

Anthology of germanamerican ch



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To shamanism and indigenous theology

Acknowledgement

To my father who taught me many ways to be in touch with nature

About the author

Kaelen Delcastillo is ritualistic and loves ceremony.
Poetry is just another type of ceremony which heals
the soul

summary

Debt vulture

Owning u

Our Church

Pizza

Raveyote

Chemist facade of healer

Space Age Cultivation

China

Trophy Hunter

7 ways u know

Shallow

ode to Alcohol

Oh Morel

Ceremony

pretty clowns

Sterilize

Alone

V

Sacrament us

The Kiss

illegal poem

Your Control

The Shaman in Us

Kid Kingdom

Man Boy Fire

Twenty Seven Days to Sabina

Water

Marriage of sun and moon

The Dentist

Green Dragon

I am not a potato

Laugh Therapy

Vacuum Dancer

Latex Lined Heart

The Death of Fleas

The One

Mushroom Horse

Money

The Death Trap

House Hold Curandero

Roadman

Blessing Lesson

Beef Mind

Big head

Shaman Horn

Self Hate

The child of conformity

The Cough

Peyote of Marriage

Benzo the Oily Clown

Smokey Crystal Shaman

Cannibal psychiatry

Hate

Jeffery

Vaporizer Eagle

The Crack

They Don't Deserve U

Medicine Life

The Petro Dream

Little She

My Castle

Golden Custard Hair

Wiseman or Criminal?

C Section Salvation

Enviro Shaman

Clandestine Church

The Vacation

This Culture

The Cactus Handler

Medieval Dingles

The Blessing way

Once Upon a Time

The Purple Headed Warrior Judge

The Mystical Fold

The Columbia River

The Stream

Mother

chainsaw Man

Taser poem

Foolishness

Our Way

The Fantasy

Golden shutdown

Italian

This Frack in my Heart

Governor clear cut

Nino Santos

Student loan

Smokey vagina

Kowee Creek

The 3 -///::///:///:///))((()))

The Mushroom Member

Population

The Flu

The Corona

Holy Pumps

Flower Quid

Ancient Ones

Mr Shaman

Monkey Remote

Debt vulture

they are giant and
fly the sky,
looking for debt to buy,
children emergency room visits,
gran mothers near heart attack,
ACA associated credit agency, inc,
soars on the updraft,
vultures eyes see for miles,
dancing in the glare of the sun,
the line between scavenger
and predator blurr,
life/death a means for birth,
feeding their chicks,
on other peoples toil,
fly like an eagle,
but laughter like crazy ones,
a projection of the issue,
of econo-reality,
(public debt is never private)
But debt vultures exist

Owning u

they think they own u,
when they can't even see their own peanut,
the beer gut got in the way,
the car didn't understand their heart attack,
their long ears just dragged on oil ground:)
yellow tobacco beard,

Our Church

first one must soak the sacrament in spirit,
my grandfather should have told me,
this is how our medicine cactus becomes more eternal,
never ask what the plant can do,
But rather what you must do to respect the plant,
our ancestors have to be proud,
only if we follow their legacy,
do not eat fruit from the artificial tree of knowledge the Roadman said,
that plastic net can only distort our animal,
finding oneself will become that much more difficult,
Remember ritual connects us to our ghosts

Pizza

For some this is rennet top fantasy,
Extra Beefy, porky, and manufactured
Fatty veined delight,
But for me this is the forest floor,
The mycelia fruiting familiar comfort,
Tomatoes conquered to be taken home to claim as your own,
And mixed with olives to become European,
So many pizzas pop out of the forest,
Capitalize on when still mysterious,
Nuttiness hangs on pinion pines,
Meat of the land,
Pizza of the mind
An old friend sworn to a secret
History can be stolen,
This Time we reclaim our rites,
Mushroom gravy, girl
Kaelen Delcastillo

Raveyote

Ceremony replaced with universal techno anthems,
Uniqueness is a danger to fusion becoming homogeneous,
Icaro and Tarjos spliced with peyote song,
Lung drum connected water drum,
Water bird dance with humming bird,
Led Light gloves with beaded church rattle,
Palo santo mixed with white sage spirit,
Chonta swords replace Navajo staff,
Baptized in bath tubs of sacred aroma,
Betaine hydrochloride with cactus sacrament,
Menthol overriding tobacco offering,
Eagle feather fans in white hands,
Hand built with gathered spirit,
Pulsing led lights with divine candles,
Sage of seers under healers tongue,
Everclear essence of plant teacher,
Neo shamanic tradition born,
In our children's holy medicine,
Designer drug profit denied,
Ancient wisdom cared for,
Huichol deer beaded perfection,
Alcohol poured in gutters forever

Chemist facade of healer

Synthesized cash out of raw compounds,
pressed into one shamanic denying tablet,
Where were his songs?
Where were his dance?
He was a trademarked experience
No Mother Earth left
Rejection from this garden
Rolling in shining Audi
Mating dripping off him as well tailored complexion,
Back to the rooted hands
The drum is my heart
The medicine is of the earth
The church a reminder
To never forget
That sacred doesn't ask permission

Space Age Cultivation

Ode to the diode
NASA grown,
They funded the research,
To grow amazing plants in space,
Now Chinese back engineered,
In a basement shaman grow spaces,
Legalize space age,
Ode to the diode,

China

Manufacturers of the world,
Designer drugs by shulgin
and smart phones,
Led Grow lights and rave gloves,
Technology back engineered,
Silk panties and sexy nighties,
Sun glasses and fractal visors,
Oh China ,
The world pulses to u,
Glowing with your orb,
Strings in our everyday living,
Made in China used in America,
Denying always,
Your profound impact on our lives,
Oh China our everything,
Kaelen Delcastillo

Trophy Hunter

Why must that wildness be dead to be owned?
Slapped with nails to drywall,
Do u see your hands growing old ?
Don't u see the blink of your lifetime?
Why do u feel entitled to behave like this?
Your pompousness is bred like this ?
Your raising detached from your size,
Your children become apostles of small dog inbred ego,
Your gun quivering in cold hands not evolved for this place ,
Child soldiers in a big world,
Do u know how u look and who's looking at u ?
Next time the bullet will be flying towards u :)
And the rules bent in the wolves favor,
The fear making u lose control because u got a scared feeling about this !
Step up to the man plate and
Beware of his beef,
These are Cannibal thoughts,
Animals are of your relation don't forget

7 ways u know

-The path found u

Your mind was never fulfilled by the common dialog. There was a wonder in the natural that was sacred. From this glory u forgot judgement and became part of the dance.

-Your ritual grounds u

These rituals are as ancient as they can be new. They have ancient wisdom but also your own personal journey. Through this rituals the object are blessed with spiritual power to become grounded in your place.

-One Prays to Sacrament

The ritual is nothing without the belief that plants and fungus have a sacred place in life. Sacrament is usually not man made or very old in growing time. These qualities make the shaman feel blessed to partake of their special spirit. Third is belief

-The songs have to be sung

As the ritual progresses the songs come forth. They tell the story of our healing and medicine. The song must be passed on to your children.

-One must live as they speak

The ritual, sacrament, and song should guide one on the healing path. As one heals the balance returns and meaning comes back. When one is healthy himself he can only truly heal others. Heal yourself before helping others

-Art is to worship the divine

Your voice and vision are only timeless through expression. These expressions become worship and serenity. Huichol art touches my heart even if I never have been in their ceremony

-Animals sing like we do

Once all of this is processed your own animal begins to sing into your life. Mine is a squirrel and their song is so expressive. Their planning for winter comforting and ingenious.

When we sing life moves in the dance around us. There are so many different songs that animals sing. The healer knows the most sentimental of animalness. The sacrament is drawn in the shamans palm as a part of his being. Is the shaman sacred or the sacrament? I believe that the sacrament make me sacred. My sacred bird gifted me these feathers in my peyote fan. Blessed is her medicine in my life.

Shallow

Sex is like a poem,
Everyone can write,
But how unique and sensual is yours,
Teasing and fleeting,
Warm breath on her neck,
Cosmic journey to the sacred clown,
From which we come forth,
Indescribable,
But we try to remember together,
Fingerprints inside square boxes,
Left as a record of our moments,
So poetry isn't granted it is earned,
Felt and believed,
Cherished and worried about,
Image, and games only last until
You are alone again,
And only your voice is heard,

ode to Alcohol

U have so much spirit,
U condense the spirit into a resin,
Striping the very essence,
The very meaning of the sacrament,
The vision sings,
Oh alcohol great spirit,
U clean my dirty wounds,
Your refreshment make us reborn,
Into out of balance elephants,
Spirit u can destroy me or save me,
Heal me or vomit on me,
All is in your use,
Your intention is unclear,
Why are u here? Why do u make strange noises in a bottle?
Can spirit contain all the crying?
U never go bad everclear,
So clear to me

Oh Morel

Once I did dream of finding u,
Then we paid to buy a few,
They tasted so amazing,
The lust was there,
When the sickness came as a surprise,
Questioning so much of life,
U came out like u did in,
Now eating u seem quite insane,
Morel u haven't changed,
But stayed the same,
My heart is the one that has changed,
Now the dreams are not the same

Ceremony

Trash is a state of mind,
Healing is an idea,
Scapegoats are always an escape,
Religious rite are worth defending,
This is liberty we sing of,
These are our memories of the sacred,
They aren't yours to own,
To replicate, reproduce, patent
These are theological ideas being born to heal ourselves,
To comfort us when we see short sightedness in humanity,
Healing is an idea ,
Our very own revelation,
This culture is mirror by us,
And we create our sanctions,
Only because the creator show us the light inside,
Did song vibrate from our chest?
Did we marry the moment ?
Our ritual being perfected,
Yes and then again yes,
We did and will do so forever,
Teaching of the Sacrament,
To the needing of those who seek,
Blessing be thy name,
San Pedro water drum,
kaelen Delcastillo

pretty clowns

clowns told me I would be back,
Begging in pain,
They always tend to hired pretty clowns to run the phones,
To clean those teeth,
And I was an untouchable,
Beneath them,
Stained by this sugar cultures ways,
Bought back by capital,
By polish and diamond drills,
Resins and gold crowns,
Pretty clowns to mislead u,
To never look at why they drill,
What eats a cavity in the western soul,
Phytic acid stagger,
The pain God really only laughs at u through,
Tests your faith that u can heal,
But u can heal pretty clown!
The obsidian canyon or the ivory barnacle,
Sharp smiles other can't see,
And I won't be back because
Unkle Harry's secret has got my back,
Pretty clown We won't forgot,
That is why they are pretty clowns,
not to be taken seriously, only laughed at...

Sterilize

You cut on the spirit of romance,
Cutting her beautiful orchid,
Changing the artists canvas,
Leaving u rich with diploma,
With liability waived, for lawsuits
You cut through what u never inspired,
U cut through what u don't even know,
This left the spirit strange and
Unpredictable,
U are to blame,
For your godly clumsiness,
U turn lover into surgeon,
Through some else's henchmen,
U cannot be forgiven for the permanent,

Alone

U are alone because u feel alone,
We aren't truly alone,
But all the borders and wall and
Fences,
They imprint our mind,
They detach,
They Disconnect,
Us from everyone else,
Not human but other animal,
We grid this beautiful place into a
Circuit board,
Then wonder of our detachment,
It's almost funny but too serious,

V

The doctors said it was simple,
They said it was for their marriage,
For the planning of family,
But that wasn't the gleam in his eye,
For now he was free to roam,
First the spouse left and then,
Then the women came,
For many reasons,
Some had to be the money,
Others the careless abandon,
Some simple daddy issues,
But when the aids arrived,
When they fell off like flies,
Well that's about denial time,
No one blamed the v and the doctors
Who made him need no parachute,
No air mat to divert his fall,
Think before u vact-

Sacrament us

The bluedeer taught us to eat peyote,
The Waterbird transported her seeds,
In the morning stars,
The lessons are from nature in this ceremony,
The half moon alter fused with the mesa of San Pedro,
The spirit making this all eternal,
Cure yourself and your people,
For this sacrament will not change your skin color red,
But change your healing,
Your connection,
Make the Waterbird and bluedeer
Our relatives,
They can teach us to sing once more,
Like Eden again,

The Kiss

Frozen in time,
The way u kissed me,
Before the downsizing,
And broken ivory,
That need more hrs to give u coverage,
Plexi glass between us,
For safety only ,
To spare us from feeling,
From breathing the same air,
So angry u cry,
Against this gold leach society,
Profiting from healing,
That kiss was everything
And temporary,
Just as powerful

illegal poem

Poetry is anyone's confession booth,
The illegal poem is your privacy,
Encrypted with your culture,
This culture on the run,
The poem sings of that culture,
Praises the sacred,
A Tombstone for your ceremony,
In the middle of the neon city,
Poems are blank for a reason,
The secret hides in the void,
But the reflection of the divine is undeniable,
Poems are confessions,
And some are righteous ,
Rite for us

Your Control

Anger is like a noose the shaman said,
Don't struggle to control,
Learn to describe,
That which expressed fractals,
On your mandalas eye,
Learn to respect the power of bending,
To seeing the straight as curved,
The broken unfixable,
The hole too small to climb through,
But air is so fresh
That hole is the only way to freedom,
Climb for it u desperado!
The freedom of ritual is alive

The Shaman in Us

Death is an essential Ritual,
Life's greatest ritual aside from birth,
Dancing and journeying,
Sing to the moments, in the moment,
Your death isn't leaving us to worry,
But reminding of shamans of old,
The ancient rituals that need no permit, Authority or kingdom,
Death gives u what life took away,
Shows u what matters,
Or should matter,
Ritual is the common thread,
To beautify creation,
Coloring grey with shades of blue and purple,
Green edges and halos,
Heart like water drum echo through caves,
A mystery like death itself,
Memories comforting us,
The shaman in us,

Kid Kingdom

There was a child on that throne,
Making kingdom decisions,
Making child prisons,
Repressive schools,
So many economic rules,
There was a child on that throne,
Playing with dangerous tools,
U too came from,
Before u knew,
How love ruled reality's jewelry,
There was a child on that throne,
But now there is none,
Off to grow up,
Forget his reign,
Dancing once again,

Man Boy Fire

Building the truck from petroleum,
Forged the frame with coal,
Running that fire on fuel,
On blood of the earth,
Giving that fire as manhood,
Adult independence,
Centralized but shippable,
That rite of passage,
Out ran every cheetah,
Made your mind transport,
To dream of aromatic petro,
Filling your manhood,
And truck with hope,
Only to see yourself giant,
In a tiny bottle,
Now trapped to drown
With everything metallic,
Heavy with metal,
But still professionally painted

Twenty Seven Days to Sabina

Wasson heard tales of mushroom rituals,
And met her son at the hotel cash register,
She showed him her sacred side,
Her el ninos,
He stole from her to further himself,
His circles,
But in that disgrace,
Spores spread worldwide,
And Kerr jars turn white as wedding dresses vermiculite,
Blue and purple Fungi in warm wet places,
Sabina knew the message of ceremony,
But her message is 27 days away,
From every pressure cooker,
And rice cake fusion,
Asian as all get out,
Organic certified too,
But sacred as always,
Maria Sabina is alive through her song and ceremony,
Now a criminal worldwide,
But not enforced in Oaxaca,
For natives that is ,
Sacred music of injustice,
Against her little children

Water

One can give as much light as can be
Created, and without water,
Everything dies,
But with water there is lushness,
Vitality, and breath,
The physical light is the gospel,
And holy water is nature,
Nature is water and nothing without sacred water,
Tides of the mind,
The universe condition to drink,
And be born from water

Marriage of sun and moon

We started with passion,
Still Holding each other close,
But forgetting our youthfulness,
That was swimming through us,
Maybe that is nature,
The nature of age,
But I will always be twenty nine in my
Mind with a condom virginity to break,
And u will always be my one to protect forever
because that fool didn't know what he had,
Twenty nine and unaware of creations pleasure with u

The Dentist

When u get to the root of the matter,
When u understand the dental scam,
The rage that builds from this extortion,
From this rolls Royce affair,
Turning teeth into diamonds,
Care into dollar signs,
Plexiglass between the pain,
Payment plans and annoying friendly loan shark calls,
When u realize there were no native dentists,
And that grain is mostly to blame,
Cleaning has so very little to do with acidity,
And alkalinity save your tusks,
From the poaching dentist,
And his gold sparkling eyes,
Forgetting his humanity,
For posh social status,
Where the untouchables shine his shoes,
And his teeth shine gold

Green Dragon

Frozen ice cubes and frosty flowers blended,
Green dragon blessing,
Vitamixing frothy frap,
Until the medicine precipitates out,
Strained through mesh,
And warmed up,
Milking that green dragon,
For natures medicina,
All over the bathtub,
Growsun water bags,
And flexible puddy knife,
Titan owl Metal cork screw press,
Green dragon blood everywhere,
Clean up before preschool pick up,
Stored With prop spirit forever,
Sublingual and powerful,
Healing

I am not a potato

Deep inside there is so much meaning,
Without these yearnings for psychedelic ceremony,

Life is potato,
Nothing happening in your tuber,
Solid flesh firm to the grip,
Dense potato,
Stop it all you potatoes!
Stop burning your fuel,
Planting your petro fields

Laugh Therapy

Laugh Therapy

The most complex of techniques,

So very thought through,

The thought was simple,

Laugh therapy to lighten the mood,

To laugh at every over controlling police of the mind,

the funny police,

Turning them into a joke,

A party favor,

First the laugh starts in ones gut,

Maybe a beer gut but hopefully a non alcoholic six pack,

Then the rumble spreading to cackle,

And howling sore jaw,

This technique of comedy,

Can crush any wall for we will

Let it inside ourselves,

Laughter is king, phd,

Or ceo of u,

Just laugh it's natural,

don't fight the funny,

Vacuum Dancer

What is my purpose?
If not to suck up this dirt,
Like cocaine leaves a mirror,
As snow falls on this mountain,
So far from South America,
As weekends are embarked upon,
Talked about and laughed over,
That dirt laid there,
Waiting for me ,
Like a bride wanting deflowering,
Sweet my that is an image,
So clean and dust free,
Vacuum dancing to the beat,
Illegal shamanism in my soul,

Latex Lined Heart

I'll just wrap this heart in latex,
So I don't have to ever truly connect,
So we can dance as if life isn't risk,
As if we don't have to be together,
Like there is a frost in the air but
The harvest was amazing,
So our children never have to puzzle,
Over what wasn't workable,
Wrap that heart in latex for all the broken families that really do love each other not all at once,
Like shattered care that hurts u to touch,
That is what we do for protection of the soul,
So that the risks are calculated,
Go to a well rated skydive school for sure,
Smart moves are slick,

The Death of Fleas

Remembering when nude modeling for sculpture and my flea bite started leaking,
Those dogs next door and the carpet that jumps,
Movement under ones feet ,
Bathtubs to escape to,
Drown them all,
chemical sprayers with
cancerous names,
then,

Neem out their thirsty existence,
Run I am God,
neem Conquers all,
Oil spill

The One

Streets smell of liquor,
It's legal child remember that,
But that doesn't mean she is a soulmate,
Staggering and hollering,
Smeared make up and lipstick,
That wasn't her,
She was my illegal shawoman,
A partner in righteous crime,
Injust laws in the first place,
To outlawing healing,
But she healed herself,
And the power made her so sexy,
Sacrament sensuality,
To me and our universe,
Our colorful spiral,
Natural and connected,
To our earth,
Our home,
We became everyone's healing,
And cherished one another in
Life's ceremony,
She was my soul wife and
Her husband was all I ever dreamt to be made 4,
Singing sacred songs to the pharmacy authorities,
Together holding hands,

Mushroom Horse

My bike is my horse,
My horse is my culture,
And bike gets me the mushrooms,
That feeds that culture,
That place,
White man,
Cuts those trees for a fee,
And sell the lots by the piece,
The bicycle my Land kayak,
Basket on my back,
Leaves in my hair,

Money

Just a number!,
A unit ever shifting,
Changing with population,
With real world servitude,
With selling this place to ourselves,
At a bargain that makes bald heads,
Rich- with private property signs,
We sell the sacred to the swine,
In troughs of fake gold,
And who owns anything anymore?,
When more people think it's theirs,
To pave into nothing,
But the dead stories,
Everyone said not to talk about,
In positive dinner company,

The Death Trap

Open your eyes a little wider,
this is no time for sleeping,
That auto ran the red light!
And u bought a death trap,
Everyone said your trap was reliable,
Now they have the can opener out,
trying to save you from your fuel,
Your fear builds from the fire,
And u bought a death trap,
Your parents loved the color too,
The can opener just failed,
The burns are 3rd degree by now,
Gas fire spreads fast,
If only you had an electric trap,
Fire would have been less likely,

House Hold Curandero

Pressure cookers for making jam,
Same as psychedelic cakes,
Kerr jars same as for fruit,
And psychedelic rice cake steam,
Plastic storage crate perfect,
For clean spring box,
Vacuum same as none sexual carpet,
Used effectively as reverse hepa filter,
Syringes same as iv addicts,
Also psychedelic blue cakes,
Rice same as asian dish,
Blue psychedelic cakes fuzzy with growth,
Rubbing alcohol same as going blind,
Sterilizes hand for psychedelic cakes,
Spring forth....
Honey bee add sweetness to life,
And preserve blue holy children

Roadman

What will u have accomplished?

Well.....

Not driving their oily nightmare,

Skipping the drink for sacrament,

Tongued that sage,

Questioned their logging for sprawl,

Their pipe in the earth,

Well...

Accomplishment isn't forgetting your womb,

Forgetting your people,

For card keys and private decks,

Plexiglass in the soul,

Accomplishment is being different from the mass,

Your own hymn,

The only one that yours,

Created first in your mind,

Then your mesa,

Alters come alive,

U accomplished the cactus roadman

Blessing Lesson

The medicine is only as powerful as the ceremony,
The lesson to ceremony is a template,
The form, even spiritual style,
The blessing to boredom,
The specialness of the unexplainable,
Medicine so core shakingly undeniable,
That was the lesson of blessing,
Together with water

Beef Mind

Pushed into cars,
Strapped down to a mortgage,
Humming a free song,
Following the liquors society,
And steering clear of ciggy vices,
Those were the wild days,
Of dreaming thoughts that were fantasy,
Dangerous to the boring,
To the cattle migration,
Without Electric guidance,
Don't do the moo,
That is one step from slaughter,
And beef bellies jiggling,
Greasy with suet

Big head

Have u fought those ancient trees without chainsaw?
Chased that bear without man cannon ?
Harpooned that giant without missile tips?
Have u even flown without oily exhaust?
Or Raced blacktail deer for meat?
U got a big head that imagines,
Now it's time to act,
Your own size,

Shaman Horn

She was my everything,
My female reflection,
Of why life is ment to be lived,
And what beauty can be,
But the years made our love a chore,
Made the cherishing less,
And now everything seems selfish,
As if I am a rapist,
As if only my needs matter,
When,
My heart bleeds for injustice,
In slashing living natural Beauty,
As if an animal can be forced to bow,
Control nothing more this insecurity,
The earth our servant,
Never can my painting be controlled,
Can my message be altered,
Caring for souls is my way,
And rape is for the profane and miserable,
For the unfeeling, they raped our
Mushroom forest can't u see,
Now ghosts mushroom friends,
We had special times,
That good father swung a chainsaw singing, cutting down the invisible,
Just as...
Tears built up behind the eyes to hear
My soulmate see me that way...

Self Hate

Your hatred of soul,
Was taught to u young,
By the pure ones,
Who pass gas with a trumpet mute,
losing their mating dance,
Hating their origins,
Teaching that seemed normal,
But the cracks of repression,
Couldn't hold back the orgasm,
Leaking into your eye lids,
Into your vision of passion,
For that is where we all squirt from,
Only to meet your medicine animal,
The one that taught u to love your pleasure,
Your vessel to that experience,
Your lense to see light,
Pleasure is that light,
And anyone who tells u different,
Needs to look into a loving mirror,
They hate themselves

The child of conformity

It is now time to step up,
To the econo plate,
Consider the future,
And get your head out of imagination,
Out of that uniqueness,
Into conformity,
Into the American Dream,
The consumer dream,
Agricultural eyes, and white fences,
No more personal growth,
Only providing,
The Milk of conformity,
Ideas like a grid,
The same as the next,
be careful with visionary shamanism,

The Cough

The feeling was glass shards,
Uncontrollable tickling,
No optimism,
And Only cold air,
Smoke would burn in these lungs,
Coughing and laughing,
Painful recallings,
From free lung screams,

Peyote of Marriage

Beauty in Maturity,
Flowers close at night,
Age directly connected,
To this cactus spiral,
1 century,
Of hot days,
1 century of cool nights,
Cut down in seconds,
What took years to grow,
Hiding there,
Still the lining to your heart,
To the ritual in all of us,
We had the peyote of marriage,
The whispering touch from the inside,
Only few can hear,
And years to create,
The moments to remember,
Who we are,
And what we are,
The peyote of marriage

Benzo the Oily Clown

There is a clown named benzo,
We can't see his face,
benzo came from oil,
Actually it is the memory,
That is forgotten,
And if that benzo could just be recalled,
The world could move on,
But that clown is the memory,
And your memories are clowns,
And that doctor made off with
Profits,
You forgot about,
Benzo was your friend,
A friend against fear,
Now u don't even remember

Smokey Crystal Shaman

I wasn't born this way,
Somewhere we learn to think,
That isn't god given but earned,
Through this,
All this indescribability,
We became ourselves,
No can ever change that,
This is the comedy police,
Sadness clown,
And never forgotten crystal shaman,
We are the reflection of life we have lived,
The life that is ment to live,
In order to heal our soul again,

Cannibal psychiatry

Why do I worry about the cannibals at the mental institution?
Because they will eat themselves for a dollar,
Taste themselves and delight,
Their mind eats minds,
There will be diagnosis,
They benefit in everyway,
From the sickness making their cushion chairs,

Hate

I hate drinking alcohol,
Just as hateful towards rich phytic dentists,
The mean that gleams,
When the liquor streams,
The gems of teeth,
Cashed in on regularly,
The trick of poison convincing,
U can drive all over that road,
Ripping molars out of poor people,
Who just want to sign up a payment plan,
To be free,
From pain of the conquers flour grain,
Native dentists in Authentic regalia,
Your liquor and my teeth,
Aren't part of the plan,
Alkaline teeth and alkaline cactus,
White teeth and alcohol empowered

Jeffery

Jeffery sessions wants u to not use medicine,
Not even admit it is medicinal,
But at least that Jeff isn't Epsteining
Your teenage daughter,
Or eating on her flesh like Dahmer,
Not using cannabis just crazy,
Not Jeff Bridges either,
Laughing at those rules,
Or Bezos style of Amazon empire,
Nothing Like unofficial counselor Jeff,
Jeffery Bronfman supplies the yage,
So many Jeffs so different really,
The name Jeffery is the only commonality,
Don't judge Jeff by his covering,
But the content inside

Vaporizer Eagle

Framed in clear windows,
U sit there watching the world,
With those giant lens eyes,
Zooming in,
And I grind,
Purple Peace herbs,
In your regal presents,
That tree your thrown,
That mountain your crown,
Those winds harsh on your whiteness,
The branches dance,
To the eagle vaporizer,
The blue led healing,
To their violence,
Oh sweet eagle,

The Crack

I love that crack,
That crack with rocks,
The vacuum bouncing those
Rocks down my pipe,
Only to weight me down,
I love that crack,
The one that society denies,
The rocky road,
Without the rocks the vacuum dance is nothing,
The dance would die,
And the crack would be dirty,
Stepped on and stepped over,
I love that crack,
Clean crack is everything,
To this vacuum dancer,

They Don't Deserve U

They way Catholicism takes your children,
When the shame was in creation,
Dogmatic dogs masks,
My sacrament stains their facade,
Into more beautiful colors then repression,
Into a ritual so ancient it doesn't have to lie or fabricate,
Mystery is mystery, sorry
And colorful costumes aren't content,
Content is real,
And doesn't have to brag,
Just dance to the pulse,
Maybe Enhance our mother,

Medicine Life

One man's paradise,
Is another man's hell,
Trapped in the remeanal,
When your dreams are in the stars,
If every cocaine line was your coca tea,
Every methbulb your khat quid,
Every clubdrug was all night sacrament dancing,
If every chronic pain suffer ran through poppy red and smell floral smells dehydrating,
If every bit of kiddy coke was coca leaf,
If every window pane was spored by your own hand,
If getting rich wasn't called healing,
And all these doctors would have to learn how to grow,

The Petro Dream

Chemists learned of the artificial
Dreamscapes of petroleum,
And put down a generation,
Of the thinkers,
Into beds of denial,
Our petro culture,
Acting like one journey makes u
A shaman,
Bragging rights to the vain,
the world disrespected in your sleep,
Missing the purpose,
Of this sacred healing,
These rites that are your compass,
To the powerful mean,
Inside of this water spiral,
Of light u slept through,

Little She

Would she still be her,
If we hadn't been?
No my love she would be black,
Red or yellow,
Any color of humanity's beautiful rainbow,
Beet red with rage toward development,
yellow balance with the Tao,
Or black with rhythm,
That sweet fast beat,
Decentralized and empowering to all,
Not just the electrified,
But now that she is,
Germanity and Phillipina,
She is the fuse of two worlds,
Brought together by spirit and
Medicine to heal ourselves,
That is who she came from,
Through the eclipse of souls

My Castle

See they give me the keys to their castle, and then turn her over to me,
With chipped card,
And donut children,
Greasy with petro sweat,
To Dance through her,
To manscape on the Downlow,
Manscape free zone,
But my castle sings silence,
Scream eternity through strange electronic pulsing music,
The rave gloves strobbing,
In the most unexpected places,
Under the most unexpected protection,
With keys to the castle

Golden Custard Hair

All that wealth all based on that lucky
Custard golden hair,
Puffy, plumes, bounce,
To hip shaking,
As the wallet comes out,
Stuffed with cash,
Fat with entitlement,
Custard hair can do anything,
To anyone and anytime,
Fluff untouchable,
Content absent,
Density not there,
But fluff unlimited,
Golden custard forever,
Senior citizen cage fighting

Wiseman or Criminal?

I love an Ounce of wild more than an ounce of gold,
And they destroyed the mining equipment with relief,
Threw away their designer chemicals for ancient sacrament,
So what profit isn't there?
Trade u salmon for logs,
Liquor for peace flowers,
Old boring suits,
For free flowing silk,
Doesn't matter what they say,
They were drunk anyway,
When they wrote the alcoholic laws,
And drank the blood of their savior,
Wiseman or criminal?
We will see with time,
Who laughs the last,
And sings the best,
to powerful soul medicine

C Section Salvation

The doctor said c section was needed now,
But how do we know?
To trust this money grabber,
Playing on your fear of death,
When socialize medicine has the same birth death rate,
And one third the surgery,
Tell me how that is safety?,
For a price,
That's not safety at all,
Some Not even necessary,
But a quite valuable racket,
Cha Ching, dollar sound imported
Digitally,
giving kudos to those benefiting

Enviro Shaman

Man can be healed,
And so can the land,
But if u don't care u can poison yourself,
Through the land,
And pollution smiles profitable grins,
Die selling diesel,
Oily grandchildren,
Smell of benzene hugs,
And Mercury kisses,
Pumped from secret pipes,
With no identity only dollar signs,
And bar codes

Clandestine Church

This church use to be legal,
Until cia testing became perverted,
Until they turned us clandestine,
Until they forgot the constitution,
And the est. of sacrament religion,
Or ancient medicine men in cages of cash,
This is our church u ask?
Yes and it still clandestinely ours,
Our granchildren's and their children's,
And there isn't much to change that,
This church should be legal,
That why it's the first amendment,
And unconstitutional to outlaw faith

The Vacation

Where do they come from?
It doesn't even matter,
We deal with things when we return,
For now it's leisure,
Entertainment and resort,
Cabin and fresh towels,
Bathrobes and beach slippers,
Strong cologne and quick sale pitch,
Duty free and wrap by our staff,
Blending in with locals only so well,
Dreaming of going home
And get back to reality

This Culture

It may be the way u see life,
Or maybe the rules u play by,
But the story u were born into-
Painted humans as important,
And the rest of life our servant,
the earth as well

The Cactus Handler

The sacrament was locked in a cage,
Behind three locks actually,
To keep people out,
And protect that which is taken to extinction,
He was told by the department,
The one that issued the permits,
The same department that permitted,
The over harvesting for decades,
As a way to kill the native ceremony,
And make a few dollars on granfathers,
Older then the agents themselves,
The cactus handler,
The department let him save a few to remember,
What they murdered and never cultivated,
Or taught the next generation grow,
Ghost dancing children

Medieval Dingles

In the medieval times
no one bathed,
Dingleberries were common place,
For no one could cut back there,
It was a no human zone,
And all they needed was bathing technology

The Blessing way

When they say u feel the sacrament,
They mean u feel inside a cactus growing,
Healing the parched earth into neon blue granparents,flowering in the darkness,
The stars are so much brighter,
The ceremony is beginning,
Don't u dare miss out,
This why u were put here,
To speak, sing and dance,
To break apart walls of plexiglass,
Because I can see u suffer still,
Even if I can't hear u,
My soul sees your pain,
U sent me a fax,
Didn't hear the machine in the shower,
But the pain was just as real,
That is authority
Our blessing is our life

Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time,
he was a shaman for his people,
Now he lay on the pavement,
Shwasted and ossified,
Fossilized and bloached,
Hosed, lampshaded and munted,
Where was he from?
Torqued and turped,
So honkeyed and pished,
He never got sea legs,
Only Scunnered, shellacked, and sea captained,
Thunder hawked, thunder beared,
With the all that thunderbird bottled,
Dancing on the ceiling,
Snuteful, guppard, whaled,
And knackered,
All the meaning,
Written off,
Blitzed, he was full as a tick,
Ginned up and mustached,
Cucumbered and dickard,
Forgotten about,
Plastered, phasered, and paralytic,
The sauce monster,
Shikkered, shnotchered, and soaked,
Drunk as a skunk,
Embalmed, and sloshy,
He lay there,
His fault for sure,
No responsibility,
That store has no liability-

The Purple Headed Warrior Judge

The court judge and his dangler,
Were shriveled indeed,
his power so absolute never justified,
People hated him and his righteousness,
Fat paychecks insulate his world view,
Even his children knew he was a John Thomas, a manhood, or meat Popsicle,
They pretend to love him but he loved power,
And unjust power at that,
Corrupt and taking,
Ruthless, arrogant,
But the homeless man roadside knew the judge was a pork sword,
He couldn't hide he was a Russell love muscle,
All those years of bad courting,
In that unjust system left him with the look,
The boloney pony look,
The kind one can't wash off,
Deep in his core,
Everyone knew he was a bald headed yogurt slinger,
Pure 100 percent beef thermometer,
That judge was an example of injustice,
Dingus, ding dong, and a pink tractor beam,
With nice house

The Mystical Fold

We all came back from the furry furnace,
From Buffalo gums,
And temple of poon,
Engrained into that Serpent socket,
Owing so much to our home wookie,
Without the love glove or the holiest of holies, We have no future,
So much so we are indebted to the dove breast, We sing unto to mound of Venus,
Praise the Python syphon,
Be grateful for every pink cookie,
Boy in a canoe, or thresher,
U owe the flesh tuxedo,
This enchilada of love,
From that pearl hotel u were,
Produced from the pink portal,
That axe gash of perfect mingus,
The hot tamaki walk,
Your silk funnel was ready,
This lap flounder was the grandest canyon,
But was also the crave cave,
The cooter muffin,
the pink panther,
And peters glove,
We never called her pachinko, ponchita, or vidgie,
Only the pink panther and sometimes the Velcro love triangle,
Camarillo Brillo,
These are names for the same flower,
We come from

The Columbia River

Wanting to get rid of the natives,
We'll kill off their food,
End them faster if u add in some booze,
The dam or the chinook u choose,
Children are babes in the battle,
The reason to live but the eyes that
Will judge,
Milk of the mind,
Fat of the land,
Oils of this earth,
Heal this societies damages,
To our heart,

The Stream

The stink won't change the sacred nature,
Of those salmon coming to die,
The life's mission being central,
To that nose filled stench,
It isn't lovely but it was alive,
zombie salmon parts fall off,

Mother

U not being there was the foundation to distrust,
To the emptiness and coldness,
And everything,
Absolutely every story,
Every doubtful moment,
Every Flash back is to that distrust,
To give u strength,
That this is all rite,
Birth R.I.T.E
And how dare they,
Try.....
To take away,
The only healing,
Creator gave us,
To love each other holy,
With their deformed ideas,
They will kill our mother,
Who's veins give salmon,
We were made of the salmon

chainsaw Man

He raped that forest,
Owned the logged land,
And called himself God,
His Name was nature,
He was disabled and
Brain damaged from the car accident,
Had claimed to have both female and male parts,
And was molest as a child,
All reasons he had to cut down the forest,
Build that fantasy low income housing,
Charity, helping,
And he had never heard of hoqulam,
The hunger for wood in native tongue,
Or wild mushrooms as soul food,
only as a drug-he can't explain,
That is our earth the mother,
That was the animals home,
And those kind of eye sores,
Makes shaman cry,
He grabbed his chainsaw,
And chased me,
Screaming faggot,
And gasing his chainsaw,
Faggot, I will kill a faggot and only get two years jail,
he screamed as his ran by the saturday bbq visitors down the road
Thankfully Leaving those letters,
About sadness over raping our earth in his Postal box,
late friday.....

Taser poem

Taser poem

His hair went frizzy,

The fear was gone,

That spark sounded like it left a burn,

His arm locked and his body flopped,

1,000,000 volts of non lethal,

How could it have come to this?

The human electric eel,

All those threats and arm swinging,

Zip tie submission,

Bear spray,

And your not even a bear,

But hair went frizzy

Foolishness

With her blond hair, tall figure and Blind optimism,
She dreamed she sucked down,
Micro pills with a bit of mescaline, Which was a synthetic fantasy,
Mescaline never reaching those sweaty dance floors,
Cheaper and more potent synths took the place of cactus years ago,
But she dreamed a diluted idea,
The kind that only the naive can afford,
The ideas that cause brain damage,
And htp 5 lesions,
Teeth grinding and lock jaw,
Chewing a binky,
She ate those shuglin Chems thinking she was in the know,
That is foolishness clearly,
still so kind hearted

Our Way

I was never criminal but always the shamanic path, The transportation of light, This technology of NASA, These fusion of worlds, Ancient and futuristic, The marriage of the sun and moon, The blue squirrel and his land kayak First there were the Catholics, Then the CSA controlled substance act, Then the Dea, With violence they stole liberty, And with sacrament we wash that all away, Sacrament forever sweet child

The Fantasy

It took seven years to watch erotic films around me,
Telling me about trips in the hotel watching,
Wondering about her fantasies,
Wanting to be there to see her arousal,
To satisfy the imagination,
Feeling her moisture,
And swelling pearl,
Turn pointy with climax,
To taste her passion,
Her pink butterfly,
And explore with her,
our sexual vistas,
That is my fantasy - lived

Golden shutdown

Two years ago was distant memory in baja,
Now it was shutdown and there was only one golden custard hair to blame,
All cap no stem,
see these hands,
There's nothing wrong down there,
Now the vacuum dance in lonely,
And office look like gravestones,
With pictures of happy family probably wanting to end it all,
Custard hair bought burger for champions- he paid
All kitchen staff were gone,
And their wives didn't have salads

Italian

The mafia was once all Italian,
They didn't ride Italian bicycles either,
Not like myself who won't have it any other way,
But Italian,
German led diodes with Italian grow glasses,
Mason jars from Italy,
Porcino from the forest,
Baskets from Duluth,
But An Italian bike to get me there,
Their spaghetti would be proud,
The Granma's are cheering,
For the porcino

This Frack in my Heart

There are now fracks in my heart,
The oil guy wore a cowboy hat,
Great parent:)
And thinks his tech is a gift from up high,
He drilled fracks in my heart,
100 thousand times,
In less then 10 years,
8 day to each wound,
Never missed a Sunday,
Those are the fracks in our heart,
And he wears a cowboy hat,
But drinking our water its flammable,
Shale dance to your truck

Governor clear cut

Pennsylvania missed him,
When he came to clear cut the Alaskan Tongass,
Then he made his offspring half
Native,
As he promoted mining nature,
Leaching arsenic, cyanide, lead
And cadmium,
Into hawk inlet,
With his chainsaw he cut senior services,
And Education of all kind mainly environmental,
Governor clear cut -
Hurt Alaska already and now he
Has a veto pen

Nino Santos

Some have called them flesh of gods,
Some say sterilization is a godly temptation,
A cleansed path to mushroom reward,
Some say they heal souls,
And other worried about soldiers desire to fight,
Or truth agents,
But to me the little holy children,
Are part of the garden of eden,
Sparkling in sabinas eyes,
Blue staining, purple,
Shiny and silvery,
Nor good nor bad,
Just webs of interconnection,
To the mother,
And her musical singing

Student loan

You've got poachers,
And dentists,
Slave drivers and
Bankers -
Students in debtors prison,
Orange hair in hot tubs,
In vacation house tax write offs,
When I need in this world is beans,
When my art is the meaning,
And humanity is doubted,
And your Ferrari has a scratch,
And my rain jacket zip is broken,
That tree laughed at u,
Knows your grandiosity,
You computer chipped ape,
You plexiglassed zoo animal,
Unaware of your capture,
Your taming,
The lost of your instincts,
The bending of your will,
The bland flavoring,
Of your selling rarity,
Chaining yourself to ownership

Smokey vagina

She had a Smokey v jay jay,
Aged with smoke,
Curling towards the ceiling,
Low temperature preservation,
Winkles of combustibles
Liquid smoke,
BBQ Saturday's,
Alder flavored,
And delightful,
Smoke preserves almost anything

Kowee Creek

Chief Kowee loved her mouth,
The river and her majesty,
Salmon in her ripples,
Then the petro plant was built,
On the left bank,
And the electrical station on the right,
The clear cut logging up the hill,
And the cherry on top -
The septic tanks with the bog of stench,

and the car accident grave site with ski boots,
and rusted scooter- drinking at 22 swerving toward Kowee's bridge,
Those salmon are still trying to swim home,
And Chief Kowee is in the grave,
What would he think ?

The 3 -///::///:///:///))((0))

The three rites to life,
The right way to get there,
Three sides to a triangle - in carbon life,
Rites of intensification,

And to write this all down,
The priceless,
That beyond value,
Pure meaning

The Mushroom Member

She said his phallus looked like a Mario mushroom,
He described his hair as golden custard,
She said his member was all cap and no stem,
He said look at my hands I don't have a problem,
Then later,
Nancy said impeach him,
He said life is impeachy,
When u have a mushroom
For a penis,
And are the best lover in the history of the world,
And also the best prez too,
Don't disrespect my mushroom,
He turned red in the face,
Lied a few times,
And wrote her an angry note,
Remember My daughter is hot this prez would date her,
If it wasn't incest

Population

Who owns this planet?
If more drink from her water each year,
Does seniority or being rookie entitle you more?
Do we even need to take charge ?
Or let mating run it's course,
When the water runs out or the frack oil contaminates water,
Who gets to sell the oil?
To our thirsty selves,
And when the trees are pulped,
Who gets to flush them down the toilet?
How valuable will water be?
If it falls through ecoli tainted fingers,
And who get the luxury of meat?
When someone could eat the animal grain?
When glaciers melt who burns the last barrel of mercury laced oil?
All these population question,
Leave me scratching my groin,
Content with the animal urge,
Do we really own anything at all ?
When we just won't stop out growing

our shoes

The Flu

Where did u get it?
The factory farm or elementary school?
Now u got paper bags by the bed,
For vomit,
And grateful u can drink water again,
Stomach grumbling,
Flaccid flatulences stink,
Damn u flu

The Corona

U think of a beer,
U may think it has to do with pangolin or bat bbq,
But I'll tell u it's grocery plastic poncho and face mask time,
It can shut a country down,
And trap people on ships,
They even create the isolation gurney,
You've become a epidemic,
Health official shoot at u with an infrared temperature gage,
Super spreader,
Corona with a lime and a face
Mask -
We need a corona condom,
People are unsafe

Holy Pumps

See there are billions of people,
With even more billions of reasons,
For wanting to stay alive,
To love their kin,
But every person is just a pump,
Probably more because it's not always the first time,
Hundred of billions of pumps,
Spinning through space,
Trying to rule the moving world,
The changing tides,
And horizon sun,
Continuing to pump,
Love pumps and drunken ones
bonding pumps,

penis pumps,
And economical pumps,
gas pumps smell of petro,
Guilty pumps and holy pumps,
breast pumps,
fist pumps,
dumbell pumps,
Between bathroom pumps,
How many pumps will there be?
Before the pumping is done-

Flower Quid

Everyone always talks about swallowing medicine,
Or baking herbs into cookies,
But never the day they quided,
Under the tongue,
Above the sublingual duct,
Floating around,
Seeping into the brain,
And down the spine,
Sloshing the slightly cannabis alcoholic,
Flower extract with white peoples trying to pretend to be native,
This quid isn't talked about ,

Ancient Ones

Over population like hoarding,
Emotional and economic,
Why do u have to still mean so much?
There can't be a stereotype,
Because u are turtle's fingerprint,
U are a legacy to marriages,
Wrinkles like peyote's face,
And now u are packed into mobile morbid refrigerators,
And I got my fractal face mask,

Mr Shaman

They way that vapor rises from a crystal bassoon,
Twirling like the tongue of a dragon,
Thats right Mr,
Mr Shaman that is,
With fractal glasses,
And led gloves- discontent with
Laboratory substances,
When nature provides everything,
Mr shaman needs,
To Chanel that spirit,
pure spirit can flammable,
no exceptions,
Mr shaman

Monkey Remote

Big headed and fearing disease,
U are a golden haired monkey,
With a remote control,
not in control,
Your heart is removed to inject economics into your monkey hood,
You're Mario mushroom pornstar hotel tycoon,

trumping through forest,
Prez Golden monkey,
Hoaxing your way up to custard hair,
And gold crusted monkey remotes,
To your own internet world,
Available toilet side -
Your golden monkey thrown,
With even golder anus paper,
Take your golden hair,
Somewhere else no likes u here,
Dollar sign monkey,
Gold is for b vitamins,