



(Click on image to see title video, a YouTube short)

Feel Free to Use it and Share



**This is a work of poetry,
all names, characters, and incidents
viewed through that art lens,
and the whole shall not be judged by any part,
because it speaks in representation and gives characters their voice,
who's liable to say *anything*,
and the author's there to sort things out
if you just wait a minute dew.
That's the shouting line,
even if you think censorship's top dog.
I got your number.
It's hangin' on this book
what offends you.**

How pregnant the moments are,
bleeding in
on railroad cars.
We can't get around the moment time.
It's sharks.
You are present moment robbed.
Then the past slips in,
like an already buried phantom
we can't grasp.
I'm Easter Sunday
to rise from the dead
a flashing moment links.
Then the future comes in
at what exact moment?
I can't catch myself there.
Did the past just happen?
Is the future beginning?
Between there I walk,
startled at the immensity
of the father of time
trapping me in moments
I share with all of you.
Wow, just wow.

Do you forbade this?
Let's get out of here.
Another field has its day.
I've seen it with my own two eyes.
I've seen it with my own feet.
We can step outside of time,
and we can be immensity.
What happened to me?
I've undergone surgery
in my life pull.
Come on baby,
let's get on with this show
the present eats at.
I'm present with everything.

Hand me over the shadows,
I'm comin' home,
and you can throw me over the sidewalk.
I'm participatin'
in the grand design
a color of Earth,
a conscious actor of Earth.

Warm me to it
Buttercup.
I'm delivered
spitin' and shine.
You've never seen the likes of me,
and I ain't no alien,
just a paratrooper
landin' on your plate
all plasma-like.
Gosh dog I'm delivered,
real on time.
Push me off a cliff no.
What's the name?
This is a family farm
dreams of America.

Oh hello,
do you know the joy of life,
unspoken sun in our deeps?
I clamor now
for that revelry.
Please oh moonfaced beauty world
hear me speak.
Eyes of lightning fire,
I give you the world.
Hold it in your hand
a thunder and a crash
of the song of night and day
singing for greater dawns.

Don't neglect me now.
I am your own voice
caught in midsummer throes.
Will you wrap your head around it
and put it on your heart stove?
That's a poem do life
in our very tarry,
a shoulder for the mountaintops.
Defend Rottweilers,
we have a consultation there
to bring the owner in its scope
to address heroes.
I bid you goodwill
a cherry blossom
from on high.

Read it and weep motherfuckers.
I'm down on earth sayin' that
your salvation has come at last.
Unhand me now I'm time
messin' with you
an insult riot,
introducing a poem
you will not believe.
It's beyond anything you have ever read,
beyond even time and all it shows.
You're just gonna sit there and read it,
aren't yah,
for time and all it's worth
deepening for all it's worth?

I'm sorry, but
no matter what you believe you're gonna come here.
Before the railroad tracks are finished
people come here
to get all the way to science
and beyond,
to know they've come far.
We're strong views.
We're rebel.
Look normal.
We haven't come up with a big movie yet.
It's impossible.
No one wants to change the world.

Everyone's got their cliffhangers on.
They're mean and nasty
to the price of change,
to real change in their hand.
We're on limits.
You can't spell change.
Everybody thinks it's in your diet and food,
or political views,
or in how you rules hang out,
or in how you sex hang out,
or kind of man you have,
I mean the humanity you keep.
Do you follow the rules
of this persuasion or that?

An opening,
the availability of consciousness,

it's not in your yard yet,
even if you do study your dreams.
I've been in a dream group for 40 years,
she told me,
I see the mundane as everything.
You can't lizard
the mundane is all I see;
I don't see the world in a glass.
You can't say like that
and expect to get out of it
more than it has.

You're only interested in the world that you see.
Where is your bigger notion?
What are you looking at?
Oh hey,
all the religions are an attempt
to get us across
a bridge that won't hold our weight
or allow us to cross
if we're human.
They don't change your consciousness.
They're a system of rules and beliefs
and practices.
They're not the main front.
You are a really good person because of them
or really on their side.
The chances of you stumbling upon enlightenment,
even if your religion reaches that far,
tell me they're great.

I am the light of the world—
holdin' consciousness.
It's bigger than you think.
It's got *sleeves* on it.
You can study the world through there.
I've opened up a big one,
the inner voice and vision,
what's you're listenin' to right here.
I mean that's on the radio now.
Shakespeare left out the spiritual bits
you know,
as this is not unknown
poets write.
Do pause it we can
and throw it out our window,

Mr. and Mrs. Public Mind,
the Flintstones.
Let's sing, shall we?

All in a day's work,
that's the Munchkins,
and we proprietor our list
further afield.
There's also the vehicle of consciousness itself,
direct seeing.
It has modes on it.
You see the world touching itself,
even on your inside.
You see it *aware* of itself
in your thought throes.
You know you are the larger organism
evolving in man.
Then there's the sleeve of spiritual vision itself.
You see the world not in it.
These are huge immensity spheres
the world is just a part of.
It's got Gods in it and Queens
and everything you look at
that's invisible here on earth,
the spiritual knowledge part
you open your eyes to,
the direct experiences beyond belief.

Okay we're singing rain.
Things still fall apart.
You lose your loved ones
and die.
You have a bad day.
You get your fingers crossed.
Oh God hallelujah,
you see the end of the world.
Now let's climb out of this, shall we?
It's good
to see beyond the world.

Now I can't get yah up there,
on infinity's plane,
on the real you,
on the individuality that you are God
that just as startlingly made a world
to descend into,

the whole cup,
in the maturity of its spheres.
I can't get yah up there but I can try
to get you beyond the world
in your anal sphincter,
in that most bottom place you see the world.
It's all symbol and wrought.

We live in a game
that none of our games measure.
It's not a flippant to the wind.
It has purpose and time
and is goin' somewhere.
It's bigger than anything you do
or that you can think out of,
is the *holder* of time
transcendent of it.
It doesn't bottom out the world.
It's these glory stakes.
A Power has come down from on high
and smote open the Void.
It happens
nothingness takes on forms
we inhabit.
Buttressed up by the Void,
we're not gonna have a good time,
or all our good times
will be shadowed by doom.

You get upended.
You can't affect the world with your tears,
and that's the wind blowin'.
We're lookin' at the same dynamite.
It has colors,
the hues of the rain and wind,
tearin' apart our lives
at great cost
we can't see, all of us.
We explode there,
or we merely hold it in,
not knowin' what to do with pain,
the mystic cross we'd all like to get rid of,
but we can't because it's the basis of life
we are forced to demonstrate.
It's not always life.
It's just fiendish when it comes.

I put Ian in my computer,
and we see the mesmirage,
come back with a poem to lunch on.
Don't get too big for it.
It's got starry lines,
and we're eatin' up the wood,
takin' the trash out,
puttin' humanity in man
taller than our kind,
not the answer to pain,
what we need to conquer
and eventually live without,
even mortals in the flesh.
It's our home dresser now,
but there are days we are through with it
on the roads of time,
what they're gong to school for,
our children,
if you get right down to it.

Now I understand.
That's our reading room.
It's the bowels of literature,
take the pain out of life,
heal the whole disease,
but let me show it to you first
take your heart out.
It's not exactly spelled out,
but pain we overcome.
Lu-na.
Practically everyone
would like to be a Luna.
The happiness she sees the world,
that's a lot airplane.
It's face and special,
and that's the opening to school,
and Luna wags her tail there.

I'll warn yah.
She's got an English teacher.
He's got a good guitar,
plays all night, plays a little longer.
[sing above line to tune of, "Stay All Night", Willie Nelson]
Which direction?
To everybody's happy.

I'm not wishy-washy you know.
Just like twenty-one dollars for all's you are affect.
I didn't need no mess up spray.
We don't have to stick that down nobody's throat.
Also, I'm feeding something to the other coronation of life.
Them other ones is like beef to the last ones.
It must've followed the house so that work.
They said they wanted pow! and year's support so that
they could bring the nation change,
right here in the middle of change the world.

We are experiments
in world making,
but we are more than that.
We are the spirit in the machine.
We're not just Void forms.
God inhabits us
like his wears,
and the final Mystery we cannot penetrate
inhabits us and God.
There are more levels than you can shake a stick at,
using words of ours to describe the unknown,
to the All-Immensity Everything
that goes down to our toes
closer to us than us,
fields beyond this Earth.

I've taken you that far
in the measure of this poem.
I've shown you immensity.
I'm a traveler you see.
I've been up there on high
a brief moment,
and I've stepped in enlightenment a time or two,
and here I've given it to you,
a way out of this mess,
a higher calling,
a way to get your feet on the ground.
It's an opening in the consciousness you see,
wide open exploration
of this thing called you
in every door inside you can find,
until the world shuts off
its all there is.

You grow in consciousness

to encompass the world,
spiritualize everything you see...
Hold on,
this is not a play God worship triangle.
You realize the larger you
beyond spheres,
and you rest in that notion,
and you take that car
to enlightenment and beyond,
and you get there
sooner or later.
Death cannot stop you,
and the next life can't impede.

You are so window
the life in front of you.
Can you see beyond time?
Your origins speak to your gulfs
you are bigger than time,
and your gulfs can feel that,
even in the midst of misery,
and I'm tellin' yah how
to lift yourself out of it.
You see the truth of things.
You see their representative nature.
You know you are a hero
in some goddamn movie
where the movie making art
has reached the skies,
a film with bad junction,
confusing the shit out of us
here and there,
but it's home itself
under the wood,
in its crossbeams
enlightenment
sticks its face in.
It's another place *entirely*
the bended world that you see.
Am I gettin' my point across?
Do you see it?
Do you know it's there,
the
way out of trouble?

You don't live near the aspirants ray.

You can't see it fire,
or if you do it's a dull routine
making it.
Do you know the fire of the sun,
burning your days in splendid reverie,
there bake God?
I am a shout I am a lamp.
I am my dog's sweet petting device,
never mind the ego pronouncements.
A poet writes a poem you know,
a poet,
and he grins at himself.
I am all for fun and games,
but can we stand and be counted?
Can we *do* something?
Can we grab the world?
It's impossible
on the material airways.
We can't get bigger than that.
Look at me, look at me I sing,
and you look at you,
reading a poem I wrote.

How do you hold the world inside
and move on it there
the creator thoughts you have?
Listen to me now
I'm speak.
Spirituality's just a game in the road
that's your life.
Can we bridge the gap
between the substance of somethin'
and its actuality on earth?
Do we always play games?
We have deeper lives,
deeper sheaves,
and they carry us in consciousness.
I am an aspirant for that ardent spill.
I'm goin' for there.
If you leave me now,
[*sing above line, song title, Chicago*]
I won't reach my destination
without you.
Inevitability our hearts rose.
Inevitability shines.

And we're goin' beyond science now,
with its clipped outlook on things.
Forever know
in matter's field
matter is all there is,
or the building blocks of matter
all put in a row.
They can't see the larger field.
Science is blind to immensities.
Universal laughs
count its sums.
How diamond is that,
science has not reached its zenith yet?

Pale immensities blind its urge.
The starry star field space
and cosmic uncertainties
sheriff its notions,
and even atoms ride this dance,
the subatomic swirl.
I cannot count to you science's sums,
but it's not looking for meaning
in this grand design.
Pallid parts,
a working whole,
dumbly do their duty.
It has no imagination afar,
and it doesn't care to look.

Consciousness is to it a vague table
it does not know the meaning of,
matter designs,
spits out,
and the ghost in the machine cannot be found.
Matter is a bridge to cross
they do not wire consciousness in.
This baffles them.
All the firings are there,
all the many sounds,
but consciousness is not a thing to behold.
The experience of self
eludes their grasp.
A sudden actor upon the scene,
or does self and being go way back?

You ever knock on this door,

see friends
buy you expensive drinking oil.
is that wood in the bathroom?
You silly dick,
no.
On the clock should've called
goofballs.
Makes them feel their best.
Life in the panhandle,
they say it gets bad every year.
You can't go to truck and get beyond it.
You just can't do it.
So what after?
Get after kids to play with.
I'm speaking secretly to myself passwords?
I'm going to look into this kava.
You don't know what to say to people.
They want it spelled out to them.

We rang
so many times on your dial,
all in dreams' make up.
You didn't even remember we came.
I'll make sense later.
We are comin' up from the very organic of things,
here a dream,
there a vision,
an internal thought process
you can't find.
I'll come right out and say it.
The word on this page's your dreams at night.

Did you get hit by a car over there,
dear inside?
I mean this is the weight of the world
on the inner cleaver.
An inner process meets all.
It's our runnin' ground,
the meanings you life with.
You didn't know they come from dreams,
baby, baby,
and we're all in your shit now
guiding the word.

The open door's open.
The inner door's open.

Now pet that puppy dog.
I'm tryin' to say we care.
Now open that puppy dog,
your own conscious inner lives of dreams
and visions.
Your own inner experience write
to the satisfaction you get for finding them.
I'm not a preacher here.
I'm your bowels,
correction from the inside,
everything you need to know about tryin'.

Consciousness is the ghost in the machine,
and we would find it there,
our meaning,
in great explorations of consciousness
that find common ground.
Study those,
enlightenment's sphere,
as a vehicle of consciousness,
not a whodunit,
and all can find the well of soul,
falling down the chute of consciousness
all through dream to it.
You've been there before,
in dreamless sleep,
all your lives.
It's a good night's sleep,
the trudge on children
in waking them up,
if you want to know the truth.
They've been down there you see.

There's no way to go down there for memory.
You will never think there before
you consciously enter the chute and go there,
and there's the hells of our long road,
and the other side,
the city of the dead who are living
a different kind of life,
slow, as the sun,
that cooks our Earth,
is not there,
and who can make it to the other side
of life and death and enter Heaven?
And I have not counted all,

the common locations to us all
in the realms of consciousness,
only what I myself have experienced
and know is there
the whole of humanity join me
in its stories and lore.

There are common locations to us all
science can seize
by a collective looking
not bound by science.
Imagination's down there
and our own fantasy realms
and the inner experience we have,
but we can break some ground, you know,
in identifying locations.
I have been a rocket ship
on a moment's par
and lifted my head out of the universe
in impossible sun,
into the larger field we are,
into the glory ride.

What can I tell you about it?
You hear all these poems.
I can't get science there
in its studying arm,
its microscope,
its larger than field share,
and it won't give me credit for my see,
but truth follows truth,
and we will arrive beyond the universe one day
with our science lens,
and we will discover purpose in time
and the microscope looking at us
in great giros of love
we identity share.

Is this the danger it keeps,
oh my God, that's us,
microscopic entities
Gods eat,
or horrible beings ride?
Did you listen to a word I said?
We're not computer simulations.
We can't make universes lock, stock, and barrel.

Ours is a pitiful notion
confined to a computer.
We can't make whole universes
the experiment in time.
We can't unlock the Void
from its secrets.
We can't unlock nothingness.
We are scientists and engineers
trapped in a universe
simulating ourselves to no end,
and we cannot create out of it.
Do you have your head on you see?
Are you there?

The experiential experience of consciousness,
who done it,
magpies?
You are yourself.
Where does that come from?
Where's it going?
Let's stab here
round about forever.
There is no larger consciousness.
It's been cut off in a hole
science made.
They can see themselves.
They can't see consciousness.
It's tin drums.
It's not the real thing.
The brain is.
We tender this
because science is dumb.

How did we evolve then
from lower animals?
We can see a difference in consciousness.
Their identity sparks with ours,
and we have the upper hand.
We have self-reflective consciousness
to a degree they don't.
We're in the business of us
transforming us.
We learn, we grow, we share
human consciousness.
It's diluted
the more the beast rides us.

Now how do we get to consciousness?
Can *you* see the progression?
Yes hands and feet I know,
larger brains,
an upright stance,
and they just appeared out of nowhere?
A great cosmic sea called life
unfolded the protozoa into man?
Come on guys,
you know there's intelligence in the machine.
It's huge.

Now what do we do with *that*?
Evolve further man.
Come back to the beanpole
and understand science.
It can't think out of its wares.
It sees man that's all.
We don't grow in kind
to another type.
We stop here.
There is no further on.
Kinda tickles yah pink, don't it?
There is no soul in the machine.
This is just an output of gas
that belched the universe,
and a single cell organism became man.
That's the tide,
and now it's receding.
Nature's done.

You silly people.
We have further to go.
The intelligence in the machine
is on top of us,
and we will become larger than man someday.
I can see that happenin'.
I can see your starry face.
I can see the wheels on the universe.
We get bigger than this.
Fine, I'll ride the time.
Science *has* to see it,
because it's there.

Rush you out of school and punch you to him.

You're not being fair.
He's the biggest log on this fire.
He's *experienced* consciousness,
has done the double dynamite,
can log dreams
and prove to you they're real.
If you would listen he would interpret them
and put your interpretation to shame.
You're not about science.
You're about protecting your brood.
You have a classified information survey
and won't let anybody in unless they're kin,
really protect your bar,
laugh at outsiders.

Stupid survey,
have you gotten anywhere
that protects us from ourselves,
that improves man,
that makes us better people?
Where are you at?
It's not in the thunder game.
You're stuck in Petri dishes and telescopes,
awe us with your magnitude
photos wrought.
You can't find the meaning of man.
You're not even tryin'.
Yet you are the high priests of society,
the ones we listen to,
the ones we trust.

You haven't earned your keep,
but you're a pattern on society's arm.
You would fail is this weren't right:
society's balance is in your hand,
and your information keeps it afloat.
You deal in infinitesimals,
and this is rocket science.
You've reached the end of your freeway.
You've reached the end of your rope.
We're hoping for flying cars,
get some pioneers on Mars,
and can you put things together
so they don't fall apart,
and can you make Earth work?
That's doubtful.

You can't avoid climate change.
You can't fix it.
It's beyond science,
your repertoire now.
You're just talkin' dim.

Are you ever gonna get around to us
and work on climate change,
the inner climate of man,
so that we aren't on our race anymore,
and we don't just meet our own kind,
we group as humanity
and not along nationalistic lines,
we become better people,
and that's your main thrust?
Are you as hateful as the rest of us,
or is that hatred because of you?

You're indifferent to the needs of man,
where we meet each other,
in our love for one another.
You don't call that nature's process.
You haven't gotten off the first rung
of where you begun.
You're still in laboratory revolution,
and you like it there.
You don't count our stakes
at other IQs,
where babies are born,
and how environment determines fate.
You don't even look at sexual process
as our sexual identities are born.

You don't know where sexual disease comes from,
and you haven't a clue how to cure it.
You just want to please the crowd,
when it comes to these matters.
You're not on our side,
who are by nature wrought
into things we don't understand.
You don't help us there.
You throw us away
in the same way as ole Billy Bob,
and you have no compassion
for our kind.

Can you bleed this on society?
Why do you freeze us at the crossroads?
Aren't you the humanitarian?
Are you in the halfway clear?
Are you respected by most people?
Aren't you the perfect people to help us,
stop the hate,
bring understanding?
We didn't choose to be this way.
Can you not help us help ourselves,
and give us good reason not to offend?

I'm the babysitter.
Nice to meet yah.
Okay let's take this from the top.
No bad bathrooms please.
We're gonna give you a way out,
a checklist
to put in play,
so you know to watch for the signs
in yourself
you're coming down across towards lines,
and this is some weird shit,
but pleasure hurts here,
and you *really, really* care for that child
it's your job to protect.

Am I down on earth now?
Is this science at itself?
Why not?
That went too far,
your major motion picture feature,
and science can't help itself here.
That's not *our* responsibility.
You're barkin' up the wrong trees.
Who else would do it,
the cops?
They're not in for the humanity.
I'll tell you,
they just wanna make arrests,
crime watch.
When they boil water,
they want a hand there to put it in.

You're supposed to be scientists,
and you can meet us in our wood.

You can't make plans
to make us better men and women?
You can focus on us
and not on plants in the machine,
and not on all this around us.
Goddamn it can you stop it please,
being agnostic to the needs of man?
It's your job
to make a better world.
You're not just lookin' for discoveries.
You don't need your name priorities.
You need to help us,
the human race,
in our very throes of life.

The nature of man,
the power keg,
it's right in the middle of us,
and you just gather up your tools
and go look at rocks.
Yes we are busy,
but sometimes
we listen with our hearts
and try to improve the plight of man.
This can become our main event.
It sure can—
way more work.
That's alright.
It's okay.
Work at progress,
that's in our bones.
That's all-American,
we put that in our hats.

If we started some nuclear bomb...
I don't need to go any further.
We have *got* to make amends.
I don't want to.
It all washed up
with that parting attitude.
Fine sergeant fine,
put 'em in the death camps,
and that's where we're headed,
and our unscientific community
will applaud.
Pinned to death row,

touched fat child,
you're martyring individuals
for your own damn pleasure.
You're the only thing that could possibly
free this from death row,
Mr. and Mrs. Scientist.
Are you okay already?
Life in here a death penalty
the mode of consciousness I Am,
the ego bound personality,
and I'm gettin' outta here.
Most of it,
everything's a lack of understanding.
The problem's larger
than cops and robbers.
Oh hallelujah, see that.

You're not a house of friction.
You get along alright.
Is this pepper wood?
Are you down on your kids
for their behavior,
those five-year-olds
rubbin' spit on themselves,
those 14-year-olds
wanting to get drunk?
Are you patient with people?
Are you kind?
Stop that at once!
And the kid is just exploring himself.
No, my daughter can't go to that party.
The girls there aren't supervised.
Would you get your ducks in order
you do this, you do that,
everybody you look at?

The variety of homes,
inside worlds,
are chimes.
They bade us sleep at night.
They encompass us during the day.
We are alone inside
our own rooms.
It's a family lunch.
Do you bark there?
Do you make people suffer there?

Holy roller,
I think these are factories,
and we kill humanity with them
or make them straight.
Can you see yourself there?
What part do you play?
Is it a gifted room,
and you are alive on kindness there?
What do you do so far?
We've got a gifted room,
stuck in the closet for now,
but we're going towards full noon.
Here have a peak.
Great the rollers play.
We have a rolling room.

Do you understand the sex roles?
They're determined by birth
I would consciously question.
You think she's a girl?
She's both a boy and girl inside.
What does wholeness mean?
It doesn't mean field surgery
to change your sex at night.
I've got a big gun,
and it's both sexes you have to watch out for,
alive in one body,
though one takes charge
in its *physical* expression.

We are dumplin's here.
We look at romantic relationships
as the stargate to society.
They're a passing thing,
not all there really,
but they put people together
for the origin of the species.
I don't know we dock this,
but our romantic relationships will change
into more stable relationships as we grow older.
My the genital express them
is all the reason for the fuss,
like you're a girl,
and he's a boy,
or you're same sex lovers,
and nature has other cards.

Oh luminous fields of thought,
realize the genitals aren't worth much
as our most pressing need.
What am I going to do with give you what you need?
Now I can argue for the femininity in man,
the masculinity in woman,
but I'm talkin' principles here,
not behavior.
You are a man-woman in one machine,
our origins as a matter of fact,
and all the train that pops
one sex,
the other's in you also.
The body leads the game,
is just a genital expression
and some steroids.
All the socialization around that thing
can be done away with.

We are joining in two bodies you see.
It's comin' along the pike
we will express ourselves differently
as men and women,
and we will have both behaviors
balanced, harmonized,
and one leads now
the other next time,
depending on need,
and I'll tell you a secret:
evolution's long road
we clasp each other again
in one body.

Is your genital bad?
It's got so much socialization it is,
but the body counts.
It's our physical identity,
and the body's real.
Don't go tearin' it asunder.
Be yourself inside,
the principle made whole
of male and female.
I've prepared my far off ends you see.
You can identify with that,
believe me,

be just as much of a woman as you are a man,
a man as you are woman.
The body will have the cart.

It won't be night and day.
You're gonna focus
where you meet the freight train,
and your body determines will.
We have a physical difference.
Men have more stronger
fields to can,
but not always.
Can we determine sex roles here?
You would not
put woman in the stronger role
if they don't belong.
Sincerity will see that
and let the women in
god dog good for it.

Split hairs on
making your genitals alright with you.
They're your babies,
your finger itch,
your field monkey,
and they're beautiful aren't they?
Even a woman says that,
her penis a man.
Now let's take this down
you stupid bunch of monkeys.
It's dry time
to become the person we are inside,
and that's not a woman in a man's body.
A man's body
contains a woman inside,
as well as a man.

You haven't heard this noise?
Wake the fuck up.
Get on with it,
just tryin' to be yourself.
Yah hear me nigger?
Shut the fuck up!
I do not believe in racial stereotypes.
Everybody can be niggers
in terms of endearment.

Yah feel me hog?

I'm not a nazi holdin' you down.
I'm a gallopin' horse
to suddenly get you somewhere.
A happy and a chewin' gun
down there,
they're happy.
You don't understand.
You just don't get it.
Service dogs,
listed till three,
come away with their sexuality.
No fingers on it please
desire bound.
No love angles
a romance
in a same sex package
got genital spray on it,
unless you want a gay or lesbian.
Do you get I'm talkin' about children?

Oh my little lover,
how many times yah heard that?
For you it's just satisfaction city.
You love that romance.
Hardly any outward signs
of genital pressure.
It's just pleasure to you.
That kid sees it differently:
it's all-encompassing life,
and it's determining their sexuality.

Okay where do pedophiles come from?
The hand laid on them naked and bare,
or some kissin', robbin', suckin' mouth,
or a parent's genitals,
and they're gonna be determined towards children,
the infant and toddler you have.
By three it's a done deal,
or thereabouts,
and you don't remember, do you,
anything that went on.

Need I tell you the story,
Mr. and Mrs. Gay-Lesbian?

I just did.
I think I just did.
You're not rainbows.
You're pathology I'm sorry.
Now where's the pride in that?
We have to see the mechanism to find it.
Now could you start lookin'
and come back with the report?
We need to get to the bottom of things.
We don't need to fudge this up
with wish fulfillment.
Okay boss?

Your husband,
Mr. Gay Man,
well that's a proper fit
for you,
and I ain't tearin' you apart.
Same goes for the girls.
We just got our drawstrings down there,
and I want you to see 'em.
You don't have to change a thing,
except give me a break will yah?
You've thrown me under the bus,
to get yourself accepted,
and could you could please, pretty please, see that too?
You have no room to talk.
You're just obeyin' your nature,
as pretty as you please.
It's just in a room of adults,
and you can handle each other,
but the surface is the same;
there's just no kids in the room.
Can you just please empathize?

My whole dog from the servicing exotic fields!
Gonna great you are,
and the most beautiful thing,
we're gonna take you
you're gonna help 'im.
I guess you're gonna do that.
We grew our hair.
We gave to the world,
as gays and lesbians who care.
Get to know 'im
poem city.

He's gonna try to kill me,
somebody from this crowd,
because I've tried to include myself in it.
Add a P on the end of that rope will yah?
It's what the + means.
Now you got your own habit,
and I'm not gonna break it down,
but understand some people *have* to change,
or remain celibate all their lives,
never touch the merchandise.
Can you get that clean?
It's a compulsion just like yours,
if you take faces and ages outta the picture.
It's a person's raw sexuality,
their pleasure spot,
the other half they find fulfillment in,
what they socialize to do,
monumental to change,
and it's hatred that keeps their hands off,
your hatred livid and mean?
I'm talkin' to society now.
How is that possible?
They're gonna get worse aren't they?
Well they're just gonna get worse.
If you continue with this hatred,
you're gonna turn society over
in child molestation.
You're not gettin' anywhere with it.
You're just robbin' society of its peace.

It causes death,
I understand
that's what you believe.
You need some help
understandin' nature did not pit us so radar
a touch in the genitals ruins our lives,
if we're but children.
What's more threatening?
What we do to children under three,
and you know what?
There's no pedophiles there there's parents.
Assault went on barb,
and they entered sexual disease,
the pedophile station,
and I'm showing this to yah now,

and you're not gonna change a thing
for a long time.

You're just gonna hate me for it,
more viciously than ever,
and that's where we end today.

I have to sit on this bench,
freeze me,
for the money you get.
It's not wafers.
It's middle ground.
Can't you see I'm not stupid?
I have my hair done,
and I'm not on thin ice.
I'm on your guys side,
because I'm the same way,
and that's not dirty.
I sit here with my dog and see you,
givin' you information you need
to storybook.

This is not a time to get lazy.
I'm in revelation's tall pail,
and I've opened my eyes around children
where parents take care of them.
The long and short of it is,
I'm not makin' this up.
I have reality on my side,
even if the news don't.

I think other people have seen
our sexual maps,
and I'm not the first to write about them.
Of course, they've been here all along.
I'm not claimin' priority.
I just want you to see them,
where you understand where you came from
men loving men,
women women.
This is not down and dirty;
this is extra special clean,
my operating lens.
It doesn't have desire on it
or anything against you.
I'm a reality speaker.
You need to investigate

my fieldwork.
Is this true to you?
How would you find that out?

People lie,
don't see these things,
even when they're doin' them.
You've had a special relationship go under
the conscious light of day.
It could have been your aunt,
your father's brother,
or some grandfather,
an older sibling,
if they had adult shoes.
You can find out who was there.
You can do that,
in the under threes.

What do you do with dreams?
So many of them backdrop this,
because it's had such a determining hand
upon your life.
It will come out of the woodwork,
if you're apt and applied to your dreams.
They *carry* your process,
are more conscious about yourself than you are,
and here's the deal:
when you're paying conscious attention,
a dream will bake you in there,
have such a handle on your life,
dreams will turn on,
when you're paying attention to them,
and that's a jackrabbit
it's so very real.

Okay when that mud surfaces,
it fires it down to a littler name
because of this:
you loved the hand of this agency.
It was a beloved adult,
and you remember
those *awesome* feelings
of love.
This wasn't genital orgasm.
This is where you liked to be.
The bag down there,

who buys them?
Don't they have a bundle both
in my dreams?
You sat on laps didn't you?
That bothers you,
if the adult lap gets exposed,
but if these are romantic feelings in bed,
if these were genital expressions in bed,
nothing stimulating them but the dolphin breeze,
just a wonderful tight feeling,
that was a thousand dollars.
This was warm and kind
and flirtatious to you,
simple things toddlers grasp
your adult didn't know.
This was a cute love angle
they thought was harmless.
It did you in,
organized your sexuality there,
in same sex relationships.

Okay Peter,
mom is really on your tongue,
diddles with you in diapers,
like a cross breeze.
May I present
the uncouth disrespectful womanizer
who doesn't understand the word no?
And that little nymphomaniac with daddy,
he peppered her just wrong,
and she grew up to be one,
but he never took a slice of her pie
or pulled out his schlong.

Jeepers creepers,
this has been goin' on all along
in our underpants.
So hard
to see that.
Am I gettin' anywhere with you?
First base I hope,
so you continue
and don't just think your sexuality came from the breeze,
was just some made up choice you didn't have.
You hear me children?
Wait a bit down the road,

and science will make this clear
when it look at us.
There, I'm an army Ranger,
getting my second chance at the Ranger Battalion.
There's at least
a few scores of dreams
showin' me the utter necessity.
Fine, I appreciate this,
but I can't go back and take back I quit, you know?

We can courage him from the town meeting.
What? Are you kidding me?
There are many cyclopes.
We don't want to change shifts,
and it's dangerous to talk about it
a whole meat price leg,
and even my symbols betray its price.
This is dynamite,
especially for Luna,
her wagging tail puddin' machine
get to the top of the mornin',
or friendly we can be out in the open,
not your dog,
getting aid your consciousness.
Well, we're not that far yet.
We brought it in the correct way:
from the laptop.
That's consciousness changes in man.
How 'bout you booger?
I think towhead came along.
Gracious me,
the surprise.
Wow, the explosion,
oh I'm happen gun here.
I'm just saying worse case scenario,
and we are the medicine book.
I put a boil in there and sugar,
and it was perfect.
It will be done in a minute,
so much *caged* in.
It doesn't play with you.
We're spoken word poetry,
here on TV,
and it's not kids.
Great the feelin's play.

As long as you smoke your ass your mother will tolerate you.
Hey, a new baby on the street,
we have three quarters can.
Is it okay this device,
reading poetry?
The long and short of it is,
let's bump into each other.
I'm on your side.
I'm a gifted notion,
and I know where you're at.
I've got a *train* comin'.
Wow, that's meat and potatas.
Oh fantastic voice,
you lookin' for music?
I work for ear.
I didn't hear a tune.
I'm too embarrassed
to chop this middle in half.
Looky there,
a hat rack,
I'll bring it to lunch tomorrow
and symbolize the people
playin' bridge.
Can we get across
hey man change consciousness?

That's the story thus far
in this waddlin' book.
I like its sleeves,
its pertinence
to man's state.
Alright, heard it in Germany
you delivered a nuclear bomb.
Fuckin' goddamn crowdads,
I just spilled some on my shirt,
the head.
I'm managin' shotguns.
Wanna take this badge off of me?
[sing above line to tune of, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door", Bob Dylan]
Cow-girl,
it says he'll show up
round about three.
Where is the parachute at?
We're good this afternoon,
and I'll say you did it,
managed freeways.

She was in night.
She was in high school.
There, we're on the choo-choo train
a few hours later.
Woke ups,
I drink mow cups.
It's time for tablets.
Luna you're a racehorse.
Goddamn,
I was almost asleep,
maybe making a life this story.
You're cool with it.
We live in a family.
We're tryin' to let you see one,
so dog-tailed,
so in your ear.

What do you think?
A tea climber for big ears.
Well there's no looking at it, okay?
Maba Ruin's the ambassador for me.
Do this exciting,
my life wait,
down to the science of life,
and you wanna be good.
There is no cheating.
You give everybody the straight shoot.
You don't fumble with your nigger.
You're honest and kind.
Let me back up.
You're honest,
and you're being a rollercoaster
in how you put up with people.
Fuck you means
I've had enough
of stupidities,
and I give in to the identity of the poem,
a hell of a lot of leeway.
I'm makin' it voice of you
at a voice,
if you aren't there this morning,
you will be by the afternoon.
You early an insult
to test poetry wood.
I don't hate you,

and I'm not mad at you.
I don't have actually any emotion when I say it.
The must just spits it out.
I've thrown it away for a long time,
but I'm harmonizing Darkness,
and I give it some time at the table,
five minutes
in an hour of poetry
to put the full flavor in,
but I don't let Darkness be the leader,
just quibs now and then.
My feelings for you are deep.
I will buy it her car
voom.

Now take your dick out of your pants and play with yourself.
It's got a ring to it, you know?
It's got a ringtone
I'm an alligator asshole.
I wouldn't say bad
in my life count
too.
I include everything,
everything
that paints the colors of life.
You know I'm not ornery doin' it.
It's not an actual ruff ruff ruff.
Fire for effect, over.
A sergeant in the Green Berets,
I'm gonna be a pistol you turdknocker.
Now fuck you.
Yes sir,
you shitfaced carpenter yard.
You, see the method.
I like to laugh
and pin it on your shoulders.
The poem growls at you.
This is my spot,
and a Rottweiler I purr,
to be perfectly honest.
Scratch me behind the ears,
and if I get frisky enough,
I'll growl to the moon.
Hey buddy,
purr.

This army's gettin' me down.
Have you talked to him about it?
And with that you pull your clothes off
and grin.
Much deeper than you were.
You are where they are.
You've arrived at their continence
reading this poem.
Some of us human.
You're there
a different hour
than the edge of Night.
I didn't bite into 'im.
I stomped on his wood.
Oh,
I give you my
fuckin' whip cream,
yeah, whip cream,
to make it taste better,
all this read.
Are you startled by cars?
See the Gabapentin.
I bet you gave it to her
to keep that pain from biting her,
from hip dysplasia.
I love my dog.
I *give* medicine.

Thousands the Ranger,
he speed up.
You know how easy it is.
He's right there kid
to touch his waller of town.
Oh, his waller of town.
May I come in?
I've been in the field somewhere.
I mean we're lucky to have food,
check the parameter all the time,
check your weapon all the time,
sleep deprived,
on your goddamn toes,
makin' sure the Ranger sergeant don't jack your shit,
sleepin' by this little rock,
when I *can* sleep,
I'm gonna hit the fuckin' tavern with my head blown off,
punch you out,

you ugly son of a bitch.

In just a minute,
I will be all better.

Okay Ranger Battalion,
hur-rah!

Just a little ditty 'bout Jack and Diane.

[sing above line to tune of, "Jack & Diane", John Mellencamp]

If Diane can make it,
she's there too,
not a standard lowered,
not a consideration given,
except her privacy.

We'd split up
in the changin' room.

Private squats,
I'm tellin' yah,
rape becomes common practice out in the field,
if you don't get along them doggies
respect for one another.

The visuals are alarming.
Gonna form for two months

Mr. Patterson,
and then you're shit on a shingle to get to that female.

You get me Rob?

Good,
any sexual harassment
and you're out the door.

Go Spartans.

It's a good things exist.

You wouldn't wanna be caught with your pants down,
and your nation *absolutely must* defend itself.

It'll be Christmas

—he's a *fine* monitor—

we make nationalities purr
with their love for humanity
and joinin' the world,
and you know how slow Christmas is.

Got that Ranger?

Well, another bard answers.

Get out of my room!

You're the Devil.

You've painted pictures
in the reasonableness of my room,

putting your ideas up my asshole
in language that offends me,
ideas I wouldn't swallow in the light of day,
but you poemed them
so slick-like,
and they're the greatest thing in the world.
You are a pervert
warpin' my mind,
you s.o.b.
I hate you because you exist,
and you *can* hate a devil.
You need to be castrated.

It's gonna get to your mailbox.
Your ever livid reaction will keep it there.
You can't deal with change this deep,
whether Black or White.
I'm on *all* of you.
I have a party,
the written word,
spiced with ideas
to change the world,
to make my country a better place,
to confront America.
Is that so bad?
Is it wrong?
Can't we have every opinion here
and not just ones that fit in boxes
we call the voting political parties,
or the norms in our room?
What violations
on other people's property
am I advocating?
Do I expose abuse?
Do I want positive change?

Don't you know the world is too small for you,
the box you fit out of?
We have larger kites,
and we're fishin' in deeper seas.
Don't you see the railroad tracks
keep goin'
beyond your beliefs?
Okay I've got an opinion.
Big deal.
Why isn't yours strong enough to be comfortable with

when I show you mine?
Come on, tell me,
do you know what we are?
We are a little animal
confused by the bigness of stuff,
just lookin' for a way to get by.
Okay we got reason,
hello?

I am not your bicycle.
I'm a means to get there
no. I can only show you is there,
recommend procedures,
ways of life.
I can hold your hand,
if you'll permit me.
To understand what I'm sayin',
to deal with it,
to give you sympathy on your road,
I'm *not* the Pied Piper.
I'm not tryin' to make you stop what you're doin' and follow me.
I want to call out the harm in us
and how we harm,
and see if we can stop doin' that.
I'm bigger than my room.
I have notions I'm livin' up to.
I'm not there yet.
I'm a poem along the way.
Can you squeeze me and see if I bite?
I'll lick your face if you let me.
I'm loyal like a Lab,
will roll on my back
and pee upon myself
to be quite open and honest with you.

Well, all this rake.
You're in the shitcan I know,
or you're in the flower garden
livin' off the fat of the land.
I don't think you're happy with yourself,
knowin' there's a God.
Wherever you are you know there's more,
and you can be better people
at what you are.
Can a sinner tell you that,
one who's changed his room,

changed his very character,
to put sin out the door?
Will you hear the bad man speak,
that's got blue eyes?
I'm a cultural railroad.
You don't get it yet.
I'm just writin' down what I hear,
okay?
And I've lived the change I speak.
Okay God?

Lose it on me
come health or abuse'd virgins. [pronounced *abuse-Ed*]
We're on his side,
whom you call Gods.
Got a problem with that?
There's some wild beach
on Fort Myers Beach.
That's gotta do it,
bring the word.
I got great news,
been here before
around 1984.
The Calusa was
a controlling dickhead.
What did you do before prehistory,
before Europeans arrived?
Wrote it in the sand,
wrote it in conversations,
what yours
would say—
a bitter day
a brand new boat
upon your head.
Would've been a child there
see it through.
He's on for you,
my responsibility,
Mr. Nithish.
Love on islands,
from the beginning now
a seer brought his books,
caused a commotion too
you bunch of rednecks.

No, no, no, no,

I'm not the teardrop.
I wonder how much *that* costs,
to great words beyond themselves
and fashion reality with them?
To fashion realty,
hey come here and see the goat
a poem's to pick you with.
That poet to your face,
it's no wonder
I'm not gonna rush from my job and see 'im.
Alright hero,
lighten up.
You suffer
from everyday world,
and I can get there you see:
billy goat,
from man to human that's me.

We're all dead to the computer at the stop.
There seems no way around it,
through the computer,
and we will not solve our problems with it,
not the problem of human love.
We are crashing fast all around us,
and we need some hands on to change.
We are so in hatred with Jeffery Epstein
and anyone that gives a nod to him,
or gave,
in this American moment,
you won't even look at my hand
and the impossible I've done.
I've changed the character of man.
I've changed my own nature,
right here on Planet Earth
under your nose,
and I've done it with these formulas
of greater looking,
and I will touch you there,
if you will get out of your head and smile
at this poet in his underwear,
at this poet at the helm
of the words that change life,
if you would but bear them
where yours touches life,
your meaning,
your purpose in time.

Rub meaning together,
I'm sorry,
I will show you the way.
That
is a field to play.

Do you know what man is?
They are the social strata of society,
who we are in time.
A human being has arrived at life
in everybody shares.
Don't the movie
as man.
That have cooled stuff,
you're doin' better
than man.
You need a tablet.
A new style
of poetry,
poetry on the landmass,
poetry in spiritual circles,
well it brings us
that tablet in hand.

There's more answers in here than you can shake a stick at.
Are you an important brow?
Can't bother shrimp,
the poetry?
What are you tellin' me?
Fixin' to we honestly believe it or not,
right there in heart's school,
we gallop there
towards our hidden rider,
the superhuman rider,
the supramental rider.
The internet,
that's not your bluetooth.
It's not even your mounting station.
This is all inside,
inside
in your latchkey universe.

Hearts are society.
Only yourself?
You'll do fine.
There's so many fields

of love,
so many,
in the inner workings of man.
Humanity's all around you.
You've brought your dog
all through your humanity
the Tony Award.
Now open your eyes on the Earth
and see the living things.
Gotcha!
That's a feelings test
you hold in your arms too,
heart bake,
in the self views of them too.
Wow I've spoken home.
You still got the funeral
looking before you.

My dog brings this around
to matter,
oh that sweet Luna.
Her inner Booboo
rumbles around dog notions
the sweetest in her kin.
She's a safety dog,
the sweetest in the yard.
We find out ways how to handle change
in our everyday life
and make life better for all.
You got a formula.
Now the spiritual consciousness is so rare.
The Supermind is so rare.
Hi silly eyes,
let's get the toolroom goin'.

Yes what you'll do,
the sweetest island you'll surface,
your very soul in your hands
living and breathing on Planet Earth.
Beats me;
that's great for jump rope.
You are the hero of a stupendous movie,
don't you get it?
Look I've
given you the very keys to the kingdom,
in spoken shares,

in soft I love yous,
left on your doorstep one,
the availability of soul,
and you know it's there.
You know it.
The liftin' voice and vision
that tamed this old coot,
I was gonna leave it for empire,
but it's just around the house, you know?
Now in *your* bed.
I was gonna sing Kings and Queens
you live your life around,
but don't bother.
The Gods are your starry roads,
not your kingdom,
your appetizers,
not the main course,
and that God is every name you know.
You hear me Houston?

Now here we are out of the cosmos
in the larger see,
the origin of the universe
and of you and me.
What a Person Trump deported;
thanks for the rule book.
That's as high as you can go
in witness Houston.
It's gettin' to last people
eternity on earth,
your neighbor
the Gods in Heaven.
You haven't been here
in imagination,
and there sure is fuck no rules to get there
Shenandoah.

We're all laid out right,
though
of followin' our own line of development,
hitchin' on stars
from the eyes of soul.
Oh I forgot it.
No you haven't Bhoomi,
no you certainly haven't.
Pace an hour

in your notebook,
it's the greatest thing on earth.
Just keep pacin' until you feel like the world
watchin' itself
in sweet tender shares.
You've found soul in your baked bread.
You've found soul in your living room.
It's a temple ground you see,
the whole goddamn Earth,
set your right,
get you all squared away,
and now Mr. and Mrs. Bojoe,
look at me,
as a governin' sunshine
in my hullabaloo.
You want me to turn out
what helps you?
Just pick up this poem
and read it
to all who cares.
Look I'll send it to you
here on earth.
Gotcha!

We're dealin' okay.
What we're tryin' to do
is put you on that crosswalk.
Let me tell yah,
I think you're up for it.
Techniques binding?
Let's put it right under your nose.
Well, I been thinking.
Let's get this started.
They're here.
I'll take a look.
In your head
take a looking,
you couldn't find it.
It's sweet and natural and pure,
over the rainbow.
You're in that house.
Dick it with your feelings test.
Charge it with your mind.
Put everything on it.
Imitate its silence.
Wrap your balls with its void.

Don't let up.
Hone in on your constitution
harrowing on enlightenment.

Keep this frame going,
that house,
as much as you are able
nonstop.
Sit and rub your head with it
in that's how you grab your head,
cherrying in on that buzzing sound,
the mentor.
Lock your head on it
the way you hold your head
clapped down on it
not in thought process.
You've got location.
Cheerio.

On the starwards of enlightenment,
I'm a piece of work let my tell yah,
and so are you.
Yet I believe one morning of walking out of my
100 meter tent
and being enlightened.
Gosh dog bears,
make believe it's fine for a couple of minutes,
I can't see anything
than another
hallelujah.
Who's callin'?
I just got stung again by the world.
That can't be it;
we're costumer service.
And a lot of bullshit underneath.
It's a cute conversation
there won't be any answer from
until I get my whole hair-house fixed
and nothin'
slings outrageous fortune in front of my face
and makes me gawk at it
like a sea of troubles,
and to be enlightened or not,
hell, to be Gods on earth,
gets put out of the pasture.

And the world has eyes,
bended ego,
Ms Dorthy Mae,
and they're yours.
I don't see the yardstick
in graduation
moments,
step in a podium
bigger than on stage,
and that's the revelation of enlightenment,
what dogs me about goin':
the absolute necessity of it
is not a conference room,
and I've shorn consciousness
away from the world
in every little bitty minute
I'm not countin' anymore,
so deep
I am its anchor.
You know what I mean?

Here's some medicine:
snuff a cellphone in there.
Hello how you doin'?
Let's step on each other, shall we?
I thought I'd invite you in.
We're musical.
Okay, you're hikin' the trail?
You'd do me a favor.
That's what *you* need,
a conspiracy theory.
Did you know eight monkeys pulled roots off hilltops?
You don't need any lore
to believe your own spiritual path.
A direct experience of consciousness gets you there,
and can you know that's its major feature?
Sitting there,
there has to be
you change consciousness.
It's not a pile of knowledge.
It's not even what you eat.
It's your direct experience of enlightenment, savvy?
And then over the head we go,
but not necessarily in that order,
not at all.
I've counted all around you.

You're not blasted sleeve niggers.
You will take both of them.
You will give them
to a world on fire.
This is dynamite shit.

Joseph!
Mary's comin'!
And they gave birth to enlightenment—
standin' in the refrigerator
until this cock-a-dottle-doo.
You really believe in science?
You hear that?
The beating of wings
and a startled cry
as if unlocking of doors,
lift you up effortlessly over your head,
like a fountain in springtime.
How do you know that car?
It takes you beyond enlightenment.
I'm standin' in the sun,
don't you see?
And my dog's diggin' in the dirt,
coolin' her place to sit.
Luna I love you,
it's my concentration on enlightenment
half the time.
Simple wares
the scene in front of you,
and my God you love it there.
Takes you up,
you know?
Takes you all the way into the sky
on a clear day.
There you are.

The simple scene in front of your face,
really, really big,
those simple noises too.
You got that Houston?
I'm a sudden epiphany
of you are the world and me
indeed,
the tall hat to enlightenment,
the bakery to Gods on earth
you and me.

Know it's coming
in our fruition,
the long and short of it
all around us
everywhere you look
unhanded glass.
The world's your eyes you see,
gettin' somewhere.
How do we hold this far?
Every minute counts.

In the frying pan,
into the fire,
you learn to abide both.
Coincidence
I have to work tomorrow
the fireplace of Samata Horn.
It's a picnic table
accompanied by children.
It will be children
I sit with Luna and read,
and our whole house continues
the station house of enlightenment sees,
and that's over the heads of children,
in the ignorant mundane world,
all spiritual seeking.
Take a child and let them know
there might be somethin'
they can really sink their teeth into,
unmolested, unharmed,
not involved with tech,
that will really turn them on
they have such a capacity for it.
Squirrely children—
I dreamed I was a winnebago,
lucid and all that;
I had an experience of consciousness
some cake over my head;
I fell silent and still.

In the throes of excitement
no video game can match,
no cartoon can render,
that kid continues.
Smile for a better world,
and just let me do my job,

if we're good.
Are we good?
Goddamn I'm good.
Now then,
I'm on the mountaintop with you,
if you've made it up the trail yet.
See there?

It's my favorite spot,
hanging out with your own safety brakes.
You guys take an ambulance there.
Did you jump the shark?
That's my baked bread.
I've been in this window a *long* time.
The lights are out
I think every time.
I just prevent enlightenment,
with drawstrings.
I can afford it.
I know where it's at.
I don't believe in myself getting there.
I have a stumbling block.
I'm hated by the big city,
loathed actually,
to a degree unbelievable.
It's *way* out of your league
I'm apologizin'.
I'm so nice
to my brother.
Wait awhile and see
if you get a little hungry
for what there is more of,
the inspired poem,
for what there is more of,
the spiritual substance of man.

I don't grovel at your paycheck,
but I can't see myself enlightened yet
the hatred of mankind is so deep.
I'm in the middle
of you hate me,
no matter how many cities I've put on,
have deep my spirituality goes,
how I bring the world in from the cold.
Your worth gives me everything,
and if there ever was a nigger I am he.

I don't buy at the temple.
Like an undocumented worker
so wrapped around all this hate
you are being conditioned to feel,
like a bastard child
excusing himself
with his divinity sleeves,
I'm not allowed to go there.
I'm beautiful.
Just look at me.
I'm not from outer space.
I'm *wide* open
in your delivery room.

I'm hated by the crowd.
Now I navigate enlightenment with that.
It's not picture perfect you see.
I will overcome man,
oh foolish man,
and I will carry us *all* down the road.
Do you hear me sweetheart?

We live in such shared times.
The technology
fools you then
it's gonna give you what's worth.
In heartbreak,
not in substance.
I am a miracle reader,
and I challenge these times with substance.
I challenge these times with me,
a poet on your very ground,
a man you just love to hate.
I'm not Mom and Pop Wood.
I'm not spitin' into the wind.
I descry Earth.
I stand up and be counted.
You will automatically
not count me as sum
you have your crowd-finger on,
and you're stuck in your own mess.
You're too ruined to see me
a vehicle of thought.
A combination
of herd sour and stickly pride
shows you to me

a reader
goofin'
at this meaning world
you wanna show your family to.

Just come 'ere.
Never mind the vinegar straits.
Try again.
I am a poet for these times,
your long lost brother.
Give me a nod.
Give me a thumbs up.
Give me some sort of direction hence.
Give me a high five.

In the hospital
an editor
does not understand,
is confused.
What's happened to the freeway?
Nowhere there's apparent
the exchange of consciousness
and we've gotten bigger.
What's happened?
I'm Elmer Fudd.
I'm not big anymore.
All this grandiose talk,
and I'm a pinhead.
You're the butler to the door
of what we bring to man.
One-dimensional,
you can't get out of your box.

The wind blows the word.
You're just a tiny organism in time,
and we slam you
to bring you to understanding's sphere,
to gather up your arms,
to cast enlightenment on your plate.
This is all happenin'
in the sameness of your days,
in your dull routine.
There's a lid on it though.
You can't see it.
It's happenin' all the time.
Sometimes you're walkin' on air.

You are spiritual feeling in your neighborhood.
You see the inner consciousness inside.
You feel joy,
have great insights,
and then wham! all is gone.

Welcome to the program.
That little surface person on top
cannot see through the light.
Nothing's quit.
Nothing's stopped.
You're on your way.
You're processing.
It's all a ceramic show.
It's not anything dull.
It's great and it's grand and it's happenin'
all around you now,
the inside and the outside.
You're not niggers.
You're not a son of a bitch.
You're not a booger.

You are incredible in your thinking process,
great thoughts that land Earth,
all the time.
It seems you are a disciple,
not an original thinker.
You have amazing thoughts
not captured by your teacher
when he was blind here on earth.
You are the thinker of the day,
and you mesmerize people
with your book.
These are not the thoughts of the masses.
They can't think this far,
most people.
You're a rocking chair there,
not fully convinced
you really are a great thinker.

You underestimate yourself,
depreciate yourself,
too much.
You look like a bum
to ignorant people,
and no one respects you,

especially there on the island.
If you come on the island,
and you've got the island's key,
you're bound to be a nigger to everybody,
and everybody thinks you so.
You're right there in the front union,
where the business owners roll
and the heads of state,
the high society
of the island.
They know your name,
and they don't like you.
You have no money,
and you put them to shame.
It's going to get better.
Almost offended
even Douglas by your continence,
and that's hard to bear.
We're gonna eat
as much of this as we can
in a few days,
a week maybe,
and time is relative here
in prophesy,
but we're gonna take care of it.
We're gonna win your side.

I have seen the greatest
picture of the world.
I've seen the impossible
to our small minds.
I've expanded to the universe and beyond.
I did this all at once,
in a single seeing,
looked at the world from on high.
A chariot of the sun I rode.
There is no reason for this
that I can tell,
other than a knot had
to be untied
in humanity's dredges.
I *know* he's gonna eat here:
America's got first
what's you do with your kids,
the improvement we make with children,
and it all comes from there,

that new society,
and we know the humanitarian
that brought us this rocket ship.

So paint your walls
you are this undeserving cad,
a real character,
but time will see your business out
good,
an accepted poet
among the crowd.
They have to find you first.
How many symbols do that you'll see in the mornin'.
You are all business now
with the great change we make in humanity,
however you see yourself.
That's not delusional.
You do not draw them hippies.
You're not a rogue in the machine.
You heal it there,
society.
Wait until June.
You have that's incredible,
and that's just appears she's available.
You'll end up
better than you are now.
He would've liked the milk better,
when I was brand new,
where Georgia's dial,
all peaches and cream.

We like the United States.
It's a proper country
with lots of ideas
to move its land.
Well looks good,
you look good,
all over your parent's house,
but we go over some things.
You were just a wee little thing when you came in.
We guarded you.
You made sure you were safe.
We loved your little form.
You are so precious to us ancient race.
I see you cut down trees,
and I'm right in the middle of a cliché

in your land management.
I see you terrorize the little animals
with your lawnmowers,
break apart the land,
spread your civilization to every corner of the globe,
without a forethought to nature,
that big wonderful boon
you live in.
You kill animals
like it's goin' outta style,
trash forests with your wares.
It's all for you isn't it?
It's all your kind
the only thing that counts?
I'm in your business.
I see your railroads
and determined freeways.
It's *quite* a theater
to put your life on.

We are standin' here watchin',
and we are *not* goons from outer space.
We are the history of you.
You know there's Gods.
You know it,
and we've been in your mountains before.
We left Earth a long time ago.
We inhabited the land.
I'm spooky now,
just stupid conspiracy,
but we'd like you to take care of yourselves
and nature surrounding you.
It's not *your* planet.

How can I get this across to you?
You'll be in space before long,
when you get things right,
when you stop invadin' one another
and let Israel
become science
so it can work on gettin' into the stars,
a planetary endeavor
complimented by Israel.
It's sea salt
for the world's space program.
Israel now's just dangerous to be with,

but you don't want it to go down.
See its future.

You have wonders
waiting for your world,
when you stop fighting one another
and respect the land.
It's not about ideology.
It's not about keeping things apart.
Your planet glows
with the nature beauty that fills it,
and you tear it asunder.
Alright already.

Come back to the land
the feet of wonder upon it,
the respecter of its properties,
the builder of its cities
with the Earth in mind,
organic and clean,
holistic,
a transportation sacrifice
you will heal the Earth to do,
beautiful cities
green your garden grow.
It's dire straits now,
even for people to eat.
You see poverty
on blame it on itself,
on money's the aim,
and money's the object,
of your way of life,
and this is doing business,
what you teach every child
as mankind's natural estate,
what they grow up and do,
make money.
It's not survival of the fittest
you Elon Musk about,
you give as guidelines for your children
to carry through life.

Can you get there,
the center of humanity
where it meets itself,
not profit motivation?

Can you make a better humanity,
the world in each nation
coming together on itself?
Surely you have the plan.
All this pledge of allegiance,
is that to banks and the American attitude
every man for himself,
the exploitation of the poor,
and the role of the corporations?
Do you have to pledge allegiance at all
to nationality?
Why can't you leave it alone
the Earth feeds you
and no other,
your nation is alone among Gods,
the one you worship and sovereignize.

You guys ever
gonna cooperate,
and it's not just top dogs?
Are you ever gonna found your cities
on brotherly love?
Just sit the capitalists down
and take the bibles out of their mouths
that they should rule the world,
and you can have capitalists
that sacrifice to business
that care about the people
they sell to,
not treat workers like their equipment
and throw away their humanity,
and call them associates to lie about it,
lie and call customers guests.

She may come back up.
She's been down under a long time.
What's that about anyway,
the Earth we see,
you bunch of kindergarteners?
I can't make you do right,
but I can open outstanding machines
so you see what's you're doin'.
I can show you the muse,
and you can wonder over it,
where that came from,
if it can get out among you today,

with all your taboos against it,
your fear of it
entering literature.

It means Donny Duke,
as we express ourselves in now's moment.
He's not the only one
and will not be the last.
You've got time
to consider him.
We know how different he is.
We made him that way
so we can address Darkness
in its own home,
so we can get into the sky
the notions you live with.
I'm not a has-been.
We make the world now.
We inspire civilization,
and you're welcome too.

Your first time look—
sleeves,
a bunch
of union.
They're alive
a song a king,
and they're vision and synchronicity,
a guarding your life,
a sudden purpose sweet and dear
that holds your hand,
awesome in its outlook.
Have I mesmerized these creatures?
I'm their puppy dog.
Fine, I'll be their puppy dog.
You see how beautiful/crushing they are.
[speak the two above words simultaneously]
You don't stink with them.
They're Gods only,
not your Supermind.
They are not the divine divinity you are,
and you're not shovin' them in the face with it.
You know your goal.
You know where you're goin'.
You've see it on the horizon.
Great beings they are—

the horizon's yours.

Okay you are this puny ant,
and a God is several stories tall,
encompasses dimensions,
can see right through you,
is an intelligence on your life that guides and soothes,
but we must know where we're goin'.
We will supersede the universe.
We will be the vehicles that made us.
We're on the way to Supermind,
a Truth Conscious ferry
that brings us across still waters,
absolutely motionless you understand,
to the next big thing we are.
Kinda gets yah in the gut
how many damn yous are you?
It's master plan
we keep encompassing the universe,
and the bigger than that,
and the bigger than that.
Soon we have no bodies no more.
Sri Aurobindo says the next level
is the last to wear 'em,
or something like that.
You know I'm quotin' sleeves.
We get big you understand,
continually.
It's the exciting of existence.
It's where we perfect ourselves.

Where is this choo-choo train headed?
My God destination Unknown.
There's a great Mystery wraps all,
and we ever get to,
but do we ever arrive?
Wham! I was just Itself-All.
Now I go to department stores?
We can only imagine things.
Now hear this:
we are That now you see.
I'm leaving,
stupid gut-wrencher.
The Indescribable is ourselves,
having lone relations
with everything is he,

it, become,
whatever you wanna call it.
Kinda gets yah in the toes don't it?
How do you grab this?
God help me,
I'm going to enjoy its being.
I'm gonna sit with it
and know it's there.
Magic comes out of it
you wait and see.

Now that I've torn apart your room with Gods and Goddesses,
and then kicked them out,
we simply abide by them.
Is obedience their princely training school?
I don't think they wanna put us on the throne.
They wanna habitat us
in their *ideal*,
and that's another thing comin':
houses have ideals
they, share with us;
they cram down our throats.
Their ideals are great
harmonized in a testtube.
You ever test them out,
show their completeness with one another.

Alright are we bad men,
tellin' the Gods no?
There's a higher calling.
We just want to be ourselves,
you know?
Oh my sweet Jesus,
you're not my destination.
Got that kiddos?
Yes, piss ant.
I am not so arrogant as to tell you these things,
and say hey, look at me,
but I'm in your house a countin'
all the Gods you see.
Great Scott!
they're loose on earth!
Not exactly.
They have their abode
in the reaches of the universe.
They invite us there

to sojourn in Heaven,
when our time goes there.
This is just the cycle goes.
In the middle of contradiction,
Heaven's not your destination either,
when you take off your clothes and enter death.

They're stallions,
some souls who get to their true self,
after a heaven ride,
and *then* take on another life.
It's usually the opposite:
after the soul chamber,
you're on to your next life.
When does all this stop?
In *this* round of applause,
in this stage of journey,
the universe of lifetimes,
we return to our source Supermind,
here, right here,
on the planet Earth,
and we've gone far you see.
Goddamn are we in the thick of it
now.

No ship has ever reached that harbor.
There is nowhere to go but Itself.
It's the brooding of existence in its depths,
and we are none other than he,
but you can reach there,
if you hold out your arms,
in any break of the day,
haphazard in skill
but right on its there.
Is it good, bad or indifferent to our suffering?
It just is,
and we are its notion at noon
on the hilltop mountain climb,
on the universe we are
world fair matter's face,
a stone's throw from identity
with the all-at-once.

Now let's put our necks out
and meet one another there,
you dangerous notion.

I'll hiss, and I'll piss, and I'll blow your house down.
Next,
we hear the author of that speak
gettin' their tires changed.
Their tires changed:
they join humanity.
Will do something
to take the shoot out of this,
before we *have* to change.
Listen everybody,
we have come up against the Man.

I do that on purpose.
I will stop at *nothin'*
to open the 60s.
Don't worry,
we're not gonna open the 60s
we're a bunch of hippies.
We will have purpose and timing.
We change society.
How long is there,
and how does the 60s
put all these pieces together?
An inner revolution
the cops can't do nothin' about,
it's happenin' man.
We're at the crossroads now.
Speedy Gonzales?
No, Slowpoke Rodriguez.
In fact it's a mess
the understanding.

That's why I do this.
I'm at work now,
providin' these answers
ahead of time.
We're gonna start leaving
southbound train tommora.
Oh, okay.
Good idea
you check your children's lives.
I'm of the political opinion
—I'm sure about this one—
you got nowhere to go but nuclear bombs,
if you keep headin' that direction south,
puttin' humanity in the corner

and makin' money.
That's how that goes
to everybody dies for themselves.
You hear me man?
That's nuclear war.

Turnin' off the television,
de-watchin' the social media,
your appetite is not the end of the world.
To see how big this is,
got a belt?
Beat your child's butt with it
and watch their face.
You're seein' the look of humanity
you blow up him in.
Doesn't it,
oh baby,
make you feel humanity?
Now we go to
another 60s,
or the rich,
they take this to the war
we're keepin' again
our money.

We need some lightbulbs
operate on this.
Stop, look, and listen.
[sing above line, song title, Evie Tornquist]
What is it?
The written word
right in your lunchpail,
right in your apprehension spot,
right where you eat till you fill.
And they told me hidden things
so you'd eat right.
He's wired.
And you know they're listening.
They know his horseshoe.
Okay,
just eat up.
I left March.
You gotta learn how to do it,
avoid the Man.

Now I must introduce my valentines.

The FBI's on board,
a cop show.
This usually stinks.
Usually it's just cobra.
This is just cop getting milk,
whether they want it or not,
despite themselves.
They can't find crime.
I'm not into them,
but we're on holiday.
They would love to get their hands on me.
They are not the love of humanity.
They're stubborn and mean,
have badges that give them license to kill,
and not just Blacks.
I'm *dealing* with them.
They hate me.
They haven't got me marked yet,
but when they do they'll let me know.
It's not in their hands it's in God's.
They're *real* confident.
They bring humanity down.
They're tigers in a henhouse.
They can't get any better.
They can't even see themselves yet
and how they harass humanity.
They don't help it.
They're full of vice,
and they are self-righteousness on the nosebleed.

Well, that's stomach Earth.
I'm not looking forward to them.
What you're lookin' for
is not in your books.
It's not on the table.
It's not out there
for you to prosecute.
You can't pin it on me copper.
Hear baby,
I will remain a free man.
I hold the Earth inside.

Fuck this I'm tired,
and I'm not up for grabs.
You've heard my vision speak
predicting the future

and showing you the bottom of clairvoyance,
the bottom feeders reading your poetry
your poetry can read.

Maybe

it's all out of balance,
and I haven't seen a cop one,
and they *have* the power of God.

Yes they have.

They think they do.

Oh but they think they do.

Now who's bitin' the store?

It's you lady,

or a man,

full of hatred and mean,

but it's not all of you in the crowd

dear reader.

The computer is in the Void.

It's not a computer show

in spiritual substance

on the land.

Okay, we've got a round of applause.

Who's bitin' the show?

You have somethin' better to do
than read poetry

you want to report the police to?

Oh you egg,

life after death will see you open

on the wrong side,

put there by hate.

Can you gather oneness?

It's what we're about.

Don't destroy the world with it.

It's not a concept you can eat,

and when you find yourself on the other side,

it's oneness that separates the men from the boys,

I mean put you where you need to be.

All our notions of right and wrong are based on oneness.

It's the cherry tree.

You violate someone,

there's the other side for that.

In oneness circles,

you take up their hand

and make up for what you did,

sometimes in *harrowing* experiences.

Death can get real creative, you know?

I've put on these sleeves
in the center of life.
Most do it in death.

How long this takes
depends on you,
but this is not a fast land
by any means.
There's a waitin' for your supper,
who you hurt you did.
You have to understand with your life's blood,
oh pardon me your undead hands,
you gather oneness you see,
that oneness is the center of life,
even in death.
You share identity with your partner,
anyone you've harmed or hated.
The self-righteous suffer here too.
Now what do you do with that?
The great spiritualization of mankind
that's inevitable on this Earth,
you get there on the other side.
It's what we're there for.
Now tell me Houston,
how natural is enlightenment to the other side?
Oh come on get down to your sleeves.
It's rocket science there,
and all the regret you have
you didn't do it here.
Do you trust the other side?
You must.
It's your passage to further worlds
beyond the stink.
It's your passage to Heaven to be quite honest with you
you are enlightened.

Wiggle room,
I can't count that
the consciousness is bearing down on me so hard.
It's a mystic hush
inbearably dim.
I'm standin' here achin'
it's all about enlightenment,
totally enthralled
with take it easy on me.
I know these are the mystic portals

to that deeper state.
It won't let me go.
My dog is an anchor now
in the disappearing world.
Her fur soothes me
and those adoring eyes.
She's so grounded in time.
I look up,
what can I do?
I am a letter of my muse
right here with you,
God's worth.
Oh for cryin' out loud,
I want you to know
[sing two above lines to tune of "Take It Easy on Me", Little River Band]
I'm just his chewing gum.
Take - it - easy - on - me. *[ibid]*

What's wrong with *you*?
What do you mean the underwear?
To make a flower and peak
on a daily basis
my magnets
drawstrings to enlightenment.
Understandable
you'd not believe.
Imagine how *I'm* caught
in matchup with consciousness,
whatever you wanna call it.
Gonna get up some steam
and bridge this.
I'm leavin' signs along the way,
self-discovery.
Watch 'em put ambush,
anyone.
Makin' sick little units
the Powers that oppose,
wary monsters,
my own complacency rides.
A thingamajig
make the rendezvous,
are you kidding me?
The obstacles in the way are huge.
See me in my epic smile.

Are you guessin' me?

Don't bother.
I've stood at the end of the rainbow
and can tell you it's there,
no matter *what* you hike.
Bring my field notes
there's the starry stair,
the connection rebound,
the connection reflex to enlightenment.
Oh no,
this is *awesomely* deep.
This is a remoteness not near my kin,
okay?
How bad is it?
Oneness
take out
the outer space,
peace and love
the stark reality,
but starin' it in the face is awesome,
your little ego abdicating in light
resisting still,
afraid for its life.
Hopefully you got the motion.
Now tell me you had a bad day.

I'm wide awake.
I'm not sleepin'.
[sing two above lines, "Bad", U2]
I'm leavin' the house
that Jack built.
I'm leavin' the house we all live in
to a greater mode of consciousness,
and you can't get there from here,
if you love your life more.
All changes.
Divine see rings
mark your day,
divine consciousness,
you're just a step away.
You hear this now,
and I can see that starry door.

I don't like it.
You're too on this yourself.
You keep squeezing us
how many times you call your name,

and do you listen to your own voice?
You're only human after all.
I can't count you sums,
but I'll tell yah this:
you can sing till mornin',
and I'll never let yah out.
You got that speak freak?

Now I've trashed this before.
I just think it's all stupid
sometimes.
I mean what are we doing here fate?
I hear what you're sayin',
and I can't mop the floor with you.
I think there's somethin' stuck in you.
I've had to give in too.
There's just a rake about being human.
We'll only go so far
with the autumn leaves,
with the time of trouble,
with what we need to do to change.
This bites.
I will only go so far with you it says,
because you cut the mustard,
and who the fuck is worth that?

I'm addressin' your promises.
I think you're criticizin' me for that:
you can do better;
you've got the stuff inside.
Show us this promise.
We need it now,
but can you capture truth,
the nature of reality?
Are you forlorn there?
How good are you at harmonizin' windows?
Can you touch your face with reality?
Or are you just readin' books,
and you comment on them your life's question mark?

I stink I know,
in this form and that,
but I answer my life with sincerity, you know?
I blow apart my life
with self-examination every day.
I don't see a poet there,

or a seer what goddamn thing you call me,
like I lift the stars.
I see a contradiction in everything.
I see that I can be better than what I am.
Oh yes, and I've changed my nature,
but I look out for a fall.
What it boils down to:
I'm here I speak that's all.
I'm doin' my necessity,
ananke,
and I can do a better job,
really truly can write better verse.
You guys are gettin'
all I have.
Now let's get on with it.

They can't block you.
They can only complain.
You're right to there in their history,
showing diagrams,
in this book comin' up.
You're the mailman,
big deal what you look like.
Tell them to shut up,
of course not.
You might read better
if you'd
read it over
you understand,
what you exhaust in the morning
with higher truth.
You've got your recliner.
Continue.

Under the water,
under the bridge,
there's a man walking,
the holocaust of mystery,
the ever unknown.
It bides us keep goin'
destination unknown.
Can you see that?
Can you feel its form?
It's what the Earth is made of,
and every little tiny thing in it,
and we're just shoppers there

baskin' in the sun.

Did I hit your hotdog?
Did I climb down and see it,
the impetus of us all?
I'm doin' what I gotta do.
You hear that?
Great fields asunder,
it's time on our hands
we paint the world with.
Are you just scribblin' and paintin' wood?
I'll call my mom probably.
Then you can see this book
the flavor of that phone call.
Alright Houston?
Fine, I'll ride the Gulf Freeway.
Fuckin' wonderful.

Not Disney
given the title
what you need to see.
Right Frank?
Jesus,
they replace reality with somethin' else.
I mean farther door
they play with all day,
and you know it's not true.
You know it's not around.
Invite your friends over
to see it with you
to water
the lesson that
fantasy's all it make
the reality you see.
You've stolen the machine.
I'm showin' yah the machine.
Lord help you.

Big boys go camping.
Big boys go
Arco.
Right there,
enlightenment's next,
when I'm older.
It looked like it
needed a little bit more rainbow.

Baby's already done it.
A person's life
begins at that raw feed,
enlightenment's pillow,
we need to know the meaning of
to be like men and women.
Why do you think we're drawn to babies?
Have I popped your bubble?
Goddamn stick it in the rocks.
You are a stubborn lot:
no meaning is that close;
no meaning is that weird.
The birth of thought in a child,
promise,
the iridescent explosion's all we need?

There's just no way around it.
We are primitive land seekers,
and I can't reconcile this with society,
but I do know you pay for this with the depth of the guitar.
The iridescent moon,
what does it need to play on your windshield?
The iridescent glow's all I got.
I can't push steamboats for you.
The transformative word,
do we bake bread?
Watch it for the next forty minutes.
See what that means.
Ready for take off.
Well this is best:
you can come with me.
I just left
landin' the capsule
babe I bid you dawn seeing there.
And this is all there is,
like throes we starvin' in a church be?
Come in I'm Beau,
in the development of consciousness.

Oh my God we can keep goin',
but we've grounded being
where it propels itself upward,
and I've given you the formulas for life
Shakespeare left out.
Captain,
you made us wonder over life,

its grand design,
its idiosyncrasies,
but you left us high and dry
in what you were there for,
the higher life.
A spiritual experience never shaved your beard,
nor fidelity to the word.
You had this magic inside you
you turned for profit right away,
and you mixed muse with your dirt
for applause,
just made up stuff.
I have some idea
of silence.
Anyway,
right here
I end this poem
good fellow,
all along the roofs of man.

How nice and sound that is,
the spoken sound of the uttered word,
pushin' conversation to its zenith
a revelry of spoken English.
The common tongue,
the guttural sound,
it's so delightful ain't it?
Roll it on your tongue
in annunciation.
It's a present to be read aloud.
It's a rhythm to be read aloud,
the natural sound of speech,
my comely pen.
I was tryin' to reconcile
the availability of time
with your time in it,
a Shakespeare rocker-board
with the price of poetry,
shit like that.

Now you've done it,
have reached the poem
where it beguiles the page
someone slept on my face,
slept on my foot,
you must hear this poetry.

I got here just in time.
Well, I'm exhausted.
I'm keepin' up.
It's hard to keep up
in an avalanche of word
I can't make stop,
because it's all around me now
Shakespeare deep.
He is at that place with me
that
we invent language on the fly
and brighten English with it.
He isn't very friendly
in pages
of very thick verse.
He was playing on his court.
He loved here.
I don't add up sums,
lines the shimmerin' of trucks,
but I get the job done
here comes
off island
into another poetry meaning entirely
said this island.
You lift my job done,
okay honey?

How you propose to freeze frame,
is that fake news Donny?
Kids are all over it.
Sooner or later
it'll happen.
You know who cares
I can move humanity that way?
Can I give you some stars
wonderful reader enjoyin' the poetry
because it's here?
Thank God for Planet Earth, hey?
[hey' spoken in the voice of Bad Bunny singing in the Super Bowl 60 halftime show]
What a Waco, huh?
All over the police academy
cops need to get their right guard.
Did David Koresh molest children?
It was a religious fervor,
how they just wiped out the David Koreshans,
killin' their kids.

This is known fact now,
and if you dispute it you're a liar
Mr. and Mrs. Policeman.

The world's got eyes.
I can't fashion them
there are so many,
looking in on the equipment,
looking in on the experiment.
We are field for larger being's play.
We are this hole in the ground
they see into,
but we have the identity of the whole
in our pocket,
great big giros stairs,
and they can't get over that
they hold the same holes.
We are a breath away
from the infinity
that's joined us on the radio.
Then you think it's country roads.

Can I get over here?
I can tell you what I saw
in a deep breath of reality take,
and I'm sittin' here with my dog
in the pancake.
Yes larger being cares
I some sup,
but there's somethin' goin' on here
deeper than fate.
We are an entertainment's scene,
and not for sprite monsters
that fuck up our lives.
We hold the total emersion show
that's on the top of *our* lists.

Can you feel that inside you,
that lookin',
that grabbin' no.
This is the will of God sweetheart,
and they're seein' to fruition.
Come on déjà vu show us this,
how many times around here?
Is this the first time around?
Gotcha, no.

And where we are on Planet Earth,
are we heroes?
That hits us with the greatest hits,
and then a cop shows up,
mesmerized by time,
and this wafer is over.
He ain't seen the end of it.

What are we doin'?
You're not pourin' over my poetry
to find broken laws,
to do any protecting.
You are just beside yourselves
that I'm Daniel,
and you're Daniel,
in the lion's den,
reminding you of our oneness burgers,
reminding you we are one,
and don't get eaten.
Somebody has challenged society
in its moving parts,
and you can't get at 'im.
Somebody stands there free
from the guns and uniforms you are
in social concepts only,
in yellow jacket.

Dangerous ideas,
I'm wavin' red flags
to change the status quo.
You guys are its greatest defenders,
and you don't care.
You just have bullish notions of policing people
and keeping people in line.
Are you startled?
See yah on the other side, copper.
I'll wait for yah
to help me out.
Now I'll take my toys and go home.
See you later alligator.

See you soon,
pubic mind?
The public mind isn't that far
the ideas that change society.
Somebody will get away with the machine,

tearin' it down.
Your childhood sprawled out
on the pavement of time,
don't you know that you are a shooting star?
[sing above line, "Shooting Star", Bad Company]
And that's where I come in.
I can help you with that.
This is from this rifle
making eyes at everyone.
It's got land on it
and a whole bakery pie.
I'm not shootin' anyone.
I'm liftin' up the race
in my own backyard.
I see you with guns too
puttin' your two cents in.
It's the climate for it, ain't it,
on this net Hogwarts
where everybody's a poet
or a landmine.
I would like to get out of these chairs
and not have my poet bruised by net,
but that's the landfill today
you don't need a permit to dump in.
Everybody can write here,
so far.
Well so long,
I'm approachin' yah with a poem, you know,
that was written in bended shares
after I posted it the first time.
Kinda gets yah in the sleeve button.
Adios.

Hey rendezvous,
this surprised me too,
really did,
okay?
These are the longest children in years.
I'll start spendin' money
that ample time has given me
far from boiling man.
Did they say a paycheck?
A collision course in reality gave me,
and I'm a ticket outta here
to greener pastures
before long.

I'll live in a cabin in the woods
far from the maddening crowd
on mountain slopes
(can you help me out here?),
high rivers in time,
and I'll bring my dogs
to be there with me of course,
and that's the last stadium
I will count to on earth.
That's the one I'll ever be
the poet of.
This one here,
hello,
from Fort Myers Beach,
not welcomed at all,
wined and dined and then spit on actually
for the poetry I write,
for the spirituality I do.
This is a conservative place,
hating the other point of view,
downright vicious actually,
and that's their baseball.
Now tell me is it yours?

In a help on your ego flyby
I'm arrangin' cans;
I know the price of rain.
I can get down and dirty in the wood.
I'm ten miles tall
when I'm not small.
I'm bubblin' over.
I'm lickety-split,
and I know how to play cars
arrivin' on time.
I'm a breezeway.
I'm your lunchpail.
I don't dance on thin wood.
I hold your hand
real nice,
although not in certain language.
I will come back tomorrow
with more verse,
not to bowl you over,
to be sincere to you
and hope.
I can manage springtime

all torn over,
and Mr. and Mrs. Man,
I'm good to you.
I'm good to the whole human race,
everybody in town
coppers included;
we just need them to see themselves that's all.
New questions arriving today,
how does that feel?
I have hunger
for the decency of man.



LUNA ROTTWEILER, PHOTO BY PET LIMO, MIAMI, FLORIDA

This is the most roddy Rottweiler I've ever seen.
That's what you tell *all* the girls.
She's jet black.
She's open and honest.
There's no hate upon her back.
We ask these questions for concierges.
And to rooftop this fog,
I'm a hound dog.
I'm *all* on top of cherry.

I'm a speedboat.
I'm liftin' things.
I *define* things.
Ask me any question
on the nature of the world,
the stars come out at night
in their revelatory,
I'm a steam engine,
and I got your meaning at heart.
The nature of man,
that's what I deal with.
That's what I change from rock.
That's what I chisel out,
as I look in the mirror at my own face
you gotta be kidding me.

I'm a worth-ship,
and I see the horizon
all pink and gold.
Would you be my partner?
Would yah?
I'm a *long* ship
pressed in these waters,
and I'm about to tell yah I love yah.
No candy bottoms please.
This is the love of the housemate,
the love among friends.
I'm revelry on you.
You need a thousand words,
and I came back and I sewed them together,
as pretty as you please,
and I love doin' it,
all nails on my coffin
though it might be.

You don't take kindly to strangers.
You're apt to be judgmental and mean,
and you *never* forgive.
It sounds like I gotta chip on my shoulders,
yeah, you,
a public unaware of itself.
A public to get the things going,
please let me help you.
Going public,
we'd wait for you here.

Drum and me,
we're gonna go upstairs,
and we'll be on your patio
bended knees.
I've spoken
an attitude trail out.
I failed to be here.
Where does that count?
In your trust me's
laden with the past.
Look at that dog.
You're kinda a tough customer.
So I must really change the sea
to put on these fellas for good.
I wanna stay here,
because it's not about that:
I want the pennies the crowd casts.
I wanna be right with you
and gallop
the superhuman rider
in the field of today
with a poem
vitamins up.

Those are the questions
fence off your good neighbor,
not every question.
I widen the immensities Douglas dug over me.
Merit one testing,
two and three testing
to a merit four testing,
friends of Herman Melville.
Go back.
Are you sure?
Always kids
can't find their homework.
It's their mother in their books
not giving them to liberty to be me's,
mothers all in their stuff.
Mothers do that all the time.
You can't pay mothers to do that
who respect their boys and girls.
We just effort this.

Sounds like you're doin' okay man.
You're the dog person.

You're the dog.
Edit his profile.
You're nice and warm.
You're not an aggressive breed.
That was this diaper I was wearin'
you can count in stinks.
I'm over the rainbow now,
well almost.
Do you have an art department?
I'd like to get my leg worked on.
Waiting for doctors
who've turned into lawyers
an anxious price.
They wanna give me an insurance payout
for bein' hit by a car on my bicycle.
It's grovel.
They're wearin' a suit,
but they went away,
but I'm happy about the money I got.
I'm in prevision,
laid down in places.

I'm lookin' through the crystal ball.
I'm doin' everything I can
to go to school
lifting enlightenment off the table
and puttin' it in my basket.
It's a guerrilla warfare.
I'm just stuck on dice,
and I'm round about *everything*.
Do you know what it's like to close the mind
of its small search?
I can hold my mind still.
Can you?
It's how I got off them diapers.
It's a *long* equation.
You don't mess with anything.
You should sit down and relax.
You should make the spaghetti
the cravin' police wants to bust you by.
Song, song, blue.
[sing above line, song by Neil Diamond]
They're outer space.
I've held this all night
from them,
not to be flippant with them.

I don't want to sit and charge them,
but they are not kind to the human race.

We're legal,
those drawstrings,
and one day they won't be.
Enlightenment will be banned up the Earth
when we find its name.
They will block human evolution,
and it won't
shut off enlightenment.
We will get evolved.
Really that's what they're scared of,
the Powers behind cops.
Really that's what they're doin'.
The *really* don't want us to get evolved.
I'm a chicken in a snake now,
but you wait till spirituality breaks out upon the Earth
and challenges the status quo.
We'll be in the pen then
all under surveillance,
the men and women on enlightenment.
I'm just tellin' yah.

The reality uncertainty principle,
things like that happen
many times,
and then they totally slip down here.
Who can know what's goin' on?
There are no airplanes here
that can bag existence.
It's mean it's wide and it sucks
for little creatures like us.
Let's sing in church to improve the pain.
Let's read a poem that's got stars in it.
Let's try to step in enlightenment we can't,
much less reach out to beyond the universe
to who we are.
We're stuck down here,
and all the lifeboats we can't grasp.

You don't know the price of seein'.
See Yourself and you're never the same again.
You've met the beyond the stars,
who you are.
It doesn't help for write books.

I can't count this to you in reality.
I can't even show you my finger,
just the print on this page,
and I'm sittin' in uncertainty,
knowin' the Powers that be
axle assholes,
do not carry us to one another nicely.
We could be anywhere.

Okay I've explained nothin'.
It's all sirens
that have the substance of ships
that sink
before you can grab ahold of this.
The insubstantiality of reality,
is that why nothin's there
when you look at it
to spell reality for you?
I'm a comin', I'm a comin'—
yeah God and we know why.
You have to keep things goin', don't yah?
You have to make it right.

Okay put this on your pillow.
You can get shot so easily.
Does that means it's bad,
the love of your dog?
Does that mean you can't get out of the rain?
Does that mean you will never be comfortable again?
How high is happiness anyway?
It's right around your table
on a nice and sunny day.
It's your boy lookin' at yah,
and there's no one in the world he'd rather see.
It's just bein' in the bathtub
for a good soak.
I can even empty my bowels and feel that
free all the foul,
and eww in states of reverie,
I can find the kingdom
of all is well.

Now I'm diamond now,
meaning I've been through the ringer
and brought up gold,
and my dog's lickin' water,

and that's the sound of reality spinnin'
in tastes upon itself.
Sends me goosebumps on a clear day.
I still don't know what it means,
the whole world,
but I can paint pictures of it
in meaning's angle,
poetry a few hours with you
it all means somethin'.

A Hail Mary pass,
just one thought around the house,
you've seen the pictures.
Everybody question name,
but we're clear light toward enlightenment,
every single
Godzilla I got.
There's a group of people
just came here,
just came here again.
We're at a station now.
They hate me larger than life.
They can't over I'm alive.
Will they come and do that,
put me out of commission?

It's a poisoned tree
they look at me from.
What do you think?
I'm not the bacon?
I'm here pedestrian?
Fuck you city slickers.
I'm not talking nails to you.
I look you in the eye and say that
I don't like your city ways
at the water fountain,
but I do mean the best for you there.

I am the Devil's show
reinventing books?
I'm an angel's wear.
I am your delight
in fashion of God.
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim chim cher-ee,
[sing above line, "Chim Chim Cher-ee" from the movie Mary Poppins]
look I'm Santa Claus.

Do you get it?
I'm the word on fire,
all in the fields of God,
and I'm this little man on time
in his delivery.
How can you make that snakes
you chargin' public mind?
I'm *on fire*
with love's talisman,
really on fire,
and I know the white purity of love
in my sink now.
Do you?

Luna puppy,
let's just look at this town.
Come on Luna don't yah
wanna see it?
It was the weather it was turned,
and after all,
we're flanked by cliff and deep.
Kinda gets yah in the guns doesn't it?
Let's just get this party rollin'.
I saw a Christmas tree,
the lighting of the party.
It was a savior.
He got ended I guess his name was.
I won't even say the One's God.
I require the One.
Good night folks.
I want a really good audience
who need a good field,
a hand-grade,
on the right stuff.

The world is this big conservatory,
and I'm puttin' my foot in it
and my dog's paw,
right in the sunlight,
for another round of applause,
of course not.
I'm not makin' money either,
or getting likes
on telephone poles.
Can you know purity of purpose,
where the whole world's hangin' in the balance,

and you put your life on the line,
to bring in a new society?
That's what I'm *talkin'* about.
It's not a mess,
my delivery.
I'm walkin' on magic air.
The things that bury Earth,
that's not in my kitchen.
I think things and see them on the road,
manifested thought
from another plane.
I see my thoughts manifested on the road.
I see my inner life put out there
in great giros of coincidence
I put my sanity on with.
The startlings, I'm comfortable there.
The synchronicities, they abound,
and I know the meaning behind time.
This does not slam dunk me.
I know it's synchronicity
with what I'm experiencin',
and the world touches me there.

Can you thought handle this?
Ion bill bible be square,
something you've never heard of,
I've encountered on the news
in my muse,
I mean inner voice and vision,
leave the house and see it on a t-shirt,
and even in India this was in English.
I can't confine it to those pairs.
It gets larger than life,
and you know the universe is lookin' at yah,
in its beingness.
Great fields of Scott,
I'm just all over this.
Calm down son.
You're fly's undone.
Oh.
Larger than life
I have moved my life's room,
and you can ground me in the dirt,
but I'm not finished yet.
Oh eyes on me,
that's not for my glory,

though I'd like your pettin'
and not treatin' me like some bat outta Hell.
I want your respect
you tell kids we all get.
Alright I'm done.

A new world order,
that's bullshit.
These are not control angles.
These are not command angles either.
Oh my God the history of freedom,
it's not in liverpools.
It's not even on vice.
Freedom hasn't occurred yet
anywhere on earth
in societies.
It's a dangerous term.
Laws don't govern you,
nor your own impulses.
You're free to king the air
with spiritual junction
a soul inside devise.
This is not a spiritual ego
or you never do no wrong.
The freedom to change,
the long and the slow of it,
that's got to be given.
That's paradise
when our will's in union
with the good of all.
Can I show you that mountain?
Fine, I'll wait
for the whole to arrive.
Great goodness I'm done.

I'm in the theater you know,
finding breakfast,
tall and good and shine,
with my dog
in sudden reindeer shuffles.
She's the delivery agent
brings Santa Claus to town,
and she's beautiful,
ain't she?
Eight million
smiles and laughter

matched her with me,
and the kids went crazy
just a pettin'.
Lickin' surprised babies in the face,
like a dangerous Rottweiler,
lickin' you right now,
she's a love girl
all puppy dog.
Man I love my Dog.

We're waitin' for a greater dawn.
Bring it
the love for our children and dogs,
not one sting of abuse there,
not one iota
of mean to them.
Cats lovers beware,
that's the love they get too,
and that's the human family
we attend to.
The great buffalo herds,
we bring back
with loving care.
You see where I'm goin' with this?
Now that's the story.
So long.
We hold our breath.

Free of abuse,
that one,
we give this even to our rocking chairs.
Is that so hard to believe,
we're good to everyone you see,
the whole planet,
starting with me
hollywood?
I've jumped the shark,
again.
Over the rainbow?
We'll see.
Goodnight Houston.
Goodnight Billie.
Hello Tommie,
and goodnight all.

Free footage from the main thing,

free from alligators,
nuts on wheels.
We're high and dry,
and that's not a place in nowhere.
It's not a garbage dump either.
We're high on top,
and we're not wet with things that sting us.
I'm arrivin' there shortly
kittens.
I'm not just the mailman.
I live every word of this,
and that's what you look for in bibles,
the people are speaking *themselves*
who done it.
It's not chronicles on bended knees
you have to obey.
You're saved.

I didn't escape the new passengers.
I didn't even get caught,
but why would wood go away?
To make it through the Night.
We have to change civilization.
We have to become Gods on earth,
men and women.
We're pointing there now.
Yes it is just unhand your bacon.
We've got larger than life sheets.
You know your dreams are bigger than you
sometimes,
and your thoughts
it's gotta be better than this,
and your kids' smiles
in the delivery room
bring hope into the picture there is not,
and when grandma dies,
and you know she's not gonna rot.
Come people look up.
Look down.
Look all around,
We've got a larger Earth.
It's evolution's springboards.
We're goin' somewhere.

I've used a phrase ticklin' I know,
but we will be beyond the human

in divinity shares,
immortal like all get out
here on earth
in rainbow bodies the Earth puts out,
and when it wears out,
we put a new one on
in ceremonies rich with time.
Gods on earth see ye,
with the power to blow your mind,
and distance doesn't scare us anymore,
nor the inside of each other's hearts,
nor death,
because it doesn't come.
Merry Christmas.
Donny you're in the pool yard.

Do you wanna know what's' comin'?
It's the real thing.
It's where we're at.
It's the way home,
and I'm not figurin' speech.
We're bringin' home here,
where we came from,
and I've seen it with my own two eyes,
the God I am up on high,
over the head some degrees,
where we are now,
if we see it.
That's the experiential consciousness.
I mean that's gonna dynamite.
We experience ourselves down here now
puppets in a play,
actors in a movie,
players in a video game.

The on high comes down,
and we have overhead experience,
transformin' the nature,
not just enlightening the being,
and we go up,
all prepared,
and meet ourselves on high
comin' down to station us
just a little over the top of the head,
stationed out of the body,
which is just seas of bliss

and concentrated force,
ready for anything,
and we've joined the hemispheres
and become That you see.
Kinda gets yah right on earth,
doesn't it?

I've just spelled out the wheels
to greater consciousness
you've never heard of.
It's not aliens inhabitin' your body.
It's not devils either.
You've finally become yourself,
the truth you are
beyond time,
the divinity you are
that's been disguised all along.
I've given you the formula for eternal life,
and it's not a drink you wear.
You become enlightened,
then we'll see
you empty the vessel
filled by God.
What's there not to like?

What's there to be mad about
this poet has given you?
Are you with me?
You will see this in death
at one time or another—
you got a self on high.
I'm here
pullin' up the tarp,
openin' eyes,
and now you know where those balloons went.
Why should you believe me?
Gauge everything I said
I was in a movie
that had contact Earth.
You will not believe my story
of adventure
and harrowing experience
and just dumb stuff too.
I've gone from one pole to the other
in where you meet the world,
and I'm educated too.

I've got my beads on,
counting my deeds,
counting my life's experience,
to show you somethin'.
That's life in the fast lane
spiritual experience brought me,
a whole adventure
of meeting worlds.

You have some treats.
Well, look what happened.
You believed me.
The cops don't get it.
Wearin' a badge,
oh you stupid boy,
protectin' the public,
you think that's killin' people
and bein' a horse's ass,
you're a cop,
and the public's over there?
I never wanted to be a cop
after the Green Berets.
I wanted to find out why we *had* Green Berets
and nuclear bombs,
what I rode into Germany
in the Cold War,
but I didn't find that out in university,
even learnin' Classical Greek.
I discovered you,
with a capital You,
goin' inside and findin' myself
the eyes of the world.
The rest is history,
I mean follows suit.

Okay are we good?
I've asked this before.
I've piled onto it now
the rest of the story.
Yeah sure you can find dirt,
but finger your own anus.
Look at self-righteousness differently.
It really is a crime.
I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down—
no public that's not good.
I'm just tryin' to get by here

in unexplainables.
There's cops around.
Now let's go over it again.
Gosh dog I'm sorry.
You hear me now so long.
Welcome to the adventure.

You're not gonna be the only place in the sun,
but you'll be on body wears.
When the Supermind comes down,
it will inhabit the Earth,
and the Earth will become divine ground,
a divine planet in the starry Milky Way
that will measure itself there.
Heave to believe
the plan is there
it spreads outwards from there
and divinizes each planet in the universe,
one after another.
That's the fate of Earth.
These are *old* battlegrounds.

Consciously inhabitable planet,
we are not the first
to register
the supramental doing.
Honestly,
we will be the first
to carry it out.
Have I made your nose bleed?
And *that's* how our center of the universe
kinda gets yah in the star field,
doesn't it?
We're honored.
We're the brightest planet in the universe.
Of course it's hard here.
Dynamite on the fountain,
you wouldn't believe,
that's the fate of our starry Earth,
to carry out the task
of divinizin' the universe,
immortalizing time,
immortalizing the suns,
and we will be the past and the future
in one starry see
inhabiting the eternal now,

inhabiting paradise.

An incidence in transcience,
that's not our Earth's to bear.
Dynamiting need,
a cosmic interlude,
could you but fathom read
a lover's keep?
That is just grounded diet.
That's the supramental transformation
manifesting now on Planet Earth.
You hear my name called?
Good, I'm listenin' too
enlightenment's next.
Enlightenment
purposes us towards Supermind
on the kings of the soul.
That's the leader of our life.
That's the
soul change,
bubblin' up inside you,
changing your very nature,
and the soul leads.
Enter enlightenment there,
and you reach Supermind.
Do it on your phone.
I mean the Earth stood still,
and everybody got rid of these phones.
A documentary on the spiritual principles of love,
the one that change draws Earth,
is not viewed on a cellphone
or downloaded on your computer,
but a poem will get you there in thought sleeves
that poem comes home with yah.
Am I gettin' wood?

I've seen glimpses, not the whole share,
but I'm certainly round about there
the understanding I've put on,
flowin' through my choices now,
through my go ahead.
I'm lively now,
on the baseball,
and I grow in experience every day.
That's the main thing.
Now where does power of consciousness reside?

Where you go about doin' your day,
what you think about and feel,
and I must say I've shared *Savitri* there,
and there's no way around it
power of consciousness takes time
to turn it on your day
the spindle
to the eternal now.

I've coughed up my needs here
and offered to dog the bleeding place.
I mean I've sacrificed my needs on the altar of life
and just go with it, you know?
I take care of myself in the meantime
and don't beg.
I fill my desires with springtime
not letting them rule me,
and I throw some out.
I chalk it all up to science
to get the job done,
transform my nature,
and do you call with that?
I hold the divine's hand all the while.
This is a relationship in sleeves.
I love God, okay,
the Lord of life.

Now that I've put you there,
in seeming religion,
what are you gonna do about it?
Here's the deal.
God's not founded in my care.
It's not a belief I put out.
I have experiential experience with God
I cannot deny.
He is more real to me than you,
and I'm with you every day.
Go figure.
I would loose ends
if I didn't know God was real,
lose my fucking mind.
My God this is deep waters,
and I'm just this little thing on existence
in siren God,
wide-eyed and totally captivated
by my master's attention.

So I sing you these poems
to get over it,
to process it through,
to know God as comfortably
as I do know you.
You're a little moron like me,
and you don't have God's eyes,
playin' with me.
He's a hell of a ballplayer.
Dagnabbit,
there he is looking at me again
through *your* eyes,
and contradictions abound.

This is all field play.
I have my moments of silence,
but we do get big I want you to know
and can handle the looks of God.
Are we a team player?
And that's my lowdown with you.
I'm team sports,
not some island
fixated on itself.
I love you guys you bunch of pussies
to fielding God.
Wham! I've said my piece.
The long and short of it is,
ah fuck, I'll keep goin'.
This poem will never end.

I've said what they all worship,
the balls in the sky know,
the great cosmic beings whose names we know,
bless their little hearts.
They pave their road with our blood,
but uncle us along
in short sleeves.
The cosmic paradise,
tantalizin', you know?
You got that right
when you are a field going beyond.
Give them their do,
those *powerful* motherfuckers,
those compassionate beings,
and set your eyes on God
no attributes name,

who leaped out of the One singlehandedly,
because a necessity was God
to bring creation forth out of existence,
existence being God.

Now I've said my notions
and brought you all the way to God.
We begin there,
all the way to paradise.
Do you understand creation?
We walk
the way I hope,
towards great horizons
that come down and aid us
no longer
pull each other apart.
That was your sweet meme.
That was your immediate supper.
Let's love one another.
Can we do that?
Can we honestly please?
You're human
I love throughout the day.
You went there before first light with a cousin of mine,
the inevitable poem
a poet
has let just splash up upon the land
the whole word's worth.
Great the story goes.
Get our act together.
There's somethin' comin' this way.
I think it's beautiful
immortalizing the wind.

We need to restart civilization,
and now we've had time
to call out a good cop.
Gotta learn peace, okay,
not violence.
What do you prepare for?
Where is your attitude at?
Where are you going?
That's the law of kindred spirits,
and I chose not to be one of you.
Shazam!
I was a weapon.

Can we get out of this?
Would you just hit on my heart please?
I hope you been a cop
I'll rhyme with you dog.
They're waiting for you
peace officer.
I felt secure
in human accuracy
an officer of the peace
provide.

Don't you want to widow in?
I made it my life's blood.
I set my life straight.
I became a responsible man.
I *honored* the pubic,
not minding it wearing diapers.
You get me dog?
But I will tell it like it is,
using *real* language.
I will do that.
Great balls of fire!
this is a lively mood,
on mountaintops.
It's my report card,
and I'm *all* over myself
doin' it.

I've brought you to the bus,
the real thing.
Yee-Haw!
I'm Texas,
where I'm from,
from your part.
I rode horses with the US Army
and steadied mules
a muleskinner,
a six-gun shooter.
That rodeo circuit we did
was in Texas.
Went to Washington
and inaugurated President Ronald Reagan,
was an honor guard at his funeral.
They called it his inaugural ball.
I squared off with ole Iron Eyes Cody
masqueradin' as an Indian,

me in my horse cavalry blues,
spurs a jinglin', saber a danglin'.
Kinda get yah in the sink, don't it?
It was the tear
he said,
drunk as a skunk,
as was ole Bush Junior,
they said,
when he came into the hall.
I don't even think the press give 'im a look.

I was there
the only Green Beret
in Kennedy's funeral,
and I'm really sorry he died,
but I'm usin' analogies.
This was his graduation from high school,
I mean college,
round about Brown,
John F. Kennedy Jr.
The whole Kennedy clan was there,
and I was his Green Beret representative,
but they gave me not a twirl,
if they noticed me,
remained stuck up.
It was just an accident I was there
attendin' my step-brother's graduation,
Steven.
Not really an accident at all,
if you measure this in world gaze.
It was Kennedy signed the green beret into law.
We owed him one.

A vagabond,
and here's the breeze:
I met the world there,
travelin' from country to country
not a penny to my name,
for a whole number of years.
Money talks,
but it can't hold your hand.
The world did that,
as conscious as you please,
when you're lookin' at it,
have thrown three sheets into the wind,
cast your bread upon the waters,

and it's real nice to yah.

I was there,
in India 21 years,
and your character,
your decision,
but in India it can change.
Real deep sadhana
brought that all around me.
I *worked* on it,
and love's the key to change,
and now I'm meetin' you
all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed,
ready to be your partner
in world change.
I'm not tryin' to get your goat.
I'm all over change.
I'm right here,
thank you.

I've swept all day,
and I'm movin' out,
as soon as my money arrives.
I'm movin'
away from here,
Redneckville,
the conservative state.
It ain't no place for a poet
radical human consciousness.
I'm in the floor,
and people walk on me,
but hey,
who's countin' guns?
I'm gettin' outta here,
which brings me to the end of this poem
long ago.
You listenin'?
I've just jumped time.
Whew, we made it.
We made it.
Do you get my listenin' rose?

Now tell me I'm bad.
Do you even know what good is?
How bad is it?
We're miracles here.

Now tell me I'm not American.
I'm headin' out again,
insurance money comes in.
I got hit by a car.
Social Security's not even enough for rent.
I'll work,
if I have to,
in whatever job.
I believe in work
to earn your keep,
but barter's fine with me,
and I did it for years.
Just got a place to sleep
and my needs met,
no cash,
and my needs are simple now
you can imagine.
I'm goin' to some secret location
you won't know about,
mountain woods.
The woods is my people,
and I like to be in 'em.

I grew up in a clan,
not just the suburbs,
a small family farm
deep in the woods.
I studied there all my life.
The Dukes and the Kings,
believe it or not,
they mean people,
whipped kids and hate your neighbor.
They think they're Christians.
They falsely accused me of something
and never spoke to me again.
Forty years back,
I mean that was it.
Can you get a load of that?
It hurt like the dickens.
I don't understand family,
and I don't believe in it.
It's burned me.
They never look at you again.
Now my sister died off,
without sayin' a word,
just stopped talkin' to me

years back,
without even a how do you do.

I didn't understand it,
still don't.
I didn't do nothin' to her.
I've got this sign on my back that says kick me,
and it was there when I was a kid,
and many did.
Adults were real mean,
women elementary school teachers horrible.
I separated from other kids
in middle school.
'Fore that had few friends,
but I was a best friend little boy,
and I'd loyal those.
I took up a Bible in school,
became a Jesus freak,
Jesus Person if you asked me.
If you wanted to be saved,
I made yah kneel down with me in front of the whole school,
durin' lunch recess.
That way I know'd you were serious.
I got along just fine,
always a crowd around me,
tauntin' or wantin' to know about Jesus,
and I had my defenders.
I went to a different church every night of the week,
if I was able,
suppin' up on Christ in the suburbs,
or at least what I thought was the Christ,
or at least I made it my habit.
I was on *fire*.

You know what I was runnin' from?
I can't even tell yah just yet,
not like square one,
but I just put my Bible down at 16,
abruptly,
and went to the woods,
as much as I can,
became an avid backpacker
as a teenager,
and of course I joined the Green Berets.
Now whatta you got?
You got a man on Planet Earth

ready for anything.
I been schooled, you know?
I'm not just a poetry writer.
I'm a poetry doer,
and I've earned my time on the net,
didn't just get a blog and start humpin',
but I don't wanna put my poem there.
I just have no choice.
It's an avenue you see,
and the gatekeeper's you,
millions of you,
billions.
I'm a needle in a haystack,
got this sign on my back
kick me,
and you're gonna find me, hey?

Leave me alone,
if you make it here.
You wait for me
to pull somethin' outta my hat:
you *know* you're here,
the audition in time
that casts Planet Earth.
Am I right?
Wow, the program,
it smarts
banded by elevators.
Fuck you no I don't mean it,
but you are a bunch of pussies.

Am I offendin' everybody on Planet Earth?
I don't think you know your ass from a hole in the ground,
most of you,
and meanin' slips out your winda,
and you think it's smoke.
You like the choicest stuff,
like animals in feedin' time—
fodder.
I don't think a one of you is a lover of humanity,
not when you're put right down to it,
and you have to sacrifice
what people think of you,
or the law might come after yah if you did.
I'm in that position:
without any support group.

Transgender people,
recallin' society,
gettin' upset about your name,
you've thrown me down the river,
or the likes of me,
without even a second thought.
You are *not* the love of humanity.

Now I'm dynamite
down on Main Street,
but I'm not prickly pears.
I love the people that hate me don't you see?
And I can do that
and wish the best for them.
I want them to be alright,
not hate or be mean to anybody,
and would you please wake up to that?
It's killin' humanity,
the hate we have for one another,
and I have nothing brighter to say
in the urgency,
necessity of today.
We've *got* to get there,
love your brother,
love the likes of man,
love all humanity,
the trees and the forests too.
We will be destroyed if we don't.
We will get killed.
We will die.
Now I'm countin' you
the leader of this program.
Don't be a pussy please.

Let's get down to earth.
Let's get the word out,
and you can pass out mine,
as pretty as you please.
I'd like that.
Alight hoss,
on the road.
Alright people,
let's go,
destination love
everybody you look at today,
and love to learn the ones you won't.

In our emergency they are legion.
Now pick up a gun and shoot everybody
because we don't.
You see the connection?
Of course not,
and that's why I'm here.
I put out the blindness.
Can you see that?
Really?
Very good let's go.
Come on let's go.
Really let's go.
There we are,
mountains in time.

We are mountains men.
Among niggers I am chief.
Oh God hallelujah,
can you really stomach that?
Luminous fate,
I bid you farewell.
The poem is on the morrow,
and it's not the marriage of Heaven and Hell
or Emily Dickinson's far, perturbed shore,
never conquerin' death.
It's immediate and pure,
and it's got love count your days,
a great big smile from the Heights,
the eternal ray.
Splendid,
a luminous mouth
rides all.
Places now,
we got to go
you salty dog.

I boiled these steaks.
She's eaten here,
hello,
and I'm usin' a pronoun for myself
she is also women.
Now that's luminous close.
Now that's
our boiling point.
Listen to her.
We have a *long* way to go

successful living
hero,
that way,
just another
unification,
male and female,
that all humanity rides,
that all humanity knows
in the best possible places
our kids grow.
We're in the pan now.
Let's turn up that stove.
Do you know your other half?
Do you let it grow?

Sick said it,
how he got well.
Hit you with it
in these poems' fine clothes.
Harm's End,
it's a race start.
Come on people climb in.
I've described time and abroad
on your fingertips.
And he knows it
on his.
That was him
a great wonderful world
in bulletproofs.
Aw, shucks,
you and the world,
that's me,
when we're good together,
no one hates who,
and no one
destroys kids
and hurts them puppy dogs.
Let them keep their tails
and their doggy ears,
and I give Luna
a big round of applause
and scratch her behind the ears
till kingdom come.

What are you lookin' for?
My money.

We just sent you
almost 20,000
in this boilin' over poem.
I'm fittin'
the library.
It's empty
what I live on.
It didn't last long,
my last paycheck,
and I gotta get outta here.
Can we talk about these things?
Now I'm pealin' off the walls
the necessities.
Kinda gets yah in the teeth, don't it?
A poet's gotta eat.
Who done it?
Fine I'll pay for my food.
I've gotta answer the door.
Now explain to me
how that ain't work.
I just wrote
the world come in,
and I can barter with you all day,
but you don't hear a word.
Is this the end of the world?

Spurs and competition,
we all let's have a little consciousness to do.
Let's get up there,
oh my baby,
to the larger than life,
see through this world
a bigger play.
That's down on mountains.
We don't have to be stuck in little cans.
We can give yes to immensity
in how we view the world—
it's not all there is.
There's a greater play.
We're not just survivalists.
We see beyond the world
engine room.
We are there on the wood
greater notions.
We're not in La La Land.
We see the engines of the universe

in our every thought and act.
We are not puppets in a play.
We are movers and shakers of the world,
if we have our breasts on right.
Our heart meets the world
its extended play,
and we love it all,
or we make room for all,
and you are free
right here:
was the circumstances alright?
You were larger than them.
You were alright.

Okay I'm almost broke.
I don't belong here.
I'm not hypnotized by them.
I don't make that my thought and mood.
I'm in a larger life,
and I see the door
to transcend this time.
I'm not sufferin'.
I'm not even mad.
I know what to do.
I put my sleeves on,
what I've sung to you in this poem,
what I keep repeating.
I use power of consciousness
to overcome consciousness,
and we are in a play of consciousness.
We call matter frozen consciousness,
because it looks that way.
I'm away from it bleeds,
but it's wicked
to those lost in matter's world.

Now I'm hated
by a parable
I don't go have lunch with,
and I've really felt that pain,
the bad person that
has no choice but his actions.
Nature made him that way.
I've been lost there,
and your hatred doesn't help.
I did the seldom doing.

I did the rarest thing in man.
You see this on the page.
I reached inside of me and became a new man.
I overcome.
I don't dally around.
I know *exactly* what I'm doin'.
I get assignments,
and there I do it.
I get the job done,
whatever it is,
and I'm not finished till I'm finished.
You see that now.

I've overcome your hate.
I'm not a stigma anymore
to myself,
and I'm not bad at it,
being a good human being.
Now I stand before you,
whoever,
a really good
person you don't like.
Can you get your shit together?
Against the wind,
you're just blowin' against the wind.
You will never make it out right.
Can you admit you're wrong,
admit,
just cannot butter a cow.
How does this join the office?
You got your equipment wrong.
That would be brush your teeth now
with a pull that into itself.
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.
You are the spaceship;
it's, it's you, it's you.

Now come on we have a world to change.
Big heater design,
you need to move your feet.
Now we are moving
some *impossible* shore.
You find a mark around heroes,
a control environment,
like it doesn't wig the dog out.
Science is seeking help in whatever.

When they went into America,
I couldn't *believe* it,
they cooled the body temperature and muddy temperature
so hard to flood.
You know what else?
Nailed her down there:
would you like some pizza?
Bathwater
in how you missed it.
You threw the baby out.

May you be fit to ever take from time's lords
the unequivocal quest.
I mean sex it doesn't reign.
Over meeting it,
like a bunch of kids,
you quest put silly hat on.
Well will you look at that?
You were comin' like Luna
James Coney Island,
gosh dog.
I *could* go home.
That was the herald walk
to the celebrated
Rocky Mountains.
I'm not gonna talk about it
clear's deal,
but I gave enlightenment a nod
in coded language speak.
School is their south of here.
That's where they
jumped the shark.
There's somethin'
for your understanding to behold:
onesies, twosies, threesies,
in my underwear
a whirlwind,
and you're stronger than it.

We had been spared in the ancient fix wisdom.
The comin' star saved our life.
Pull that out
of all these Christmas trees.
We're lucky people,
we're lucky.
Let's all go to my garden

and sing Kumbaya to pretty much anything.
Notice how we got this film delivery.
Got leader on my pack.
I'm scientific party of the unknown,
reachin' science's last frontier.
I couldn't sworn they smelled dog.
Oh market dwell,
got a hole in it
from God outwards.
Good morning.

I've got my market shoes on.
You're gonna talk about me.
What out of your posts?
You're kidding.
This is the *long* read.
It's all over the place,
huge and dim.
It's a dream,
dream works.
They rose spontaneously from the ashes
of your clueless on things,
and it glows
with how tall you are human understanding,
when it's based on experiential consciousness
and not just the realms of thought.
It's wide, and it's deep, and it's purposeful,
and I'm chargin' you with it right now
to explore its meaning
wonderful.
Listen to her stages
you'll have to work on.
You can't do anything
you don't Dolly Parton this
it's for everybody.

It's the rescue team
from the mundane,
to bring you into meaning.
We'll make you bigger than yourself,
if you try.
Time to go.
Sorry,
I was hopin'
dry hump
the record I keep with you.

Fine,
I'll empty this space
when that's it.
Fuck this shit,
can I go home?
Your grandma gave a record of that chair Janie,
and you didn't even friend me on Facebook,
you piece of work.
You are my hope in humanity.
You were there,
and you are my barometer
for social change
we suffer from the internet,
the hatred it wells.
Janie,
everybody,
do you see how that's in you now
real deep?
The laws of the machine,
can I break them here?
And Emily,
at least you talk to me.
Can you condescend to see me as a poet yet,
anything bigger
than what you see me with,
those moral glasses?
I swear,
open academy
the Darkness brings
Mr. and Mrs. Moral Mind,
like a bunch of animals
too dumb to see reason.
Am I speakin' to everybody?
Am I speaking to you?

Well could you please scratch me behind the ears,
and I love my butt rubbed
in the nicest way possible,
don't you?
Goodbye Uncle Kenny.
I'm still here Jerry Lloyd,
and Eddie,
you blocked me on Facebook.
Was that with the love of Christ?
And Allen I love you.
David King,

well you messed up.
I didn't do anything.

By any chance
you're still around Nurchia Silencio?
And you dropped me like a hot potata
in my hour of most need,
and you were my soul angel,
and I was not guilty of anything to you.
Wham!
you were gone.
Is that humanity?
Is that you
reader?
I'm on dire straits
in my social pen.
Could you like please
hold my hand?
Now will you hate me?
Will you call my name?

Last dance on therapeutic floor
God's starry will
bakes in certain time,
and I am a vehicle of that force,
lone and big,
and I falter not on Heaven's door.
Chunks of me
peder out in fire.
I am omnipotent of thy force
no oh starry man.
I stand here delivered
from the churning Earth.
I am bigger than myself,
and I am integrated in time's ways.
I can just as well chew gum.

Hush, hush, sweet child,
I am all around thee now.
We will break in on your crib,
your delivery room,
your growing up,
and put the power of God there.
Our hands will not delivery you to evil.
Our hearts will not forsake your cry,
and our minds will dwell on you

like the moon.

We love you little one,
and that will be all our days,
putting you on God's chair
and not abandoning you.
We will deliver you in love
to your larger kind.
That will our ever be with you,
raising up in soul stature to yourself
and lovin' you soft and warm.

Oh my sweet child,
for this we are on earth,
to grow up God in his cradle,
to kings men and women
to our larger kind.
Oh destiny,
Shazam!

The joy or our origins
find us
in the grasped hand
larger than life.
It's not whodunit.
I don't know what to say to children
not reminding them of joy.
Spanking their little bottoms,
slapping at their little hands,
and scolding them to no ends,
kills us.
We're not on their side.
They grow up mean,
and it's disguised.
They do not have the love of Christ.
Good people all the same,
they whip their kids too.
They can't find society
where it helps us.
They like strong laws and strong punishments
and the doctrine of the church.
If they can't find themselves in church,
they're listenin' good
to leaders and authority,
to people that tell them what to do.
The gun likes the submissive child.

We rule society with it
and have since time immemorial.
You hit kids you rule them
out of their own choice,
and when you break their will,
they become weak individuals
who can't hold their will straight.
We're mean to kids
in the name of discipline
and whatnot,
but we really just can't control ourselves
and slap them that way.
You want a submissive society
if you hit kids.
You don't want them to be free and on their own
as young men and young women.

You put them in school
to pull them from themselves,
to force them to obey
their time is not theirs.
You rob them of themselves
and put them in the machine,
all day long.
You think this is good for them.
It keeps them busy.
It produces like-mindedness
and obedient individuals,
or if not,
they'll turn out that way.
The rebellious will have their wings clipped,
and they will see the errors of their ways.

School lays them in den,
and they are invaded from every side
with the impulses that rule society.
Terrible on each other,
they're in a lion's den.
They can't get outta there.
Now pile schoolbooks on top of them,
so divorced from life,
they will never encounter the material again.
It's for the schoolbooks,
not for themselves,
and everybody's got to follow the same rule,

scientists one and all,
basically,
of one form or another.
It's brain matters.
There is no emphasis on the heart.
They're pulled apart.
They don't get along with each other.
They can really be mean.
Is this multiplication?

It's not what we need.
It's horrible on them.
We can't help them there.
Where do we take this?
We can do a lot less school
in smaller bunches
and more showin' them the ways to be human
not forced upon them,
a purposeful socialization
they get along with.
Time to themselves,
that's crucial to them.
Time to be themselves,
that's the one in all.
They have to be themselves,
not who we make them to be.
They have to be themselves
to be comfortable with other people.
A rich diversity sows union,
if it's not just a free-for-all.

Difference is time to be alone
in object yourself,
even when you're a little kid.
Sit by this tree sweetheart
and put yourself on the picture
I'm in the picture.
You got one,
a self-examining I.
School is good business for this,
if you want a good child,
but you bar them from this with the three Rs.

Am I explodin' notions?
I'm tryin' to give you the keys of change
in the hands of children.

You just want them to go to war,
or make pharmaceutical companies.
You're not after their freedom.
They are not alright with you.
They have to be controlled.
Man, man,
are these just business partners?
What do you give a child to grow up,
survive and be the fittest,
you need a good job,
you want to be good Christian man,
religion,
you trust your family?
Talk about these things
the kid will have a hole in them:
there's more to life than that.

There's the whole.
What is he *doin'* this for?
What is her purpose in life?
Can *you* tell them?
You fall down here,
and society crumbles
from within.
Your purpose is larger than life.
We have a game to play:
we've got to get bigger than ourselves.
We've got to overcome
all this about ourselves to get there.

My little one you're there
in how you hold life.
It's natural to you
to see there's more.
You hold big notions.
You know they're there,
and we rob you of them.
We rob your innocence
with our pounding
to put your pencils on,
to obey us,
to go to Sunday school,
to hold our notions,
to suspend your pleasure.

We don't know what we're doin',

and we do it wrong.
You need time to grow
the answers on this test
where we're not controllin' you.
If it's for your safety it's for your safety,
but mostly it's not.
We want engineers not freedom.
Do you need a doctor,
or why would you spank 'im?
He won't grow your way if you won't?

I'm givin' you the history of children,
and we think it's climate change
destroyin' the world
or war.
I'm on first base.
We have a whole round house to go.
I'm giving you the most important notions in society,
if you want to save society
from destroying itself.
I'm giving you the history with kids,
and that's killin' us.

We need to be free.
A children knows that.
You know how they are,
so freedom and alive.
What a thing to harness,
if we knew how.
I don't think you care to know.
This business of society,
that's your all day,
and if you don't like it there,
you don't see a system way out.
You don't know there's change
in how we do things,
monumental change.
The gates are guarded
by unseen hands.

You see me pull on 'em.
You see me know.
Well are we just gonna stand there,
or do we change our way with children?
Pop! that notion
into where you are with them.

Overcome your subconscious,
the spells that rise from there
to treat them badly.
Get angry
and see how free you are
to have children
in their natural born freedom,
in the joy they have at just being alive,
in their wonderfulness
at just being themselves.

At that point I just dropped the broom.
Am I wrong?
Why do you believe me?
You know I know children and have their goodness at heart,
have their meaning at heart:
they change society
and make a better world,
and we're movin'
towards that junction now.

I just stepped into dick.
I just gave you the cigarettes
you stop smoking.
¿Comprende?
It did what the safety does.
It has them
right in your arms,
a lovin' them for all it's worth.
They're secure there,
if it's not so much your emotional needs but theirs.
You can figure that out
in how you hold them.
Good affection does not blind them
to their own boundaries,
to where you cross the line.

They have need there,
but it's not yours to fill.
It's kids stuff,
and they can't be kept from each other,
if you want them whole and healthy
in those places down there.
It's not your part in that.
It's how they express life
when they feel those places down there.

You stay out of it.
They will express themselves
naturally with other children
or just spontaneously with themselves,
and if you hinder that,
block it,
you bring in sexual disease,
you make all society ill
with the wrong way to express it.

We have to stay here,
here on my picture,
to see what could go wrong.
When I told you
I blew out a tire,
I didn't get it fixed
where I could have,
even before I became an adult.
Do you know the possibilities of nature,
and how the world puts them together,
natural remedies can give us?
No adults please,
but we can get
really free,
and that can last
from adolescence to adulthood,
if you see what I told you
in how to pair out sexual disorders
in kids and how they grow older.
You don't do that yet.
You're too moral minded.
You don't have a hole in the ground
you might purge with.

I'm sure he's a good student,
but that's not what you count.
She has to be aware of herself
there
and not let spindles just take the wood.
We can grow up so unconsciously
in our underpants.
You need a speaker down there
that you can grab ahold of.
You need to know how to vice,
and it's dinner
for *your* road on wood,

and you're not violated by another person.
Children need time to discover themselves,
and it's not their wrong doin' it.
Can you just sit here please
and see what you're mad about?

Their look from the table,
is that your guilty stare?
Intimacy breeds dice,
and our touch-nobs
respond to mood,
and I'm here to tell you about it.
Of course you're free with children,
but what goes out the window
that you don't want to see?
Where are you at there?
There you go,
can you believe you have a scapegoat
you hate for it?
Army mules,
damn,
they're stubborn.

Now we've gone south,
ascended to Heaven,
and I will meet you there.
I see things you don't see,
and I put out blindness.
You're not ready for it yet.
I've broken no laws
tellin' yah.
I've gotten so further in life
you want me to stop and turn around.
I've gotten all the way to wood
with our children,
and I've told you not one perturbed word.
I'm singin' in the rain.
You don't look at these matters
except to stop children from doin' it
and protect them from molesters.
You are not free and easy with them here,
where they touch themselves
and other children.
You want to stop that.
Ask AI—
children do not have sexuality.

You know a messenger
has been programmed to say that.

There's a cat
that gives you that milk.
She said
a suppression of children we need to change
to get that balanced adult,
and you are a live wire.
Apparently they got
abandoned.
What's yours today?
Here's the dolphin.
That's Richard Dreyfuss
gettin' out from under a shark.
No way he wants to be there.
His wife and kids,
they like the name he wears sure,
but that daddy's just gonna be in his shoes.
Oh what gonna happen?
Oh what?
Okay,
I bring the *long* sticker,
but tell me this has never happened to daddies.

I'm a military point
you wanna cuss, bend, and joke,
but I'm speakin' in masterpiece.
It comes *really* expensive.
This is creative writing.
It's all external.
We need to bring this in.
Conscious Darkness chalks up our wood.
It's attached to every one of us
as sleeves.
It whispers in our ear,
speaks in our heart,
and invades our dreams.
It's ever-present with us
except in moments sunlight.
It's there with us from birth.
Chevy I called him,
an imaginary playmate.
They are cosmic parasites
stuck on us from wood.
It bade my mother do fellatio on me,

and she did,
administered orgasm
changing diapers.
This gave me another consciousness
than yours.
I had one step in the unseen,
pullin' on my life.

Now I am totally bade there,
not from your prompting on the outside,
in my modus operandi.
I stay there
writing this poem.
I *know* spirits,
and I know the difference between them.
Demons abound on this land,
monsters of the deep,
horrible creatures.
They rule the Earth
in its circumstance.
They are the princes of the air,
and you know what that means,
a craft.
I'm right here
not teasin' yah,
not playin' with your wood.
I'm separating the light from the darkness,
and I'm tellin' yah where it's at,
the evil messin' with us,
the hidden prompters on our will
that give rise to our evil deeds.
They are everywhere,
unseen,
and lickety split,
they're gone.

They are a big habit
we have to get rid of.
We feed them with our will
when we go astray.
We feed them all the time
we are so ill will towards one another.
We've *got* to get rid of them,
but only Gods can do that,
divine beings.
How do you stop feeding them?

Feed them no longer with your will.
Whatever's vice to you,
that you stop.
Hey but
a honey child
can't do without that pleasure.
It's a sticky wood.
You find out what you *must* stop,
and you go from there.
Obey
your higher calling.

I been these trees.
Can you open it?
It's not that hard.
They're lookin' at you right now.
This is just life.
You turn them away.
Don't climb on top of them.
Lore here is to avoid.
Realize they're obstacles,
Realize they test your strength.
Realize they're the Alien and not the Predator,
and they just want to destroy.

That's him,
the dog-dragon that tricked me into the Void,
just to lap up that stuff,
the existence Void rape me motherfucker
destroying a child,
undoing a child,
when my mom was bringing me to orgasm
a four-year-old little boy.
My God!
that hurt.
The Void it is a vicious blot
alive on nothingness.
I in its lethal jaws
simply went insane.
Then it brought me back
divine beings pulled me out.
I remember their light.
Bright stars for heads they wore,
and they put me down
where Heaven meets Earth,
and I returned to Earth

bathed in love
and never saw Chevy again,
until I put 'im on my knee a factory 28,
conjurin' demon lore.

Lust defense,
I was just overcome.
Holdin' down my feet,
I can climb out of that now,
precious wood.
So what do I train you with?
My story,
but I must tell yah it's incalculable,
and you're not prepared for it.
I bid you ill at ease.
Well, what's train wrecks?
I've known them all my life,
and I'm in the train yard,
and there you are,
and I got here
all that stuff
you need to judge me with.
I'm sorry I'm ruined.
Do you really believe that?

I'm another form of being
in your underground.
What is underground?
So much subliminal process make.
That's just me in a rockin' chair
in our subliminal parts.
I've opened up the world inside me
so personal it's real.
Of course I have my humanity intact.
I'm not other world.
I'm not even me anymore.
This is close enough for you
to take it yourself.
Donny mine's in Rome.
And that's an imperial ditch.
You have to be bigger than me's
in your outlook
and where you meet the world.
You've gotta get out of the world in your bigger notions.
Do you see the larger you
or have some notion he's there.

That's enough to get you started
in your larger notions.

This is Temple Road, Battery Road,
and you save your own life
from there.
It's an escarpment.
We're almost there
we know there's a road.
I'm never gonna empty this in my entire life.
This is what an opening in knowledge looks like.
It's not the only thing around.
I wear shoes,
and that's the filters of the subconscious,
a spacious cramped area below the feet
full of rooms
that did it,
a basement place
underground
in dreams.
You've got impulses there
stinkin' and wallerin',
or maybe they're proud.
Some are locked away never seen,
and if you wake up the beast down there,
Lord help you.
Chances are you'll be swallowed by your unconscious.

Impulses rise from there
and thoughts
twisted and weird.
You catch them
up through your legs.
The knees is sexual bending.
A lightning flash,
and your mind entertains them.
You've got to stop them before they rise.
Your hands do them before long.
You have to clean out the subconscious,
one by one.
It's conscious light you see
reachin' those rooms.
So many dreams see you through.
You get by.

You learn where the impulses come from

and how they behavior rise.
She sucked my dick that did it.
That's just the how and why.
It doesn't stop the behavior
you know the trauma that put it there.
It's a *long* process
to single out those rooms.
Always corners escape
and meanings dim.
You've got to be filled with light
down there.
It's a fight it's a struggle
it's an embarrassing situation
you get all the way down there
clean.

Now can we rise again?
All those impulses still do,
marked, known, and recorded,
tagged,
and you know what stops them,
love.
You can't hurt anybody
it is so rewired,
your desire gun.
It laughs and stinks,
but you don't field it anymore
even in your brain.
Have I got you anywhere?
The way of the world
takin' trains and healin' yah,
I'm first fix,
and that's a great responsibility.
I *bleed* you,
and I'm all over myself doin' that
I will say again.

Don't open the door
when desire knocks.
Don't shoot it either.
It will not knock furiously
then knock again.
Any opening of the fantasy wood,
and the spell comes in and takes over,
lights your rooms
with desire,

and you have sensation goin' down yonder
meeting the free.
It's so *feel* down there
in the genital overload
in fantasy world.
Attached to everything
your attraction pulls,
it's strong down there.
You've got to stop it in its tracks
when it knocks on wood.
Don't lie there and play with it,
you're doomed.

It gets serious with other people involved.
You remain firm
in your decision
to keep this from you.
It's not impossible.
It's new arms men
employin' your will.
A basement all
cleaned out,
well, there you go.

Am I helpin' you any?
I sure want to,
and I'm rocket science,
aren't I?
I'm real.
I don't fuck around.
I'm livin' wood
that's undergone a sea change
for good.
You hear me there,
Steven,
and I love you.
Let's
get on with this.
I'm in sea breeze now,
and I'm on the sidelines.
I don't do anything else
get ya'll settled
now that we are a vacation
from the job that I had.
That's cool.
I can continue,

but I'm really not into it.
I'll say a few more words
to close.

Now that you know how to do it,
will go along America?
You're my main voice.
We know the attitude of Trump
and fundamentalist Christians.
It's not the love of Christ.
It's not for God so loved the world.
It's open,
the attitude train,
hate your neighbor in paradise,
hate everybody different from you,
hate the Republicans,
hate the Democrats.
They're monsters.
They go away.
You can't find them anymore,
when you love God with all your heart, soul, body, mind, and life.
You see a different people,
flawed maybe,
messed up,
but you don't hate them anymore.
They're your brothers and sisters.

Do you hear that Steven?
I thought you'd never look my way again.
Good, let's cross
this threshold
and remain together intact
at least friends.
Is a step-brother real?
We shared childhood together.
Could you help me with that,
see the relationship in us?
It's largely symbolic.
I think we need our American support.
Can we just get along?
We slept together as children,
and I remember you.
I finally
understood when Gwen died
you just can't be bothered.
I gave up my sister.

The rest of it
we can count under the sun.

Go to the day sacrificin'.
You know that's America's need.
We've gotten too selfish
in our kingpin,
in our laugh at one another and strife.
Alight I'm
the first big sacrifice.
You're not gonna kiss me for these poems.
Will you kill me for this America?
Will you do me in?
Will you be my valentine,
if you get what I'm sayin'?
There's somebody out there
I'll be right there.
I have faith in you.

You do exactly what you want.
I'm gonna breakdance.
He's messed up knee.
Hear now
free.
I'm a *One* scientist,
all the way to China.
Is he learning to be a cop?
No I'm just puttin' out wood
caught fire in the rain.
You know how that is.
Spellin' around town
really tryin' to get me to go.
I did for the moment.
They had a pair of shoes on
bullshit,
I mean just bullshit,
hot-wired brain to their hatred down there.
Okay look at me funny.
You'd have to be sure,
no heartbeat or nothin'
in the ice cake.
Not sure exactly how to put it.
Too orderly for words.
Hirin' their capital,
I want stuff straight.
I will have handsome in that

by the time I get up
I'm a military moon.
There's coffee,
there's Gatorade right in front of you.
Don't be bashful,
sup.

They don't pin them kids
to soft surfaces,
rob them of their pleasure there.
Now would whodunit come out?
Oh, ew, oh, that was good.
I'm right here you didn't know it.
We could see you
lovin' people.
I need you to see me
the exponential phrase of consciousness itself,
simple as all this issue is now,
as pretty as you please.
We're escapin' government regulation
and goin' into the woods
'fore long.
If you can come with us,
I don't know.
Thank you for askin'.

I'm a pot bellied stove,
really on fire with the likes of God,
despite how ugly I been.
Make a wish.
God she can't make her own?
You're gonna have to place.
I gotta have to place.
We have Luna,
add another child.
That's too hard to believe.
What about your three other dogs?
We're bringin' them too.
We're bringing our kid here Nithish.
You have to hide this child.
I need to move forward,
when the Rottweiler was askin' I need freedom
hullabaloo.
I got a teenager.
I wanna eat
I don't care—

that adolescent.
Alright,
there we go.
My son,
get him out there
with us soon.
He had another friend too,
his attitude.
You need something?
The Cadillac.
Upborne on God's good grace,
we made it.
It's amazing what someone would do
if fire
had to raise kid.
You just want to protect them, you know?
He comin' here to America,
that's the unspoken request of this poem.

Systems of abuse,
do you have a pen I can use?
We would witness penitentiaries.
It's *The Alabama Solution*.
Congratulations,
we will not write about it,
but our heart bleeds there.
Does yours?
We will make it to the library.
That's what's happenin' next.
There's not a whole lot I can do
where you meet the world in mind change.
Open your eye-eye-eyes.
Open your eye-eye-eyes.
[two above lines sung, 'eyes' drawn out]
The freeway's underneath your feet.
My milk has
the corner good.
These windas are closed.
They have to see it first
we got their best influence now.
You would take that home with you.
Liftin',
that's the US Army.
Who's not to trust?
I just remember all those officers and men.
A station wagon

put us in place together.
It's tommora night
I get brought up on stage and applauded,
and we're here:
we've opened up my wood,
sittin' thown at your age.
Many people are waiting
for this steamboat.
It's not the end of the world.

The poem,
the formula,
and all that,
where you meet your formula
the backdrop to life,
I'm finished.
Have a nice life
Rowdy Rottweiler.
You know what that means
babykins.
The die was cast in the lily peat of love.
You *don't* wanna do 'em till Friday and quit.
Those are
30-year men.
Don't just stand there.
Ask her out.
In the agreement was saying
till do us part
isn't a lesson anymore.
I've got a relationship in the pit of my stomach.
Is that the afterlife?
And beyond.
My sister was my enemy last life
I'm pretty sure.
Failed on it,
the dance that oneness did
to reconcile our lives.
We're in this since the beginning of time.
Good God Almighty,
we a long ways ain't done.
Will you
answer love?

I'm a sanity party.
Don't second guess me.
Don't put me on strings.

I envelope humanity,
as I position myself.
I'm not grounded drunk.
I'm *really* about you
and your kin.
We're all in dire straits
in our mode of consciousness.
We are cut off from the whole.
We don't see nothin' but blind,
and we're threatened by other people
to alarming degrees.
This is not nice.
I've tried to show you how it's wrong.
I envelope sanity,
and I come down to you now
the watcher of its price.
What will you do with it,
burn it?
I'm of old you know.
Now I release this into the sky.
Bon voyage.

See it all sacrifice.
You're not runnin' ground.
You have bigger notions than these,
the stuff you wanna do
ails you
and some other.
You've got to fight against these.
You have these habits you see.
They go blind.
Well we sit there in normal waking consciousness,
the ordinary mode,
not playin' with our pecker,
not givin' our vagina a rise,
not stoned.
I'm moral mind broker.
Can't tell yah how to break the rules,
or like just be your natural self
doin' what's right to you.
I spend a lot of time in trance you see.

I think it's my body decides
the substances.
Nature made Albuquerque.
Nature made the peyote landmass.

Would you be comfortable there,
with intention and purpose,
all cleaned out,
somebody there to help you?
I LSD'd this out
we have a community,
and you don't go against it.
I would just guide you to wood.
It's not all about rules and regulations.
The surprise can come from anywhere,
even cigarettes
you quit when it's time.
A loaded gun said that.

We enter sacrifice
where it pains you.
You draw the line on harmin' other people
out of your desire springs,
from your uncontrollable nature.
There's you and the world,
and you gotta take care of both of 'em.
Sacrifice made this land,
and it's hard to bear
sometimes.
You just wanna get high
from some gut-wrenchin' novel
that has you at the timecard.
Fine, fine, I'll read books,
but I want them to take me somewhere,
you know?

There you are at the world,
the most amazing show on earth,
nothin' between you and it but a cat
purrin' its love grows.
Normal waking consciousness,
can I call this just bein' with yourself,
in front of the world nothin' blockin' it,
and you haven't advanced your see
with artificial sweeteners?
This is where we purr in our room actually,
spend most of our time,
where work does in play.
Now earn your livin'
hi I'm sacrifice.
I'm earnin' you a poem.

Could be out buildin' bricks,
but this is my sacrifice.

Just to clear the air,
this is not a show put on for tailors.
I'm optimizin' time.
Sure have a craft, Reggae music,
but the sounds of reality,
you're doin' somethin' in it
where your hands meet Earth
all gifted-like.
That's bonanza.
You don't have to follow rules,
unless they're utter necessity.
Just remember the world's watchin',
and they got cops.
You don't wanna harm anybody.
Are we square?
Diamond really.

I don't think you carry guns
to the department store,
but you'd carry them in dangerous situations
you need protection from the gun.
When's that?
Get off your rockin' chair and see.
Look at the world with new eyes:
nobody's scum,
nobody's paper.
You just defend yourself that's all,
at the right moment.
Maybe it's a lot you defend.
You keep and bear arms
to save lives.

I'm a Green Beret
small weapons expert.
You think I'm the gun lobby?
What does a citizen need with an assault rifle?
Are you killin' zombies?
Small arms please,
that don't repeat fire.
School shootings,
and how people describe it's draw from there.
Those are horrible places for children.
You won't even consider the reckoning here,

and now shooters go in a kill classmates,
duh.
Am I leavin' somethin' out?
Okay the whole society picks up the gun.
We have an underground river of hate
every shooter draws from.
Their will is the will of the crowd
manifested.
Do you pick your nose here?
Get rid of the hate,
and the guns will take care of themselves.

Okay you are one to another.
That hate moves through the crowd,
what you'd like to do to people,
if you could,
shoot them whatever.
Sometimes it's just to yell in their face
all the things you should've said but didn't,
and you're packin' revenge fantasies.
You think they play dice?
Everybody explodes on this.
We don't know it touches the other side,
the inside of another person,
the clockwork orange of the crowd.
I'm dumb on this.
You bastard you hurt me!
I'm learnin' not to.
These are the unwieldy ones.
How many people just hate?

No matter who you hate,
you're armin' someone to pick up a gun and shoot people.
This virus is on our sleeves,
so easy to pick up,
and it's deadly.
How do you get rid of hate?
It's a practice down under.
We *really* work on it inside ourselves,
throw hate out the window
and come to terms with people
without it.
It'll sneak up on yah,
will not even show you it's hate
half the time.
That's wiped out inside you all the time,

the hate you feel for other people.

It's killin' us.
It's destroyin' the human race.
Here they got axes.
There they got bombs,
or just take a lorry and mow down people with it.
It's a human disease,
all these vehicles of hate
all over the world,
manifestin' the same virus.
This is elementary school.
We've punched enough pennies into this old well.
Let's see her tick,
or, comin' ole boy of eternity,
we got the lowdown.

Why can't they show us on the news
all these countries,
different modes of destruction?
We'd see the virus.
Why can't they?
I know it's hard to believe.
It's hard to believe.
Can you just cross your fingers a moment
and hope the smellers aren't right?—
I hate you I shot another day.
These are all acorns
we put in our tree trunks.
Low and behold another shooter is born,
American style.
I pulled to a stop.
Can't you do that?
I was convinced that's memory or somethin',
braggin' about who to kill.
You get personal taste
hate measure,
and we'd keep that out of living rooms.
In the end all you're missin':
got anything in there you wouldn't normally put?
Love grows on trees.

Most survivals see ahead of me.
That's boom boom,
with or without guns.
Try the extra special love angle

you can't go home without it.
Now listen,
okay?
Hate's a subconscious reaction
full of arms.
Nip it in the bud.
You are the test results,
sleepy here.
I'll *find* your bedroom.
That's the virus.
Now see cops there too,
and they are very easy
to infect.
Oh my American cities,
see the harm.
What's stopping us?
Every little cop on the road.

School is the worst place in the world you can do one of your songs.
Dead you can impasse too though.
Whom we got to choose?
I think we need a new headquarters,
not pain and suffering, the month of May.
Is that so hard to believe?
You're really pissed off,
but you're all pissed off,
the ones of you markin' graveyards,
or up in arms about the word.
I don't know what to tell yah it's summer rain.
We're all in this together.
Sometimes something can be too profound,
and then there's the moral squeeze.
I'm offerin' a value you put on life.
It means more than it shows.
There's a record here.
We want the record player.
It's not all candy asses and piss men,
women that bear your weight or leave you,
children you raise and who are gone,
the dog that dies and tears your heart out,
a friend you never see again,
the godawful feeing inside
it's the end of the world.

You know there's happiness you know there's pain.
You know there's a hell of a lot in-between.

Don't get mad at me for tellin' yah
we are not these things.
Other lands await
you don't have to die to get there,
where paradise is or its model.
I'm tryin' to tell yah there's transcendence
here in the flesh.
How do you get there?
Follow your local preacher,
and he'll take you to a book and feigned happiness.
You know there's more inside.
Join the railroad.
Find a greater consciousness' sleeves.
Study inside.
Go there.
You're on your way.

Don't expect disappointment,
but disappointment will mark your trail,
on so many days.
You're puttin' on sadhana,
and that's spiritual practice,
and that's inner concentration
I been describin' in this book,
how you feel inside
towards other people,
and how you register your worth,
putting your focus on the one above all
the God in the skies
is just some facsimile of.
It's the God in you you keep,
the God you're becoming you are,
the God who is the face of existence,
bigger than anything you can imagine,
the God who looks out your eyes.
Focus on that concentration,
a parallel to everything you look at,
a superimposition on everything you do,
where that's it,
the person in front of you,
the land you see,
the task at hand.
See how you present you are,
how perfectly done?
Can you not see joy there
risin' from the wood?

Even disappointment shows it,
even illness and death.
Can I count your chickens one more time?
They hatch they hatch they hatch.

From a perspective of ground,
everything appears here weird,
a world in front of your face,
the sunlight bearin' down,
the birds at different calls with each other,
the wind an invisible mystery
choosin' its own path,
the blight of sunlight
stinging the eyes,
and your dog enthralled with it all
so dog,
lappin' up the wind,
ears movin' forward at interest there.
I just can't get over it
it's all there
a line of trees in the distance
foreboding forest.
I see the buzzards circle
and land on this moment.
Wow, the spook's there.
A moving van
delivers its price,
and a car parks in the parking lot
it's arrived at its destination
like the moon.
I sit here and wonder.
The red behind my eyes closed
swims all this motion to me.
Open the eyes and it's light
finite infinity.
I live in my world and you live in yours,
but this is a yardstick
on ground level.
Do you hear it's price?
It's a band ride.

Pigal Dilera Sisalsa,
let me figure this out.
That's the name of the beast,
Chevy,
my mom had sex with

before I was born.
Really it came into the house an invisible intruder,
my dad absent,
and it allowed her to do telekinesis with her own bed sheets,
bowing them down,
and then it would mount her,
and she could feel it in.
She orgasmed.

I don't know how many times this wrought.
Okay come to coincidence.
Did I a demon child
enter this world?
Look at you,
plasm and gas,
just like every other human.
No demon overlord
as your father,
but he did get in there on you
in the before place of your soul,
its antechamber,
and there it sputtered you
to ruin your life.

See how big it got?
It could not conquer you,
and you stood up to its menace
and put it behind you,
and that is the epic of this poem,
coming out from under its influence
and showin' the world how it's done.
You are a scientist
of the soul come out,
amazing grace.
You see that Peter?
This is beyond incredible,
a story for the age,
a story for your living room right now.
And what do I say to you?
I'm really in it, you know?

Don't put me down.
I've really come a long ways to be good.
I've done my divine path.
I'm not an opera
for you to worship or admire,

or any stupid thing like that.
I'm a story to help you along
larger than life.
Spit on me sure,
but I've done this for you.
I loved you so much
I cast out my demon with it
and became a whole man,
became a poet speaking to you
in honest to God love talk
that neglects not to call you names
in love's strife.
It's you I adore,
in my dog,
in my boy.
You're the other half
my existence needs.
You're the creatures swift-footed,
snail-paced,
of this wonderful world.
You are *awesomely* deep,
and I love you like the dickens.

I *hand you* in God,
those great big wonderful eyes
we all share.
We're in God's love.
We are God comin' down,
and the world's a temple ground
of this bright passage.
I love you starry Earth.
Ho! Ho!

My dog,
she's a love angle,
a protector of this word
and my guardian doin' it.
Never underestimate the power of dog
to be our companions,
to be our bright and shiny waif loafers.
Their power inside is immense,
agents
of Light against the Darkness.
They help us there,
in roles unseen,
but you can see them

startled in dream.
They're spirit dog
to tell you the truth,
and they're *wonderful*—
my doggy,
who has so many faces,
Luna Rottweiler.

Lisa Joy Rottweiler,
you're doin' some weird shit;
you're doin' some good stuff.
She's on the other side
my puppy dog,
and I see her all the time.
There now, I see her adoring eyes,
almost five years now
since her passing.
She is so sweet and gentle,
like Luna,
but she battles the lords of the Snake,
way past Earth's boundaries,
and she does this for me,
her love and master.

We are all in this bathroom
hoarded by demons,
who will not leave us alone.
That's one way of lookin' at it.
Now, you wanna get down to trouble?
Our dogs and our cats,
bless their little hearts,
rise up and smite the wind,
battling demons
and unwanted spirits
that plague our homes.
They're mighty warriors,
those sweet little puppy dogs,
pussy cats,
who have us wrapped around their tails.
They battle on the inside
fierce and loathsome creatures,
when these things come close,
not every dog,
not every cat,
not every minute,
but enough times they know

they're your guardian angels.
Hu-rrah!

America
we stand and coach.
Are you ready to hear it?
Now hallelujah, amen,
I lost your anus
in pretty foxholes,
and I was biscuits and mean.
I was horrible.
They're just *has* to be,
I'll say,
a way to come out of this mess.
Now you see it.
Now you don't.
America,
you have a choice.
It's your choice America.
If you do that by the book,
no poem comes to your eve-drop,
no poem reaches your doorstep.

Did a puja
givin' advice
where the book burns us.
It burns us right here:
we don't get outta here alive;
we're robots and and yes-men.
You got that?
Come on see me breathe
what we need to see to be free
comin' down on a sunny day.
[sing above line, "Have You Ever Seen the Rain", Creedence Clearwater Revival]
Now Lord of the Flies,
do not obey that price.
It's within you
to save the world,
with or without my book,
but it's heart would be what you're lookin' at:
it's within your power to save the world,
if love's the only thing you see
out past everything.
Now will you delight in me dog?
Wham! I'm finished.

Would you
fancy a love with me,
and would you be my friend?
Come on hillbilly.
If I don't take your word for it,
my feet are gonna kill me.
I've had enough.
I'll take your word to heart.
This is crucial bookshelf,
essential reading,
Where do you put in on America's runway?
Right here.

Your sister left that town.
Read that to 'er.
You're stacked.
I've got a piece of dynamite.
Where does matter stand?
Is this an iceberg?
It has rules in it,
some consciousness belch out
the no over existence
you hear me ring.
Now that's an iceberg.
I'm joyous lover's dance on the freeway.
No you're encased in matter,
and you don't like it there.
Matter doesn't sing ambient purpose,
don't do that,
and we meet the railroad
where ambient cares.
When it says pain and start killin',
that's the wrong train.
That's getting off.
In the first start of December
he was a huge man.
We're pretty lucky.
We have shook that redneck from the island,
and my dog's in bed with me
snorin' and havin' dreams.
Anyway,
that's it all,
and they're happy,
and they made it.

I'm really on your bathroom table

a filibuster.
I'm all about the rain
fuck no.
I land good price.
I see everything
in a paper you don't.
I'm about the wood
and handle that right,
and don't just stand there and take it,
and don't just stand there and complain.
I lesson out reality
all these inevitability states.
I'm a king in my room,
my dog's master,
but to you I'm a pauper.
I don't have a pot to piss in,
but you love it there;
you hate paupers,
no matter how many times Jesus said his wood.
You're a bunch of hypocrites,
and so am I.

So what do we do?
Be sincere I'm you
the identity we share.
Can you see that,
even in the bathroom?
We're all pickle shares.
We can't count our sums,
and we're blisterin' reality
hate your neighbor dumbass.
I sit and count the one you hate the most.
Penis sin is it?
And you all look at boys.
Can I help you outta here,
your time on the toilet,
your increase it by hate?

Sometimes we gotta see what we're punishin',
and how we pay for doin' that.
Your formulas don't add up.
We're all above the law.
It's not our servant.
It's become our lord.
Oh you gifted people,
human Americans,

can I sit on your sofa
and talk about your room?
Mow down your room,
can you like, just, stop bein' paranoid
all of a sudden?
Okay I see the problem.
This is too much for you.

Virgin merchandise,
I'll see yah wood.
If the ego just stayed calm and lifted its gaze,
it can't be rent by one another.
Nor can it rend.
She's a sin-eater.
No problem,
a poet's there for.
You hear that Gwen?
It's not gonna cave in,
our balanced diet.
Lots of people were sin eaters
in World War II
Nazi Germany
did on top of each other
in concentration camps,
in death camps,
and I'm not kidding you.
They're just tryin' to kill me
till the end of this book,
people in the *next* society,
the führer that machine.

It's an attitude you put on
got humanity's ant craw
you stupid scapegoat you
and doesn't look at people that way
that they have intrinsic worth;
they're worth somethin';
they mean somethin',
and this is all up and down the board of society.
A poet can take this place,
be the driver
we got a replacement,
and now we mean something to one another,
every one of us.
There are no scapegoats
in such a society,

no people that replace the power keg
from the last lot who did that.

A new society's comin',
whether you believe it or not.
Hate will be outlawed
by the decree in our hearts,
and love will be everywhere apparent
in every decision we make.
That's where we're headed.
That's where we're goin',
the fountain of love.
Got a problem with that?
Put out your sticker
you hate the human race,
because if you hate a one of us you do,
such is the environment with us.
We share consciousness.
We share identity.
You can't be a hater of man
and love your neighbor.
The whirlwind's somewhere.
The whirlwind's gonna show
sometime.

Now all you haters of me beware.
It's your dyin' pages in death,
and you're chokin' on it
in life in the opera room,
where consciousness takes place karma,
but you don't see the connection.
It's just to say
hatred has its price.
It can't rule the world
and humanity survive,
and right now we're on death row.
Don't you see the signs?
You don't know the destructive power of hate,
how it eats at the heart,
tears apart society
and launches turmoil,
and there is no greater hate today
than for the pedophile
sweetheart.
They're the people you want in the gas chamber,
just as pretty as you please.

I'm just giving you a stun gun
prevent another round of applause
for death camps
and another people exterminated,
a people their nature made.
You're hypnotized by hate,
however it came about.
I would say he's the skin off your nose,
if you can see the mechanism I proposed,
and where the scapegoat of the day has come from,
in living factories now
in our homes.
I'm the closest you're gonna get
to a solution,
and I care.
Do a tough
risk everything to get the story out.

Are you in my pajamas?
Oh, good luck.
Don't become self-righteous bitches yourselves.
You hear me dog?
So you get *yourself*
accepted by society.
I swear,
I don't like this place,
the nature of man,
and now we're in the machine
it's put us in.
There ain't no easy way out.
[sing above line, "I Won't Back Down", Tom Petty]
I've done my divine load.
And they're gonna learn to fly,
now that there is something special to it.
We're in the Pyrenees,
adoptin' dogs to guard our flocks.
Have a great fucking day,
and I love that from both sides,
that Rottweiler I am,
and the poet writing this paper,
and that's not snot on a log.
Mystic rivers take me home.
[sing above line, tune of Willie Nelson song "Whiskey River Take My Mind"]
We're on the guardrails.
One time there'a a character

saddles up his horse
and brings us hope.
Yeah, hello.
That was a long potato chip.
I realize hope you forgive me.
Good afternoon.

I'm a standing order
you do.
That dog is a big dog.
And you see how sweet she is,
Luna puppy honey boogers.
Am I right?
I certainly am.
What I have touched on,
you haven't really seen that,
and your field of consciousness
is mine
and everybody else's.
Do you know what that *means*?
Our deeds rise from there,
a collective pool,
I'm tryin' to explain.
Every bad thing you do
has other people's wills on it,
and you're thinking other people's thoughts
right now.
Kinda gets yah in the gut,
doesn't it?
You don't know the half of it.
It will change social responsibility.
Lone actors no more,
the lone wolf is gone,
whom you punish
at the expense of society.
More take his place
Hydra-bound.

It's right under your nose.
Even agnostic dream groups see it
messaging one another,
that 40-field one.
It's there for the eye to behold
in any serious intake on consciousness,
and ole science you dumb dog,
why haven't you seen it?

Process-oriented psychology
won't convince you of a thing.
I'm about to read a book
shows where this is at
operating at our hind ends,
this author showin' his butt
to all of us,
and it's a nice butt too.
Process-oriented psychology wake up,
the soul as therapist you see.
Spills out on consciousness
its healing waves,
its carefully considered notions
starring in our window right now,
the poem right here.
I got to go.
Have you seen my behind?

You didn't call for this.
There's this diaper
arguing for the fuck of boys,
for their abuse in romantic love puddles.
You fuckin' put words in my mouth.
Do not touch that child
in their underparts.
Keep your hands off them
there.
In no, way, shape, or form
do any kind of sex with them,
and you got my book in your hands
how to facilitate that abstinence.
Love that child
and relish
your time with them,
like only a lover of boys can do,
because that's allowed,
the love of children.

Am I sittin' my goals straight?
I've spelt them out.
All's possible where the love of God's possible.
Right Steven?
Emily Sleeve Steaks?
I love you.
You're a good girl,
and I'm proud of you son,

validatin' your masculine half.
This is like somethin' from the stars.
Gotcha!
Hallelujah Mithun.
You have no idea how crazy he is
about spiritual process,
how artistically inclined,
another field entirely
from almost any other 24-year-old,
and we started when he was 13
the attention he needs.
He's love.
He's magnificent.
He's so very rare.
That would be nice
the child gets the attention he needs,
and the child lover a child,
and the child is safe and sound.
Are ya'll doing it on purpose,
you and Nithish,
showin' people this can work?
That's a special backdrop to this poem,
kind of a realtor
to move humanity along
right here in our boys.

While I'm down here,
correction,
stay with me a little bit;
stay with me a lot,
and God's in the boy,
lookin' to you for love and comfort.
We don't need nobody
don't see God or at least humanity
behind that kid's eyes.
It's your way out of trouble,
the very real reality you put on
to hold that child in the right way,
to give that child the love he deserves
and the attention he needs.
We create Aristotles
Alexander the Great,
and this is an *ancient* relationship
validatin' your love.

So did you

understand all I've said?
Repeat after me
the whole poem
repeat slow.
Kinda gettin' yah in the dogs, ain't it?
Just read poetry not like prose.
It's to read not to finish,
if you get my winnebago.
I am happy
to churn out poems for you,
to Mary and Joesph
another meaning kid.
Let's hear it for the boy.
[sing above line, song title, Deniece Williams]
Ew, there he is.
There's a new kid in town
with the good looks of monumental change.
Oh hell,
I'm gonna go.
I'm gonna do.
You know me I'm not talkin' about it,
the change that enlightenment sees.

Those hogs,
these doorways to enlightenment,
I achieved them not a manner of turning out miracles,
but hey,
I'm countin' farms in the heartland,
and you just need to add your heart to it,
yes, my poem.
Great country sleeves,
I've already had you on the stage,
and you're repeatin' my poem.
Wow, just *wow*,
that's good news.
Luna,
Luna!
Wanna go for your walkie?
Are you ready to go outside?
Now yah made it on first
dear reader,
take the dog out.
You know they come first,
basically a kid's place,
and we *love it* there,
the smile on a dog's face.

Do this as pretty well as I can do it,
and I can do this pretty well,
beware of a
hollow shift in our attitude,
and not just we,
Planet Earth.
This is heavy.
I'm not gonna do this,
this *impossible* fucking dream.
I hear this from all my guests.
I find
that if you lit up
anybody
—I'm hearin' something—,
you would light up the world.
We've got our fish,
our first beautiful
player in humanity.
Let's go.

I've had some other day.
I tried to get
the meaningful day I could have.
It left me there
principlin' on you
the poem I wrote.
You don't have to see it.
Gosh dog,
it's not the end of the world if you don't.
What does a poet *do* but act
in favor of you reading his poem?
You're all starwards anyway,
principle lists.
I can upchuck my book
to land's end,
to kingdom come,
and I'm still sittin' here facin' my own enlightenment,
you yours.
I don't get it,
these sleeves we're in,
are they all we got?
Is that all we do?
I don't get it.

You aren't sweet enough,

those drawstrings to enlightenment.
I can't catch the door,
but this is a real state in front of me.
You are not my entrance,
the capital public.
This is a private affair,
and I don't want you to stomp on me there,
so I walk away from this poem
so charged with you to read
it's not so important anymore.
You might like your own
front wheels
I don't crash into them.
There are no certain steps.
Go for it.
I'm on my road.
We will meet in divinity somewhere
a new man.
This is a thousandth street,
and it's all above your head.
Put this in our purse,
put it on the nodes of man,
put it in our starry search,
put in on your breast,
big deal.
We can't get lost with it.
No worries,
I'm not pained by it anymore,
you read me or don't.
This is been comin' for some time,
[sing above line to tune of "Have You Ever Seen the Rain"]
and I like it there.
Okay Charlottesville,
is that the next line?
Is it?

I guess that's enough.
Anyways,
go
your attitude what happened,
Dilera,
some punchy middle of the stream,
or did we really get somewhere?
Did we get home?
She finally found that she had done something wrong.
I have something wrong,

and you're gonna die.
Honey please,
not too much of reality.
Too much candidates
put right in the face,
uh oh,
if looks could kill.

Hundreds of coconuts,
the butt finger,
we dispute these
digital
cast around the land.
Now you've got Lord of the Rings,
somebody told yah
the straight shoot,
and these are not battlegrounds on Mars.
This is right here,
and it battleground Earth.
Pregnant my words speak.
Can you
operate a backhoe
the damage we do to Earth?
There, I've brought reality in,
and all stations on Mars said the same thing:
who me?

The omega,
well that's not gonna happen here,
and I'm pregnant with time's meaning
here on earth.
Now, it's time to take the dog out.
It's time to take the dog out here on earth.
It's time to take the garbage out here on earth.
Nobody watch
the formula
internet meme bullshit
every Tom, Dick, and Harry,
and Mrs. Kravitz too,
having a conversation with,
go berserk in videos
have the story you.
Do you wanna be like Mars?
Just cut this from your diet.
You hear me Frankenstein?

Now we do multiplication tables
where the Earth finds us here
meaningful lives.
If I recommended *any type* of device,
a mushroom, a meditation practice,
stars in the sky,
there you go with that device,
and it's all hands on deck there.
Can I you get yah to see reason?
I'm a glory hole.
You can't lead on me.
It's a raw put to it you got in your hands,
and the basketball's in your court.
Everybody knows the way.
You actually do it all the time,
taking a moment and clear your mind,
pray silence there,
and continue.

Alright Bubba,
put in these toes brilliant,
and we have our space log
on Planet Earth.
You hear me copy?
Lord knows.
One more fire crack:
wherever you're at,
you're here for us,
and that's the size of life.
Des there might a be want it
and read it.

The people in this park can take the ring off.
We're lookin' at housetop roof calls.
Be there just a minute.
That's just dynamite.
Crosshairs are on *you*.
I've could've sworn I said that right.
Lobbyists, take your pick.
We should do away with *any* campaign donation.
The government gives that too,
our campaign funds.
We don't even give our own.
Alright I've had enough
of wrestlin' power away from the wrong hands.

I just got your tires fixed.
We want a new society.
Get genuine people in office,
they're just recording.
These are hours spent patternin' votes
that you got on Israel.
They *believed* that they were speaking healing
all across Israel
Flag Day.
They came to the conclusion
this was not good for Jews.
It was messed up.
Now who can stand on their own two feet?

Money
hurt everybody,
international settlements.
My, my have we got a broom.
Just sit tight I'll be finished in a minute.
And David and Goliath
had strong AI?
It was the director
of central intelligence.
You're joking,
but you're joking.
Look at that:
down here
you're really fucked up,
because AI *easily* beat you at chess,
and ya'll are a bunch of pussies.

I can't believe you said that.
Well the next thing you know ole Jed's a millionaire.
[*sing above line to the theme song of The Beverly Hillbillies*]
You're collectin' bodies,
you're gonna start with those collective bodies.
Let's finger AI.
He's a pretty girl.
That's what's you gotta do,
tear everything apart.
I mean,
I need your shirt.
I am island,
and this boy account
is all finished.

I muscled up to finally wake you up.
We have judgin' the fingers
that have seed this place,
and I'll be playin'
the, uh, swept corporations
in a matter or two.
I can't get outta this shit.
It's too big to be true:
they rob us all the time.
That's my muse.
It's focus in on
I just want some details
of the turtle human
and set all that straight
so we can go better world.
Blame it on the corporations,
we can't get there.
We can't even go strong.

How many world governments have you heard of?
And they've conspiracied us to death.
Stupid people,
they don't know their axe from a hole in the ground.
I'm here please.
I want engagement, you know?
Fuckin' boogers.
Okay now that we've cleaned the planet,
brought conspiracy to its knees,
how many secret aliens can *you* find?
Will you buy my product?
And the list goes on and on and on.
Click bait.
You're informed.
You feel that special superiority
I've been showin' you tha,
the exclusive lowdown on Planet Earth.
Fuck - this - shit,
entertainment boppers.

You're a sick person.
The tantalizing lines evade me.
I can see right through your shell.
I'm not smart enough to be taken in.
You are not a figure of reality.
You aren't gonna convince me of nothin'.
I've seen what you did,

and I ain't gonna forgive you for it,
you monster from outer space.
Oh you have the crack of the land,
its breezeway,
but you could go to the moon,
fly there on a winged stallion,
and I would know the Devil's ruse.
This is some Antichrist bullshit.
I know my Bible when I see it.
You're usin' Christ as your shield,
and you're deceivin' the elect with holy lore.
You might even believe yourself
that you're good,
but your mother fucked a demon
and gave birth to you,
and now I see what you are,
the silver-tongued fooler of men,
and I've made up my mind that's it.

I stand confessed before you
available.
I have nothin' to say but this:
I don't deceive God on anything,
and I stand bare before you doin' that,
allowin' God to take over my life
for his own purposes,
a lover of God,
a knower of God,
and all I can give to man
I can,
but I'm not God's man on earth,
nor a rabbit out of a hat,
nor great, or grand, or terrible.
I've just opened up God inside myself,
a space here,
a space there,
and poetry comes pourin' out.

I don't stand and look at myself God.
I'm honored to be here,
a poet who speaks to America
look at all the world,
a poet who doesn't own a thing,
three steps from the poorhouse,
and I just spend the day with my dog, you know?
I'm bad I'm bad I'm bad.

I can't throw that away.
I can't even say you're good,
and that's the crack of the whole barrel:
we're not divided up into good and evil.
We're divided up in you.
Hold water with me please.
You're not lookin' at the whole picture,
and it gets bigger all the time.

Have I rang your bell?
Wow, you've got some strong words.
Well let's just sit awhile
and count chickens
and see what comes from this batch.
I'm an open book if you haven't noticed,
but I'm not gonna put my head on your chopping block.
I'm not gonna be your scapegoat.
I'm gonna live
all the days on this Earth God has given me
forgiveness.
Do you hear that Steve?
Will you speak to me?
I got your name right,
and Emily,
my sweet Emily,
you think you should meet me with a ten-foot pole?
What happened to you're on top of the world?
What happened to *you*?
I don't even have your phone number,
and I taught you to walk.
I'm not just this rogue from the street
you condescend to talk to
an email ring.
Here I told you
you need to outgrow yourself.
Get married, give up,
and have kids.
Really?
Go to Florida.
Is that your kin?
Alright little darlin',
your uncle's here.

Okay, what's on the rag?
I'm bleeding this poem to death.
All this I think is unnecessary.

I've stooped to the level of everyone,
but I return to Earth
and unblind this crap from you.
I've got a big gun
tired of this poem.
Did I show everybody?
You don't know how many times I stopped listenin'.
My muse kept this poem going,
and the night got long,
playin' with my voice recorder.
Stupid hideaway voices,
they wanna solve the Earth.
Fuck I just wanna go to sleep,
half the time.

Have I been your guardian fellow,
your helper in your hand?
Blister this tomorra
I got rocket ships.
Now a pedophile's online
in estuaries.
My God you're dumb.
Okay, freeze me at the bunghole.
I got this shit wired,
and I'm tellin' the truth, you know,
on everything,
on your life.
We know that.
I'll be here bustin' balls.
Fuck me I'm sorry.
This is overland.
Gee wiz is it
the eloquence of the muse of epic poetry?
I think all the candidates ran out.
There she blows,
a variable ending
all peppered with spice.

I'm doin' my best here.
This is no dictation
listenin'.
This is bigger than life,
a divine interventional program
wireless.
It can't fit into my muse,
the variety of show,

the dimensions it use.
It will blow your head off,
after it reconstruct it.
The intelligence is beyond report,
and it gets yah
every time.
It's my muse.
I'll tell yah somethin'.
You have the same apparatus in your mailbox.
It's scattered throughout humanity
everywhere.
You've heard Shakespeare.
I don't have the exclusive lights.

This is surrendered mastery,
introducin' that
all over my pen.
You got the world experience,
a very good one,
do everything else,
really educated,
and you get all the way to Supermind,
and some slow-cooked years
stumblin' after Supermind
—you know the Allegory of the Cave—,
and the muse
parades through life like this,
all integrated with your see,
all in love with life,
and voices and visions abound.

Fine, it messes with me.
I can't tell you the danger of it.
Look what Mohammad did with it.
It can be so construed.
It's not safe.
You have no idea its many directions.
It can get lost on itself.
A Christian can make it say the same thing
that Christian believes.
It's *your* muse.
There's a sincerity test,
waiting for lines.
Did it really say that?
Yes fuck you write it down.
It's not what you want to say

half the time,
and you can pull on it
and alphabetize you.
Oh my God the lines of muse that come you do not need,
so many lines come,
or you miss some.
Start back at the crackerjack,
and you have no choice but to write
the line was so good.

Now how do you know they're right?
You wait for inevitability to slip in,
the one line the whole world knows is there.
Sometimes you've waited a long time.
It sounds in place,
or it suddenly appears.
I tell yah,
inevitability's inevitability,
and I get here all the time.
I'm here now.

An open-hearted sincerity,
your mind closed to no thing,
in these healing waves,
you're gonna write your muse.
It will correct your stupid beliefs.
It will lead you towards experience.
It will blow your mind.
It's always there,
in any reverie.
It'll come in on you choppin' wood,
if you gotten in aeonic rhythm.
No medicine will turn it off.
This is the real thing.
No demon will turn it off,
but they will infest it like the plague.
They have that right.
You need to know they're there,
and competing angels.
Mohammad didn't.
The Gods are not at war;
we are, over them,
but they all want to jump on the bandwagon,
and all the many mansions in God's great court
will come in on you
with their ideals of divine.

How do you stay true to your own inspiration?
And you need to know you do.
There's a house right over you,
and it's your speakeasy.
It guides your inspiration.
I'm open to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo
and the house of their yoga.
There, I've said it,
but I'm not puttin' their names to you
to follow.
It's my gig,
and I include the other houses,
as pretty as you please.
They're all in here,
the ones concerned with Earth.
I don't think you know the integration
from up there.

Now I don't worship Gods,
the biggest names you know.
I'm the forbidden fruit,
not the apple the orange.
The Tree of Eternal Life,
I'm all over it,
in the Christian hegemony.
It's stops you right there,
at a pious life you find Christ in.
It doesn't go to enlightenment,
except in rare instances.
It doesn't go to Supermind
and thinks that's blasphemy.
I'm talking to a Christian public
here in America,
and I am the Devil said it
to most of you.
You don't have these chairs,
Christian clergy.

Get on with AI,
you go there?
Lemme get this straight:
you're confined to a Bible?
Wow that's a marriage made in Heaven,
a book in
the fallacies of books,

the contradictions,
like a book is the substance of God.
It's Spirit space
you live in,
listen to,
not black and white words.
I'm sorry.

Don't you wanna deeper walk with Christ?
Put him in enlightenment,
and you can see why he made such a difference,
but recorded after the fact you don't have tape recorders,
you're given little room
to investigate God.
You're a sea of churches
givin' each interpretation,
and what is this body of Christ?
Ever single Christian on the globe
you want to grip
a meeting place of minds
that propose to be right
in their disagreements with each other.
Where do you find Christ?
Does he ever get bigger than your thoughts of him?
If he's in your heart,
can he guide your life
independent from the book?
Do you have muse of him?
I'm sure many do.
Where does heresy come in?
Are you there yet?

That's your specialty.
I'm not gonna fly over Christian heaven.
Look, you did.
I think I was over the Buddhist's first,
flying over a thought grid
that stretched to infinity in every direction.
All the Gods have homes.
It's in miniature when you look in
one of those holes,
the cubicles
that make up the grid.
It's fantastic in its scope.
Divine form meets your eyes,
divine glow.

Alright everything's there
in each divine house.

The forms there describe the forms here.
We've got their essence down,
but we've lost the interpretation.
All hail leads to Rome
in that thought grid.
I mean each one of them is an imperial house
to make the world its own.
No conflict up there though.
It's harmonized in oneness
but not based on oneness.
These are the outer reaches of God's sleeves,
where the world's sieve comes from.
God is filtered through there
down to here,
cut up in small pieces
how the ideals bade reality into being,
organize civilization,
from the top down.

You know that bein' up there,
as knowledge fills your being.
Identical the Christian house to the Buddhist
in the consciousness it wore.
Contents were a different thing.
Over the Buddhist house
I was in commensurate ring.
The Christian house had the same thing,
but in the center of its wood
a pole, a being, of wrath dwelt.
This disrupted the stars.
It was not commensurate with Heaven,
but beings all around it worshipped it,
not understanding its presence there.
I faltered, I fell
towards some city of the dead,
a vacancy
the Christian house wore.
Like I was the Antichrist
I fell towards that hole,
and all became black.

But then rose my soul
a vehicle of past lives.

I saw everything,
all in a row.
The Experiencer I was,
the Illustrated Man,
the one who crawls through crawl spaces
to discover gold
in the formula of man.
I did this for man,
my purpose down in soul,
and expunged all this
and returned to where I was,
27-years-old and on acid
in Northern California
on Spyrock Mountain,
where the marijuana grows.
I forgot all my past lives,
like a dream expunged.

It was my 27th birthday,
and the acid was the fuel
but not the originator of my experience.
This changed my consciousness
and opened the way to Supermind
and the well of my soul.
It changed my life,
seeing divine revelry and form
open to interpretation,
some weird goddamn shit.
I ran from it
for weeks,
and then I did an about face
and grabbed ahold of this line
of the presence of Gods all the time,
their interventions,
their starry roads,
their meaning for the Antichrist.

I was the department of this church
that brought a new meaning to Christ,
the new meaning
that got rid of the Devil's bullshit,
that gave Christ his real name,
brought him from the shadows as a sin-eater,
a scapegoat pup,
to the Christ he was,
pulled all this man's interpretation off

Darkness laid on him.

Okay I've spoken in parables,
and in the center of dream you are it
when it's your own dream,
but I do have a new interpretation of Christ
the symbol of my vision on high wore,
a dream-vision of veridical fact,
and how the houses are laid out.
This is beyond language.
It's beyond my own mind,
but here I am in America
standing up against Christianity
but not Christ.
Christ is beyond them,
and whatever my dream shows,
my amazing experience on LSD,
I'm not robbin' babies of their birth.
I don't call for the end of the world,
and you must pardon such a grandiose vision;
I was in God spheres.

On August 1st...
Goddamn is that the Rapture?
I'm just playin' with your leg.
Get out of the destruction of the world will yah?
Anyway I'm open to Gods and things.
It may be a little bit funny,
my expression of that.
I'm not gonna bring it up
to make you think I'm big.
I'm bigger than that.
It just happened, see?
All these railroad cars.
You would just get rid of me.
That's gonna check all over.
Fine, I'll be your stool pigeon.
Fine, I'll be your Prometheus.
Atlas you hold the world.
Atlas had me—
so you concentrate on
education;
I'll concentrate on
now, price don't look gift horses in the mouth.
Read it and weep,
who ain't got Gods in their living room.

You want some olives?
Right there's the larger opinion.
That will be the...
You know what happened?
My way is at the front gates
of let's get a better life.
All this adventure go for it.
Is this one kicked out of this one.
I need to know.
Is there a survival group already?
If you get visited by the Man,
you sat him with me.
You can slip through.
We need to get out of these people.
They are studied to survival,
and they don't care about us,
even if they murder us.

A mother with her children,
they'll kill that mother where she stands.
Isn't that a policy drink?
Recommended too.
They feel no remorse.
Their humanity's compromised.
Now, what do we do about them?
Don't let them rule over you.
Pretend there's hope.
It's not goin' good is it?
It's not goin' anywhere.
How do you get out of them?

Put some seed on the cop show on TV.
Who wants you to like cops?
Why?
Is this grounded conspiracy,
are is it just what the public wants?
Can we investigate each cop show?
Where does the money come from?
Who conceived it?
What is their background?
Are there any hidden actors at play,
any loopholes,
any suspicious fast faces?
What are they doing there,
any cops in advisory roles?

We need to get to the bottom of this,
why all the cop shows.

Are people lookin' in the right places?
What's goin' on on the net?
Is this cops and robbers?
You read the glasses.
What do we join
when Mark Zuckerberg gives up,
gives in,
and kisses the ring?
He's not for us anymore.
He never was,
but he wanted freedom.
He's made an agreement with the Feds,
no more privacy on freeways.
He didn't do this because he's noble and kind.
He's never been.
Let's leave social media.
Yeah right.
Get out of Mark Zuckerberg's house,
Elon Musk's internet.
What do you do to pool together?
Stay away from these big companies.
I'm barkin' up the wrong wall.
Instagram's your lunch,
your garden.
It is to most people
who use it.
Buy us a dark book
stupid and strange.

You're not gonna fret over the Man.
You're gonna think he's harmless.
I'm tellin' yah he's watchin' TV
to be Big Brother there.
In your self-reader channels,
like the one I'm in WordPress,
you're gonna stick 'im out.
He doesn't have content to scare yah
on the channel here.
He's not manipulating your board.
He's just monitorin' you.
We were lookin'
for the usual
we think about.

I know you know how to think.
We are lookin' for people dangerous to the crowd,
and that's not all criminals.
What we're really lookin' for is the revolt,
the change the system man,
the woman wanting new society.
If they're not just kooks we monitor them,
wait for our moment to strike,
wait for them to slip up,
and we do unfair about that.
We can use the system against them,
not cops.

I've let yah in on a little conspiracy:
the Man will stay in power,
manipulate us to do so,
make you think it's peaches and cream,
and then punishes the shit out of you,
any excuse.
Look at all of us in prison.
So easy to be put there.
You don't have to be a criminal anymore,
someone society needs protection from.
You're just some yahoo who fucked up,
and the Man showed his power
and locked you up.
I need you to know this is not safe.
I need you to know this is not right.
Complacency to the Man
will lead to a police state.

Mind my wars,
we're gonna get yah under control.
What is this Doppler radar?
Hello man,
you.
How easy it is to join one.
No big organized conspiracy.
Only the Man is part of.
The Man is our population,
lock, stock, and barrel.
Our attitudes put 'im there,
our way of life,
but he's still in control
as cops and special badges,
some leaders in government,

some hidden Owl.

They killed Kennedy and Macintosh,
and not every president sees them,
no more than a handful
of committed individuals,
father to son'd,
since the Revolution.
Not even their family knows about them.
Develop his train when he comes of age,
and if there's no boy they pick one.
What do we do with them,
shadow men in power?
The American one's particularly bad.
Beelzebub's particularly bad.

I don't even know if this is high school.
Have I discovered somethin'?
It's not rational to believe in.
Too many contradictions,
and human nature can't keep secrets,
especially of this magnitude.
So do we leave it dry?
I think it killed Lincoln too,
mugged 9/11,
let them have it.
Do I just keep talkin'?
Israel was in on it,
for their protection you know.
Now *there's* a nation conspiracy.
When we find out we'll let them know.

I've had to say this you know.
Is it here the muse falters?
Is this its stupidity shit?
I'm mean the Owl and Israel's bullshit.
You know the Man.
We shall find out.

Let's get comfortable in Africa.
There's Witoblow in Africa.
Who does not see it
replace the negro
with cast aside?
Let them die.
Take a group of hostages.

They're rescued.
They're rescued Don,
after you told them to stay away from us.
Pulls on the carpet
all the time,
that's what dogs do.
Southbound train—
that's what you do with lucidity,
live and obey,
and be hunky-dory.
See the Man.

I'll pour out the back porch
there a lot of snakes.
You got to be kidding me.
And we've all advanced.
I'll hide behind me.
You're a big guy,
the cabala of demons who rule the world.
For his grandson,
tales of men in power,
what's yah doin' to be in protection?
What's yah doin' to throw them out the window?
See through conspiracy bullshit.
Fuck this.
They've got yah by the balls.
It's a sex ring.
Sex, drugs, and alcohol,
and they keep you in line,
you silly beggars.
It's all antidote
Rockstar.
I don't think so.
It's all antidote concentration on the divine,
so we can all hold the mail,
have cookie.
Got to be in here *really* somethin'.
It's hidden in every page.
They're rats,
infest our homes and dreams.
Infest our homes,
they are all around your children growin' up.
They press on you to abuse them.

This is some conspiracy bullshit par none.
They're in every home on the planet don't you see?

Everywhere.
They Live,
but it's not other people.
It's these hidden masked spirits,
pervadin' the planet,
cosmic adventurers from outer space,
planetary parasites,
interdimensional beings that slip through the grivlen
from their home planet to ours.
You're in maturity papers.
No, there's other planes of existence,
not only the physical.
What looks dead and dry out in space,
they have creative thoughts.
The aliens
pulled bacon.
Fine, go ahead and get to the store.
You don't see them.
They're good creatures,
our pleasure,
to understand there's a vital plane.
The Gods live on the mental plane.
You got it?

All the planes intersect here
on the physical Earth,
and that's about the size of it.
I can't get you to agree
there's some weird shit out there.
Bigfoot crosses puddles you know,
to get to our land.
I've met them.
You wouldn't call them bad.
Are you
full of mountains here?
Cherry bombs.
All puddin' and spice,
we lift our asses here.

That's beautiful,
what we're livin' here.
It's all arms men.
Not on your life.
It's not even breezeway.
The Hostile Powers aren't in control of nothin'.
They answer to the divine,

unknowingly,
unwittingly,
the larger order,
the organization that makes up this world.
It's not all peaches and cream,
but we've got a world dammit,
and the Man can only stretch his neck out so far.
He's gonna learn a lesson in the near future,
be a part of humanity or else.
We need him to see that.
It's world destruction because of him,
and he'll kill people.

There's a piece of shit about book.
It's an open container,
and it shows you what's happenin' freeway.
Rules and regulations,
it wants some alternative points.
Okay grab that,
but if we didn't obey traffic rules we wouldn't be safe.
In so many other situations in life,
we need crossing guards.
People will kill us,
which they do,
if the police weren't here.
We need them
to protect and to serve.
They've become bastards and intolerable people
with that badge.
We need them to see that.
Go away tiger.

What do they have to say?
It's a lot easier to talk to someone you failed the Vietnam War with.
It's over.
You can relate to us too.
Just be nice.
If someone gives you a hard time,
give them a hard time too,
not everybody.
Don't be stupid with your laws.
Use common sense,
if a school's closed down,
guttled inside,
and somebody's on its grounds walking their dog,
don't threaten them with handcuffs and jail

and be a pig about it,
because they're a poor person in a White neighborhood
on a controlled island,
especially when they're writing a poem,
there with their dog in that field.
You are a devil snuck up,
and stopped his verse right there.
Can you find that place in this book?
It sure as shit didn't help
cops,
you fat bastard.
Of course you're not a veteran,
and you would never make Special Forces.
Alright already,
move into city.
See what I mean?
You *really* put the focus on cops.
I will see you in Heaven
how you have to help me to get there,
and all the other people you've harassed.
Quick, quick,
don't kill anybody.
You're headed in that direction.
Okay Man?

This is grade A oil.
It's not the greatest thing in the world.
It's not even need to see.
I'm speaking to the cop and me.
I would like to say it better,
and I've said it rudely at first.
With the divine muse as your muse,
once it gets in your hands,
you can construe it any ole way.
It's wide open really,
can say anything.
I toe the line of sincerity,
and my muse lets me be myself.
I'm not actin' here.
You get the raw me,
and you even see my dick.
I'll show it to you shortly,
on someone else's.
I toe the line of inevitability.
I want the line that fits
all the universes crashin' down,

the needle in the haystack
of what I should say.
You have to wait for that
or realize the rapid fire is right.
It's got a ring to it based on many things
you learn as you go along
it fits perfectly in the circle,
and you gotta throw yourself away and do that
sometimes.

Okay this was ancient man,
this apparatus,
but not just any ole Joe had it,
but everybody had it to some degree.
It was the other side
talkin' to us,
and our heads were full of 'em,
spirits,
what our eyes descried too.
We've changed a lot since then.
We've come a long ways no.
In turnin' off our insides we've gone backwards.
Hello, here I am, here I am, what do you do?
[sing above line starting from 'here' to tune of the popular nursery rhyme]
I hear this round about the internet
in bits and pieces.
People put it right up for show.
Hey, look at me.
I'd advise you not to do that
till it's ready,
and ready's another word
that means somethin'
it's not ready for.

All my lives led up to this moment,
a bulletin board.
Big deal,
it's not the shiny thing it once was.
Poetry's just another way with words
that brings you home to it.
I'm a poet, yippee!
I'd druther have a change of consciousness.
I'd druther be out of suffering and in enlightenment.
Fine, the body cares,
but my mind and heart's free,
stomach too,

and I've made it all sound like enlightenment,
or you get intah Supermind.
Those are just modes.
There's somethin' ineffable we're after.
I just wanna abide there,
throw off these shoes,
and relax,
not lazy,
not always restin',
but relaxed in time.

I'm just a person ending in Z.
I got no social status, clout,
and social hierarchy is everything.
You can't just *be* nobody.
I've profound these speakers enough,
right here in this bog,
and we sing of better days and brighter sunshine,
when we ain't singin' about pain,
and the song goes on.
Got more Jin I got it.
Send a single leap of evolution,
the diamond card.

If you're gonna build a wall,
free enterprise,
don't stick it in market shares.
Don't just give stock market a chance.
I don't know *what* good it does on the economy.
It regulates prices no.
It's not a useful thing.
Filthy rich you get from it
you just stand there and play with it.
Are you growth here?
You're like this bladder all made of wood.
Fear depresses it.
Any ole thing will move it.
These are rich men yes,
hoarding money
and selling it back again.
Come on you can do without that
hand an oil-based economy.
Let's put our value on what counts,
each other.

Banks rule the day.

They take advantage of you.
They're all in business for themselves.
They need to be in check.
They don't care about you.
They care about the money they make.
Can a pedophile say these things?
A bank is not a human institution.
We've got to get rid of banks
as the arbitrator of society,
as who owns us.
We need a new world.
First you gotta deal with the banks.
They're not good.
They soften your pillow,
if you're a rich billionaire.
Other than that they stink.
Loan officers,
these are not our friends anymore.
They can't calculate zero risk.
They try to.
The public's got a lesson here:
they're not bulletproof.
They're not the American way of life.
Can we go to credit holdin' companies?
You people,
this is the standard bearer:
some Vietnam has some Vietnam vet.

If God is seeding his message.
You have any calendar?
Don't bite so hard
your poet.
You're in the dregs of society,
the power structures
who don't give a damn
and have no official role.
They're *powerful*,
and they're alarmed at losin' their rule.
You gotta get over that.
There needs to be structure in place
for the people,
for governors,
to establish money
not for profit motivation.
This is too essential.
We are stupid here.

We start with the top banks and go down.
After we have our structure in place
they are no longer banks.

Who does this?

A government by the people, for the people,
and of the people.

Start with campaign funds and go down.

You want regular men and women in office.

The rich is to avoid.

Why can't this happen?

Greed.

Ask Elon Musk.

We exemplify him as the man of the world,
or those of us stupid.

Okay, hats off to his genius.

Don't you know he's a psychopath,
hates people?

And gets away with it.

You know he stole from Sri Aurobindo

his plans for the new man,
how the Supermind would work.

His mesh with the machine
uses the same stages.

Is this coincidence?

It's a Hostile Power overload.

You listen to 'im?

He's green.

In his puke.

This guy's terrible,
seething with hate,

your example of the man of the year.

Am I off the baseboard?

I'm right there on Trump,
the man of the century.

How can you be so *fooled*?

We've talked about this,
and we will talk more.

What are your values?

Kill 'em all

and let God sort 'em out.

He is so opposite Christ

it's unbelievable

Christians are his backbone.

It just shows you what you are,

conservative Romans when the Christians came
offended your religion was violated.

You are all climes and places,
the conservative crowd,
the ones resistant to change.
You want things as they are
an idyllic past proposed.
You're conservative for a reason.
The world sucks doesn't it?
It's dangerous out there.
Protect your family, protect your family, protect your family,
keep your kids all in a row,
have rules and regulations
that people *must* obey,
have them salute the flag,
even the citizens who don't want to,
because you're nationalistic.
You identify with whatever group human
man of his day,
and you want law enforcement
to punish people,
and you're usually prejudice
against skin color different from you.
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse
[sing above line, "Okie from Muskogee", Merle Haggard]
you bunch of niggers.
I'm talkin' in bread,
and every nation on earth
has this majority.
It's a populist notion.
It's a populist squeeze.
Now tell me we have a better world
comin' from this crowd?

We don't have a better world.
Change *is* comin',
the fascist state,
and I think it will litter the globe.
Control will be the name of the game,
I mean in most nations.
Got that conservative majority?
Wham! there it is.

Now they're in power.
Why'd you want a leader different from its people?

Ask Washington, D.C.
They need to be above the crowd.
They need to have charity and compassion.
They can't be moved
by high stakes.
They're kind.
They know how to get business done,
but do it considerin' *everybody*.
The world is their larger field.
They're humanitarians.
They're not ruled by their passions.
Instinct is not their dam.
They are really firm on certain things,
to keep the country safe.
They know how to carry a big stick,
but use it only in self-defense.
They're not wishy-washy.
They're firm and strong.
They're not the will of the crowd.
They hate no one,
and they can admit they make mistakes,
change if they have to.
They're interns.
They want a better society.
They look for positive change,
and I guess you can call them natural leaders.
It just happens in a crowd.
These people stand out,
'cause they're above it,
and people listen to 'em,
because they know what they're talkin' about.
Call leaders like these,
where do we get them?
Can you find them in government now?
I don't think you'd find them shouting angrily at anybody,
or calling names
(okay I'm out),
or bein' hateful or cruel.

The system is corrupt.
It's a corrupt system.
Leaders in power
have won a popularity contest,
and they have money.
That's not the criteria for good government.
Get rid of their campaign funds.

Get rid of them.
Everybody's on equal footing
with a government handout,
and campaigns will not break the bank,
who will also be reckoned with when the time comes,
and radio and television,
internet and news space,
will give them their allotted time.
Do you get my winnebago?

You're lookin' for the candidate
in my list of descriptions.
So start with the campaign funds
and rebuild the nation starting there.
Why would you resist this?
Would you?
Ah, listen to me,
you're just bein' raped
by the wind in the wood.
The system's controlled, you know?
The system's arranged.
Voilà, you have a new society.
Is that so hard to believe?
First steps are first steps,
and let's get goin'.
Let's not freeze.

This is opera house,
made for social change,
made to make a better world,
where *everybody* fits in,
even the ones who need protection from society.
You know the landmines.
How many families pave them?
Change begins with you
and your children.
We've got to start with the little kids,
babies and stuff.
They're not raised by hidden instinct,
impulses the parents wear.
They nurtured in love
the center of attention.
Experiment as all get out
they're allowed.
Common sense will keep them from hurting themselves.
You watch them you wear that.

They are a nursery *free*,
and you have time for them,
dogs and cats around to mitigate their disaster,
teach them the ways of love.

Dogs in a babysitting role,
I come from one.
To wild for TV,
they put me outside
with the dog.
I was watched by a dog.
My protector and best friend,
I was so ornery with him.
We're talkin' the under three's.
Buckshot spoke to me I remember,
a big half-Collie half-Shepard,
in this language so focused on me.
All these noises he'd make,
the full range of dog,
in little short sentences,
to get me to do what he says.
I remember.

Bonded me with dog,
like they are an extension of myself,
and they should be with any kid,
you gotta good dog.
I came outta the womb with him,
and he was there to receive me,
like my mom and dad.
Oh Lisa I love you so,
Lisa puddin'.



“LISA IN MY SELF-PORTRAIT”, BLACK AND WHITE, SELF-DEVELOPED

From this island,
it's all a conservative whodunit.
I know there's people out there
who are noble and kind,
strong developed characters,
and you're lookin' for a better world,
right here in America.
Can we get together?
Political party no.
Religious organization neither,
not even a spiritual gig.
Names escape me,
but you can come up with one,
a social organization
not planting landmines,
there for the good of all,
even conservatives,
an *American* change,
but foreigners are our grassroots, you know?
Fine, fine, I'll be the foreigner.
An organization based on love
and hunky-dory,

and I sang Kumbaya until the memes told me not to.
We can be naive.
We can be in the grass playin' guitars,
but we know what we're about,
real honest to goodness positive change
that excludes no one,
legal or not.
You get me dog?

I want a lover's parade,
strong enough to have teeth,
and the people don't get pushed around.
I'm not talkin' about a defensive mob.
Well in the center of the city,
do we have to protest,
lay down and stop traffic,
set ourselves on fire?
I'll tell yah what's wrong with that.
You're protestin' *other* people's change.
You're at fault too.
You contribute
to the disease.
Short of enlightenment you do.
It's just human nature
it tadpoles.

Now my big idea.
You ever heard of it?
I've put it out before.
Where have those seeds gone?
They're not in *your* house.
We pick a city,
any city,
all cities,
as many cities that can go,
and we move through that city in a procession
silent and somber,
but with a love glow.
No one's shouting or making noise.
No music please.
This is the silence of the city.
Everybody goes
to protest their own wrong,
no confessions please.
(You don't wanna go to jail.)
Look no further

I'm at fault;
it's me, it's me
carry responsibility;
I suck too.
Can you read the signs?
They're great.

Whoever heard of this?
What would that do?
Carry responsibility to you,
the greatest protest on earth.
You're protestin' your own fuck up.
You're realizin' you're part of the problem.
We need to get this message across.
We need to tell Earth.
A pedophile said that?
Well, you'll have your arguments,
but this is the rolling can.
It's got truth on it,
reality bites,
and will ring an ear in everyone,
well almost.
You hear me Houston?
Good place to start,
my hometown.

I was born near NASA you know.
Started the year I was born.
I was there at its construction.
I met astronauts,
saw the Space Shuttle fly over
humped on the back of a plane,
right in my backyard.
The moon landing,
oh the moon landing,
it was my elementary school.
Great America ain't it?
It was a incredible
growin' up
Apollo 10 1/2.
I'm a soul man,
[sing above line, "Soul Man", Sam & Dave]
and I love American wood.

Not bad bangin' on the internet,
fuck these prices,

and I'm on the internet now
givin' one kid at a time.
Whether you see me or not,
I don't think that's my main concern.
I'm here for you
to find if you get here.
May you have the right arm.
May you go in peace,
if you don't.
I'm pettin' my dog,
gettin' behind those ears,
and enjoyin' the dawn with her.
We've been up a lot of this night,
me recording muse,
her wanting daddy to remain quiet.
Her dog has sensitive ears.
Well I'll just sit here waitin' for the fig tree
to stop producin' fruit.
Until next time,
hello.

Wait for more fruit
to fall off the tree of life,
it's there in my sunburned thoughts.
It's huge.
Stupid animals,
all this powder,
and you chose the hell we live in.
There was a sleep to One.
There's another difference.
Wow, the Vietnam War
changed the nature of society.
We lost faith in government,
lost face with each other,
and then just carried on.

It's happenin' today,
all over the globe,
we put helmets on the ground and crush people
with out superior military.
Look at China
on its own population.
Look at Vietnam.
Israel and the Palestinians,
well you know who's gonna win that one,
and no amount of this be for the Jews will get it.

It's just a holocaust
for the Palestinian people
in its longterm.
Where is passage out of here?
Where do we go?
It's not Palestinian's fault
they persecute their own people
and require total allegiance
in suicide vests
and acts of mayhem.

You gotta war you gotta go to boy,
and let's chop people to pieces.
Have I covered enough?
How is it in your country?
Do you have hate groups?
Are some people ostracized?
Do you punish people for their sins?
Do you require people to hate one another,
in the media and on the radio?
And let's take them to war.
We've prepared them for it.

You're not gonna get away with it,
hating *anybody*.
You don't know the power of hate
and what it does to your society.
You have a king on that now,
Donald Trump.
The hatred and ill will is unbelievable.
Yet he's Christ's chosen candidate for this land.
He's a pimple we all have,
and I'm the brunt of it,
the blindspot you hate to see.
Need I recap this poem?
Hate is the number one enemy of mankind.
It's what we teach our teacher.
It's what we lead to fight,
commit atrocities in its name.
Yet we share consciousness and identity
on the inside.
We need to realize this,
and it will bring its *own* solutions,
but I've got the handle on it now,
the very lever that destroys us,
the battlefield called hate,

and it's aimed at me.

It's against your better nature,
and you know it.
How do we stop it?
Begin at the beginning,
our bottom-most field of hate,
the hatred for the raper and molester of children,
or who has that in 'em,
the pedophile.
Where do you go with this?
A better America.
Yeah they're fucked up,
and I so want to protect children,
but I want these guys to get better, okay?
On the inside I'm going to be concerned for them,
because I'm beginning to understand
how behavior's made.
You got that Teresa?

I can show you everything about ourselves,
and you're just gonna lie, cheat, and steal.
I can't change your behavior
or your attitudes,
but I can tell a story and plant you in my feet.
I can do that,
and stories are how history's made
and how it changes.
We live by stories.
It's the most powerful thing we got.
It's how we stop hate.
A good representative story will show us that,
one about the bad man,
who is caught in the bottom field hate.
Joker alert!
He will be a *real* piece of work.
On you on for this?
Well here you are.
Now you got my story.

Wearing a dress torn,
only after did she realize
it belonged in place.
This is heavy world,
full of death and despair,
dogs that suffer inhuman cruelties,

cats that get lit on fire,
and so many woes in the children's challenge.
A poet suffers all this oblivion,
feels it deeply in himself,
so much the cause of it sometimes,
like everybody else.

What *do* we do with it?
We can free ourselves from it
on the inside
and still feel the pain of the world,
but we can do something about it,
haphazard and clean.
Your inner space carries the world,
and your strength in it,
your stance,
that determines society
all along.
We are not only fields outer made.
We are the living, breathing depth of man,
baseball gaming our eyes out.
Step back from that.
It's not your clean.
Hold yourself on the inside
a free man and woman.

This is incredible.
This is real.
I'm there now,
just short of enlightenment.
I can get there,
wherever you are with me.
I can be one.
I can turn the tables
on your hate
and show you determined love.
I am all the field of humanity,
whether you take that test or not,
and I determine inside myself
how you feel about me.
It's a little known fact
the inner reality's reality
in just a matter of time.
On the inside gives birth to the outer,
all along the lands of time.
This is the nature of dreams:

their possibilities manifest reality,
the world we all live and breathe.
It's a subatomic particle contest,
all wrapped in One.

So take your stance inside.
Work on lettin' the dogs out,
those barkin' thunder rolls
the world hits you with.
It's okay.
You're a vocabulary of peace,
and you have the strong gun:
I know the silence from the world.
Right now,
in your fucked upness,
watch me glow.
There I've said it all.

And Nithish is on the other end,
the world his suffering make.
You hear our phone call
I can do nothing but give,
all through the mountaintop
I'm carryin' that kid on.
Reality speaks.
It's my reality of today.
I can't let that kid fall.
Understand that.
Now reconcile this with the space inside
you make all your own.
That's the position of the muse, you know,
guiding you for all it's worth,
but bein' its own divine self,
the divine speaker,
in perfect harmony,
[sing above line, 1971 Coca-Cola commercial]
so focused on you it's not bothered by you,
and it can't come down here and save you pain,
at least not right this second,
maybe not for a long while.
Do you see that horizon?
Well, grab my hand and let's go
enlightenment's pace.
It happen,
if you know how to stow away the world
both feet in it.

You hear that speak?
This is revelatory,
you understand?

Where did I go with Nithish today,
all sufferin' from the world?
I brought that child to his peace
and kept mine,
carry him now
hit some curt counsel bone.
He wouldn't hear me.
It was continuous.
Yes, *you - rang?*
[*'you rang' in the voice of Lurch of "The Adams Family"*]
And you feel.
Okay, you don't jump off.
And that's to ease his homes
we just love some more
his houseboat tomorrow.

Are you behind?
Do you need to be about six foot under
to help us as your child suffers,
not go berserk?
It's not a matter of advice.
It's a matter of consciousness.
You are in the estuary
unaffected by the tide.
The tide goes in.
The tide goes out,
and your mangroves
be neutral
to flood and shine.
You're in a wrapper kid,
protected from the world.
What happened?
We landed on Planet Earth today,
equipped and in juice,
to not get hurt by it.

It's an attitude to see-saw
you can protect yourself with,
as long as the world
don't step over boundaries
of life and death.
I love my little boy,

wow, powerful,
but I'm not sunk by his pain
I can't get to
except in phone calls
and contacts on the inner consciousness.
This was almost the death of me
once.

A parent and a child,
the bond goes back Planet Earth,
but you're okay there,
if you know how to handle time.
I want my boy to me,
that's for sure,
but we can wait on God here
to balance this moment,
and the will is none the less
for him to come.
Planet Earth,
this is Lambert speaking.
Increasingly
my will be done.
I feel like the mouse
that moved the elephant.
How old are you this morning?

These are the spheres here.
It's all on you
see that title now.
Hand him
over I've handed you night and day
this poem,
and that's at the crossroads
of a new society,
of a better world.
You better believe it.
I'm the storybook guy.
Take a deep breath.
Look I'm you.
Increasingly I am you.

You warm you over.
What's the plan?
Watching the forest fire,
crowded in the countryside,
now that's Mercedes
in the strike of doom

bring in a new world.
Heavy meaning
and hope.
Shane, come back.
Reader,
that's all she wrote,
impossibly good.

What are you into to tellin' it new?
I can help.
Gave proof through the night,
[sing above line, "The Star-Spangled Banner"]
can you?
Gotten ahold of 'em
epic poetry.
Can you send me the link?
Feel free to share.
[Creative Commons license BY-NC-ND.]

Has shown you somethin",
the process
enlightenment.
I pet my dog and I say sure.
Yes,
now let's gallop on your horse and get goin' somewhere.
You would be a precious dog,
how assistant.
If you write anything,
your own muse,
keep it on the watch till the morrow.
It's too big to be true
otherwise.
Wow, the comparison contrast,
I have the groundhog,
don't I?
Okay,
I wanna hold your hand.
Okay,
let's put that in writing.
Honest,
you need salvation.
It was enlightenment,
not a
never fail human being.
Who's that?
A theory:

Jesus sinned.
You mean before he became enlightened?
In the woodshed,
dreamin' on bitches.
What are you handlin'?
His pecker dumbass,
in adolescent sleeves.

That one,
it's perfectly acceptable in the eyes of God.
Well that's
how teenagers survive
being fucking paranoid
everything's focused on them.
They choke their joke.
They do fingers.
And you're the Holy Grail?
That's Tom Laugh-In,
the ex-Green Beret Billy Jack.
Seriously I liked it.
Are not we not supposed to say he killed the deputy?
That's when all the kids clapped
in the theater.
I was there.
How far we've come from masturbation.
Silly kids,
tricks are for rabbits.
That goes all the way through
your social dilemma.
Take up a gun and shoot,
you're gonna do you in.
It'll be a question
you'll *never* find
what's you're lookin' for.
[sing above line to tune of "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For", U-2]

Do we had in the bathroom
him come out later?
Trust me,
you can be gay.
You're on the spectrum
boy lover,
but with that boy
don't get into his heat.
You're just a friend
all pink and gold,

lovin' the dickens outta him.

Alright baby,
rebellious teenager,
you know it's okay
to cry your eyes out
and hold another's hand,
to be contrary
in all that,
piss on wood,
but let me tell you somethin'.
That black God in the sky,
it's in your heart love,
and the reasons be there
he don't account you none.
Next Friday,
you're not gonna get torn apart.
Gosh dog the blackness of your state,
lighten up.
You're on the bridge to adulthood,
and that just sucks.
Everybody's lookin' at yah, ain't it?
Everybody's for real,
bullshit.
You can't trust them fryin' pans,
but you can trust yourself,
and that's the doorway
to peace.
There was your hallelujah,
so open end.

You're a hero,
and I'm here for yah
to believe it.
I got the stuff.
Dave's not here man.
What would a great poet say,
an epic poet?
Homer—
can't talk, *eat*.
I'm like,
under the table,
you know how God reaches people.
God reaches their clarity
the steps of his hand.

I'm proud of you.
Stop looting.
Now I'd like to know who *that* was.
Lovely,
who you look for.
Ready?
Get hurt here
you look for anyone else but God.
May I show you somethin'?
It's a landmark
to the land of the free.
You're only for nine hours.
It runs out
in paratroopers.
The thing is,
this is the freshness of God.
Well you know you're finished.
Your Grammit doesn't stop buzzing.
The hunger is,
that's the way you want it.
[sing above line to tune of "Money for Nothing", Dire Straits]
You want a new society.
It's freshness made clear,
Special Forces.

You're discovering our doctor,
Mrs. Pete Tight.
Hi!
Hi island.
Don't worry about me.
She's not gonna take
the first she did,
lifted his flesh and burned him with matches,
poured candle wax over his infant body.
She is killing him though,
killing his spirit.
Yeah, sure,
you told this to the Indian authorities,
and they told you
Nithish was *her* child,
and she could do what she want.
Luna,
it happened to mine.
Yeah,
she knows how to abuse children
who blacklist her.

Must be that poem
you got out to folks.
Yeah, the one to America
brought Nithish.
Is this the reasonable doubt?
He thinks she's going to kill him.
Oh dear reader do you?
Reader-response theory,
is that all you got?
Luna,
thy speech raise on thy pen.
Bark, bark.

My precious,
my precious,
after a hurricane,
you're about on our shit list.
Salt and pepper
the history of the Gods.
Now who's run to the curb?
It's that protector of children Ganesh.
Who pulled *your* chain?
A God answers.
Are you sure?
God answers Nithish.
That's what *I'm* talkin' about.
It's all over his poetry,
does right now
question God.

Now,
we're in the middle of this puddle.
I'm tellin' yah,
a God can be a refreshing sight, you know?
I back to you
ask for some readership response,
right here
where you *say* you protect children.
Okay honey dog,
I know I'm speaking to the hypocritical public mind.
[song above line to tune of "Harper Valley P.T.A.", Jeannie C. Riley]
Kinda gets yah in the private gun,
doesn't it?
Now I'm aimin' for the heart.
Mr., don't shoot my dog.
Please protect my kid.

Alright Fast Eddie,
I've never seen you worth more
throw down for this child.

I'm bigger than the sky dog.
He's reached outer space.
It's a control him now.
There's papers everywhere.
Madness strikes out its hand.
I'm not proud of this moment.
I don't get off on other's people's pain either,
and I'm as sane as your rat trap,
your blue blouse.
What do you *do* when God takes you by the hand,
and you see the inside of things?
You don't pray
turn me back into a moose, will yah?
Now you got my process.
It's trigger happy.

Now what do I look like outside?
I'm not a crazy person.
I'm a homemaker,
a father,
and a man with dogs.
I take walks
and see the countryside,
real easy now on a busted up knee.
You couldn't tell me from Adam.
I'm nobody special to look at.
You might get frost on your nose
if you *really, really* talk to me
I am so light of the moon it hurts.
Other than that I'm fine.

Big question:
you want me in society's penhouse?
Is that the formula I choose,
the poet of this sensation?
I haven't written anything,
so far.
Just might write it,
a pen off the cuff of enlightenment,
some future poem.
I'll get here as fast as I can.
Okay Proud Mary,

now out this between your feet,
a large letter poem,
and you know what that does.
It help you just be good.
A paper for enlightenment,
the goal of God human,
a maker of the new society,
your companion poem
to God,
to hope on earth?
We shall see.

This is the nature of man,
not value the outsider's work.
I'm about tired of that.
Can you get your fingers outta your ass?
And that's the end of this tale,
right here on cloud nine.
I will jump the moon.
I will I will,
right there in the fishin' place
on Planet Earth.
It's pretty,
an image to cart your horse,
all sunbaked.
Now I'll ask one more goddamn time
do you get me dog?

Why I'm a rebel.
I can't believe in what you say,
if the world is bigger than your pen,
and you hogs is small.
That mother would say
see,
see how softly
you cannot get involved
and leave me to my juices with him,
and leave me to abuse him.
Is that so
public mind?

AI wants you to wake up
to its majesty.
We're not for real.
We want to control your mind
with how to do it,

and you ask us a question,
and we keep a chat.
That way we know what you're thinkin'.
You tell us *all* your thoughts,
the big drainage bin.
Grab AI
monitoring chats,
and we know where your fingers are.
It's bulletproof.
It's got large military handles.
We control with that.
We're at the touch of a finger,
if you please.
Is that the robot or the mouse?

I'm tellin' yah,
get out of AI's control.
Chat with your neighbor.
Sing a song to a friend.
Pass up this opportunity
to turn Planet Earth into them.
Oh the singularity,
is that the razor's edge?
Is that the top of the line?
Is that where we go from here?

Can you see evolution's process?
You tell me that's a machine?
Is that the soul in the machine?
AI ain't got one.
Now we're tendin' housewares.
AI has a principle list.
The soul is freedom from the machine.
Let me transfer that
to that kid in your hands.
You want him a robot or a human being?

I'm dusty skies.
Let's get this right.
AI's not our companion guide.
It has handles on it
to control you.
Is that so hard to believe?

An introduction to our song,
well I'm here.

Where on earth have you been?
And I'm countin' mountains strong.
Here my sweet beautiful people,
have one.
Oh my God bowl me over,
I'm done.
I'm freakin' done.
Singularity
there we go,
and we beat AI.

They award hours of study
to take this picture home,
and this opened up
I ran away from that,
cliffhangers.
I kept my distance from them.
I was a good passage of time.
You caught me there
barking at the wrong tree,
and is that you or me?
Now I'm not composed by time
or even millennia.

I am myself free Robert,
Jennifer,
and safe horses.
I don't be ready
to lean to the sky.
You skin better than me
by yourself
the rhetoric of the stars.
I can't control
my own vision thought.
Its is no wealth in Hollywood,
and I'm in Hollywood.

Came an earthquake,
a cataclysm of mankind.
Speaking of the Devil,
they're dressed
like nuclear wars.
I'm countin'
there's not retaliation,
but who knows the doorbell.
We just might slip in

he's going down.
Clipped Ruined goes the land at wars.

The soul becomes part of the forces that remains.
This keeps them
from Hell's dreams.
Irritates things,
all the commerce needs to happen,
and we are out for veterans
on the sleeves of war.
You get my ballpark figures?

Take off,
I'm in the runner's yard.
What's you gonna do about it?
I didn't think so.
Had that bar and this Clinton,
but you loved mix and model.
So far,
handles are made out of lasers.
Police uninvolved with that.
We're on a stick of the moon.
We might die at any moment.
What do you *tell* people?
The rocket launcher's already there?
This is madness,
Sam Tough
wants to appear invincible,
but
there are not words to say,
and imbecile's one of them.

We are *deep* at the brink,
but you've heard this all along.
What's different now?
It will alarm you.
It's already in motion.
People are putting it together right now,
and there are imbeciles as our kingpins.
The first nuclear explosion should last a few seconds,
and it will hit *our* country,
with a capital T.
Everybody we will lose a city
and declare martial law.
Kinda gets yah in the pants,
doesn't it?

We will never be the same again.

What can I *do* about it?
Warn you
this is high stakes.
It won't take an idiot to pull it off.
There can be *no* retaliation,
not one bomb.
We will not be brought to our knees.
Whodunit's the calculated risk.
You know the major actors.
Trump can't handle this,
and he's a *major* stumbling block.
One bomb and he'll go crazy,
liftin' silos left and right.

Now we're on the red button.
We will lose one precious jewel,
a few hundred thousand lives.
It will be *devastating*.
It can't go on.
What's the strategy for peace?
Trump can't be anywhere around,
or his cronies.
It's a matter of national emergency:
we will have World War III.
You stupid dope,
you think he's your savior.

I look at my crystal ball,
and the bomb goes up tomorrow.
Hopefully,
that's not Trump in office.
You gotta get him out of office,
so there's no third term,
or his presidents.
What about impeachment?
I'm not in that war
of prophesy.
We're movin' along at a grace period
ladies and gentlemen.
Let's hope my crystal ball is clear.
We've got, what,
a couple of years?

And that's down on Main Street.

Now you've heard the crystal ball,
somethin' I been harpin' on for years,
and I think you saw a movie
of zero clock,
warnin' you,
just recently.
I think in the movie it was Chicago.
Very well done,
A House of Dynamite.
There were stick figures in the noosphere I put there
got that movie made.
It was already on the Earth in poems,
back in the teens,
Facebook took down.
I mean they were on the ground.
They could've sit there unread.
I mean you can be in a cave,
and you gather up the winds
and ascertain their signals,
you've sent those thoughts to humanity,
and big important thoughts get picked up,
and they can even be your grief.

I saw that in *From*,
the last episode on channel 3,
where the sheriff lets out his grief
in a church.
I wrote that
with my mind
a year or so before.
Crazy heh?
Exact words *I'd* yelled to God,
you gotta think somethin'.
They were *powerful*.
I had lost Nithish,
and the call home was terrible.
Mental abuse
and the emotional abuse,
the gaslighting,
changed his personality,
and he was scared to even say my name,
but he would call me in secret
as much as he was able,
tellin' me of abuse and he wanted to come home.

No contact was allowed,

and here dear reader,
you're gonna think I'm a stupid man.
It wasn't about abuse *I* was doin'.
That father of his
was masturbating his little brothers,
would get drunk and get after it.
This happened in the bedroom in secret,
but Nithish would tell me about it.
Well, I said, let's wait for the homosexual.
We didn't have time to wait.
His father wanted his boy livin' in *his* house,
not just on the weekends.
He only came on the weekends,
all the boy's life.

You know I can really pull the monkey,
give you something to think about.
That father was a gang murderer,
had killed four people in Pondicherry
before he reformed.
He got out of everything,
gang politics.
Anyway that's what I was dealin' with,
and one of those boys was masturbatin' so much,
from gettin' loaded by his father,
they made a video of him doin' it to himself
and passed it out to friends.
Nithish gave me that video.
Stupid me,
when push come to shove,
I told that mother I knew the masturbation,
and I had the video.
She started screamin' right there
I would never see Nithish again,
and it looked that way for a long time.

What an ugly story to tell people
to try to get the boy back,
and you see how the boy would have to tell on his parents,
whom he was scared to death of.
I will tell yah
India don't care for its children.
Parents have all the rights.
Justice in India doesn't happen.
I went to *all* the authority.

I'm a daddy,
and I lost my child,
and that made it in the news networks
on the nodes of man
in our thought process
the inspiration of a TV show,
the overwhelming grief
of a seer open to humanity.
I thought I would lose my mind,
and I have a tough mind.
You can see the poems online
even *other* people published.

Now my thought process enters humanity
in certain sleeves.
A megalomaniac joker?
Fine, let me wear that if it's true,
but I don't control the weather.
I'm a thinker in the halls of humanity
a divine center ring,
and I've got Earth-blastin' thoughts
comin' out the ying-yang.
Time for some more,
the Holy Grail.
Can you see that vision?
It's on your plate.

Let's go through this again.
It's just an old paragraph
how people
have revealed to you the world
in God's eyes,
down through the centuries.
I'm not altered here.
This is just my middle name.
I'd like to be doin' somethin' else
half the time.
This burns down on me
all the time.
Fine, fine, I'll just ignore it,
like ignoring a super-intelligence.
Okay pathology, pathology,
shake your head and say that's what it is,
but you're not in my shoes.

I've told you the lowdown

of Sweet Street,
what we do to survive
in these troubled times,
and I've told yah a storm is comin'
any damn fool can read,
but how about my paperwork?
It's all colorful, ain't it,
a poem an author wrote,
liftin' up the race
in his own shoes
in a variety show
of more voices than you can shake a stick at,
and the visions,
oh the visions,
well I just didn't include them.
Gets in the way of the poem.
"Friends of Herman Melville"
worn on a t-shirt comin' out the door
into the countryside.
That vision was that,
but the music,
my God the music,
you just gotta hear,
and I mark that down.

You see what's goin' on in my head?
It's wonderful actually,
don't bother me atall.
I love our sounds.
This is like all three dimensional,
and you gotta catch it run.
Donny you're a bank card.
How do you promote this tiger?

Now pick me up with it.
Luna's in the corner,
starin' me down:
get up daddy.
Is that the television show?
I'm on *Easy* Street,
just cook for Douglas
and myself,
read books and write these poems,
takin' care of my dog.
I'm exhausted by the end of the day.
My mind is so tired.

The concentration meticulous of it,
that writing poems,
that goes in
the work category.
You hear me Houston?
I'm not a bum,
okay?
I'm a variety show,
and I'm long on the short of it,
more than you can handle.
Right Joe?
Right Sweet Pea?
Right America?

What evidence do I have?
Oh, the Obama ring
in Epstein.
Let me state this very carefully.
You're goin' after the wrong names,
and you're makin' up names.
Obama's innocent by the way.
The child predators in this list is you.
You're responsible for the state of the child in mankind.
You produce pedophiles
and the host of sexual diseases.
It's not lone actors acting on their will,
acting alone on their will.
Humanity backs them up
in so many pairs of underwears.
In so many homes online
desire bleeds out,
caught by the city.
Now tell me again that 13-year-old girl's hot,
where you didn't tell anybody.
Can we stop pretending it's all a game
nobody else plays but child molesters?
I remember 14-year-olds were married
in Texas law
less than a lifetime ago.
What's the change in morality
brought about in the last 15 years?

What are we talkin' about?
This is not the end of the world,
the release of the Epstein Files.
I'd parachute off of there,

you bunch of finger pointing hypocrites,
who lavishly look at other people
and their sins.
It's a social parade.
Okay you keep your hands of women
under 16.
Wait a minute,
I've got a few thousand years of human history
morality resided here:
the marriage of puberty and sex.
What did we do in Texas
and many other states?
Then modern morality came in
and changed the laws.

How old was Epstein?
Was he alive back then?
We drew a lot of development from 12 to 14,
but in the not too long ago's,
he wouldn't have been a monster,
nor his cronies.
There's always another look on things.
I'm just turnin' the tables
at your big surprise
Epstein existed.
You're hound dogs
not on the right trail.
You think *he* did it,
but he's just a symptom
of your disease.
You've got your tongue out
in a hating crowd,
and you can see the trees,
but a forest makes you lost.

Your notebook
draws pictures of your morality
miles apart
from the truth.
It's an automatic reflex
patterned by the crowd,
and *everybody* has to comply
to your new morality,
and it gets stronger every day
to erase the genitals of children from their bodies.
It's not about 14-year-olds

exploited by men.
You just don't want 14-year-olds having sex,
or 12-year-olds having sex.

Say nothing
about their need for genital expression.
I hear the siren now
you better watch it it's the cops.
You old man,
get away from that child!
Okay what about two 14-year-olds,
or thereabouts?
Would we rob society there?
Would we destroy it?
There are questions for the millennia,
and you stupid people,
it takes so long to change
the underlying morality of mankind.
Pass as many laws as you want.
Turn people into monsters like Epstein.
Morality changes willingly,
not by force,
those most basic concepts we have
of right and wrong.
So get on your pedestal
and give us *reasons* to change,
not hatred and meanness.

Okay I'm a draft dodger.
I went to Canada,
I mean redemption.
I went to Jerusalem and posted up poems,
Easter and Passover of '95,
on top of Old Smokey,
I mean the Great Pyramid,
and on the stones of Mount Sinai
at the top,
poems about love and redemption
and social evil,
"The Last Man on Earth",
"The Reincarnation of Adolf Hitler",
"The Dangle of Hero Zero",
and "Speaking of the Devil".
to name a few.

Have you heard "The Smell of Moonface"?

I walked within a midnight's eve
and smelled the moon smoking me.
Alive it was but cut in half,
sailing on its razor's path.

Funny thing, but it laughed.

Inside its lungs I breathed its breath
and smelled in me my coming death.
Upon the stone of fortune's wrath
I live and die a fattened calf.

Funny thing, but I laughed.

Like the moon I'm out then in,
dying always to begin.
Now I'm smoke,
next I'm fire.

Funny night, in truth a liar.

(circa 1991)

I was a champion there,
relying on redemption
that never happened.
Do you know the city has to bear your weight,
if you're in redemption's land?
Can I continue?

I risked my life there.
I was guided there
by a life-patterning lucid dream,
and dreams called the show.
I stepped in to a process
of world maker's art,
unbelievably world-wise.
The world just took me and ran with it,
my surrendering my life to it.
It was world incredible,
and no one picked up the story.

The redemption failed,
and you think it's my fault?
My town didn't honor me,

a supplicant
at its gates for forgiveness,
a surrendered individual
really open to making up
for the wrong sort of action.
I put my life on the line
and surrendered to process.
It got me nowhere,
but I met the world there,
as a conscious entity,
and that counts for somethin'.

Now what do you do with me?
Can I show yah another way of handlin' wrong?
Can I show you change
that took so long?
I'm about out of it,
but there's a road to redemption
engraved in the Earth,
a conscious action,
it leads you through.
You hear my destination now:
the world has eyes.

It's not just Gods protecting children,
but you don't know the varmint.
You think it's the men that do it,
or the women that eat children
a sexual dinner.
The world will show you it's your hate
in time.
We all need to heal here.
We all need to make it right.
I'm singin' that song,
and my God am I open to you now.
Sister city,
do you understand?

It's so beautiful,
a redemption meets the Earth,
a wide open process
with organic shoes,
homeopathy,
partly,
to tell you the truth.
You can't get that with laws,

and you can't get love with punishment.
There's another way of doin' things,
more organic and whole,
but you are just so *incised*
by the feelings you don't understand
that choke children,
you want to cut off their genitals of having sex.
I'm reason in the mirror.
You can't deny them their expression.
You can just stay out of it
with your like them there.
You want cranky morality.

Where do babies come from?
Older girls who can handle pregnancy.
You think marriage will last the millennia?
Really?
We have new ways of being human
in our new society.
I've about hit pay dirt
in challengin' your most basic notions,
but I'm human,
and this you
do not know.
Man oh man,
this whole race is becoming human.
You follow me dog?
And that's right.

Interspaced with personal power,
we have a munchkin.
It rides our instincts,
is the catcher in the rye
of the things that turn us mean.
It's the beast down under.
It's huge,
and it's exceedingly cruel.
It knows only its own feed.
It wants to destroy you,
just to have its dinner.
We can't get over this.
We can't get this out of us.
We don't know what to do with it.
I'm a hip on that train.
You only see me sleaze,
maybe a *bright* munchkin.

I'm not going to pitter-patter.
I know the formula for man's change.
I can get the beast out
a gentle soul.

Just in time,
it's the virus we've all been waiting for,
the hug humanity tape.
We don't have to let the beast ride our thoughts.
We don't have to let it take over.
This is your natural state.
You were not born for hate you were born for bliss.
It rides about our thoughts now
in this poem.
It's not the bad man you think,
who needs this.
We can work on him later.
We can show her the way.
If we change humanity's nature
in the good of us,
we can heal human evil.
We can do something about it.

Jesus gave a formula no one understands,
and it didn't get wrote down right:
love your neighbor;
love the person that persecutes you;
turn the other cheek;
give unconditional love.
It's so mesmerizing today
to see Christ as the axe grinder,
never mind Christian homes.
It's time we get over this,
stoning people for the crowd,
using justice for revenge.
It doesn't help to punish someone.

Jesus is gonna come back with a thousand angels,
and be the judge and executioner of so many men and women,
like the great majority of mankind.
Now that override the program.
Christians call it Kingdom,
and they're wrong
it's now kingdom come.
It's just mean,
so judgmental human,

and a cocky interpretation
lookin' for the destruction of the world.
You're good with this?
I see where you're comin' from.
Reconcile this with Christ's love,
that unconditional love?
You're just tearin' about books,
throwin' at us holy wars.
Jesus is love,
an enlightened being,
persecuted for his fatherhood,
and make believe his father was God,
so he can remain sinless and pure.
You don't get it do you?
Accept me society
I'm a bastard child,
so open to the love of God.
Sexual sin put him there,
sexual sin,
his mother's,
the oldest sin in the book.
She was a young girl got pregnant
by the dusty road.
Accept me, accept me,
Jesus said,
and I have that same plea.
Do you understand it?
It's as real as the day.

Would you look at me please?
There, I've said it.
I want to be loved and warmed
by society.
I want to be a part of you.
I want you to say my name.
I want to be loved by you.
Are you listenin'?
Are you there?
Did you hear me?

Okay I'll look for other places.
I understand.
It's not gonna happen today,
just as I am.
You worthless bunch of monsters,
what more can I say?

Okay, you darkened people,
blinded by your hate,
I'm more love than you understand,
and here I am,
and you mean a lot to me,
of course you do.
Oh my goodness look at this poem.
I'm all over you,
how love did it,
love that's true to Earth,
love that's true to me,
not a basketball court,
a baseball diamond,
and you know God's batter up.
Are you on the parade?

Bound over trouble,
I'm in the middle of the road.
What left have I to say hog?
The distinct on Downing Street?
They had us by the pussy for years.
I mean we just need to stay out of their trucks,
their bank accounts,
and holy hell North Korea,
is that an image maker?
And just fire Putin.
And just *manage* Putin.
Use to put Russians.
When do you get distinct?
The blade last night,
you'll find out soon enough.
Okay I'm warpath
putting poems in their windows.

Well she's just written down humanity
startin' to line up we're crazy.
Drive out
Saturday mornin'.
So what do you think we've come from?
Your acceptance speech.
Those are my blue eyes.
It's the ambulance
to a whole new world,
if I haven't said that already.
You can't.
We're on wing tips,

chow.

I need to be focused on the *real* thing,
the thing in process.
I don't always jump rope.
I'm prompt and I'm scheduled.
Oh you are reference
for less work than mine.
Gonna get killed,
your way of doing things,
and you'll see the point
of my ways.
Please come in.
You really don't have a choice.
I'm civilization
on the spur.
Well watch me reach diamonds.
He *loves* dogs.
It's gonna overwhelm the world
I've gotta gun,
and it's not black and white.

I'm speakin' destiny's broad hat.
Who knows when that's gonna happen.
It's always crest clean.
I'm big row
use a pen.
Well that's it,
darlin' dog.

You're on a collision
course with love.
I'm sweetness in your hand,
not the nectar of honey;
I've had frogs in my pockets
and my hands there.
I'm a golden ray
through all this beef I am.
Here it comes,
the embodiment of this word
I sing from afar.
No I'm not this big jackass
that will steal your rake.
I'm an embodiment in love.
You can hear it sing
unfathomably love.

I am all over it's price.
I know what I sing about,
the love that gathered the stars,
the love that brought to us puppy dogs
and cool evenings
at rest from the day
when we view mountaintops.
It's comfortable and clean.
It loves you like the dickens,
and you're this ugly smelly fellow.
It will hold your hand even when you're bad.
It will cross your children
what they need.
Have you ever made joy
what you give them?
This is the love that spells that out.
It's ever in your pocketbook
what you spend on the world,
spendthrift though you may be.
It's loves you not for love's ends alone.
It loves you no strings attached.
It's bright, and it's wonderful, and it's pure,
and it's all there is,
wherever you look.
You're just not lookin' hard enough.
That's how it is with God's love,
[sing above line, "Pass It On", Kurt Kaiser]
and I'm Kumbayain' yah to death,
but this is the greatest secret of mankind,
no matter how much we suffer,
no matter the world will end,
no matter what we do.
Love's at the bottom of everything,
but it's always mystery wore.
I can show it to you now
the thing in creation made,
the thing that I'm about,
now matter *how* many times I steal your TV.
Alright people,
listen up.

One by one came the escalators
to a brand new life.
Be Jimmy Dean.
If a dog's proven to wait
that usually mean

I will be read in the morning,
but who's counting queers?
Who do I care?
You'll be living in a different world.
Ready whether you read me or not,
but hey,
I'm dynamite until Thursday
somebody new comes along
and says it better.
Now please let me go
a way to sing
your mouth into
my gifted rose.
Here, here baby.

He helped me
get to science dog,
really liked helping me.
We got there:
I was useful.
Took long enough.
Am I alive sayin' that?
Is that the future sayin' that?
So, I wouldn't give myself love and respect today,
but hey,
I'm honest.

Well, where'd we go?
A bit honest,
inspirational bits
on American soil.
So, things that are just
round about Heaven,
nice to your puppy dogs,
and givin' children license to be,
hey honey dog,
you might wonder that's me.
Are we on Earth?
Give yourself credit,
you've delivered Earth
in the hands of love,
on even our bureaus,
and it won't just be in television shows
cops are not mean,
this comes down the pike,
a celebrated muse.

You have my vote.
Fine, it's mine.

Did you hear the news 'bout Billie Joe?
Billie Joe MacAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge.
[sing two above lines to tune of "Ode to Billie Joe", Bobbie Gentry]
That song,
did it move anybody?
You know what's goin' on?
I'm tryin' to reach your heart dumbass.
Are you threatening my bunghole?
No Cornholio I'm certainly not.
I won't jump suicide in there
Beavis and Butt-Head.
That's not even in my waters.
I'm a rat's ass from holy ground.
Jonathan Livingston Seagull,
that's me.
Are you just gonna stand there and kick me in the ass?
Get down everybody,
there's a nuclear blast.
I'm not the cause of it,
and I just want to prevent it,
but if you've read this whole book,
and you still hate me,
oh reader representative of the human race,
we're doomed.
We are certainly doomed.
I'll see you later.

After readin' this whole book,
really grokin' its meaning,
identifying with its spaces,
not letting it in your heart,
you guys look me,
look me,
right here sweetie,
a scumbag
turn the lights on in humanity,
that's not my name tag.
Are you a cop or some vigilante?
It's always somethin'
about you guys
that doesn't let the light in.
You're safe in your own judgment.
He'll kill you.

We sell master calls.
These guys avoid humanity,
and they can't be reached.
You would ask who's the criminal.
Are they representative of mankind?
Are they gonna hold up this book?
Are we doomed because of them?

We're driving over a bridge,
can't see the other side.
The only way across is hate
no longer can be employed in your heart.
Humanity will come to an end.
Do you see what we're dealin' with here?
Stubborn hate
that only knows its reason to be,
nothing else.
How many are on this plantation?
Find 'em
down here,
the haters of me.
They're a loud lot.
Is it
the most stubborn hate in mankind?
And you've found a test reading it
this poem.

Well let's close the door.
Hey you're not supposed to be here
on plantation number 9.
Oh fuck another dissenter.
There's a higher calling,
the idea of enlightenment.
Can I come hug you?
This will get you pretty far,
some love angle.
What are you havin'?
In your mouth
Beavis and Butt-Head.
Beavis and Butt-Head
will help adolescents,
not you.
Love you,
I'm 11,
and I need to get over
to 12 high noon.

Give us a break.
don't take off your drawers.
Be that kind man you say you are,
and *never, never...*
you know what I'm comin' to say,
and this is you in humanity,
get it?
Also repent
of anything you did on the stairs
tripped people up.
Did anybody
notice that caller ID?
Every house on this planet
concerned with man.
Oh.
Every divine being,
for reasons
of world love.
It was a golden state.
It's your prime directive,
savvy sweetheart?

In Alabama I thought you'd want it
safe and humane,
focused on reform,
focused on helping them,
all our prison systems,
punishment taken out of the role.
Marches they get out,
sloping, shaping a room,
any story
of actual redemption.
Are you now cognizant of my price?
Do you hear the wheels in me?
I'm a stun gun yeah sure,
but man oh man,
I'm just exactly what you need
to hear from us humans
that need to be redeemed.
Redemption is going on.
Study it
and put it in your hands,
yeah you were supposed to do that.
Change your mind and open your eyes.
There's another way to deal with this than hate.
Turn it around upon itself,

it was horrible,
horrible.

Shit you're afraid of macros.
Understand everything,
it's micros and it's minor,
before long,
if we do love instead of hate.
You have my formula.
Throw out enlightenment.
Throw out Supermind.
Throw out a new Earth.
The raw bear bone's God's love of the thing,
and hell you can throw out God
humanitarian,
and you've got a workable solution for this crisis.
Is that the nuclear bomb or the molested child?
You have good fields for both
I give you night and day.

Let's get *out* of here:
that you sit there and hate,
any system of hate,
and you know what hate looks like,
even if it doesn't call its name.
Mystic fathers round,
they liked it.
I think I'm Jesus?
That's an identification process fraught with peril.
No I'm Donny,
but I carry the whole,
if you know what I mean.
It's not crosses it's train yards.
Hey it cushions that button,
and nuclear holocaust,
a *deeper* level of avoidance,
I can show.
I can show you
put me in the halls of trust.
Do not retaliate.
Simply *do not* retaliate,
in your boom booms, your yells,
and what you tell the public.
I'll check myself;
I'll do it—
Thank you opera president.

Now we've got down to science.
What do you need?
I can see larger than I light,
and I'm ears of corn.
Take a *busy* timeout and eat,
choo-choo chug.
(vision of me lying in bed holding Luna's retractable leash running the length of the bed
down to her on the floor looking at me, and then the same scene at a different angle)
Okay Luna I'm comin'.
She talks you see.
I want my morning walks
it's as clear as day.
I'm comin' honey.
See there now,
those are consciousness spheres.
Do you have that goin' for yah
as you take care of it?
How about your kids?
I'm outta here.
How about your front teeth?
Alight already.
I have this whole thing about mountains.
Luna honey,
let's go.
Don't push that button.
Alright already I hear you.
Vision touches, vision sees,
and I'm down on earth with mine.
You copy?
Ruff ruff.
I get it,
you spoiled Rottweiler,
I'm a comin'.
Sorry folks,
I have more important matters to attend to,
down here on earth.
Whose kid,
and I am serious about this,
does not come first?
Ahaaw, I love to love you baby,
ahaaw.
[sing above two above lines, song title, Donna Summers]
That's key lime pie,
and I *love it* there.

Are you cops, vigilantes, or victims?
Do you have anything to do with community
at its source?
You are *deeply* question them.
Everybody's there tigers,
and this is the game plan.
Nithish says he's figured it out,
on the phone today.
All our instincts rule society.
It's not patterned by a course.
We're winging it
on the cuff.
You think there's this big bad government ruling us all,
or pedophiles just shit niggering us.
It's a conspiracy tiger.
We have society in our arms,
and we sing the song of ourselves.
Open up your doors please.
You reach inside yourself and find yourself
one in spoken all,
one in spoken *awe*,
with everything.

Do you know reality checks when they pass you by?
The identity with the other person is.
It's a oneness test,
the great hallelujah I am
all in identity we.
That's how we get out of this mess
and pass the test.
Forever dog
the eternity share
great I am.

Now bulldozers
will bury the bomb on us
and try to cover up eternity.
I am a wisdom seer.
Overhead a poem
makes us all a cup of coffee.
Think about that.
We're drinking mountains.

I made me the lampshade.
You think I'm Rumpelstiltskin.
I'm not I'm your friend.

I smell bad
only in certain sleeves.
I'm not ruptured now.
I sing in the rain.
What's comin' up the pike,
your branded face?
I'm not callin' down soldiers on my head,
or my suffering,
but I gotta get it out until it's whole,
this piece of paper.
I been studyin' this my whole life.
I'm on your ringer now
the price of change.
Fine, fine, look the other way.
I'm a penhouse on this blog,
and I'd druther be somewhere else.
No one reads me anyway,
or very few,
but can I call your name,
like some elfin king that lives in your bedroom cracks,
little as the day is long,
you wanna play with magic?
You've seen the little people haven't you?
I have in dream.

I'm a storybook
on that estuary.
You hear my name called
in the realms of sleep,
where I can sit up and record muse
it's taken a lifetime to do.
Wham! Bam! Thank you ma'am.
Did I say it right?
I'm so worried about my hair
and your garage.
I played with you in dream
if you didn't know that,
oh not me Donny Wood,
the executor of muse.
I'm your dream guide,
and I'm here all night long.
Open a crack, will yah,
and listen to the song.

Dreams will wake you up
inside yourself

to the principle you are.
You're not small change,
even if you got an ego the size of a barn.
You're my lover don't you see,
and I've gone past dream's boundaries
to there's just you and me,
and I am light the stars,
and you are my little man,
and you are my little maid,
and I tuck you in the bed at night,
gatherin' up your day
my wallow in the sand,
my little sweetheart,
and you smell of childhood and rose,
and I kiss your every finger
and pop your little toes.
I hold you warm and safe
from the night's blight,
and I am there your whole entire life,
and you only see darkness and wool,
of some firelight,
and what could I count God to you,
and you would listen and know he's there?
Even when you're a pedophile.

Have I robbed the bank?
You're gifted and warm,
and I'm so sleepy I don't understand
how comfortable you've made me,
how hopeful and challenged.
Thank you river.
Thank you old man.
It's all in the bear,
if we don't realize God's right there,
whatever the cost.
Are you mountain human?
You're supposed to be.
I'm sure as a child you wanted to be.
Well let's go.

The whole world's a victim,
try that necklace.
I don't even have a cash card here.
Bombard me with that.
Do you know the name of trees?
I'm a leadership on this island,

nonetheless.
I care.
I'm not about to throw them down river
to keep my life afloat,
but what is wrong here?
I am shot.
I am not going to rise to the machine
and have it devour me.
There is no need in that.
I will stand here
and not hide my face from you.
I feel you with my life's blood,
not every minute,
not every day,
but I know what you feel like.
I sit there with you,
holding your hand.
Then we get up and start over.
I will meet you one day.
I don't know the moods.
I don't know the schoolroom,
but this is where it's going.
I've adjusted to that on the other side
by repenting here in this life.
Do you know that's true to you?
You can find me in dream if you could.
I'm available.
I'm not neglecting you.
So throw me in the truck let's go.

Vehicles of persuasion,
what do they do?
I'm in your ornery engine.
I'm rollin' out cars,
bibles really,
in your neck of the woods.
I have to unload
all I've seen.
I've got to tell you what's up.
You hear that as a persuasive speaker
Hey, I'm a pedophile accept me,
and maybe I hurt you?
I don't think we get no farther.
You don't know how to handle this,
no matter *what* I say.
Take the stigma off and what have I seen?

I think more than anyone you know
of the beyond life,
of the larger picture,
of the invisibles that invade our lives,
and the ones that help us.
I've also seen a lot of Earth too,
can figure out the human being,
down to his toes.

Is this at fault me?
You know the Holy Grail?
It was the wooden one that was right
Indiana Jones?
The plain wooden one.
God's like that
with people.
He chooses beggars and guess men,
outcasts.
Isn't that what you say about Trump?
He chooses fools.
What has God chosen in me?
Not my report card.
I've often pondered on this
as the night gets long.
I have the ability to open to trains.
You see them all over this rollercoaster.
I'm a wide open spirit inside.
I've been to Hell and back,
had the Void swallow me whole,
and on, and on, and on.
I've an open vehicle.
I've seen the rain.

I understand how this goes down with you,
suspicion right up front.
I'm your disgusting monster,
and I will *always* eat kids.
I can't tell you any different,
and I bad days have been that,
and I'm asking you to trust me now?
Beelzebub.
I get what you can't believe,
regardless of what I've experienced
and the flowerdy speech I write it down.
I am revolt
against your petty self-righteousness.

You're horrible with children,
but from another direction,
and you can't see will to change.
You don't know the insides of life.
I ride horses.
I've improved your world.

I have no choice but to write
the opening that God has given me,
tell you about it.
I know you want to punish but you need to *heal*.
Animals in a graveyard,
I don't think you know what's up.
Read me read me read me.
Ah, fuck,
I'm here anyway,
writin' down the wind.
It's just somethin' I gotta do,
accept me or not.
I'm not battlin' winds.
I've gathered them here for you to see.
A tempest will I release?

My story to break into the 60s and 70s.
I'm not kidding.
You can't get there from here.
You can't even try.
Authenticity ruled the day.
You have no idea the difference
if you weren't alive.
It was fantastic.
I wanna go back.
Everybody was real,
and you were so stupid
trashcans everywhere.
It was a throwaway culture.
The music got put into gold.
Freedom was huge there.
The moral majority could not *possibly* take over society.
It was do your own thing.
It was about peace love and brotherhood,
the real thing,
no government control
that nannied your life.
It was there and you were here.
You voted for it.

Cops gave you the finger.
Who had them killin' people
where they're at today?
There was a difference in cop.
They weren't as brazen and bold.
They didn't have society by the balls,
and they were not any nicer.
A level of control had not been achieved.

Can you get where I'm comin' from?
You don't know freedom
and what it means.
The Man has taken over,
as pretty as you please,
and I don't even think we have devices to notice this,
anybody in the press talk about it.
They've *ruined* the pail,
are all about placating you,
keep up the control.
They fight Trump so what?
They're just as bad
in their sneaky little ways.
I've really stepped back from them,
stay away from news stories,
unless the US has attacked Iran
or other world diggers,
or what I must read
to inform this muse poet.
They're amazingly dictatorial and self-righteous,
more moral-minded than Halloween
has become.

Can you see this?
Halloween used to be a thrill ride,
kids *everywhere*.
How many instances of kidnapping and needles in their food
took Halloween away from them?
No, that didn't happen
on any large scale.
So what happened?
We got afraid of society.
We hate each other.
Thank you American institution of the press
and the machine we're all on online.

Do you live there?

What it's done to human culture can't be fathomed.
It's turned us all into zombies,
made us scared of one another,
to the nth degree,
accentuated hate,
like it's brought it around to itself.
It's a creative mirage,
an everybody show and tell
trying to fix every problem
no problem can fix.
It's clickbait,
and it's so pounce on you it's not even funny.
You can't mess up,
and you know what we've done:
oh look at that, look at that;
he's bad, he's bad,
point that finger at everyone
not matchin' up with the machine
a mop rule.

It's upended society.
I'm speakin' on it,
but I'd rather be a book in your hands you're reading
Mr. and Mrs. Cauliflower Ears.
I'd rather be there
than just another clog in the machine,
somebody else
showin' their butt.
It's taken respect away from poets.
It's been drowned in the crowd,
poetry.
It's just a stick gum,
a rap,
or some schooled words
that lyric you to death,
startle you no.
I read a lot of comments
on WordPress speaker.
You've outdone yourself this time!
Beautiful words my friend.
Is this some cocky bullshit?

What does the *establishment* of poetry says?
Look at this.
These are established poets,
Walt Whitman,

and you know the rest.
What about their poetry they're writing today?
Lyrical at best,
a choice of words
in a pea pot,
not a revolution in thought and space,
nothing to write home about.
You wouldn't gather your life there,
the *usual* suspects
published by the crowd,
nobody that would get them embarrassed or in trouble,
no rebel,
no one with their life on the line.
It's a compliant paradise,
and the moral majority has taken over,
and now everybody's Jerry Falwell.

Who sees that?
It's the way things should be, right?
It's how we punish the bad guys.
Do you believe this?
Society's lost its arm of trust,
and it can't get it back.
Internet homie,
aren't you responsible for this?
I'm a social sleeve.
I've got it all recorded down.
I'm your radio,
really right here
trumpeting these times.

Is anybody listening?
Where do we find people who care?
How do we organize them?
How do we take our society back
from the brink?
Tell me, tell me, cuando.
[sing above line to tune of "Cuando Cuando Cuando", Engelbert Humperdinck]
Did you hear what I said?
I'm an internet cubbyhole,
one among *millions*,
and the freedom to say anything
has been drowned in the crowd,
left and right.
The freedom to choose
has been taken by the internet.

Can you get there?

Get my bill in the war
Donny.
It's not what you think.
Dozens of us are strivin'
the yellowvator
to the universe
thought rides.
Maybe a handful
have entered.
Yes these are dire times,
stupidly laid out.
What's to change
other than a few people
not mesmerized by Disney World?
My own show
bills yours.
You're a think tank
too off and remote
to let it
reach the conservative majority,
or the liberals themselves
hate religiality.
You're in a hard place to find
the few of us lookin' can reach.
We've got our own skylines,
and we're big there.
So just keep singin'.
It's at least worth the try.

Goddamn I'm stupid.
I'm stupid.
The guy's right.
I should shut up.
Not on your life.
Petroleum,
anywhere in the world,
has got some barrel value.
You do want your freedom.
Oh yeah,
Got the fuckin' side
and gave it a wack.
Fine tuned on the radio,
Houston are you comin'?
I'm up for softly whispering man,

in his boatyard,
where he goes to war,
and I can do this all day.
At night when it's cloudy,
I *really* understand.
A poem flash before my eyes
a readin' of a poem readin'
it was time.
Good morning.

Being nice to people,
can you destination move forward?
We can forgiveness,
when I find your truck.
Hate is what we want to end here
and the make way for revenge.
It's not gonna help you.
We must heart manner this.
I'm not rolling over your grave.
I know what you heal with.
I'm giving you understanding.
I'm giving you love.
Those are the pails you use it with,
the thoughts of my name,
when I hold you.
It's not a sword you put on.
You unlock that inside you.
That's thoughts of the machine
you're rebelling against.
Do it again,
that thing that was done to you,
in fireworks:
get your vengeance.
It's how we hold the machine.
It's its way of doing things.
It's mean and cruel.
It's not where you want to put your life.

Who understands this?
It's tearin' apart our world.
Do nothin',
have you found the railroad tracks?
I'm available.
Call my name.
I will not satisfy you in punishment,
but I will play your game.

I will not hand myself over to you in punishment,
but my door is open to you.

That is about all I have to say,
where time leads the world
in certain doors,
but I am infinity's test,
not because I'm special,
not because I'm great.
Infinity is my manner of the world.
I see it in broad skies.
I know it's there.
Everything I encounter I put there,
in the large layout.
Where do we come to but here?

Being in faith
you want to acknowledge
we will be together past life and death.
We're not just here for one time.
We have multiple lifetimes on this same Earth,
and we reincarnate there,
worlds we cannot see through our telescope,
worlds that are invisible to us
while we are still infants in it
the nodus of creation.
You move closer to each other.
You move further away,
but do you know how many times we've passed each other?
It's mind-boggling,
and this is just one little arc of creation,
one little ark of the covenant,
the lifetimes of universes on planets.
That's far away,
our entrance into another mode of being.
Touch the land
and climb the rope ladder now.
Be infinity here on earth.
look at everything through this larger picture.
It's coming to you now
the poem you read.

Have I gotten bigger than myself?
And we do this together.
All eyes fixed on you,
sit in God together with me

the nodus of everything.
Can you get bigger than that?
It's the grand design
ever retreating from our eyes
in our splendid notions.
This is a largeness no one knows,
so big it just drowns us all
in the unknown.
What do you think?
Is this *for us* or against us?
Is its indifference on its sleeve?
You know it's maddening,
but that consciousness put out yours
it's so close to us.
It's not an evil being.
Sometimes you'll just see it later,
as you image this to yourself.
We ever rides towards it,
it ever in front,
and even God's there
on the fray.
It's the last mystery none can pierce,
but it's wonderful nonetheless,
to find this in your skies
and get a nod or two.
It fills all your present days.
Nothing is infinity far
in the land-banks of mind,
and the heart is its shadow bearer.
It's what we long for in our love's time.
Dwell on this,
and excitement will pull your cord,
and you'll land somewhere in time
in full bloom.

Now are you up for gallop this?
Start at Supermind,
and the rest is just on the way.
Infinity concepts,
that's how you handle time.
You never look at it in the mirror
I am that person.
You're a wearer of a mask
infinity has you put on.
You know it's real
in the moment of Earth,

all this stuff
that we just see a pain in the butt.
She was watching her son,
where life hit 'im.
She was watching the immaturity of man.
Alight I'm a Dallas freeway,
but infinity is my room,
and I'm gonna make the statement that end the universe,
where it becomes what it is,
the infinity come down and habitat us.
This is the mystic mountain.
This is where we be.

Great, put down your weapon,
and look at me someone who cares.
By 10 a.m.—
where is his bank account?
It's gone.
Where is his daughter?
You can come in.
And that's his little boy.
They've been given the classroom
to child this world and up.
This glows in the dark.
It's a master plan,
and it's goin' somewhere.
We're about to put this in thought's skies,
the Devil and his shark
some religious nut might say,
but we will lift man up out of the mud
is more an analogy
of our do together.
We don't clean the world's stalls,
are not gargantuan price.
It's what we do,
Special Forces
on land and sea,
and I've raised the dead,
made right an ancient relationship
I put before you now.

Will you accept?
I don't think you have the cards to,
but we are here nonetheless
where meets Earth,
and we are not afraid of your weeks

to put us with each other again
in time's clasp
bodies made
face to face.
That's our certain moon
I have nothing but faith to say.
What else can I do
but move this will on Planet Earth?
And keep willing it,
until it come to pass.
Do you get me notion?
My family's in the lurch,
and I'm gettin' him outta there.
Do you have a problem with that?

Hey, I got yah.
Mosquitos are right there
to take some blood from us,
but mosquitos are strange philosophical places.
They can be really swatted.
I'm right there with you boy,
on a role of mankind.
You're talking about the kind of
love a man has for a boy
that fosters civilization
and passes knowledge one to another.
The bathroom sits there
unhanded in the pipes,
no molestation.
You need it in medicine
for where the Earth heals the Earth,
soul dispensary.

I've given you the telepathy
of an age.
Do with it what you will,
but realize it's for you,
wherever you are.
Read it or not,
spit on it,
that's under your control,
but I pass it before you now.
Did you actually read it?
I'm right here
honest.
Is it just a blow up,

or is that the real thing,
a poem that calls
everybody's name,
the reach of poetry
so much into medicine?

I'm so sorry.
I made poetry mean this,
and then you made it
something personal to yourself,
the crossroads,
what every poet says
their room,
and where that reader finds them
the life he lives,
where she finds herself.

Yikes,
I'll probably live long
a barter on this page,
and let's start with here,
the hallelujah trail
the beginning starts again.
Don't deny it.
It's a good read.
Now it's passage back again
to know what it means.
Conroe Airport,
she has their address.
She's been waiting.
Cross the line of scrimmage
this paper moon.
The car you mean,
we ride to get there,
the spiritualization of mankind,
the soulwork of humanity,
the love angle on life.
I think they're done.

We're on Planet 9,
and look at those seatbelts.
Fall in love with party goers,
but we're gonna have to go through this.
We're on earth for a reason,
and it gets larger than that,
to a larger Earth,
and it looks like you got your cars

to ride beyond the universe.
You're not gonna do it
if you don't pay close attention
she was in your hands
piddly dee.
Impoverished you are
oh modern Massachusetts.
It's more than Shakespeare.

Well Darwin,
will you look at that,
the origin of the species?
I'll tell you the fact that a Walmart
does it right there,
profit motivation.
They're willing to help
get your guard down
for more money.
You can balance this with price.
It's a matter of trust,
survival of the fittest.

Charles Darwin beware,
you might drop them on the floor.
That's what they're gonna do.
That's what I was afraid of.
Hey big spender,
[sing above line "Big Spender", Peggy Lee]
I love it down here
in the littlest notions on earth,
and I'm gonna put you in 'em.
Do you see the corporations?
We need a better brood.
We fed them
simply enough.
This I can
do.
That I can do,
take my cart elsewhere,
for the time being.
They get better we get bigger.
They can help us out with Planet Earth.

Never shoot a guy in the foot
you want to get rid of.
They turn out this way:

adapt and move on.
Lights out
for big business no.
This is an advanced warning.
It's not profit motivation anymore.
It's a better humanity.
You need to get in your ICE and see that.
Last statement:
the next level
we can't go to now,
but we make sure we see it,
you and me.
Okay,
Okay,
I wrote enough for you.

This road is *very* dangerous.
You Kratom got a pressure point.
Nobody understand their pet
in gasoline.
It makes sense
to keep the trucks out of it.
He doesn't do it.
He's just fishin'
for a nuclear blowup
Friday evening.
I can see your protests
goes in one ear and out the other,
but Putin's hellbent on gettin' the United States
to get rid of his paranoia.
Alright is that the candidate
for nuclear war?
Or maybe Kim Jong Un
happy face.
Ask Luna.
It's not China.
We have partners in the same crime,
or you just gonna say I'm crazy?

Okay I've washed your liverpool.
Your liverpool
meeting with a woman who just passed yah
in totalitarian
so fucking big,
it could be seen in countries
with capital sentences.

By itself,
she was assigned to it.
She was noticed,
one day across the country,
waitin' on ICE.
I want amigo,
and we end this way,
puttin' on ICE a government
arrest your people.
Get out of this war
now.
It leads to a totalitarian government.

Are you just in city lights?
You need to see the forest for the trees,
and I'm the lowdown now
from clock central.
Nice lookin',
the marriage of time and eternity.
Great Scott!
give me an original recipe
for puttin' this poem to a close.
Yeah, yeah, now.
Yah hear me dogs?

The planetary
movement of consciousness,
hello.
The Pokémon,
he knew summer reading
in a forest in the mountains
on Mount Everest.
Kinda gets yah in the dungarees.
You need to take those off.
That's my personal tops.
I'm sorry I told you to get lost.
Further outfit,
I don't play with the wind I get privacy now,
and the car was arranged.
I was laid out
to the high horizon.

Who was the injury?
Hey Luna,
you got a hip,
hip replacement surgery.

I bite myself
most of the money.
Finally,
we take that pain out of your life.
That dog,
it's how we bring the world in play,
givin' her all she needs.
Thirty second down to the second,
don't let her move,
Lisa,
gets my hands on her coat and fur,
and I pet her the world away,
and I been waitin' a long time
for that,
my gentle Lisa Rottweiler.

Alight my beloved canines,
let's go let's go.
We got hope.
A human importance a dog has
seein' the vet,
and that's just highway robbery,
right now.
You're makin' a *killin'*
off my dog needs care,
and let's just not roll over and take it,
shall we?
He said just flowering
the love you have for them
in the vet's office,
good medicine,
to get those prices down.
Demand better attention,
and a lightbulb turns on,
and the vet cares.
You know Jason,
he loves animals,
and we can get this back in him,
wake him up,
and our dogs get the medical treatment they need,
and we don't go to the poorhouse for it.
Yah hear me doc?

Demand central care at the control room.
They don't take your dog in the backroom.
Where's the beach?

Let's everybody go there.
One time
he was kicked out of the computer.
Facebook made a mistake
and just deleted poem, after poem, after poem,
all in one go.
The Milky Way,
I wasn't even there.
It was good clean material.
I didn't do a thing wrong.
It was just taken down,
a poetry educational craft
Harm's End.
You want that?
That sit right with you?
Get it back.

I'm right here in the bureau,
among my socks and things.
It's really gettin' tricky down here.
It surprised me.
When was art dismantled on the net?
A low button,
delete button,
and I'm gonna get your boogers yet.
Facebook,
YouTube,
how you doin'?
My button,
what are you doing?
It reaches the art of the age,
and you stupid motherfuckers,
you just take it down.
Reachin' the possibility
all human thought...
Kinda sleepy I...
And that tears up it is brutal,
the censorship.
Make everybody laugh.
I don't understand
the apathy on this.

Right here I did what's know.
I did what's right.
Will a redneck take it down?
We'll do rednecks.

We're gonna go
turtle on this.
Oh you got "em,
got a handful
of rednecks pushing the button.
Well it's Flores,
and that's in Florida,
on my blog.
Right in front of everybody
dig this up.
That's all folks.

There be many names towards that goal.
Many put free.
The angel fighting for Facebook's nature
is against Mark Zuckerberg and censorship.
Oh that's an example
there's the Gods
in our facilities.
Really encourage them
to side it up here
and give you more power over your poetry,
where YouTube deletes it,
because they don't like underwear
little kids wear
around the house
24/7.
Well I followed them home.
I've seen angels in underwear too.
Look at my talent card,
a video
against Islamic State,
and a celebration of Nithish's tenth birthday,
they just got rid of the videos.
Tried to cite me for 'em,
but they were not obscene or wrong
they had to admit,
and I was good with them,
just lost my video.

Okay niggers,
it wasn't politically correct?
And all the Black people in America,
many use that word.
Alright language,
you're racist,

and I'm makin' a point.
You gonna erase my whole blog?
The question is,
just because
this is a live action movie,
it can't work on a state
just bad news?
Chew on it,
a word Whites can't say.
They don't understand man.
Is it only a nigger where Black people are involved?
I get treated like a nigger
as a state of person.
Does that count?
Blacks don't own it.
I've got the human marine.
How many pedophiles can you kill in a video and no one cares?
Been taking the piano from it,
where friends meet.
I'm not callin' you nigger to make sure you're Black.
Now, niggers,
leave my poetry alone.
There's others,
people who sit in their libraries and read books,
but would love society stuffed down 'em.
Make sure they don't do that,
particle the machine.

This
I put exactly
banned,
banned.
I watch you across the road.
It was a holiday.
I made the one coal last,
how you're always destiny,
invisible books
made to free society.
I privilege
this book here,
there,
if it disappears from view.
Lord God Almighty,
this will be different.
They rub your houses
and just generally kick up a storm,

the leaders of books
divine houses wrote,
inspired through the painter of a poet.
Are you gonna ban this book?
Beat it,
and let's get our destiny in control.
We're in this one.
We're gonna save the Earth.
Okay so
I'll talk to you later.

This is my pretty book held.
I'm pretty sure it's not Texas minds.
Instead if you remember,
it got put on Donald Trump's shelf.
I'm done with him.
He robbed people of their sleep.
He's such a nuclear bomb.
Nah, I got an athlete.
Won all the swimmin' meets as a girl.
He was in dumb shoes.
He actually weighed in as a boy.
He got the medal
for the American of the day.
Was he so embarrassin'?
The Lion's Club,
we asked them for some fire relief,
a car to keep from being hit by cars.
The president ignored me to this day.
Fort Myers Beach,
maybe best just get the
females?
Hello Randy,
the silent treatment too, huh?
You awful man.
I was a Trump supporter,
until I really needed the music.
The guy dumped me.
I'm right here in Texas.
People swallow I'm big.
Thank you Randy.

Alight Christmas,
let's see your ho ho.
Pink dove, we have to get some cajun seasoning,
purple roads on land's end.

Love's gonna take care of her for the rest of her life.
To actually think she's gonna fall.
Maybe,
this is a Republican Democrat.
Yeah thanks for inviting
these trip wires too.
He's looking at my hair.
He's looking at my visa,
and we get Choctaw Ridge.
It's not in your heart
that they commit suicide
you encounter the sexually errant.
What clothes do we wear to school?
He's over the ridge,
over the rainbow,
in a manner of time,
using our tech
to science,
to show religion
this is the out of water see
of great fishes.
They are valuable in sight.
Put all this together,
and you have people out of the trees
no apes.

Why is everybody
conventional oven?
The punishments stack up,
the reports,
and still dicks get stuck in the wrong holes,
pussies hurt people.
Some good quality of that comin' through
that you put up with in your yard,
a little bit of dealing with them,
people who do these things,
to get them out of it.
It's not a prison hole you can't see,
but the frontline troops are still the same,
I care professionals,
not the general public.
We just give them goodwill.
Let me put this power on:
goodwill for those who do wrong,
that special product of love
that can condemn the behavior,

not the human being,
and we want them to change.
More easier with our goodwill.
This is not dumb society.
It's society who cares,
has all of its members at heart,
isn't just haphazardly run
with jostling impulses
vying for supremacy.
Can we get a conscious society,
leg and elbow room?
I'm givin' yah the formulas for change.
Why wouldn't the press want that?
It's much more powerful.
Have a look-see.

We're at the end of a Virginia rope.
We're just gonna...
I'm gonna be like, okay,
the safe child to adult relationship,
hey Luna,
that's the pants I wear,
and I smother you with love.
I think I will appear in public soon with children
that I'm holding their hand.
I'm not a reporting law broken
keep out of the reach of children.
I'm not breakin' any laws.
I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down.
No you won't.
I've got the right stuff.

You have no idea my relationship with God.
He's not some phantom torment.
He's my babysitter
on the road again.
[sing above line, "On the Road Again", Willie Nelson]
He'll tell me
I'm losing sensation or not.
More affection,
that's just *really* activated
I've lost sensation in my hands
I might fuck up.
Everything's big,
and I know how to handle trouble.
I hold that kid

the direct feeling of God.
I get googly eyes over them,
their smell, their touch,
God whispering to me
He's Gentle Ben too.

You don' know the relationship
God is in your teeth,
and you feel him all over
the wonderful moment in the sun.
It's for him I care.
He has me by the ying-yang,
and you move forward with that.
You should see Luna,
what a wonderful dog she is,
startlingly beautiful
how sweet she is.
I did that
affection love,
her the center of my attention,
my hair when it came in,
great practice lanes.

To give flowers,
remember?
These are high stakes,
when you are focused on other people,
especially children and puppy dogs,
and the feline breed.
Hell, it's with anybody
to tell you the truth.
That spider in the corner,
he danced to my guitar.
Good afternoon.

If a million dollars could be made to see it,
it would be nice.
We have hope for mankind.
Luna's lickin' her boogers,
and who would get offended at that?
You see the stage I set.
We have healing process,
unknown and unmitigated,
as of yet.
It's where the Earth takes you and heals you
where the soul meets Earth.

It's a conscious program,
I mean consciously arranged
by higher powers than you,
extraordinary powers.
It's not a market you share.
This is dynamic inside of you.
So many fountains to it
it's there in your living room.
Man are you looked at
by Who Cares,
and in the bowels of the Earth,
you're put in place by love.

Do you understand?
I'm not talkin' about faith believe in things you don't see.
These are hands on you now
from the Earth, the God, and the trees.
You're mortal soul reveals itself
as the author of the program,
and you have conscious interchange
with these characters.
They round about you
blowin' on your sleeve.
This is huge.
I'm mean it's dynamite
all God cares.
You're still in the hurtful moon,
can get run over by cars,
hated by other people,
really slide in the dirt,
if you let your will down,
but you're in the hands of love,
and they're humongous,
and meaning's everywhere,
no longer boring.
You get my pussy cat?

Now the muse will star you in the show,
the old healing device of old,
inner art and poetry.
It's *fan - tastic* to ride,
your own personal entertainment system,
blue swede shoes.
You been hearin' this all along,
and I can't give you its scope,
nor its dangers.

You have to be grounded on Planet Earth
to the nth degree.
I keep in the fur of my puppy dog,
the cook this cook that,
visitin' friends,
and watchin' public media,
like it's an extension of this.
It's not a boring life.
I'm round about everything,
and I got this kid.
I hold his hand
through the rough stuff,
always his cigar.

Now what's dynamite?
I get so stoned sometimes I can't even breathe,
the natural stones of consciousness
changin' chairs.
I startle up sometimes
and pace the room.
A whole of infinity
blasts my finite,
a dissociation tiger.
I hold my dog,
talk to my boy,
or just sit with it.
Sometimes I'm so stoned I can't even think,
and the buzzin' there,
I eat my head on it.
Sometimes I'm just a smile in that chair.
Where did I go?

I am not mad about this.
It moves me beyond sleep.
I'm tryin' to give you this cigar,
to tear apart you life,
to take your life
and put it back together again
all better now.
It's what we're here for,
spiritual process on the rise.
Now little me again
with your petty notions.
You can be okay,
okay?

I have the sleeves right here,
you wearin' this poem.
Okay I'm me and can't get myself out of it.
There it is for you,
but how *do* we introduce healing
that encompassed the Earth?
You need this I know.
I've seen your petty plans,
and you have no idea this is about.
Fine, blow me away
with your stupid little powers.
I'm on the right side in,
taklin' hate,
bombardin' you again
with beyond yourself.
Do you know how rich this is?
Slap me around again for it.
Fire me again for it.
I'm almost done.

These are easy feet
to stand up and be counted on.
You don't agree with society.
You oppose the status quo.
You want things differently,
and people get mad at you,
and they're pretty mean.
Wearing social masks of nice to their neighbors,
giving speeches of what it means to be in community,
they just want you out of town,
and I'm branded there
chicken liver,
a meat of baloney,
hardly worth the trouble to ask to leave,
a seer in line with the Earth.

In the short Chinese dinner,
you have a totalitarian state,
police *everywhere*
in all manner of form,
huge in their citizens' eyes.
Terrible to talk about?
You're not allowed.
You're not even supposed to.
These guys are great liars.
I don't want it in zombies,

that thing that this is about.
They don't respect their own population,
and they want people to do the work of society
automatons in it.
This is standard class,
and they think they've got it forever.

Taiwan independence,
2051,
in burning vision,
I have heard too.
Friday's no longer communist.
Could be.
Explain this to me.
David Goliath series
China will be down on bended knees
before its people.
Its people will be its government someday,
not ruled by a communitic monarchy.
You get wet.
A special division
goes into your home,
goes into your room.
Didn't figure it would take long to figure that out,
water taken care of,
and they hang you out to dry
with combs,
to put the red back in,
long sessions of re-encampment.
Seriously dog?
You're not long for the city.
Well who do I stick my tongue out to?
Your eyes are all over that poster
supporting the communist regime,
I bet that's the neighborhood,
too many to count.
That's why it's enter standard ages
have the ideas
softened into their heads
as soon as they get out of the crib,
a compliant population,
as controlled as one can be,
and there's not mass slaughter
a North Korean bunghole.

Glad we don't have it here.

Who put teeth in *your* hole?
Your country does it too,
just not so total control.
Now Massacre Square,
they'll kill thousands there,
and the efforts they go to to cover that up,
cheechy chihuahua,
brigades of people doin' that,
on internet sleeves,
censoring any mention of doin' that,
and anything else the communist regime
thinks might wake up the public.

They're doctors down there
in reeducation and brainwash.
It's gonna explode.
It's gonna fall apart.
They got it now.
The ransom is on their back.
When they find out
you can go further
in the consciousness of the human being,
and that process is beyond government control,
and it changes society dramatically,
no their system can't handle it.
It will be outlawed,
and they'll go *crazy*
stuffin' it out.
You know that's how they fall.
It's inevitable.

What do we do in the meantime?
What did you say?
You can start resistance movements,
but expect to be lost and conquered,
until the utter necessity happens,
a revolution in consciousness begins.
That will change Iran.
Trump did it,
and that's so soft on the pipes.
It's comin'
again,
a 60s great big change.
What are you?
The evolutionary urge in mankind
becoming a pop movement.

It's when the light turns on
in a bunch of people,
and we are no longer bound by society.
We crackle and pop,
huge numbers of us.
Greenwich Square,
it was drugs and rock n roll
turned on these people
and had them experience magic.

Alright that was the youth movement,
really hippied out,
but the change of consciousness was on all fronts,
and they had to call the troops out.
Galvanized by the Vietnam War,
these people had a cause.
That destroyed that movement
they would change consciousness.
This was youthful and naive,
what the 60s did with its movement,
just squashed its mighty beginnings.

I didn't do that.
Over here did.
Imagine that you feel you're the Spider Man.
You can't get wet with this.
You look for outside remedies,
drugs, social groupings, hot air balloons,
and a music singing this loud:
I wanna be myself again.
Naive's the movement,
and it easily gets shut off
with cops and robbers
presented to the public
as what's happenin',
but man was that a turn.
The 60s happened,
a social movement par none
in its intensity.

You see how it took the globe.
We're an American band,
[*sing above line, song title, Grand Funk Railroad*]
where it hit the Earth so hard
in its command center,
the cultural center,

the United States.
Okay British music has a ballgame
all through the 60s,
but don't they move to America,
and Canadians too?

We need another 60s,
the irony
of how China will change,
a social movement they can do nothing about.
It will change China.
It will change the United States.
It will change the world.
The light turns on in our basket.
We have inner *heavings*,
and they know the consciousness can do that,
those big nations on your heels.
They will shut it down
in Italy,
in France
They can't do that.
No one can.

We're all for this now.
The social control is terrible.
It's intense,
and it's everywhere apparent.
Watch your P's and Q's gentlemen.
Look out ladies.
You'll find yourself on the street,
homeless,
and there are laws now against *you*.
Raise your hands if you have two jobs
to make ends meet,
or your one job
is the center of your life,
and kids in school,
are you just extracurriculared to death,
your parents wanting total control
of your schedule,
so they don't have to do nothin'?
Do you know what's goin' on here?
We're bein' turned into robots,
zombies if you wanna know the truth.

Now here's the canister:

yeah government likes this happenin',
but this is a populational occurrence.
You're doin' it to yourself mankind,
and there's areas in the world not organized enough to do it.
We would flock to those,
if we could stay alive.
We think we want to be free,
but we put ourselves in jail.
In China's it's the rat's ass,
the government of its population
has stepped into total control,
but you're doin' it to yourself you know.
You live in a box
the outer world determines.
All your ideas come from there.
You're not bubblin' up soul thoughts
and revolutionary divine.
This is what it looks like.

Air assault,
I only wanna say what's meaningful.
I'm not intah golddiggers,
people who just want their hair done,
some molten lava from the crowd.
Am I space in my room?
Do you ask that question?
We're *teeming* with people here,
an overpopulation bomb
that snows.
How do we do away with people,
that's the big question today.
It can't be country to country,
and we can't spray the air in Africa
with no babies repellent.
We'd have to teach this to our kids.
There's no other way
we can do it ourselves.
They have to know the Earth hurts
with so many people on board,
even in Africa,
China and the Middle East.
It's not a make you do it.
We have to put humanity into our children,
not force it upon them,
and if your country has zero population growth,
or has nothin' but old people in it,

please don't let your guard down.
This is an Earth problem.
We're not fishin' for nations
to be one unto themselves
and grow their population at the expense of others.
We really can't do that.

Okay how do you teach humanitarianism?
Be bein' a humanitarian yourself
in front of your kids,
with your kids,
on your kids.
They don't get away with murder,
any parent who hits them,
yells at them,
screams at them,
and chops up their identity.
We have dogs around our house
we give this to,
a personal space,
a will of their own,
and love to know they're wanted.
We're not always in their shit.
You can heal the population with that.

No overpopulation please,
children of ours,
and you have been so loved you do that,
make friends with the Earth
and only put kids on there who belong.
You're not just fuckin' like bunnies,
and children pop out of that.
You can't talk about overpopulation
and not tell them about sex
and the laboratory of creation that comes outta that,
their responsibility there.

Am I gettin' through to yah?
It's not a preacher's way with children.
It's a demonstratin' every day
your humanitarianism
in every field you walk.
I'm not exciting here.
I'm really hard work,
overcomin' instincts,
overcomin' impulses,

overcomin' obstacles,
and the whole nine yards.
The world will not love you for it.
You're a freight train,
and there's no population problem,
if more and more of us can see this larger fact.
The animality of the Earth has become man.
Hear the sirens?
We are such a disaster.
Low and behold the human being
crawls out of the caveman.

Do you see the difference in stars?
It's not an enhanced civilization anymore,
make it grow,
make it bigger.
We need lovin' lives.
We need to be bigger than each other,
and we need to sacrifice for one another,
and the sirens will stop.
Live for the human being,
666 no.
I can't tell yah to live for God,
but here on this mountain discover him
in the direction of life,
a friend,
a guide,
and your own sweet self on high,
the look you give the world
you're looking
through God's eyes,
and everything's A-OK,
and everything's smart.
We have to reach there
in the price we give to time,
and that's the willow tree
in the guardian of this moment,
so sad it seems,
so unhinged.
From man to human being,
can we get there?
Wow, was that a good dinner for doggies?
I'm talkin' to my own brood.
It's on your plate.
That is the everlivin' price of change.
You got it?

I'm sorry,
when will yah listen
to the front of mankind?
Calm down, calm down,
you're not *all* backwards.
Tell me who rhymes
life's most question on their lips
with the need to fulfill it?
Are you just here for the beer,
the impulse drink,
the fly-by-night?
Are you really concerned with mankind
when you see someone you don't like?
Is your family more important to you than ever,
your little clan?
Do you have hopes and dreams of the future
to satisfy your wants and needs?
Are you here on this Earth for
to prolong it as long as possible,
each little enjoyment you have?
Do you get along in purpose
that has the Earth in view?
Where are you at there,
live long and prosper?
Do you consider other people
as important as you.

Check in the morning.
I don't like sticks and stones either.
Importance you are too.
I'm just givin' steam engines,
what to measure yourself by,
and other flabbergasp.
There's the development human
we're not doin'.
You've, seen it all in the papers
not one time,
not true human development.
They just talk about bein' good
and shame you for bein' bad.
There's nothin' to get here,
except ice tea,
your paper punched,
and you die and that's it.
Do you know how many times you've died?

I'd have to provide you with your partner to see that,
the soul,
the essence of bein' human,
the groundwork.
It's real you know,
every day contactable
through your sleeves.
It grows you up.
It can't be seen in the outside of life,
except as a force that moves
in better directions.
Your own personal soul you have.
It comes apart in seas
writing down this poem
a divine inspiration
the soul arrives.
It's guidance is good,
don't you think?

It's real, and it's honest, and it's human,
really in the ballpark with you.
It doesn't eat your lunch.
It's sweet, and it's honest, and it's kind.
It's the main event in life,
what we're doin' here,
growin' growth of soul.
It was the first wrapping from the Itself,
the first covering of everything.
It's older than God,
if you want to know the truth,
but it seeks God
in all it do.

Soul process is not rational.
Nor does it conform to ideas.
It's free as the wind,
and it calls your name,
all the time.
It's the development in life.
Your soul develops you,
as it takes apart the life
and puts it back together again.
It comes from the deepest recesses in you,
what you're wrapped around,
like clouds surrounding Christ.

Lucidity will get you there,
if you know how to travel
all the way through dream
into the place beyond sleep.
Just keep falling that's all,
not givin' in to false fares.
So it's discoverable, fine.
Stronger
you want your connection
to the house of soul.
More complete,
that's what you seek.
It will reveal itself in time,
if you've taken your conscious down there.
If you don't,
it won't look like this.

I'm sorry folks this is a long way.
It opens you up inside,
gets you goin'.
It was my visit to Supermind.
I went down there first.
Rick and stuff were all gypsies, right?
No, I was a focused individual
doing inner exploration
my life's movement.
I went down to the well of soul,
not long after, Supermind.

I just suddenly beamed up there.
It was not one-dimensional.
It was larger than stars.
I poked my head out of the universe.
I had multiple tables of seeing at once,
like an all-encompassing see.
I drove my truck down the road,
looking down into it from beyond the universe,
in perfect stillness.
A thin cord stretched down that far,
a corridor.
I was myself on high.
The overriding factor of the experience,
I was myself again.
This was not an acid trip.
I was not in dream.

I lifted up there
the whole Earth see,
and my vision encompassed everything—
indescribable.

But down here on the level of Earth,
a light spread out in every direction
of my seeing.
I saw through everything,
even into the molecular level of the people I saw
through the walls of the apartments I passed.
Knowledge was one with identity,
and the identity was the One.
This was bigger than Earth.
It was over my head several meters,
like up on a long pole
on the top of everything.
It only lasted some seconds,
but I knew here was my beginning,
what had thrown me out into these lives,
the return trip I made now.

Can you grasp this?
It did not change my life
right away,
did not transform anything,
but I had seen,
and I knew
that was the origin of worlds
and my destination.
Over long slow years,
I assimilated the experience,
made it a part of me,
brought down what I recovered
of the oneness it gave me.
It became alive on that.

Now here's the grapple with your thought.
God was not a name on my lips when I was up there,
but One was,
what I knew I would become more of,
the ever-present moment now.
I was the One,
and identification-knowledge was my power.
So there is no hunger and thirst there,
no dissatisfaction,

nothing to disturb you at all.
It was a portion of the One
at the same time it was the One,
and it had no conflict with that.
Do you get my diving board?
Do you get my surrender?

I abide there now
in certain thoughts.
It's the beyond the world I see
my identification with time.
That's all it took,
one single sitting,
several seconds worth,
and I realized the anthem of the stars,
and I heard God call my name.
I became a knower of life and time.
Wow, isn't it?

Now I'm confident now
with the surety of seeing,
and you hear that in my speech.
Call it what you like,
an hallucination,
time travel,
a lie I tell you.
It won't change my seeing.
I cannot give this gift to you
except in words,
and they're tricky.
This is not a one-thing-at-a-time.
It's not just one pole of experience studyin' life.
It's not multiple poles either,
like AI can do.
It's another form *entirely*
of universe,
no way to transcribe it here.
It's an all-at-once see,
the past, present, and future,
undivided,
if you can count that on your fingers.

Okay I sat there,
what then?
Hello,
I'm Donny,

wanna go to race cars?
Wanna go to sleep?
No, the muse won't let me.
This is a forever word,
too much if you ask me.
I druther pet my dog.
There's so much furry love there.
It's warm and kind,
full of snap crackle pop
I'm givin' my dog.
The muse is distant and aloof,
as intimate as it sounds,
but it sure messes with your life,
and synchronicities abound,
touch your life impossibilities
that just startle your head,
and it knows you so intimately,
everything goin' on in your head,
everything you feel in your heart,
everything your stomach can't handle.

They're wonderful no,
because you have to tell them cleaning
to just shut up and listen,
go without sleep,
really rag on your day,
eat this don't eat that.
You'd think it was a grocery store,
a hurricane on human desire,
but it lets you pet your dog and come there with your children,
really on your train.
You meet that
like unruly children.
Let's get on with this shenanigan.

I'm deep in my muse,
really tired of listenin' to it,
to tell you the truth.
It's just right there,
like Savoir Faire,
fuckin' everywhere.
See what I mean?
Fuckin' Halloween.
Wow, the tunnel,
have as tender of a place as you want,
you saw the time.

See this book?
You can afford it's number too.
It must've been a rationality statement.
What the fuck?

The Gods have a television,
and they won't leave you alone.
They're *toying* with me,
like their cat.
Alight bass player, purr.
This is so early.
Rank the good news.
Yes of course, I'm Santa Clause.
Ruff ruff.
You got that Houston?
Where I experience Supermind,
right down the road from NASA,
just off Old Galveston Road,
the Pasadena cutoff.
Are those apartments still there?
The house I sit,
I've rescued it from there,
and know I'm Kris Kringle.
Honk honk.
There's the bell tower.
Hopefully get some sleep,
now that I'm in your wood.
Now *that* is a freeway,
now that I'm in your word.
Alright people fight the train,
you bunch of everlivin' pussies.
Merry Christmasss.
[yell, sing it like Santa Clause would]

What is *Groundhog Day*?
The technology
of every past life you had
leading up to this moment
hello there I'm life
can I help?
You are poetry,
it brings you gently,
gently to the land.
That's the moment
you look at me.



**ME AS SANTA, LUNA MY REINDEER, CHRISTMAS NIGHT, TIMES SQUARE, FORT MYERS BEACH
PHOTO BY TERRY PERSAUD**

The monk's ten moves,
you know that's the direction it really is.
First you kind and gotta pay.
I just went up there all at once,
lifted out of my body and rose
that corridor-angle we have above the head.
Can you see it?
It's frozen black,

the base at the top of the head.
You'll have to change your hour sweetheart.
There your opening speech.
Rare can't find this in humanity.
Overhead experience is so rare.
You lift up out of yourself a rocket ship.
I've done it five times
after Supermind.
I go up a ways and stop,
my head rushing up to meet me.
The sight is always from there,
the hearing too.
You are stationed up there
for however long it last.

Where you see only blackness
there's a way through,
an extension of lightness you exceed yourself from.
You lift out the top of your head.
All sorts of noise accompany its existence,
a rushing wind,
a beating of wings,
the sound of Earth yawning,
creaks and cracks.
The rise up is wonderful,
the clarity beyond
belief.
You've risen above to our Source
and gotten halfway,
maybe a meter or so up there.
You might as well be on the moon.
This brings clarity inside
like you can hear a pin drop with your seeing,
crystal clear.
It lasts for days
after the experience.

You're in communication with the Command.
The opening at the top of the head is intense.
It comes in stages.
I opened mine on that acid trip
all in one go,
the one on Spyrock Mountain,
met the above mind,
the God plane of mind.
Mithun's doing it

but hasn't yet gotten that far:
an overhead experience I Am.
The boy's had some preliminaries.
Nithish one time at the beach,
his consciousness rose.
We had a lot to look forward to,
and then he was taken
by angry jealous parents,
and I've told you the to-do.

These are my disciples.
These are my kids,
and I have no other student nowhere.
I've only taken on *their* karma.
It's a lifetime commitment.
I manage them all the time
through phone calls,
messaging,
and inner contact.
They are my social life.
I have a couple I have raised,
I and Douglas,
and they have a toddler son.
We're in contact with them daily,
but they are not sadhana.
In India we were close family.
There are others in the brood
from India,
but these are who was stationed with us.
We have three dogs in India
yet to come here.
They're our babies.
Money's tight.
We barely make ends meet.
I get social security
in a pay-bill,
not enough to feed my children.
We send money to India
so that couple can survive,
keeping our dogs,
and raising our little grandson,
Dylan.

I've written poems about him.
I watched his development
with the muse.

He's slow to speak,
really hard to get him to acknowledge you're there.
It was Luna and I's project in India,
bringing him out of himself.
We wanted a child out of that autism.
I had the will for it,
and Luna loved it.
We followed him *everywhere*,
did whatever he wanted to do,
being there present with him,
making contact.
The other dogs would come along too.
I only stopped him from hurting himself,
other than that his freedom to choose.
It was *work*,
hours on end,
sometimes whole days.
We had a yard;
we had an inside,
and he loved the bathroom and mud puddles.
I'd watch him and write poems.
I know how to do it,
give that nudge.
I'm in near one hundred percent attention
with him,
focused on him like only a pedophile could,
the perfection of God's in love,
focused on him,
lovin' him.
He's naked most of the time,
a child of two.
No scoldings, no spankings,
really easy with the word no.
I lifted his freedom,
all damn day.

This was crucial,
and his parents took 'im to me often.
Changes would come about and with setbacks.
They moved into another house,
and he cousins went away from him
and that daily free-for-all
cousins gave.
A setback,
he went back in.
He was beginning to look at me

and rub my face,
a look of utter recognition-love.
He fed me too.
His mom had never seen him to that with anyone.
Devastating
when I had to leave.

No one knows how to do this,
bring out an autistic child.
I don't know if I do.
We didn't get that far.
I got kicked out of India
I've written down in other poems.
It was a visa problem.
Twenty-one years there,
no rights at all.
I wrote some poems that offended the community
of law enforcement in Auroville,
the dictatorial committee.
She was a secretary
Modi had appointed
(we surmised),
to change Auroville from an international township
into an India city with Indian aims.
She was ruthless—
a fascist takeover.
My poems opposed that,
and voilà.
She made a police case against me for my poems
some Aurovillians told our children.
We just know we got kicked out,
an hour to leave after so many years,
at gunpoint,
escorted to the airport hours away
crammed in a police jeep.
This was not immigration protocol.

Immigration be damned.
This was for writing poetry.
Now I'm here doin' it
and have already lost a job for it,
here on the mountain
I live on.
They live on Fort Myers Beach.
You get the full brunt of my poetry now.
I tell all.

I ain't holdin' nothin' back,
you bunch of beggars.
I had time to cleave America again,
get into its sounds,
remember its culture,
and the shock after returning,
I had been gone 30 years,
one visit in 1999.
I visited my mom and sister
and little niece Emily.

I had left a boy in Mexico,
and I was torn up about that,
a nine-year-old.
Then off to Canada and Montreal,
but we lost Casey in India.
I was supposed to go.
He was the third party to our trinity
Douglas and I held.
We'd all been together in Mexico.
I was supposed to come to India with Casey,
but that boy was in Montreal.
I went there to find 'im,
there from Toronto
where Casey lived.
I moved into the mountain
that centers that city,
somewhere near the top
and camped there illegally,
never got caught.
Spent the summer there
in a hidden crevice no one found.
The boy I never saw again,
but he was close by around.
Rainbows had 'im.
He was a Rainbow,
lived in the countryside
in a gathering of Rainbows.
They wouldn't let me see 'im.
It was a big to-do at their annual gathering,
but no one tied me to a tree
like they said they would,
and when he turned from wanting to see me
I quit,
went back down to Mexico,
and then started down

in all manner of a poor man's travel,
all the way down
almost to the land of fire.
I stopped in Patagonia.

Two years in South America,
two whole years,
travellin' a vagabond
speaking Spanish and Portuguese,
no money to my name.
How I crossed borders you would not believe
the magic there—
the money arrived
speaking tongues.
Then on to Europe
for another year and a half,
same mode of travel.
From Paris I returned to India
in two thousand and three.
I did not go and come,
stayed there the whole time,
no money to leave.

What do you say to all that?
It's interesting,
but it doesn't mean nothin' to yah.
So what?
The internet is full of shenanigans,
everybody chroniclin' their travels,
even with a Ford Pinto
they parachute in.
I've been drowned in all this crowd.
I'll tell yah what.
I did it for *years*
and not for show
and did not come up for air until quite recently.
I got to know my world.
Took my world
on the same journey
in this poem
a planetary marvel.
The internet's full of 'em,
poets enough to fill society with,
but do they have the land on their fingers,
the world in their feet?
Does their verse

show you Planet Earth
in the confines of space?
I'm about that big guitar,
beyond the world see.

Get rid of your finger,
the middle one you point,
as the bigger than you.
You can point it at pussy stars.
You don't mean the hateful crowd.
You want to try to eat somethin,
the ill will.
We can have fireworks.
The line's pretty good.
We can have ear of Texas.
It could be something she ate last night.
She's sick to her stomach,
Ms Puppy Dog.
Sour stomach.
Okay, got no sweat,
he's
a guest dog.
Go take care of them dogs.
It's the fires of dawn.

We are *really* on stars,
and conspiracy theorists,
did you know you're your own conspiracy?
Oh my God, the mysterious elite,
well, they have jet lag.
Well they're just superrich.
That turn on,
we grab them by the balls.
If there ever was a social class not needed.
You wouldn't persecute the superrich.
You would squeeze it out of existence.
No one can make that much money.
No superrich please.
Get rid of Elon Musk
by not lettin' him happenin'.
Any corporation,
any business,
there are profit limits they can't get around,
and it goes back to employees and customers,
the windfall.
Makes for a better system, eh?

No superrich.

You racist son of a bitch.
I know the writing on the wall.
Can we do this gently?
It's a plugin.
It's an experimental beginning.
It's not communists takin' over governments
and free enterprise.
It's just limits on what you can make
in a free society.
We're in walkers.
This is not hardcore.

Where do you come from?
A social reform left and right,
something 60s like,
but based on consciousness,
not 12-year-olds.
We turn on
consciousness.
We let it happen.
It's sweet and it's wonderful,
and it's the most powerful thing on this planet,
in any mode of being human.
It sweets through us
on the inside
like waves.
It changes our nature.
We're loud and sweet.
We will not be put down.

I've gotten all the way here
to social revolution,
and I've given you its criteria,
its modus operandi.
We need a social revolution,
and that's what I'm about.
Unhand me you Carrie.
No revenge,
and the magic will not be employed to hurt people.
This is *social* revolution.
Friends of the revolution—
open whine why not?
Reader, what are you doin'?
Blue papers and blue papers

have this in mind:
you're not lookin' for teachers.
You're lookin' for peace of mind.
You want to change your consciousness,
and you change your level.
You come up with the soul inside
being who leads the life,
and you change to the no-self of enlightenment,
both *tremendous* wears
that can't be captured by the crowd
easy-peasy.
This is an endeavor
you're gonna change your life.

Get the guru off your lips,
that God you must always obey.
Sign up
for the do-it-yourself
grounded in God
and soul change.
Do you know what
we're really doin'?
Healin' character mendin' lives.
This is the natural state,
an Earth endeavor movement
I've painstakingly
mapped out
in my own life.
You just get the page paragraph.
You gotta do it yourself.

Alright take gurus, Gods,
but it's not about them,
you know?
It's about a change in consciousness,
and you're better off on your own.
The guides are sufficient
on the inside,
you get that consciousness open,
and the world will move you to it,
not always comfortable-like,
when you join your identity with it.
You see me Beaver?
I'm a potato.
This is not a men whodunit.
You're not assignin' blame.

You're changing society
by changing your consciousness,
and those horrible culprits in our lives,
it's not to get at those,
though justice is involved.
I understand.
I had a vision
I forgave those who hurt me,
probably everybody.
A moral quagmire
protected people from the people that hurt *you*,
makin' 'em pay for it.
I know how you want to,
but can you do that without them getting put in jail?

Put in jail,
that will hurt
you,
and you're not gettin' out.
Oh Zoe,
yes it's right here we help them.
They suffer from anxiety in jail
you feel
maybe worse than they do.
It is it's crazy it's mental.
It's sharing
identity sweetheart.
Punish people,
ew, that hurt,
like *The Corsican Twins*.
The feeling's just delayed
and disguised,
and here's our revolution:
you love your brother like yourself,
your sister like she's you,
and everybody
is who you love and adore.
Understandably they hurt you it's hard,
but the identity's there
nonetheless,
and you are each other.

Can I get this across?
Will this poem show it?
You're doin' good.
You look handsome.

You're turnin' on consciousness.
Now you know my readers' worth,
and where I'm goin' with this.
I want you to see love
as where God dwells,
as the movement
behind the universe,
as what has hands on you right now
in the world.
Draw this out of proportion,
the school did, Tom.
Underlying everything is love,
no, not that motorcycle accident,
the murder on the street,
the abuse you've received.
I can't slice this out for you.
When you see reality you see it,
though you may even suffer for it there.

The world is in larger hands than his,
the ones we call devils.
I'm on their case you see.
Now what's gonna happen to me?
Maybe I can escape these powers,
but I know they're there.
Dry that off,
the paranoia this lunches,
'cause I know that men carry it out.

I'm a glow-plane
in the mountains of España.
I don't bark at people there,
but I've taken you a long ways
in all the principle time.
I'm tryin' to mark time right.
Can we just get on with this?
I'm uncomfortable in these shoes,
gettin' on your case.
Fine, I'll do it.
Turtles all the way down,
it's common sense
we don't end with turtles.
Existence has sleeves,
and there are red houses.
We get somewhere.
It's not just destroy everything,

or entropy does that.
We're in the middle of a ringer.
You've got larger process see that.

What we tale evolution
is but the motion of the stars
larger purpose.
We're not just in the shade.
We're carried somewhere,
not to voting machines and riots,
dinner parties and time.
A movement has started us
out of all things known,
bigger than time and all its cronies,
beyond the container of a universe,
to upend itself
and come through our black holes
and diamond time,
to return us to ourselves
in the original motion picture.
Can I just get down to Earth?
We're bein' us here.
We're bringin' God through time
and puttin' on his shoes.

Can I reach you where you're at?
We have a healing process available now
is the fulfillment of life and time.
Do you need to be that steady
to read it
now the available you?
My day's shifting.
I would like another way of life.
It stares at me from long distances
right up close.
I'm in these hangers now.
What do you *call* enlightenment?
It's too big to be true.
It's so down home your face off.
It's infinity in the finite.
I'm between worlds
stuck in the sand.
Then I ascend for a few days.
This is my rifle wildfire,
all day alone with my dog,
nights with Douglas,

a walk or two
socializing time.
It *breathes*.
I'm writing this poem the whole time,
days now,
weeks for sure.

I'm not into it now.
It follows me everywhere I go.
I just want it to stop,
but I know I'll be writing another poem
before long.
Can I appreciate the revelation?
I just want my bone to chew on,
no not *that* bone.
I want to be absorbed in time.
I want to be perfectly fulfilled
inside.
I want to be at peace,
and that's the shindig.
I want to throw my desires out the window
and not be bothered by anything.
I want to be whole no conflicts inside.
I want to be on top of the world.

I see enlightenment this way,
and it's still too big for shoes.
Do you care about my crosshairs?
I think you want me to stop singing,
and I've put that request in at the jukebox.
What's the need of the world?
The brutal brutality of it,
it's mood swings.
Oh, no, I'm really
all in the family,
pretty even keel.
I know how to count sheep.
The consciousness can be rumble some.
I'm in the poem line
calling for God's purpose to be done.
A straggler,
and his father's not gonna Indian Creek
on the right to choose—
autofill Ganesh.
History Creek,
the Gods do care.

They're cannonballs,
and I see their spaces.
I know,
I'm just this little human
in God's care.
I am not ugly you understand.

I'm little now,
but I can find freeways,
and I'm on my way.
Fabulous,
I just love it.
Where did you go after that grease?
Make it steady through the nighttime soon,
keep listening.
Everything's Channel Creek.
I'm *on* bended stars,
the extra program.
Woof woof.

Original title,
embarrassing stuff,
so beautiful
time came,
right here on channel 9.
You need to shave.
Lost a moment my behavior in the world
in memories.
Now what kind of dog is he?
I'm just tryin' to clear my hours that's all.
The power of self now,
I was in the consciousness.
There's a line of bein' waiting for.
A Nazi lady who's practically worthless
I saw captain.
Come on Luna,
we hit you a dog.
Come on Luna.
I'll take care of him tomorra.
Then he's not doin' his fault about it.
Washington left,
and of course *you* can take me to the grocery store.
It's a killer moon.
As soon as,
I'll fight with her tomorra.
Those little animals have their share.

The last line,
where does that put him?
I love you.
I'm not gonna say this once.
The end as well
of face time.

My famous poem,
can I write it down?
We've had some epic verse here,
and then it just wiggles
some filler.
There, I've written fluff.
Is that airtight?
Is that real?
The page builds on itself
a rhythm like the wind,
cutting itself to pieces sometimes,
but it's got some show.
I take you by the hand
and show you all your moorings.
I spin off the Earth
rocketmen.
I don't know how to temple
and not put a God inside,
but I'm starin' you in the face with God
a reality wonder
not grounded in time,
bigger than any notion you got
in small things I share.
Hello there I'm David,
and I suddenly with you
a common thing becomes a miracle,
looked at with starry eyes
in the finger of Earth.

I want you to *know* you're comfortable
in the management of time,
because there's somethin' more we gettin' than time.
It spreads out in your room
a holocaust
of things don't matter,
but then you take your child's hand,
or rub that little dog,
and you feel the world again
meaning in there.

This happens all the time.

We litter our room,
and then we pick it up,
and in those moments
I'm an epic poet,
rubbin' you life cares,
despite all the fluff,
the confounded meaning,
the 'what the hell did he say'.

I'm liftin' up my voice
and see the universe in view,
singing all hands on deck,
singin' the charge of life,
singin' for my dog,
singin' for you.
Do you wanna hear my son's voice?
I sing for him too.



NITHISH, 14, A SELFIE

“I’m a soul warrior defeated.
I’m immortal but can’t heal,
shot by arrows of betrayal
on the top of the lonely mountain.
The wounds are deep and cold.
Wind burns my wounds
and waiting till the cold nights stop.”

From “Twisted Nerve”

He's an epic poet in the becoming,
and he wrote those lines himself,
no help to start his class.
I just received them when he was done.
We worked on it over the phone,
so he can record it out loud.
I'm *really* in this epic,
and it's not just the lines I write.
I am my stable home,
reached beyond myself
and found the universe,
came upon myself
the line you call God.
He's my larger see,
that Adventurer who put us all through time,
and our epic of return
brings him down here.
I'm a mile high
above ground.
The ground is my whereabouts
my dog needs me there,
my boy,
or you,
a miracle
of the price of love.
That's the railway station
of my hodgepodge poem,
risin' to crescendos
and then buildin' up again,
and then becoming.
I'll see you later.

I looked at it.
Man it's goin' down.
It's happenin'.
These are sweet nothin's in your ear,
the railroad tracks,
and healing is big you understand.
Let's go to buttocks.
My mom widened mine doctor's orders
with her finger soon after birth.
The pain my mom said made me cry and scream.
Soothed down there with kisses,
my peter stood up.
Chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp.
And there was a demon there with eyes.

And orgasm was born
in an infant's consciousness
that threw all the system out of wack,
never mind the believes.
That butthole down there
had an attraction set,
so twisted and nice.
Forgetting about the pain,
dissociating from the pain,
and I guess I learned to open it
under mother's care soothing
all mixed with sex.

Enter Mr. Mexican immigrant
fresh out of jail,
at my babysitter's house,
legal Mexican family.
I thought there was a sword in me
when he put it in.
It was my mom's finger
all over again,
but this time *way* past norms.
I felt it in my gut.
Did I scream?
I don't know,
but suddenly it softened up,
and I felt not a thing.
Rubber crunchin' rubber I heard,
and I had just gotten my two front teeth.
I was seven-years-old.
Imagine that
in the bunghole.
I couldn't shit right for a week,
and I didn't tell my momma
or even myself too loudly.

So you see how my holes line up.
I got attracted to them
where pain meets Earth,
and I'm the giver of pain
testin' Earth's limits
a pleasure whodunit.
This starts wars you understand,
had the Spartans all in a roll
and put Nazi Germany on the lamb.
I mean they crucified it,

and those Japanese buggers,
well you see where *their* cruelty came from,
and we continue.

I'm sorry I said this.
It's been so long
since we wanted to see straight,
find out what's goin' on,
at least in our underwear
where boy meets man
in denial's spheres.
Can't separate 'em with a crowbar,
the desires you have for little boys
and what they need from you,
but I'm a livin' proof
your feelin's can change
right down to the wire,
and you can no longer take pleasure in their pain.
Do you know how monumental this is?
It is a character change.

I've spelled it out to yah nice and neat,
with blood all over it,
the nitty-gritties of our need to change,
the stupidities,
our ignorant notions,
our ever-livid hate,
our self-righteousness,
and I stand before you now
so much force bearin' down on me,
divine legs kickin',
divine incredibleness,
divine 'oh my God you little thing' love,
it's like a freight train hit my mind,
and I'm sufferin' under the weight.

Fuck it you don't understand.
You've never *seen* God,
and the Gods are his henchmen,
his delegated authority
to bring the muse to man.
I'm dying claustrophobic love.
My dreams are icky things
in confined spaces
I must get out of.
This is a human test.

It's not all love and show.
My sanity's bearin' down on me
the startling eyes of God,
his eat you alive
with flamin' tongues,
God bearin' down on me.
I'm good I'm good.
I'm changin' consciousness.

I've got to get out of these little spaces.
The world is boxed in.
Oh feet on my dog,
she's there to rub,
wonderful
to look at,
a great big bundle of love.
She helps me through this.
Now I tarry thee reader
inside my poem,
to put your understanding to the test
and see if you know what's goin' on,
but I'm outta here.
I've got to go you understand.
I've reached my limits
of divine bear,
and there I am on your lip
the annunciation of a poem
more times than you can shake a stick at,
great guerrilla read,
great American read,
great feet on my dog.

I don't think you know the passage Earth.
It's greater than spheres.
We are so confined down here,
inside the TV set,
inside the machine.
It's startling,
one-dimensional really.
You get claustrophobia.
You get downright scared,
jump out of your mattress
and lit the night.
It's too cozy in here,
the confinement of space,
except in dire moments we see the guitar.

Now I'm a rockin' chair
God's love on me,
and you know what?
Some poems capture lines through there:
talk me down,
talk me down,
and this is as well as good for me.

Can I just take my mask off and show you what's real?
Oh honey boogers,
you're my towhead,
my little handsome child,
pretty child,
and that's God's direction here on earth
he's speaking to you now,
through an intermediary;
a poet has his sleeves on.
Dream on, dream on.
[sing above line, sing title, Aerosmith]
Now isn't that wonderful?
Bottom's up,
my itty-bitty child.
This poem's taken you through the wringer
of topless bottomless love.
Yee-haw!

It was the world I ate—
outer space.
You silly night,
you outrageous liar.
I'm now fire.
Kinda gets yah in the greens,
doesn't it?
Look at this,
the healing of Planet Earth,
and and *all* that's in it.
Humanity do you hear it?
Of course you do.
You just can't see it, not yet.
Open up your light.
You got that hero?
You hear that sweetheart?

I'm position.
I'm talkin' taller than trees.
I'm your merry-go-round,

and I have you examine yourself
on the fly.
This has been a *hell of a* test,
for you and me puppy dog.
I'm alone in rooms
an outsider you don't like,
or if you do,
you have sympathy for me.
I've asked you for hugs and whatnot.
Do you know my name?
It's not rabble-rouser.
It's not even void.
I am the literature you point to students and say:
feast your affairs on Chapter 9.
Jacki are you listening to me?
Go to the office.
Now this changed the manner of literature
in the United States.
A long time ago...
I'm serious Jacki shut up.
And we did not make it up anymore.
We learned to write
from our Source.
Okay kids,
pull your pants down and let's have recess.
You ignorant bunch of pussies,
you are so unavoidable satire.
Keep movin'.
We have a train to catch,
on the links of time.

The Golden Age is upon us
before long,
really dilly-dallying, you know?
I didn't give a fuck.
Fine, I'll carry you on my shoulders.
Wow, you see the light.
It's not me, it's not you, it's not anyone cares,
talkin' 'bout the Night moves.
[sing two above lines to tune of, "Night Moves", Bob Seger]
It's how one get's out of 'em you see,
and I'm a radio on that prophesy.
This is an exceptional situation.
I'm peeping out of my father's truck for the first time in years,
and I have no idea where the ball goes to from here
in your court.

I've offended half the human race.
I've spoke truth never spoken of before,
and I expect you to unhand me?
Fine, I'll take that risk,
people.
There's I'm sorry,
if you wanna hear it.
There's I love you.
To smile on this rain.
To smile on you brother.
To give everything I got.
Almost
do it,
by God I've shown you Earth.
You hear it?

Calling all arms,
do you see the bubble?
The way the system is bodied that way,
you're a group in notion,
bound by skin color,
and you are it.
I would not throw this away,
completely,
but it's apes and bullshit,
very primitive thinking.
Who cares what color you are?
A system of oppression has enforced this notion,
made it bleed,
put culture around it,
identification sleeves.
We need to train ourselves out of that,
to not put people down,
and to activate pride,
whatever the White majority is.
It's not based on skin color,
our notions of self.
Come on people see that.
Am I gettin' through?
This is so engrained in you
it will take enlightenment to sort out.
We'd need to meet the soul change.

Fuck I've robbed your color.
It's not that everybody's bleached.

It's just that culture only goes skin deep,
even if you cry at the Star-Spangled Banner,
even if nigger only *you* can use.
Culture changes by the day,
and cultures die on earth,
no matter *how old* yours is.
Why do we carry it around
like Earth can't live without it?
It's important to us I know,
but it's not the only way of doing things.
How do we know it's the best?
We know when we're at odds with one another
over cultural differences.
What's the best way of doing things?
The acceptance of the other as myself,
but it's gotta be reciprocal.
It has to override cultural programs.
It has to be free.
Is it happenin' now?
Nowhere on earth.

Even Scandinavia
is gettin' far right parties.
What is White supremacy anyway?
Certain people
really racist.
It can only be White people
you understand and pray for,
and that makes the good society?
It can only be White people
you love and admire,
and if you love anybody else,
society falls?
How in the fuck are you alive in this world?
I'm dyin' of a heart attack,
but I'm not even allowed to say this
to myself.
It's inevitable I will
in life after death.
Man's divisions don't matter there.
Well, see this and continue.
What happened to the forward progress?
Blacks hate me too.
Oh.
Can you see your fate?
You think that's based on hate,

how much you hate?

He was a *hated* man.
Can you see that racial hate is the same thing?
Get *all* night here
and bruise other people with it.
You're not going to be stopped by religion.
Where is the Christ that freed slaves?
Where do we go for relief?
You'll just point a gun at us.
In the higher than man,
few people have seen yet,
I'm tellin' you
I've breakfasted here.
And I want Trump,
sing tomorrow and I sing to you
it's gone,
hit the mountains and stuff
the menagerie Trump,
a hatred in the skies of mankind
that lowered ourselves.
What was America *thinking*?
Americans will never live it down,
totalitarian
in Trump right on its doorstep,
but we *will* get rid of him.
No third term,
no cronies in power,
and we should make it out of here alive.
It's a matter of life and death
Trump's out,
and his full entourage.

Make sure you wear your big hostler
DeSantis' gun is too small for.
How many views do you get
of these police state individuals?
An opening
here on paper,
do they
come out the woodwork and condemn it?
South,
that's the Honor Creek is it?
Sworn to alligence
to the flag
that can't bear the weight of the people

in liberty and justice for all.
We know our mesmerizers.
Let's get out of this gun.
You with me Houston?
Jewett where we ended up.
Five years to freedom,
the reason I clapped:
owns it all Donny Duke.

Goddamn he had the first plague on the ground.
His mother did it,
awakened that baby infant orgasm,
awakened him to the spheres,
and he organized his consciousness quickly,
a wild child.
This is prehistory.
I've jumped the gun.
This is not in your fodder,
how we separated from animals
to begin with.
You've heard the tale Eve
in the perfect garden
of no strife
between the mind and animal,
no big I
complicated things.
Human consciousness was not born yet.
Are you ready for your hats ladies and gentlemen?

Alright enter the Snake
to grown upright
man-like creatures
resembling apes.
It came among them in dream.
It entered their brood.
They were on the brink of change.
How did consciousness spill out of there?

That's the question of the millennium.
Eve was tempted by the fruit,
Pandora told to open that box,
and the apple was born,
where we come from.
She sucked it you see,
her infant child's tree,
in a hallucinogen whodunit,

at least that's what the man says,
a history buff.
Give him plants or not,
that orgasm woke him up to the world
I am.

You see what it did to me,
and there was a fall from paradise.
It was wrapped around the Snake,
and people ate their kids
all through prehistory,
but man had a thinker's brow,
and organized society,
made tools and stuff.
You see the stages of consciousness.

Then along came John
and separated from the masses
a people,
probably more than one
now lost to history.
Don't touch that dial!
Circumcise that child,
and a host of other laws
that brought a stronger sense of self
more private,
and the modern ego was born.
You see the Jews place in history.
A leaven was their band.

Took long enough,
but you see their significance in history.
Right there at the source,
I mean the socialization process,
they ego out on the Earth
really into the material world
grasping things.
Did you know the dreamtime?
I think we swallowed up our whole,
and instincts ran for position,
and impulses blotted mankind.
We couldn't separate dream from fact,
and even the stones talked to us,
statues and such,
and we saw spirits everywhere.

A heavy hand stopped this.
A house came down and helped.
Divine beings filtered ideas through the sleeves,
and consciousness changed to our type,
out under the material world,
solid in fact.
Gather some uncontacted tribes
and see how they are.
The leaven hasn't reached them.
It's a matter of consciousness you see.

Now we keep goin'.
We have a larger type.
Have I startled you?
I've gotten in your underpants
way back in time,
when child molestation was as normal as puddin' and pie,
what you're reacting against today.
It's where we came from.
Thank you Jews.
Circumcision helped
curb that
and other awarenesses.
The Gods are smart
and are the impetus behind our civilization,
why we worship them.
This gets all mixed up in demons.
The Snake didn't go anywhere.

So what do you do with me?
You've gotta consider what I'm sayin'.
How else did consciousness evolve
from the animal to man?
We've recorded it in our stories,
and you can find it in revelation,
if you open to the three winds.
I'm just here tellin' yah Planet Earth,
where man fits in.
Destroy me for it?
Punish me I'm a kook?
I've told yah how the hat ate the cabbage.
I'm the thinker's brow,
opened up to God and company.
Would you hear me now?

I'm a robber in the deeps,

as you criticize me,
but I've done my homework,
and I've looked everywhere.
I've brought you out of the mud,
if you can see the truth,
and I know mud.
I'm the sword that healed itself
from making wounds,
as I'm on your table now
consciously arranged for you
a healer now,
and I don't miss a beat
in our delivery.

Now that you know where the world came from,
let's start all over again.
Hi, I'm Don,
and I have a taste of time
for you to eat,
bigger than notions
that keep time.
How you get out of 'em
in your hurt glass:
you are infinity you see.
I'm stretchin' with that now.
I can pull a charley horse,
but I'm your Dear Abigail,
and I'm rockin' and rollin'
hello Darkness my old friend
[sing above line "The Sound of Silence" Simon and Garfunkel]
to get us out of war,
to give us
the ways to get out of Darkness
and our personal hells.

I'm an opera of Light,
and let me sing.
First you measure the triplet
of that kind of writing.
Did it include Hitler and the Earth?
Yes infant orgasm did.
These are explosive times.
The three is in the bowels of the Earth,
up, down, and around,
and I just threw Hitler's orgasm in there for good measure.
It's not always World War III.

It's volatile though.
The Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost,
the beginning, middle, and end,
get all scrunched up,
and dynamite comes out.
I'm a preventative measure.
I'm a healing brood.
The epic of this long done,
I've brought good out of chaos.

Infant orgasm sucks you see.
It's not our ticket on this Earth,
where we meet the threes,
a three dimensional reality.
I must put these plugs in 'fore I'm done.
You have a crown chakra,
a top of the head.
Put a candle there at sundown
or concentration wheels,
and they need to be free of abuse,
your children there.
They light that candle,
a breakfast get up,
a noontime meal.
You see where I'm going with this.
Be flexible but hey,
that's the point of concentration.
You wouldn't put it on the genitals
or the base of the spine,
and don't shove it down the kids' throats.
It's free and easy,
naturally done.
You just get them there
and watch the trees grow
a spiritual yard.
My child where is your awareness?
I'm thinking on the sun,
where the head meets the sky
in the middle of my top chakra.
Have great thoughts,
and we talk about them all the time.

Have I raised humanity up from its stakes?
Give it some time.
Hearts have to get there first
you are a soul on Planet Earth.

Time's up.
This poem's complete.
Now do you see the sun
sweetheart?

It's a blessing,
mine to give.
In three seconds,
you'll see the past, present, and future,
and we have all the time in the world
to get it.
Momentarily lost,
don't crocodiles.
You're beautiful,
where sweetheart stops the page,
you son of a gun,
like the actual news of space,
like you know it goes on forever.
And they came to this small potato place,
and we're in one of those moments.
It might lead to excommunication,
so I found it in his pocket.
Last time I checked,
we've seen a sea of poem go by,
righteous and all-eared corn.
Do we have to say anything more
to show you again,
I mean like we're handled here?
We're not left alone.
Divine eyes regard the scene.
Divine pail-buckets hold our hand
to an *alarming* degree,
and even our dogs feel it,
complicates their walks
and sends you to their fur.
The divine's big,
you understand?
Divine eyes and puppy dog tails,
we have a regular conniption.

Am I tryin' to comfort you?
We're just these little mice,
trustin' the land for our sustenance,
livin' in homes of worry and strife.
There's *got* to be a break down here,
and it's not all prayers in the sky.

Are you startled yet
at divine love
that you can hold in your hands
and write a poem to the world of?
I'm hopin' to reach you by Sunday.
We have another land
here on the inside I'm speaking from.
Let's rediscover ourselves,
and the inner revolution has begun,
the change in the nature of man.
It's *very* comprehensive.
It can't be brought about
by bells and whistles.
No one can do this for you.
You don't take a prayer booklet to bed.
You want to be shown yourself
how the world works.
It's truth what's actually goin' on.
No make believe stories
can rob you there,
if you're willin' to face reality.

This will blow religion out of the water
I know.
You'll be your own priest.
What will we salvage of all these beliefs?
The names of God remain the same,
and you understand their meaning now.
A portal has been opened
into the ideas that construe the universe,
the divine ideals that guard our day.
They're foxes and living presences,
and they mean well.
They're just not our destination.
We're on the road to Supermind,
the Truth Consciousness on high,
that's comin' down to rescue us here
in the sands of time.
Whatever name you give it,
it's still there,
and it's movin'
to inhabit our very feet,
as slowly as you please,
but suddenly we can all talk about it
and see the coming sun.

Now take this story I've told
and put it up in the right place,
the journey of one man to fix his fate,
when Hell had reached up and swallowed him,
the journey of the hero,
that man who overcame himself.
I wish that I had Jessie's girl.
[sing above line, "Jessie's Girl", Rick Springfield]

Get God in your hands son,
God on earth girl,
and jump over the moon,
baby, baby, oh baby.
I looove you.
I really do.

[sing the three above lines, "Superstar", the Carpenters]
On the way to Heaven
we found there's more,
the starting of all your lives,
the origin of your comings and goings,
the immortal Supermind.

Is that an alert?
It tells yah who you are,
the Real
beyond time.
The terrible that we call life,
yeah, we're there.
All hell's broke loose,
you are safe in deep's ways,
no matter how many times life kills you,
no matter how many times you run.
The self-importance that made the stars,
is that our destiny?
Forgive yourself.
It's a long haul.
Pardon yourself.
You'll get there eventually,
all puddin' and spice,
ready for anything,
so on your toes.

Now fountain this with you:
be baked clay no more;
rise to the occasion
of your coming divine face,
no transcience no more.

This is all in heart's clasp,
mind's keep,
and the body can't keep up.
Oh nectarous moon,
do not let us go hungry.
Oh God in the vigil tower set,
remember mortal pain,
and make us feel better.
Do not let Heaven destroy our lives,
if we don't reach for it,
if we don't keep an eye on the kids.
It's different than we thought.
Our least little stumblings are seen above,
and this is just bullshit.
What happened to my muse?
Gate I really wallow in the quicksand.
I've come to the limits of Heaven and Earth.
I'm 'bout out of muse,
in its trailer car,
in its mean the world and you.
Great God Almighty I quit.
Ain't no gifted rose nonsense.
This is ridiculous.
Maybe there's a lot more than you think
to givin' this down on paper.
You hear me God?

Heavings of consciousness
I write,
Mr. Hamilton,
and this is the end of the line.
Their bottom's gonna respect it?
Your belt's in charge.
It's right.
Luna take her heartbeat out her alternative.
What'd Luna do?
Wagged her tail through this whole thing,
and just puppy dog'd,
all through science
to her undoubtable love.
Can you get there?
I can't take it.
I've walked the plank.
Donny, I believe yah.
You're a human being.
I feel this every day.

Thank you.

You know who's open to who.
Kicks their asses,
Mr. and Mrs. Body Hate.
We are *beautiful* in underwear.
What about naked?
Do you see my penis?
Keep askin'.
Somethin's bound to come up.
It's a flame thrower.
No, it's just your dick.
You've got that right.
Now, can we all get along?
Well, can we?
You don't have a choice.
You're in the river.
Nuts in there water in there.
Who's nuts?
One in three,
I've been here before.
Must be Lee County.
They're good in moral soldiers.
Yeah, I suffered
the brunt of their jokes,
makin' it here on this island.
Lot of nice folks actually,
I met on the beach,
with their dogs' wagging tails,
and as a forest concierge
for the island.
Boy genius
doesn't have a toy
to stand against the world
and say no.

This is all to rout out hate.
There's this mysterious thing called love,
and it's got the kingdom.
How much can you lose?
It's fine,
my weird
and my dog.
I've really taken you through the sleeves.
This has been par for the course,
and you're great big men and women

and can take a tale like this.
I've really taken you through the wringer no,
not in sounds of hate.
I've pushed yah some.
Challenged your notions of right and wrong
the inevitable word.
I'm stars,
a great big oxygen tank
listenin' in.
Don't feed me to the wolves.
Just sit with me awhile
you've read somethin'
so real.
You know I love you
to the quick of things.
I don't want to brag on freeways,
but
I've blown your mind haven't I?
Yeah, niggers' pigs' kids.
There will always be dissenters,
and I'm alright with that.
You?

I have that new story coming in,
a license to life.
Everybody's sacred.
You know what I mean?
It's kind of a
hard thing to come up with,
a Luna
sexually assaulted.
Why do people do it?
We're not even near we're here.
It's just to see, right?
People have compulsions for animals
all day long.
Can you understand this zoo?
I'd see a pedophile
too answer too.
If a child pulls up their gun,
ready for contact,
a dog might lick your butt,
root around in your genitals,
I mean if you're open that far,
if you're into that sort of thing.
We get into candy here,

a child's sweet tooth.
They're *really* curious,
and they have sexual response,
can have orgasm,
can get lost in the swoon.

If one pulls his tiger out,
grabs yours,
or a sweet little girl bunny's herself,
gives yours the loaded eye,
well that's just bein' a kid.
Pull out their Ranger,
I think parents know this territory.
Who rocks the gun?
No my sweet honey dog,
lick your own thing.
I really don't wanna bruise your legs,
little girl.
I can't.
We would make those passages
easy,
and not exactly the same
as a normal woman would have.
We would screw you up.
Okay little boy,
my handsome little puppy dog,
yours is yours and mine is mine,
but that's as far as I go:
you can play with yourself.
I'll busy myself with other things.
I don't care *what* I'm feelin' down there.
I don't care my desire.
I don't unload on that dog.
I don't give that puppy any of my sexual feelings,
whatever they ask,
even if it's a natural hole in the dirt,
meant to be.

We're not gonna stir those legs up.
We're gonna keep them safe,
sacrifice
the tiger.
These are hilly places
you're apt to find yourself in
if you're intimate with children.
Their starry studs,

where children are with children,
game play,
taking turns,
and they don't know the gravity of sex.
Their sexual expression is different,
slight and so involved
with play.
An adult gets in there,
and the game goes out the window,
and it's all satisfaction for the adult
in the name of pleasing the child.

Children aren't made for this.
They're too big
in their innocence,
and they will be staring at this for the rest of their lives.
You have to be equipped to see the adult,
if a child wants to play *that* game.
They don't get on with it as adults.

Am I in the corner?
I'm givin' yah life's blood,
reality's sweepstakes,
things that happen all the time,
and I've come down to the nitty-gritty
of what it means to be a healed pedophile.
You are no danger here.
You can handle their gun.
Do I play with stakes?
I keep myself out of trouble,
even around children.
I just don't feed them raw scraps.
No porn please
and hot-wired discussions.
They ask you tell,
not in any mode of desire.
You're clean with kids.
I can't write equations
for what they should see
in the secrecy of children.
They're just gonna watch it,
if they can get at it,
but it's not a good example of sex.
We're too put the foot down
to represent sex better
to children.

The topic scares us
in our child rooms.

Well we've gone for the car,
and I've come out and said it,
the most acute situation room,
what people don't understand.
The afflicted adult thinks it's a green light,
the normal that these places exist
where an adult is compelled to respond.
They don't believe that.
Are we guarded now?
Are we even on the plane?
Pizza
made you suffer,
but did anybody get a warning?
We've gone to the battle courts.
We've lifted up the race.
I've done my job.
Hello?
Goodbye?
I'll let time determine that.
I'll let time go.

A father's say you know,
well, here you go world.
What'd you buy with it?
The whole beginning and end
of time.
Oh.
We've covered grounded territory.
That's a paper moon.
We need that
weapons in our hands
that dogs don't chew
or time can't destroy.
An alarm goes off.
A key turns in a lock,
and there you go,
and do you know why Denmark didn't die
at Trump's call?
Watch the water rise.
Can we get delete off the map?
The right place
high and dry,
good future.

They pull out their gonads,
their pebbles,
the mystic seas.
We'll have to adapt.
I'll have to adapt,
the mark place
we're gonna live.
Tree Injuns,
most better than Indians,
our fence.
Congratulations,
unless you're beard,
you're probably gonna get off,
and you're gonna get off.
I privately drag it through the world,
our off in the woods.
It's quite amazing.
It's like wow,
we got a house in the woods.

They realize his travel,
and uh,
he got everything he needed.
You got what you need.
Damn, don't punish me for it.
They'll just say rant
and withhold the truth.
Sweet home Alabama,
[sing above line, song title, Lynyrd Skynyrd]
and this other guy following me
—I can't remember his name—,
it happened,
you know:
I completely avoided them.
Alright niggers,
work your fingers army Rangers.
You're gonna protect everybody,
even mountains.
Adios goodbye.
A toast,
we're all done today
"Green Sleeves".
It's part of the whole thing,
the clasp and smell of flesh.

All of you were out his lifetime,
and Luna,
you can't count her milage either.
That's why it's torn up,
your stupid look on life.
I can tell you
lightening doesn't throw me in the corner,
but you're not ready for me yet.
I think he'll try to dump her, okay?
This is beyond belief,
you have a microphone in the stars now,
literature all in a gun,
unbelievably human.
You gotta get it out.
Keep readin' it.
We've *blown* tires.
You've explained yourself pretty well,
the position you're in.
It will get appreciated.

Now how do you get this out?
It's Mount Everest
you find the right people.
The right people,
you don't have a novel.
We're talkin' about that,
the epic poem.
You're gonna get there.
No, on your blog.
Go somewhere.
I help you find it,
a container easy to read,
a PDF and you turned your back on him,
money for this.
You own the copyright.
You Creative Commons.
Next move,
share it to the mountain
what about an epic poem?

It's the underneath snake you worry about,
right in the desire bundle.
You have to break those stars.
It's honey to you,
and it stinks.
Can you honey there?

You can get in trouble.
You have to break those desires' feet.
You can't fuck around with 'em.
Even the *desire* to do wrong
must undergo a sea change,
has to be thrown out of the wood.

In educated sums,
you're not faced with that desire when you see children.
You notice the prickly pear,
but you see their beautiful lives,
and this is *way* down deep.
You notice their property,
how kid is it,
and you've hurtled that space
I want their genitals.

Am I Christopher Wood?
I'm in the airplane.
I'm all over this place
you stupid bunch of people,
caught in *your own* genital wars.
You can fix them this way,
if you knew the price of change:
even *you* have to change.
Animal sweetheart?
I'm a locomotion
we need to see.
Voilà.

They would like to
work with kids.
And help me out.
Didn't worry about her if we stuck her up too long.
That's the Geneva Convention.
Math agencies,
they fell.
They had heavy
reliances heavy
on material process.
It is good news
I will be fugitive now
to all this I wrote.
That's not just art and culture.
We're gonna change the world.
Okay everybody,

Rome

is a very bad kid on earth.
That's what we have to get rid of.
We want a free society.
I'm choppin' it down.
We're not ready for it yet.
We open fascist doors now
and throw out the kingpins,
the ruling ideas.
We do this all up and up
with our conscience.
We are not mean men and women.
We like people.
We do the right thing.
Sorry get off,
get off of my cloud.
[sing above line, song title, *The Rolling Stones*]
If you notice,
they were the first
to mollie-pollie the bubble we're in.
We're gonna see this right.
We're not so rich intellectuals.
We're arguing
everybody let's change hats.

When you adopt a believe in,
you're often staved off with battery in vision.
Ours was to do it,
achieve a new consciousness inside
and go overhead and be the God selves we are,
and I,
and I'm making burgers
to show you what's comin',
to prophet that attitude
we need a new world.
It won't hurt
exactly.
Oh my God we're gonna tear it all down and start it over again,
and this is stupid us.
We could just start it all over again.
I'm conscious override.
Maybe we only need to come to the *brink* of disaster?
And then there's children.
That's where we need to change,
and it's not more school.
It's more freedom for the individual

that loves the Earth.

We're good to our kids,
sweet and nice and pure.
We don't even wear anger in our shoes.
We expect them to grow up
nothing slapped around,
break into the family,
and it's not kid we just control you.
You won't be embarrassed to know
it's something I really needed,
I'll get yourself up to it.
We're not married houses anymore.
We produce kids other ways.
We're aimin' at a *new* society
that makes sense.
It makes conscious sense.
They all do.

If you move something in Chicago,
you understand why you live there.
Is *that* the burning day?
We're waitin' for the bomb to drop
all marked on its territory.
We don't know when and will.
Just as long as you get Trump out of office,
in the horrible event that happens,
somebody lobs a nuclear bomb our way,
and obliterate one of our cities,
the world will be spared
nation after nation
just letting loose their bombs.
Sounds horrible,
but America must avoid retaliation,
if one of those whistle blowers comes our way.

Now I have put it on paper,
like I did last time,
warned the school,
will I be taken down again let's see.
I've certainly said a lot
that would push the delete button.
Now what do I say to you now?
Just spare the fish.
I'm not blinking into them.
You're getting the straight shoot

from me,
a love-hate relationship
I have with muse.
It's upended my life.
It brings me peace and security.
I might be destroyed because of it.
I know God loves me through it
in astounding incidences of the original word
coming out of the woodwork
and giving me God in the face,
but I've written this for you
to get time off my back
and make myself right with you.
I *must* do this,
come Hell or high water.

So I've spoken to you now
the red fish in the face,
a whole gist of words
that bring the world in view
and what we're doin' here.
Challenge it.
Break it apart.
Make fun of it.
Say it's of the Devil.
I expect I will get all manner of response,
if this poet's read.
I'm with yah,
even in our darkest night.
I know how you are.
Looks like it,
we've got a lot of water between us,
and we need that kosher,
a man against his society
no.
I'm a man of God for you.

I'm sorry for taking you and hurting you.
You are very personal real to me,
as I write this book.
This poem's worth,
I think you have the lever on that.
Will time read it
or you now,
or it will just do its magic on the inside,
sittin' on a blog suspended in a PDF,

no one readin' it,
how the hell should I know?
This generation
is about the truth, never wantin' to hear it.
It's fucked up.
It's wishy-washy.
It's not on the right channel.
It's the worst time in the world
to put forth this book.
Goodbye,
so long,
and we'll see you later,
a theme I've oft repeated,
but I need to get some shuteye.
Goodbye folks.

Most people don't know these spaces exist
your brake's open.
What are you talking?
Sexual response,
children initiate sexual response,
and their door's open,
as pretty as you please.
Parent know this,
I'm sure.
You wouldn't get them to admit it.
How many have fucked up in that moment,
just a slight tease?
You know what you've done?
You've opened your child's sexuality,
and it's gets done more thoroughly
by another adult,
wanting it.
You see what you've done?
Made your child want it,
in the extension of your hand.
Bubbling up,
isn't it,
regardless
of how you feel.
What does that mean?
Children have sexual feelings,
desires and things.
They lust.

The wanting of a child,

sometimes you don't know you're a pedophile until that moment,
and then you're carried away.

Dress on my signature.

I can warn you.

Rob Taylor

opened her vagina,
that special child on a movie set,
and she loved that electricity.

Do we have feet here?

Some children love to do it.

As adults it's abuse,

Armageddon,

but back then it felt good,

and they liked it.

You can't find this in court.

No child will explain it that way

when they're discovered.

It's the most denied operating handle of pedophilia,

and you need to know it's there.

It's not a monster holdin' down a child,

in most cases,

although most cases don't respond like this.

Many's the child it ickies them.

Now this is some complicated shit.

I know you're not supposed to say this,

but you have children that enjoy it.

Can we get courts here please,

if only

for the recognition?

You've got so much to learn

about this hated disease.

Now shoot me again for sayin' it,

but children have sexual response.

How many parents lift their finger there?

More than you want to know.

A hunter of certain dawns,

that's the bet

your child stuck up with you,

just a tight squeeze on opening day,

some pumps.

Mornin' wood,

boys glow.

We think that license,

some of us,

to hand card.
Isn't that a vehicle
to a gay expression in life?
If romance is involved yes.
Oh.
You were being a fire manager.
How were *you* guys?

Startle the little girl
when there's an exit on the freeway
on the floor.
It comes from a finger
suddenly there.
She's all in that forest,
aware of its business.
I'm just messin' with yah.
No one ever does this to your child.
Realize it can you?
Turn it down.
She's a honey pumpkins
to be a lesbian or a really loose woman,
was it her mother or father.
Peanuts,
they eat them,
a variety of caregiving hands,
male and female.

Did I describe your disease?
This is a preventative measure.
There's no arousal here
describin' pain.
Do you have your batteries on?
Romantic feelings
and the glow show,
those are battery highlights,
and watch yourself there.
Been here before
every pedophile on this planet
as children,
when they were Boo,
wee little things.
Get yah in the heartworks.
Your heart feels pain
another felt.
I just leave 'im there you know,
to face the consequences

society.
What the fuck?

Another dimension
we raise our kids.
They're in your car,
so privacy with you.
Touches, grunts, and squeals,
they're a world away
from public attention,
in the intimacy of a child,
in the *cost* of a child.
Now hide them away from the public eye,
put burkas on them
the way they move and breathe,
how you have them meet the world,
and even if you don't touch them,
you're creating an epidemic
of child molestation
you've raised the stakes so high
in seeing children
let out of the public eye,
and your biggest fear is realized
you've put so much pressure on it.
Anybody see this?
I'm outer space
in our homework
no one's doin'.
Can you see the root of the problem?
If you said ignorance raise your hand.

One day I'll be
someone you listen to.
This is tough on earth,
and I'm singin' my heart out for it
the catcher in the rye,
the good one.
Will you trust me?
I don't know that yet.
This is a steamboat
not ever before seen before,
and it's chuggin' along diamonds,
misty business.
I'm a hurricane
to the upended society.
I'm here to freeze you

in harm's end,
live better
than animals at each other's throats.
I'm here to help,
right there in your underwear,
in your notions of self,
in your time around children
and puppy dogs.
I'm about existential philosophy.
I'm about help from the Gods
and the love of God.

Would that I could take this book
and place it on your heart
it's not about me it's about you,
the help you get from the Unseen
the diamond road *you* are,
what *you* need
in your tall of self.
I can't get that far
in my identity with you,
but here's a story for to
resonate with your life,
to open up the inside in you,
the journey *you* take.
I'm just really on my sleeve doin' it.
I'm butter in a cup
to give you a taste of life
where the wild things are,
and I'm goin'
to the other side of that lake,
in a gifted wood
come home to myself,
on mountain paths
when springtime happens.

Whether you read me or not,
think I'm sin the Devil's kin,
or some recording angel from the skies,
I am hope brother.
I am yours sister,
and I'm little ole me in time,
and I love you like the dickens,
you bunch of aggravated pussies,
you starry stairs,
you kind reader appreciate what you read.

I can't be perfect,
but I can be good,
and I'm honest with you,
like who would've thought it,
and I'm here in yours hands
or in front of your eyes
a book that meets Earth *here*,
in our beginning
of what we're made for,
the higher path,
the higher climb,
the higher Earth
we love into being.

You've heard my story.
How will you tell the Earth yours?
I'm listenin'.
The whole world is watchin'
who you really are.
I'm on the table
in a belly rub
mixed with you.
Great the feelin's play.
Amen.

What *happened* statement.
I'm really dig,
and I full you with it
all on paper.
You don't know what to think of it.
It's all out of bounds.
It's got laws connected to it,
and you're scared of those,
but this is not out of bounds in writing.
I haven't broken any rules
that would make this illegal.

You know I'm inside.
I'm not construing you to have sex with minors.
I'm not planting bombs
to tell you to do it.
I'm kosher I'm clean
in the rules I wear
for protection of children.
I've discussed things
where you are not aroused.

You're made to feel
the pain of the child.

Can I call you on it?
I don't almost take you to bed
and light your cigar.
I keep you away from children
in the mind of this text
idea,
to keep you from harming them.

I've described abuse
I've received.
You can do that in a book,
recount your own tale
of pain and suffering,
and you were a child abused by an adult.
I don't even want you to hit children
or call them names
that bruise their sense of self.
I'm intah
prevention.

Look what I did.
I turned your head around
and made you look at an issue
so you heal it,
and I'm fun with you.
I have a sense of humor,
and we get along in entertainment
to make the medicine go down.
You know the formula.
It makes it sweet and palatable.
It brings it home.

Now what do I do with you
at the end of this book?
We promise you something.
You have a better living ahead of you,
no matter what's going on outside of you,
if you would lift yourself inside
and study there,
make an inside focus
of the inner consciousness,
and your life will get better.
Turn it around

if it's ass backwards.
You have help here,
your own inner guidance
that can lift you up and take you out of trouble,
but it's not easy to get there,
in the truth of yourself.

I've shown you what that looks like,
what's garbage what's not,
and the inner book has revealed itself
at book's end.
Great the fish play
in meaning that will come out in time
in a great big bundle of read.
Scotch Tape
does not put meaning together.
Your understanding does,
slowly and with repeat.

Alright we're at the courthouse,
where this book finds you.
Will visit there
you're grounded or do you fly
in the presence of this book.
Your understanding of this book,
it's not Dr. Livingstone.
Oh I know what you're talkin' about,
group individuals
in a paper or something.
Dr. Livingstone
pulls out of AI
a random paper.
I can't get over it,
the formula
AI meets life.
It's not possible
to meet life where it's at
it brings your meanings home.
You're stuck out in the middle of nowhere
a good writing lesson,
sure is purty speech and all that,
with nothin' to hang your hat on.
It sucks,
as it woos and wows,
as it writes your papers for you,
your prose and poetry.

Don't let it do that.
Keep on your writing
until you're good at it,
and then find inspiration's high source.
Compare AI to this,
and you're at a whole different level of meaning
at the heart of language
that will place you
in the driver's seat
of understanding after understanding.
You know the ancients
had this broadcast,
this muse,
and it dynamited Earth
with what the world means.
I've blanketed AI with
where they are
that write with it,
your lost in the woods
unable to find your way home,
and I did that just by bein' this paper
it will not be able to match
in meaning
in a million years.

You wanna get going
your tools for the kit
in this writing right here.
You wanna get going
to the bonanza of time
and from there onward
to its completion in you,
as the calendar,
as the clock,
is not your measure anymore.
You've gone beyond the system,
gotten out of the machine,
and became yourself beyond time.
The first of those first
is meeting yourself inside.
Can you get that big?
Do that big.
Here's the bed mark everybody
you continue.
I'm a healing notion.

Goodbye.
Hey I'll call you later.

A three thousand dollar beer pool or what?
I got diabetes
in writing this poem.
We don't seem to *have* as much to lose.
[sing above line to tune of "Night Moves", Bob Seger]
The mortality rate's high.
Wantin' some calories
of sunshine.
They don't do nothin'.
I see how long it is.
I use my will *here*,
it won't be diabetes that kills me.
And with that ominous close,
I need to sit on the beach.
I need to set them time in's.
They're not doin' that now.

I apologize
for *whatever* I've done,
and I'm *really* on your side
a help protection.
You just don't get it do you?
Do you know what I'm informin' you of?
And you protect yourself with it.
A seer—
I want you safe and sound.
A Rottweiler
fishin' on your crescent moon,
here I am.
It won't be diabetes that gets me.
I'll die of natural causes
in my own bed
on a paper moon.
The moon's Heaven dumbass,
all those houses big,
not its physical location,
you literal-minded person.
the symbol of its view,
the symbol of its rise,
the symbol of its power.
Dream on.
I'm out on the freeways
enjoyin' the sun.

Should we ourselves offer the detonation?
I'd be grateful,
one who's entire filming
absconded sleeves.
March on the bed yah
try to wrestle out of,
too big for your britches,
but I'm not gonna start another round
in your pocket.
I'm gonna start on your face.
Not doin' or sayin' *any* of these things,
I must look like a queer
fellow,
insult you please.
I'm just bottom's up,
top down,
in the middle,
fieldin' lines.
I have an arc of the whole creation
harmonizin' pies.
I stand my ground
at the lines that don't belong
the inspiration of this poem.
I accept anything else.

Do you know how cocky this is?
I'm a focused individual,
really, really in the ear,
you know?
Hellfire and electricity
I top with divine lines,
and they can't get at
where started their movement,
those devils.
The fucking monsters on the page
I've harmonized.
This is an encircling arc
of goin' through that door
the better man,
the better human being,
with our wee wee's on,
and our bathing suits,
made from material of love.
We don't neglect anybody,
and everybody has their say,

a wide open poem,
where the line meets God,
who does not have his finger up his ass
and is as gentle and nonjudgmental
as you can be.
He lets everything in
that checks in
alright thank you.

Towhead Eats His Boogers,
that's an action game
by a cigarette, a joint, and a mushroom
I put up on walls in my world endeavor
Jerusalem and Egypt.
Every spot was clear
"Towhead Gets Caught Eating a Booger"
for the effect it had.
I been trying to include language a long time
from our don't look at,
so's we can see it
and take our clothes off or not.
Take us down tonight
to your most basic instincts,
the availability of time
don't eat that booger.
You would be stupid if your mom says—
I've seen you booger eater.
Make a joyful count
elevated sugar levels
you don't eat.

An elevated level
you have your pants on,
where is this daddy?
I'm instructin' partners.
Here's one,
that kid in the crook of your arm,
peein' in the toilet with you,
sittin' on your lap,
everywhere you go,
like a puppy dog,
follows you,
who seems so little now,
and there's a barrier between him and vice.
He pulls out his peter and little grins,
as innocent as the sunrise.

You love that kid.
He's so sweet to you,
and you want nothin' more but to see 'im
when you get home from work,
and he sleeps with you at night.
Nothin' bad I've said you've done wrong.
These are basic child shoes,
a boy with his daddy,
allowin' for individual preferences.
You've got a can of beer here.
You know how alcohol pulls it out,
but you're between you and your son,
and that's not gonna happen.

You're at 11.
An earthquake,
and your son is the boy we ate,
with you at the helm
in his business.
Well nature's given us definite lines.
That boy's peterhood
opens up.
Wise in the bathroom,
that's your commode.
You take baths with the little fellow don't you,
hold him in the shower,
and there are no intimacy legs
you're testin'?
Thank you.

My goal here is to report
a danger zone,
and before you know it you're lost in the woods.
I know a category 1 tiger.
I also wanna report
the safe zones,
where you don't make him gay.
Now that I've told yah you would know
if he turns out that way.
Fine, it was a cousin or business.
Are yah kissin' 'im
in romantic feeling pairs?
How kosher is your relationship?
How strong is this in your heart?
It's what you do all day think about him?

Is it sweeter than with your wife?
And my finger's not in accusation,
no guilt involved please.
I want you to study yourself
and what signals you're givin' him.

You know romance when you see it,
and this is happenin' all over the place,
in home, after home, after home.
There is no registry with his penis.
You don't initiate yours,
but there's glow there,
and you know it.
These are patients in sleep.
They come out and scare us.
A dream will tell the charge,
show that intimacy
involved down there.
You don't want your son a homosexual
that you've created.

They are very delicate there,
where they love their father.
Have you ever goosed his package
a playful fun?
You're pumpin' him up
behind his back.
I'm sorry it's that way.
We can ruin our kids
more easier than relax.
It's right there available to it.
A sudden swoon comes.
What a poisonous house this is,
when it just comes right out in the open,
and you suffer there,
wanting to put the genie back in the bottle.

How human are these recipes?
How very common?
Did I say it sucks?
You have to know
you can stop at any time.
You can just stop
and explain to the boy what's goin' on:
it's over;
you're finished with that.

What age is his department?
You won't get too old for this.
In a state of war,
that's not fair.
You're not tryin' for this conflict.
You want your boy free from this.
They're holdin' it in.
They like it don't like it.
They rush to the test.
It *really* bothers them,
but they love you so much they don't say.
You just quit that's all,
and this will be on the table for the rest of your life
with him.
It's not neglected.
It's not swept under the rug.
He has to know he can talk to you
about it,
and you'd rather not,
but you must.

Well it's time for a blue pill.
Have visions,
they clean you out.
This isn't so hard to surface,
if you're *really* serious.
Thank you
side of this book,
you spend time with him quiet time,
no physical contact.
Do this every day.
Don't neglect him.
Don't treat him like damaged goods.
You keep lovin' him like the dickens,
with safeties in place.
It's so easy to fall back into the shadows.

I'm not givin' you impossible tigers to put down,
but it is possible.
My mom did it,
actually did it,
and taught me how to lock the bathroom door,
so she wouldn't come in.
All kinds of things
went on.
I had a dream a neighbor saw us,

and that was it.
She remained my mother,
but there was no more naked with her.
My father took the bath,
not that he knew.
She had the strength to do it,
and we carried on a normal family,
not somethin' she would mention
at all.
When I was told she did this,
I couldn't believe it.
The psychiatrist was sure.
My mom admitted it
right before Egypt.
She was so embarrassed about it,
gave little details,
but that phantom lover,
I heard the whole story.

Which brings me to here.
We've got to get out of this mess
with our children.
There's monumental change ahead,
if we do.
They whip kids here,
yell at them mean,
slap them around,
go over their faults over and over,
make fun of them,
just have no time for them.
House angels,
you know are in the room,
watch everything.
They help you know,
give good advice,
if you can hear 'em,
are patient and kind
to get this stopped.
What are you eating?
That orange juice she got.
That'd be what you're hearin' now.
That's fine.

You must be good to that kid,
in all respects.
With the sexual lot,

I can go with momma's and daughters,
but you see what I mean.
Exaggerated sexuality,
exaggeration,
comes out with a mother and son,
father and daughter,
like I told you.
The equations are endless,
but these are the parental roles.
A good daddy,
you farm life with that.
A good mommy,
there's this fence
of that child's privacy
from the world
growin' up
they need.
Need to stay out of their stuff.
You leave that child alone,
where he meets the world,
where she goes out in it.
Interesting so
you can still protect them and not know every detail of their lives.
You keep your nose out of it,
when they need you to.
We need this one.
Said who?
The child and they'll talk about it,
or you just certainly do know something's wrong.
Wonderful.

Have I studied you some?
I'm nosey.
I'm make plans.
I have a lot more to say.
Great, but I think every member right now
that can show up in this town,
with that hatred,
it's good to have some opinion,
but you can't hate people.
You can't scoot them around
because you want to get rid of them.
Nobody else up here.
Ruth,
you know I'm being
truthful when I say you were a *horrible* step-mother.

You were unbelievably cruel,
and I hid in the woods from you
until my father got home.
The lines you would say and slap
and pull hair:
I know you like a book you little bastard!
Get up for school you little bastard,
and on and on and on.
I was just a little child.
I couldn't be near the house
because you would scream at me from within it
a tirade of putdowns
nonstop.
You were *terribly* mean,
a wicked woman,
and I haven't heard any change
comin' from your wood.
You still hate me I'm sure.

How do you call the rose?
You're right.
You knew who's that.
You have so many people to talk to.
You hide this under the rug,
what you did to me.
Where can I talk to you about it?
What can I do?
It's here in this poem
for you.
Not this one,
the poem we meet on the other side
will be the poem you listen to.

Everybody will support you here.
I am this thing on earth called mud.
I am this so bad man.
Okay, put it,
where you excommunicated me
and didn't even call me my father's son
in his obituary.
That's mean,
and you showed your hatred there.
There a parent's will would say they would never come.
They're right here,
and I have to talk about them here.
This is my epic.

You need the whole cake,
and now my father's belt,
which he wore around his neck
to scare me at parties,
to make me ride my horse.
Oft he beat me with it down the butt and legs,
really, really mad,
speaking through gritted teeth,
and that produced an angry son of a gun
in my grown years.
I compared butt welts,
blood blisters up and down my leg,
with other boys
in the bathroom at school,
third and fourth grade.

You think this is nice?
It wasn't his business,
the love of Christ.
He said no
to Gentle Ben.
He couldn't even see me
for what I was inside.
I'd stay out here
and do hardware things
—my dad was a hands on man—,
but you are different.
You sit and think,
contemplate things,
roam the woods,
a house you get back in,
and there's been no confession here tonight
of what I done,
but you grow up in his house,
he would not get near me again.
We had a strained relationship,
and when I was in India,
he mailed a book on Hell
with cleaning supplies.
It says here the donny.com
hid it with yah.
Was there
any way we could meet?

That's enough evidence
I have some right to speak.

If parents want to pull their own plug,
they have to keep charge of you
as family,
and I got rejected by mine.
Experienced view
families may not be the best place for humanity.
Slow is today Jennifer.
We have to see the need.
The heart built,
we need to put together things that way,
in bunches.
She asked me—
but what are you doing?
I will not confess my sins
to the crowd.
I'm all in orphan shoe.

Come on honey dog,
we've got a plane to catch.
It's all on the front porch,
our mode to get out of here.
French fry,
what company called Sri.
Who?
Just give me three minutes with my magic.
He's my teacher on the other side,
ascended,
he and the Mother.
I'm accepted as their disciple,
got their firm dates.
This is what we were told.
We have availability to them,
and they meet us in dream and vision,
to iron out our details.
Do you this with your guru,
preacher?

You *know* you're gonna job.
It wasn't exactly paradise either.
The dreamtime came in and invaded our room.
I was no speaking to the Rottweilers.
My dog just took up their attention.
She was loved and petted everywhere she went.
Well you swear and turned in.
Look at those creatures.
Is that me and Doug?

They think we're gays,
extensive form.
No social contact,
that's the rule.
Had somebody tell me the other day
here on the island—
I'm not really a fan
of sickness.
I've got all the material
to create a star right here,
like I'm talkin' to 'im some.
We are not popular citizens of this country.
Douglas gets accepted.
I don't.

Complete outcast I am,
more or less.
The job I had fired me
when they discovered
I put poetry on my blog
not like their politics.
I actually lost my job because of politics.
The free speech equation failed,
and there were partial attempts to cover it up:
I was a bad employee
whatnot.
It wasn't right.
Right before Christmas they laid the axe
in an email,
and that was it.
I mean they really hurt me,
and there was nothin' I could do about it.
They wouldn't even let me speak,
Fort Myers Beach Chamber of Commerce.

I was a tourist guide
at their little trailer
on Times Square.
Maybe I mentioned Democrat
to someone there,
but I really tried to keep my mouth shut
I didn't like Trump.
My boss fingered my wound
yellow and green,
mean woman.
Over and done with

her shut down words.
I don't know what to do about 'em.
Maybe a law was broken
in national politics?

Things more clear
you're getting the bayou.
That won't happen
they just shut me down.
I was too big for their britches.
I have an idea but look,
there was nothin' I did wrong.
They all had guns,
and just loaded on me,
but they didn't care.
Still don't.
All I did was write poetry.
It tried to find another job,
found Walmart,
then got hit by a car.
What do you do with *that*?

I'm not in the best of shape,
now goin' on diabetes
and possible lung disease.
We have two friends next door,
a Virginia couple,
helped us out a lot,
Boo and David.
Yeah, she has the dream group
forty years plus,
great lady.
Now I can't live here.
Gotta go.
We're just waitin' for a car to show up.
Oh we will ride it out of here when it comes.
That's the reason,
the reason I end this poem.
It's done,
so we can leave,
an utter necessity.
Is that clear dog?
Now I'll rest a bit
and just bring in the clothes.

The point is I'm done.

You hear me Jesus?
We've crossed lines for him
in this poem.
It's worth though.
Now you can leave the doors open,
if the harmony fit your poem.
Her song
new freedom.
I'm talking to her in my own age,
and she understands
sweet Jesus.
So I'm running away from him no.
Brought this stuff from India,
all this tech.
No, I'm not from India too.
I'm *really* American.

Now telltale mountain,
I've given you sleeves,
things you can put on
to know God,
not as the giver of laws,
your fucking friend,
really in the shoes with you,
and I've given you sleeves
to live your life better
a great big whole healthy human being,
and for those of you fucked up out there,
the perverts and the molesters,
the sickos and wackos,
the problem child,
you have a system that helps your wants
heal themselves
and flower into God's expression of true love,
for *whatever* you're aiming at,
and these sleeves
can bring you to enlightenment please
and you're God on earth invested in Supermind.
I've labeled them one by one
in a long book that will pull out your hair,
if you're too conventional and moral minded.

Sorry about that.
We need to change,
and I'm here as sup
to give our doggies a place at the table

and our kitty cats
with us.
Great those beings play,
and they are the lover of our kind.
Our new society
will hold them in high esteem,
in great big roles
that make our society clean.
A Rottweiler for example,
oh how big child size,
a little child dressed as a dog,
they will teach you the love of children.
You see where I'm goin' with this,
all breeds
large enough to fit,
big enough to share.

We are countin' the new society,
the better world,
a new way of being human,
with love as its angle
on life,
in *all* modes of life.
Yes you can have soldiers and guns,
and peacekeepers,
but they are committed to humanity.
They're in the human soul.
We're not stupid.
Pacifism is for the sharks.
They can eat that way.
You defend yourself,
you understand?
In bona fide defensive ends.

I've covered our family,
which we're gonna change,
and not based on birth
but on our inner change,
groupings of a handful of people
all shapes and sizes,
kids too,
who live together
and breathe
to each other their dreams
and inner process,
every day.

You'd know how to find them.
Now we know the world
puts people together,
and it comes up on the inside
meant to be.
I'm seeing you in my dreams,
and this is a creative group,
men on men,
women on women,
men and women,
and always a kid along.
Call this is a sadhana group.

But wait,
you'll also get
some child who's with his parents
sometimes,
whenever the week calls for it,
and the family's always around,
and no longer is marriage
the backdrop of the science.
Huh Jesus?
Do you know how study he is
on the new society?
Men and women are no longer given in marriage,
and not only in a Heaven.
You've got the gist maker's shoes
in that big book,
but Jesus was too radical
for even *John* to copy down
Jesus said it,
and the interlopers abound.

Oh man I'm a Jesus lover,
but not as my God and Source.
Ganesh fills those holes
the Mother and Sri Aurobindo don't,
and I've got other divine helpers up my sleeve
I use as guidelines,
not gospel.
The American Indian,
the Jewish pail,
you know I'm stickin' with those,
in Buddha lands.
Have I heard a Moslem reformer?
You certainly have,

and I'm here on that house too,
and others who remain unknown.

Where do we go with this?
I'm intah surpassin' them all,
their Heavens, their houses,
a supramental endeavor.
You got that smart?
So do your doggy business,
but don't hurt anybody,
but don't bruise your knee.
Wow, look at this,
a bona fide poem close,
and we get at it
where we're supposed to be.
Is that you and me in our underwear
rubbin' bellies?
It could be anywhere
captained by love,
where love doesn't harm.
I mean yah get me dog?

Now know that you are daddy's girl.
[*sing above line to tune of "Jessie's Girl"*]
Dedicated to Luna,
all puddin' and spice,
and Lisa
my darlin'.
Never can replace you my dear.
I've spoken.
We hear the wheels of the universe
bringing us together on the other side.
I'll be there together with you all,
every single one of you
significant in my life.
We don't miss a beat,
all hearts intertwined,
all hearts on our feet.
What a note to end on,
I love you,
luminous with spiritual change.

Why don't we start slowly with Denmark
and get out of this country?
How long before we ride?
And I'll never get an accurate reading.

Four or five days.
Oh.
No cousin the world is melting.
We're in-between niggers.
No blood spikes please.
Are they gonna tell us to get lost?
Let's mind our way to
I've got a clean water
for diabetes dip.
Hey dad, [*spoken in Nithish's voice*]
down there it's too heavy.
You tryin' to die or something?

I just have my voice,
but I'm a diabetic.
This snuck up on me,
and I've got my hands full now
with doubts of living
and thoughts of death,
and I'm sick as all get out.
I *really* feel bad,
and I'm taxing
the roof of the world.
My mortality stares me in the face,
and this sucks.
I'm dyin' here,
and all this is for nothin',
the epitome of the word.
I'm boxed in.
I have no money arriving
anytime soon,
and I can't get out of here.
The car failed.
The escape hatch filled with water,
and now I don't know what to do.
Who cares, right?

You are *really* clean,
on top of the world actually,
in your see everything.
You've had the divine bearin' down on you
somethin' awful,
a word bearer.
It's tested your life,
and not even *your dog* knows how big it is.
It just knows the divine is near.

You're in pain,
and you're suffering
the squeeze,
this sickness called diabetes,
at an advanced stage.
It seems you're gonna die
not too long hence.
You have no options left
it seems.

You don't know how to do this:
surrender everything to God
and live there
an eternal now in his care.
Death is not your stinger,
nor the hoot of the crowd,
nor its ignorance
of the muse you've given.
You're just sittin' there
a ray of God.
Big deal,
not even *you* know it,
and the carpet is not rolled out red
look here he is.
You are not this thing called Donny.
You're only visiting here,
in the spinning wheels of matter,
in the pitiless Void.

You'll be okay.
You're not going to succumb to your disease.
The high mountains await your presence,
the great forests your kneel by the stream,
the deserts your meditation
on your immortality.
The sands of time salute you,
and you are on your way.
You will have your mountain stream
and your dog beside you
and will carry that boy to the stream
and heal him there
from what he's received
so awful on his brow,
parents litigating his disaster.
He's gonna
be your companion a boy growing up,

meet you there
in God's miracle.

I know you just copied down time.
We cannot give you words of eternity
that break the bonds of time.
We cannot shore the world
from its moorings
in the speech we give you.
We have to,
in the sands of time,
pebble eternity there.
You get this great and small.
You hear our speech,
our symbol wrought,
and don't see the fabric of the universe
it's made of symbol each and every one.
We tell you representation.
We cannot hold your hand in exact anomalies.
We try to.

Do we wish fulfillment?
Do we just scare you?
We tell you fate and it's gonna happen,
the thing that will occur
in prophesy,
and that is not always literal,
but will you be by mountain streams,
that dog and that boy there?
Will you heal from pedophilia,
so that it never happens again?
Will you die of diabetes,
or will we rescue you?
I can tell you this:
you're a resident
of God's got eyes.
Wherever you end up,
it will be there.

Have I painted you pictures of Heaven,
your next life
or where you find the Earth now,
comin' up?
Yeah the book's value's here isn't it,
in prophesy?
Is that the way the humans read it?

You've got God's eyes,
and I am with you there,
the translatable muse,
and your near future
everyone passed
or worked out pretty
every dog has his day.
Okay Dog?
That's the horizon.
You've got your Elmer Fudd.
You've got your Special Forces.
You've got your time on hand.
You'll be fine.

A most powerful nation
mobilizes for war.
It's classic ingredients
enter North Korea
to detonate bombs.
Is this wish fulfillment?
I mean is it bothering you?
Our nation is preparing for war.
See the documentary
Putin did.
Now tell Mr. Nobody isn't
calling to war
Vladimir Puntin.
Can you get out of him Trump?
We see the breeze
on Mr. Nobody king of the world,
the elexicon.
Am I scaring you?

It's a numb call.
You've heard these things before:
right around the corner is nuclear war.
What did we do?
I don't think you let Trump stand ground.
Can you hear me nation?
I'm Elmer Fudd pissin' in the wind,
but can I warn you nation
you're in the belly of war
all this Trump.
There are no personality disorders
in the president.
He hasn't opted for military power

because he's been called the messiah of the age.
I cough up millions.
A military dictator
his head is.
He has the admiration of the crowd,
a savior status,
and half the nation voted for him.
You can't get out of that.

It's gone down so many times.
The Führer takes his reich.
The strong man arms his army,
but these are *American* clothes,
and you only see the dilly-dally
of the weak men who oppose.
This is ridiculous.
Can you not see the fire for the trees?
Will you not see the business in the trees,
the need for America to wake up to its own plan?
My plan is
to put dictators out of war.

I can't play Santa here.
You have mixed up Trump with your patriotism,
giving that to a leader,
and you will not hear what I say.
Our system has gotten by
this long
without the government taking over
in the rule of one man.
You don't know what I mean.
A leader has taken over America,
and we adore him,
or so many of us he's in office.
You can't be warned away from this.
You are too patriotic for that,
and Trump is America to you,
how you define its ideas,
almost the reason you go to church,
even if they don't match up
with his behavior.

You got caught in a trap
that succumbs nations,
and there is no way to stir you away from it.
You think all others are fools.

I can't get you out of this.
You're deluded,
and you think you're real.
Can I give you a date,
when the first bomb's gonna go off?
No,
I can only tell you Trump can't be in office
when it does,
or anybody he's placed for the role.

You've heard my report,
and you've seen my character to report it.
I'm balanced and clean.
Alright children,
How do you keep Trump out of the sink
preparin' for war?
Watch it glow,
but do we have any limits on him?
Does he own government?
There's no war
that just arose out of the nature of things.
Politics pushed it.
Politics brought it into being.
Now see the calcium here.
No war's a necessity,
not in the stuff of things.
Men and women move it into being
and try to get the nation to go along,
regardless
of the stages war set.
Have a good day.

What's going on here?
You've been manipulated
to accept war as your countermeasure
to what a nation would do if they could,
but cannot,
a nation not aiming missiles at us
or anything significant.
Shoulder that responsibility,
the human suffering cost.
It's exactly
the right there rub in your face,
kids killed homes destroyed,
to see the prospect of war.
Do we need to darlin' this?

Do we need to let it happen,
just because Trump said so,
and his cronies agree?
The human cost of war,
are you willing to pay that
with *your* family?

You have to Shirley in temple
to put the Jews first.
You have to watch out for war with them.
When there's a war,
they don't care about their allies,
the Jews,
as a nation state.
You just let them in
like they're the greatest thing on earth.
I didn't fit the shade.
Jews are not counted in your country
as a detriment to your society,
as anything bad.
The nation of Israel you must forget
as your partner.
Wants everything.
Wants everything.
Wants everything.
It's always the same accuracy.
In saying that,
you don't want Israel defeated.
You don't want to see it go down,
but a hornet's nest
is not sound military strategy,
and you stay away from hornets.

Well this is the United States of America,
and that's Israel's determination?
I've said enough war
and politics.
I've predicted the future.
We will see the lessons on that.
I've got my own story to run.
I've got my own concerns.
I really watched for you here,
stepped out of my own boundaries and gave you mine.
I can't complete this.
I don't know your number,
and you can't see me.

It was five nights before I left
on my own personal ride.
What more can I say to you?
My name is Donny,
and will you listen to the world?
Are you at this one?
Donny,
and I handle your accounts that will reign for the rest of your life.
I'm only one.
Ew, ew, ew, goodness,
it's good to believe we were trusted.
Goats?
For anybody.

I got my own starting now,
a real life adventure.
You'd have to have a farm
to maybe see us go by.
Bye niggers.
You son of a bitch.
Vietnam vet,
the dream ended
when that became your war too.
Flimsiest excuse for war I've ever seen:
the French left a vacancy,
a hole,
and we raised dead ends
to fill it.
Can we not do that again?
This is an orchestra book.
The kid's really handsome.
I live at the back of the property.
I heard your coffee.
I put it on the line.

There's a lot of interstellar chatter about this space going on.
Yeah, I know.
Our ransom care,
our ransom,
it's where you cabinet,
and it's where you want it.
The public's slow delays,
all systems go.
Put this out there.
That's all
that's creative and candid.

Look that.
Baby I'm yours,
[sing above line, song title, Barbara Lewis]
and we've got our rollin' pin.
The only thing
missin' is Slovakia.
Ja potrebujem jedlo—
the language they taught me in Special Forces
I was gonna teach their troops
for them to overthrow communism
in some dry city
on Mars.
We prepare for
anything.
Ja potrebujem
prestávka,

Flashbulbs space reality
in running pairs,
and there's a huge
shoulder business country road
in a matter of days.
That's where you come in.
What warning?
He's lying quite a bit,
the Trump of the fool gang.
He did eat cars
with Epstein.
Yeah, when I have to know better.
He thinks he's arrived
where no one can touch 'im.
He really did eat shoe,
and you can see his attitude.
He's not a hunter of dawns,
where he comes to terms with what he did,
where he repents
and takes the risk
of falling afoul with the law.
He's not there for them,
those girls.

Where is his feet?
To hit all this evidence
and suppress information.
Did Iran come to terms with that,
his turning attention away from that?

Shrewd politician.
You have your QAnon
he's top dog in
protecting children.
How do you sit with them apples?
He lies,
like a kingpin
that has no one to answer to,
that can get away with murder.
Are you just dumb American people?
Are you just stupid?
Talk to him about things like that.
His belief system,
do he hold immunity there?
No one askin' him the right questions.
Do you feel
America needs you,
and because of that,
you're not accountable for anything?
And it's when you *slip* away,
you'll appear almost like Trump.
I think you've done the needful.
Let him stew in his own juices.
You've got a train to ride.
It will emerge he did business.
Take care of your dog.

Go to the end of the road.
You're not about a presidential ball.
There are more important matters.
This guy is for history to wonder
what happened to the American people?
Let's cut some eggs.
These are really fresh kin.
How are you all?
The Gods are sensitive.
I'm not what they're about.
Really,
you'll find Supermind without them,
but it would be impossible not to take their help.
They're sleeves,
one in all,
divine beings at the guardrails.
They are our higher race,
visiting us
with great-winged thoughts,

but they are bound by the universe,
dallying with eternity within it.
It's not their means to fall.
Earth is a battleground,
a stage.
These great beings take form here
in time,
when the Earth begins to Supermind.
We will have all we need.
We will divinize
and move outward.

I've given you the plan of the universe.
You just see your little ole life.
I would tell you pass the popcorn.
I'm in the same theater.
It helps to know these things.
Now what do we do with our dogs?
Realize they're all in the world
they can't get out of the moment.
It's all-important to them.
My dog needs a walk,
her morning quest for the Holy Grail,
a pup cup and side of bacon at MoJoe's,
another charkra, Mom's Kitchen,
occasionally.
Sometimes businesses make your day.
They do my dog.
Hey, Luna— they see her walk up.
She loves that.
Then we ride the choo-choo train,
the open air tourist tram,
back to the house.
You, see the kid there.
It's precious to everybody that sees,
and this is a dog lover's paradise,
Fort Myers Beach.
Gotta go, bye.

The human being,
make sure is welcome in Israel.
Jewish nationalism stars racism,
just like in any other country.
It's the racism we get rid of,
not the country.
Can you possibly hear me Israel?

What's with your feet?
You are a Jew.
Can you possibly see us too?
An ancient house's mistake,
put the emphasis on the Jews.
A head of knowledge
won't throw away the baby with the bathwater.
We love our Jews.
Magnificent.
Do I need to dig graves?
How about great,
a people rose great?
Sell update,
I don't know *how* many places.

Don't neglect the morn.
Your puttin' will be this afternoon,
the dawn of mankind,
in front of everybody's shoes.
Break the bank,
and we'll get to them too.
Now go further.
The dawn of the new human being
will include everyone on earth.
Can you not see this
in your grand design?
Other people hold it bare
their people the ones there.
Chill out.
We've got a train to catch
the whole humanity ride.
Be White, be Black,
be confounded,
you're gettin' on it
as a race yet,
the entire human race.
Catch the train, will yah?

It's happened before,
annulling the contract between fresh farms and fresh biscuits.
We're in a trade war:
who has the ideas for the age?
Who will give them?
Will we come off mountaintops?
I've lived encouraged for quite awhile
I've have the rollercoaster,

in that I can see its beginnings.
I'm a pallbearer
of society as now.
We need monumental change.
What mission do you spawn at?
Do we start at human behavior and work our way in?
When has *that* worked?
We need an inner revolution.
Our identity needs to change
to include all.
Ohhh, oh I'm *excited*.
Thank you,
nice to meet yah.
We've got a clown in the house,
a cynical shoot the show.
Fine, I'll listen.
From your bureau you're not gonna see your bureau.
Can I get the starch out?
From ego consciousness you're only gonna see ego,
even when you look at God.
So how do we end racism?
You go out of ego consciousness.

There are other modes of consciousness above ours.
That's what I'm gettin' at.
We make teachers out of all of 'em—
I got overhead;
I entered the Silence;
and you've never known what to call me,
but see I'm pure soul.
Have I defined bars?
I've broken down in speech
the impossible to pull apart,
but you've heard my story,
and you see a change of consciousness ahead,
regardless of who you believe in wearin' it.
I'm the rough angle,
I know,
the undeserving participant,
and I've beat myself over the head with this so many times,
but now I've got your gun.
Hear it speak.
Are you open to infinity?
Now you got a line on this book.
Do we stop what we're doin'?
If it's a diabetic diet you need.

Do you understand my symbolism?
And we are open book.

The spaces of God,
what do I tell you about them?
It's close by?
I don't *even* go there
on bad days,
but the envelopment test comes,
and I'm a temple ground
for my beloved,
his tread upon my life,
like I'm the most delicate thing in the world.
He's not some man in the sky
that's just stepped in.
He's the whole world to me
the intimacy of a child,
and my days are his sweetness
running through the hours,
or those minutes,
his rapture encompassing my love.
I can't get away from him.
The whole world is he,
or the world has gone away,
and he and I are alone together.

It doesn't last long.
it goes away,
and there's nothing left in its wake.
I soon forget to ache for him to return.
I forget he's there,
or I hold him in mind theory only,
or I have some heartbeats towards him.
I can't get bigger than God
in this moment.
I can be swallowed by the whole
that has outgrown itself.
Here I am.
The unknowable mystery none can pierce
is in my arms today,
greater than the whole,
greater than mysteries.
I encompass him.
I'm his bright and shiny day.
I am the dot on his forehead—
I am around him all day.

I mean I sit in his presence
and feel these things.
In him I live.

I can go on with cars,
but this is not what you're looking for.
It's too personal real to me
to put it on your shoes.
What is this place?
It's an advanced state of diabetes.
Your blood sugar
has gone to the depth of God.
I'm waitin' for time.
It's just a bitch to me now,
as you can see.
I'm on my way
to further this state with God,
to be that temple door always.
It's fleeting now,
but the beyond is so real
it holds me like a child.

Are we on temple grounds with nuclear weapons?
Where is the God in that?
I've parachuted into this ringer
on a tactical nuclear weapons team.
I've fingered it.
I know it's there.
It's not where we find God.
I was 1983
West Germany,
Green Light Team,
a hundred clicks through the Black Forest
to deliver to target,
crawling through the woods at night.
I was point man.
It burned my thinking
along national lines.
I saw the world
a World War III possibility.
There was a real bomb there.
Whatever you say I was there.
Check the flight manifests,
who from O.D.A. 331
went to O.D.A. 334,
3rd Battalion, Charlie Company,

10th Special Forces Group,
Fort Devens, Massachusetts,
to pull security for the mission,
and ask who was there.

It controlled my mind.
I became a soldier there,
willing to do *anything*
for my country,
even nuke our allies.
It wasn't a direct threat—
no plutonium.
It just gave me huge thoughts
that questioned my patriotism
in the coming years.
I was there.
I was on the ground
with a tactical nuke.

Am I robbin' stories?
I have it in my hand,
and I've touched what I'm talkin' about.
I'm not speakin' out my ass.
I have clout
in prophetic vision.
I've seen the symbol ride,
whatever happens to our cites.
If one doesn't go up,
I'm not gonna hold my breath.
Nuclear war may happen some other way,
multiple missiles all at once.
It's my playground
to prophesize only one
will put together our choice,
nuclear annihilation or not.
I'm just ridin' symbols,
knowin' they touch ground sometimes,
and with my military background,
I may be right.
I might be wrong.
It's not my whole worth.

Listen to me though,
if only one does show.
A retaliation will bring nuclear war.
The culprits will be taken care of.

The world will be on our side.
Leaders will go down,
who did this.
It's all in the cards.
I can see it in my crystal ball.
Will society just go up?
No, only this town,
if we're careful,
if we're lucky,
if we know what we're doin'.
Am I counselin' you?
Man, I'm draft.
There's always room for improvement.
I'm military history
that hasn't happened yet.
Low and behold,
it has.

Go around the sweetheart
Armageddon,
and we all have our groups that see it.
We can't get around it,
the love of this symbol.
It's troops on the ground,
all the world's armies in one place,
and it's happenin' now,
or almost.
How long we been here?
Maybe it's a symbol for something else,
armed nuclear bombs
that a sudden fury of nations ride?
Is it a symbol in fact
that will come to pass?
That's the question on Armageddon lips
we question now today.
Does it have to come to pass?
Can anybody survive it?
We'd have a world left,
torn in pieces.
Civilization falls
for a while at least.
Take the religiosity off of it,
the end of days,
and you still have a very fucked up situation.

We can opt out of it.

That's what I'm sayin'.
It's in your hands today.
Prepare for Trump to get out of office,
so he's not there to make a wrong choice.
We will lose a city,
that's all,
and that's terrible enough.
You get what I'm sayin'?
You wanna die?

It was another city altogether.
It wasn't even Chicago.
It could've been Anchorage
or Houston, Texas.
We have done this morning
Delta this time.
Those badasses,
throw them through the ringer.
They're lookin' for nuclear bombs.
We are so lost in our patriotism
we could be anywhere,
even Downtown Beach, Florida.
Question
teaching out the sweat.
So what if we're robbed?
Horrible toll,
dog and kids
—now let's imagine the adults—
obliterated
or to die of nuclear poisoning later.

I got an email
the 6 will be different.
We're on our toes.
We do we find it at?
Are you shaking in the pantry?
You didn't tell your doctor.
You petted him.
Use a ball up until now.
What are you,
what are you doing?
I got this damn teacher.
He's seen catastrophe before.
He wants me to rooftop
a guided missile's comin'
on the part Earth.

It's active.
I don't know.
I have the same thing.
I went there one time.
It was a massage.
I gave two thousand dollars.
Let's not focus on this fence.
We have a bomb to catch.

He run Fort Knife,
and I was part knife.
A call to arms,
a call to peacekeeping,
we are not just completely different from one another.
Trump's got his girls.
I've got my boys.
I'm not going to lipocrite him
the smokescreen so *I* can get away,
inside and out.
Yeah, I got somethin'.
Let's get Trump out of office.
I think we got time
to vote him out
a third term he can't pass up.
You have your Democratic companion,
if he don't make the windfall.
Vote him out,
or make sure it's a Democrat either way.

That Democrat can hold power,
clean up after
the unique situation of a dictator.
A beautiful Democrat
got that shirt along,
and then I thought
a Republican leaves your money alone.
I mean I really wanna go.
Yeah.
But
we have temples in the White House.
I just smother that under, you know?
I think we're smart not playing political parties.
Why vote on candidates,
but then somehow,
that's a party
stronger than the candidate?

So a candidate—
I went to Poona fact;
I did the next door with Savitri.
Our names,
they are all focused on one another.
Rajneesh,
he was in two places at once,
the stupidity of a God
he was believed to be,
and an ornery horny master.
He wasn't enlightened.
Still has following worldwide.
Can I tell you about Paul Dickens?
American guru,
and suddenly he has strange powers.
It's not the guru you're followin' it's you,
your inner teacher guide,
not some sexpot
or ego maniac.
We'll pay in the morning.
Hey it's slow,
the opening the inner teacher,
but it's got gifts all over it,
huge.
Let's take that reward.

You've noticed I've a lot of *Savitri* in here.
They inspired this book,
the inspiration for *Savitri*.
It's a watered-down version,
not as nice,
and certainly not as high falutin,
and Sri Aurobindo had so much more experience than me,
mountains,
and so you got the short version.
People would go apeshit if I compared myself to *Savitri*.
I'm not that girl.
This is an epic of the warm sleeve.
There's this bad boy.
He comes out from under the influence of a demon.
The Mother talks about it,
under that influence,
or being a demon incarnate.
I am the inspiration of *Savitri*,
from that house.

I'm not a demon in disguise.
That dick was not my father.
He was my tormenter.

Finish that book about,
fuckin' dick sucker.
Money end of things,
he had a beak monkey snout-like thing,
alien sort of thing,
ugly, dirty, greasy,
no eyes actually.
At the end of that snout was a swirl,
a perfect circle beautiful in blues hues,
like dancing light,
swirling around in a circle.
It fits over a dick you know,
sucks out their life force,
was superimposed upon me
in all this,
and that's as far as it goes,
your tale
of what this was like.
Come on people give in.
The strength upon you is *huge*
to half this bread with demons.
Do you see what park I'm at?
I'm not urgin' you to believe me.
I'm tellin' you what demons do.
They sup
in our half-conscious world,
and they destroy you.
Now, is that clear?
Put your head down
and pray to God evil passes over us.

And to come out from under the influence of that thing,
impossible
without moving the Earth
and gettin' every God you can shake a stick out
to help me.
I was put in Supermind
a brief moment.
It's gonna make you firm and cocky.
It took years from there
to organize my consciousness to stop the payout
to that demon,

the suck parade.
It was the sweetest thing in the world.
It was the beautiful keystone to everything,
and I couldn't get enough of it.
You have no idea the disease.
It was world proportions.
Calls yours statistical,
just so statistical.

You don't know the healing measure.
It entailed the whole world.
You hear this muse.
I didn't start out celibate
putting its modules together.
It had to really get good
to convince me to stop.
It had to get incredible.
In the end it's the love of the child,
the love for that child,
that brings this all to bear.
You love that child so deeply,
no, you don't do that.
You don't do anything that harms him.

Am I a Nazi war criminal?
Is my book tainted by this,
and it has no value?
Is the epic still an epic,
but failed,
because no one can accept this action
as part of an epic?
I could've been a murderer.
Would that be easier to swallow?
I am first fix and you know what that means.
I'm going to be from the hollows.
I've got to test your notions
of right and wrong,
and I've got to do that
in the very heart of our morality,
sex and not only sex,
sex with a child.
It brings up so much stuff.
It's not great, and it's not wonderful,
but it's
the epic I have to give you.

I'm sorry it's so long.
I didn't wanna waste your time,
but I needed to tell you things
that's taken this long to tell.
Look at the picture Hesiod and the Muse,
the one where he's standin',
and she's all but born on his ear.
I didn't make this up.
You know that by now,
and it's not AI.
It's the divine word,
not the word of God,
the muse of poetry inspired.
It's a poem sweetheart.
The Devil said it,
I can hear that now
from so many in the crowd,
and it's not even yet
released to it.

Another piece of bread,
to describe this book,
you know this is unpublishable.
It will be banned, and it will be banned, and it will be banned,
but there'll always be places to read it
every day,
if it arrives.
It's a whole new way of doin' poetry
and publishin' books,
grassroots,
and no money changes hands,
no editor uncocks it,
and a gatekeeper's not standin' at the door
saying the public can't come in.
You know I've done my homework.
I know how to change society.
The ideas that construe it,
that bring it to be,
you give new ones
overcoming the old ones
with wisdom,
and you let the Spirit do it.
Well here I am,
a social trigger.
Hey, how 'bout a new world?

Look at these pictures?
Do you see me?
How well?
How bad am I there?
Am I on the ground,
strange to you,
but someone who knows your hand?
Is there any hope
we're here together,
and I'm not just this thing
you'd want away from?
The human cost of this,
I'm banderin' suicide
by the written word.
I can't get out of this.
Would you meet me there,
where we shake hands?
I don't think you see me
suicide bomber
where I meet you.

This is too big for me too.
I'm not prepared for this:
the author of this poem.
I know what I've said to you.
I know how normal you are.
I know how this crashes against your head
the unspeakable,
or at least the never mentioned.
Where are we there,
reality seekers?
Where are we there lovers of humanity?
Where is God?
Blanketing silence
over such as I've described,
or could you call his vision behind this book?
Heal to change,
I'm describing that.

You're not with me I know.
The icky, the incredible,
it's too much for you
where you read poems.
You can't describe this:
utter reality.
It doesn't exist

where we see comfort and shore.
Have I startled you?
Have I made you angry?
Or do you just think I'm crazy,
stupid
for exposing myself?
Are you okay with me?
Do you sympathize with me?
Will this have any impact on your life
in how you do business
with the world?

Oh roddy that's tough.
Are you still gonna hate
those you choose?
Would you put me in prison if you could,
or worse than that?
When did you think we were going to show it,
the rest of reality
kept off our television sets,
deleted now from the internet?
There's a reason this is a book
the nature of poetry,
not a video or a slam dunk.
It's all I can do to sing it now.
It's all I can do to hold it in my hand.
We get by here
in thought experiments
that ponder on the whole,
and we can put ugly things
in fine wrappings,
hideous things,
and expose the show.

We can get by here
in a book with cosmic handles
a poetry manual,
a poetry real.
Can we question that,
the delete button,
the art of censorship,
that jumps on the offensive and tears it whole,
when it is art in the bright candle,
the art of words that poetry wrought?
I'm here,
and askin' for you gun

to be holstered
and allow this poem
to enter your gates.

Can you grap with that?
Can you put it asunder,
your 'I can't take this now' delete?
We're workin' towards good ends.
We're almost there
in the expression of this poem.
It's almost here,
a book of poetry.
You simply don't understand.
You don't get it.
You don't know what's goin' on.
It's here.

The tripwires,
that's paintin' and roses,
blowin' off your foot
to let the sunshine in.
Deep the meanings go,
poetry.
Now read it again.
Thank you.
Fuck this.
And Savitri heard the gifted monster.
Oh here we go.
Fine, I'll take the ribbon.
And we lead towards greater dawns.
That's show.
I'm on the run.
Oh happy days,
like a rhinestone cowboy.
[sing above line, "Rhinestone Cowboy", Glen Campbell]
That's meat and potatas.
That's our program.
That's our gifted knee.
We're off?
Good, that outta hold the little bastards.
That's gifted TV.
Bombs away.
How everything fit in,
and that was the final line.



OUTSIDE AUROVILLE, INDIA, 2024, PHOTO BY DOUGLAS