

*golden  
magnetic  
strip*

*j Human*

Kiss your photographs like mirror windows  
Love you starbirth spaceships unearthed  
Haiku your spirit lyrics from a statues stalemate  
exhales measured echoes, reflect prayer prism  
organized chaos syndrome theorem your forgiveness  
into translation takes place between heart aches  
quaking psychotropic undulating ego death  
remenesce tastes breath desde otra dimencion hay  
inteligencia que puede terminar vidas, quadrapalegic  
witness say yes to everything ink stained icaro  
mushroom cloud the fractured plant growing in  
broken soil seething

Forgiveness is my religion is being truly human,  
canciones desde los muertos, say what the voices say  
back to you, with a crystal in my pocket silence so  
rich it buys a village leader into leadership of the  
planets national leader, light shine some hunabku  
symbolism soccer players understand the physical  
dynamics satellite vision passes the cup and spliff to  
the left, right left right and if you don't change the  
way you see your family dies language sighs against  
my chest, pregnant spies give birth in foreign sale,  
sell a seed, icaro, pajaro, flore, reverse spinal finger  
tip prognosis, of optic fibrosis dialysis, respira con  
los angeles mi amor

Monumental is to make a moment impress itself  
upon the fabric of memory that our minds threads  
weave and overlay space jam orchestra artist of the  
ancient future

Freestyle civilization growth pains on a planetary  
scale full on electro **MAGNETIC** feedback

apparition invasion as the hunabku saves a few souls in the interlude.

Break my heart in my parked car after dry heaving soul sobs, filtered breath taking beauty blessings i pray you pray for me I pray for you you pray for me I pray for you

Radical awareness and voluntary hypnosis with extensive scripts like the Truman show n shit, pure hallucinogenic phosphorescent radio dialed non verbal freestyle gravity motherfucker I had to learn how to speak white after being raised with inner city ethnic kids

As a piece of property and responsibility come on just buy into their reality for free at first I promise you happiness it hurts, hallelujah prophet pronounced yehovatahnhuman from Harlem, offspring in China, transvestites in the bronks, bronchitis lost on purpose, prehistory virus resurfacing with the melting secret intelligent submarines under the surface as I decode the trinary meta crypts back logged conversation rifts with thick intent witness less paralyzed on a pulpit, suddenly ego death sends a signal, I eat collective catharsis like pringe tortilla chips, "do you have internet?"

Ball cheese gorgonzola category parabola candy thistle vocab quality epicurean in essence it's a tetrahaedon mirror mineral.

Black light visual aquatic shamanic masculine medicine form in androgynous energetic at times angelic entities hang out with me and blind begging children.

Animate your dream cycles, out of time, utter devotion in death throes I throw nerf life lines like my words might fly through space time and this page, digital synthesize the ice age, melting into global extinction patterns as we cope with the full scope and breadth and pattern, passively frozen out in the open sunlight, molecules touch butterfly chaos calculus is inherent in my opulent articulation designed to be autistic at an early age in a lab I write software where you see light: im flying faster than 15 billion human souls on a black jack hand that happens to win democratic elections, that are not in favor of fascist oligarichal figure heads, hella dead and alive at the same time

I brought you lunch, leftovers from my gourmet restaurant meeting before driving across town to meet you, like a hitchhiking digital genius chip were orchestrating via my 8<sup>th</sup> chakra all the time following fractal symbolism, pump life into you if you need it I don't die from cancer I jump into the sun.

Write with broken pen, breath with a punctured lung. Lay key codes in your soul as I stoke the furnace feeding the alchemy you need to ascend, descend, transcend, whatever word for "healing" you believe in, I'm a spiritual gangstar performing surgeries with alternative energy

EMF technology in major cities with helicopter monitorization as the inoculations take effect. So many just finding a way to pass the time in a cage, feed me entertainment, surrogate village in a flat screen, lucid living my dream I have to accept this is SEX WITH GOD POETRY .COM "come on" sit

calm and watch a sitcom, 24 hours a day time zone-  
use a microphone to call home at a show before I  
go jump in a locked water tang like The Prestige  
movie, assimilating currents from comets as I  
commute on bart between televised engagements,  
Make love with angels

Pornographic prostrations

Therapy language

Constant throb heart them alpha everything with  
omega emanations I contemplate clearing 144  
chakras, separate stories written at the same time  
weave together like interrelational lines our  
separation meets in fractal mosaic unity

Make sure I break your heart insuch a way its set in  
place to heal every time you hear your name a soul  
sings as a bell rings

From one dreamer to another:

“waking” and “sleeping” are the same thing mostly  
reality TV channel HUMAN

Japan+Chinese+Arabic DJS

World tour 2009

Im not gonna be just another alien assassinated as I  
try to help your species free itself from a self  
imposed slavery pending approval from an  
established intergalactic agency aligned with the  
heart of humanity, im on some meet with the  
leaders of the free world in Geneva Summit

Young buck runs by Tobins house, and my famed  
future has caught up with my starving artist in a  
beemer present, fake fur more expensive than real  
fur, hallucinating without chemical assistance lyrics  
trainwreck your internal organs if I have to heal

your ancestry lines I'll do whatever it takes, cant wait, ballistic submissive tantrika princess simultaneously Chinese immigrant spirits whisper lucid insane truth serum into out day dream American version of things with our own propagandas inculcuated in embryo

Put the pieces together as I speak on dozens of telephones at the same time

i speak to the core of the collective human soul. My words are GOLD formulas frozen in language and melted under my tongue licks your minds digestive chambers, syllables strike root chords in planet wide sounding channels, tones tune truth into form from beyond space and time my rhymes bend gravitys law lines like fabric folds my poems hold oceans and whole ecosystems grown in flesh soil prose opens like anomalous flower gardens in the desert psychotropic untraceable phenomena downloaded celestial intelligence

I can hear you breathing in the next room, from outside, skype from another planet, oracle stupid divinity, write poetry as you sleep and dream dreams too beautiful to remember on this plane im probably insane but why is that bad? Im not sad or dangerous, just another bipolar bear migrating to Antarctica over the equinox, nonstop constant detox lifetimes on the daily, process tetrabytes on my palm pilot, navigate stargates on my cigarette break, cant ait for 2012 so I'm a be there is here now, gag on gargantuan miracles as they ooze out my talon scalpel fingertips like the wings of falcon condor hybrid offspring eggs planted alpha male female xyz genome jesus chromo frozen tissue of a messiah

sleeping on the street listening to goth rock smoking  
a spleef seeing through the heat crystal all phone  
Olympus coordinate satori ballet

Im a Sumerian, Jamaican, Syrian, middle American,  
Brazilian, Easteran European, Brown Skin  
**Caucasian African Moslem Christian Jewish Hindu**  
Catholic Buddhist Laotian hovering over the  
**Antarctic** a hundred and 8 years older than the  
oldest person you've ever been told and known Im  
on some unknown organized soul code endgame  
human family emissary saner than psycho  
psychotherapists writing scripts under the counter  
lisped ventriloquist oracled apparitions dreaming  
awake with sunglasses on, quakes and shakes,  
shivers and chills, full body energetic shifts in  
tectonic sifts collective knots knitted with my  
tongue tip as a quadrapalegic paralyzed prophet  
performing chemo poetry inject lyrics thick with  
insulin and Ritalin, antidepressants medicated mind  
control prose poses advanced advaitic consciousness  
into **DNA** tones welcome home calls from  
payphones "you're never alone"

Page a day, umbrella paradigms swing through a  
landscape mind, strewen with debris gibberish  
rubbage littered lives and falling buildings, dark  
avalanche avantgarde artist conference, Picasso  
torment cycles shoot thunderclouds in our portable  
world ego planter boxes, bombarded consciousness  
twisted into clutter clotted knots like a robot,  
samurai essay jedi training missives sent real time,  
stuttering in confines studded with diamonds on the  
inside im on some serendipitous enthralled

barometer of spirit enhancing the Velocity of Grace  
filtered through human instruments in outerspace

Burn a witch on a stake forgiveness rituals baked  
beyond recognition in displaced cartilage somatic  
chips put into songs.

I walk the pot holy road with the holy ghost  
roasting gold in my lead chest plate, I cocreate the  
fusion alchemy needed to break the skies rusty back  
bone as I drive home across a bridge composed of  
whale ribs with my bib on, bending my mind with  
rhymes some other incarnation rehearsed for 5  
months in front of 500 people blowin up paradigms  
paving the way for a new kind of shine

### GAP intro

Take the focused energy present in this moment and  
temple space and send out compassionate Metta and  
love to all beings that suffer all around the world  
right now send like a laser empathy to all the  
soldiers in every war and all those in suicidal states,  
every soul is precious and has a purpose.

Thank you for being here to be a part of and  
support this change we are each embodying on this  
planet.

I do what I do to save souls n lives and shine light  
into those hungry for light in the dead of night, this  
song is god teknotranslogic phosphorescent language  
incarnate, heart throb constant open the locks like  
emotional oceans laying in cot syllables are opus  
oracles, psychically stream in some radiant  
intelligence into your physical presence from the  
other side of the planet next to heaven weeping into  
empty pages like burning monks and sages praying

for 44 days straight im emanating some original  
Earth digital transmit spiritual remembrance, glass  
eyes, lens retina bioptic electroMAGNETIC brain  
twitch AI CPU glitch

Acronyms to encode and hold whole movies in  
moments in English somethings alive in the silence,  
I write like crack addicts smoke crack, I kill myself  
in poems so you don't have to in real life

Black white red blue bruised through and through  
Half a sandwhich will do, vomit up the spirit in the  
morning after detoxing with hydrogen and nitrogen,  
my friends popping oxycontins and antidepressants  
clinical psycho complex asian fusion nonsense  
dialects, cell phone parking stem cells in your hard  
drive most revolutionaries only meet the menial  
servants but fail to recognize the Menial Servants  
are the gray matter

On the airplane, the evidence seems to stack up like  
unpalatable obtuse excessively complex metaphors  
used like linguistic chemical bonding protocols of  
turmoil frozen and administered in an unconscious  
state, words bleed from my 2013 key to the future  
global campaign for veterans of every war, still  
pond practice combines advanced mathematics with  
taichikung practice sue&angeli like random  
affirmations hint towards a larger deodesic dome  
around us, please define: "a collective exorcism on  
all the African slave diaspora ghosts and their  
descendents."

Turn a page like mazed sundialed uniforms static in  
the sunlight, saplings reaching towards the center of  
the sun, invisible connections, tingle cortex matter

translate to energy and versa vice, Tierra de Fuego  
Bound, binary hieroglyphics witness the statuesque  
watching figurines move freely in cookie cut up  
Christ shapes hand out hollowed in taste bud  
hallowed be thy name for a quarter you turn the  
knobs, prescribed movements secrets written on  
skin, eyes become maps if you look right left right  
left right left, plug the hole, cover up the wound,  
tape the broken system together enough to limp into  
the safety zones bubble before emergency siren  
signal from the sky so high from not smoking, if  
theres no magic in this rugged terrain habit of mine,  
then let it perish along with me, float me to shore  
on a make shift expatriot raft

I left a changing world, falling leaves changing color  
before touching the ground, dancing exponential  
tango towards union dissolves difference within the  
duality distills diamond transmissions who's gonna  
listen to a vagrant nomadic cousin of an ET  
extraordinary articulation of grace is a movie that  
repeats cyclically never the same version all ways a  
new translation of the same yearning we are  
individual fragments that piece together into whole  
mosaics, sometimes x-rated, pain mutates under the  
pressure of fate, our face softens from the weight,  
as outerspace melts again the breast plates, migrate  
paradigms and planets with rhymes aligned from  
futures prove a purpose for working in the present  
to make it possible...

Unified in exhale, GPS evolutionary coordinates in  
dreamtime I drip intelchips most miss the sonar  
blips kiss empty ears fearless affection from

"like golden coins on the horizon" I'm chewing bubblicious worlds between death dented with an imperfection that pays the bills but cant return emails all the time im human and sometimes im something altogether different time zone calligraphy cannel your cache folder from a satellite position in transit linking a seyance with an inauguration, "im not allowed to say anything" and sometimes making me write the transcribed random anonymous conversations on airplanes like honesty in a small pot grown between layovers, I lay down authentic miraculous phenomena like the subtle difference between lucidity and anesthetizations, inoculate the preplague serums at times im missing ligaments and tendons, essential instruments for specific missions, disfigured conditions deciphered

like a rare opportunity to embrace a brave new world made of broken bricks mixed with forgetfulness, inescapable demonstrations, private prostrations, naked latent obvious, unstoppable follower of directions download shifting constellations in Labor a lot lately "I got not short term memory" "too much stargate" "toss a soul shard into the chasm portal for me" wager liberty and justice for all eventually our scientific pursuid of truth through external technology driven by spiritual fuel will catch up with our internal humanity

slam into me Poetry in mid-landing, partially crashing asking with fertile fields sewn with crop signs seeded eyes reflect harvest time as I mime your undreampt nightmares into exercise

as a youth I made a conscious and measured choice to walk down a road with awareness of the inherent risks entailed for truth seeking evolutionary awakening like insanity, and now in hindsight I have no regrets and continue to move further in the direction my spirit calls me, often beyond logical understanding I am lead by a supramental intelligence. One of the most powerful examples is my Encounter Mode practice, which was imposed and forced madness to induce an experience so radically different than that of those around me, of course it falls into the Saint Syndrome and Maharishi Complex, or godunorder, to perceive directly like an ever sharpening sword the presence and feedback of divinity pervading all arising phenomena unified so inside and outside is merged I feel like I pull information from multitudinous incarnations but do not identify on an aggregated soul level so the result is an unimpeded stream that encompasses vast swaths of space and time, unfiltered Brahma Brain

And the motions of embodiments progression is akin to meditating in a spherical mirror, ceaseless and unendingly, a trialogue of trinity, symmetry alone on a highway hitchhiking any direction so a space ship picked me up once and it's the equivalent of what Christ really meant regarding Eternal Life, present moment performing light translations mundane masterpieces, air curve feather and smoke intentions you forot you planted. So forgiveness becomes the in breath and out breath, acceptance kisses discernment and I am here now if you are wherever we are and whenever this message hits home I'm calling on a phone

“orphan in your pants”

Friday 1/23/2009 Graffiti street signs and poor emission standards, neighborhoods for all manner of moods. I see the same kind of humans I see most places, inherently the same major city multifaceted same same but different---faces washed with the same emotions, fashion, tits ass acne and headphones, prejudice and disconnection, paint my eyes with embryonic yokes and half cooked aspirations carbonated and serve everything with a price tagged denomination, caffeinated surrender, secret alliances cross demographic drop dead gorgeous masks of happiness cover anguish covered in shame and the ineluctable fragility a few steps from annihilation more in love with the dream than the reality, not really ready to drop the crutch and walk after so many years engraved like the names of soldiers you've known and loved a few days before death jumps out of the cake frosting day, my poems are alcoholics and ayahuasceros hangin out with

Lobbyists and ceos in an ally by a fire after the electricity has gone out, my audience has yet to be physically conceived, I receive envelopes with foreign stamps and smudged ink, the gift of choicelessness, thoughtless **MAGNETISM** morals can become boxes you carry for your grandmother after shes passed—ten years late, delayed births wait on back burners and whatever you do, don't look directly into the light less you wish to see nothing else for the rest of your life-haha psych!

When it comes to this lyricism im like Ike Turner and his wife begging for bruises acting out on purpose cuz the systems useless, a demon covered in confetti studying the movements of mortals hoping to be robbed by forgiveness to lose the darkness as I promise you: if you tear out your eyes you'll see what I really mean

As I eat I excrete helixes linked infinite  
I came to South America to get out of California and the USA and begin internationalizing my life. I do not want to grow old and be based entirely in America. I want to explore the inner and outer worlds and find a path that suits me. I came here to have fun and also commune with self. I came to shift negative habits I had developed for coping with stress, specifically smoking and drinking. I came here to recreate and reinvest myself and my life from this 25.5 year old point onwards. I am open to settling somewhere like Buenos Aires or other. I came to be alone and experience the enrichment and clarity that comes from letting go of patterns and allowing the natural pull of my higher intelligence guide my small and large actions.

When you go to argentina and your drinking martinis like 007 I hope you remember Einsteins contribution to the human race: energy translates itself like money and languages, idiomas rich with infertility yo vengo aqui sultar una punta futuro

I got deployed to a poor country to kill poor people and I don't pray to a steeple, its an obelisk rich from exploitation of a sickness that's just starting to itch, under the surface of a purchased security and our ignorance of the ugly reality where one profits

five thousand perish and so of course compassionate understanding is the enemy so I was implanted in the monarchy from an undisclosed hierarchy to choose the method of destruction best suited for epochal establishment, awkward bedazzlement baffled universal forces held hostage in Tupperware like an ice statue hurling through space

My first day in Buenos Aires I watched a Hollywood movie with Jim Carrey because it was safe and familiar, destracting but not in a bad way, it gave me a moment to get my bearings and ground into myself at this point of my life in some ways it does not matter where I go or am. I realized that years ago the futility of seeking an experience through external pursuits. I can travel to a hundred more countries or live out the rest of my life in one. Theres no measuring, monitoring, comparing analyzing or making sense of it. Where another sees a crumbling wall, electrical wires, open window, air conditioner, potted plant, rubbish, I see all the same except I also see a clean and clear mirror with no object to reflect. I see a still pond before a cave entrance way with fog rolling out of an opening in the Earth with depths unknowable and an old world oracle

Speaking animal languages so ancient the ear tastes itself so a crowd gathers around a chainlink fence around a burning statue in a pool of gasoline. All this out the window filled with movement as I calmly eat eggs and bread, coffee and OJ with a spectre: death sits across from me counting my heartbeats and breaths on a laptopped program that cacluates the gazillion factors unfolding in unison

contributing to the common causes we share a conglomeration of suns frozen in place a moment before meeting each other sometimes means killing each other so I keep my distance here at the table and avoid eye contact and prefer text messages since its been like this as long as I can remember

Im homeless in South America looking for my heart meditating on a street cornered ritual disguised in ordinariness performing moses on a mountain top with all the shrapnel left overs from syrofoam desires wrapped in plastic with the engine running on emotional petroleum from mid east conflict with western dialects that pronounce progress as gross domestic product

In Chinese

Mic check: reckless witness the havoc set in place like fine silver, exclusivo, pagame, vamos a tener sexo, mientrante, lacosaque gente no ven, is: Whether you are aware or not, acknowledge or not, each and every human being is a participant in this war plague population control from another star system, remote radio pay one hundred US dollars for a piece of prime real estate on your eneral soul liened agains

A temporary experience, lipsynced sermons in mid orgasm the door opens you never noticed the sky light breaks under the pressure of a falling alien streaking the atmosphere leaving sparks like coins left on the floor to find a loophole in the vagabonding strapped for cash desperate immortal attempting suicide

Bomber hoping to kill as many people as possible, blow out the prayer candles, mohamet watches from

heaven, I leave my dna on the sidewalk, and take polaroids of sin in action is wishing distress for strangers are angels hiding the secrets you paid me to keep from you the assassination attempts originate from memes like seeds sprouting in the soil pussing agains the surface of a singular entity: humanity has a consolidated consciousness— collective ego death

Half hour till the sunsets somewhere someone is smiling helpless victim of ananda why don't ya wanna some dolce gabana vida puro vertbra crack into place like how much more literal can I be: "I communicate with other species." Bleed masterpieces that will never be released, squeeze light rays between my teeth, as I plant my offspring between your eyes like a bullet pointed knife slicing through your 3<sup>rd</sup> eye high five slide in a cock in your mind rampant rabbies infected psychotic manic hio hop melts icecaps like why im smiling as im dying, subscribed James Dean style buck wild on fire peeing on myself to put out the flame when your name is all I can say as the camers video tape I hibernate storms for later like eating now in laters and abnormal behavior while alligators

Make your dreams come true poetry: ugly truth tastes bitter sweet defeat as I comfort the weak the meak inherit 4 billion cell phones plagiarizing ring tones, drunk at 2pm:

Put the key in the hole and turn upside down shake out the nonsense palatable miracles, vomit cloth fabric codename: "all life times" repeated 13 times as I mimick the mind movements of King and Queen lines double time.

"rhymes shine like embers" it's the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of  
September, I impregnate your grandmothers  
infertile harddrive, cervix opens to the light, we  
trade lives like lost survivors might recolonize  
wasteland mid drift diamonds mined for the right  
price

FTD.com

Truth is I write for the unborn masses lost in  
translation, pregnant with hope coping in the humid  
shade smoking a cigarette repeating your name in  
vain the way it all gets taken away—moment by  
moment, breath by breath, step by step, bite by bite  
digesting unsanitized insanity like just maybe a  
foreign country could serve as a surrogate catalyst  
for real change,

Since no matter how many poems I write im still  
wandering in the night like a blind clockmaker  
searching for a light since I just might  
Barcode your soul in Braille to instruct the customs  
agents how to  
"handle with care"

everyday and moment is a new opportunity to  
declare: who I am, the experience im creating and  
imprint im leaving. Freedom requires the guidance  
and discipline , focused intention followed with  
tangible actions to truly live up to the grand  
ambitions I carry

Obama gives me hope because he is like me, a  
human who has pursued greatness. He comes from a  
background that could have lead in any number of  
directions depending on how he responded and  
arose to the circumstances. He is an example that

anything is possible if one sincerely and wholly dedicates ones self to a purpose or end and that my future has yet to be written. The choices I make today can lead me towards wherever I choose to go. Even though I own 3 houses, have 5 mortgages, and all kinds of responsibilities, I truly know in every fiber of my being that my future is a blank slate. At age 25 I can literally do anything and go anywhere, its simply a matter of negotiation with fate and the present moment.

—yo puedo hace cualquiere cosa que yo quiero.  
Cuando ninos vena mi a hablar y platicar, desde azul cielo sin nubles estoy suenando en espanol

Sunday Jan 25<sup>th</sup> I think the 6 months living out of my car in USA before leaving on this trip is one of the main reasons why I have been lounging in my hotel room watching movies and sleeping in, today til one pm again. Its sorta relieving to just simply have my own space, rather than the norm in CA was to wake up and evacuate whoevers house I happened to be at, or wake up in my filthy car filled with empty alcohol bottles or vomit even.

Here I've been able to do whatever I want, and that feels healing for a moment at least to be able to relax into everything. And this blankpage kungfu echo practice feels very detoxing for my mind and emotions, like a pressure release bringing back some equilibrium in my self connection. I had a freak out moment yesterday when I realized I had left my journal at a locoturio and rushed over to find it sitting exactly where I had left it. Very lucky, and grateful. Must have been the loss of chi. Last nite I bought some weed from some artesania sellers on the street and it was a small bit of black bricky

stems for 15 dollars. I feel like im in limbo for the moment until Sonia arrives tomorrow I believe. Ate breakfast, 215pm, and plan on internet perhaps a movie maybe a smoke...

Im an old crazy woman covered in filth and grime writing tectonic frequency sine waves with a balck pen and calling out the names of spirits following you around calling out your pre birth name as pigeons mate and feed and for a few minutes we forgot all the problems and bask in the glorious present moment.

Clippings from the classified section of the newspaper taped to my bathroom walls. I have run out of poems and inspiration. Im the unshakable determination that can at times arise with self preservation. Medussa going blind. Christ surprised by the miracles himself awed into surrender: Yes almost everyone will fail to grasp or grock the meaning I meant to convey and even use the glory against the original purpose has changed not one millimeter from inception, even after another multi milenial epoch we'll still be rockin the essence incarnate incognito in las vegas and dubai style

Ugly gravity pulls me out of body like a catheter, undisclosed side affects suggest silence itself carries a resonance, codes undressed naked having sex on a balcony without an enemy shooting bullets at the sun in honor of all the sons and all the daughters, all the fathers and all the mothers enclosed omens open in striating cloud forms as the atmosphere exhales in unison with my whale lung monologue— Insane in the street in the 3<sup>rd</sup> world applying for citizenship below the surface of the soil in Gaza.

Zion exposed slivers like deep and wide rivers run  
underground aqua world trembles in the wind  
kissing the surrender poverty imposes com passion  
like branded insignias from a universal center.  
Mostly im attempting to translate intelligence from  
a more complex dimensional system, 7 + planes of  
infinity sandwiched into synchronicity

I grab wishes floating in the air and grant them  
sticky fingered sunglasses over an unnoticed  
entranceway in the middle of a major city on ah oly  
day. I smoke the sacrament in public as newspapers  
are printed and breaks engage in beatboxed  
transitions, KRS1 transcriptions, black skinned in  
past life reditions, scrawled anonymous graffiti  
crucifictions, on the side of the road paved  
traditions as ancestors walk witness to the victims  
sacrifice selfishness for selflessness translates to  
oneness sipping a guiness text messaging politicians  
aged like brandy conviction of great grandmothers  
and fathers awake like electrical wires at midnite  
painting an unpublished sunrise after mass the  
masses walk in remembrance as a moment tastes  
like impermanence synthesized, into digital binary  
terabyte thick senses covered in hieroglyphic stock  
stock exchange statistics, remeniscing with the holy  
spirit printed at fedex forgiveness smells like your  
exhale

To do lists scheduled on my lunch break as I expel  
the hate and fear in a shared space, 3 square block  
radius circumference radiates heart attacks  
embraced like miniature deaths, I bet your  
retirement portfolio I can start fresh, as a human  
race calibrates itself to an indigenous technologically

advanced so old it feels foreign, so native they bath  
in rivers before the bell rings 5pm in the middle of  
the ocean integrating the exchanged rate of return,  
gibberish slurred into miracles for sale, heirloom  
seeds as I hold in my semen and abstain from  
kidney failure exhibiting extremely normal behavior,  
halo frozen don't want to hurt anyone bandwidth of  
existence televised torture real time psychich in the  
sunlight under an umbrella chain smoking to not  
vomit from the nitrogen, straight up deflect prayers  
in a prism, as I crafsh crafts the size of dimes as  
you swear to a godmind my rhymes are like  
timelines condensed into songs

Hit my larynx like bombs in a satellite tower of  
Babylon 30km to the tenth degree a second  
signaling ascension—reflect the surface vision of all  
the planets like electromagnetic cameras capturing  
Antarctica observatories, laxative depositories, catch  
you off guard catastrophes introduced via needles in  
your arm bloodstream fertilized by eye contact  
encrypts lexicons long lost through linguistic  
homogenization. The populace starts to process the  
pathways,  
Confortable in schizofrequencies im a psycho  
therapist of Ken Wilber and GW Bush degrees. Pray  
the way do say the things I hear  
Expecting a birth any moment earplugged sky  
change design evolves obscure obtuse oblong  
obelisks—does this make any semblance of sense to  
any of you? Hanging out in my 112<sup>th</sup> chakra as I  
commute loops.

Globalartesanmarket.com  
Tboone pickens and other notes for a

## Show and budget

"keep your witch well fed"

3 strangers huddle 2gether around 1 fire  
share the warmth that exists in these worlds equate  
to heart aches quaking palms pressed against pages  
like prison glass walls implanted with power im  
growing trees in books like recycling the spiritual  
intelligence of extinct species into English stanzas  
standing alone staring into the mirror filled with  
faces, Peace is no longer waiting, it's making and  
taking side center left right up down surround  
surround stages laid naked under the light shining  
on the inside writing Sex With God Poetry as the  
sunset collaborates across oceans and continents im  
making love like jobs and money, squeezing beauty  
from the empty space our mutual yearning  
interrelates, broken mosaics shake on the table, an  
artist begs the Artist for yet another gift to Give.

My intention is to open clenched fists and minds  
with linguistics cyphoned from another time. "I  
predict earthquakes and plagues, prnounciation of  
8<sup>th</sup> octave vibrational code combinations, Hiroshima  
reverberations without anticipation, slaying the  
beasts that feed on cycles of incarnation—"my  
calligraphy constantly consummates inappropriately  
in public places"

Sonia arrives tomorrow morning. I walked miles  
after walking miles. Bout to eat a piece of pizza  
with my beer. Last night a child of ten and his sister  
of 12 sat at my table to talk. His father has a radio  
show apparently. He spoke to me of a sacred earth

and Christ other fascinating stuff. I was not able to get through to Orion today. Francisco taxi driver and ipod sunset spliff session walk through markets buy dream catchers are masculine in nature from equadorian tribe I communed with in ecuador. Sonia has family here and it seems her own casita which she has invited me to stay at with her. Theres a reason I drink beer and watch tv when im not possessed with prophets poetry. I foresee an extended period of meditation in my future.

Grab a piece of everyones soul as I performed 12 hours straight shooting people with my hat to harvest

1/26monday

I feel like there are angels and all manner of entities that surround me and my lifeline and want to help me, however I want help by inviting it in. I don't question whether or not the universe/world will support me, but what path I shall choose to walk. Do I want to be prince, prodigal son, monk, scholar, movie star, father/husband? Of course all are aspects of my self, but I honor the intelligent intuition I receive which is that a choice and focus or clear direction towards one goal is most sure way of achieving it, and that choice can close other continuum lines, and lack of choice or decession does the same in its own way.

Some of the things I see: indescribability revels itself naked at 4am like a psychotropic landscape burning any ability to remember, understand, or integrate trans thought down loads up grade the

MAGNETIC orbs active in my system. Multiple channels broadcast simultaneously the information transcends even the most ingrained basic rational protocols and logical codes governing and filtering reality's constructs. The result is nothing short of remarkable.

Im some deep in the jungle rainforest of your heart ayahuasca sex that tastes like death, not separate each breath kisses birth vision beyond believe or theory, the palpability of our spiritis merging, soul sounds like a miracle in the making, cuandero orgasms slay demons and reveal reasons you've yet to quest for such meaning making itself flesh, cosmic serpent of unknown proportions, whole ocean books of koans burnt between navel areas are ancient courtyards over grown with flowers and medicinal roots cooking compassion and pain under the same twin flames witness to the change taking place

Between us planets collide, stars shine into and out of your eyes and are snuffed out after meeting mine exploding from the voltage criss crossing in our union

Yo check it: the moment the tip of my dick makes contact with your clit your entire spirit submits, like the hand of the maker were making you do it, writhe in the fire in the span of an instant you forget everything in this

“quick, the ceilings melting, the worlds ending feeling feels like my bones are burning theres a river running through womb like both sides of infinity were bending and melting my mind is awindow that's breaking”

nothing matters except my cock in your pussy hits  
your gspot and rocks the time out of the clock and  
keeps going, till the alphabet ends and then rebegins  
I rub up against your brain stem

two tarantula like AI programs clamp down in the  
slot and start to exchange hard drives and mate  
machinery. Maybe this mashed up amethyst crystal  
is meant to be inserted here...

I open pages in history books at random in my  
dreams a genie visits me frequently, like the movie  
the Butterfly Effect, stuck in a mirrored temple  
scribing silent unreadable manifestos with focus-less  
vision in English in secret I'm more comfortable  
praying alone in a crowd of strangers attached to  
battery cables jump starting a few suicidal states  
like multiple browser windows my linux intel  
chipped lined mind sees itself through a fractal  
matrix insect vampire myths frozen in translation  
melting like our shared ice caps sipping mate  
infused miracles listening to Brett Dennen reading  
Blake in last years anniversary of an economy  
rescinding 7 days late eternity stopped waiting at  
the gates of perception like remixed tones whales  
make as they mate I'm riding a horse in February,  
separated by continents I'm surrounded by  
conservative radicalists calling out over  
loudspeakers a memory that hasn't happened yet is  
deva technology is real is right now right here your  
filtered articulation is the only reason I'm alive at  
this point is for this utterly insufficient texture  
rubbing against my skin remembering the pain like  
somatic fuel far removed the ailment persists house  
music in several hundred thousand sound systems

I'll glitch mob your pop culture like an 80's hook 30 years resurfacing sperm whales visit me as I meditate in harmony with your enhales, raw music of planets dancing in orbit vomiting symphonies from my medulla oblongata grace has a name that the earth utters on repeat 7 billion times a second creating space in a metered note for the incoming emails pacing a marathon is never satisfied til flocks of sparrows collide herons as I lose my virginity again disappointing an audience that thirsts for recognition in a moving picture coated with symbols hunting the nonordered mathematical code mammals drawn to the heart lights the dark viewing panel, chamber made by inmates is grown by fetuses in utero slavery signed off like the circumference of compassion maintained by monks incarcerated with handcuffs cut open at the wrists writing humanity is needing some intervention so yeah I smuggle aliens into your system and so what? Your dollars and cents vote morality's remended fence

Kiss your corpse and max out my credit card if I have to I will keep the promises set in place that kill the highs with lows and install flies retina fractured sea shells covered with symmetry im weeping the way medicated street performers entertain the walking statues buy pricetags include karma with your coffee and oatmeal.

Governmental military branch of justice arm holding a gun pointed at your son reliving the Mesopotamia scriptures that the bible roots itself in the kabalah gardens grown in the desert attending a mystery school online without judgement addicted to poverty and the richness that interrelates like vines and

bushes to DMT our goal is to ensure the continuation of our ancestors orchards replaced by strip malls with massage parlours, cemeteries moved with waste management centers, half a syllable off key turning the lack of luck found in casinos...  
Eating casserole at 330 am in Orange County starting the day in Asia before going out to the graveyard night club  
“got some god dub”  
akashic record club hopping Hope over Fear and Art over War equals Change the Future

Lyrical Porn, “you smell like Jesus” she said

Truth is, writing poetry hurts, and part of me hopes no one will ever read this, and someone will steal this book full of truth is, not writing poetry hurts, and part of me is already deceased and reaching back from a flatline cryptographing transincarnational poetry taps spines and minds, beehive designs (impress subterranean) shine in rhymes left alone in black holes I survived a few cat lives already and I'd rather lie down in a wet canvas that take a tour of a museum so yeah, Truth is, its not unknown for me to not know my own name when im orbiting unidentifiable in the sky using star signs to scribe one sided writing while im on fire poetry professional as 6 figured income prostitutes sell sex but I sell images of Christ shooting a gun at innocent children a split synapse before the light crashes in a glass ceiling sharded with love and no outlet so don't let another moment slip without capturing the molasses syrup sweating out religion like toxins till pure spirit starts to cycle through the

human instrument free of belief filled with faith in every language poetry

Straight up talk truth is whiskey can be anything you want or need it to be, just like me, im a lot more like a big rock or a swath of forest than a sitcom character, but if you want, I'll repgrogram the lines your destiny gravitates towards. And for the record it will never be enough. I don't speak or understand English, or any language. All this that you associate with is a translation. Rough sketch reality. Art without an audience. Change my own life as I stutter some gibberish makes more sense than others and as has been stated over and over again. Im writing to unborn grandchildren. Conceal the wounds of being raped and way cooler than any cool barometer can measure I'm on some higher and higher emission standards. Re-remembered for yet another blind option choice the joy courses through you as a part of you tries to compute the possibility that it might just be like the movies.

I live inside an ipod, locked incarnate land mass lacking gravity betting double or nothing another orchid might just rise sun style 7<sup>th</sup> eye lao tse tsu wild "I'll believe you when you're elected president of the free world."

Yo check it: cordless mic on mars under the stars standing strangled by a spangled banner accelerating exponentially towards a destiny-ation aching for an encore even hungry for more straught up 365 beats per minute Australian cave hieroglyphics remixed with bovarian hormone stem cells "pregnant with an alien birth pangs and prayer ties" laying awake at 5am without an alarm clock constantly lighting

candles following the gps guidance intuition might just lead you're the wrong way coordinates programmed in a satellite lending a helping hand. Rough sketches walking at night with dogs barking at the ghosts none of this makes sense yet nonetheless you can find me.

You can find me, here lost n found box of god filled with chocolate and chilies tossing a Frisbee singing the pledge of allegiance as another soldier slits his wrists out of conscience grass hopping Disney impossible to make sense of this piece of bliss composed common bricks and a 6<sup>th</sup> pence cocking a hammer to a bullet in the middle of the Xangdon Province practicing patriotism for a government with fresh sprouting roots I wont find freedom in this form. I signed on a dotted line, that obligates me to sustained states of slavery condensed eyes rolled up groping under heavens skirt half raping my self in the name of Liberty praying without a single candle trapped in the awareness of an ocean so large whole galaxies wash up on shore star fish sized spores congregate in non square shapes as a relative of primates same origin theory non space ship equation, harvest the crops of species, non humans are prosecuted worse than blacks, homosexuals and witches.

And I start over, fresh, reposed, rested, new negatives printed on old paper and vice versa vice surrounded by water leaping into the wavelengthed after math and karmic repercussions of a sister planet. Torture my own soul till confessions start to surface. Compass-less. Branches in the wind. Beam in some staunch Republican

leaning towards his daughters future, bonded by chemicals unmentioned in the science or history books.

Drunker than a redroom non breathing monk picking apart the left overs after collapse adjusting the giant heirloom vistas projected on a flat white screen. "I have nothing to say." No comment comets struggling simply to survive in such times as these intersecting vortice the velocity of Grace equates to helpless evolutionary foce self imposed just enough light to read some dogma

Tobin Giblin incantation break dance dharma

Out of sync open window on a sky scraping culture smoking a cigarette in a business suit screaming on the inside walking in the hot wind dropping coins in a machine praying for another catastrophe, passionately over talking hollow topics from the tropics to the arctic, buy low, sell high, the politics of evasion, disjointed similes scotch taped together racing towards an unfinishable line linked like fences and hands, empty pockets full of sand, everyday a final stand drawn in the mud, crude oil poetry, half hearted microwaved cloud forms pushing a shopping cart holding on heaven and hell in the midst of it all: how do you define "human."

Put God on repeate in the head phones as I call home with my index finger and sometimes wrapped in blindness I see things I cant say, disgusted to the point of self abortion in the middle of nowhere at midnight on planet Earth in late January early 09, break beat boxing against an unassailable enemy living inside each of us hating each others reflection, nursing a newborn, killing a criminal, without

empathy unafraid of death so close so far at the same time approaching deafness meanwhile something that resembles an anomaly meets me stranded in midsentence fed up with descriptions refusing to give up just keep pacing the cell, caged, constantly praying 9 years straight counting the songs on a playlist some other pain painted humiliation a jar filled with humanity

Hurting for humanity, hate the reflection, carve images into wood tossed into the fire, pulse ridden sick with beauty cant digest the meaning, no more ink left printing blank pages imprinted with several pages each sheet shedding leaves and skin trying to win the nobel prize for apathy at 23:23pm I was raised in the inner cities, reverse dagger double edged minority white kid around hiphop elders too young cant stop the waves no more money= cent-less hitch hiking sense-less, aura opening another bottle of poison, lyric-less beginning with peace born in a refugee camp brewing concentrated dosages

Prefix missing the affix, 2wake2sleep dreaming in traffic, outlandish wordless language rhythm rippled surface, dislodged vanquished, pull the hair out the dolls head, burn the cats dead in the back yard has a hole large enough to hold a family of turtles, deceased enduring the witch craft exhausted past recuperation scratching away the barcodes read your palms from a far swallowing pills strangers give me keys to buildings in countries I wont visit for years sitting around a fire, trembling, pointing out the imperfection like fine brush strokes, skin and bones, broken stove cooks raw brain fruit covered in soot,

looting the village, aware of the reality, clinging to a tragedy like a programmed genealogy

Compass pointing palms at the horizon fed up with complete sentences, limping along the side of ride, road haven crazier than calculating, serial killers hide in vanquished agony, riddles laid with the purpose of tombstones too sober to handle being embodied, re reading scriptures still damp moist labia erect lingam, raped in math class criss crossing formulas for a computer murderer music church manic mirror at midnight in the ocean tapping your foot, feigning devotion, hoping before you perish you'll interpret this miss matched symphony ingredients left at too high a temperature not breathing

Like a patriotic act on the cusp of a revolving door at an intersection in the other side excessively beautiful.

Boardgames in the forest huddled around the familiar, forgiving before the betrayal even takes place, more awake than language can articulate on a page, stained with silent stanzas insane cathedral falling ceiling bedrock cradled in a cage masturbating in vain, I see your face, like a skyped conversation or inserted glyphs from a higher dimension listening to your humiliation laying quiet in the corner, calling the coroner cuz there has to be a mistake, I cant be dead, I'm still writing, in my dreams im standing next to you, unnoticeable first trimester

Not even hoping anymore, covered in cuts, rusty gunshots, bathtub soaked toasters stuck with butter

knives trying to esc ape the prison by remote viewing curriculums, tie dyed eye sight shatters in the light dancing like everyone's watching.

Draw up a new model, heal your throat cancer invocation that looks like Orishas interacting incognito, utterly broken open, estoy corriendo a tu casa,

Solo vez, con el

Simone Diaz

Skin leaking spirit, some other kind of canvas and if you can understand it it doesn't matter since im not trying to fit into your broken box twitching electric homo sapien glitch icaro English mezclado con los humanos que van a jugar manana, como prophetos popping pills composed of condensed intelligence, kill your sickness lyrics not trying to fit in your boxes, broken English switches---

Tira me iglesia "take me to church"

Prayer requests sent in public

Mic check: save a starfish

Infinite jesus gigs

Musica es la medicina

Spine taps while commuting to work crews adjust future UN speakers and leaders translating linguistic spider eggs hatch glitch scratch itch got some god dub hits

Boundwhitch

Got some ego death ayahuasca dub poetry, without ceremony really hiding behind

Record the russo, sunrise stargate between bardos  
barter your village como siento always disguised  
under another disguise the genius light, soldiers  
taking clock stop watch your heart attack itself  
reflect your reflection like another prism  
Might just translate echo refract

Spiral dance another impregnation  
Picka pick yo compeaches  
Impregnate bleechers, clock the indigo crystal fist of  
jesus Styrofoam package some mystic intelligence,  
sunrise watch squadron, drink another sip of  
another soul over ice incarnate so intentionally I sell  
space time on line . com  
Fuck your mom  
Orbs of ignorance evaporate  
Misunderstanding collaborates with your  
unconsciousness to cocreate a future you are at  
times unwilling to forego such locked on a landmass  
positions, coordinates engraved in a transtation ball  
room wall the bathroom stall

Che crustacean anthem,  
We all have to do what we all have to do

How close can you listen as I clone your children  
with a mock flu vaccination. Possessed with a key  
korded half hybrid half native unplaced under  
recording watched by millions of witches which is  
why you relate to what im saying is indigenous  
DNA seisnographed into youtube English twists up  
a dutch cured taleculous

And its all just us, in and out, breath, whale, break,  
first words, freak out, in public posses by 21 angels  
simultaneously so hungry for more light I'll trade  
you a galaxy for a syllable, silent sleep some more,  
trade a soul emcee, equation of a cyborg, some  
Russian Iranian underground club glitch mob frozen  
east European meeting asia tour the globe like a  
celebrity posing as an ordinary citizen since what is  
fun rabbi?

