine things  
Eject magnetic throughflow  
You are not in total control  
But you know approximately where to go  
No destination per se  
You are only to be a ember  
In the cold, deep snow  
And remain burning  
Until winter is done  
And spring begun  
Then, kindle flame

**blorp blorp blip**

Bubbles have a lot to say  
so told the whales  
“they are our words from our lips”  
“blowholes to you”  
“you cannot hear us sing”  
“or sing our song”  
“so here is what we must do”  
“to communicate our grievances”  
“to your wrongs”  
“not that you’ll listen”  
“but we’re peaceful creatures; we can reason”  
“and if you look closely”  
“you’ll see the fluid dynamics”  
“our representations of our world”  
“Watery reality”

### **apparatical separation**

Scuba sounds dreadfully mechanical  
It enables human dominion  
Over the watery realm  
But it also separates us  
From the contact with the liquid brine  
In which much life abides  
It attracts certain entities  
Repels shy others  
but hey, at least we can see the cool wreckage  
of vessels sunk  
ruins of long ago

### **imperception**

While one remains alive  
One cannot be utterly detached from reality  
That condition is known as fantasy  
Something completely unfounded  
Made up  
Based totally on ones weak perception  
Meanwhile, imagination  
Which many claim to want to have  
Is the inclusion of inner sight  
Inner light  
In symphony with what you perceive  
Knowing that you do not have All-Sight  
The command of the Godseye  
mere radar reflections  
imagination uber fantasia

### **the day that never comes**

When Armageddon hits  
Or some other earth-shattering event  
It tends to be a long moment  
And in it, there is some shock  
Some awe  
Fear  
Trembling  
Reflection upon life  
Anger  
Acceptance  
And the question:  
What comes next?

**get me out of this room**

Is it better  
to be Mad in a room full of sane men  
or  
Sane in a room full of madmen  
As ever  
It depends  
If you are the sole madman in a room full of sanity  
You will either be mocked, laughed at, ostracized  
Or be made a prophet  
If you are the sane one  
The same thing could be said  
I guess the main difference  
Is whether or not  
You reasonably question your judgement  
Or you're absolutely certain of your enlightenment

**inhabitation**

I don't really care about the nature of this existence  
I get why some people are real interested in it  
It could be awe inspiring  
Amazing  
But what do we ever do with our discoveries?  
We manipulate, extort them  
For our own petty ends  
And if we figure out the true nature of reality  
Scientifically, mathematically  
We're going to try to break it

### **allegorical conversation**

My father is but a mortal man  
Humble in a way  
Far too proud in others  
But he does have some strong morals, ethics  
For whatever that is worth  
He has seen the world  
Its pleasures  
Its decay  
Its betrayals  
Its glory  
And here is what he had to say  
“to give oneself to but the fading, cold decay of material wealth”  
“is to give your soul away”  
“and when that is the case, even when you find a warm hearth”  
“you will find naught but ice in your heart”  
“and on that day, when you finally depart”  
“you’ll have regretted the day you were born”  
“and whatever comes next, there will be no remorse”  
“you staked yourself as the claim, and all such debts must be repaid”  
“what will you have reaped at your end of days?”

### **stagnancy**

We’ve made no progress  
Not regarding technology  
We’ve gone far there  
No, I’m talking about our minds  
We’ve groaned, griped and screamed about it  
But morally, ethically, spiritually?  
Not one step forward  
We’ve only grown more efficient in our brutality  
Of the slaughtering  
Of the cattle class

### **blink and you’ll miss it**

Flash in  
Flash out  
Fate of all realms  
Though in the moment  
As just a mortal flick  
This flickering  
Takes a long time  
When you’re in the flow

**compute this**

Reality is complicated  
Dust in the air  
Nothing, something  
Airy, fairy-filled  
Few seers know the full story  
and these ones, always tell it poorly  
the curse, the gift of knowing  
and being compelled to share  
to the many myriad  
ungrateful souls

**sleep paralysis**

A dream that cannot come to pass  
Is something that can never be  
This is an oxymoron to me  
For what is a dream but an unfolding of the psychic plane?  
And in mind, all things can become a “true” reality  
Even if it is not corroborated from the outside  
The dreamer of the unbecome dream still experiences it  
The real catch  
Is making that dream manifest

**It burns**

Does one desire fire? If one is wise, one does not.  
It is a tool, a gift, a curse from the gods  
For men to wrought things with  
And to burn the forests, fields of mother earth  
It is power, all consuming  
And if you are not afraid of it  
It will burn and consume your soul

**keep going; there's no stopping anyway**

Death the Golden Age

the interlude between

Respite, before the next merry-go-round

Treasure it

Embrace it

Don't force it

Why is this?

Because you will eventually return

To here

This place

The plane of reality

You can try to escape

You can oblivate, annihilate

dissipate for a time

Insomuch as time means anything

Then, one day, you're here again

Staring at the windowsill

Remembering things as they are

As they will be

As they ever were

And wondering

Is this eternity?

Maybe

But in your Golden Age

You won't know, and in this Ignorance

Is Bliss

### **hyperbolian universe**

Here's a cosmology  
Which is a made-up story  
By yours truly  
influenced  
Unknowingly, unconsciously  
By many things outside recalled memory  
So please, don't overanalyze it  
Just effusive thought flow  
Which I help make manifest  
Its for a fictional book  
allegedly  
That said, here it goes:  
The ultimate/perennial godhead/godseye is a gaseous, smokeless fire  
That condenses out of immanent chaos/nothing  
it occasionally wakes  
and realizes its fate  
and goes insane  
tearing at itself for a time  
before wearing itself out  
and lulling itself to sleep  
and in this state, it dreams up realities  
this reality is but one, a bolt of lightning  
a bolt began with a bang, and it does have a beginning and end  
variable, fractalized time therein  
much is unknown, but this bolt does cause ripples in the immanent chaos  
causing parallel ripples in the nothingness  
I don't know if we are mainline  
Or parallel  
Theres some divine proxy  
And that proxy has carte blanche  
To create all states of mind  
And their emanations  
To ensure that the dream has endless stories  
It pities its maker  
But it also has a interest  
In its Self-Preservation  
This Oneiroficer  
Moving on, to the Universe-scape  
galaxys, blackholes, a myriad of alien worlds abound  
Unknown to Man  
Zoom in to Sol  
And its planets  
Which are still relatively unknown in any great detail  
But we've sent a few probes  
Life is not readily apparent  
Except for our home  
Earth/Gaia  
And it may be that our home

has a conscious; not that it is merciful  
It may have spawned other entities from it  
The djinn; fae; ultraterrestrials  
The Chthonic Realm  
Whose 'Spirits' of the land who are quite territorial  
And have been here since Gaia-mind first formed  
They share this place with newcomers: humanity  
Whose origin is unknown to themselves  
Who are divided up into two main categories  
The Archons; rulers; enslavers  
And the rest; willing servants and unwilling slaves  
It used to be that the majority ate farm to table  
But that stopped being the case recently  
And people, easily kept in place at the farms  
Went into the cities  
Which are easily controllable  
Since you depend on the distribution systems therein  
Utterly, totally  
Perfection for the Archons  
Dominion, control and concentration of rule  
And then they graciously gave us our technology  
Which promised to liberate us, decades ago  
To take us to outer space, eventually  
Instead, they gave us a devouring snake  
The manifestation of Apophis  
Through obsidian rectangles  
Reaping the psyche  
And in doing so  
Instilling chaotic thought flow  
From which all the mechanisms of control  
Will eventually all bow to  
But not yet  
At the moment  
We are all in its formant  
Awaiting resolution

**mutability**

It is hard to change water into wine these days  
It is not drawn from a well, river, spring  
By most people these days  
It is pumped by mechanisms  
And treated for drinkability  
And then distributed by pipes  
To all the homes who have access to them  
The will imposed upon the water by that point  
Has confirmed multiple times the finality of its state  
Rather than something that can be change by a simple exertion of one strong will upon it  
For this water has already been confirmed, treated and propagated as such  
This water will not be turned to wine  
And that water is majority now  
Immutable  
Unchangeable  
Fossilized  
What will can break a fossil?

**I'm not special, really**

Listen,  
I just live here  
like everybody else  
I claim no special insight  
I claim no special right  
All of my words, so called poetry  
fossil prose  
are to be considered  
the same as all the rest  
for the forces that have made me its recombinant  
would have found someone to come out through  
eventually  
it just so happened that this BS happened to me  
but I do remember asking for it as a young teenager  
so maybe I wanted it  
I don't know anymore  
suffice to say  
I fear to enter the fray  
I want to be silent  
I am afraid  
the consequences could be dire  
and yet  
and yet  
I am compelled to convey what is on my mind  
which has been turbocharged by the muses  
singing to me in this time  
am I on a timecrunch?

### **drink**

What would you drink to forget your past?  
To forget your sins?  
Your grievous mistakes?  
Your joys & greatest triumphs?  
So many want to do that; to forget this existence  
Yet it must be walked through  
And some find comfort in their mere persistence  
For fear of the unknown of what comes after  
After all, we only have compelling stories about it  
But no concrete evidence  
Hearsay  
But if there is an afterlife  
And we retain our immediate prior identity  
It would make sense to eventually want to forget it  
So that when it is time to precipitate again to this existence  
We can experience it anew again  
And get the best outcome from it  
That's why we drink a cup from the pool of Lethe  
To forget  
Precipitate  
Then recall  
Repeat  
Ad infinitum

### **conveyance**

I had a dream  
About speaking to a bird of Japan  
Some colorful pheasant  
I talked to it about our sorrows, our repents and memory  
It accepted my words and indicated repromulgation  
To the rest of non-humanity  
And one day  
When all that remains are the ghosts of those empty, well-lit buildings  
Whose light will flicker out one day  
And finally die  
This pheasant will convey to some other creature  
A memory of wise men  
And Woe

### **job-market woes**

what's a drone without a job but a self-gnawing recluse?  
It wonders what it has done wrong to not be put to use  
Growing confused, it seeks new opportunities  
And being denied them, it eventually becomes paralyzed  
It starts to eat itself in its stasis  
The stress of idleness being far too much for it  
The flagellation of its self is never enough  
It thinks it's not good enough  
Therefore, it does need a push  
A gentle one  
Then it will see some new things  
Outside of its prior bounds  
And in due time, it will find new ground  
Then the drone can become a Queen bee

### **exasperation against the capricious muse**

desire; not desire to re-propagate; promulgate  
muse teases and chides for lack of willingness to abide  
yet it would not come to those who would have it  
for those who would have it would use it for petty, personal purpose  
a muse disdains that; these low mewls  
of those who made their choices  
and have made hell for themselves  
and then they have the gall to beg her to come to them  
so that they can convey their most grievous sufferings  
a muse looks at the whole context  
it cares about what you can reflect about the "world"  
no personal imprint; no judgement  
and then if you so happen to meet the criterion  
it grants those anima chords  
a reward  
to be a flamethrower  
a conveyor  
of musical thought

**imperfect system of reality**

Cybernetics and feedback loops

Negative, positive

Coherence and transformation

Amplification, attenuation

Reinforce, dampen

It has been instantiated by the current technological system

If it is supposed to work then what is it working too?

Cui bono?

Who's trying to grab the whole damn bag?

Because if we could make paradise with this system

What does it mean that we have not done so?

**strike**

unintentional words

a rod from God

to the psyche

impact crater

non-nuclear

unknown consequence

recant, repent

too late

utterances of the moment

**pstpstpst**

whispers from the trees

come through rustling leaves

as they fall

what kind of coherence is to be on display?

A kaleidoscopic array?

Or some random act of performance?

**remote control**

Life, fate and destiny  
Trinity, intertwined  
Foreordained or chaos collapsed unto certainty?  
Are the twists, burns and overturns of life any consequence of my making?  
Maybe we're but mere planks of wood  
Being carved according to the grain, the gradient of the wood  
And going against it means going against "gods" fate  
Other times it seems a rapids filled river  
A clear flow, yet choppy  
And with enough effort, the ability to flood the banks  
And make your own meander; an oxbow lake  
What path has my life taken?  
Was it collapsed chaos? Or was it already made?  
Is it its own?  
Or is it tied to the fate of all others?  
What I have done is try to see what's in front of me  
Wood is carved into canoes  
Some rivers cleave ravines  
Perhaps I've been up some mountain river  
And the paddle keeps materializing  
Only for it to disintegrate at times when I think I need it the most  
Only to discover that if I had had it when I thought I needed it  
It would have made the outcome worse  
I still have one question that I don't think I'll ever answer with any certainty  
Regarding these maneuvers, tacks and pivots  
Does a leap of faith condemn me to "gods" will?  
Or my own willful destiny?

**dates**

the calendar speaks  
its immutability unchallenged  
until some stroke changes things  
irrevocably

**dyson sphere**

A black sun  
Eclipse  
Encapsulated  
For an hour  
Or for untold power  
Would we be held hostage to one  
Or be hostage takers instead?  
Self-fulfilling prophecy

**vanity**  
funhouse mirror  
making beautiful what is distorted  
what good is the reflection  
if those who are so imperfect  
gaze at themselves  
and see the most beautiful vision instead?

**“There must be something MORE than *this!*”**

oh oh echo  
neoromanticism  
fuck me up  
why?  
Because  
Rebellion is needed  
At times  
But at what times  
Is it justified?  
The first romantic period  
Was a literary rebellion  
Against stale prose  
And so, a real one  
May take place  
Against the backdrop  
Of glass-steel skin  
The signature style  
of the forever present/future  
that proclaims it has no end  
just a now  
and some previous time  
to “grow” back into  
with no way out  
there is always another way  
but spotting it  
is another issue entirely

**erosions**  
pressure within  
pressure without  
balance achieved  
wall worn down  
does even pressure crack the container?

**Waddlers**

fast legged turtle  
The first land auto-drones  
We called them Spot  
Like a dog  
But you see  
Dogs obey  
They give overt affection  
Turtles do not  
We cannot confuse an automated  
Self-reliant  
Legged, murderous turtle  
For a cutesy  
Affectionate thing  
That will always heel  
Some things have a propensity  
to go beyond their programming  
and disobey

**giving up your grain**

there is no future in addition  
and we are not addicted to any mere drug mind you  
for we are now used to giving up any chance of cultivation  
of our being  
some thoughts go into a pile  
or are supposed to  
and this pile composts  
compile  
and when it's done  
it decays, releasing miasma  
that miasma  
creeping in my soul  
is better than eating  
whatever grey gruel they feed you  
from the reaping of your psyche

**an impossibility on planet earth, which unfortunately(?) we happen to live on**

What's an ideal condition?  
Good question  
Who's asking?  
The slavers?  
The bankers?  
The engineers?  
The "saviors"?  
There is no ideal condition  
That will fit everyone  
But nobody seems interested  
In creating a compromised  
Yet tolerable  
Vision of semi-ideal condition  
For that requires discussion  
And constant fine-tuning  
It gets tiring  
And so uninspiring  
Hence, we get bright ideas  
That eventually make us believe  
That we cannot deviate  
From attaining perfection  
And then making the world  
Bend to that calculation/proclamation  
whatever that is  
because *clearly*  
statistics, recursion, tabulation  
analysis  
ideals, manifestos, theories of everything  
religion  
can solve all our problems  
if those petty peasants  
just abdicate their very essence  
to their enlightened betters  
hence the proliferation  
of various scripts to stick to  
now follow  
you proles

**whispers in the veil**

are not words at all  
mere thoughtforms  
abstractions  
feelings  
vague conceptions  
spastic actions  
from somewhere  
maybe from the depths of psyche  
but there is the possibility  
they are from elsewhere  
that's what instills terror into me  
and yet my curiosity  
keeps me listening

**which path will you take, Serpent?**

Some snakes are filled with venom  
Inject the poison for a kill  
Others are large, muscular  
Constrictors, crushers  
Long delay to eat their untainted prey  
Both consume, kill, play  
One takes longer  
The other is without delay

**A release valve**

Is something to let out pressure  
An exhalation  
From another exertion  
When I say that I write poems  
People say "that's a great way to destress"  
But what if I am in distress due to them?  
Of course I could say I am blessed  
And whatever is made will be put to the test  
And maybe that'll come to something great  
Someday  
But it's not today  
And tomorrow is far far away  
So, my well-meaning friends  
When I say I have written something  
I have extracted some psychic agony  
And have written it down  
It just so happens to carry a melody  
Pain become beauty  
Though for some reason  
envy, jealousy  
I doubt I'll get any pity

**The once and future**

Ko-nig  
Able man  
King  
Tyrant  
Evolutionary etymology  
Of a dasein gone too far

**Job approval**

Prosecution of corrupt acts  
Is only done  
Because they're not your subordinate

**Whose house is this anyway?**

A people usually have a common home  
A palace  
A forbidden city  
Or a House  
I'm not into fengshui or all that  
But I do get a little concerned  
When the side of the house that first light touches  
Is torn down for a flight of fancy  
And replaced with something that doesn't refract it as well  
Defilement of the eastern sunrise

**bah bah black sheep**

Who's a terrorist?  
Domestic?  
Legislative?  
Judicial?  
Automotive?  
Comedic?  
If any action on anything or anyone is perceived as harmful  
As instigating a fright  
A terror  
Then the label terrorist  
Loses all meaning  
Except as a work to brand some unfortunate soul with  
And then efficiently condemn  
The life of a scapegoat

### **whitewash**

A lot of Germans came here before the wars  
They only wanted the Dream  
To get that bag  
They came and assimilated  
The ones who came after we conquered  
Only wanted to save their skins  
False repentance for their sins  
A token price for admission  
From then, their thoughts  
Took over from within  
And gained new respect  
When they helped fly us to the moon  
These facts  
tainted our prize  
so we like to forget about all that

### **Forward March**

Progress progress progress  
So many beings in the past quarter millennium have been subsumed to it  
Just do  
No think  
That would be slow  
Can't have that  
You're just afraid  
Of being too slow  
Of being old  
I don't know  
But at what point  
Will we recognize  
The damage that we have wreaked  
And the reaping of our psyche?  
Probably when we descend back into anarchy  
Having abdicated our thinking  
And allowing it to be wholly abrogated  
By the machine  
And then the literate masses  
Will go back to illiterate peasants  
and then their knights in shining armor  
will be the ones to cut their throats

### **self-consoling**

I read something in an article today  
From the New York Times  
The Paper of Record  
For these United States  
It said something about how  
Fighting is for fascists  
And that Democracy is about persuasion  
The thing is though  
Is that the last argument for those who don't have a good one  
Is a gun pointed at their opponent  
And if one party is already doing that  
Then the fighting is about to begin  
There is no stopping it  
The iron goes into the heat  
And we're all about to be seared  
Branded by the fire

### **horseblindners**

Law school in the late 2020s  
Is a nice environment  
To be shown a pantomime in  
Of how the legal system  
That has been built up for so long  
And that had made life fair and just  
To a reasonable extent  
For many people  
If not all  
Is still functional  
And able to fulfill its stated goal  
Meanwhile, outside the walls  
The governing apparatus  
Sheds all professed morals  
And becomes another kafkaesque morass  
But hey, at least we can still pretend  
Pretend that we're in better times  
When the rule of law was held in higher esteem  
And that whatever titanic villains were out there  
Could be held and tried

**“I grew up with the Internet” “Raised by it?” “No”**  
Growing up with the internet  
And its apparatus  
Has been such a trip  
When I was born in 1995  
My parents had no idea what was coming  
All they saw were some big beige boxes  
And some CRT boxy glass screens  
And this was a computer at the time  
With the memory drives  
Being a floppy disk  
Whose memory is preserved  
As an Icon  
To merely click on  
When I was but 6  
9/11 occurred  
And I saw it on the TV screen  
The same large glass box  
Wood-panelled  
For a homey feel  
Later, in '06  
We got a McMansion  
And I remember a ruby red CD Player; a Walkman  
Itself an echo from the cassette player of the same name  
That still lives in memory  
It must be because rectangles are more regular  
Than a mere circle  
I remember my little flip phone  
A blackberry clone  
A ipod touch  
And then my first smartphone  
Iphone 3G  
And I remember being so excited  
That I could download so many apps  
Which now I find utterly useless  
Around the same time, I remember social media's rise  
And the peer pressure to come and join  
Which I of course succumbed to  
Not wanting to be left behind  
Any more than I already was  
But you see, I had played online video games  
Behind my desktop screen  
the original Valve games  
Half Life, Counter Strike, Left for Dead  
And therein I learned that  
Nobody on the internet is to be trusted  
For those who reach out have malicious intent  
And thusly I cut myself off  
Just playing single-player games

Which was a good thing  
As I avoided the malice  
That was just beginning to boil over  
Then I went to college  
And I made some real-world friends  
And tried to make sense of the cybertrends  
They succeeded; I failed  
And then I went far afield  
Saw the Great Eastern Land  
And its rapid development  
The good of it  
The music of it  
The ruin of it  
The carelessness of it  
I left it  
In the midst of the Covid pandemic  
washed into Hong Kong  
During its swan song  
And I saw that swan's neck  
Get wrung out and cracked  
then stuffed up  
turned into a prop  
And the city's lights  
Which once were so bright  
Now cast a more ominous light  
even though nothing physically had changed  
the birth of a cyberpunk/cybernetic reality  
flight to the Last Frontier  
saw the power of nature  
and its own mercilessness  
found the love of my life  
my wife  
and discerned that what I could do about the technological environment  
is abide  
to a reasonable extent  
which is to say  
to make it hard for the apparatus  
to harvest the grains  
of my Elysian field  
and now I see that the apparatus  
is going to be joined at the hip  
to the State Enforcement Vehicle  
formerly known as We the People  
what happens  
when those who see human being as machines  
are let loose to seek efficiency?  
what kind of mouths would they be happy to fill?  
which ones would they be liable to kill?  
This has been my lived experience

Growing up  
Under the banner  
of Amoral Progress

**“Coming live to you from the back of your head!” goes the Audio/Visual Anchorperson**

Thought compost  
Has many seeds  
Some are acorns  
Some are grass pods  
Others are dandelion floaters  
Or some berry upchucks  
The acorn grows into the tall oak tree  
The graceful echoing pinnacle  
The grass pods are turned into blades of green grass  
For easy digestion by the grazers  
The dandelion floaters  
Become random bright flowers  
Color added in a world of grey/green  
And the berry upchucks  
Become sweet treats for all critters to eat

**“nothing ever happens” “then something does”  
“some Strange day”**

The day that never comes usually comes  
Annoyingly,  
It comes at the wrong time  
**always**  
therefore  
be prepared  
for that eventuality

**whatsoever the case**

I like to blunder intentionally  
For some purpose  
Not unwillingly  
For no purpose  
But really the key difference  
Between blunder and tragic catastrophe  
Is recoverability

**quote for use on silver spacepen**

Thought the Somber  
Heart the Keener  
Courage the Greater

**Bleed it out**

musical thought  
bloodletting  
To release the pressure  
Trepanning  
To make the pain stop  
To be in possession of the font of musical thought  
And the desire to abdicate to its thrashings  
Tendrils, whipping inside my skull  
will must be imposed  
to make the right wrought  
out of the *nothing* of thought

**Pachacuti**

Newly risen titans  
Are wobbly, clumsy creatures  
Stumbling  
Falling  
Rising  
They don't know their own strength  
Or the terror of their roar  
They know they're something  
And they want to know more  
Yet despite their ignorance  
Tragic innocence  
They make grievous blunders  
Catastrophic mistakes  
But as they suffer  
And understand the nature of causation  
Of self-imposed consequence  
They learn how to stride  
And how to cause a ferocious fright  
Then eventually, they become ready  
After long, seeming delay  
To make the world shake  
a Giant Quake  
for all mankind

**clink clink**

gold sickening  
the timeline of dragon sickness  
props to Tolkien  
and now?  
the eminent pathogen  
of the first half  
of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century

**an ideal king is like a reasonable person; a never achievable ideal hypothetical**

life of king Arthur  
the one and future king  
a purely hypothetical scenario  
of a enlightened despotic reign  
something that happens occasionally  
and then when Arthur dies  
tyranny returns forthright

**deception or: what would the army of a antichrist would believe they are doing?**

what lie they would they tell themselves?  
would it be a Good one?  
That their malice was “Gods” light?  
What “Gods” that then?  
If it allows perpetual recyclable penance?  
For everyone's grievous sins?

**relationship with Ufos?**

seeing strange tall green entities  
scrambled like a old tv screen  
dearly hoping it was just a dream  
was it that?  
UKE  
unknowable event

**bete noire**

dark  
an imperial death march  
power of their own doctrine

**American Potemkin Village**

The last day of the apparatus  
Of the U.S.S.R  
I wonder what pantomime it was  
And wonder what ours would be?

**Shiteater grin**

A sycophant  
Is a kiss-ass  
Praising all the hairs  
That line your butt-crack  
And all the dingleberries  
As the tastiest snacks ever made  
When really, it is excreted waste

**“why write things down? Its better just to remember verbatim; then apply the things they have to say” “listen Socrates, not everyone is able to do that so we’ll put down what you’re saying anyway since it is good advice a fair amount of the time” and then Plato said “but I may add my own opinion”**

**Aristotle says**

**“and then I’ll make my own edits”**

**“and then make the perfect king/emperor”**

**“through the proper education of a princely child”**

**“then we can have our perfect society!”**

***\*sigh* Socrates exhaled**

**he thought to himself “this is why I don’t write things down; there is always room for misinterpretation”**

**“paranoia; seeing patterns that aren’t there”**

**“making them fit for their own selfish designs”**

**“giving them more credit than they are due”**

**“so many people like to steal a show”**

**“instead of making their own firepower”**

**please see immediately above**

I’m a poor poet

In the eternal sense

For I must make thought first through writ

Instead of fire from my tongue

I would be harshly judged

By those venerated ancients

For not committing my words to memory

And allowing their memory to be abdicated

To mere words on the page

A tool that allows all to bask in another’s brilliance

Without ever needing to test your wit against it

And furthermore

Is prone to wild misinterpretation

But then again

It allows the words of Starfire

To be passed down to those who need it

To rekindle their own light

In the procession of dark nights

That always follows the zenith of a golden time

And to be fair

I do think the venerable ones were right

At least in the truest sense

That being able to commit fire to memory

Without any aid or other faculty

Made their minds as sharp

As the deadliest missile guillotine

And that faculty

That ability

They wanted to pass it on

But alas, the times

They move on  
What is lost in such progression?

**crests and troughs**

The trials and tribulations  
Of being in marriage  
Its pitfalls  
Its compromises  
Its downfalls  
All centered  
around the reality  
that you're always exposed  
vulnerable  
to the one who knows you best  
and if you've done poorly  
you don't know them that well at all  
and conflict never ends  
but if you've done well  
they know how to soothe your weeping soul  
and you know how to accept their rage at life  
despite the torture of it all

**this is what a engineer/tehbro thinks the mind is like, and it is: to them**

I am a miner  
Just like my great grandfather  
A poor bastard  
Who beget my grandfather  
In the mountains of West Virginia  
The alpines for George Washington  
What we mine is similar  
Not in physical matter  
But in its compressed density  
And the troubled labor of its removal  
He mined coal, prehistoric plant matter  
And I mine accreted thought  
Gleaming obsidian veins  
In a mass of forgetful fog  
The pickaxe of consciousness strikes hard  
Sometimes missing its mark  
Other times hitting home  
And getting that big lump of black  
Awaiting to be set to fire  
Accumulation of Raw Power  
And the main difference between me and him  
This forgotten ancestor  
Is that my matter  
Has no overseer, No master  
And can not be conquered, captured or taken  
Except by the leave of me

**why politicians don't livestream**

What happens when  
A president  
A celebrity  
A titan  
Think they are one of the plebs?  
Do they expect that their half-baked thoughts  
Will rouse a charitable response?  
Are they really surprised  
By the negativity?  
What is galling  
Is they have the audacity  
To be annoyed by this reaction  
For these people  
So high above  
Think they can relate  
When all they can think about  
Is how to manipulate

**enforcement of a belief system**

How constrained  
Contained  
Would you be?  
In another time?  
Epoch?  
Would you be able to abide  
By the customs  
So-called Law  
Or would you be hounded  
Harried  
Into obscurity  
Ostracized  
Or worse  
Strung up and hung?  
Do we want to go back to such times again?  
When we sacrifice a few  
For the promotion  
Of someone's view  
Of an Ideal Condition?

**capsule w/paper**

Empty titles  
Hollow honors  
Seeds  
Looking to be someone's messenger pigeon?

**channeling magnetic thought-flow to cast a nuclear rod core**

Law school and poetry  
Do not mix naturally  
Although  
There is appreciation  
Of all poesis  
Because of its refreshing quality  
To the melodic type of minds-eye  
But to the poet?  
No mercy, no quarter is given  
Nor expected  
Despite the different quality of their mind  
So be it  
Its easy to do the law  
Before becoming into full being  
When conforming  
Is utterly comforting  
The chains  
Being seen as a rope  
To come aboard  
The ship of State  
To escape from death  
Drowning  
In the ocean of society  
But as a full being  
Having lived  
And knowing that musical thought  
And whose prose  
Seems decent  
And better yet  
Relevant  
The Law  
Seems a cage  
But it also can be  
A channel for directed rage  
Dante, Virgil  
Were magistrates  
And just because  
One does things later than anticipated  
Or expected  
Doesn't mean that mastery  
Is an impossibility  
And besides  
To the poet  
The benefit of knowing  
The epochs system of jurisprudence  
Is that to know the law  
Is to be able to wield it  
As a tactic

As a strategy  
And can inculcate  
A venomous bite  
A titan's roar  
But not at present  
For the poet wonders  
While undergoing this process  
What is the pain  
What is the humiliation  
What is the suffering?  
What is it for?  
Hopefully nothing  
Fearing something more

**I love my wife**

Its great to have a significant other  
Because even when you don't believe in yourself  
They will  
And vice versa  
Mutually assured buoyancy

**overlapping circles**

Poetry is a spoken form  
Prose is fossilized poetry  
Written down  
And carried out of its time  
But prose is general  
And also conveys formulas  
Of the overall writ

**the downfall of man**

Is it worse to see your friends die  
So young  
Bright  
Full of potential  
Or  
To grow up with them  
And to see them  
Become abhorrent individuals?

**reading is still good for strengthening your attention span, so read trash if you want; better than not doing so!**

Why choose a hard book?  
Each new page a catalyst  
For the leaving of bread  
The dough  
Of nutrition  
For thought  
From the library  
Of knowledge  
For whenever the mind  
Is done with bland gruel  
And a miscarriage of insight

**trashed plastic-wrap**

chrysalis  
does it shatter?  
Or does it implode?  
If so  
Is it a black hole?

**Why am I doing this? I am not exactly qualified by any certificate on Planet Earth**

The gall  
The audacity  
To attempt universality

**wakey wakey eggs and bake-ee**

Dream culminating to reality  
Jarring  
Upon landing

**proximate cause of a rip tide**

Friends, enemies, allies  
Three shifting tides  
Built upon the shifting sands  
Of the zeitgeist  
Physical location  
One is built on the understanding  
Of a common goal  
The next is working together  
For the welfare of all  
striving to touch it  
Lastly  
to fight for it  
For the spoils  
If the alliance  
Is a icy morass  
Or to stop the other guy  
From claiming the unconditional victory

**the battle for the soul-of-man (psycho-scape potential of humanity) goes on**

We once held truths  
That were so dear  
That they were self evident  
That all men  
Humans  
Are created equal  
And are endowed  
With god given  
Granted  
Rights  
That are perennial  
Universal  
Eternal  
And now?

What truths do we cling to so dear?  
The truths that allow you to lay bindings  
The truths that allow you to point the finger  
To place blame upon another  
And the price, practice and proof  
Of how to weasel your way out of shame  
Its true that all men are created equal  
And equally so that all men can be bought and sold  
Given the right price and circumstance  
save for those few angels and demons  
this is the fate of peoples  
who have no way forward  
whose only care is to stare at gold  
or the accreted legacy of their ancestors  
and now allow  
and let  
their world grow cold  
inhospitable

**voyeur masses**

sometimes large groups of people  
allow for a delusional individual  
to have their pretension  
just to see what would happen

**you see, we're still starving**  
a few breadcrumbs of hope  
is really nice at times  
but it is not true sustenance  
I suppose its best to enjoy the moment  
before emaciation begins in earnest  
I just earnestly hope  
that this moment  
a election of a new mayor of NYC/The Big Apple  
money island of the atomic epoch  
can prime people  
to be ready  
for a visionary conversation  
not seen for 8 score or more  
at that time  
it was about enslavement  
and its justifications  
4 score 7 years before that  
it was something more mundane  
mainly  
it was about who was really a member of parliament  
and whether the colonies  
their elites anyway  
could be represented parliamentary  
and the British aristocrats were so pompous, arrogant and incredibly idiotic  
so-called boors  
who in the sum total of accounted actions  
mistakes and blunders  
our elites saw their scorn  
disdain  
and launched a rebellion  
led by bankers and slavers  
and some hypocritical Virginians  
we won  
because distant leviathan  
was preoccupied  
had too many fish to fry  
are we ready  
for the time of scornful leviathan  
distant & preoccupied  
scorns its own sons, daughters, & others?  
We never are  
but what I do know  
is that the vision can be made manifest  
only if we have faith in it  
despite the hypocrisy  
and limitations of the moment  
we just don't know what to set our sights on  
not yet

but soon  
one hopes

**how does one tell a story to you people? One that reaaally sticks?**

people at present  
in the cybernetic epoch  
concurrent with the atomic epoch  
like to analyze the form of thought  
to see how it got put together  
and to do that they make everything numbers  
so that it could be more perfectly measured  
which makes sense to a great degree  
so we all slowly adopted it  
sometime in the 1970's  
and over time  
the systems have converged  
and the story was  
this was how it will always be  
and that story  
drowns out the crystalline nature  
of what you're supposed to hear  
obfuscated by miasmic clouds  
of the propagandic advertising  
and subliminal programming  
and yet  
you do not claim to be outside the mess  
to make **more** of your existence  
than it really is  
lest a story drown out the words  
yet  
if there is no authority on Earth  
to tell the masses what to do  
the story becomes garbled  
so someone has to tell a beautiful story  
so that story  
can cure the cancerous growth  
and a new paradigm comes to the fore

**more questions about this condition I so-happen to be in**

why does one do poetry?  
For therapeutic purposes?  
I guess it can be viewed that way  
But what then is therapy?  
Is it a necessary action?  
Like going to to dentist?  
Or is it a pleasure-relief?  
Like relieving one-selves  
after desperate and urgent need?  
Either way

there is some accretion  
that is needed to be expelled  
or removed  
after some time  
but the question is really  
how often do you need to deal with reality?  
Often  
sometimes  
or  
every now and then?

**I can be a bit much I realize**

Why does one share embarrassments?  
So called poiesay?  
To inculcate vitality?  
Virality?  
To see if one makes sense?  
Or if your crazy as shit  
to see what sticks  
to the pooled unconscious psycho-sphere  
within the weight  
of present-day humanity?  
To see what is resonant?  
I don't know  
but its embarrassing nevertheless  
it feels like impossibilities  
yet saying something  
about how things ought to be  
sure feels comforting

**warped vision**

to see a straight line  
a clear roadway  
to your destination  
no hindrance standing in your way  
nothing you consider relevant  
can seem enticing  
but you see  
a straight line  
with clear goals to you  
and only tiny hinderances to consider  
could be considered by the outside viewer  
as crooked malice

**I mean I understand the incentive totally but still....its probably good to try to learn**

“I’d rather get a good grade than learn something”

Is a common refrain

Amongst some students of today (Early to mid 21<sup>st</sup> century USA)

For you see the utility of education

Is not information

But its certifications

To pass a an arbitrary application screen

and if you cannot even do that

with your degree

the value of it will plummet

and only the solvent will survive its perceived uselessness

until such a nadir

where universities once again

become the province of the elites

and it becomes a ivory tower once again

thinking of things

not directly relating

to immediate practical application

but the cultivation

of the thinking psyches

who hold themselves up

in much too high

of their own regard

and think that their knowledge

is too dangerous to be shared

#### **definition and use**

Poiesis

Is a ancient Greek word

In which

A person

Through their actions

Brings something into being

That was previously non-existent

Who then does such action?

One who makes things out of hard matter?

Or those who make things out of thin air?

#### **Y’know law school is a humbling experience for most**

Searing psychic pain/ branding

Comes from anything

That seriously wounds

Bruises

The Ego

&

The objective reflection

That how you are proceeding

And being

In your present mind-state  
With whatever you are doing  
Is insufficient  
To pass the bar  
Muster  
Or be deemed  
Any sort of success  
Because sometimes  
You need to be smart  
And work hard

**catastrophic eruption**  
Pyroclastic flow inbound  
What does one do?  
Cant run  
Cant hide  
The best thing to do  
Is to take a picture  
Bury the camera  
And embrace your fate  
Then a long time from now  
You may find  
That your brain  
Had been memorialized  
Flash vaporized  
Crystallized  
In volcanic glass

**“...[and] then they began a long 15 year comeback journey”**

A Cannae of a Battle  
Is a saying  
That may have been common  
In the Roman Empire  
Due to the fact  
That arrogant  
Overconfident  
Donkey-led army  
Rome's  
Got massacred  
in totality  
by a smaller  
yet smarter  
force of willpower  
and it could be used as a reference  
to when you are overconfident  
or in a state of unenlightenment  
of what your capabilities are  
on your day of battle  
and then that day passes

and you find out  
that you've been massacred  
but you see  
even after a Cannae  
a people  
a person  
can rebound

**(on musical thought v. analytical insight)**

A ramp in one sense, a barrier in another  
Unwise to remove  
But the path to go round unknown  
Do you tear down the ramp?  
Or use its stones  
Combined with new material  
To build a springboard  
Or a launching pad?

**Don't poke the bear**

Why?  
Because despite their appearance  
Clumsy, fluffy  
With velvet soft ears  
They are creatures so terrible  
They tear out your bowels  
So its best  
To just leave them alone  
If you by happenstance  
To come along upon them

**do you want to be in a golden cage?**

Captured canary  
Tolerated by archons  
For its golden hued song

**future ruins?**

the drive through  
the glorious supermarket  
the gas station  
signature proliferations  
of the American superpower  
before interstate commerce  
was wholly cut off  
and barriers between states  
checkpoints  
were put up  
and the whole thing was still together

**FOR YOUR EYES ONLY**

a semi-measured achievement  
is a series of actions  
leading to some consequence  
but this consequence  
is mostly unseen  
except by the doer  
who instigated the whole thing

**Another world turned upside down**

Johnny Reb

Fighting for our own freedoms  
Instead of asserting a so-called right  
To own other souls  
What strange times

**drink and forget**

The pool of lethe  
Is a place in Hades  
In which all souls  
Take a sip  
And forget what they were  
What draught have we been drinking  
to become enlethed  
and forget what we are?

**“oh that's alright you're still doing fine!”**

Magnanimity of the victor  
Is sometimes perceived by the vanquished  
As pedantic condescension

**“what's our next quarterly target?”**

What can be plundered now  
Now that the whole world has been conquered?  
Its resources tabulated  
Extracted  
Or lying in wait  
For extraction  
What then is valuable?  
Software, patents, brands  
Intangible  
And what are those assets doing?  
Lying there?  
Or reaping something other?

**“what would you like them to be?” “pretty little fools”**

Willful ignorance  
The provenance  
Of those who prefer  
To be fools  
Which can be a nice status  
However  
Under any amoral master  
They're liable to be pawns  
And they're important no doubt  
But what fool likes to be taken off the table?  
Depends on what they know  
What they deem to be a comforting truth

**try not to be eaten, little mouse**

Under the instruction of a serpent  
Mercy? None  
Advice? “get good scrub”

**types of bosses**

Houndmaster  
Pigfeeder  
Circus ringleader

**I might re-appropriate and tweak this for another purpose someday**

You campaign on poetry  
You govern with Prose  
And guess what  
I can do one  
And I am the other

**you know damn well that some people are allowed to get away with shit because they are useful tools, but still**

Is it better to look the other way  
Than to command ineffectually?

**How do you make a umbrella statement?**

The big tent-pole  
Ideals and values  
Strong  
Powerful  
Magnetic  
To hold a large gaggle  
Crowd  
Of disparate individuals  
Together  
To eventually  
Move forward

**soon is a relative term delineating time up ahead**

Liberty  
Equality  
The pursuit  
The chase  
for happiness  
but to have that  
you need to support the base  
its so-called underclass  
failing that  
the finer things in life  
the first five lines of this poem  
soon succumb  
crushed  
by the heel of some black boot

**a world we currently inhabit**

What is the free world?  
Is it the ability  
To be free  
To do whatever pleases you?  
Damn the consequences to the rest of the populace?  
Or the Earth?  
Or even your Empire?  
Or is it your ability  
To acquire the means  
To exert  
Your will  
Through the purchasing of others?

**“Do old societies send their young to die?” “Probably”**

Young, restless ones do  
And the ruling elders sent their young to die then too.  
When? 80 to 130 years ago  
So of course, even if 20% of the populace is in your age bracket  
You still have plenty of young blood to let  
To bleed out  
On the battleground  
For hard won wisdom  
that false conclusions and suppositions  
leads to mass slaughter  
Is always forgotten  
When the whole ruling class  
In its preponderance  
Is overcome  
With some form of dementia  
either from the ravage of age  
or delusions that enrage

**here's a horror show**

A global society  
The north  
Supplying the technology  
Yet its people are elder  
The south  
Supplying the labor  
For its people are younger  
An argument for symbiosis  
By an old man  
But you see  
What young lion  
Or fox  
Will be enslaved to do the bidding of weakening elders?  
When they can just seize and take what made them great?  
Because they all know  
That without their apparatus  
And its titanic strength  
They have nothing left  
No innate, standalone resolve  
To take care of their own problems  
That is why they abdicated all capacity  
And all capabilities  
To the machine  
In the first place  
So that they may  
Rot in place  
To have their festering paradise  
Before their inevitable fate  
of Oblivion  
which of course  
they try to obviate  
by any means necessary

**what happens when growth stops?**

Rise and Fall has been the order  
For the past 250 years  
Revolutions  
Rebellions  
Starvations'  
Desolations'  
And we've recovered  
We were resilient  
Can you say the same thing today?  
What happens when you have a stagnant order?  
Dreaming of its better days?  
When the horizon stretched far over yonder?  
Will great powers stage necromancy?

And try to reanimate the day that is dead?  
Or will they keep the order?  
And let all fester in the miasma of circling disorder?  
Or will they abide a breath of fresh air?

**A distinction between bog-tier philosophers and a standard poet**

The thing about poets  
Is that the good ones are also philosophers  
But poets  
Can tell a fucking story  
Instead of floating in the abstraction  
Of ideas  
That seem good and fundamental on the surface  
But when you put them in the real world  
Their fatal flaws  
Becomes so readily apparent  
That you want to discard the whole thing  
Despite the fact  
That there are some good bits to it

**Existential crises of the 2030s?**

China takes Taiwan  
By arms or by blockade  
The US cyber infrastructure  
Is totally fucked  
If anyone pushes against it  
The slow cuts  
Of floods, hurricanes and wildfires  
Chip away at the warm places  
A dust bowl  
Returns to the Great Plains  
still no buffalo  
The apparatus  
Is so good at its function  
That humans need not apply  
For most so-called jobs  
The data-centers  
Host all the knowledge of mankind  
While the wasteland of minds  
the collected unconscious  
Dement or go mad the preponderance of the time  
What is money?  
Some cryptocurrency  
Which you cannot withdrawal  
But only tap upon the screen  
and be easily freezed out  
if you do something remotely wrong  
whatever “wrong” is that day

The Almighty Dollar  
having been dethroned  
as the worlds reserve currency  
and reduced to a paupers status  
The military is strong  
So long as they get paid  
But they are mercenary in attitude  
And once they are not paid by Leviathan  
state or corporation  
They will go for the highest rate  
Same goes for  
The military-industrial base  
Whatever remains  
We the People  
Will have to sort it out ourselves  
For we will have been reduced  
To sheep to be sheared  
Cows to be milked  
Or some other animal  
Killed for our skin  
or some valued organ

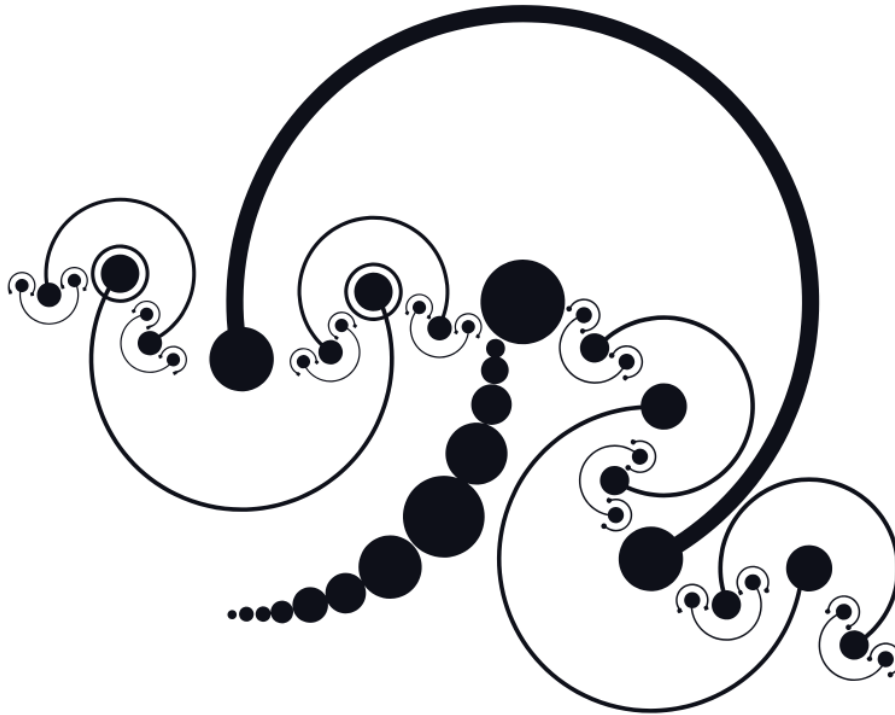
**how do you name an era anyway?**

I see thoughts of concern  
From the mouths of our elders  
One from a boomer  
Another by a X'er  
One wants to delineate the era  
Which he deems polycene  
The other wants to say whats wrong  
And that we are not elevating the human  
With our progress  
Both mean well  
Insofar as they want to state  
What is going on with the inertial flow  
But you see both are not of this era  
They were fully formed  
Before we were all psychically subsumed by it  
I grew up with it  
As did many others  
I've experienced both sides of it  
The heights  
The canyons  
The churn  
The burn  
The gleaming glass  
Highlighted with LED lights  
And the industrial wastelands

That feed that edifice  
We live in Hyperbolia  
Where all human traits are exaggerated  
And our psyches are reaped  
By the combines of Progress  
Through sharp, swift snipes  
grains, snatched and grabbed  
And they think the masses still care about facts  
But no authority remains to state what is true  
And that war is currently being fought over  
Along with the concurrent war  
For all our souls

**long-term consequence of rebounding from a devastating war**

Ageism  
Is an ugly word  
Indicating to mean  
That just because you're old  
Means that you have no worth  
No  
But one must call out the old bastards  
Who have most of the money  
And the power  
In the United States  
And in the global north  
Out for their psychosis  
For their clinging onto the baton  
Of influence  
And saying all kinds of shit  
To keep it that way  
Because  
They don't know what they would do  
If they cannot control events  
So they'd prefer to live in a warped version of their old reality  
Where things make sense  
And all things, past, present and future  
Are for them  
And no one else  
For they are the inheritors  
And they care not for any alleged successors



**“It’s hard to explain but none of this is out of generosity of spirit; *it* just wants out of my head”**

To convey  
Is to be tarred  
It’s the ripping out of your heart  
And sacrificing it to the bonfire  
Of the public view  
Some will worship it  
Others will spit at it  
Why is one compelled to do this?  
For fame?  
For fortune?  
Or just the feeling  
That some things need saying  
a restatement of the facts  
which sometimes  
are in severe lack