

Pharaoh of the Dawn

Jason Lee Vancelette



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Dedication goes out to all of the people who's paths have crossed mine and whatever those crossroads taught us about each other . To open-minded readers and Light Warriors. Also to all of my family who extend way past the blood lines. The few to many people out of thousands that stay with me in one way or another forever. Those people should now who they are or if they don't they will once they read this dedication. This has been written over a spanse of time and is ongoing today.

Acknowledgement

Written from 1994 until the present. My writing has developed so much from the old days but it still deals with the same types of subjects. i believe in not holding back when I write. u don't worry about the effect it may have on the simple-minded or skeptical reader.

About the author

My name is Jason Vancelette. I live in Albuquerque NM where I have lived off and on my whole life. I have also lived in the Reno/Lake Tahoe area ,Kuaia, HI, all over California, and Southern Indiana if I ever move again it will be out of The US. I am the son of famous author Ellen Hopkins. Besides writing, I am also a business owner, deep tissue massage worker, healer, metaphysical consultant, dancer, and singer/songwriter.

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Lingering

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Pandemic

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Fall Into Tranquility

Tranquility has somehow caught back up to me

No longer am I living my life in fear

Still human-like

Still faltering

Forgiving myself this time around

This person who I am lately I have found to be quite suitable to dine on lobster and caviar

But, that is just not me

I would much rather drink cheap red wine from a water glass and eat peanut butter straight from the jar

All of the money I have earned has bought me what I have always had

The simplicities in life like eating out and being able to drive my own car

Somewhere in some tranquil dream, I must have been made aware enough to put all of these thoughts into words

I have returned to my peaceful loft nestled against the sacred mountainside near the sanctuary

A potpourri of bird songs can be heard all day and night

The demons from the nocturnal plateau have more than once shattered the solace here

Nothing could possibly taunt them into returning more than allowing myself to become engulfed again by the senselessness of human fear

My reality, more clear than ever before

All that lies in store is all dependent upon me

On wether or not I can force myself to adapt to all of this tranquility

My everything has every option for anything

Freedom rang it's bells for me long ago

I never have allowed myself to even notice the obvious

The Virgo fucked me over again

I won't pretend later on that it never took place

To me, it is a disgrace to be subjected to sweeping all the dust bunnies of my past underneath a Persian rug

A kiss and a hug cannot mend old wounds

The bullshit of yesterday cannot be let go of like a big bunch of helium balloons

People are like baboons sometimes

Fighting like madmen just for basic survival

The big long-awaited "arrival" is never going to come

They need to stop letting themselves succom to ancient, dogmatic hodge-podge

They must stop becoming the prey of trivial, mental espionage

Allow peace and serenity to inhabit your being for one brief moment

Even though you are still human, your entire view of yourselves could very well transform

Normality is only an opinion

You must not let another's end you back up where it all began, or your entire journey may indeed leave you with nothing left at all

Turn your backs to the shadows

Close your eyes

And fall...into tranquility....

10/19/2000

A Wasp In The Over-Shadow

*The truth, sought out and beckoned for
Pleading daily just for acknowledgement
Spewed forth blatantly upon the twisted tongue of something that was once something else
No courteous beating around of any bushes this time
A vacant rhyme filled with sorrow
Spat at my face by a llama of semi-possession
A grasshopper of abuse that flows like a fountain
The noose tightens around my lungs
My heart lets itself shatter, finally
Stung by the tragic reality that has pawed violently at the glass door , embedding clawed indentations all over its surface
An obvious mark of defiance
The refusal to uncover the admittance in spite of the fact that it all has been already exposed
I can hear his souls over-shadowing demise
I can hear the words that I have heard within me before
My entire core becomes numb
Such a naive, love-sickened bitch I have become
A sin upon myself
I have allowed myself to hide behind the trees that are now but only barren branches
Leaves dried...fallen...blown away...raked into piles and bagged
Trash
Lashing out time after time
No rhythm, no rhyme echoed then..
Now, I am poisoned by the sting of am angry wasp
The venom over-shadows my blood
Feeling physically everything that I am seeing in spirit right here before me
It was a natural instinct, then, to merge
But, I will never be so asinine again
Bending the energy of this realm with the clandestine power of my will, born unto me
Granted to me the moment my soul chose this shell
The wasp may have stung me but I wont become another moron who has fallen from the grace of myself, NOT !!
An insect will not be what forces love to die*

Not even one that can penetrate and fly in synchronicity

This over-shadow that rests upon my partners over-sexed temple

The sorcery continues barking out incoherent bantering in a gleeful attempt to see my torment

The wasp made its move already, came in for the kill

It fucked the living shit out of me and I never even parted my legs

Its tiny corpse lies bent and flailing, slightly

Soon to become as still as the night that surrounds us

Now something gnaws at my jugular

No empathy as it forces me to repent for his deceit

From the seat of the wisdom of the soul, I shall conquer this spectre

Never to listen to it repeat this nonsense again

Never

Victory above the over-shadow is now my main endeavor

I will begin by performing the proper requiem for the poor little wasp

A relaxing, easy ritual for I, the witch

I will then feed its body to the fucking bitch who thought she could wriggle her way in

If she had knocked on my door more politely and greeted me correctly in my home, so much more pleasant her evening could have been

Oh well, she'll get what she gets because this is what happens when a bitch tries to tamper with one of my men

Now, she is free to dissipate into thin air

Poof, she's an ash tray!

Fare thee well!

7/31/2005

The Cocoon

Being used rocks!

I am held responsible for all things occurring, big or small

Let me tell ya, it just truly knocks my socks off!

Waiting in the stillness for the participation of a bastard who was once much more to me than he will ever be now

Those short-lived, yet oh so valuable moments in time tend to make me ecstatic just by them lingering in the realm of possibility

So desperate for the onset of change that I can barely even breathe

Then I was overwhelmed by a change that keeps on changing,

An eternal metamorphosis

I have allowed myself to become the cocoon that envelopes nothing more than subliminal purity

I had become blinded by my own rage that I created that was fed by everything surrounding it

Growing into quite a handsome young man, really

In a weird way, I used it to my own advantage and I still do in all actuality

Knead in the nuts every time I allow myself to be tormented by trust and it's entire realm of phantasm and uncertainty

I have always been able to foresee my suffering forthcoming ever since I can remember having visceral thought

I have always been used by those with a self-centered arrogance that has forced them to allow their essences to be bought

I still buy all of it, but never on credit

I kept not hearing the truth even though he said it straight out many times

Throughout many days of innocent laughter that, in hindsight, makes me wonder if it was only me who was laughing

Between jealous mutual friends who were hiding behind the beauty watching us like black widows, willing our energies to send them flies

I got caught in the web

I bought myself a big fat cyst upon my ovaries that will never be lanced deep enough to drain completely

I fell so unprofessionally back into loves steaming swamp before I had time to think to pop myself the big question

Then I could feel the noose tighten firmly around my neck as I was eaten alive by the eye of a hurricane

Now all that surrounds me is the wreckage

5-24-2006

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Spinning

*Freedom received again
Bend me over with joy
It's certainly not anything like its cracked up to be
I just don't know what to do with myself now
Besides beating off to porn all high
Anything to keep my spinning mind at ease
Easy, this is not
I bought myself down to poverty
Stupid ass me
Freedom rang its bell high and free
Today, I could see all of the reasons why I loved him
For the times when he was genuine and true
I am through pondering it all now
Subdued for over a year that seemed like a century of abuse
I only hope that a truce can be called between his darkness and mine
It should all have been a divine thing
Instead, it turned into a vicious battle that neither of us could ever hope to win
I don't need any more men to fill my empty hole
Unless I am fading and they offer me a toke off of their little bowl of madness
Sadness always coincides
I often venture into my world within, wherein hides everything that my ego camouflages
Creating mental mirages always
Where God and Satan play croquet and we become nothing but their little toys
Who will be the one that ultimately destroys the missing soul?
We are all just parts of a an infinite whole
All with a goal for gain
The pain drips, flooding out my vision sphere
Catching every tear before they tumble to the ground
Freedom and sorrow co-mingling made my heart see to it that my Spirit was found
Splashing through the mud puddles of questions without answers
Riddles, unsolvable
A heart full of desire is a hard creature to keep fed
Becoming dead to the outside world*

***Fighting off the truth as people keep trying to walk through my head
It has all already been said but still I continue to wait for the fucking phone to ring
Because, it was all so much more than a little thing
At least it was to me
I just find it hard to believe that we allowed the beast to swallow us....
6/16/2006***

Spectrum

Restless

I await the dawning of the new me

Too late

to be labeled

too soon

blue moons eclipse is what it took to get me here

I am in good spirits which truly angers them and I could care less

Unless doing so would make my aura match the spectrum

prismatic

beautiful

It engraves with my words cryptic messages upon historical monoliths

Born prodigy

now legendary....

5-28-2007

Hatched Identity

*I cannot identify
what high I am on ever
anymore
these days
So much more immaculate
The same, in some ways
Different, though
More caustic
More triumph
More friends again
For so long, so empty
So full of shit, yet so believable
I was getting good at becoming chameleon-like
Still, the waters
in the depths
of the well
I draw the liquid up inside of me
to drink
to share
to serve
vitality
Sanctified glory becomes
just plain being
Seeing everything
intense
infinite
terrifying
sort of
No, not really
Just, wow!
Something unidentifiable, maybe
Perhaps
Maybe not*

Forgotten melodies remind me each moment of all my responsibilities

As a man

As a woman

As a friend

As a child of The God and Goddess

A fragment of the whole, shimmering

glistening, blindingly

Familiar clarity

of who

of what

of when

of how

of energy that has been manipulated

Laying the eggs that are then incubated

hatched, almost immediately

Attached to anything

everything

nothing

time

space

continuity....

8/26/2007

Rapture

An itching from the inner sanctum
The aura composed of pure divinity that is taking over the atmosphere
I can hear myself panting in the mist from this heat which seems to summon all of them to enter me
To take pieces of what remains
Planting their seed
Their worm
Their sponge
I have become numb with a fleeting sense of falsity
A mistaken identity
The rapture that completely captivates my sensibility with a tragic form of obsession
It lies to my spinning sphere of emotions
It's contents are fathomless
Everyone searches like mad to find something human to call it
Unfortunately, this process always ends with them pulling out the most obscure label that they can find
The one hidden so well
The one that fucks me the deepest
I become friends with the chasmic emptiness that I and others own
Suddenly, I am smitten
Bitten by the great leech
The beast that orchestrates necromancy which is apparently still practiced by fools in the thousands
The result of misused power is complete nothingness
The envious find reasons to create their own spells that they then make themselves believe they must cast
Indolence
Stupidity
The mud beneath them turns violently into quicksand that sucks the livelihood out from underneath them before they even realize that they are sinking
Drinking whiskey like water that has been tinted with artificial tastelessness
Becoming wired then wet then wasted
Trying to awaken from the coma that you allowed unrequited love take you deep into
Few survive the despair that follows
Love can hollow out your soul yet it's everyone's goal just to find it
Nothing about that concept makes any sense at all when facing reality completely which has

become damn near dormant

Looking for love in this Land of the Lost that we have abused and disrespected and never have given even a tenth of enough back to

So here it is, the re-arrival of The Golden Rule

Taught

Learned

Pondered briefly here and there then forgotten entirely

That is until we feel that we have been slighted by something or someone somehow

Led back to the edge of nowhere so that we can dive back into ourselves

We suddenly have this fresh understanding about the inferno we have ignorantly ignited and how it will eternally consume us

A few simple and obvious rules of conduct unabided by despite that they were set by none other than God our Creator

Blasphemous, devious , cynical traitors.....

Jason Vancelette

9/16/2007

Sky Clad

Born
Over Earth
Into Air
Cascading through water
Breathing ancient fire
Sky clad
Alone
Hiding out in fear of abuse
Lied to
A realization that now spills me over the barricades and into the great wide open where freedom
once rang
Where voices spoken in tongues can only be heard with the gift of clairaudience and only those
voices have joined me, thus far
For I have called them into me
Unto me
Through me
As one with the elements of nature
A child of the trees
Sky clad, I have clambered heavily along
Running
Walking
Begging while down upon wounded knees
A sudden, prismatic burst of light within
Then something grabbed me by the short hairs and dragged my sky clad temple deep into the dark
of the night
Then, he was there
Towering magnificently before me, above me
I was forced under a protective shield unlike any I had ever known before
Sky clad
Beneath his manhood
Under his spell, I drank his power
Embraced by ebony wings
We were inseparable
We were too into each other to notice the incubus and succubus that awoke from their slumber and

we're stationed all around the place we called home
My circle of power gnawed at incessantly
Not even for a moment did the attempt of our ruin ever cease
It was continuous
The charms and the chants
The candles and the oils
A barricade to keep our bane at bay
A crazy battle of the wits held in ignorance and solitude cast down naturally by the light
Our entire atmosphere was clouded over by a sudden state of grey and that was right where it stayed
Eroded down to the marrow of our chemical-ridden bones
In the blink of an eye, we were shattered
Torn in two directions
Confused
It all became too heavy to support the burdens of being born upright
Sky clad , we danced across the cloak of the night
Unable to breathe, much less speak any longer the ancient words of the wise
Our demise to this day has never been granted
True love too easily enchanted by the demonic
Grasping always at the thin red strands of what remains of whatever
Wanting to run, to take cover
To hide out my naked mess
My cloak still rests upon the same grounds wherein my sacraments lie
The elements are with me again
Here, I will remain waiting sky clad for him forever.....

11-8-2009

Divorce

*The haze that blankets us
Creeping slowly inward from the galaxies that circle our surroundings
Some of us have been warned by inner voices
Changing octaves to form a Universal code
Our sins have captured us to play one final round
The shifting of Her platelets have shifted our blueprints all around
Some of those, still Earth bound, may tarry somehow
An ancient fog that caught back up to us, finding us wallowing in the riff-raff of all our
uncertainties
Lives, spent is blasphemy beneath venomous hierarchies
Under man-made, petty laws
A continual fear
A metamorphosis that never transforms inherent falsehood too well
So many have sold their own souls like they are rented spaces at a flea market and, let me
assure you that most of the shit they bring with them is nothing but useless junk
The Father of Lies attracts us like the toxicity that emits from the ass end of a pissed off
skunk
The odor exuded strangely draws us to its vigor
Like vultures to the scent of rigor-mortis
Swarming once death is detected
Infected, this land by the careless inhabitants who have so graciously been given the divinity
of the mind
A virus, rejected in an unforgiving way
Too many chances have to us been given
Vaccination is now Her only hope
Leaving behind in its wake a fresh isotope to gather up the atoms of a new Sun
The battle has been over for quite some time
She already has won, quite deservedly but of course
No time left to reconcile our separation
She has already granted us our divorce....
12/02/2009*

Tracks

Turbulence

When winning

When losing

When anywhere that lies in between

Unfounded jealousy

Created by a green behemoth

So beautiful, she...

My secret

The one that they search for

The one that I see them try to wrangle to the fucking ground

Squeezing the life from it as it reincarnates deep within the orb

Why I ever allowed for it to be borrowed I will never know

Never before

Never again

It already belongs to me

I copulate with creatures of the arcane

Creating within me the prism that becomes my cloak from the cold

This iciness that, for whatever reason, remains abreast of the May night's skies

Proving that patterns are real and that they do die and then they are again reborn

Turbulence that gnaws upon the thoughts that run much deeper than Mother Nature ever would

The good

The bad

Nothing uglier than nothing at all

Remaining at war to overcome the semi-permanent stain of the grey

They even sit there watching me as I play them against themselves

The truth of my intentions unknown even to me

They constantly try to challenge the ring of reality behind the few words that they may happen to hear me say

Most likely, no definitely, intentionally misspoken

The vows that they assume I have taken they have all broken somewhere within the myriad of all the futile attacks

I am, indeed, like they but only just an animal

But, my wisdom keeps me blanketed by covering up all of my tracks...

5/7/2010

Universe

Light as a feather

I float through all of the pain

Laughing like a madman at myself

for being weak enough to let the rain fall from my face for so long

A mournful song is what being here is all about

Nobody

Nothing

ever said that this was gonna be a walk in the park

In this darkness, I can see it all

Like a nocturnal beast on the prowl

When the Moon succumbs to fullness, I twist my neck around my shadow and I howl at Her

My Mother

My Whispering Majesty who pulls the estrogen through this body of something much different than a man

I am, indeed, a living miracle

I have no right to wail or to whine

How do I complain about being given again this chance to make my way back to the divine

Our emotions are a trick

A dirty illusion

A fucking lie!

They all run parallel to this insipid idea that somehow, somewhere, some day we will die

We were never really born

We have simply forever been

There is no how to why

No where

No when

It is all just some sickening design composed by the testosterone that swims through the blood that isn't red, but blue

Dead is not gone

That has never been true

We do not just go to the compost to be eaten by the worms

Sick is what happens when we fall for the bullshit about its origin

Coming from our tiniest brothers, those innocent little germs

Everything becomes harmless once we see that it is WE that invented harm

A spellbinder's curse can only harm us if we believe in the incantation that lies behind the charm

The center of the Universe is what comes to mind when we hear me, myself, or I

We are the only answer when we ask ourselves why

The Sun

The Moon

The Earth

The Sky

Everything

Nothing

Darkness

Light

Yesterday

Now

Tomorrow

Morning, Noon, & Night...

7/24/2010

Ghost Host

He is still a ghost
that hides in my head
Under the tongue he once tasted
Wasted away, our love
Reasons, unknown, at least to me
Haunted every now and then
When he takes a hold of my soul
I gasp for air
In my agony that he never seemed to care much about
I often wonder if he even cared for me at all
I fall to pieces, still, to this day
An exorcism would not take him away
I was so sure that I never wanted to see him go
This is not at all what I had in mind
I would rather just let him go completely
I do not only want to be with him in memories and in dreams that seem surreal
I don't know what it is that I feel anymore
I just know that I feel immensely
This ghost refuses to allow me to heal
From open wounds, it drinks my core
Torn apart by the brutal hands of fate
In my darkest night travels, I search for him and his gate
I believed him always when he told me such crazy tales and now I believe him even more
Keeper of the hidden lore written in ancient texts
Brought into this world and turned upside down
Thus, we both encounter this hex that is upon him
Invoking beings that have crawled all over and around me and have ruined everything that I have touched
It seems sickening to love someone as much as I love him
I always will
It is not something as simple as being born ill-fated
An egg from the dark ages
Incubated and hatched then it's contents attached themselves to the

shadows that surround us all

Lucky me to have fallen so deeply in love....

9-1-2010

Secret

The erasure of my edge
My hardened outer shell
The tortoise without
the hare
Too aware of my surroundings
Disguised
They know that they can see something
But my costume blocks my scent
Spent is the fortune that they are convinced that I hold
A mighty bold conviction, I must say
I can barely pay my bills
All that I have with me is my will
Okay, maybe two..
But that is all here say
I pray to God, and that's all that I do
My big "secret"..
There it is!!!
All of the hocus-pocus is far worse than the lie
I ask to be able to see the truth behind the vapor
I get more than I bargained for just about every fucking time
The days of exploring the arts of old have come to a screeching halt
All of the esoteric knowledge and wisdom locked away in a vault with a
secret pass code
Forgotten
These idiots think that I am some maniacal wizard with vengeance on
my brain when it is only they who are evil and rotten
I m not hiding, and I never have been
Why hide from those weaker than you?
It is so funny how much they try to read into me
What you get is what you see
Now, go on and go stalk someone other than "poor"little me...

April 2011

The Grey Area

Empathic

Claireaudient

Intuitive

Psychometric

Just a few of my most prevalent characteristics

They try to place me into categories

They try to put in order my functions

My aspects

My qualities

Numerical values that mean absolutely nothing at all to me

I really don't see any reason for any of that

Much less do I feel the need to turn myself into Rubik's Cube by color-coding each one of my faves as a separate, distinguishably individual hue

I would have then a total of eight

Becoming scrambled beyond control each time that I permit my mind to overwhelm me with the urge to masturbate

The eight Demi-Gods that govern the eighty-eight or more faces of that crazy bitch that someone's mother named Eve

How original

Old-fashioned

Subconsciously, so right on the money

It sure is funny how the keepers of every womb just seem to know what it is that they must achieve in order to sustain the natural state of their offspring's well-being

They know how grueling, how seemingly impossible it all may very well become for them as they travel down the good ole roads of raising prodigal children

Cast into the skies, just above the dense billowing that is the clouds

Their own versions of the Shroud of Turin remain visible

Clearly, within the retinas of their minds eyes

Surprises seldom ever come to fruition in the same manner that they were in when they were sent out to hunt down beings such as me

I can just see them polka-dotting the shady part of my background

Yearning to find me

Trembling

Awe-stricken

In the heat of their own sick desire

Wanting to pound me

Poke me

Bury their tools deep within my dripping arsenal

In rapture

On fire

Flailing on the flip-side of their rags

Faces buried in the foundation that lies behind neatly trimmed rugs

Gnawing vehemently, as if they are searching for bugs

My nose, connected to the scent of the Turkish rose that Cairo once claimed

Sensory perceptions setting me so far back that I can barely enjoy the view of the mountainous terrain

All of this is what insanity may someday foolishly attempt to permeate

Demonstrations keep on popping up at all angles for me to either ignore or recapitulate

All of the rigga-marole is highly amusing

Like a drunken state reached so capably and factually that I could easily tie on a good one a few more times just so that they could map out all of my senseless bruising

Crawling

Scratching

Beating their way inside

So many places that I could run to and hide

This neon sign that I have been wearing clearly states that I am "closed"

I purchased a Bose just to have music so loud that it removes me from all of the pain

The rain pours down upon my naked breasts

Glistening off the flesh that is tantamount to a big piece of candy

Wouldn't it be dandy if all of you could trade places with the likes of me?

Overwhelmed by my duties, most of which were assigned to me by God

I have been labeled vague, weak, odd

I am definitely all of those things but you will never figure me out completely, okay?

Shit, you bitches are damned lucky that I even choose to play your silly little games

You will never win so it dumbfounds me that you even continue to try

What you cannot figure out is what is called The Grey Area and in that area lies the reasons I won't tell you why...

7/22/2012

Pause

*All of the crazy thoughts that I had spoken
turned the occasional toke into the spinning whirlwind that arrives just after the point ejects
from the vein
The world around me started trying to talk me into believing that I had gone insane
To me, clearly, that was far from the case
When nothing else seems to do it for you anymore, well, then it is obviously time to find a
way to pick up the pace
They all start trying to get up in my face, as if they could ever intervene
Everything spilled out upon the grounds on which I thrived
Then, suddenly, there was no other choice but to come clean
Sometimes I start to think that it all may hold some truth
The ugly things that my so-called friends say
It is definitely a vicious game that I definitely chose to play
The cover-up is uncovered some day, no matter how long the great ruse is believed
Then, everyone is all disappointed more in what I have kept hidden than proud of me for all
that I have achieved
Our habits, the thieves that rest within the darkest catacombs of the mind
The chemicals that ease the misery by taking the truth into captivity while you become
temporarily blinded
Sinister
Absent-minded
Bound
Nobody to be found who truly believes in what you have to say
Day in
Day out
They come and go without you ever finishing a single thing
You can already hear their nagging lecture before you pick up the telephone that is ringing
off the hook
Something just took your will to explain
Standing still, naked
In the downpour of the rain
Cleansing the aura of the damages you have caused
A pause, dead-center in the midst of the addiction
An affliction put upon you by the hands of none other than the Good Lord above*

Unconditional love, found at long last....

9/23/2011

Returning to Eden

Breathe once more
Before the sound
Before the Titans come crashing down
Over the rocks that compose the hills
Rinsing out the motivation behind too many weakening wills
Cleansing the epidermis that has been scarred by the passage of time
Of treason
Of fortitude
Throughout countless seasons
Writhing in falsehood that generations passed have all entertained
Stories
Fables
Cain
Abel
Brothers with separate dogmas and a singular vision
Skies, once pure, shrouded by the back then
Rockets to the Moon, to Mars, and beyond
Leaving an eternal trace of fission in their wake
Earthquakes that fly in a raptors wings
When the platelets overlap or divide too greatly
Lately a horrific interlude emerges that seems to have been hiding quite well
Ignorance continues to sell itself, after all
Everyone knows that something will change
It must
It will
This is the one mathematical certainty that there has always been
There is really nothing out there anywhere that keeps a track record if the times we choose to sin
Maybe we do ourselves
Rare, but sometimes
Like we are preparing some multi -dimensional confession
But, the list is so outstanding, there is not a confessional large enough to house all of us and our
forked tails
Not in any of the churches that litter the grounds across this spinning globe, far from holy

I suppose that if we were able to poke holes into it that the seas would leak into the Heavens,
causing a dreadful little downpour upon the Gods

Nature has always been quite the clever one

She , with all of her odds

Breathe once more

Before she screams

Before she stops rotating, trapping within her all of our broken dreams

A cosmic void

Rheumatoid arthritis seems like a blessing then

Imagine how they all will act

Extinguished like water to a match

When all of our suffering catches up to us to celebrate the gift of life once more

Welcome Cain!

Welcome Abel!

Welcome little Apple, here to tempt that ignorant whore all over again!

For, everyone knows that we never fall far from our trees...

3-9-2011

Musical Chairs

They want be back in Reno

They still want me here

They want to make it clear to me that I am theirs

An obnoxious, silly game of musical chairs that I am stuck playing forever

The game only ends when all the music dies which, with me, will be never

At least this is how I see it all within my mind

It may die once I decided I am done listening, which is not now

It is not then

Has not been, yet, thus far

I have my own car to drive around in again now, and oh my Lord the fucking envy!

Even my car can feel it this muggy mid-July eve

As I attempted to turn into what was clearly the perfect parking spot, my cars ass hit the tail end of a full-sized SUV

A gargantuan prowler, hidden behind the haze of the day

Crawling up and over the mesas to reek havoc on the wild that is caught up in a valley of furious Indian tribes

Their singing arrows can still be heard in the adjacent skies

Where wise men and curanderas rest in solace, knowing that forever here on this Earth there will be those who still seek their needs

Through visions and divination of the past that stop the now from ever becoming the future

They nurture those who can never seem to find their own ways

It pays their bills, but barely, in this robotic land we live in today

Children lost in Cyber Space while the voices of underpaid indogents drone on and on, neither party giving two fucks what the textbooks had to say in the first place

Recently, I myself went back to school online and it was quite invigorating in so many ways

However, I could sense all throughout that our class instructor could really care less about what any of the students had to say

In a weird way, that may of been what made it all seem so fun to me

I stayed spun and made a world of difference all at the same time

Being ahead in the game is never a crime unless you make it be and I won't, not ever

Everyone wants to keep playing musical chairs because they are secretly fond of how clever I can be too....

7/20/2012

January

*Hard-core hip-hop is my backdrop
I listen to it because it seems to somehow nullify my soul
In this labyrinth of lies through which I travel
Obstacles desperately trying to unravel the knotted strings of my past
Incantations called out and cast from far beyond the boundary lines
Nothing to take with me when I move on
So, I am making sure now to collect everything that is mine
Divine entities hang loose in the foreground, laughing out loud at the effigy
Making fun out of the ridiculous behavior that just seems to just litter this filthy place
This tiny community that I cannot hide out within
It's all just dying to get to know me again
It wants to take over from the place where we left off
It's like the town itself is my doctor who is groping my balls and telling me to cough
I don't get down that way
I am a more of a holistic kind of bitch
I don't trust anyone who annually banks six figures
Come to think of it, I don't trust anyone at all
All of my ailments I tend to cure on my own
Long before they come to points that force me to surrender or fall
It's so hard to tell which side wants me
Nor which side I am supposed to be stationed upon
My liberal up-bringing was all to become snowballed by vain narcissism
Blending it perfectly with the icy cold January breeze
I can see them all getting ready to pounce so I say out loud "shit, nigga, please..."
Spare me all of your futile attempts to install within me mortal fear
Lately I have been trying not to hear even my own claire-audient whispers
But, that takes going against my own grain
Insanity tells all of its followers the secrets of all that is still sane
The opinions still run as rampant as ever
The clandestine journey of all those who think they are so damned clever
Never a dull moment
Always a dull roar
How is it that so many simple requests have become lost in the shadows of what we all*

ignorantly ignore?

There is a score, and it will be settled sooner than soon

Someday down the way when the rockets no longer have the right to fly to the Moon....

1/03/2012

Eternal Success

Shaking my money maker
Moving on up in every way
I think of those who live on the opposing side of life
They do so because that is all that they know
I met some awesome people in the zone when I went homeless for that one week last Spring
I just could never be a part of living that way for too long
It isn't me
I must succeed
I must get closer to living the American Dream
I have all of the knowledge and tools that I need already
A steady income is here to stay forever this time
I refuse to be tested again
I will never again be apprehended after being told that I am supposedly committing some crime
The law officials that I met were of an entirely different breed and I know that I am meant to be on that side of the tracks
I want to have stacks of Benjamins on my pallet
I want to drive a decent car
I want to be able to meet friends out for dinner, to be able to have drinks out at the bar
I was certainly ghetto there for awhile and it has been way longer than enough
I don't want to struggle
I am too damned tough for that
I want to submit my writing to literary magazines
I want to read my poetry to others out loud
I want to get up on stage and sing at the top of my lungs
To share my voice with the on-looking crowd
This is a whole new millenium for Christ's sake and for His sake, I want to make him proud of me
I need to make my mark heavier on the world
I want my mother to eat all of her negative words
I have stood true to myself for all of these years
I am going to be heard and given proper respect
I am going to go out on dates with all these beautiful boys without those fucking witches trying to intersect me
I don't want to remember the past

Instead, I want to drink in every moment of the now

I want to keep marching to the beat of my own little drum without anyone trying to tell me how to live

I know that this is my time to shine because I have already mastered the art of giving

The pain of all of my past mistakes has been fading faster and faster away to black

The haters and traitors who I have been blessed to have known, I have disowned permanently today

I am under their relentless attack no longer

I am stronger each minute that my heart pumps the blood through my veins

I have broken my chains to beat them with , if need be

But, there won't ever be such a need for I will now be embracing success eternally.....

7/18/2016

Whispers of Perfection

*Nibiru never came close enough to come into play
The Mayan calendar meant something else other than "the end"
I cannot pretend that I was not at least slightly afraid
So, I ran amuck
I laid down before strangers
I even tried to dive head-first into love and ended up in the shade of a leafless tree
Free to be alone again
To weep upon my own pillow
To rumble once more with madmen in the dark
Marking my territory with a lifted leg
Like a canine prowling the hillside in search of innocent prey
Using instinct alone to guide me along my way
A primitive beast in the shadows
Howling at the presence of Mother Moon in her full attire
Spitting fire in primordial rage for the injustices being burdened upon myself, and all those I
love
A messenger dove carries my whispers
Into atmospheres filled with perspective listeners
Capturing exactly those who fit the roles I need to be filled in order to attain some sordid
sense of perfection for some reason that remains unknown
I have never really been alone anytime in my life at all
There have always been eyes all over me and each one of my many tawdry affairs
There have been cameras hidden in the walls of all of my most sacred, hidden lairs
Capturing magnificence in its futile state
In its prime
Time that demands it's royalties for certain
I will be paid for all that I have undergone
Time has never existed nor has it any need to press on
To continue
To exist
Behind all of the mist that clings to the atmosphere, humanity thrives
Immortality needs just a wee bit more sustenance for it to be able to live on forever
Eternal*

Perfection obtained...

4/20/2013

Funk

I cannot allow the funk to steal my soul ever again

It is a liar

A carpet-bagger

A cheat

It is powerless until you give in, which is not at all hard to do

I can see why so many live out their existences in a state of utter ruin

Screwing themselves into toxic oblivion for the surrounding world to relate to and reflect upon

Everyone acts as if they are abused, or at least like they are all picked on

They have created their temples which eat their reactions and, although solitude is really the only antidote, they still insist upon making themselves the main attraction

Fools, drooling guilt down upon their blouses

Stuck

Capsized

Marooned

Living in houses built out of sarcastic steel

They cannot describe in words the anguish that they feel

They lash out, victimizing the innocence that they have disclaimed as their own

They even have the gaul to question or wonder why their many mood swings are not ever condoned as they would like them all to be

Even if they were to free themselves instantaneously, the domino effect has by then already been set forth into solidified action

To try and barricade the fall will only create a havoc even worse than dealing with themselves

The injuries upon victims that never did anything but show them their concern

Their bridges back home, burned down to a pile of ashes that will not endure the weight of their bodies

So, then they are then forced out of them to swarm in the chasm between here and Summerland

Ghosts haunt their points of departure, clinging onto the angst of self-pitying finality

Grief is abandoned

Misunderstood, their new existences are rendered senseless

They are left with no other choice but to stand as witnesses to the mind-boggling confusion that they have burdened others with

When we are in a funk, we often tend to take the miracle of life for granted

The disenchanted illusions that the darkness enjoys.....

9/16/2007

Packages

*They'll shoot you up to enable you to lie to your mental stimulus
They'll do just about anything to cum, to steal, to betray
All for no other reason other than to provoke the onset of insanity
Vanity is what keeps me hidden
Keeps me from following through with revenge
Vengeance is never the key to carrying through with any plan
Understand that men are volatile creatures
Pure venom in your wounds
Lilacs in a bouquet of malice
I hold up my chalice to the stars that pale in the moonlight
A liquid mirage, hunting down night-taken skies
It's a do or die atmosphere with a center that holds a lemon-dropped aquifer
Lavishing the system with neon light
Delight in the flesh, a savages escapade
From dawn to dusk to midnight and back
Lacking everything that it takes to hook me again
No Spring chicken
Nobody's hen
Nor, shall I pretend to be looked up to or worry about being looked down upon
They'll shoot you up until you have gone to ribbons that curl around the packages that whirl
and wisp and sparkle then fade out.....
10/12/2011*

A Perfect Ten

The holidays are drawing near and this year I am winding down

Ever

So

Slowly

Until my entire crazy fortress is closed and totally grounded

Hounded

By all of the addicts and the ghouls that crowd their barren skies

Searching

For anyone whose lies have not forced them into chaos

They have all been seeing me as a pathetic soul

Or, at least it seems like that sometimes

I think that what they must have been seeing was that nagging succubus that chases all of my warriors away from my forbidden fantasies just to try to keep me away from the boys

It annoys the living fuck out of me

Recently, the scenario has become even sicker

This time around, the harpie is his so-called mother who I assumed would never have expected me to ask her "may I?"

One day, in the midst of our beautiful, long awaited rapture, a raptor came down out of the sky to re-capture my lover, its prey..

You would think that it would rather have carried me away in its talons to tear me into a million meaty threads

Instead, it took my man, who she thinks is her sexual savior

She paid good money to adopt her baby boy, who then had a life expectancy to possibly outlive her cat

Then, reality and common sense shocked the unhappy couple into the reality that their investment had nine lives

Each one of them producing a stronger, more-advanced, well-adapted being

Now she sees him as her man

Repressed by false dogmas that forced Rosey Palm and her five sisters to travel down to her clitoris so that she could stroke her ego into thinking that she has the right to decide now where it is that I should stand...

Wrong bitch!

I am a goddess

I am a woman

My body is not that of a man, but a rare and cherished breed on the verge of extinction

That is what they told me when I was sky clad

Held captive

Exposed, in front of all of those delicious men

I think it was then when I snapped to the reason why I am always gawked at by a million idiots

Studied so closely by straight gangsters

Why all of my lovers have neglected to inform me and my stalkers have made sure to make it clear

I am, indeed, a perfect ten...

11/13/2013

Dream Team

Flying to the Moon and back again

This feels like we are all on one team

Living life day by day

Sleep patterns so cock-eyed

We seldom ever have dreams that are surreal enough to decipher, much less stick around for after we awake

It is most likely for the sake of simple sanity for most of us

Not everyone can phenagle the city bus driver to make a special trip to the emergency room like I have done, inadvertently

It was only because I had no other choice at the time

My fingernails were painted perfectly white for a change

So, low and behold, all the cars in the surrounding traffic everywhere I would turn were painted the same

This beautiful mulatto boy dressed up to the nines was kind enough to stop and tell me why (It always comes from somebody who I would rather be doing other things with)

He told me, in a nutshell, that the reason why was because "Kim K owns the color white"

At first, I was not even trying to hear that as a valid reason for the madness

Later on, I came to the realization that the guy was most likely not lying

Wow, what time warp was I trapped in then?

I wish that I could own a piece of the living spectrum

If I had to choose just one, then my choice would be gold

(Egyptian soul, leave it to me)

That entire week was an expanded nightmare for me and I am thankful that it is all over, honestly

Looking back on it all, in hind sight is the only way for me to find any joy within the agony I am reminded of in doing so

It helps me to understand more clearly why most people would never be dumb enough to bother

It is because of their fear

Unlike me, they don't want to hear about how or where they went wrong

Thus, it makes avoiding it completely become the closest thing to impossible

History does repeat itself, they say

Human ignorance is the root

The reason why

So, that alone is reason enough for me to fly to the Moon all alone this time around

Well, I guess it is not technically alone

Just on a parallel path to the other members on my team who are brave enough to kick it with me when they can

In doing so, they end up literally living the dream

It leaves us with many chances to remember and decipher the ones we have when we fall out behind closed eyelids

Like kids, many grown folks these days tend to end up believing that their reality is not at all what it seems

Beliefs such as those are nothing more than blatant lies being told to them by nothing more than their own shadows.....

5/27/2016

Spring Fever

Social dysfunction

Crawls through these walls

Trapped

In an auto-toned web of deceit

People come and go from this place so quickly

The doors have been revolving since last May

In a way, it almost seems mandatory

To keep the breath of life in here

No running water

Ice cold Winter atmosphere

Keeping the hearth fire ablaze has been a challenge at best

At least the wood still burns here

The laughter continues as Spring rears its lovely head in the distance

The boys start groping themselves

Libido, come hither!

I am dwindling down to nothing

I am wasting away

The blistering heat needs to return to the cloak of the night

Into the days that lapse into fanciful interludes that lead me in twenty different directions

Like I have become a fistful of colorful strings

The libido stings my flesh

Alive with the scent of the sycamore tree

My mind is in spasms

Awaiting the ascent of the angelic harem that is preparing now for battle

Determined to create positive changes that shall fall upon my chosen pathways

Very soon

Long awaited

Many Moons have waxed and waned before this precious time

The next crime upon my heart is nearing my tender surface

Can be felt in my pulse

Tasted in my blood

Smelt in the wake of the new horizon

Seen in projectile space

Excitement all over faces like mine

Spring fever has me in its talons already

Enhancement of divinity must be approaching....

3/03/2017

Pink

Rose-colored Ink

I have always despised the color pink

Perhaps this is a factor in the reason why I can't seem to ever find true love anymore

I have found it before

I have found it in so many ways

But, I am one-hundred percent sure that what I'm talking about is an entirely different animal

It is boundless

Pink has within its sphere many separate shades

It is, of course, beautiful...

Nothing to despise

I mean this now more than sincerely

It has absolutely nothing to do with being born with the anatomy of a girl

Hello Kitty, why don't you get up off your silent, lazy ass and get a fucking job?

You should be ashen, or, better yet, opaque...

Your creator is a Japanese flake!

A gimmick

A fraud

That is you!

A pink, expressionless kitty cat doodle

Made some douche bag richer than Midas, thinking he is a God

I'm not green with envy at all!

It doesn't seem fair

It's not

Clearly

But, it's ok..

I am not exactly sure what "fair" even is, other than a portable rip-off with a sinister staff

(also known as: carnival)

Anyway, pink is ok after all

It is better that I learn to love it more each and every day

It has forever seemed to stay in the timeless midst of the Popularity Zone

The "In" Zone

I am in

I am furiously fiesty

So ready to achieve every last one of my goals

Instant

Long-term

It really doesn't matter

I must take whatever comes to me

It's not ever going to just land in my lap

Even though that area has become virtually useless to me, it would still hurt like fucking Hell

Until I knip-tuck my nozzle and my pink starts to flap in the breeze

I know some of you are by now appalled at what a nasty mouth that I admit that I have

Trust me, the real one would knock fools like you dead in your tracks

This just happens to be your fate for having the pleasure to read now what I happen to be writing down now, in this time

I can tell that my ride is out front waiting, impatiently as usual

I'll bet she will be wearing the color pink somewhere...

1/03/2017

Exposure

*I was once a social butterfly
Bouncing around from flower to flower
Never resting in one spot for any longer than I had to
Now, it's like that person is dead
Always in the same place
Fear overcomes my will to tread anywhere
I am back in my cocoon
Wondering if I am able to change back into a creepy caterpillar
I suppose that it is natural for this to occur, since I have not made use of my wings in so long*

*Silence
Has over-shadowed
My song
Still, even in all my loneliness, I still go out of my way to make myself sing
I can hear the bells of freedom ringing clearly
I did nothing to deserve all of this, and that alone is why I know that this is not really my fate
I have forgotten my love for the guardians of the frozen gate
Now, I sit here in limbo everyday
For, I have nothing else to do but wait
My metamorphosis is on hold until I can correctly formulate a picture in my mind of what I wish to become
I am numb
I am blind
I am seriously so far behind
I have been cracked wide open like an egg, oozing all of the phlegm that once protected my yolk
Exposing all I have forever kept hidden
So that these parasites I am over-ridden with can see that they are wrong
I am only what I have said that I am all along
This bitter chase
I have always worn the exact truth proudly upon my face
Ok, you won!
You have managed to make me feel like a disgrace
So, now, get the fuck up out of my way so that I can change that*

***I have every fucking right to live
I have nothing left to be envious of
No sympathy left to give
There it is, my great exposure
The one you have all so desperately have wanted to see
I am so sorry to have disappointed you all
I have never been anyone but me
I have never had any reason to hide
I have never lied to any of you until now...
8/21/2014***

Mediator

*Two-thousand seventeen
Crazy, just the sound of it
Y2k was seventeen years ago
No fucking way
Where did all of that time go?
Not to Hell in a hand basket, at least
Actually, I may have personally travelled there a time or two
But, Antarctic temperatures and bitching sinners were a shitty enough combination to send me scrambling back up toward the air
I should not have been there in the first place
When everything hidden to most is forever up in your face, sometimes it becomes difficult to remain on track
Especially when you are lacking main energy sources like love
Family
Friends
Money
Drugs, at one point in time or two or more
These days I could care less about intoxicants
Unwinding is absolutely necessary for a high-strung bitch like me
But, moderation must remain on the forefront of my indulgences at all times
I'll never understand why the concept of it is so foreign to most
It is, literally, a ghost to them
A loud, obnoxious one
They always seem to expect me to drop whatever it is that I may happen to be doing and quickly play the "mediator"..
I understand that it is a talent that is unknown to the general populace
However, I'm not sure where I stand upon the grid of expectancy with my Creator
Everyone else can kick rocks in that regard
They expect me to be their guru, then they turn around and treat me like I am a retard
As if I am The Fool
My tarot card is The Magician you dumb mother fuckers!
I checked that one in lie 30 different ways and it took decades to become sure like I am today
Doubt is never going to send me backward so I am not exactly sure what you are all waiting around in my space for*

Notice, you are behind me...

There is no hope in looking back, people!

Trust me, or don't

Who cares?

The truth is forever the truth, and it is inherently known

Dr Ruth, Oprah, Judge Judy...

Over-payd propaganda

Peddlers

Nothing more

Judge Judy deserves her bankroll, though

She is a professional hard-ass

What you may call a "cunt" for being blunt

I am sure her haters are a-plenty

Still going strong twenty some-odd years later

I have never known a single hater to last in my life anywhere near that long

Although, I am sure I have had at least one or two

A born genius

A prodigy

What else can I do?

Allow them to dumb me down?

Fat chance!

I do not believe there is any such thing as victims of circumstance

Everything is all part of the plan that you co-wrote with God before you landed

This is precisely why you see so many ingrates being handed miracles and blessings all of the time

Things are usually not at all what they may seem

Nobody ever bothers to look past their own noses

It is quite difficult when they are lodged up somebody else's asshole

Scat masters with shit play as their main goal

Nasty bitches everywhere

I used to care much more than I should

Why follow an idiot who is never up to anything good?

Misery loves company

Company loves it back

Those of us who remain exempt become the ones who they attack

A true trooper, nonetheless, marches on...

There would not be much of a point to live if they were all one day suddenly gone

In this world, anyway

No reason to win that last word when we have nothing more that we need to say

So, tragedies are always pre-concocted like 2012 and Y2k

Manifest destiny is a gift that must be harnessed intelligently

The only way that there is to look out for number one...

1/01/2017

Mosquito

This little fucker mosquito keeps on coming back to try and land

Somewhere

Anywhere

That my flesh sits exposed today

I am showing less of myself than usual

Call it casually dressed, I guess

He's a cute little big-beaked thing

I almost want to just let him land and poke me with that thing that looks like his nose

I think maybe I would rather wait until I am wearing pantyhose

Bloodshed

For survival

Sounds great, minus the itch that lingers later on

Now that I am ready to succumb to Mother Nature, the little bastard is nowhere around

He's gone

Perhaps I waved him away so many times that he decided to stick his beak into the ground

It seems to me that blood and soil are similar in molecular structure and nutrient content

They taste a bit the same

Yes, I have tasted both of them- as have all of you

So, don't wrinkle your bitch-ass little noses

and take the truth in like you do the turn of the screw

Mosquito

Mosquito

Come get a taste of the libido

That swallows up all of my estrogen in a way that is not sensical

Come down and land upon my skin

Drink in the mirages that resemble the vapors emitting from all of the chemical reactions that come from a thousand massages given with the purity of the heart

Pure soul

Sound mind

Amorous Spirit

Serpent's breath

The dragons kiss

Join my membrane with all of it's sensual bliss

Come back here you little fucker!

Come help me find all the things that I've been missing....

7/7/2016

Pedestal

Drinking up my atmosphere

I hear a little birdie chirping somewhere inside my inner ear

This kid that got me, fair and square

Within two hours of meeting, he took me there

Now, I fucking care about him way too much

Too fast

Too soon

I hope that it wasn't the wrong thing to do

To meet this far into the waning of Mother Moon

Energy is, indeed, all the same

The way that it works is not a game

I don't know why I feel so lame

So foolish

So out of my league

All I can do is be cautious and, simultaneously, maintain

To take all of his passion with a grain of salt

To put nobody else at fault but me, myself, and I

I am not going to put this guy up on a pedestal

He told me he doesn't wanna be put there

But, I think it's a mind game

A trick

A test

Because I didn't hesitate when he wanted to take me there

I wish that I didn't care at all

I wish that I could crawl into a little cavern and hide

But, I really hate being beside myself

So, strike that wish

Reverse it

I'll be there as his friend, his companion but not just as his sideline slut

I won't be used for his benefit, nor for his doubt

I guess that it's possible to be with him without holding on to the connection that can suddenly cause so much woe

Never again will I be some dudes sugar mamma, his punching bag, and certainly not his hoe

I must let go of the anchor that I know can leave me stranded in the middle of the roaring tide

If he can just somehow convince me without speaking a word that he is truly on my side in this war

That he wants to inhabit my island not just haunt the sands of my shore...

12/02/2015

Elemental

*I can feel the tides of Mercury retrograde
My electronic devices have been acting like disagreeable bitches
It's very frustrating when it takes 20 minutes just to get on line
A new design articulating in the planets surface
Shifting the colors around like a kalaeidoscope
The elements are not toys
They are living oracles
They are life itself
Ruled by ancient sirens, tireless in their journeys
Infinite miracles
Immeasurable bounties
Seasons come and go in unison
Now
Time forgotten by mortal thought
The satyr, caught in a desolate porthole
Created by an ill-fluted crescendo in time
An off-key tune played through rusted materials
Raw minerals infracting the pitch
Elemental, I am reborn
Each time the ocean changes its tide
Each time that the great wind blows in another direction
Each moment passes by and it becomes a brand new resurrection for me
Teaching
Dreaming
Enlightening
Boundless determination
Willingness to hold on to my pride
Elemental, even when all the music has died
The tears I have cried become the rivers that rush toward raging seas
Elemental
I am the birds and the bees
A nymph
A sex kitten*

An oral acrobat

Elemental

I am everywhere where anything is at

A wise owl

A joker

A poetic aristocrat

When the boys come out to play, I am always the first one up to bat

What do you hater bitches have to say about all of that?

I am sure quite a lot

I cannot ever be at peace with you, much less ever forgotten

I dance

I sing

I frolic

I prance

If I made a pair of wings, I bet I could learn how to fly

I am one with the Earth

The Water

The Fire

The Sky

So elemental am I...

11/26/2016

Hybrid Rose

*Right on the edge of some sort of success
About to clear myself of having idle hands
Something hidden loves to stand in my way just to make me feel less of myself
Something makes me see that I must wipe it out right where it stands
The skies above me are not even grey anymore
They all sit around saying this or talking about that
I have swallowed them all and shat them out already
They don't even know who they are, yet they think that they are the shit
I forfeit their rights to stand as witnesses against me or anyone I know, for that matter
I am falling
Falling
Falling
Into tranquility again
They are screaming "Look out below! "
Fucking haters
Traitors
Investigators
Talking on their I-Phone's while filing their nasty toenails
The perpetrators of forgotten dreams
Mine, to be exact
I have come out of all their plots
Their snares
Their vicious little schemes
Intact
Carrying with me the scent of a hybrid white and magenta rose
They pretend to inhale my essence but I see them turning up their pig noses in hatred that
they don't even slightly regret
They act as if I have some debt with them that I have left unpaid
I bask in their forgotten sunlight while they try to take away my shade
I always clean house, they have to hire a maid
All of their games have already been played
Morbid moments of reverse deja vu
As if they could ever re-write my blueprint*

They don't even realize that they have one of their own

All of the bones they think they have to pick with me, I have already buried long ago

All of this madness just because, in all actuality, they are dying to get to know me

Days late and diamonds short...

9/23/2012

Egyptian Gold

*Strangers have appeared here and there over the past year or so
In the midst of my work day
While out running errands at some random place
From out of nowhere
Two feet away from my face
They keep telling me that my struggles are soon to be over
That my entire world is on the verge of being turned upside down
That one day I will never need to fret over matters of money ever again
Even just recently
In a fortune cookie handed to me by the owner of a family-owned restaurant where I
frequently eat my lunch
The next time I visited her, she ran after me when I was headed back to work to hand me a
handmade calender for the upcoming Chinese New Year
The messages from a vast variety of resources have all been, essentially, the same
So, you can bet your asses that I have been playing the game even harder than I ever have
before
I sort of wish that these prophets would stop tantalizing me verbally with an invisible future
I wish they would just take my hand and lead me to the face of this door that I must open
faithfully
Or give me some more details, at least
If I can make myself aware of the fact that nothing fails, then it won't be possible for me to
ever find myself feeling disappointed, upset, or ashamed
This animal within me cannot be tamed
It attacks everything in its wake with razor talons and iron fists
I wish it could be beckoned to move backwards sometimes
To stalk and devour all of the fools who's backsides I have already kissed just to have the
strength to carry on
Even though troubled times are over and gone, the idea of turning them into their own
boomerangs is one that I still hold in the highest regard
I have not given my future much respect for way too long now
Instead of actually painting the picture, I just let the brushes drop and flow freely while my
mind takes me to a realm that leaves my temple slight of hands
Wherever life lands me, I will make my way without complaint
I often wish I were in control of the pieces of me that are held down in ethereal restraint
The fragments within my soul that I doubt I will ever get to know*

The pieces of shit that I have appointed to be my fertilizer that have chosen instead to not help me grow

I guess nobody is meant to be perfect

We were never supposed to know it all

But, Natures' call keeps me trying to anyway

No matter where I go or what I do, I always find a lining that is rich like Egyptian gold

The silver ones I saw before I came back to life through the miracle of birth

Unto this Earth, I am again reborn

Sworn to remain relentless forever

Every moment, an over-achiever

All of these prophets have made me a true believer once again

I can feel the signs of tomorrow

I already know what it feels like to be draped in Egyptian gold...

11/17/2016

Charging

Albuquerque Sun Port

Christmas Eve

Utilizing the space here and the extra time

Sitting at this long rectangular ledge with outlets streamlining it all the way down

Charging up all of my portable devices

Sipping on an overpriced Chai Tea with all of its elegant spices

I have given in to co-dependency to technology, clearly

Not really, but, yeah....I am a hypocrite

At the place I call home, there are no longer the means to be this gluttonous

I am right, smack dab, in the middle of an intense and rare transitioning

It has been a great and powerful year of living, loving, and learning for me

Growing

Branching out

Closure of unrequited love from my past has not yet come fully to completion

I was just crying less than an hour ago

I know better than to let this keep happening to me

I know that it is no longer healthy

I am so worried about his well-being

He has been the love of my life, as he has told me I have been in his as well

I cannot believe that it all just fell through us again

I guess it would have made it all much easier to deal with now, should I have just expected this all to occur

The worst part about it is that the reasoning is simply not there

Its all nothing but a huge blur to me now

I see him

feel him

smell him

taste his body in all of my dreams

In all of my daytime fantasies

Every time I fucking close my eyes

When other boys somehow manage to arouse me just by being boys

Often

More than a hundred times a day sometimes

***I don't want it all to just go away
I want him to want to fight for me too
He let me know where he stands by blocking my access to his social media, which is even a bigger smack upon my skin
His telephone number remains the same
I have not gotten the nerve to dial it
I won't accept not winning this game
I have only texted pages upon pages of demeaning sentences followed by half-ass excuses and unaccepted apologies over which I am completely sincere
I have this gut feeling that I have managed to hurt him somehow
On the last night that we spent together , I happened to glance up at his beautiful face just in time to see him fight away a stream of steady tears falling from the corner of one eye
He denied it, of course
It is not anything that I can take away
My brutal bitch of a memory refuses to grant me any form of forgetting
As I sit here all googly-eyed, ready to fly Westerly
To the calming grounds upon which I tread every year at the holiday time
I will be back before I even know it
To bring in with pure radiant light the blessed New Year
I don't know why it is that I still love that boy so....
God knows, I always will
All that I can tell you is that when you find true love, you definitely know that you have found it
Nothing lets you question if its true
Here in another airport, charging up the love that flows to my brain
Charging up my body
Electrocution of all of my past years pain
Charging up my Spirit
Charging up my Soul
The implosion of all the walls I have built up within in my past
Creating the room for my Dream spacing
Where I will manifest the next warrior man who makes me feel whole.....
12/24/2016***

Covetous

Behind closed doors

I got caught up in a hot moment that spawned from me finally getting fed up with being alone

A wolf in sheep's clothing came in for the kill begging me to let him give me his bone

I turned away in shock of his gargantuan size

Then, I went down and the surprise was on me

I started thinking about her and how what I was doing wasn't right

His crazy battle axe who normally has her eyes and ears on his every waking moment like a lunatic hawk

Every day

Every night

She was shipped off to jail to do only a few hours of time

Perhaps she was even on to our liason from afar

Remote viewing the entire escapade

Yeah, now I see why she is always up his ass

Keeping him locked away in her bell jar asking her permission to have a hall pass

I want him so

I always have

Now, it's to the point of simply needing to fucking get laid

He thought that I would be too blind to notice the spite lying just beyond the lens

It's too late now to turn back time

I have already put a down payment on our getaway Benz

Too bad

So sad

But, nothing past that once ever had time to happen

I would never have thought then that him seeing me with my own significant other would make him turn his back to my friendship and walk away

His true colors show themselves so clearly now

There is really nothing more for me to say

When his sky becomes grey, I will simply tell him to take care

Did he think that his covetous ways would somehow spare him someday?

Now I sit here wishing in a way that we would have just continued to play on

Because the one that popped up in his way is now just a rythm in my head without any rhyhme

He's gone

The crimes that he has committed against me must have been played out in advance

Chance has never proven to be anything more than heresay

I often wonder if it was my karma returning to pay me back for my own covetous ways with the brat next door

I not only feel stupid for how I acted toward him now but I also feel like a cheap, conniving whore

He and She and I

Sat down here together one night just before the tough got going almost too strong for me to bear

Finally, I understood why she has become like his warden

She has gone through the same ups and downs that come from caring about your man too much that I have

It was then suddenly to me worse than ever

I realized then and there that coveting my neighbor had probably landed my sinful ass in the middle of an extremely clever pay back plan

I would fuck myself hard without a kiss too if I were her and if that beautiful creature was my man...

5/10/2011

The Upper Echelon

The liars

They have tarried for eons up through today

The truth, so clear that the gleam that reflects upon its surface becomes almost blinding to the average naked eye

Sometimes, untrained

Usually, just naked

It's funny how the collective attention span widens so obtusely whenever the subject is not heavily adorned

Scantly clad individuals get all the glances

The proud clothed folks, supposedly pristine with all of their Senseless garb, leaving little room to accessorize

Jewelry is supposed to be subtle, if not hidden entirely

Sometimes, our amulets become the unwanted notoriety of ignorant witches who yearn to become one with passers-by

Coasting through the chaos of the roaring crowd

It notates the notion to these morons that they just may have what it takes to conjure up the demonic that make it possible for gardening implements to sputter and fly

With dead weight upon makeshift spines, the wealthy heathens gallivant

From landmark to landmark sampling the finest wines

Attempting to exhibit prestige as they travel with egocentric assertion

They have convinced themselves that they must deliver their opinions upon the others in a way that rings true somehow as if the ones who pretend to listen really give a tinkers fuck

Though, who is to say that there aren't any tinkers who can't throw a good one down?

The lost are never the easiest to be found, but they make far better bedfellows than the liars

The upper echelon

The ones so rich that they have been long gone forever

The clandestine elitists

The clever ones who are actually the few

The crimson spillers who have always made the spiritual side of nature seem over-ridden with the blue

They don't really have the slightest clue what it is that they believe

The high and mighty grieve internally like madmen

Their lust for the material has overflown into an ocean of all their sin

The ones who seem to have it all have been trapped eternally within their cages

Obsessing on monetary value

The sky-rocking of their unearned wages

Like a bunch of overgrown brats, locked inside a candy store

Never receiving the blessing of all that they have earned

Instead, all they see is having more

There is no end to the road to riches in their miniscule, naive human heads

All jacked up on sarcasm, sinister side-plotting, and the poisoning of our food and our meds

***Their plan, to house the entire population in fake-ass friendly Mr. Rogers neighborhoods and
, even worse, they want to make all their beds for them***

Can they not see that their plates will never be that big?

They try to play God which is the biggest little no-no that there is

This land ain't your land

This land ain't my land

This land that he created is HIS...

10/15/2012

Mythos of the Astral Sea

Trident

Piercing the surface

Rippling waves of cosmic cacophony

Mermaid lagoon, the ancestors of the sirens

Dazzling the rocks with their many hues

Frolicking and laughing

My manhood, desensitized by prudence echoing

Voices, lingering

Seduction, formulating

Approached by these vixens who are begging for stimulus

Neptune's soul becomes my own

Boning the fish bitches, one by one

Nipples, lactating

Beading up the perspiration upon the beacons brow

Such glory have they

Mythical creatures from the realms that surround our own

Transcendental awareness

Where dreams become lucid so as to later become the settings

The backdrop of the world that lies parallel to the one we have forever known

I take with me the vestiges that the heart beats within me to find

My mind soars through galaxies

Dancing, blindly

Through dimensional passageways that all lead somewhere, assumedly

The Kraken, rising to take me as it's sacrificial offering

Blood pulsates through my nerves

The scream that should be welling up within me completely forgotten

Collecting the sparkle from the tailwinds of comets to utilize, once grounded, as magic elixirs

With the heliotrope, co-created

The radiance poured into its contents to enhance the continuity

Wizardry

Sorcery

Witchcraft

Whatever...

The power within used without me

Subconsciously

Astral projection sends spirits flying through prismatic ripples in the concept of time

To unify with mythical beings

Creatures that reside in the sublime

Hidden answers to solve the big picture found by the expansion of the awareness field

Meeting up with our doppelgangers for the very first time

Face to face, in conscious reasoning

Coercing our doubles to hold on tightly to our hands

To work together as one

Erasing the very real possibility of our erasure

Astral travel to unravel all of the knotted strings...

4/21/2010

Pinnacle

*This purging of my baggage
It's no walk in the park
It's like inching my way through a raging inferno
Before creating a spark that becomes the initial flame
It's not easy at all and it's taking its sweet time
It planned this all out a long time ago
It arrived in this part of conceptual time because it knows that Mercury is its ally when it spins the other way
If it does not figure out a safe strategy before it stops and returns to its natural state
Then it will dissipate like chemicals do when the temperature rises to take them into the atmosphere
So, right around the first of next month and year, I'll be purged
So much vile residue has been leaking from my pores
Most people would have shot themselves in the head if they had to wear my shoes
Living in a state of mind that lacks rythm
My emotional barricades keeping me in shades of browns and blues
Yesterday I saw a glimpse of how my new life is about to flow
I know that it's all going to be well
I won't have to sell anyone a story
Instead, they will all have one of their own to tell
My writing will be acknowledged on every level
I have seen the telltale signs of upcoming success
I will make a huge mark upon this Earth
Last year around this time, angelic messengers appeared to reinvent my reality of the times to come
I was so stuck on stupid that I was begging for another chance to be dumb
When I piece it all together, the extent of my enlightenment makes invisible hair follicles all over my body erect
I feel like an electromagnetic probe
It makes me want to set goals
Go out on blind dates
Take risks in everything that I do
I will not lose
I will win it all*

Able to choose my fate

A creator

A legend

A pinnacle of glory and healing light

Night and day merge into one

The Nexus between the Earth and the Sun

Attractive to all that I am attracted to

No fears

No hesitations

No self limitation caused by a poor self esteem

A purging of all my baggage

No longer any memory of how I was raised

A new aeon

Filled with endless days of beauty

Of happenings

Of lessons learned and then passed down through the generations

All of the ideas and interests that I have adopted merging into a brand new existence for me completely

I have never seen any reason to go about my business discreetly

I don't understand why so many are so fond of living their fantasies out on the sly

I make them try something new if I am ever given the chance

The same old tired song and dance is over

Done with

Gone

I have been moving on for what seems like an eternity without recollection of when the chances have appeared

I would have feared a few things not long ago

Now, I see no good reason to have fear

To me, it is inexcusable

Silly

Too common

Senseless

My self-destructive behavior spawns from the hearsay that runs rampant in the thought processes that flood the brain that is protected by the solid particles of matter that compose my head

Breaking bread is a bad habit of mine

We must treat money divinely

Not physically

Not mentally

Not both, for damned sure

The two polarities run parallel and independently

They are not the tortoise and the hare

Racing toward outcomes that have already been witnessed somewhere prior to our own

The cover was blown before you

Never worried about making it through anything

From now on, I will take it slowly

Take the time to enjoy every step

Take in the scenery

Take a sip of water before I even breathe

Learn the timeless art of relaxation

When the news comes on, change the station

No point in being forced to swallow a million fibs and lies

Raise up my arms toward the end of the skies

Beyond the clouds

Chanting ancient scripture in holy praise to my omnipotent creator

Blinding the wicked sorcerer and the foolish instigator before they make footprints in the path that we walk upon

Every man for himself, individuality, the ego-based society gone with the shift of the wind

The new world order will be governed by a force much greater than man

Elitist rituals unmasked and erased

The contortions of their facial features no longer hiding

Unable to shift their shapes

Skin walking not possible

Should never have been

The level of sin it took to exist unfathomable

Sickening

Unholy

Insane

Spiritual activities have nothing to do with the use of the brain other than the manifestations that are co-created by all who intervene

Negativity, the only obscenity that their ever has been

It's breeds faster than the microbial entities when exposed to anything alive

Taking over souls

Planting their heads in the ground like ostriches

To thrive on the inhabitants of the soil

Trials

Tribulations

Turmoil abolished

I will do right when I am the new me

I have always done my best to be good so far but the definition of the word is an opinion

But, who elses should I have acted upon other than my very own?

12/22/2016

Median

*I have come to one of those rare times with myself that I know will evacuate me soon
A time where I wish that I could be someone other than who I am
I wish that I could just blow people off like they do to me
I wish that I was unable to see how cruel some people are
There is no answer for why
It is what it is
Some people are children at heart
With others, it is strictly business
I fall somewhere in between
I have never seen in only black and white
Sometimes I am comforted by the sunshine of the day
Other times I long to have eternal night
It does not really change me to go through all of my pain
I still keep thinking that I am a good candidate for love
But, I realize that I am somewhat of a control freak by nature
Like a glove that refuses to let go of the hand
Things never seem to go as planned
It makes me wonder if the plan is actually a jinx
I cannot help what happens after my brain thinks too long and hard
I cannot change the fact that my spirit is always ready to strike
On guard all the time
Not allowing myself to trust is a horrific crime upon my heart and soul
I wish that there was a happy median for me to discover
I am not human, with all of their assumptive extremes
I am aware that the truth lies in between them somewhere, if there is any truth at all
Patience was once part of a tall tale for me to say that I had
I am still learning how to master things that I may never know
It's best to keep growing rather than closing myself off completely
I am able to be who I am and I want those who are close to me to be the same
I don't want friends who can only be themselves when they are alone
Getting off on the fact that they are getting away with being themselves so discreetly
They are the biggest fucking liars of them all
Sneaky bastards who I cannot stand the sight of*

The ones who never can own up to their own shit

I am done with them all

Fuck the games, I quit!

I don't care if I am called a quitter

All their lies

Their secrets

Their schemes

Get stuck in the pipes that are attached to their shitters

They can fool themselves forever

But, I won't let them fool me

I am sick of them glomming on to everyone I love

When I told them to get lost, I meant disappear

Not stick themselves to the pity of the nearest fool

Sometimes I think, maybe, that it's a blessing in disguise

Like two birds killed with one stone

The only other thing that makes any sense is their sick little quest to see to it that I am alone without them

This piss poor treatment must come to an end

It's not karma, because what they are isn't me

If it's what I get for being able to see through the veil, then I'd rather be blind to it all

Foresight has never been a true friend

I'm never going to be anything less than real, even though they believe me when I am pretending

Sometimes I am tempted to take advantage of them

To start bending their asses toward my will just because I can

But, instead, I go out of my way to find a happy median

Upon which I can gratefully stand....

12/14/2016

Whack Off

One year ago today

I was not at all where I am now

I am not ecstatic

I am just okay

But, it certainly beats feeling the way that I was feeling then

A bunch of two-faced pricks had me snowballed over and over again

Lately, though, I have really gotten to know what I am supposed to do when it comes to choosing who I love

This BOOMING voice from above and beyond

Shattering what were once my eardrums

Carrying me past that flimsy, flailing point of swallowing all of my tears

My fears have all found me, and as I have stated so many times before, I never have had very many

If I had a penny for each one of them, I would end up with a bit more than a nickel, much less than a dime

It is not at all a crime to relentlessly give everything your all

I refuse to become anyone elses fall guy

I would have already gone down if I was ever going to

If I was meant to give up or give in, it would have happened already

It almost has

I have shit my trousers in awe, if only but to appease them

The strongest arm of the law is behind me now, for they can see clearly that this crazy little shindig won't be happening unless the true soldiers remain free

I am taking back all of the power that I have so carelessly shared with ungrateful pawns

The fools that had my back one moment, then the next moment, POOF!, they were gone

Believe me, nothing is ever, anymore, any real big shocker

These little whack off sessions they keep having over what they have put me through are going to cost them, no matter where they manage to sneak away to get their groove on...

7/12/2012

Branded

*This is way more than mere frustration
I am at a point where I may start boiling
It is no wonder why he blocked me from speaking to him
After things between us seemed somewhat normal again
I can be a lunatic sometimes
I guess I just could not hold it in any longer
My urge to explode growing stronger every second
The entire ordeal is huge mess, to put it lightly
He never wants to listen to anything I have to say
He knows how often I am right
He turns to me in question
Then, to the night he succumbs
To retreat within his secret world that I only know fragments of
I guess that we all have one
I went crazy as crazy gets the other day
I just think that we are done for the hundredth time
It's like I have been punished for behaving in such a rash manner
The silent treatment to a cruel and unforgiving extreme
I'm not going to lay down in the dust flailing like a fool
He has not that kind of power over me anymore
I have to face the fact that I let myself be utilized when he had nothing left
Nowhere to turn
So, off he went to track me down
To take me in his talons to his altar where he could burn me over and over again
Leaving me branded from head to toe with the symbols of our forgotten past
Ancient messages like living epitaphs upon my skin
I have been to Hell and beyond with that guy
I don't know why I even care
Branded so he will never fade from my memory and the scars will remain upon my body
forever...*

12/13/2016

Halt

*This place is a mess
I have really been down
I don't know exactly where I will be going
There will come a time when all of this will come to an end
We tried
Not hard enough, obviously
I came here in good faith that we could save this house
That it would remain a home
But the pangs of addiction were what took control of the motivation machine
The one that we had built
Custom made
Perfection that could never be bought
Now it could be, if we could ever put ourselves back into the shoes that we wore ten years ago
It is very sad to see it all go
I worry about my friend Karen, who I came here for
She has been avoiding us all for days on end
Only stopping in here and there to change clothes
A quick hello
She must be leaving her pitiful excuse for a man
Because he has been here the whole time whining
Just like his drunken mother who still resides in the sun room adjacent to mine
Not for much longer
Nobody could erase the debt that was already lingering back in May and worse, before, when they all lived here like cave people
Cooking spaghetti in the fireplace of the family room
No electricity
No water
No gas
You could see your breath in here
I dropped by a few times during that crazy stretch of time
To score something or other for my insistent twat of a roommate
My so called friend who wanted my soul for the use of her piece of shit old mini van*

***They at least had all of their heads together then
Screwed on straight
They were a family that now ceases to exist if it ever did
This is not at all how I had envisioned this to pan out
Everything so over-dramatized and really quite sad
So many good times have been had here
Yet, somehow the black seems to have won the fight
Maybe wrong
More likely, right on the money
It's not funny at all
It always wins, which effects me somehow, some way
It's not fucking fair!
I have never fucked with it, but I end up caring immensely for so many idiots who do
That nasty drug always wants to see to it that it puts me through an emotional Hell
Tears fall into the well in this place where the water no longer runs
Where the fun and games must all come to a screeching halt so that the light warriors here
can again exalt back into our way of living....***

11/25/2016

Yuletide Cheer

The only thing that I can do now is pray that the holiday season may bring them back into their light

I can no longer assist them

Physically

Mentally

Financially

Emotionality

Sexually

I had an epiphany or two of my own somewhere within the cycle of Sunday evening through Monday to midnight to the witching hour of today

It was a great evening, all in all

A healing has now been put into thought and is waiting contently for when it comes time to add it to motion

This one is going to be a beauty

A multi-purpose expose of three-fold spectral light

One neon for my truest love

That stubborn fucking brat who most of you have heard me speak of at least once before

One emerald green for my good friend Glenn

A rabbits playground waiting to do what rabbits do

Temptation has been grabbing my snatch

Messaging my little oracular bulb

But, first a healing must be aligned

Along the chakra's path

Bent by all the hatred caused by sycophants with all of their putrid wrath

The third and final light would be, yes, mine

An opaque, yet prismatic wonder

To get me back in the saddle that fell off my old high horse

To prepare me for a brand new hayride

A journey that will bring next season's thunder

I cannot look back now anymore

No need for me to prove that I remember

I know better than to start planning the new year this early in December

I no longer dread the Yuletide cheer

The holiday blitz

The bullshit stories

This year I have returned to my childhood somehow

I guess Christmas is not so bad after all

I have been using my voice to sing along to the good Christmas songs seldom played

What Child Is This

Away in the Manger

Hark the Herald Angel Sing

It is time to travel home

To embrace my mother

Spend quality time with my nephew's who I am told really long to get to know me now

A warm feeling of triumph has managed to embrace my heart

I won't ever let it go again

No way

I was right when I predicted that this past year would be filled with greatness

I am thankful for this place where I stay

I know that 2016 is about to fade away but everything that it has taught me will remain with me forever

I have met so many people

Some black

Some white

Some grey

I can't believe I made it, that I did not run away

I wonder where I will go from here

And there, how long I will stay

I am used to this routine by now

Nothing lasts forever for most

For me, it never lasts very long

The only forever that I know is my voice as I sing every song

In my soul that will forever belong to life

Immortality is the promise of God Almighty

The love of Venus and Aphrodite

The dance of Pan who flutes the song

I could list them all

They are not false, nor are they idols

Idolatry is a crazy thing

It's definition cannot be found in books

Nor films

Not anywhere

I am not convinced that it is even a word

I haven't heard the birdsong in the night

Nothing is wrong with being righteous

To each, of course, their own

However, each has now the responsibility of paying their own prices

Facing their demons

Owning up to their shit

Doing their time

Before the chime of midnight this blessed New Years eve

I refuse to acknowledge the grieving noise of the ungrateful

The requests that bombard us from hateful mouth

The begging please of the braggarts as they are dragged to Hell

Take a penny from my urn as you depart

Sure hope you can find a wishing well when you land

I remember what the angelic black man told me when I was living in Reno

"Jason the mason..we have some work to do"..

Suddenly all I can think if is going home to see my family

I want to make each moment last

Enjoy each bite of the food

Talk to my mom about all of my plans

My sister Kelly

All the kids

I gave been a Scrooge for too long

I am over the pain from my past

This is my Christmas Caroll

Another song that will last eternally in my heart

For all that is planned, I am down

I must pay equal respect to everyone.....

12/6/2016

Convinced

I am convinced that I have healed myself

Me and me alone

It took so much out of me to douse myself with liquid while on fire in a picture of a romanticized forever

It can exist, I suppose

I think that I have seen it with other twosomes here and there throughout my years

I know that in my own life I have never known what it feels like to make it all work out

I have never found true longevity, nor trust, nor respect in its truest form

Unspoken

Broken into shards of multi-colored glass upon just about every kind of thoroughfare imaginable

I have felt love from the hearts and souls of others but I am not exactly sure why it has always kept me so convinced

Falling in love for the nuttiest reasons

The last one, the brattiest boy

He had me wrapped around his glands and he knew it very well

Off his Denver high horse he apparently fell some time ago

I did not think that I would spend quality time with the man of my dreams ever again

Only now do I know what it takes to truly be in love

It makes it so hard when your nature is to shy away from it like mine is

I have convinced myself that sin has never been any real issue

Do what you wish to do I say

The wings that we span are to enable the standing ones to fly

They are ancient

They are hidden

They are totally taboo

I had totally convinced myself that all of the horrific visions that I see are only pictures in my head

Days like these convince me now just how fond they would all be if given the chance to see me dead

I have fed them and fed them

Giving in

Giving out

But, why?

I look up to the sky and see a hag spell out in broom dust "Surrender, Jason you idiot"and that alone has convinced me to do just that...

I guess maybe I will find my next true love once I figure out how to pull a fucking rabbit out of my hat....

1/1/2013

When Penguins Fly

*Seas breath upon the virginal oasis
In places most would never know how to find
Hidden vacancies, torn by logic and reason
The lies always cross our pathways that lead here, there, nowhere at all
Blown by the current from the jagged cliff side, where we had almost surmounted all of the rocks
Falling into a dark, unholy ravine to receive electro-shock treatment
Mixed into the great cauldron that boils and gurgles deep within her core
Blinded by the zeniths that hold dominion over the skies
Parading down city streets singing anthems of love and light
Making our mark against the darkness until the Boogeyman can no longer come out at night
Chartered are our territories that glow with vigor and run from rage
Some of us are on the page that we should be
Together
Unified
Sanctified
Deified
Ignorance denied
Fighting off with laser light beams all of the ghouls
The spectres
The Hannibal the Cannibal Lecters
The good guys
The bad guys
This is not a movie
No need have we to put on any acts
We have been brutally attacked by our fellow men
It will happen again, if we allow it
Perpetual motion
The ocean's reversal of tides
Equator line doing somersaults
Deserts, frozen stiff in time
Polar ice caps, liquefied
Tried*

True

Trivial

Wishes upon stars granted

Enchanted meadows that poke the blossoms until they bloom

The past that looms up behind us, erasing

Bull-dozed

Trampled

Forgotten

Remembered

Will anything go down in that day in two Decembers?

Nibiru can be seen from the Southern polarity with the naked eye during the day

The penguins instinct raises their wings and they figure out how to use them to fly away...

12/7/2000

Epiphany

Once again

I must pack up my bags

Collect empty brown boxes

Waste precious money on rolls of sealing tape

Again, I have no other choice then to find a whole new way to escape

All of my options are completely open

But, they wait for me to say something that they should have already said

What, exactly, is this force that always shifts me around?

Why can't I ever stay put?

I can't do it all alone again

With virtually nothing

On foot

No place to call my home

Roaming, aimlessly

No

God No

I refuse to do it again

We are going to have to backtrack this shit and simply start over from the plateau we were on back then

When all that we could see was each other

This time, I'm not his mentor

I'm not his teacher

I'm not his fucking mother

We both deserve the chance to be in love again

I have always known that our time would finally come

I have been a spaced-out dumb fuck

I have not thought to save a single dime

I never have any extras, how could have I?

I do not deserve to be put like a stray cat out in the freezing Winter cold

I have not committed any violent crimes

I look forward to happier days and much better times

I already have in the recent month or more that has most recently passed with him

Without him

With others

He has told me the same about them and with his dip shit closet case pussy monger buddies

There have been blissful tears that well up in his eyes

Feelings that I could see on his face

He didn't have to speak a word

I do wish that he would say nice things to me more often

The place that I should next call home should be more obvious even then it is to me

His hints only drive me crazier

Crazier in love, that is

I long to hear him just spit it out

For him to sit me down and tell me softly that he would love for me to be his again

I know that is hard for him to settle down because I am the same way

It gives me anxiety

I am not into bondage

When we are both alone for too long, it brings us down

Now, he tries to say honestly that it is good for him

Honestly, how long has it even been?

Not even a month and I have spent the night there twice already

He told me on the 2nd night that he just had an epiphany earlier that day

He said that I will be there with him twenty five years from now

That I will be a grouchy old nag

My little time traveler

I don't want him to get scared of me already

But, where else makes more sense for me to go?

I just wish he would tell me

Just let me fucking know already

I want him to be happy to have me there...

10/22/2016

Exhibit

My intuition

Always in the process of something or other

Sometimes it angers me

Sometimes I feel like I am in the fucking Twilight Zone, which is actually quite comical to me

Sometimes I honestly cannot decipher the difference between visions and the illusions that are formed by the shadows

Visions further show the depths of these shadows, running much deeper than most will ever know

I know....because my own reality is not a very pretty place too often

It becomes more of a hinderance than anything else

Trying to put words to my voice to prophetize these hinderances, thus, becomes nearly impossible for me to keep up with it all on my own

Seldom do I ever have the time to fall into the hum-drum of human normality, which I know that even I must do at certain intervals in the concept of time

I daydream so much, all of my visionary experiences end up uniting to become a true picture of what I consider to be lucidity

All of the happenings that are born from deep imagination

Dancing across the sky with all of the intruders who end up landing in jagged pieces everywhere all over the ground

that captures all ten of my temples toes and runs off with them

I become the one who is completely shattered

Left to tread in violent waters as the oceanic azure swallows me up to my neck

My luck then has it that the lifeguard who comes to rescue me physically resembles Shrek who takes it upon himself to carry me out to the coastal dome they call sensuality where he fucks my brains out- all of them!!!

Like the aliens, he returns me to my post where I sit in awe staring up at the horizon through distant eyes

that end up reflecting the dumbfounded gazes of so many passers-by

Staring at me as if I am a part of some morbid public exhibit

The silence then replaces my will to share with others all the things that I know that I am seeing

I won't be the one held responsible for freeing anyone's narrow mind anytime soon.....

9/14/2007

Casting Call

Nag Champa burning

Smoke fills what remains of this space

It seems to fluster all of the nosier ones that are abound

You know, all those who make it obvious that they are taking their sweet time as they move from point A to point B

Muttering under their breath as if it takes all the strength they can muster just to be able to butt in

A faint grin now takes over my mouth, recently twisted profusely by an utter lack of amusement

Waiting, still, for reasons that remain unapparent to all who may catch wind of my temporary fate

Mercury, retrograde in motion

I have tried to make myself forget that it is here

For, I really have a sincere disdain for anything that forces me to hate it

I have a rough time dealing with the times when I have no other choice but to wait

So, I often try to get something out of it all rather than just bitching and moaning incessantly until that moment comes when it finally gives in and begins to fade away

Anymore, these days, I find myself unable to escape the urge to chase after it

Like a child would do if it were a unicorn or a white rabbit

Today, I notice that my usual fan club has seemingly vaporized into thin air

Normally, it lingers around my every move like a bad case of "The Clap"

The incense smoke has chased away all of the fanfare

It is a bit odd in the first place to be burning it in a place and time like now

Then again, I am certainly what you would call an "odd ball"

When the freak show has posted a casting call, I am one of the crazies who spend the night prior out on the sidewalk in an attempt to be the first idiot to walk through the door

Perhaps if I were to wait until after the Director has eaten their lunch, I would land the gig a bit more often

I truly believe that patience has found me

Somehow, somewhere within the chaos and the haze

Now, if it could just force me to hold still, so that I do not become lost within the walls of my own maze

Its 1983

I am the bitch who won the casting call for lead actress on "The Shining"

Jack Nicholson stares down at me and that brat who plays his son through an evil gaze

***Hey dude, I am much prettier than that pining bitch that you were married to on camera
You should come help me find my way
You will be a much happier camper, mark my words
I guess that is all I have left to say
3/10/2013***

Scorn

*They sent their spy
To create my bane
In this insane abode where I reside
She lied when she told me that she had nothing more to say
I blocked her away from her own insight- especially in regard to me
But, that conniving bitch thinks she has to have everything her way
With two bloodshot eyes that are no longer able to see straight
I'm about to force myself to be just like her and her pathetic little crew
About to do some shit that I never find it necessary to do
I want to uncover all of her scams
I should turn her ass in to the police
I want to ruin her like she tried so diligently to do to me
She doesn't take her medication, yet, our tax dollars continue to pay her lease
She cant stop purchasing exotic pets that she cannot afford to feed
She is never satisfied
Impregnated by the demon of greed
A sycophant
A liar
A cheap, dirty, rotten whore
Just wait until she becomes aware of what lies in store for her
I have long ago decided against becoming a part of what will become of her
Now, this is the last straw
I refuse to tolerate being stalked by the products of her insanity
Does she think I'm fucking stupid?
Does she not remember my power?
I now command her spells to return to her and devour all of her plans
I did absolutely nothing to deserve all of her unfounded wrath
Hell hath no fury like her scorn
I am not going to mourn over anything from my past ever again
She thinks she has the right to fuck with everyone's hearts, their lives, their money, their men
She needs to be stopped
Nailed to a crucifix and burned*

***All of her casting must be returned for her to ingest
I won't deal with her or any of her lame-ass, mindless picnic pests
I'm about to take a little trip back to her neck of the zone
I'll go as a naked Caudaeus
Two serpents wrapped around my body intertwined
To scare her into cardiac arrest
Take back over what was already mine
She had no right to use my bank card
My identification
My name
Hers is a vicious, tired, boring game
She's a menace
A harlot
A child abuser
An adulterpous pig
A rotten potato guzzling drunken lout
A loud- mouth, trouble-making skank
I must be the one to make her nightmares become real
I must steal myself back from her sick idea of love
Forget I have ever known her
Take her away from my senses
Disown her sorry essence from my soul
What was her goal in sending her spy?
I'll saddle her up and send her back
To shallack their sorry asses to the wall...***

10/4/2016

Lightning From The Heavens

Heightened vibrations

Pins drop to create the super-sonic boom of waking up

Smelling much more than just the coffee

The stench of humanity perfumes you

Getting involved with the patchwork quilt that blankets the world

Your square, finished and added long ago

A masterpiece that is easy for you to picture

But ,only bare silence exists where your vision has placed it

The chaos has been forever in formulation, but today you can really taste it

The chalky, gritty texture that brings back childhood memories that the inability to bare them had so carefully tucked away

A game that was orchestrated in the days of old

We have become the puppets that have pulled ourselves along using our own strings

We have the minds with which the phantasm loves to play

No longer any charismatic words left to say

They have no qualms with displaying the brutal truth right underneath our noses

In the Garden Paradise of lore, we are the milkweed and the dandelions

They are the precious roses

Now, the lightning that has come down from the Heavens has become grounded firmly into the soil

Campaign slogans played backwards to reveal the crafty foxes truest intentions which are nothing but filthy little schemes

Those of us who have been branded by the light of God toss and turn in cold sweats as we try to find the patterns within our dreams

Monuments built in hope rather than in hind sight

Time spinning us faster and faster into an apocalypse

The birds in the trees even have started singing their woeful songs in the middle of the night

The Illuminati has implanted itself within the music that was meant to sooth our ears

Hidden innuendos that mask the rhythms

Instilling within our hearts the serpents that lie to our intuition to create the thieves who enable them

Our fears

We must all join hands and rejoice in the power that comes of visions when they become unified

Never unlocking our fingers grasp until we can agree as one that the beast has finally died

We must ignore the anger that is inevitable to ensue as we all realize how long we have been blatantly lied to

To deny this mission will become the fall of our land

Here's my hand, please take it.....

7/17/2010

New & Old

*The guy should be given the Pulitzer prize
for how many times he has dominated the pages of my little book of love
People never really change once you get to know who they are inside
The heat has never gotten colder
The passion has never died
But, it is time to stop giving myself to the clouds
Wasting away my chances to move on
Ignoring the advances of beautiful men
Our love is old
Played out
A has been for way too many years
I wish he knew what he hears as he taps into peoples lackluster heads
So willingly he was to shred my past away for me
I should have wondered why back then
The craziest thing about it all is that I know if he offered, I would allow him to work me all
over again
It's the strangest blessing I have ever been bestowed
If that is, indeed, what it is...
Rather than being ecstatic for being set free, I'm wallowing in a puddle of wanting to be his
It's not healthy
Nor smart
Nor even worth a good laugh
I have suffered too many times on his self-centered behalf
Our story is old
It's tired
It's worn
A new star must be born
In the part of the Heavens that rests above me
I want to be freed forever from everything that is tired and old
I want someone who can't stop holding me
Cant wait to taste my kiss again
Addicted to my touch
Worried about losing my love*

Mindful of what makes me smile

A man who appreciates my style

Who cares about me heart and soul

Not a retreat backward to someone who let themselves be stolen from me more than once before

A tireless soldier who could never bore me even if they tried

A guy who knows what he wants and knows how to help me decide

He does not have to be perfect of heart

of soul

of mind

He must be ready to settle down

He must be trying to find me...

11/20/2016

Disarmed

Every fucking time I start to let my mind drift into thought processes, it always floats like a little love cloud over an image of his face

Why is he all that I can see?

There are so many out there for me to love

Nobody seems to fit like a glove like he does

I would love for someone new to come sweep me up off of my feet

The heat of desire is killing me

I'm not sorry, for I have never changed

It is a bit strange to me that he had such a sudden turn of heart

He does this every damned time

He makes me want to beg him

At least for valid reasons for tormenting me so

He thinks he knows me so well

He's right

and he's wrong

All at the same time

I have done nothing to deserve this lingering pain

I beg God to send down the rain from the Heavens

To cleanse me of this blockage

To make me pure

To find a way to make him pay without him being harmed

My weaponry I have disarmed when it comes to love

For, peace is the only answer

Forgiveness is a given with me

It is almost as though he went out of his way to start a feud that neither of us could ever win

A spinning bottle I have become

Bounding through the minutes of life like they are nothing to me

It's next to impossible for me to move forward when all that I can see is what's being left behind

Painting pictures with the power of my mind

Writing words that will echo throughout the boundaries of time

Creating incidents that have yet to find me using what lessons I have bothered to learn

Burning away anything that happens to be leftover

Fire is a cleanser

A blessing

A gift

Lifting myself up from where he threw me down and around for a couple of loops

This is my time

To power up

To get strong

To re-group from the wreckage of the blast

I will rise

I will succeed

I will conquer my need to be loved....

11/20/2016

One Night Affairs

Down Town

Where all the bright lights flicker faintly behind all of the dimness

I am in the epicenter

In the Matrix

Resting upon a potpourri of laurels, clover and chrysanthemum

These past few days, maybe one, going on two

Who cares, really?

Why must anyone be in my know?

Show and tell is damned near over and, lemme tell you, I am very far from wowed..

I want to be thrown down and plowed with a certain benevolent fury

The kind that only exists in a few faraway places

Places that have never really been too far away

I suppose it depends upon how one wants to look at the entire affair

To some, a fair is a miraculous spectacle that woos the mind

How the whole thing is suddenly erected in the middle of Town's Square in the passing on only one night

Just like jolly ole St. Nick

How he embarks on his dutiful journey

All of this is just one night

That eight foot tall rabbit with his fetish for hiding the fabrics of childhood in plastic canisters

His pension for creating abstract art using vinegar and food coloring to make designs upon his eggs

He, too, gets the fuck on the movidas all in just one night

That bitch of a Tooth Fairy, how she comes too steal your crumbling bones from your head rest

Leaving behind a mere stash that leprechauns would turn their noses up to in an ungrateful little huff

Is anything ever enough for those of them that have it all behind their belts?

Leaving unlawful welts all over the fleshy tapestries of both victims and willing participants everywhere across the plane

Standing there waiting for cyclones to come and prune their wheat into wealthier illusions

The corn fields that line the grid just to allow stories of the macabre to unfold

Blatant, brutal, raw monotony

Creating the masses of ugly heretics for polygamy to claim as its brood

You would think that the homely hookers would have some nights when they are simply not in the mood

Dude, it is far beyond a rat race out there

The race keeps on going and going

Will there be anyone waiting at the finish line who is inept enough to slice through the crimson banner?

For that matter, is there anyone who even still cares?

For all of our self-induced grievances, we have twice as many sins that we have been given no choice but to bare

"Beware of the dog" speaks the Mandarin to the Blessed Luck Dragon

We, the beasts breathing the flames of invention

Creating rebellion

And so that little hellion of mine who is stuck on stupid in the heart of The Wolf Country gets away again

He was never running, nor was I

He had built me all up again with the powers that lie in his magical little head

He had built me a castle on the clouds up in his sky

Fuck, I would of been happy enough just to die with him there

But, then, this pubescent little fuck wad decided to come intrude upon it all

Emerging from a dark, Masonic chasm at the climax of our pre-destined interlude

Been there, won't ever do that crazy shit again

He and his fat ass necromantic crack whore of a sister probably teamed up with his cousin Henry and together willed me into creating my Face Book page

To entangle me in the Illuminatti's tangled little web of deceit

Look here, you wannabe witches...Take a number, find a seat!

You all think that I am off is some Never Never Land

But, I am actually pumped and ready

I am up on my feet, been walking for miles and miles

My one and only trial is over and done with, just about gone

The tribulations are the only thing that keeps me moving forward

Going on a thousand, a million, maybe more

In whatever I do, wherever I go, I am indeed an insatiable whore

Once they cut me that check, I am going to purchase a revolving door on all four sides of my being

So , I can see even more crazy shit than I usually see...

12/01/2011

Grace

Out of gas....completely

On the outskirts of the tiny town called Indian Springs

The nearest Wal-Mart is not even here...but thirty miles away

Oh well, what more can you do or say to change what is already done?

Not one damned thing

So, I sit here and let my head spin somewhere just to imagine anything at all

It all falls suddenly into place in there

I see an arrow soar through the sky as it sings

I see the ancients scatter all about the landscape that is now so simple, yet so beautiful

In a time when the belief was held strong that dancing brought upon the rains

The hospitality has not always been so fruitful upon the opposing plane

Just when I had almost led myself to believe that Nevada was without so much as a shred of hope, I walked into the closest diner where I was surprised by the staff with all of its goodness which made the whole ordeal much easier to cope with

I had already swallowed the fact that I was in the midst of a self-created and induced sort of fate

So, I write down shit about it all here out of inherent sense of duty

I knew I had better not waste away that rare chance to stay busy while I had no other choice but to sit here like a dumb fuck waiting

If I was not a risk taker at heart, I would still be stuck up in Reno with both thumbs up my own asshole debating about it all

Usually I fly

Sometimes I fall flat on my face

If I were not able to see the best of both worlds, all of my grace would be like my dignity that is gone

So, I am glad that I am utilizing this time so well, before it all gets up and simply moves on....

3/10/2013

Vapor

Picking up all of the pieces of myself still

Deja vu

Deja vu

Deja vu

Essentially alone again

My mind always wanders back to you

and you

and YOU

You influential fucking bastards!

At least now I know that its not me, nor figments in the brain that is up in my head

If I could learn to think from my sexual epicenter instead of continuing forth with the big fat scientific lie by wearing out my eyes , then they could never talk their shit about my essence

Like saying that I am crazy

That I shot up too much dope

That I am delerious

Delusional

Brain-dead

All of these things and more they have already said somewhere along the line of living thats mine

I suppose that they must see themselves somehow sitting in some spiritually divine throne of some sort

I would give them room to retort, but that would render me sleepy, restless, or bored

So, I have found out for a fact by this point in my game that its just best to consider their breath as useless vapor, and, thus, their opinions are ignored...

Talk is cheap and I cannot afford even that

The one hat that had put me on blast has been stolen, along with quite a few other items that they cannot possibly hope to adopt painlessly

As long as they latch on to my belongings, then they can rest assured that they will never feel comfortable, let alone lucky and carefree

They will never rest

Nor relax

Nor find peace

I was thrown outside to the wolves after paying way more than my dues

I guess that's what I get for insisting upon being added to the lease

My thoughts and memories are not memoirs that can just fade away

My damaged heart was reborn via technology, but its ability for acceptance will never come back to crimson from its new shade of charcoal grey

Not much more that I can say in that regard

Now I need to snap back and these fucking employees need to get their heads out of their rectums and stop treating me like I am a God damned retard

I have every right to make my own cake and this time I am eating it all by myself

Until I get my hedgehog and/or find a new man

I am living my life the way that I choose and I am the only one who can work the pen that draws my blueprint with the only soul that can create my game plan...

6/17/2016

Burning

An inferno rages within me

You can see it in my hair

They keep staring at me, trying to figure out things that just aren't there

How little that I care should show now

I can't give in and speak to them anymore of the secrets that I know

They may listen, but they never learn

So, I burn all over because of them

They act as though they are searching for water to throw upon me, but I know that it is really gasoline that they seek

I am never weakened by any of their games

Their names are certainly not above mine

Heating up the divine light surrounding

Pounding my thoughts into the asphalt

Holding onto my shirt tail because they think they can use me to exalt themselves to some higher plane

The inferno keeps smoldering, no matter how hard comes the blessed rain to conquer its inane ability to spread from one end of me to the next

You would think that I am over-sexed if you could see me seething

Scratching at the ground like I am in a Turkish prison cell

Always on fire

Alive and well

Like the Phoenix rising from the ashes

Adorned by a hundred satin sashes

So many out there longing and learning

I hold all of the knowledge and I am burning away

So many out there, so discerning

Well, trust and believe I need nothing from the likes of you

My eyes will keep burning just to see me through to the next plane

My heart keeps on burning in the pangs of all my pain

The tables keep turning as they keep trying to find my bane

The labels keep printing because of an insane desire to categorize

Each time my cover keeps burning, I awake in a whole new guise

Surprises are what I burn for...

8/18/2013

Chase

I am not going to chase them

I am not going to paint them into a picture of future plans

There are already too many scars upon my flesh from the sutures I have had removed in the past

Life can't always be a walk in the park

It's an uphill battle

A dance in the dark

I can't always provide the spark to keep everything alive

They both have the drive to give me what I need

They also have the armor that tends to make my heart bleed

In some ways, I need them

They are my soldiers

My boys

They need to start treating me like the queen that I am

Let mamma do away with all their silly little sex toys

I am not going to chase either one of them this time

I have exhausted myself for way too many years

I have told them both how much I love them until my teeth have eroded down to my gums, leaving me needing a new set of veneers

I am not going to chase them

They run too fast, they move too slow

I am not going to erase them

I am going to let them grow

As long as it is in my garden, not the dirt mound of some other dumb ass bitch

I will chase their asses while riding upon my broom because this witch does not like to share

I am sick and tired of having to unravel my boys from the threads of an arachnids snare

I am not going to chase them

They are not going to run

I am over and done with everything in my past

My car is in the auto shop and I cannot afford the gas...

11/9/2016

Blood Lines

Crimson

Deep within the windowpanes

The potpourri of soldier's eyes

Some fighting for the darkness, the others for the light

Night and day are one in the same

Shades of grey are what lie behind the name

Blood lines, co-mingling

It takes much more than white power to win in this game

Copulation with the youth

Unmarred flesh above the flowing iron that remains pure

The truth that lies behind the surface is more likely ancient than it is pristine

They are committing hideous crimes

The truth is most often sublime, hiding loosely in the shadows

Behind locked doors

It is not as though their practices cause a ruckus or a scene

I actually feel for them

The demons that they have took upon themselves to draw from another dimension

From an abyss

An eye for an eye

Terminal bliss

There is this lady who posts home made videos on You Tube who I keep losing track of because they keep blocking her

She came to me from out of the blue

She spawns my interest for playing "sleuth"

I cannot, will not ever get too much of the truth

She tells it all as if it were nothing

Like everyone is aware

Those who remain clueless, do so accordingly

Alongside of the fact that they really could care the fuck less about their lives at all

The fall of the Angels is not merely a point in history

It is a continual, gradual, suffocating metamorphosis

It tries to remain hidden by the senseless need for more, more, more...

The Whore of Babylon rules over this world

The queen who has reign over the entire chaotic tapestry that has been draped over our each and every waking move

Nothing to prove

It is not even hiding

Its mannerisms are blatant and raw

Like the caw of the ravens that Hecate keeps

Scattered all over the atmosphere that surrounds an immortal womb

Primordial wrath awakened long ago when a group of foolish archaeologist's invaded a sacred Egyptian pharaohs tomb

A plague was unleashed upon them

Swimming into their blood lines

A sonic boom in the ethereal plane

Who is anybody to decide what is auspicious and what is our bane?

The Great Lion's mane upon the coats of arms that hang proudly on British Royal walls

Blowing in the silent winds that are conjured up as Mother Nature calls

Blood lines intercepting with a force that has strength far beyond any known to mortal man

A dim-witted plan, formulated in the dark ages of the ago

It has never come anywhere near fruition and it most certainly never will

This is the final stand

Seeing eye to eye

Everyone joining hands

The good

The bad

The ugly

Everyone is one

We are all different, yet all so much the same

Forgive now all of your forefathers

Forget about your shame.....

6/12/2012

Sanskrit Tapestry

Surfing through endless web pages

Through baby boys names- their origins- what they mean

Searching for my own new name

A fresh image that I would basically need later to purchase from our crooked government

After all of the bullshit that went down last May finally hits the blades of the fan

Either I change my name. or I am afraid that I will have to partially hide out in the shadows

When my time comes again to travel South-Westerly to my home land

I was once in fear of my life morphing into a brutal game much like " Mouse Trap"

Everyone knows that the little fucker hardly ever makes it through your self-erected labyrinth alive, much less unscathed

Too late for that in my case, literally

A brief encounter with humor in its darkest form

The dense macabre has been over way before it began

For me just to walk away in an attempt to forget would be their sin controlling my movement until Lord knows the fuck when

Whenever they happen to decide that they are done barricading me body, mind, and soul

I was ejected in what must have been the slowest catapult ever created throughout the history of time

Witnessing eighteen year old boys writhing as they continued to purge themselves of the black, along with their stomach linings

Puking all over the cool concrete, which was by then just part of my backdrop

Never actually seen by my naked eye which, in my case is naked as can be because its mine

I do not even bother trying to recognize the menial things in life any longer

Growing stronger goes hand in hand with diving deeper into unforeseen depths

Before you can even take the time to hold your breath and remember how to count to ten, you are plummeted to a point in the ocean's descent where all of the sea life surrounding you is fueled by the neon that is extracted from their dead bodies to support a sickening obsession with handheld devices, technological toys

So, I continue searching through these names of boys in Sanskrit, Hindu, Ancient Egyptian, Sumerian, Babylonian, and Hebrew

My first name shall be Syon, Sanskrit for "followed by luck always"

Middle name: Aalok, meaning "Light of the Lord"

Adikavi: meaning "the first poet"

Then, Rishi, for my final name, meaning: "seer, sage"

My new name I have taken the time to conscientiously select

As I set sail upon this new voyage across the Seven Seas, I want to make cock sure that all hands are on deck

In retrospect of a life that lives forever upon the thin red line of almost

A numerological ghost can become of being born of two parental figures with foresight that is held in opposition

So, since I have no choice but to pay for the birth right of my new mission, then I am damned sure not going to call myself anything other than who and what I truly am

Just imagine what a gem I will be when the bottom line has been penned with my new legal name

They all refuse to allow me to kick it out in their sidelines, because they know how bored I am with their circular games

I am a chameleon that shall dance within the flora of my own glade

No matter what I make them see, my resting spot will be somewhere in the Sunshine that hides the shade

Rest assured, all of you who thrive upon your own envy, I have been paid back by the karmic law of three

I can not even begin to describe to you what it feels like to become the weaver of your own tapestry....

12/14/2011

Loaded

Self forgiveness

The toughest lesson of all

It becomes too difficult for most to grasp

The fact that we are the ones who are responsible for the times when we rise or fall

The reflections from mirrors that are incorrectly used

The person who we most often abuse is ourselves

We don't want to see

We don't want to feel

We don't want to explain ourselves when our moments of shame have been captured and analyzed

We don't even want to hear our own names, for the first time

Impossible, almost, for us to recognize that what's done is done

Retreating to The Land of the Lost

Getting spun out of our realities to temporarily free ourselves

As the chemicals are worn off and begin to fade away, we slowly become the loaded gun that will eventually be triggered

Ending in an explosion that is too messy to find the chunks of matter that spew forth, falling all over the circumference of our delusions

So, intrusions slowly drive us insane

Each miniscule gradual of the pain reformats so that it can stand tall

To taunt

To linger

To haunt

Then, suddenly, they are loaded with apologies

Begging to be forgiven by anything that will listen,,,

9/28/2007

Denied

*I've done everything I can
to show him that I'm his man
I've been his lover
His shoulder
His trustworthy friend
I can't believe that six months later we are living separate lives
That I am who he blames for his suffering and we are back where we were, at odds, again
He went there and told me he loves me
I tried to let his words float over my head and go away
I knew at that moment while we were in the throngs of passion that it was the last thing he
wanted to say
Things were looking up for me, finally, at long last
He kept recapping all of the fond memories we have shared in our past
I could see our adversaries taking their forms, creating our next barricade
Perhaps he was in on it all along and I was too dumb to notice that I was being played
I don't remember him ever being so harsh before
I cannot understand how he could be suddenly so cruel
An easy target
An idiot
I am
That's why he always comes back for more
He finds me when I am at my low
Clinging to my core
I guess I can't blame him for choosing me
An energy vampire must have their prey
I just want to move forward and forget
I can't let my thoughts of him keep consuming my entire day
I'm not going to call him
I'm not going to cry
I'll take back my spirit
I'll let my love for him die
I've been here before
It's a familiar place*

***A nightmare world where all I can see is his face
I don't understand why he's always fooled by the ruse
Maybe he just likes to abuse me
Well, I no longer care what he likes
I am taking a stand
He never learns and neither do I
I won't let him continue to pluck my wings just so that he's able to fly
All he can do is deny me of his love....
11/13/2016***

Will Bender

*Its too late now
to come crawling toward me
There was a point in time when he was all that I could see
He attacked my spirit with a series of issues that he had with himself
The classic maneuver of the evacuation of the closet
He made a scene in three different ways with a new bitch in tow every time
He must think that I want to taste them
He must think he had me sprung
I clung to the final drop of his essence for about an hour several months back
Now, he's confused by my lack of enthusiasm
Asking me stupid questions that only he can answer
Probably just to see how I would reply
The guy that I will take into my golden sheets up in the skylight is not going to be him
It's all different around here now
So many come
So many go
It's hard to get to know someone new
Every time I begin to, the Lady of the Land gives them both boots up their ass
This recent kick-out is out of control
She's barking up the wrong two trees
These two have been a sense of salvation for me
I actually wanted to come home for the first time in forever
They aren't at ease unless someone is at their lovers neck with a straight razor
Seldom does an entire twenty-four hours pass without hearing the familiar sound of
unrequited love knocking down the furniture
Breaking expensive luxuries that they think they have the right to have
It has even gone to the point of them turning my device into a different one and acting like
they have not seen shit when posed the big question
Fucking liars
Petty thieves
Not everyone
Only two happen to be on the VIP list here
What a fucking coincidence*

They can't stop me from doing what I am going to do

Nobody has ever had that kind of power over me and they never will

I am a natural-born will bender

So, best wishes to the senders

I hope they can swallow their own load when it becomes like Alice after eating that mushroom

A ten-fold shot of spunk to clog your tracheal tubes....

October 2016

July

Still tied and bound to a broken dream am I

The guy who once thought he had it all

The fall was fast and hard

Still distracted by the impact of the crash that landed me head-first in the ashen remnants of false joy

Toyed with by his bastard ass way too many times

The sinister truth of his shadowy past

A walk-in who traded places with an invalid

Contract signed in blood in agreement to inhabit his fragile shell

All of this singing and dancing was orchestrated just so that one day the chance would become likely for him to make my entire existence flash before my very eyes

My desperation to become one with a man who is worthy sent up to the Lord in tearful prayer

So, his chance came in the form of a funnel cloud

Spinning

Whirling

Touching down upon me from out of the black, not the blue

Devouring all of the flora and fauna for many miles around me in all four cardinal directions

Leaving me here to wait alone in June

Shackled to the tiny single bed we had shared until the end of May

Lost in a Mary Poppins cartoon town because I was naive enough to dive into the little chalk drawing that he created upon my sidewalk

Typical

Whimsical

Stereotypically gay

The January air became hot and steamy

I remember feeling that feeling that I feel every year that rolls in upon the monsoons of July

Now I see why

This year my estimation is that it will be sweltering but fragrant

I can see the beads of perspiration glistening upon the temptations of the flesh already

I feel myself panting

I hear the wolves howling

I begin already the manifestation of the primal thunder I shall create with as many of their beastly asses as I can possibly muster

Cluster-fucked by the heat of July

My visions come before I scry

Each July seems to be more enchanted as the years fly by faster in their transgression through the concept of linear time

The patterns within the rotation essentially remain the same yet, the rules of the game change conveniently and annually

The gradual re-arrangement of the atmosphere riding upon the tailwinds left behind by falling stars

The rains of July were once torrential and tantamount to hurricanes

Now, they are like a speck

A spot

A few drops that dry before they roll off my brow

Take a bow, Jason

The show is over....

5/5/2010

Toxicity

The chemicals that we breathe and blow clouding the fortress that once cloaked all of our wounds

The arguments

The grieving

The strife

The twisting and turning of the blades of knives slicing deep into the flesh

Hearing the echo of the chanting that crawls along the rocks that no longer mesh with the hills

In the midst of all the toxicity

In the weaknesses of our wills

The portable devices that abscond the purity

The bantering of all the beasts

The bitter taste of immorality that taints the food within every feast

The calling upon of astral anomalies that pose as patrons, controlled by words

The toxicity that outlines the shadows, bringing to the darkness of the night the songs of all the birds

Nothing is hidden from anything

Privacy is never complete

A toneless void rides upon the Phoenix's red wings as she carries the voodoo to the soles of all the dancing feet

D'aath emerges from the abyss that swirls in cesspools across the globe

The Pope soars across his dirty threshold to his pubescent harem, dropping to the icy marble his regal violet robe

The toxicity that clings to human morale

We are haunted by only ourselves

The ghosts have all gone to the light as it states in the books that they never even bothered to take off of their shelves

Finally realizing that they are from here long gone, they now seek the closure that comes from moving on

Looking back upon their pasts that would never allow them to set themselves free

Laughing at all the living fools with their futures that blind them so they cannot even see

There exists now this mask that over-shadows the Earth

A blanket of toxicity...

5/24/2010

Falling Star

*A month ago
or maybe a bit more
The doorway
re-opened
between us
I resisted, at first
Then dove back in soon thereafter
Our laughter swallowed up the heat rising from the city streets
It was pure bliss
Followed by him disappearing into the shadows, in which awaited the inevitability of his capture
I miss him too much right now to remember the beauty of our rapture
I don't know why one wrong twist always turns into such a huge space, filled only by my emptiness
He is still more easily swayed by false pleasures than he is by my unconditional love
He and I fit like a hand to a glove that he uses to box his way out of the closeness
He just left me out in the cold
Not high at all
Drier than the most brittle of the bones
A putrid lifestyle that he condones to the point of absurdity that I will never be able to wrestle with for very long
I was so sure this time that the world around us would be different
I thought that they would at least allow us to either sing our little song of love in peace or leave us the fuck alone altogether
But, that ignorant, stubborn, nasty black cloud was obese this time around
It insists upon winning him over
I am not going to make a wish when I see my next falling star nor expect a four-leaf clover to bring me luck
I'm hotter than fire and I suck better than any bitch I know
He needs to find it somewhere within him to plant himself into my fertile soil and let the rain from Heaven fall upon us long enough to let himself grow
I don't know what more he thinks that he needs when we both already know that its all right here
But, I cannot sit around idle with my head up my rectum, blazed with senseless wonder
Hormones racing*

Running away from all of the nonsense that I still somehow fear

One week every four years is NOT my idea of love from a guy who swears up and down that he is much more to me than a friend

I do know one thing

He had better return to me now and state his claim or the next soldier I see standing in the line will be taking over

He will see to it that his chances have all passed him by so his wish for true love with me will then have no choice but to come to its bitter end....

9/6/2015

Ride to the Clouds

*Today, I alone will turn this whole thing all the way around
I will parade the streets, painting this dumpy town red
Green
Turquoise
Blue
I am through with this rut, this pause
An idle stand still
I will away all of the astral nasties that keep buzzing around my head
Instead of merely existing, I would like to be able to live
Give me something more than a thousand egos that need to be fed
Bring masculinity to this lonely little rubber bed
I am sick of the fallow
It has all been said
I am no longer accustomed to dealing with this poverty
This scarcity
Such a fucking bore
I am this close to becoming a whore who actually gets paid
But, I do not want to be told how it is to be when getting laid
I must upgrade this little mess that I am in
I am ashamed to call me me
Myself or I sounds so much better
I am going to become a go-getter for the eight-hundred sixtieth time
Today, I will turn a dime into five hundred dollars
Perhaps, today I will meet a decent guy
A gentleman and a scholar
A boy who makes me holler who howls at the moon
Taking me on a ride to the clouds on a gold-plated hot air balloon
Creation found by branching out, instead of locking myself inside a vacant cocoon
Enemies everywhere
All abound
Closer than nearby
They try to tickle me with their mindless babble
They still continue to swarm, all throughout my sky*

***The stories of ancient chivalry, unexposed
The eldest one, who thrives in her bestial delight
The youth with all their "poor me's", their "wah, wah's", their petty woes
All I said was "talk to him", and about how love like theirs goes
Then, they all fled to ram their noses up my rectal region
Sheepish bitches
Crooked, demonic legion
They kept calling me their "third"
Then I heard the banshees scream
Dreams found me lost, not breathing
They are seething at their gums now
Spun into their circles of doom and disdain
Drowning in the rain of triumph over all of their attacks
Courage, I do not know how to lack...
9/20/2011***

Limbo

Just another one of those times

Can't sleep

Far from awake

Alert, however, as always

I need to stop fucking up so blatantly

I'm in this reckless limbo

Can't even hook up with anyone who is not a sex-crazed tweaker bimbo

This is just not at all correct

Nope, not even a little bit

Every move that I attempt to make is dissected, throwing me into a fit of rage that ends up being taken out on everyone else but me

I tend to usually claim that I see everything but I know inside just how absurd the truth in that would actually be

That could only be a task that God could foresee

I see the things that I need to see and then some

I could swear that I have been wrong, at least a time or two

But, yeah, usually I am shown clearly what I need to do

I am seeing it all exactly as I am seeing it

I have journeyed through that ole looking glass just like Alice and I am still unsure why the bitch was so Hell bent to return home

Even the sound of the word seems somewhat dismal- h o m e

Ok, I guess it can also sound soothing sometimes

I suppose that it all depends upon what angle you position yourself along the vastness of the grid

I'm still that same kid I have always been

Behaving like a rambunctious, naive, spoiled child

Running along on all fours with all of the wolves that govern the wild

Howling up at the full temptress that is the Moon

Soon, it will all be over..

Leaving me blood-soaked, gnawing on an upper leg bone

My kindred have tried to disown me

They have failed in every attempt

Filing "exempt" on my tax forms this year

I can hear them all applauding now

*How it is that I am even still alive and breathing is a wonder all on its own
Stepped down from an empty throne at the moment of my birth
You cannot put monetary worth upon a Light Warrior's ancient soul
That goal was met years and years ago by most of us
Having such an honorable position is in itself a sacred vow
Breeding ghost activity all around the cranium that holds so dear to it the brain
Insanity means nothing
It is just a piss-poor excuse to attach chains to an invalids ankles so that they will be forced
to drag them along behind their asses forever
Slowing them down so that they cannot surpass a certain level of mental latitude which must
range somewhere lower than where their little white cloud of lies floats along aimlessly
Shamelessly
Brutality does not know how it is supposed to learn how to care because it never was given
an inkling to want to learn
It only gives them some imaginary sort of merit to stand, arms crossed, watching all of the
witches burning upon their stakes
Man-made earthquakes breeding tidal waves, reaching out to slap the Rio Grande River with
the Great Salt Lake
She just had to trust that fucking snake way back when in story number one
The fun was just then starting
Soon thereafter came the parting of the Red Sea
This place can certainly be a crazy one at times
Crimes are committed just because they had to call them crimes
Times are changing like they always have been and always will
Just wait until you all see what the next plane has for you in store
With no reason ever to have to live in what has already happened before
The door to it all has been unlocked for quite some time now....*

11/26/2012

Denver Dreams

*There must be a valid reason
This must be part of my fate
This time, I am not going to wait forever
I want to put together a logical plan
I have faith that he really is my soul mate
That no other man can replace him
He told me that I'm the only one who has ever stuck by him through thick and thin
We both have had our fair share of other men
I gave it way more than enough time to see if anyone else was supposed to win
Every time that our paths cross again, he is taken back to Denver
I don't know what he thinks is so spectacular up there
But, if I don't at least give it a decent chance, I am afraid too much will go on without me there
Like too many good times may just pass me by
So, I suppose I am going to make my way up to Denver so that I can give it a try
I don't like the weather there
It's too snowy
Too cold
Too big
Too many people
It's not Colorado, I have been told
I don't want to grow old without him near
I want to be up there to assure him that he is forever loved
To make sure that his vision is always clear
To keep him safe-guarded from all of the losers
The users
The trash
Everything about Denver clashes with everything that is me
But, if I don't go look, there is no way I'll ever see what I will have seen
He has come clean and has been honest about everything
Almost too much so at times
I thought that he was finally enjoying his life here
But, just as the idea of it started to settle in, I saw him suddenly falling prey to his own fear*

Old patterns immediately began to emerge

Within a week of us living behind the same walls

The moment we had an idea of our next step, the ravens started chanting their distress calls

I was forced to come here, where I now reside

It is obvious that our magic has never even faded, much less will it ever to have died

I have cried about all of this way too many times, days, tears, years...

I just cannot do it anymore

I just can't believe that we've been right here so many times before and that we have come back to it yet again

I don't seem to ever meet any other men who sway my interest elsewhere

He's gonna drag my ass up to Denver if it takes a lifetime to get me there, apparently...

I am free to do whatever it is that I wish to do now- except for becoming his eternal bride

Maybe he lied about it just to see how I would react

To assure himself that my faith to him is completely intact

To make me go on a wild goose chase in a place where I feel lost and alone

It can't be just because I am the only one who worships his bone the way that I do orl that he knows I always will

Maybe I instill upon him what he needs to fully succeed

I would really like to be able to finally say that I know

The only way I ever will is if I pack up my bags and move my ass to Denver

It's the only reason I will go if, indeed, I do go

I still remmeber the dream I had in 2010, when it started to snow and he was nowhere to be found

The dream left me extremely unsound

What about the other one who is still MIA?

I just do not know what to do

But, whatever it is, I need to formulate a goal and follow all the way through with it.....

9/08/2016

Trucks

All of you need to back your trucks up- right now!

It is not your turn- none of you

Did any one of you ever stop to think about my needs?

The only excuse anyone could ever come up with was that they figured why would I need anything?

But that was only because they assumed that I must be set in my life

My mother is the Great and Powerful Ellen Hopkins after all

I was far passed my vantage point by the time she had become who she has become

We always had to bust our asses and make shit happen on our own as children

I don't ever ask my mother for a thing

Maybe a small loan here or there

When it comes right down to being who I am, she could really care less about anything I could put into that category

I write reality

She writes the story

When it comes to all the go-getters who swarm in the silence that surrounds me, there are not as many as you would think and all that they can think of is their own glory

My needs are not exhumed from the Earth

Not taken from others

Not given to me by my next of kin

I fulfill them on my own

I work harder than anyone I know

I never allow doubt to shadow me

So, that is why I usually win

When all the plots are carried forth

When their schemes are schematically sound

Just when they think that their plans are about to pan out

I do my little dance

I sing my little tune

I show them the "Hokie Pokie" as I turn myself around

That's what its all about

I am without a lot of different necessities

That is what they get for trying to assume

Back your trucks the fuck up for good

There is no more room for junk in my garage

Much less for a bunch of little pussy engines who never could

You can all go back to Hell

Trust me bitches, it will be your infringement upon my love that lands you there!

9-10-2016

Slow Motion

Mercury

Retrograde in Pisces, the sign that connects me to the Sun

Two fish, swimming in opposing directions

Now, fighting off a backward tailspin

Of course, now is when all of my mental barricades are gone

Now my heart tells me that its high time to move on already

But, time seems to be standing still in a way

The game is on pause, when all my head can think now is exactly how to play it

My next ten moves are already planned out

The movie camera is still rolling, but I am not sure what the picture is about

Not in any danger

It could certainly be worse

I have terminally lifted the curse from my soul

I realize that I am whole already

Have been since I was born

No use in trying to find another to hold, for it brings to the heart nothing but scorn

I don't even bother trying to warn them of anything now, for all it ever gets me is grief

I refuse to fall prey even for one second to anyone who knows that they are a thankless thief

Yet, those types have absolutely zero remorse

No conscious

No guide

The dark horses ride on through the night without fail

Some can hear the sound of their hooves against the ground

The smart ones often opt to hail a cab up out of Dodge right away

Demons do not play fair for their existence is made up of everything unjust, conniving, clever, & cruel

At the beckoning call of the sorcerer, the fool

Unleashing havoc across the face of mankind

Perhaps when Mercury turns the other way, it gives them the chance to relieve themselves of all their blindness

A swarm of vampire bats eats away the sky

Blood-thirsty villains ravaging everything in their wake

I must escape them for my own sake

I must blend in somehow

I must close my eyes to shadow the brutal surrealism of the now

All dressed up with nowhere to go

A runway model without a fashion show

What else is there to do but wait?

The cure is to adopt a whole new state of mind

Neptune has ceased the tide of the oceans

A fish in a sea that is flowing in slow motion

The way that we once made spectacular love

When the Heavens above smiled down on us

Beautiful, rare, intrepid moments that we have taken way too much for granted

Moments that have planted infertile seeds that so many sat and eyeballed before they could even stop to think to sprout

Thus, why I and others have suffered without having anyone in which to love

Going too fast in slow motion....

2/24/2013

In Broad Daylight

I Made it back

Finally

Looking hard to see if I can spot all of the many faces here that I know I should not see

And, in my search, I did send out some sort of signal from deep within my epicenter

Today, they could smell me riding on the afternoon haze

I must have been like a beacon

A zephyr in broad daylight

My each and every footstep outlined the hedge maze, heavily equipped with clearly marked road signs

In neon colors, flashing

My urge to feed the amorous, beastly side of me

A maddening desire to hop upon the tailwind of a comet that has long been heading this way

Bouncing along, to and fro

Coming to so many crossroads that have somehow become embedded into the maps that compose all of my delusional fantasies

Easily morphed into realities

Like frogs back into princes

Canines

Felines

The winged ones, oh so divine

All of the words written here are mine and what I am is simply unexplainable by using mortal words

My many names can be heard as whispers in the winds

A man's greatest muse

I blend in to become part of whatever idyllic photographic imagery their hunger calls for

I am that special bitch that they keep hidden somewhere safe until it comes to be that time

Yeah, I am here, and boy oh boy they can smell me!

All of the ghosts that linger as the shadows of grudges that they will forever hold against me

Lord only knows the why or how of this one

I happened to run into the very one who I never would never have expected to look me straight in the eye while saying that he still loves me

He must not have been there

Where he was last summer this time, which would explain it

So, I mirrored back his courtesy with a gesture that I replicated in exactness in return

***I don't necessarily believe that either of us had meant to burn each other the way that we did
I fought back***

I danced for him with my liver out of place due to his drunken outburst

I even ran off and hid out from the crooked cop that he had called to come and take me away

That was then

This is now

***How fucking long is it going to take for us to outrun that envy-driven Navajo faggots
unfounded little curse?***

***I thought that Ryan's untimely death, Wisener's dementia, and my doomed love life should
have more than reimbursed his sorry bruja ass a thousand times already by now***

***To be honest, while out there in broad daylight today, I should have been expected a
coincidence just like this one to have occurred***

Neither one of us seem to be very affected by that witchcraft nonsense anymore at all

***It was like : "hey, how have you been, what are you doing here, I thought you moved, see ya,
ba-bye"***

***I left him there on bended knee putting air into his front tire staring blankly at the fucking
ground***

And there I was, driving away in my new ride, eyes bright and tilted up toward the sky

Asking God the all American WTF? question, followed by a smirk and a faint giggle...

***Then I proceed to wiggle my fat, fresh, renewed ass back out into the broad daylight to
continue to show my face to the rest of the crowd...***

7/20/2012

Bad Feng Shui

*Home is where the heart is
At least, that is what they say
It all becomes quite a catastrophe when it falls within the boundaries of bad Feng Shui
I started to practice this ancient art at least twenty times before
Each time, learning new riddles that rhyme with the doorways to darkness
Many blessings have I
The only reason why it even lasted this long
A tragic song of love, in mourning
Desperate to force it into passage, which just would not happen
Outside forces fuel the flames of envy
Everything that he has lost in his life has already returned to allow him to dance freely
through azure skies
Meanwhile, I sit in a comatose state, wailing
A little bit less this week than last, when his tables all turned over in front of my eyes
The anger, the hatred, the rage that fought to take over my sorrowful heart
I am in awe that he was so able to up and depart as if he were never even a part of this, let
alone the other half of me
No laws were ever written to maintain longevity within the soul
Too much was always missing
His abrupt departure, caused by outer influences, the main one being way too much dope
I really thought I had been re-acquainted with all that I had ever hoped for with the intensity
of a child, who always wants more
Trickery upon my spirit, my opus, my core
My being longs to be able to just ignore his entire impact upon me
But, reality, in all of its bitchy harshness tells me that next October is already here
Soon will come the Holiday season that he ruined just because I went so far out of my way to
try and create it
I just wanted our place to feel homey for Christmas
Instead, that day came and went with us being apart and both of us essentially alone
I could feel the emptiness deep within my bones
I just wept and wept
I will never allow myself to be treated in such a way ever again
I have not really been quite the same ever since
Our love has faded too deeply to rekindle it back to the way it was meant to be*

Our toilet was in the relationship corner in the South Western zone

Our love had gone down the pipes that lead to the sewer

Our laughs became fewer and fewer from day one

Poison arrows up your snatch are never any fun to nurse back into fruition with all of the consequences that they insist upon

A mission to see to our ruin

Objects in the atmosphere that are not circular in nature like their greater counterparts, the Moon and the Sun

Negligence I could not have possibly have known I owned saw to it that the ancient art of the Orient won the fight....

6/29/2006

Alchemy

*The year came so quickly to a close
In a state of utter agony, without really knowing why
Pulled over again into my old friend the abyss because it had been way too long living alone
Just me without a guy
I need love
I will only admit this once
I know now that it still can occur
In this very moment I am left here in exile remembering him only in fragmented sequences
I inhaled the smoke that he called DMT
My recapitulation created by he alone
My alchemist, so beautiful
Longing to become one with his soul without the need to become his clone
To honor him and respect him
I know now exactly what not to do in matters of love
Before this I was convinced that I was beyond capable, and I always stood on solemn ground

Even when I could see everything spinning violently back around to chase after me
January has caught me up in the blink of the Eye of Horus
It is as though he descended from the far reaches of the Heavens to guide me back into my
third eye
To reclaim my assemblage point
To find again my own light
The King of alchemy
A Mercurial knight in shiny bling, bling, bling
His arrival pushed me over the edge into all that I needed so badly to do
I can only imagine their wrath
Chopping them all in two with my stoic athame, so that they went from 50/50 to 24 and 1/2
They matter not now
They cannot even remember what it is that was their mission
They have forgotten somehow how the fuck I roll
They are no more to me but terrible memories
I am not sure exactly what it is that is going down but somehow I know that it is all in my
favor
I refuse to start questioning it or wondering how it can be*

***Through the ancient eyes of the Egyptians there lies a clear path to destiny
Led into the blessed fire by this stranger
A master in the forgotten art of Alchemy...***

1/14/2015

Transcendental Awareness

At first, the voice that composed the message on my voice mail that came out of nowhere perked up my senses, as usual when hearing from a boy of which I am fond

This time, my sensibility took me beyond all of the fluff that clandestinely hides a very well thought out plot

A game plan

An emotional roller coaster in a scheme park

I dialed his new number that I assume came with his birthday phone.

No answer

No voice mail

Nothing but the irritation setting in deep enough to get me to start transposing my thoughts into text, which I try to avoid at all costs if possible

I poured out every emotion

Everything that still remained within me, rotting me down to my bones

So, now he has chosen to disown my existence in his life entirely

Leave it to him to utilize his uncanny knack to adopt extremes which are not at all human

They cannot come into fruition through the mortality of any one man

Yet, so often the very idea of them is what is harnessed to size up life situations

It is never all, nor nothing

But, rather, everything that lies in between

It is obscene to witness so many idiots trying to play God

The game is over, Rover

The one that this guy like to play the most has been, indeed, for quite awhile now

He gets dumber and dumber every time that we go another round

This last time, we never went anywhere but backward until I lost him to the cloak of the night

Everything that he proclaimed he had learned went right back to where it was when I left it before

He was fooled by every darkened whisper

He was tempted by every little whore

I became once again the bitch he thought that he could ignore until he could figure out a new way to use me

Like I am some love-sickened fool with eyes that no longer can see through their own lenses

I don't cry anymore

Not over those who I have wept too many times for already

In fact, I believe that his over-reaction to my analysis was actually a blessing in disguise

Wisdom sometimes embarks upon its own journey through me so that my emotions will not be able to trick me back into an old, tired lair

There are warrens all over the lush flora all around me that have within them many rabbits with whom I can kick up my heels

I will never listen to a man tell me how it is that he feels because feelings do not require lips to be displayed

It is a damned shame that I was forced to put him in his place this time around and even more so that, after all of these years, he still cant just take the fucking reigns

All that he seems to have control of now is how well he caters to his addiction through the track marks around all of his veins

He should have found me weeks ago

He should have fought much harder to win back my heart, spoken something epic to the depths of my soul

I am curious as to what his goal was in calling me, and why did he wait until right then?

The "now" made me snap to the "never again"

It took me four years just to get to where I am with it all

Four years to reach the point of transcendental awareness....

12/29/2015

Queen of Colorado

Airport, closed down

Then moved outside of town twenty-three miles to be resurrected on top of ancient Indian burial grounds

Remodeled to the tune of millions

Re-opened

Expanded

Re-decorated

Adorned

Murals painted on mainstream walls that tell us now that we are being forewarned

Pictograms depicting the radical behavior that hides within the foreground of our world

The onset of The New World Order that they think is necessary to "recapture the peace"

A statue of a demonic horse created and now very much alive

Designed by an artist who is now mysteriously dead

His two sons took over the project, using the ideas that they stole from their fathers head

Thirty feet tall

Watch out for limbs that may just fall and pin you dead to the ground

Just like what happened to the negligent artist who is no longer living to tell you the tale

Hired from the South in Santa Fe, New Mexico

It comes as no surprise that they called upon a hoytee toytee sculptor who resided in the Land of Enchantment to create the hideous beast

A menace who greets the snobbish folks from Denver each time they arrive to travel to lands where much richer is the feast

Anubis has recently arrived and placed near the overgrown luggage shafts as well

The Egyptian God of Mummification who's essence storms the outer-most gates of Hell

The property purchased by the Queen under an assumed name

Ownership goes out to the lizard bitch that reeks of royalty and unethical fame

The one who rules more than just her non-native British Isles

When her trials have all been put to rest, under the briny sea shall rest her palace

Her brutal, vindictive, compulsive little love nest

Nothing but the best of the best of the best for the elitists

The defeatist beggars who drink only the finest of the wines

Those who flash their millions to be able to read all that hides written between the lines

The debutants of the Torrey Pines

Hypocritical vandals

Entrepreneurships that evolve into ruthless scandals

He who handles the book of the law

He who outlines the shroud

They who think that fortune and riches are the only thing that makes an honorable being proud

They who speak in broken whispers about all who are open, loud, or outgoing

They who are foolish enough to believe that they are all-knowing, as if they are somehow above God

They, who are the only odds against everyone else....

1/31/2012

Lord of the Flies

It has, in the past, been way too easy for these bitches to break us apart

Separation

Segregation

A silly-ass remedy for the sake of their fear

They think that we must think like them

Our brains were not created like theirs

They can't harm creatures like ourselves by acquiring our nail clippings, fecal matter, or hairs

It doesn't matter if we are not together all the time

It won't change reality to accuse us of committing unlawful crimes just to apprehend our bodies

Our souls may not even be there

And, when they are, we just play dumb

We act like we are brain dead and unaware

Every time I start feeling good about my crowd, bullshit drama makes a nigga trip

Losing sight of all that we have uncovered

No longer able to grasp on to the truth because we have somehow lost our grip and have fallen to the ground

I had forgotten how fast words can travel through thin air and how quickly the walking dead ingest them

How sudden it can be when everything changes and the laughter dies

How the news flies into the minions ear drums, where it is then abducted and taken to their master, the Lord of the Flies

It is crazy having to communicate like pantomimes

Coming up with sacred codes

Hand gestures

Words that really mean other words that are completely unrelated

It is so easy to forget how hated we really are

The truth hurts too immensely to remember all of the time

Friends become enemies at the drop of a dime

Money rules too prevalently in this world

Greed runs way too rampantly

People are way too easily blinded by all the propoganda designed to deter the Spirit from seeing through all of the lies

We must always remember to destroy the messenger before it has a chance to report back to

its master, the Lord of the Flies....

10/02/2016

Check-Mate

Elisa

My Portuguese singing goddess from Santa Fe

Belting out her thoughts that induced her lyricism into the face that houses my ears

About to go meet up with my attorney like clockwork

Only, this clock goes from twelve to twelve about once every year or so

I am stuck somewhere unknown, foreign

Just waiting around for all of the dust to clear

I took it way too far by abandoning my city

It was not because I was afraid, per say

It was more because everything around me was not one bit pretty

I was numb from my toes up to my head

Fed up with the senseless struggle against the part of nature that welcomes envy and malice

Everything had gone from perfect to beyond shitty in such a brief period of time that I was dumbfounded, to say the least

I couldn't even find a tabernacle that held within it an honest priest to which I could confess my many sins

When even the law is against your right to breathe, it doesn't really matter who loses or who wins

It is given too much power created by having a tad too much pride

Once you have stepped over the "fill to" line, your motor has already up and died

It leaves you to sit and wonder how you may be able to siphon out some of the excess residue that you have allowed to build up inside like the foolish faggots you all are

People tend to pause and backtrack their steps when they hear one talking mad shit about them- and that is because it is quite more than obvious what is going on in the real

Covering up

Closing down

Dancing in circles like circus clowns with Downs Syndrome

Attention seekers who get it rarely

Usually they are attempting to take the heart of the matter off of 'blast" in any way that they can find

Lying along their lonely little unpaved roads

The cops were doing just about the same thing back then, almost two years ago

It is all even more surreal to me now

Including the possibility of having to wait even longer to be compensated correctly

Just to be able to carry on about my life without visions of rotting sugar plums doing the

fucking mamba or cha-cha while making terrible banging noises in the forever part of my brain

Its like the Moon above my head has taken 24 months to wax, become full, and has not yet begun to wane

Another year of this may just put me over that thin red line

Finally, society, and its many moronic matrons will have the grounds to brand me "insane"

Folks, I got some news for you all- If I were insane, as you all long to make factual, every last one of you would be shredded and your body fragments would be scattered in so many directions, your entire identity would cease to exist!

Wow, I had better stop talking about that, because its turning me on

What a pretty place this would be if all of your chaotic dimness was over and gone

Why, I could even safely be a mere pawn again upon my repositioning on the board

No, forget that...I would just be taken quickly

Never spoken of

Ignored

This time around, I must become an object of royalty, which then, of course, I would be Queen

Mean-spirited

Money hungry

Self-centered

Raw

Perhaps I could be Quenda, The Good Queen of the North, or some shit..

That would be tight to travel around in a bubble

But, I would want the windows tinted on mine- not to mention, I would want more than one, so it must come in a variety of colors

I think that, basically, I have decided that it is now again the time to be all about me

Acknowledgement of all the others has always just taken me back right here to the jump, when I should be far passed the finish line

I only hope that before I take my next step that my opponents don't call out "check-mate" to send me sailing back into the sublime

There is no game

If they think that they have won something, I will just stuff all of the shit they have given me right back up into them

Take myself back from every fucking cracker jack I have ever had to know...

4/03/2013

Demon Catcher

I fight for the Light

I am a soldier

A warrior

A relentless beast

A dragon of fire

A Neptunian sea creature

Two fish swimming in opposition to form the figure eight of infinity

An ancient time traveler with a heart of platinum gold

Boundless in my Earthbound quests

To erase all of the wicked pests that inhabit bodies only to torment

To create strife

To keep the evolved from becoming one unified forcefield

I am a demon catcher

A witch

A warlock hunter

A switch hitter

A goddess with glitter in my hair

A chameleon with all colors of the spectrum flowing through my essence

My spirit

My metamorphosis of a soul

Immortal

Transcending

My love

for life unending

My urge to help

To heal

To nurture

To be dominated by a beautiful beast of a man

A little bit of all

Of everything good

I am loved

I am hated

I am envied

Misunderstood

Sought after

Stalked

Scrutinized

Demonized because of what I can do if I wish to

I am a barracuda fish

A cold-blooded asp

An Egyptian cobra in a covered vase made of pure precious metals

By Isis, the Queen, I am charmed

I have never harmed a soul who did not chooses to harm me or my beloved

I would never use my power just because it is there

I would not be a demon catcher if my nature was not to care

For me and for everyone who I come in contact with in the various crossroads in the sands of eternal time

Sent here

Descended

To this planet yet again

To try to lead the demons back to their native land

Perhaps I may have once in some lifetime lent a helping hand in their conjuration

Thus, I am paying the price yet to this day

It took me this long to realize all of the many ways to utilize the power of prayer

I have seen with my own eyes the phyla of Angels that exist only to come and drag them there

Copper colored wing tips

Bodies of silent, formless steel

I was awe stricken then and now

I think I may utilize their services again here soon

So that I may be able to transcend my struggling awareness to the clarity of a higher plane

My most cherished treasure is my only gain

Their absence....

9/28/2016

Because

Annoyances

Disturbances

Universal

In solitude

A feud between the ebony and its absence

Each of them attempting its own siege upon society

Upon sobriety

Upon the entire world as we know it, if, indeed we even do

Because the things that are really true are both relatively unknown or not acknowledged, which is just plain stupid

Cupid doesn't throw himself around, for the most part

So, when someone outside of you points their arrows toward another, we must stop and make ourselves wonder why they would even bother to try

Their intentions are seemingly in the interest of you, however, why would anyone put another up on a higher pedestal than the ones they themselves are standing upon?

They wouldn't...

Not to say that everybody should not do this or that thing

Just that the bells should ring within them on their own

We must not soak in the words of songs that they sing to us about what should or should not be condoned

We must all own the actions caused by the thoughts that are put out there on display

Truth will often hide the sunshine behind grey clouds that shroud the soul

We must not allow life to become fragments of ourselves that someone stole

We are all that we need

We are born already whole..usually..

Not always..

The haze of impending doom that lingers around this Earth is very serious and certainly real

We are all born with the ability to make ourselves sick as well as the miraculous ability to heal all of our own wounds

Every cause has an effect so, then every effect has also a cause

Thus, we should know the answers to all of our own questions because we are the only reason why....

10/20/2006

Reptilians

*The lizards have not the need to be chameleons anymore
Their eyes tell their story
The search for inter-galactic glory
A plan, put into action by the forefathers of our forefathers
Presidential leadership ending with the back of Kennedy's head being blown all over the
roaring Texan crowd
The time when they slithered their way into positions of social human stature
Now they are everywhere that we turn
Reptilian apostles
Taking their posts all across the globe
The Pope in The Vatican hides his scales beneath the violet of his robe
A battle fought from somewhere upon the outermost regions of our Solar System
Waiting to be fought for as long as we can trace back our concept of linear time
An entire race that became so far advanced that they doomed themselves into being erased
What is this obsession with this God forsaken place that we call home?
The reptilians have landed and bred
Seeing to it that false dogma is really dead
The serpent reared its beautiful head a long time ago already
The book that speaks to us in metaphors
Given to us all to utilize as a key
Not so that the populace could be controlled by things that we can neither prove, nor see
So now, there has been a wake-up call, much to many a demise
The Reptilians twist and turn in torment
Creating raw vibrations that can be felt in the air that embraces the skies
No one should be giving up , nor giving in
The world must come together in unity while there is still time to repent for all of our sins...*

10/10/2010

The Illuminated of the Now

Performances

Living requiems

Dancers in my peripheral lenses

Music and magic are what cleanses me

Empowered

Within

By using the octaves of my voice

I have no choice but to go with the flow

Without holding back at all, if possible

It is

Always

Possible

There have been many times when I could not hold my song back, even with a bullet hole threatening to be made in my temple

That fleshy landscape that is one of the softest regions of the skin that covers the skull

The trigger won't pull without asking my permission

I must have shared with it my innermost secrets

Must have had a vision that I foretold sometime in the past

One thing that I honor is that once a decision is made, it is firm

It outlasts the spin of life itself and moves on to my future where it will be held safely

This moment that I am living is sure different than what I have been caught up in for far too long

The gift of song is in my soul

I am ruled mathematically by the music

The greatest way to sum things up and be interested numerically in anything at all

My calling comes to me from the mouths of the musicians of the upper eschelon

The elite

The illuminatti

The performers and artists in the New Age of Enlightenment

Nothing Satanic or anything close to it has anything to do with being illuminated and what it entails

No gouging out of eyeballs or offering up the henchrails of the living to the Gods

Why would God heads of any caliber need us to offer up anything to them?

What a joke

Black magic is so irrelevant

So curious was I about it at such a bright young age

So good, I got it all out of my system early on rather than becoming a foolish oaf of a human like such a ridiculous many have

Stupid, thoughtless, puppet-like creatures hanging over rusted piping in the throngs of the ago

The newer races know better than to follow their ancestry

We must all join hands and manifest a much more effective plan of action

We are the main attraction, after all.....

9/24/2016

Haunted

*I wish that I could tame this vicious beast that lives within me
I am just so sick of being put last
When I fall, I fall fast and hard
When I love, I am relentless
There is no in between
No grey area
No holds barred
Perhaps that is why my body is so scarred
There is nothing I can do to change the way that I am
I have grown up quite a bit since the first time and the last time that I fell
I even have wished them all well with their new flings
It is hard to admit how hard that slap to the flesh stings me
I don't want to feel
I don't want to care
There is nothing wrong with being there
In the eye of the hurricane
To take control of the reigns
To be a lady but not a snobbish bitch is quite a contrast
Forgetting about the past only comes when there really has been a change in the now
It amazes me how few people know how their hearts work
I can't pick a topic and talk about random crap
I like to do everything on point
Straight forward
Full swing
no resting
No tip-toeing
No taking short cuts
No talking about what's going on with everyone other than ourselves
Gossip is an animal that has a pussy- not a cock
Idle chit-chat
Useless noise
Stories
Small talk*

Poppycock

I want to learn how to truly live and let live

I want not to be jealous, envious, angry, cruel, or vain

I feel like I am being driven slowly insane sometimes

Then, suddenly my power kicks me into gear

Back in the saddle

In control again

Haunted am I by spirits of all shapes, sizes, genders, races, creeds

I make sure that my needs are met at all times

But, then I consider all of my spirit friends and I wonder if they are who come up with all of my random cravings

Hear my requests

Save my goals

Create my urges

Come up with my desires

My sensibility purges and perspires out all of the dramatics

The undertones that plague the crowd and torment the brain

That taunt us into wanting to kill bitches

Cutting open wounds that are dressed with the stitches that outwit time

Everything aforementioned are crimes that are punishable by law and enforcement upon them has been and is now and will be happening with much greater intensity in the future

I will be haunted one way or another forever

It is all about learning mutual respect and not going overboard with the use of my power

It can all devour you in the wink of an eye and there is no turning back then

It helps to remain true to yourself and be honest, proud, and rightfully true to only you

Haunted by a state of refined grace

Haunted more is the body that moves than the one who sits stationary in one place....

10/7/2016

Conundrum

*Blessed I am, as always
Now, even more than before
God does not ever ignore me
He has led me to my core
But, of course I still have my dilemmas
The questions that implore my brain
My heart is stained by emotional baggage that has been given to me by the boys I have allowed to enter me
This one I cannot see clearly enough to know what to do
Perhaps, nothing
Just go with the flow completely
I see him living his life so discreetly
I wonder if he could ever even put me before all of his friends
Or, even his enemies which I can see are abound him
He is one of those guys who look at this world through rose colored spectacles
God, almighty, why am I so caught up with his actions so quickly?
We just met the other day and I already let him have his fucking way with me- literally
I have no regret for any of it, and I have hope that he will at least remain my friend
There is always this invisible yeast infection that lingers over every love affair I have ever had
This time, I refuse to become mad with jealousy
Nor, will I be torn by rage- Mine, or otherwise
Maybe this guy will actually surprise me
Oh yeah, he actually kind of already did
I could see the night that he had by reading his Face Book feed page
He is just past the point of being a kid
I am a wise, experienced sage
I am in the midst of a sort of conundrum that I have not the time to ponder
In the center of a possible Paradise where I should not sit still, nor squander
I do not want to cause anyone ridicule, angst or pain
Never again will I let the rain fall from bloodshot eyes
There really is never a thing in this world that should ever come to me as a surprise...*

12/3/2015

Bent

*He must enjoy making me feel empty
Blowing me off
After blowing his load down my throat
Then, I feel alone
Like I am on a remote island talking to the birds of the jungle
Polly wants more than a fucking cracker
Polly wants a shit load of new friends
Polly wants a pocket full of Benjamins
Polly wants his days of lonely suffering to end
Where the boys are is where I want to be trapped
Slapped in my face with penile prawns
Made love to by mythological beasts
Centaur
Minotaur
Gryphon
Fawn
Fanned with giant peacock feathers
Fed fruit to by the glistening bodies of men
Swimming in fine wine and luxuries
Salad, tossed by procission tongues
Painful memories fucked away
Backward from age into my days when I was young
I want them all to be sprung on me
I want them all to beg of my hand, to crave my scent
Bent upon having their way with me
I should never have to feel this way
I should never allow him to shoot me so far down
I am not his fucking depository, nor his silly sex clown
I refuse to feel down anymore
I call out to the Universe to bring them all to me
To formulate their soldier line
I need to find a new warrior with a cock worth making mine....*

8/4/2016

Origin

No rings on our fingers

No bells on our toes

So goes the new year, thus far

We are engaged to be married

We have both lost everything down to our cars

There was a time when I thought that this could all go so far

Then I thought about it again....then again

Each time I think about it, my thoughts return to the origin of all this so-called bliss

I can hear the hiss of all the asps

Abound

Plentiful

Coiled up in the corners of every twist and every turn

In each and every moment of every now with a never so surreal

They beg me to show them how out of a sickening sense of need

I will find my way across these swamps that are filled with the muck of human greed

I have only given in out of disgust and at the same time to avoid the inevitable circumstance of any given moment...I think

Is this how it was way back upon the brink of our union?

Circles upon circles upon circles

Numerological zeros

Remote controlled super heroes flown around by the advocates of worthlessness

Gleefully

Relentlessly

The adolescents of universal corruption

The eyes of tomorrow

A sorrowful, dreary look at the future now

Why would anyone ever allow another to fly them around their own consciousness even one time?

With all of the silly laws, crimes are fed gluttonously by their refusals

Bred into them by the masses of the mindless

Formatted by countless individualities

Each one of them pounded in their virgin anuses that they keep poised in various positions of potentially excruciating pain

Memories tattooed upon naive flesh permanately

I have managed to somehow travel the pattern of the figure eight back into love, and I am stuck there

A sitting duck, dependent on somebody else's alter ego, as if my own doesn't already insist upon being the goose

Next thing I knew, the noose was hanging right there before me

I could feel my spirit becoming asphyxiated at its very sight

Meandering through a multi-colored field of wildflowers in the middle of the ebony of the night

Never a reason to fight for my love had I administered, but my insight and my illusions had already merged

Nobody to blame but one another

The rapture of our passion was the only thing that could be purged, so that is exactly what it did

The entity of its origin hid out of sight of our spinning heads as its magma bled all over our little world

A place neither of us had ever visited in our separate lives before

So, we both chose to ignore the fact that we were instinctively oblivious

Right in the middle of pure love, we were mauled by an intruder

Jealousy is what allowed it in somehow

Our rivalry was not about to give in and lift its ugly claws to the sky

That would render weakness upon its self-centered ways

The crystal phantom never plays fair and was born to attack

It sent out the Irish setters to track us down like we were prey

Hunted down

Brainwashed into sprouting blackened wings

An advantageous, unnatural ability

One that dogs were never given

Only people who have gained gradual cooperation from the beings that come from Outer Space

Maybe it is humanity existing here in the wrong place and time

For all that we know, our very existence may have come about by mutating from a slime pool

Our origin

The scientists drool all over themselves creating crazy hypothesis like this

Ignorance really is bliss...

2/08/2006

Vision Quests

I am really no longer down with any of this

What has it become now, anyway?

A contract?

A friendship?

Is she my nemesis, am I hers?

Something deep within the seat of my soul

Within my greatest longings

In my heart of hearts

Concurs with my thought structure now

The one that has been gradually building up, becoming an item of solidity

I must move on from this quaint little abode

The one that I put so much of my gratitude into

Going over and above my call of duty

Willingly, without ever once stopping myself to think clearly for any relevant amount of time

There is so much shrapnel and other cluttering debris embedded so deep within the sublime

An abstract, sordid reality that really does exist in my immediate atmosphere

I cannot ever become overly burdened by this noise that only I seem to hear the way that I do

Which makes perfect sense, really

My living movement does not need the turn of someone else's screw

I am the sole proprietor of this business that has essentially become me

What I can see comes through every pore of my being

It's like I have ten thousand eyes

Like a giant, inbred wolf spider

The light of my almighty creator is my one and only provider

Yet, "Insider" magazine keeps pressing me to do a guest spot interview for publicity that I truly do not entertain due to a lack of need as well as genuine interest

So, I have been in the process of denial over and over again

Once you can tell that the photographers of your spread are now your paparazzi, your hunger for the spotlight won't ever end

Reality check!

I am not rich

Nor am I famous

This scrutiny has surpassed the level of plain obnoxious and rude

None of you have any right or reason to adopt such shitty attitudes!

I am about to just say farewell, leaving you all in the dust of your pasts that you obsess so much upon

Chopped and screwed

Running your cock suckers on auto-pilot

Wahh...wahh...

Blahbiddy blahbiddy muther fucking blah...

Yeah, I know!

I have become more than just a hit up in here

When I am gone, don't forget to capture a tear or two for me

You called me back here so that you could see straight

Now, you just keep on going on these paranoid, delusional vision quests

Looking for traces of me that just do not exist

Period

The end

Comprende?

2/19/2016

Bliss

The warriors are now aligned

His arrival here is the marker

I can feel the impact of our fusion

Nothing is illusion now

I know now that I have been waiting so long for a reason

This one most definitely fills the space that has caused part of my inner turmoil for all these years

I have no room to save for senseless fears

All the tears I have cried have not been in vain

Its insane

How attractive they are

Physical pleasures can be used as the by-ways to spiritual barricades being burnt to ash

We need to put our heads together and start raking in all the cash that I foresee coming to us for the taking

Just ahead

On this same horizon

I have had plenty of time spent in suffering to wisen myself up to the point of becoming The Hierophant

The High Priest or Priestess

We are both on the same level in so many ways

I am looking forward to all of the days ahead now

It is always wonderful to reunite with my oldest and dearest of friends

I know that we have known each other before this

And I know that we will know each other much better before the end- if it ever comes down to it

I just hope that it comes time to go down someday

It will be spectacular

No need for us to take it outside of the sacred circle of home

It reminds me of the Sikhs and that sex dome that they enter for a week once every year

The purging of the nastiness replaced by the loving light

To honor one another bodily by using the strength behind the evolving of souls

Merging

Oneness

Nirvana

Oh wow, would that ever being a giant Hallelujah for me!

I am still learning what they mean by "just be" more and more every day

With all of the hard work that we do to go above and beyond our spheres of duty, we deserve to kick it

Play time

Bliss

If this is its arrival now, I refuse to miss my train.....

9/20/2016

True Hearted

The black seeped through the edges

Spilling through all of the light that I radiate

That one-of-a-kind special blend of spiritual war paint that has become a protective barrier within these walls

Since I arrived here late in April to take on the five retrograde planetary cycles of May, I have given more than half of my essence to this cause

It really does not matter why or when or what or how

The goodness of this place was built from only a handful of the true hearted souls over many hours of conceptual time

Naturally, the adversary plopped its fat, stubborn, relentless ass down right on top of square one

It's not patient enough to have come in for the kill silently

Nothing of its nature comes without the notice of something much bigger, stronger

Something much more important

Vital to me, it is yet another recital of the same old tired tale

Only, this one has me caring

Has me loving

Has me sharing

Has me trusting

Has me learning to deal with indifference much more eloquently

Has me actually giving a fuck for once because, for once, there are many real reasons why I should

Reasons why I could not possibly deny that which has been appointed to me by my true Creator

I have come to assist them , if not much more, in all of their battles

With all of their learned lessons returned to them to see them eye to eye

From what came clear to me through the casual chit-chat of the few that decided to meet up and compare their fears and apprehensions on the sly

Nothing gets by anything else here in our happy little homestead

With me, I have lost all of my will to live only to fulfil my own goals

For, in doing so, I realize that my life has been much more blessed than many others I have seen doing things exactly the same but much different at the same time

This is what is known as a "wash" in its simplest form which you are all now welcome to be a part of

You are also welcome to create your own and we will then leave it all at that

Obviously, being here has not yet come to pass because of anything other than the drug-induced delusions of a mad woman

Passing must go or be done some other time

I am late!

Actually, I made it in and now I am back to broke and I am stuck again!

Go figure!

Fuck off!

I am doing all that I can do to get back up and on the move

I am taking back all of my groove now

I cant just sit still and wait around to see what the rest of you decide to do with the power that I have allowed you to earn just by knowing me

We are all free to do now as we choose

I have chosen to move forward, up, out, and back again, maybe....

Maybe not....

My point here is that I am not your fucking savior

I am not the complaint department nor the Chamber of Commerce

What more do any of you expect from me?

Come on, I know that at least one of you can at least think of something, you will make sure of it

Its a damned good thing that I plan things out far in advance

I have learned how to do it by choice over time

It makes me able to actually relax

Ok, I got a new idea..

I shall capture and destroy that slimy, nasty, grimy black slug before its dishonesty becomes our worst policy

We must all come forth and unite in a stand still so that we can remain here as the true hearted souls

We each have now some goals that are separate and some that are still the same

My royal name will always remain here with all of you and you all with my name will forever remain too

My time here is now over

My mission is through

I must now make sure to remain true to myself

As I move forward

and after I am gone.....

9/25/2016

Partially Possessed

That's two weeks in a row , where I have gone and blown it all before Monday even finds the time to ebb its tide

Twice now, I have been lied to by my own intuition

It is likely that I am overshadowed

Partially possessed

Crimson caresses my visions

Brutal have become all my thoughts

Its Monday still and I have already forgotten what day it is

I have voided all my plans to take affirmative actions toward getting something, anything done

I made it as far has getting spun then stuck then not being wise enough to cashing out

I went back to fucking square one

Wow! I amaze myself

I am displeased, to say the least

Before I could even blink , here I was

Because, why?

Nothing can keep me from reaching the highest supernova in the sky

They may have punctured my wings, but, if given again the air that I need, I will still fly

What is it that keeps me so fixated, so obsessed?

By the mad spirit of this little city, I am partially possessed

I can hear the dead ones who refuse the light calling out their woeful mourns

I hear the harpies as they cackle from the treetops in scorn

I see the fields becoming intertwined by the bramble that bloodies the knees

I feel the chaos behind the whisper that howls upon the breeze in this 24 hour trap that should have never been born

What am I doing here besides going nowhere?

Besides wasting money?

Besides falling asleep?

When do I reap all I have blatantly sewn?

When will all these decisions again become my very own?

Through a thousand angry shadows I have flown just to land in a bitter, toxic, dishonorable sea...

Isn't being me a fucking blast?

Partially possessed by the ghosts of the past...

1/30/2012

Apocalypse

Dimensions

Blending

Together

Forming a picture

of times long ago

Before the veil

The cloak between the worlds

When the dragons swarmed through crimson skies

Breathing fire into the night

Like pterodactyls when they explode

Nocturnal beacons shot down from the indigo

Taken out

Like skeet discs after the pull

The wool over humanity with its multiplicities of eyes is withering away to none

In a time when everyone carries a gun because they can

But, not for long

The apocalypse is on its way

Like a raging comet heading straight for the Earth

The re-birth of Neolithic co-existence is on the nearest horizon

Creation is history, which is repetitive in nature

The stature of society, shattered

Crumbling into the passage of time

The sublime atmosphere getting thicker and thicker

Becoming much more defined

The blind can no longer lead the blind anywhere but astray

The grey area becoming kalaiedoscopic

Spinning colors through the air into the billowing density that is the clouds

The shrouds are all vanishing into vapor wisps and blowing away with the breeze

Unicorns storm the rugged high cliff tops

Gryphons roost high in the tops of the trees

The Faerie Folk come out of their ancient hiding places to play tricks on each other and themselves

They were sent in the beginning to torment human kind who have forever had their greedy

hands out begging for more

Nobody can ignore them now that stories will no longer be told out in the open

Reality unfolds before naked eyes

Uncovered, all the brutality behind all of their deceitful lies

The lifting of the once necessary veil is already in full effect now in this very moment in time

Reuniting with our childhood

Hopes

Fantasies

Fears

Never alone

Something hears our every thought

A reality, long forgotten, has returned

Memories burned away to ash as fast as they are made

Shadows of the past becoming now the shade that protects us from the radiation within the Sun

The Light that won the battle with the darkness....

8/14/2016

Clean Slate

*He is leaving again for that snow drifted city of snobbery to the North
I am wondering if the main reason is because I have done absolutely nothing in an attempt to
keep him under my wings
Having him here nearby has given me a sense of security
But I know that Colorado brings him a better world and a bigger smile
Perhaps, when he moves, it will open up a new door into my heart
A clean slate
A place for a new relationship with a decent man
I cannot stand being a nun anymore
I wish that my morale was not such a rigid, sexless whore
I have somehow forgotten how to embrace the nymphomaniac in me
It's an entire chapter that I know must become an excerpt in my new book of life that I
already have up on a shelf ready to open up and read
Technically, I really don't need anything that I don't already have
But, that is no reason to ignore my plethora of hidden wishes and desires
All it does is make them all nag at me from the deepest recesses of my mind
I don't want to leave any opportunity for anything at all behind me now
I am at a pinnacle in the middle of my life
It is all downhill from here
There are beautiful boys everywhere, salivating at the sight of me
Nothing to fear but falling for their machismo-ridden wishes, which is nothing to fear at all
I am excited to see who will catch me, because I know that I am about to fall harder than I
ever have
I need to put my guard to rest
I must ace every test that comes my way
I need to spread my wings and soar before my beauty fades and my hair all falls out or turns
grey
I honestly do not have the slightest clue what the Hell I have been waiting for
I don't see how it could be out of my own will
Those moronic practitioners of the dark arts are, without a doubt, casting out their nonsense
upon my livelihood still
They aren't any good at the shit that they do
I am a brand new bitch for them to hate now
They need to back their shit up to the jump and start again*

They can't take my money, my luck, my health, or my man

So, can anyone tell me what it is that they expect to achieve?

Every single time Reyes and I reach a point like this, they needle him until he feels like he has no other choice but to leave

So okay, I just got the news, he is going away..

That's all those bitches get!

I quit!

The end..

Send your darkened prayers some other way

You are no longer part of any day

any week

any hour

Now, bon appetit , my will is to make you devour yourselves

I am not a witch

I have resigned

I only do healing work for clients with the meager means to pay me for my services

Everything that you all thought you knew about me is now completely the other way around...

7/21/2016

Medallion

Here again

There, at last

The fasting time is over

My man returned from his Holy Reich

His realm behind my senses

I fought for him, not knowing so

I fought for him when I knew

I'll fight for him forever now

Again, we will see this through

The planets now have re-aligned to start us on our way

The Stars

The Moon

The Earth

The Sky

Have come close to me to bless my day

All of my colors have blended into my soul to mix with his colors my mind

My mind has been set free of all of the anxt that used to haunt my shrine

It's like he has known about all this all along, without bothering to fully explain this to me

But, who else can I possibly blame besides for myself for choosing to be blind to what I was supposed to have seen?

I won't look back

I won't return to the me that had doubt that he cares

How could I have been such a fucking fool to create the very cross that he bares?

Why did I let the Celtics down when I took our medallion along for that crooked ride?

Because somewhere inside me I knew that if I didn't bring it with me, that he would not cross over with me when I died

I love this man with all of my soul

With all of my heart

With every inch of my skin

I am living the dream that we planned for ourselves and there are no more battles to win

I will take each day with a grain of the salt that composes our pillars, so high up in the vastness that is the Sky

The columns that surround the gates that he still keeps just so that he can capture and taste every tear that I cry....

May 4th, 2016

Float

Night

Turned into daylight

Turned into twilight

Turned into the dawn

That awakens me to encompass the light that covers the world in which we live

To give myself up for the rest of mankind

To help the blind ones find their way

To take ahold of the reigns of this day and drive my own one-horse sleigh deep into the forest glade

To ride upon a fancy fleeting float in the very front of a dazzling parade

To dive deep into all of my desires and daydreams unafraid

Disillusioned

In my right frame of mind

Leaving behind the madness to be at rest in the shadows of the past

Taking the fast route toward ecstasy and terminal bliss

Capturing all of the data I missed the first time around

Everything lost, I have found

Sometimes I pray to San Antonio de Padua to assist me in my search

He has never failed me yet

Sometimes my future is clear to me and I can see that it isn't all set in stone

There is room to tweak the script here or there

There are ways to take obstacles that are in your path and make them disappear like they were never even there

Bearing fresh fruit upon your vines to reap during harvest time

Wearing your hearts somewhere else besides for on your sleeves

Covered up to your shoulders with the fingerprints of all your crimes...

July 2016

Terrain

Cactus blossom

**Opening up to the morning light
that pierces the mountaintops as it rises**

**Prayers to our creator
cast into barren skies**

Arms, upturned and raised

A sage that knows his land too well

Forming unity in sanctions that are scattered across the mesas and over the mountainous terrain

Into the valleys and plains that kiss the other side

Each one, bearing one who has been chosen to lead them

Fighting battles that have not even begun yet

Some spun

Some drunk and belligerent

Abusive, many

Carried away by the winds of change forced upon all of the creatures of habit

Less intellect than has the jackrabbit who's habits are far more sensible than theirs

Everyone cares for everyone

Without first looking through their souls

Conceptualization becomes delusional

The stories all have many holes in them

Just like the cactus blossom who's concept is to reach toward the sunlight to capture it all and soak it all in....

5/5/2010

Cherry

Beautifully intertwined

That is the most efficient way for me to describe my closest circle right now

It's crazy how it all can change so drastically in only a brief matter of time

To remain focussed is the key for me

It has taken many epochs for me

to be able to so easily put it in any sort of clear perspective

I know who I am, as should everyone else who claims to be a part of me

Those who don't still grasp on to our lives somehow

Lingering in the wake of our decay

Not much more to say about them, really

Nor, is there anything to say to them when they pop one of their aimless questions

When beautifully intertwined, it becomes easier and easier to just accept it- all of it

Tolerance has been mandatory since my lungs could reach the oxygen ion that led me to my first breath

This incarnation and every other

My next lover will most likely be my brother as well

In fact, I know so

All that were not became treks through the various regions of the mythical land called "Hell"

There was absolutely nothing legendary about those times, let me tell ya..

But, I can say that myths and fairy tales can become realities if you go into them unprepared

The mind is an opus

It is much more intelligent than you

With that thought in mind, my advice is to do everything in your power to remain true to yourselves and to the few and far between

Your soul family

Blood lines mean not much more than monetary barriers these days

Most rich people should be banned from their own bank accounts

So hungry are they for more, more, MORE!

They lost sight of their reasons why ages ago

It does buy happiness when in the hands of those of us who have rightfully earned its presence

For the ones who remain miserable, it buys everything else

So, I suppose that happiness is simply not enough for them

Nothing ever is

Lost causes can go to Hell

They are on their way there anyway

Frozen in darkness

Fuck that shit!

I just do my best to try to forget that they are there

I do care, immensely

For everything alive but them

I realize now that to include them would be the next re-visitation to fucked up lessons I've already learned

Choking on the ashen remnants of all of my bridges that they have burned

I cannot be concerned

It's not even a choice that I am able to make now

I've already made it many times before

You just know it when you become beautifully intertwined

Nothing seems relentless, nor like it's a big chore

Games may be being played, but nobody is keeping score

I do know that I must open up completely now so that my cherry can come in and rest upon all of the whipped cream

Living life as if it is only a dream that continues on even when I wake

Taking all that comes to me

Before it passes me by

I know that I am a neccessity

I know how it feels to fly

I know the nature of my energy

I know it will never die...

9/19/2016

Kangaroo

Seems like just another day

Living this way is no way to live

Waiting for someone else to come along and pave your path

The wrath that builds and builds within implodes you in an instant

One that everyone but you saw coming from a thousand miles away

You must have seen it too

Like an overgrown kangaroo bounding toward whatever it sees in you

Unless you have been living in some kind of awkward trance

Eyes wide open

Asleep

Surroundings too deep for you to even dream of catching your breath

The envy abound stealing forever your air

Bare naked

Out on display

Being poked and prodded by hidden specters

Little gray men that only you are able to see

Begging God for forgiveness

False promises of who you are to become manifest the being that someday soon you shall be

Pinnocchio nose growing

Right before your lying eyes

None of this should really surprise you

How IS

this

possible?

Treading water in the eternity of things that have occurred before

Searching for a destiny that your obsession with the past causes you to blatantly ignore

This precious moment that is the now- which is all that there ever was, ever has been, ever will be

The factor that should be the most obvious is the one and only part of you that you simply refuse to let yourself see

If Humans are so damned divine by Nature, then why don't you figure out how the Hell to tell me this can be so?

Too many fools are out there seeking answers to the riddles that only God needs to know

Doing everything that they have clearly been instructed to avoid

Dirty deeds, done dirt cheap

Tweaked out

Flailing

Paranoid

Destroyed, ultimately

I myself have also traveled down the same roads that they have

My end result has, perhaps, been much brighter than theirs

Because, as I traveled down those very roads, I always made sure to take the time to sit and meditate, sing a song at the top of my lungs, or pray..

I have always taken everything that I take on toward the light, rather than down to a dark, dingy lair

I have always landed on two feet, because I have always chosen to care inherently...even when they could have cared the fuck less about the likes of me

I have always attempted to voice only the truth ever since I learned that it is what sets us free

There are plenty out there who won't ever agree simply because they own their rights for refusal

Stubborn asses

Lazy fucking mules

Waiting for any chance that they may have to bamboozle those of us who have been born out of love

The kind that wedlock could never truly claim

Why would anyone take on the karmic boomerangs of the results of changing their birth names?

Soon, the fleeting bliss becomes a dirty, vicious game of cat and mouse

Imagine running through your maze while dragging along that silly attachment that you all your "spouse"

Stuffing them into their pouches like they are an overgrown kangaroo

Running boundless with dead weight upon your abdomen that starts wearing your flesh away from your bones

The obstacle course that is impossible to make it through without being granted your divorces

Of course, nowadays everyone signs pre-nuptial agreements ahead of time

Wow, I guess that is their idea of the meaning of "true love"...

June 2013

No Fairytale

Benevolence

All around us

In the atmosphere below the clouds

Reaching out to what remains of our collective consciousness

The winged ones, like elvin dragonflies

Fertilizing the soil with their loving light

Dancing about the wilderness under the cloak that covers the night

Stories told to us since our infancy

Passed down to relax the wandering minds of every future generation

Showing themselves to us only here and there

Mortal chaos shortens the duration that hides itself behind time, which is only acknowledged by Human Beings, the lowest of all Earth-bound life formations

All other creatures are ahead of them by leaps and bounds

None of them find the need to attach themselves to the machines that fall asleep upon our thighs

Obnoxious robots making those hideous electronic noises

Back in the day, neither did we

Back when dates were schedules that had embedded upon them set times

Being late or absent minded then became "ciest la vie"..

When the beauty of invention did find the need to arise, it took its time to flourish

Like the seed to the ripening of the vine

On St. Valentines Day, it took a bit more than the click of a mouse to tell your love interest "be mine"

The rift in this world that we call today has eroded hearts down to nothing but suffocating valves, grasping to find reason to keep pumping the collective bloodstream

Benevolence surrounds those of us who still wish to see the many roads that still lie ahead

Re-inventing the tales of fantasy from our youth

Pixie dust trails that lead us backward into dreams that have never shattered

Forced by the will of God to return to this shady realm to re-awaken the collective mind, near-dead

It is very sad that it takes the intrusion of light beings and their ascension just to smack Humanity back into its place

Still, few choose to notice that they have created with their own magic this reality

A disgrace to the Good Lord, our omnipotent creator

Quail eggs, souring in self-created incubators

Divine intervention has become the absence of the collective will

***The illusion of man-made time is flying by faster than the speed of light, yet three fourths of the population still stand still in their false ideas of what the absence of the darkness truly is
Unsure, just about everyone..***

I, along with my brethren, seem to be the only ones who are anywhere near aware

***But, even we, the enlightened ones too often tend not to share our visions with one another
It sometimes becomes nearly impossible to even recognize our own brothers, resulting in a view of the future that seems inadequate and dim***

So many caught up in their own fear that they would trust an electrical appliance before they would an intuitive whim

Going against the tragic grain that too often leads us into ridicule that breeds with all of the madness that it sprouted from in the first place

We win or we lose

There is no "place or "show"

Second and beyond are nothing more than below

The "Status Quo"...

What a sickening heap of man-made rubble

The first boy who blew someone's mind ended up sealed away in a fucking giant plastic bubble

Perhaps the root of why some have foolishly made themselves believe that they are A-sexual

Even the rocks and minerals have no other choice but eventual pro-creation

Even so, there remain five hundred million or more freight trains that leave the bums to linger in the atmosphere surrounding the railway stations

The seeds of life that end up being pissed on instead of watered

Kelp beds that mutate into carnivorous beasts that begin to snack on their biggest foes, the otters

The gift of life, abused so terribly that Mother Earth has been left no other choice but to become the feminine voice of God

Erasing the veil that stands between the dimensions

Releasing the benevolent ones to scatter and scurry to meet this ridiculous dead-line that people have ignorantly drawn

A thin red line that the few and far between are forced now to tip-toe upon

In between the fairy folk and the countless foolish souls that are already as good as gone

When the collective followers of one simple faith decide again to stand together all upon the same page, a miracle shall finally occur

The evaporation of the demon seed

Leaving behind in its wake a cosmic blur

When those of us who have remained true to our own hearts shall all mingle together and dance across the barren skies

The formation of new constellations that are to rule over us astrologically

The next batch of partitions that will become another Humanity that sooner or later fades out and then dies

When the next race of Star Children are sent down to teach lessons until they are blue in their faces

Hopefully never again to become a time like now that disgraces so horribly such a magnificent all-loving God

This is the only "once in a lifetime" experience

Everything else that will ever matter has had it already

Remembering the childhood story of Peter Pan and his miniature sidekick, Tinker Bell...

The group of children that they were training and the defiant brat who quickly fell from the sky

There is never any time in the process of miracles occurring when it is appropriate to start asking questions that begin with the word why...

Life is no Fairytale...

Just silently go with its flow....

3/26/2011

Huntress

*My sphere of consciousness is all scrambled
I think that sacred wishes in my soul have been granted
Perhaps the witches hexes upon us have been by the light disenchanting for good
He is coming back home already
He only left three days ago
I had planned on taking his departure as a sign for me to branch out and make an attempt to date other boys
It is almost like it annoys a part of him
Something that I doubt he would ever admit
I am not going to put my life on hold because I am too busy trying to forget my pain
He needs to stop going out of his way to show me that I was never quite enough
Especially not now
Clearly, I am the only one who has ever remained true
He even said so himself just the other day
He is not going to come back and start trying to make me live my life in any other way than I do
He must make up his mind
I am not a yo-yo
I am not a fucking Tinker Toy
My life is not a damned childhood game
I do not want to hear anyone else's name
Keep your side life to yourself
I am not going to put all of my plans on a shelf to collect dust and become forgotten
His reason for returning makes no sense at all
But, the real one makes more sense than is even clear
I am the cloak
The protector
The shield
The huntress of his minion, his fear
His Artemis, my arrow pulled all the way back and locked into place
His huntress in shining armor
His nurturer
His Mother in soul*

***The keeper of all the answers that the thieves of his upbringing stole
I can do this again, but its going to be in my own way
All he needs to do is live
Without saying a single word
Not uttering even a fragment of sound
We have found our hidden treasure over the eons
Behind the arch of time
He must listen to me when I speak to him
By now, he must realize that I am seldom wrong
I have always listened to every word he has spoken
I have remembered every lesson I have learned
I have kept him in the highest realm of my love all along the way
His negative tendencies will not be tolerated, nor accepted
They will have no way with me or my luck
That worry wart spirit that he clings to is now a sitting duck
I have the shells hidden away
I must go out and buy a 22 rifle
I can already taste the greasy broth in the spoon
Duck soup turned into a delicacy
The murder of ignorant self-unraveling
Such a triumphant affair
I am going to be a brutal bitch this time
But its only because I care
If his family is so damned important, then that is where he needs to live
I cannot give him anymore right now than they can
All I can do is show him compassion, friendship
True love
I am not above
nor below him
We walk in lines that run parallel
Thank God he is coming home and has a game plan
Drawn away from that Winter pit of Hell up North
I have, indeed, called forth my warriors
To assist me in this victorious time to come
We shall devour the sacred nectar of the Gods
We shall eat the cake of sustenance down to the final crumb***

Everything will happen now in the right and perfect way

I now snuff out the hearth candle of new beginnings and I will never say another word

Heard

by God

finally

Because it

finally

has come

Our time.....

9/11/2016

Ministry Boy

His smile will never fade from me

His essence will never wane

His seed will grow forever within the nutrients that are my soil

His soul is connected now for eternity

I need him to return

To face me and our simple, yet so sophisticated blueprint with all of its plans

I need my boy to come back and drag me to his ministry

I want to hear his voice speak to me like a beacon from God

I am a queen in that land he called The Kingdom and he is my royal steed

My bounty

My husband

My king

Its not even possible that the now is so empty when my cup was just brimming, over-flowing with his essence

His beauty

His love

Like immortality

He must return to take me prisoner

Tie me up

Shackle me to his throne

I will be his sexual salvation

His slave in the gallows

or anywhere else in his palace

The vastness that he brought me back into in the blink of a beautiful eye

of Ra

of oneness

Illumination

Then, stupidity..

When a woman came forth to thwart us, just as he said that she would do

Then forgotten

Faded

His voice did not sound the same

Yet, it was familiar

Too fucking familiar

Ugh, whatever....

If he cannot be man enough to do his job then, next....

I am not going to sit here in exile, burning for no reason

This is not the season of the witch

Send me the next hitch in my get-a-long now

Please, Father God Almighty

Amen- Ra....

1/24/2016

Blessings Disguised

Precognitive images

Kept to myself

Instead, I fall for all of the five cent questions being spat out there for me to come up with their answers at my earliest convenience

Thus, honesty becomes the most convenient policy, not by any means the best one, apparently...

Stop for a half of a second to ask yourselves honestly if the mouths that have spat out all of my shit-ball scrutinizations are attached to essences that even give a fuck at all

Answering "no" at any time within the duration will more than likely result in your fall

From wherever

whatever

it was that you were in the process of achieving

It's a damned good thing that so many of us are already up to no good to begin with

The ones that should be able to discern where they will end up landing from the mother fucking jump!

Ones that should have consulted a few different camels before deciding which adulterous tramps they allow to hump them

Like Lays potato chips, not many can only eat one

In fact, orgies always end up somehow being great fun by the time they get around to logging their experiences in their little black books

The repercussions of their absent-mindedness become the very incidentals that they should have already covered their own asses with via paper and blackened ink

Personally, I have to start writing my own

shit down long before my mind gets around to reminding my brain that its their turn do do all of the thinking

It always denies it anyway

It tries to say that their turn came and went already

yesterday or the day before

Blatant bullshit takes them to the door and drops them off with no wallet

No food

No explanation

No keys

It even steals the welcome mat to take and add to its unique little collection after inspecting it to make sure that it doesn't have fleas

Forcing them to lie in the beds that they helped making

Blanketless

No form of protection other than the miracle of being alive(which is seldom ever acknowledged as being protective at all)

The sickness in your soul from being without your own vehicle becomes your drive to stick around and face the music

The songs that you cannot even get a head start to create while you wait

Because it comes from out of the shadows that are darker than the witching hour with its painted skies

In all of their star-crossed, stubborn debating

You are a trooper

Experienced

Ancient

Brilliant

Wise

This aint your first rodeo, Jason

Everytime that you find yourself back in this hood

Later on, not far ahead, you see yourself accepting another blessing in disguise

Never answer the random bantering of unfamiliar whistle-blowers in the outskirts of the crowd

Unless you can tell that they are really coming from within your silence rather than in your immediate atmosphere

Orally

Out loud

There is a way to remain proud without the assistance of verbal boasting

You must capture and detain that slick little fucker way early on in the game

Its that little bastard who always wants to brag in your honor when you have never even told it your name...

Precognitive images must be hidden well from beings who are sociopathic by nature...

6/19/2016

To Faith, Return

High John the Conqueror

Keeper of the twisted, powerful, protective root that once was part of the epicenter that watered all of the vines

Be with me in my desperate search

I have every right to regain the opportunity to provide correctly for myself and my brood

I have never been the one with begging palms held out in front of me upturned

I need not ask, nor would I ever beg

I just need to be myself again

Mooikite stone, please bring to me the powers of abundance through the gift of supplemental employment, be it my own or with someone else

Someone who is actually worthy of my influence

For, it has always been extremely fruitful, brilliant, and enterprising

Unique

Vanquish this presence that lingers here, keeping me from the simple simplicities that I seek

I will never consider myself as one of the helpless or of the meek

I do not believe that such blinded innocence would be left to take over the land with all of those who shall tarry

For, whoever it is who remains must be diligent, forthright, and beyond strong

Their songs must be sung in high velocity

They must rebel with a certain sort of driven magnitude

Putting nothing before the Power of the Creator, almighty blessed Yahweh

Praise be to the Lord, our one and only God

No saints

No sinners

No beings from Angelic realms

No creatures from the parallel dimension nor from the Astral Plane

It is not to say that they are fictional

Nor weak

Nor wrong

Nor unholy

We need all of them to join us

We must all go hand to hand

Soul to soul

A unified nation, bound together in Heavenly rapture

The sound of a thousand trumpets echoing across the distance of the eternal span

Light warriors trapped in temples of primitive beasts

In the bodies of mortal man

Wow!

Wait one second!

***My intention here was only to regain my dignity that I was forced to hand over to the demonic
back in the Spring of a year when I had, once again, chosen to fall into the trenches of love***

It was not at the time my intention at all, either

As a matter of fact, it was quite similar to where I am at with myself right now

I am no longer asking, I am taking

It belongs to nobody, nothing else but me

I am sick and tired of caring

Grinning and fucking bearing

Sick of sharing myself with ungodly vermin who know of nothing other than how to receive

I take that back, they also know what it takes to thief from their so-called friends

How to exist by feeding off of the living

How to slowly erode us into the fallow in which we wallow and grieve

None of that even matters

If you can find the road will take you back to the faith in which you truly do believe

In every single waking breath that you breathe, exhale your anguish in the name of the Lord

Every dance that you dance must be before him

Every song that you sing, every word that you utter in His praise

***In return, He will forever pick you up in his hands and set you down upon every place that
you should be***

He will lead you, never astray

***He will take you down every road that will lead you into your most prosperous days from now
throughout eternity....Selah!***

6/29/2014

Witches Dance

For whatever reason, of which I have no clue,
I keep on thinking about Biloxi, Mississippi
There is no reason for these visions
I have never been there before
I have no ties to it, nor does anyone that I know
It just pops into my head, without any prior thought leading it there
From out of that colorful place that is called "The Blue"
Twice already today it has occurred and again just recently as well
Perhaps someday in the not-so-far-away now, I will end up there
Its almost like I can smell the atmosphere there
I have always yearned to travel all the way through the Deep South
It all began right where it ended, way back in 2002
After moving to Albuquerque to begin a new life from a Hellish adolescence spent in Reno,
twice a year I would meet old friends from it in another city just to embrace the good ole
times
We were partying for my birthday in New Orleans when the trip idea was planted in my head,
along with the oath to return there more regularly
I fell in love with the culture, the history, the people, the magic
The Voodoo
Haunted by its energy eternally now
Upon my last visitation, The plan became to travel onward through the other 3-4 states lying
to the East of it, making little pit stops along the way
It is 2013 now, and I must say that I am beyond ready to return
Its been eleven blasted years! ELEVEN!
That fucking evil enchantress bitch Katrina cock-blocked my entire program so well that it
had actually, until right now, been completely forgotten!
Black magic
Hocus-Pocus
The bullshit that gains notoriety by hags that always somehow succeed in robbing us of all
our boon
It comes and it goes just as quickly
Back-lashing in a boomerang headed directly back into them before they even get the chance
to get around to documentation of their pathetic experiences/results
With egos that are far ahead of that shred of a soul that barely lingers still within them
Essentially impossible for them to ever get a firm grasp upon anything

**There ya go, you finally won something, you fucking ignorant, envious cunt witches!
Be sure and take it all with you as you fly upon your shovels backward all the way into the
Hell that you chose to succumb to just to feed your sicknesses what they need to survive
Thriving on the twisted fantasies that long ago eroded away your mortal minds
So, congratulations! You have sold your souls in exchange for eternal existence here
Here, in this concentration camp between the dimensions that house the skies
Unwise will-benders whose personal demise takes on the physical anomalies they seek
within the flesh that hides their wicked bones
Dead and bloated, soon to be floating within the murky waters of South-Eastern American
swamp lands
Their essences to become the swamp gas that clings to the atmosphere that gives it the
chance to exist
This is why I have dutifully done my training here beneath the cloak of the Witches Belt
before proceeding onward into the tense terrain that lies up ahead or else I just might be
"dead" by now
Nah....Never....Not a fucking chance!
I truly recognize and know every imperative step that there is in this beautiful dance called
life
So, I won't EVER stop shaking my booty.....**

4-24-2013

Fine

I am fine

Really, I am...

Sitting here in this merciless humidity

Choking on the heat of the night

Every now and then I gasp for oxygen, as I am overcome by the feeling that something just isn't right

The memory of our laughter when we were together as one invades

An intruder

Taking me completely over for an instant

I do everything to stop myself from just getting in my car and driving illegally

Into an empty unknown

Searching for that feeling that I never had known until then

Hyperventilating like a fucking madman

My reasoning is all unclear

Then again, I am hiding

I see others feel my pain and begin to approach me

I cannot deal with anything trivial right now

All that I can think of is him

There are no solid reasons for why he and I lost each other so suddenly

It's too late now anyway

His cocaine-ridden, drunken confessions were probably best left unsaid

Visions of him dancing with his new little sugar plumb won't even budge, much less depart from my wounded head

Left alone

Left for dead

Too fractured to fall asleep in our bed

There is nothing that won't trigger it

It is crazy nonsense

Hence, my departure

I am fine ,though, most definitely...

I am just fine

Stockpiling up all of my liquor and my wine

The great ideas that can come to the minds of divinity

***Days run through into tomorrows that become yesterdays
Merging to become a void filled with unknown particulars
The details were never meant to become so pertinent anyhow
Perhaps not knowing where the now stands upon my calendar is actually a strength that I
should respect in high regard
Just as long as the cocktails and drugs keep coming around, and all the boys cocks stay
ready and hard
"Oh, waiter, I'll take another bubble o' shard, por favor!??
I am fine, really, I am just fine...so, bring back the fucking bottle of wine, bitch!
Don't worry, I give you my word that I will try to hitch myself some other ride
It is "Gay Pride" weekend, after all...and, my karma hall awaits me....
6-25-2009***

Vows

*The Summers heat is waning
A faint chill is sometimes in the air
I sit here in the discomfort of my own space
Something is just not here, nor there
Nowhere
A missing piece to an otherwise perfect painting
Someone needs to come be my man before I end up fainting from my loneliness
Someone who makes me laugh
Someone who can't take their eyes away from my skin
Someone who erases my inner wrath
A natural sinner
A man who stands aside from all the other boys to men
A soldier
A gangster
A Hispanic hunk of love
A vato
A Hottie
A sexual wizard
An honest man
All those who I have kept on my sidelines, goodbye....
You are just hitches in my get-a-long
Thorns in my groove
Intruders upon my game plan
I want a real lover
You do not need to further understand
I don't want any softies
Who beat around bushes until they grow old and become trees
I need a boy with buns of steel and a huge set of balls
To make me squeal every time Mother Nature calls
To pick me up every time that I fall
Someone who cares about how I feel in every way
Someone who does not need to buy my love
Someone who doesn't steal at all*

*Someone who I can heal with my nurturing soul
Love with all of my heart
With whom I can accomplish my every goal
Someone who will one day exchange with me our vows
A raging bull who only sees me through all of the other cows....*

8/18/2016

Womb

There are no more valid excuses to tell myself
as I sit here in silent turmoil
Making noise to kill the reality of what an idiot I have been
The noose has been tightening
for a little bit longer than awhile
The soil waits below me
to pull me underground
The bile builds within me as I am sickened by my asinine choices
The voices, once heard within, seem to screech at me from places that lie far outside my being
I have been seeing this all so clearly for too long to act like I am surprised
The penile protrusion that is my well-being was long ago already circumcised
I guess it just may be because I no longer know who I am
or maybe that is just another lame excuse
Perhaps my heart has somehow taking a liking to all of the years of abuse
I can only blame my own laziness for not kicking poverty in its Nomadic ass
I keep letting each moment linger for I know that inertia will force them each to pass
Sitting in the wake of the turbulence of the quake
Leaving me as prey to falling objects
I have taken blow after blow after blow
This is the last straw
I must get up, dust off and proceed or soon I will be drowning in the sewage that I have allowed to
collect around me
Desperate to gnaw my way out to the pavement where daylight can burn me once again
To return to the places I have already been is the goal
But, what if those places are what stole the life away from my spirit in the past?
Back to my circle of protection
Before the spell was naively cast
To the seed of all my own betrayal
To set sail upon a sea that is raging in the wrong direction
The current, becoming the undertow
Before I dabbled in mystical realms about which I then really did not know
When forward motion keeps taking me into a cataclysmic abyss
The only thing that my intinct can fathom now is thoughts of crawling back into the womb to seek out

embryonic bliss

So, then death becomes reality and re-birth becomes the new beginning of the end...

1/9/2007

Technological Recapitulation

The dawning of Aquarius

We are blessed to be alive to witness the birth of a brand new age

Just as he and I predicted seven years ago, we are aware of the reality of who we are

Key players in the epicenter of this newness

This is not at all a game

This is the fulfillment of prophecy

The following of ancient scripture

The taking over of the reigns of true time which is dimensional and complicated, not linear

We must now engage in spiritual warfare

Nothing will remain the same as it was, which is a relief to me

For, it is currently way out of hand and has gone beyond ridiculous

It would have probably been much easier for them to have just built a few million robots

The transformation from dumb human being into machine is far too dangerous, not to mention, quite messy

An exhausting and disheartening process

It would seem like cruelty upon them but it really is not at all

They are the ones who insist upon it happening in each of their individual own ways

Their indulgences and blind ignorance are what pays their tab

They torture themselves gleefully

It nauseates me and has within its context very few laughs

Lackluster entertainment

Pathetic, really..

I see now where the idea to micro-chip them must have stemmed from

It was an attempt at creating a global short-cut that never did have the the power to come to fruition

In any event, its a completely different picture now, just ahead on the glorious horizon

My soul brother tends to discern his attention upon life through the darkest recesses of his mind

It is just his nature to worry and focus on the negative

It makes it difficult for me to listen to him sometimes

I will bask in the Light and fearlessly fight for righteousness with every ounce of my being

I have been seeing nothing less than positive change all along

Everything that is truly evil ceases to exist in my heart or in my head at all

What humanity sees as a drastic fall is not only what they deserve to see but it is also a holy blessing in all actuality

The purging of continual moral sin from the five essential elements that are The Earth taken into the Heavens to nurture Her

Poisons are part of nature

Chemicals were all once in balance

Before Science shoved the "live and let live" theory so deep into its rectum that Spirit became nothing but myth

A forgotten fucking dream

She got sick and tired of screaming into deafened eardrums

Thus, the onset of her recapitulation ,which has barely begun

It should be easy for the ingrates to ingest

They have gotten too big for their britches to have fun

In every way imaginable

What they think of as their "rights" should never have been considered as such to begin with

Not by a long shot

Wi-Fi signals plucked from the skies

Technology utilized only by those who earn their right to it

Nobody else

Devices limited to one per head

The brain dead to continue to die

We, the teachers

Holding mandatory lectures on the sacred codes of the Earth, The trees, The stones, The Sky

Elitist activity will be turned into shrapnel with all their money grubbing , wicked little plots and schemes

To be replaced with all that we have lost in so many forgotten and unacknowledged dreams

Out with 95% of the old

In with the infinite, the blessed, the bountiful new

All you have left is you, let's do this!!!!

8-14-2016

Scorpion

Motor mouths have been running up in here for far too long
These transient freaks come into my home and start trying to run my show
They refuse to adhere to my rules, so few and far between
Slowly driving me up my own walls to the brink of going insane
They can smell the green grass that surrounds me, which is just enough to make them want to linger

I am silent like a scorpion
On the edge of lashing out at each one of them with an unseen, poisonous stinger
I do not know why I allow so much trampling upon my generosity
So much trespassing upon my sanctity
So much erosion upon my soul
Sometimes it feels as though my ability to take charge and my expertise in reprimanding has been essentially stolen
So many days and nights have come and gone
Leaving me and my daily tasks miles behind them trapped in a spinning cyclone
Never a moment to be left alone
One little mishap after the other
If its not one damned thing, it's another
I have been split apart
I am in ten different places
All of my heirs and graces conveniently forgotten
I come across as a coiled up hissing bitch of an asp
Mean and rotten to my core
I make it clear and obvious as to how much they all truly bore me
They are free to go however, whenever, wherever
But, trouble is, they really have nowhere else to go
I know exactly how that feels, for I have myself been there on every level
When they steal my livelihood right out from under my eyes, it simply awes and dishevels me
I have learned over the years that it is just the way the energy goes in this place
In this backward blackened vortex that permeates this part of the Western American grid
In these valleys that hid the true reasoning behind why ancient settlers kept moving on away from here
Even the thriving spirit of industry that once fueled its patrons has been shattered
Evaporated into nothingness

Like the climactic result of the sinners actions

Spurting out

Dried up

Gone to Hell

It is hard to say exactly still binds so many stragglers to this empty shell with its sparsely populated, dilapidated streets

That is why I stir up so much attention here

Why so many insist upon the scrutiny of the forgotten stains upon my bed sheets...

11-4-2012

p

Hells Bells

In pieces I fall
To the Tundra far below me
To soak into the ancient soil
The re-kindling of my realms, both inner and surrounding
I spring forth from the ground, upright
My shiny buttocks fresh with vigor
Ready for a decent pounding
Taking in all of creation with no need for the barriers that tend to create singular suffocation
Teaching the lessons that I know to be true wisdom
Setting examples
Re-educating that beast that they call "society" as it tramples crudely over the living
A blind fury
Everything twisted upside down because of that insistent little pain in the ass that sits in the back of
our minds who never ceases to make us think that we are in a hurry
That ghost that lives in our heads that thinks its clairvoyant
Speaking fragmented truths that further rely upon the voice of their shadow
They all sit on the sidelines snacking on Cracker Jacks watching our race steadily declining as if its
entertaining
Wasted time when the body remains idle
A clear gateway that lands us in puddles of impure idolatry
When the populace becomes shattered by egocentrics that are produced in mass proportions
The government that is the media that is reality
A convoluted, abstract tapestry that becomes a global veil that the upper echelon hides under,
barking out dedications of blasphemy
Mother Nature, the root of all mortal sin
The mortality that bluntly escalated the punishment with its depth
Orchestrated by mindless puppets who sit around yanking their own foul strings
Tomorrow freedom rings the bells of what most consider to be taboo
The stroke of midnight at every Watch Tower heard in one final moment
spent in the throngs of synchronicity
Now come all of the demons that fools have already enchanted
Wishes whispered upon the breath of chaos will, like all the others be eventually granted....

4-8-2010

Lost For Words

Orator, where might you be?

I am at a loss for words

I need you to do my speaking without leaking out my hidden privacy

Without touching down upon matters of the skin

All of us are sinners somewhere along our busy little roads

Birds

Bees

Flowers, trees

Antelopes

Horny toads

These walls are closing in on me

Some force outside me is peering in

Something out there can see me and I don't give a Tinkers fuck

(Although Tinkers are relatively inexpensive these days)

Let them watch me being made love to by the silence

Let them watch me fornicate and prance

Let them taste the salt that drips off my brow madly just after I dance the final dance

They will love what they see

They will masturbate

They will learn how to verbalize, how to orate all of their feedback

Tell me where I am overdone

Tell me where I lack character or poise

Listening in through the door of my domain where I block with an echo all of the noise that can be heard out there on the savage streets

Where magnitude meets malnourishment and pragmatism meets posterior flex

Out there, where I can hear the chant that ripples through concrete hallways

From hexes and hoaxes carried and cast out

Where the emptiness has amassed where abundance once thrived in plentitude

It is now but a dirty, rude little picture out there

How could anyone be unaware of what is going on?

Orator, please step forward..

My will to speak is gone...

1-30-2012

The Phoenix

Sunday

Day one

The Sabbath has passed

Week has begun

Not a moment to spare

No more hours to waste

I shall replace all my disdain with success

There are no boundaries that I need to worry about crossing over

There is no limit until the ending of the azure in the sky

Nothing that I cannot become

Nobody to whom I must give any reason for why I am doing this or how I do that

Pull all your bloodied noses from the scat in my sweet rectal womb

On their tips, the crimson oily swell

Is that where Rudolph the Red nosed Reindeer pulled out the sugar plumb that is now his nose?

One might suppose the juxtaposition between the regions so similar to those places that the story tellers call their homes

You see, fairies have never been fiction

They have forever been an occult reality

Leprechauns hoarding their riches

Mermaids swimming alongside the cloaking of migrating whales

Griffins guarding royalty at the gates

Gnomes and nymphs of legends and lore

Sirens dancing in the gales

Unicorns that overrule the highest sphere of the Sephira snorting down upon human ignorance with a raw disdain

Displeased with us for our dampening of the cosmic rhythms

For our sickening obsession with the illusion of linear time

Retracing our footsteps all the way back through the ages of Artemis, Persephone, Cerridwen, and Pan

The blessed sound of the instruments played by the satyr

Keeper of the forest lands

The magnificent faun

Dancing into the Sumerian, Phoenician, Babylonian dawn

Lemuria

Atlantis

Awaken

The Phoenix

Rising up from the ashes of a Utopian dream...

6-29-2014

Wait No Longer

My spark has returned

I have forgiven all those who have burned me

The ones who are not satisfied with the results of their schemes

The ones who have hated me since they saw to it that my dreams would not be coming true through them

The jackals who have waited for my fall for centuries and never have come close to finding me anywhere

My spark is back

I am taking it all the way there this time

Tears have fallen by the gallon

I could have collected them in bottles like the rain that collects in puddles on the rooftops and in the ground

I have found myself once again

A brand new outlook

A brilliant future

A chance to find my next true love

Sometimes I wonder if that part has already arrived

There is this boy who does something to me that I simply cannot explain

He is not all there in his straight little melon

In fact, close to that place that we call "insane"

His brainwaves grope my senses

His energy makes me wet

His azure eyes show me a plan in some distant part of the future

A promise to never let me forget him

Is this that curse from Ancient Sumeria ricocheting against my soul yet again?

I really believe that I have paid my dues

I have faith that Egypt has my hand

I am coming into a part of this existence that I have co-written where I am truly able to understand everything that is going down all around me

A time to relax in the carefree zone

A time when my gorgeous spouse makes me remember what I sound like when a cock makes me moan in pleasure void of emotional pain

The erasure of that dirty little stain that never fades away is

More than possible

It is, in fact, a reality of mine
I will own that one for certain
I have drawn the iron curtain on my own
My spark has returned
To burn my fire
To light my sacred flame
To ignite my breath with a phosphorescence that compliments the sound
The spark of the great hearth fire that I am bound to
By ancestry
By reality
By blood
By lyrics written by Tori Amos
Boys on my left side
Boys on my right side
Boys in the middle
But his crazy ass is not here
And, that is ok by me but I will wait no longer for him to come all the way back around...

7-06-2016

Pampered

I got carried away
Just a little bit
I think that it went with the ending of the monsoon
Drank into the oceans swills to mix with the Mother Moon
In Her waning away to Her ebony
A time for a sycophants ecstasy
A passing in the current chronology
To reflect upon our reflective properties
To meditate in pose
No juxtapositions
No questioning
No time to get carried away again
No need to let myself fall so far backward
No honor to fall into trance
No deprivation to be burdened upon outside forces nor to be kept in taboo
The reluctance within
I need to get moving forward
To let myself be courted by all of these beautiful men
They can buy me things as well
For once, I think I am ready to be pampered
Spoiled rotten
Now that I fell, I may as well stay fallen with the exchange of something staying rock hard
Wishes
Granted
Discarding painful memories
Kisses on my forehead
Caressing me from behind
I need to feel that electricity that gives me the spark of life again
I am going to be like a blossoming vine
Prancing around the city as scantily clad as I can possibly be
I want to be pampered
To set myself free to love...

6-28-2016

Papparazzi

They don't know what to think

Nor, what to do

They try to stare into me and their gaze pulls them through me where they land in a puddle of their own muck

That's what they get for trying to fuck with royalty

Nothing at all is ever enough

They think that I am falling all the time because my essence is too tough for them to sink their rotten teeth into now

Wishful thinking, if you can even call it that

Their necks sag like turkeys because their egos are fatter than the fattest fuck

Their faces all pinched and sour because they cant stand the taste of their muck

So, then why would they think that they could feed it to the likes of me?

I m that majestic queen that they wish they could be

They must think that my world is all full of daisies

Like its a walk in the fucking park

But it is really a continual war trying to balance my light with the blessed darkness

I know that it would be silly to say that I would not ever change for the world because my existence is forever changing

I am a caterpillar in a cocoon

A butterfly with hundreds of other species surrounding that would love to make me their victim

Their prey

Their midnight snack

I don't even attack them or lash out at them anymore

I just leave them stranded in the middle of their path, trapped in a revolving door

Choking on a part of my passage, which is often a confusing metaphor

It leaves them lingering in their own dissatisfaction wanting something more

Which leaves them with no other option than going out and making it happen on their own

Hey, there is a good starting point in the maze that has no end

In the book without an answer key

One worthwhile facet for them to mimic in their quest to becoming me

I could sit and list all of the things that I do but it would take me about a year

I could start by giving them a list of ways to conquer senseless fear

I could travel around giving seminars and collect all their dirty cash

I could be a comedian who goes around bashing everyone including myself

I could waste away teaching them common good until I lose everything down to my health
But I refuse
I would rather see them waste themselves away wishing that I would lose
I will no longer feed into them
I wont give them anything that may appease their wishes, their delusions, their dim-witted dreams
Things are just the way they are
Everything is as it seems

11-9-2015

Lotus

My scent
So sacred
So powerful
So rare
Captivated, the loins by the prowess behind my stare
I have risen
From the ashes
To claim what is mine
I have risen
With a vengeance
I have risen
Divine
Immaculate
Ancient
Beautiful
Wise
The lotus is my totem
I can no longer shelter human lies
I teach the ways that are to be ignored and what is to be endowed
I come on my own accord
With passages forbidden, unallowed
I come without my cover
My shelter
My shroud
I have risen with a purpose so, indeed, I bring the crowd
I attract everything to the absence
I turn water into the deepest burgundy wine
I come as the scent of the lotus
I have risen
I am divine
I am a goddess
A Pharaoh
A lady

A queen
I am a sorceress
A shaman
A healer
So serpentine my blood type, aligning with Jesus and Mary Magdalene
A caudacus
A legend
A cobra with a poisonous tongue
Cleopatra
Nefertiti
Isis
Hathor
Risen to claim my bounty
Returning to settle the score
The lily pad upon the Nile I ride upon
I become one with
I utilize to capture the Sun's vigor
To drink in the vapor that is life
Returning as the scent of the sacred lotus
To an emperor I will become wife
To a guardian
To a marksman
To an officer
To a man
I am the lotus
The peacock's feather
To the princess, a fan
An animal
A gypsy
A flower
A bride
A lotus
An angel
With an essence I cannot hide..

3-20-2016

Bastards

I want one of those
pieces of muscular Heaven that complicate my vision sphere
Emitting that sweet, underlying, fragrant smell that captures our bitch senses so suddenly
Solemnly
Non-chalantly
They invade all my sensibility
They erode my inner realm away
They scratch at the walls surrounding my womb
Bastards
Beautiful fucking bastards
Delicious, indeed, are you
Gladly giving myself up by giving in to pick- up lines
The words that tend to generate the turning of the screw
The pounding of the punanni
My vulva drips hot magma down my legs
The aftermath after all the cargo has been unloaded
Leaving me stuck in a cloud of bastards vapor
Poof!!!
Then they are off to the next little cunt flower in the nearest garden down the lane
All this pain left inside that we should have already seen coming
Bastards
Raining down upon the flora that sprouts from the dirt
If you got hurt, then you deserve it!
Bastards never transform into princes, heroes, knights, not even men
Again and again they leave us suffering and later on, we let it happen even again
That's what we get from being unable to control our adamant desire to have one
God grants wishes to those who say that they are, not only ready, but go so far as to say that they
NEED to essentially become enslaved
Bastards
Haunting our minds
Our hearts
Our souls
From breath one until the fucking grave

I would rather be some bastards slave than some Polly Puritan nimrod prude
Those dumb bitches get yeast infections, While we all get chopped and screwed
Sometimes dude even sticks around afterward for shower time
But it is only to give themselves the time to come up with new excuses to commit all their emotional crimes
One more time before they hit again the asphalt that paves their roads
Bastards
Working us up until our pelvic pinatas are ready to explode into the thinness that is the air
Leaving us lying there naked and alone
Throttle, missing
Pussy, hissing at the pussy next door
Fucked without kisses
Hit hard as a rock just to find out that we missed our love trains yet again
Without any bastards in our lives, we have absolutely no bliss at all
So, needless to say, I will most likely be falling again here very soon
When it happens, this time I am just going to let myself fall hard, without blaming anyone
Not myself
Not the bastard
Nobody ...

7-17-2013

Criminal Love

Fading from my mind

So slowly, that it seems more like the fading-in of an ethereal entity that I may have called upon to assist me in my bidding

Shitting out the filth from the tear ducts of my eyes

In rivers of sadness that flow like a mass of soldiers, determined to fight some senseless battle

Some unexplained siege

Taking in all of their surroundings as they swim forward in a swarm of dense motion

Racing toward an unknown outpost that lies somewhere in the atmosphere up ahead

Taking my mentality along with it as it relentlessly clambers on

He is gone now

Nowhere in sight

I am really alone

Clairaudience cauterizes my entire being

Just as all of my senses start complaining of his absence, a voice rings through my ears

Crashing through the dark of the night

Sometimes the voices are many

Sometimes there is only one

For my thoughts, I pay way more than a penny

For my sanity, I must see to it that this battle is soon won

Before I dare step forward and get caught up in something else

There is no room for anymore ifs or maybes

No concept have I to leave anything that I truly love behind me to eat my dust

For few, such a concept is even understood

Their perceptions are animals that are extinct to the animal that lies within me

I will just never understand why the blindness that is innate to another becomes ultimately what sets their souls free

Did I really agree to this life that I have co-written?

Everyone seems so damned smitten by my ways

So. Then why do I find myself sitting here all alone, counting down the hours, the minutes, the days?

Fading into me as my skies above fade to the grey of a perpetual storm

Feeling all warm and fuzzy within

Feeding the seven deadly sins a five star culinary masterpiece of a meal, one course at a time

Doing hard time in a prison that makes Alcatraz look like an island paradise

I have committed way too many crimes against myself in the sacred name of love....

8-31-2009

Loophole

I cannot complain

It has never been too much fun

I have never enjoyed any of my battles because it has never been a top priority of mine to be able to say that I have won

Even when I do, it only makes another want to pester me until I am forced to give in and fight again

I have always known when to say when

Then again, I was only ever trying to speak for myself and maybe for those who I were sure we're true lovers, real friends

That may have been the loophole a few times and it may be, indeed, again

Now my thoughts speak only of new times like so many I have come to know before

If I am ever shown the door, I humbly will go

Wishes made by whomever become the only ones that I cannot ever seem to ignore

I am the curious type, yes, I will admit to that proudly

My mind has become a bit of a busy body, of course, in the past

But all of the paths I may have chosen incorrectly no longer matter, since I am following one now that leads to friendships and love that will far outlast my pain

I know it seems very odd to most that I won't use an umbrella when I am blessed with the coming of the rain

It is OK to be different

It's OK to not fully understand

It's OK that some forget later in that I have always tried to offer them a helping hand

I won't make any excuses just so that they can feed off the words I choose to speak

I have never boasted about my strengths unless they first attempted to make me feel ignorant or weak

There must be something real about me, or else I don't see why they would always seek me out

I guess I am a freak

I know that I am loved

I thank my Creator above at least twice a day

I just want to be an important part of this universe

A messenger of light and love

I apologize in advance for any of you who let themselves be left behind

But I am telling you all you can't follow me any longer if vengeance remains lodged within your mind...

7-19-2015

Sea Creature

Metamorphosis

Completion

Staring at the remnants of what was once me

This creature that I have become is lethal

A Leviathan

I sit at the edge of the ocean, dazzling the senses of sailing men

A mermaid calling them into my cove

So that I can eat their flesh away from their bones

Moans of pure ecstasy turning quickly to the bloodcurdling screeches that follow acts of mayhem

My transformation has apparently taken me far, far away

Hair turning a silvery -purple grey color while waiting for life to emerge

A surge in my electrical forcefield had left me lying here asunder

Everyone around me is all wooed

Amazed

Filled to the brim with naivety and wonder

The thunder growls and rumbles in all of my distances

In every direction

In every way

Their questions, dripping wet with scrutiny

They leave me with nothing left to say

I know that I will quickly find a way to adapt

My dignity was zapped away quite some time ago

Fish bitch, bathing in the sunlight upon the jagged rocks against waves that suck their rock hard-ons down below

I could dive in anywhere, anytime but I have instead chosen to remain here in the numbness of the sublime

I am an angel

I am a devil

I am everything that lies in between

I am a siren

I am a banshee

Never placid, nor serene

So many others so green with their envy

I am red hot with raging fire
Relentless in the obtainment of everything that I so desire
I am a live wire waiting to shock every speck of life that crosses over into my domain
A creature I have become
I am
I have been
Swindler in this sea full of ravenous mermen...

8-19-2013

Disposable

The fear of judgement

Closing in on us for eons now

Suddenly, one can see it ever so clearly in the hum -drum that has become the crowd

A huge cloud up in the skies that they seem to be emerging from

Their conversations turn toward apocalyptic concerns

Then you can see them all start to scamper as their hearts begin to rush them out to cross back over every bridge that they can remember themselves burning

Nobody seems to have learned from any of their mistakes

Instead, they looked for other shoulders upon which to dump their blame

Everything leading up to the gyst of their life stories is now gone

No more talk

No foreplay

Immediate becomes the search for reasons to make way with all of their cash

Turning their totality toward the darkness as some formidable way to escape the backlash of the vastness that holds the entire cosmos in the palm of its hand

They start standing in their pathetic huddles, when before it had become all about their individuality

Their big goals to conquer this planet and all of its lessons alone

It was all about whose throne looked the most regal and what had been gained over those who had fallen beneath them

The prey in the abstract design of their Web

Wrapped up in over-priced blankets composed of the fibers of natural artistry

Putting sweet ole Charlotte to shame

This game that every race throughout each generation keep senselessly playing

The rise

above

the fall

The desperate need to conquer whatever keeps them poised against walls, weapons ready and drawn

Just like the good little pawns that they were brought into creation to be

Expendable

Dependable

Disposable....

10-13-2011

Thieves of the Night

Hotel room

Late September

Sweat seeps from every pore

Streaming down my once placid temple

Ridden

But, never hard enough to even feel it call my bluff

Put away, but I had to get wet later on my own

I once saw myself as a queen , adorned by many a colorful throne

I once had suitors lined up around the corner

Itching to taste me, to throw me their bones

A business student

A company I owned, and actually still do

But, I cannot even follow through with any one procedure without bitches who have somehow gained my trust thrusting me out into the dead of Winter after dosing me with some jagged little pill

Then dancing like madmen over the same landscape upon which they just witnessed me flopping around like a coy fish on the ground as my body and soul went into a vacant seizure

Times like these are apparently some folks idea of leisure when they had no right to have ever even played any games

So detached are they from the rest of the world that forgotten have become their once popular names

They place their blames upon the only ones who have ever bothered to help them find their own light

They hide beneath stolen ninja costumes as they go about tagging us as the thieves of the night

Wrong and right are parallel lines that somehow always tend to intertwine

It is during these times that these vandals try to trade in their own short-comings by heckling me out of mine, which is just fine by me actually..

All that they had to do was ask

Would that not have been much simpler for them all then attempting to pull off an impossible task?

Yes, I am Egyptian

I worship the Sun, in which I proudly bask

Yes, I get my tan without spraying it on or by cooking myself from the inside out by laying down in the neon coffins of the brain dead

I am sorry that I fiord my own rivers and find my paths without being led

Then again, my being is composed of much more than cheap table wine served with unleavened bread

Dogma tends to degrade it's many patrons in plain, unchartered view

Thus, we warriors of the Light of God are far between and few

Forgotten become so many

So many ,too bad so sad

Perhaps they should have composed themselves more cleverly when their indifferences to me
caused them to go fucking mad

All I know is that I have had it with all of their dumb asses

All the go-getters who are as slow as molasses should be encased in the eternal ice of January ...

9-26-2015

Myself

The mess is finally being sorted out
I am finally getting back into my groove
I was in such a rut that I would just lay here on my mattress tied into serpentine knots, unable to move
Only think
And worry
And remember
And cry
Why it all came closing down and sent me skyward was all just part of the plan for me
I know now that my reward lies up ahead in the near future, which is already right now
When it all comes clear to you, I can't really even explain how it is, but you just know and it's a feeling that is almost unreal
Coyote Spirit, please do not bring your trickster ways into this painting, I beg of you
I tried to intertwine with you that day in April, or was it May?
But, of course the human animals all followed me toward you like you were part of a fucking petting zoo
I made certain of your escape before I left you
So, I know you won't come here to trick me
I won't let go from my embrace upon my future and all of my plans
I will not lose sight of all the clairvoyant images that captivate my deepest dreams
No matter what obstacles end up falling across my pathway, I will climb over them
Kick them to pieces
Blow them the fuck out of my way with the dragons fire that is my breath
If I'm hungry, I will eat them and shit them out so that the ravens can fill their bellies as they follow close behind me via the command of all the twisted, desperate hags
Hell, I'll even give each one them name tags so that we will all be on the same sordid page
I will not succumb to their envy that has forever caused my heart to bleed, my mind to rage
I am so fed up with everyone else's mindless chatter
Their bitching and belly-aching over everything under the blessed Sun
Sick of listening to so many ingrates who are supposedly in love fighting constantly under the continuity of their days spent spun out of their own self-control
I am not going to hide out in retreat in this hole anymore
Get outta my sight, my sound, my way
I'll show you all the door myself

I'll go ahead and take all that you all take for granted away from you and keep it all for myself
Make you all see how ignorant and blind you are and always will be
Take a look at this bitch
I am free from all that you stand for now
Nothing can stop me
Not even myself

7-18-2016

Inter-Mingling

Circles

Changing

Inter-mingling

Re-arranging

My love for myself

My love for them

For the unseen future

Broader industries born from transgression

Lessons seldom learned in full

The pull of the Moon against the tide

The spinning if yarns back into the wool of the lamb

Clambering over the innocence in the byways that are governed by the souls of the damned

Circles , spinning

Figure-eighting

Debating upon who is who

The fictional and the true

Bitter truth spills like water from a pouring vessel

Nothing hidden

Nothing sacred

Nothing trying to pretend

The battered and the beaten and the broken empty-hearted

Right back into the epicenter of fear in which they started

Nothing with which to reason for the mourning of those who have departed

Laughter that now comforts the crowd makes me see the reason for the existence of circles

Timeless meanderings of souls inter-mingling

Jingling bells of holiday cheer

Erasing the fear that the elitists are all counting upon for the erasure of Yuletide celebrations by the end of next year

So we all must join hands, all passed and pardoned

Forgiving our offenders

Releasing our angst

Loving first ourselves before attempting to love others to restore back the balance of Earth- bound living

Giving everything our all in any way that we possibly can....

11-06-2012

Mystical Sojourn

Winter solstice

Waning moon

Soon to be their departure back into the deepest caverns of the collective unknown

Grown together

Grown apart

Mercury turns away from the retrograde back into direct, forward motion

It leaves me behind in its wake

For the simple sake of sanity , I remain

In the final moments of a brutal year that has transgressed me out of the gallows of all my pain

Easier than, I suppose, it could have been

Yet, I really cannot say that I remember even one full day of it being anywhere close to easy

It all blew by me faster than the speed of lightning but I cannot remember the skies ever being breezy

I found within it many moments where I finally felt completely at peace

In the midst of being drenched with valid reasons for needing to break my lease, signed blindly and thoughtlessly

Never looking back to see what I may be leaving behind

Looking back would of made moving forward impossible without being smothered by the shadows of someone else's bitter rage

I am turning the pages of this book that has become a saga about me and all of my many masterpieces

My children

My charity cases

My lovers

My friends

The future warriors that will one day compose my private Army

My savages, fighting forever for the Light

They have given me all of the strength that I have needed to guide me through many endless, thankless, starless nights

An owl, soaring nocturnally through the forests of wisdom that does not acknowledge the mundane

A teacher

A hunter

A healer

A shaman drawing down the rain

A traveler
A diviner
A metaphysical natural
A carnal savage
Unraveling tangled technicalities
Revealing many hidden personalities
Loather of politics, regulations, rules, and legalities
The one who sees it all
Released from the cotton of the clouds to crawl across the landscape
Tip toeing into the New Year, overflowing with infinite possibilities that may never be seen
Like eclipses, transits and equinoxes
Not hidden, just usually ignored
This year should hold festivities that I won't want my loved ones to miss
Abundance laced with pure bliss
Synonymous and abound
Found and lost and lost and found
Music made to help make this world go round and round and round
I shall now head out into the great wide open
I shall begin my mystical sojourn
Keeping track of all the most intricate details to keep only to myself when I return
Bridges built much stronger rather than just being burned
Gathering up all of the merits that the Universe expects me to have earned by then ..

12-28-2010

Shelter

*It amazes me
that I'm the one with kinks all through my neck
Behind in just about everything
No boyfriend
Much less, a wedding ring
Unable to even sing my songs in peace without comment
Like I'm up to my waist in wet cement
Bent upon their departure
which will be far from simple when the time comes at last, guaranteed...
They all sit around trying to convince me in my own home that I am a spoiled brat,
living in luxury without any needs
Indeed, that was the plan
My big plot
The one that they are convinced I hold somewhere hidden
When, actually, what I have now in this particular moment is what I have
I have not had enough time to collect, even if this time or any prior were the right time
These ungrateful bastards even have the fucking balls to further attempt to rush me through
all of my chances to enjoy relaxation
So, I end up enjoying them all alone, in the realm some call "the sublime"
It's fucking unreal that they actually have the nerve to steal from me
And even more so, the few things that I instruct them not to touch or tell them they can't
have through me are the very items that become to them the holy grails of their thieving
careers
So, they went ahead and took all three 26-32 hour sweep
Too blind to see that they must first love themselves unconditionally before they could ever
fathom being able to love me
I won't make up any excuses for owning a few luxuries at the age of thirty-six
It only further fuels their envy when I take the time to explain to them how simple it was to
earn them
It does not make sense to them because sensibility is not a quality that you can find
anywhere within their outlines
Hustling people
Lying
Stealing
Turning tricks*

All of that garbage confuses me, actually....

For, I am always there to dry their tears

To speak to them in kind gestures in regard to the erasure of all of their fears

I do everything that I can do to help them along their way

Even when broke, living on nothing more then random pay

The only that I know for sure is a definite guarantee is that the rent will be payed for me while I am here

Living reluctantly in my studio condominium in the sky

My millionaire mother insists upon paying the rent for me

Who would say no?

I have taken in many

I have given them love

I have provided them shelter from the unforgiving Reno Winter skies that have too often been lingering above

I have given them the only clothes that I have managed to purchase for me

I have been the only one who has not acted blindly upon the shit that their own eyes so often are unable to see

I have been me, and nothing more

It never seems to be enough

So, some of them have gone out of their way to try and turn it all around so that I will be forced to call my own bluff

Now, I have finally had more than enough of their sorry-ass fucking complaining

I have been forced, at long last, to speak in ancient tongues now as the Lady Moon is waning

So far, the result has only been murky skies when what I need is for them to be raining men!

11/5/2012

Champion

Worthy

of this working out

The way that it was meant to be

Worrying makes being set free nothing more than a waste of time

Worthy

of him loving me for real

I have never stopped completely

He's telling me lately what I want to hear

But, he is doing it way too discreetly

I'm afraid to fall again

It was pure Hell the last time around

His soul lifts me high up off the ground

Seeing him eye to eye

He tasted my tongue again

He felt my orifice pulsate against his phallic wall

Standing high and mighty like a champion

My little soldier

Territorial he has become again and it is magical to me

I want to be his everything

I am sick of playing opossum

Trying to lie to myself and everyone around me who could care less anyway, as I have learned

We have earned each other

By fighting our own separate battles for so many years

Our fears are the same, if they even exist at all

I need to tell him to catch me now because I am falling faster than the monsoonal rains of Summers end

No veil

No lies

No pretending

No jokes

Tokes from the bong that began our song way back in 2009

Seven years later, at the divine crossroads of love unending

Memories of a Pharaoh's time when he and I thrived in ecstasy

Golden manifesto

Upon the manifold of time

Onor

Sobodor

Mystici

Poseaum

Honoris

Beatis

Limpia

Amen-Ra

10/20/2016

Circus On The Nile

Mercury stopped its retrograde bullshit yesterday

Dead-center

In the ordinary world, it had with it a feeling of normality

Business picked up

I could see it all so clearly

In the Land of the Lost, apparently it was a huge uproar

The straight couples were all fighting

Disrespecting each other completely

Nothing shocking

Nothing new

For those who cannot ever seem to count their blessings to save their dwindling souls

No light in their eyes

No New Year's resolutions

No goals

Other than to exist

To breathe

That is not living, if you ask me

But you didn't

I did it for you

How rude of me

I just don't see that silver lining that somehow still lies intact

Hiding in the sacred vows that are penned in the pages that are bound together by it

All that I can rightfully do is stand behind my loved ones in all that they believe for themselves

I am not going to stop them from lashing out when they are trapped within the walls of their own drunken rage

If they insist upon falling, it is not up to me

Not for me to change

It's not my right to stop them from hitting the ground

I have found absolutely no peace in interventions

In hindsight, I just now remembered the peace that is often found in activities that seem to others risqué, or whatever...

I hate losing out on all the money that is in the stars for me to collect

Protecting my vitality costs me millions

Earned over expanses of time

Lifetimes

An emperor

A queen

Everything in between

Egyptian heart and soul

Blood flowing thicker than the Nile

Now, I am bound to all that I imagined over this last brutal retrograde

I should have already been paid my dues

I am about to go places nobody I know has ever seen

Yeah, I am a mean slice of Heaven, I know...

I am glowing

The oil in this skin is not to be scathed

I have already seen them do everything you can fathom just to take shit that was never theirs

I have even seen them drinking from the frothy waters that I leave behind me after this beast of a body has bathed

Lapping it up like sex-crazed hyenas

It's a circus

I am a star

A high-rise acrobat

A magician

A clown, shot out of a cannon

I am flying higher than the Moon

Never looking back

Never coming down...

1/09/2017

Ant Farm

The signal

Sent up from the epicenter

Shaking Chinese playgrounds, turned into graveyards

The news anchors voices drone on and on

Each syllable becoming the next tragic fact that rings the bells of hope within everyone who still truly lives within their shells

All of the tortoises and the hares that have been chosen to run the final race across a land filled with brutality and subterfuge

Co-created with all of the vagrants that we were once forced to share our space with

Gone off, now, to Never-Never Land to find the truth behind the falsities that they have always preached about to any ear that happened to be bored enough to listen

The Sun's discouraged rays glisten off the bodies of the ships that often freckle the skies

Dancing through the very air that covets them

To and fro

Zigzagging masterpieces

High above the zombies that clamber across what remains of our land

God must frown down upon this picture of beauty that we have turned into an ant farm

Studied time and time throughout history

Here and there

The sightings

The stories

The footage caught on the film reels that are held by the Mexican Government with members that have always been open in regard to an expose

Perhaps just one more unfounded reason for the Border Patrol to make uncivilized law a living reality

The white Euro-trash who all agree with nothing but boundaries

Even though they can see clearly on their radars their karmic boomerang coming back around the bend...

5/24/2010

Atmosphere

The zone

that I am in is beyond anything else that I ever could have imagined

Perfection is peaking itself out with every motion that I make

For the sake of sanctity, I still give in to those freaks who fear the grave

Running in circles, trying to save themselves from standing in redemption in the eyes of God

The cone of power that I have raised almost single-handedly

Until this miracle of a man returned to my world of hidden realities

His energy seems to free me in ways that I never knew even existed

Here, in my zone, where he has enlisted himself once more

Before, this atmosphere was nowhere to be found

I would, nonetheless, hover around...

Watching over him still, in my own little way

Noticing all the little hidden innuendos

His hair

His make-up

The perfect taste in his way to dress

But, I was a fucking raging mess back then, and before I could even count to ten, he was gone...

Always fond memories in the spaces that exist in between

An obscene reality

Years went by

The hours flew

The ideas of ever seeing him again became faded and few

Right now, in this moment, I gaze up into the multi-colored atmosphere

He is here with me

Things are all so beautiful that nothing at all really seems clear

Our cross roads, finally reached and pardoned with

Euphoria exists in my atmosphere, but there is beast that still insists upon trying to enter

It is beyond ridiculous

Like I would ever be so insipid in my brain again as to not allow myself to ascertain my every footstep

Led blindly into the where after, wherever the hell that even is

"Mi amore don't you know, my love I want you soooo"...

*Words of the song in the background play on
In the middle of a dense rain forest
A jungle with wildlife abound
Surrounding me
No privacy, EVER, it seems....
We must be getting the sex outta the way by way of our forgotten dreams
Patience has virtually found its way into me somewhat..
I guess, I think it has, maybe...
Okay, I will admit it...I am not a patient person at all
But, I still try to be, for I have already fallen
He is on to me completely now, and I am kinda glad to know it
We sit here and converse without our mouths ever opening
It's beautiful
It's crazy
I think that it just may be even real
I tend to treat it like a precious flower that is soon to blossom
The cross-roads, where we have met up once again
But, this time, it is much more than it has ever before been
I must have made myself accountable
I must have somehow negated the times when I have blatantly sinned
Men are fucking everywhere
But, right now I can only see one
The Sun has been glowing brighter with each passing day spent dancing with the currents of
the wind
In the same place where I have always been
Only now, I have something with me that must have forever been missing....
5/12/2011*

Out of the Fire

I did not take my exit point

The second time the chance has befallen upon me

According to Sylvia Browne, I have five

All I wanted to do was return to being alive

To take things day by day with that dumb kid who seduced me off of my feet

It was not as though I was weak

I was willing, and quite strongly so, as I recall

Perhaps it was all too much for my heart

For my soul

In my head

He had the gaul to call himself "The Godfather"...

What balls he had to try and take on such a powerful name

He has never been the same guy since right around then

I can only go by the sensations that I get now, whenever I allow my thoughts to claim him

I just recently received a random message on Face Book that informed me that he has come up missing

I suppose that it may be part of his punishment

He had never forgiven himself, last time I heard or can remember

Of course, so much has gone down since his love had me taken over so mercilessly and unnecessarily so

I had already promised him everything that he ever could have imagined and it all got so ruthlessly declined

He decided instead that he would just try to take it all on his own accord sometime or two or three or more when he did things without me knowing

He became a tireless, low-down sneak which is not much better than a liar, as far as I am concerned

I still, to this moment, feel liken incinerating everything in my wake with the fire that I naturally breathe

Just one of the many things that can happen when I am so suddenly submerged back into that thief they call love

A shock to the system, you could say

I seem to find my way through it every single time and each time it becomes easier and easier

To never allow yourself to fall is a crime of the heart, however obvious may be what may become of you in the aftermath of it all

Stronger, I know from experience you will be for certain and yes, that increases each time that it is faced

It all feels so foreign in some way and that something is out of place

Then, familiarity takes over what remains of your concern

So, you go along with your instinct to walk out of the fire before it has the chance to burn you again...

4/20/2013

Tattoos

Today The Sun shines, bright and majestic

Guiding those of us who know along our ever-wayward passageways

Our lives are composed with nothing but pure continuity

This pointless, never-ending urge that they have to crack the Universal Code

The thinning veil has been lifted up high above all of our heads

We have allowed all of our vital juices to become ingested by some unseen, volatile creature that hangs out just beyond our crown chakras

One of many beings spoken of in patterns that are only made distinguishable by our story telling ancestors

Verbal tattoos, passed down through the ages of man-made time

Becoming pictures and words upon pages that have mostly all been torn from their native scriptures

Kept hidden and locked away somewhere in the taboo

Pictograms form in the clouded skies of identities that have long been etched in the granite and limestone of cave walls to eradicate the vision quest of the future sage

The non-believers become enraged by their own silly skepticism and are forced to find the perfect answers

Some cannot write, nor draw , nor physically create anything due to childhoods fueled with nothing but lies and guilt-ridden mental masturbation

So, as all of the adolescence evaporates from their souls, they began blanketing their fleshy exoskeletons with morbid tattoos

Art work becomes addiction that they can feel deep within their skin

It is what tends to happen when the mind represses one from their own inherent talents that they end up being without altogether

Intuition shadows the shadow of their doubt, creating barricades erected by mortal fear

They find themselves taking all of their own tests

Nothing good ever comes from being relentlessly followed, then blatantly second-guessed

Now every time their inner voices tell them what they were meant to become, they find themselves somehow underneath the millionth pinprick of a high-powered needle

From complicated to comfortably numb....

3/5/2010

Extremes

They speak to me of their miniscule worries

Expecting some sort of heart-felt response

There was a time when I would have searched for one

But now, life shows me an overtone that is so much deeper than anything that they know

My advice, much cheaper than the same

I should have set myself up a booth on the side of the road to have come up further in this game

Now that I can see the meaning of me, I am forced to return to all of my debts

Unbeknownst to me in the past and when I knew of them later, at a point when I could not have cared less

Had I not been able to foresee this mess, my actions I surely would have changed

I am grateful that I took the time to lend a hand, even when I was down and out

I am very grateful that I have given of my blood, even when I was without

Now things cannot possibly turn completely sour

There is no way that the same shit that I have already catered to could ever possibly devour my soul

I must keep in mind, though, during this fallow time that another one may again find me somewhere down the road

I suppose that I could learn how to just take a burden or two away without the responsibility of taking on the entire load

It often irritates me when the clouds refuse to leave my skies to bathe in total blue

It makes me cringe when my mind draws a blank

When I give up every ounce of me and I am left without a clue

There is a light somewhere always up ahead, even though it may be millions of miles away

There is an end to this game of ridicule that we play

So, I will continue smiling

I will keep holding my head up high

I will still try to keep all of us moving along with explanations of who, what, when, where and why

There is never a good reason for turning away except for when I am caught up in my dreams

This is all one big show composed by God's undying love that has within it thousands of extremes...

7/29/2010

Solitaire

*Times are changing, clearly
The concept of time changes as well
It is a different illusion in each of our eyes
Like Hell, another concept
Some see it as a place where we are sent for our souls to find their damnation
Some of us can see how that concept goes against the grain of all creation as a whole
If anything, we are there already
It steady shows us every time we remember to blink
The mind is a dreadful wanderer
Each thought that we think, creates
So, it is a damned good thing that thoughts can change
One second calm, cool , collected
The next, our heads deranged
Thoughts are entities
Thoughts are things
The brain is what tells us that the slap to the flesh stings
Freedom rings eternal within
Nothing can judge sin but God
The odd feeling of complacency that we suffer through, caused by concepts in time
Illusions that spatter their abstract colors against the barricades that inhibit the sublime
The place where some think that they'll be taken over by the creatures of the dark
By Boogeymen
All of the spectres that we have created to feed to our fear when we have been diminished
again and again and again
A brutal circle
A game that we play with our own dignity just for shits and giggles
For fun
Cornered, once someone has decided that they have won the fight
Goodnight, sweet miserable self....
11/12/2010*

Sold

Rumours

of soldiers who bear the birthmark of blasphemy

Mingling together to co-create a pattern of chaos

Reborn eons ago, when life was yet to have been harnessed

Divinity, only hypothesis

Scorn

Fear

Envy

Natural reactions, instinctual

A fatal attraction to a beast that selfishly claimed ebony as its color

A master of illusion

A harbinger of riches who's high horse ran off into the wilderness

So suddenly, the seclusion

To create the fear that welcomed in the intrusion

A new world order sprouted from the grounds where it was laid

Humanity has paid ever since

Hence, the outcome

This multi-dimensional concrete jungle

Its branches twisting and turning in serpentine ambidextricity

Blanketing the interface of this living being that we have so ungratefully labeled our home

Demons roam the night from dawn to dusk to midnight to the witching hour

The one that never misses the chance to bring forth a summoner or two or ten or hundreds

Scrambling the darkness with hideous sounds that roll without reluctance off forked tongues

Hung by nooses in the days of old

A druibic time when violence overrode ay chance of having a unified dream

Now, the uncovering of so many that all we peasants have held in such high esteem

Selling their sould so that their images will sell

Bank accounts, ovverflowing

Surrounding them, the gates of Hell

Some of them, ridden by the darkness since they emmerged from the soil

Others, once the children of God

Angels who all fell for the lie

We cannot see past the blue behind the pollution in the sky

The nerve of them to make themselves believe that it was we the people who have chosen to let ourselves die

It has all been said

Who is DONE now?

6/27/2010

Atrium

Sitting here

Behind the glass

Like a piece of an atrium

Foliage in a man-made flowering garden

They got me to admit partially that I am something that I will never be

For the sake of solitude

For monetary sustenance

For things I never had an issue with becoming one with until good ole 2011

My favorite number once and again

Well, the second part of it anyway

None of this nonsense is ever going to mend wounds that I reminisce over way too often

They want me to live like I am already in my coffin

I refuse to ever succumb

I get stronger and stronger as each moment passes because I don't let any of them pass me by anymore

I let many dirty boys pass by me, but I take in everything that I would have gotten out of giving them what they wanted

Hunted down by longing eyes that the curves of my flesh beckons to take into their hands

I gaze out upon the central route that marks the landscape that has been through eons of refuge and denial

The City of Crowns

My comfort zone

The land that only I condone at all times

Nobody who shares my blood agrees even remotely with me

My true family is of the Spirit that is as holy as water, the elixir of life eternal

We are the Children of the Ancient Trees

For, I have heard clearly and remember always the words spoken by God in his promise to us all in the beginning

The echo of everlasting life re-enters me now like Genesis

I am a child of my own, growing in an immortal womb

I invite the agony, the pains of labor that will force me to become fertile forever

My ova drops like the pitter-patter of a Spring rainshower and builds into the roar of a Southwestern late Summers monsoon against the rushing Rio Grande

The downpour of Heavenly juices that have lately been hiding, dormant since 2006

***My memory captures still the time of their last departure
I think that was right around when something made me completely aware
The sweltering sauna that enveloped me and took away what was left of my oxygen
My memories are fond today and have been since the events of that time played out before me
I was so convinced that I would be ruined by bachelor number who gives a fuck now that I continued to allow my true knight in shining armor to continue forward with his hatchet to attack the specters that surrounded us back then and then again, two years later
Finally, in that bastard of a year that ended in eleven
After all the fires came tearing through
Personalities, tearing me in two from 1400 miles away and back again
I was somewhat sheltered then, high above the ground
Behind towering glass monoliths that sway like the trees in the wind every now and then
It made a harsh imprint upon my soul that made me feel like foliage in an atrium
Only that one was over-ridden with the stench of humanity
I watched a young woman drop from an eleventh floor balcony, breaking a heavy potted plant into four neat sections
on the terrace below
I saw first-hand what becomes of ignorance that is handed riches that are fit for Kings
Perhaps only one King was ever actually worthy of such good fortune
I can imagine Christ as being way too humble to ever accept a jewel-crusted crown
I am born in his likeness and in his image
A thirty-three
The famous rappers all flock to my birthright
From my Egyptian roots to now, with my business that I rightfully own
In their songs, it's like they condone me somehow
My now shines like the Star of David
Like Sirius
Like Orion's mighty belt that traverses the skies that lay directly above my tomb
I am the Pharaoh of the Dawn
I am the sonic boom
A piece of the grandest atrium that there ever was
The garden
The snake
The children of God with lives that have been truly foresaken
Waiting to be taken into the starry arboretums that exist at the far ends of the azure skies
Nothing ever really lives, therefore nothing ever really dies***

***Unless of course you are dumb enough to keep living out the lies that are not of God
So, there is nothing very odd about being who we are, nomatter who that may be
Or, is there?***

6/3/2015

Co-Existence

I sometimes find it hilarious

To sit and observe them as they line up just in time

As if coincidences were reality

As if it will ever make me feel inferior to any of them

One day you witness them all up against each others grills

The very next, they all suddenly seem to co-exist in unison

They all rearranged the various pieces of furniture in the house to form a comfortable doctors office type setting

The television is on in the background and it as if they are waiting for their doctors to prescribe them all new pills

They turn to look to me for everything under the Sun

For answers

For pleasure

For cheap thrills

For a shoulder or two with which to place their blames upon

For anything to comfort them from self-created storms

After all that they have ever known is gone

Well, it is time that they give it the fuck up and move onward with their plans already

The answer is no longer me

I am not a lying textbook

Nor anything close to a brainiac

They need to learn how to find the answer key on their own

I have simply grown past the point of caring

It will be themselves that they will be ensnaring from now on

Not me!

Not anyone that I love!

The Lord God always perseveres from the point in the atmosphere that lies directly above me

Always

Eternal

Forever

Co-existence

A clever little sham

It is wise for one to find one category of excellence in their lives and then own it

For instance, "GLAMOUR" as I have chosen

But, I must forewarn you now that trying to keep up with me for real or in mimic form could leave you frozen in time....

5/19/2016

Four-Plex

*This cradle of filth, rocking not so gently
Dirty little heap of fools gold
"Hold on tight", my soul sister says
Her brother, she helped convince me, was my man
He took a detour into the dead of night just recently
Right after a day together that was almost complete bliss
Purity that everything around us just to make us miss out on
He was so beautiful and bountiful and branded upon my soul
I was just smitten
Bitten by some selfish mortal who covets her own brood
Then, suddenly burdened
Burned by attitude
Death still lingers here upon my mantle
Here and there and back three times
Wind chimes in the shapes of angels dancing through the lowest part of the skies
Wind blowing mulberry bushes into extremes
My dreams have been very few lately
Crazily enhanced by the past
The souls of all of the deceased children, I have lifted and have freed
Apollo's Creed practiced across the globe
Heroin junkies
with artistic endeavors
make graffiti that speckles my windows through panes of senseless denial
Trials
Tribulations
Nations filled with wrath articulating their way along the pathways to righteousness
Needles, exchanged
Madhouse, deranged
All of the racket embodied deep within the sands of time
Drinking in the broken silence
Violence, spat out sheepishly by a jealous little swine
Staring down the dregs that intertwine throughout her miserable existence
We are stuck here in this four plex*

***We see nothing but her silly , fake little grin
But, we are stronger men than ever this time
See y'all later, we outta here!
6/23/2011***

Stalkers

Branching out

Reaching for something that might manifest into real love

Like a curse that has yet to be lifted

Barricading my every move

These freaks who long to prove to me their sick ideas of admiration

Calling me constantly

Over

and over

AND OVER

Blocking their numbers so that they can temporarily remain unseen

Their words, spoken in tones so morose and unclean

Threatening

Following

Showing up everywhere I happen to be

Stalkers

Souls too torn to ever set anyone free

I will admit, I have made some mistakes

Fondling penises attached to men I will never know

I only realize my wrong-doing somewhere, later, in the afterglow

They clamber

They hold on

They take all of the bullshit that I feed them, even though they can see that I have already thrown them away

I wonder what their families will say when I start making some phone calls of my own

A bunch of nut jobs that try to make me feel as though I must make amends with them

This last one swears to me that he needs me in his life

But, he has a wife and I am nothing more than a fucking dirty lie

I tried to meet him somewhere close to half way

But, every time that I made it that far, the douche bag would not listen to a single thing that I had to say

Branching out, I am a tree

Stuck in the soil with the nutrients that make me see too well

Most of these idiots are without souls

They are dark entities that come into my life to take me for a walk through their own personal Hell

Clearly, if I were to ever become so low, I would have one of my own

Perhaps I should just force myself to become satisfied with being here, essentially, alone

He turned his back too quickly, so soon

I heard a warning call in the dark stillness of the night

Spoken by The Mother God who whispers to me from the depths of the Moon

Everywhere that I turn, there is someone's nose in my face begging to be buried within the cheeks of my ass

The funny thing is, I know that I am not the catalyst that they seek

I am a mystic traveler held back by the pull of the tide with vision that has been temporarily impaired by millions of liquid droplets that emotional happenstance has forced me to cry

My confidence comes not from my pride, but from the pure loving light of God

It beams down always upon my brow

I have oddities about me that nobody can fathom, nor comprehend

I wish that I could somehow show them that their hearts are, in themselves, obstacles that even my strength could never mend

I have given so many way too much of me, but the times when I did so are long gone

No matter how deep their obsession with me becomes, they will be left behind to fondle my shadow while the rest of me marches on

In reality, we really had nothing

The me of his delusions was never there

It's over

I'm gone

Be aware of my light no more.....

3/3/2010

Below Zero

*To stop these hazel windows to my soul from dripping liquid from a sacred oasis, I pause...
For a brief moment in time that I think may only be my illusion
Just for this one moment in time, I must analyze the control factor within my own being for once
I am in control of my own destiny, which has been patient enough to wait around for me, miraculously
Then again, why wouldn't it give me at least that much respect?
It is MINE, after all..
The fall of my success happened a long time ago, now
I had never expected it to be 2014 before I even have had the chance to stand as my own witness in this silly little trial of mine
Somehow, now, I have managed to acquire two
The first of which, of course, my long-awaited reward
The second little fucker is more like a wad of chewing gum or chunk of dog shit stuck in the cleats on the bottom of my bright red vintage shoe
As if I really had nothing more constructive to do last December 11th besides getting drugged then dragged across the icy asphalt
These crazy happenings in my life are showing up now in patterns
Or, let me correct myself, at least it seemed so last year
The first half of it was so calming and bittersweet, the second left my livelihood chased down by a cloud of the collective mortals senseless fear
A cloud that caught up to me, finally, after becoming forgotten entirely
I should have been expecting a hell of a lot more than I was, my darlings, that is for damned sure!
However, hindsight is twenty fucking twenty
There is not shit that I can do about it now, nor would I even if ever there was
The buzz about my secret life was already all over the damned Internet
My name was all over like tinsel across the entire town
I had never bothered to put up a Christmas tree, much less had I gone out shopping for an armoured night gown
Of course, I found out later that the bitch who I really thought had become my true friend this time around was the very same bitch that had my case on BLAST in the first place
She is, clearly, lower than a mere disgrace
It came as quite a surprise to me that the bitch who could not even swing the bill for an Internet Service Provider still somehow managed to become the whistles' blow
I still for the life of me cannot see how Pinnochio's pointed beak found the time to grow so*

goddamned long

Had I happened to have snapped back then how wrong the whole thing was about to become, I would have just snapped the whore's scrawny little neck in two right away

Put her out of her decade of miserable decadence in regard to the likes of me

The "Traitor" in my poem that she never read or heard that she assumed to be her was actually me all along

I truly do not believe that it was meant for her eyes to have read for it took her over-dosing me with some poison that they give to nim-nims to show me her true colors

I guess I was not seeing them as she had expected me to

She thought that she was the peacock in this bitch, when everyone else can see clearly that she is not even fit to be one of my hens

She had single-handedly co-created a crazy scenario somewhere inside that ignorant vault that she calls her head

I ended up stripped down and thrown naked out in the freezing December haze

Left for dead

Rescued by a Demi-God

Hospitalized

Jailed, AGAIN

You should see my eleven-page long hospital bill

Which reminds me, why would that faggot call me out of the blue just a night or two ago?

My memories were all frozen in the past when I was thrown to the wolves into that slithering space below zero

I am alive

I am amazing

I am immortal

I am me

Who cares where the fuck she ended up, as long as she's still slithering

Somewhere in the space below zero.....

2/2/2014

The Hand I've Been Dealt

*She gave me a deadline to come up with an answer for what I plan to do next
The truth is, I am really not sure
I haven't been in quite some time
Is anyone?
I feel hexed
This town was simply not built for me
I have known that much ever since this unsolvable little riddle was spun upon my loom
Demonic forces spread and swarm
I cannot remember much at all since the brutal Winter set in except for that I cannot
remember ever once feeling the contentment of being completely warm
My heart and mind have been frozen in an embankment of silver ice
I have been very naughty, yes indeed
Because, I fed up with blindly being too humble, too nice
Santa and all his elves would be appalled if they could see how absent-minded I recently
became
The Calvary sent in their pitiful soldiers to rob me blind
They must have thought that I am dumb to the game
The same old tired song and dance that I have played upon this chessboard a countless
many times before
There eventually comes a blessed time
A point when the body who still has its soul must give up and leave idiots behind them,
forcing them to settle their own scores
One guy who came to me hungry with his hands out begging could not even make it through
the first hour
I left to go get breakfast for everyone, so he took his chances and headed out the door with
my brand new 1300 dollar laptop that was to become my life blood
I am sure he avoided the cameras via the fire escape
This time, no Super Hero in tights and a cape came to my rescue
I am stuck with their guilt wearing upon my own kicking myself in the head for losing my
belongings again
Stuck like a kid in the corner
I am afraid of what she will say when I tell her
I fell
I can only move forward and pull myself back up on my own two feet to start over yet again*

***But, I will never be able to do it here all wrapped up in a bed of lies
I cannot pretend that all of this has been but a dream
I feel awful for trusting
Lousy for caring
Losing touch with my own self-esteem, like any of this is anything new
This is certainly not my first rodeo
My cherry has been popped hundreds of times
I feel like a vagrant, a helpless savage
It was not me who committed these crimes
Here I am now all alone
Back at the beginning
Starting over again
I hope that my next decision will not hurt her because this is not at all what I thought that I
would decide
This has nothing to do with my level of respect, my morale, nor my pride
It has nothing to do with her at all
It is a game of poker
This is the hand I've been dealt
I wish that it would be as easy as being made of brown sugar
For then, I would just need to wait until the icicles start dripping downward
To stand underneath them and just melt away...
1/28/2013***

The Compound

Mudslide

Backward in time

To the golden age of monetary expansion

Reno, Nevada

Their was this selfish need for the elitists to build the arsenal that has housed the less fortunate ever since the demand for its erection

Upon further inspection, it seems that the blueprints were never drawn

They must have received some sign from Venus or some other celestial body never known to be worship worthy before

Their was a storm 1983

Ancient burial mounds came sliding down into that area of the town

There was an agenda set for building to began

So, atop the bones it began, which began the curse

From the base up to the peaked rooftops

Fueled by the uneducated and unfortunate ones with their constant misuse of the craft that has been practiced in these parts for centuries

The Voodoo, most likely brought forth from the shadows that linger upon foreign islands, noticeably sunnier these days

Black magic, obviously, never pays the bills...

They succumb to the idolatry of man-made deities

They conger up energies that were never supposed to exist

They missed their trains back home because too many portals have been left open

Like doors, they must be sealed tightly so that the ebony essences will not become super-imposed upon the vortexes that polka-dot the sky and the ground

Like the one that surrounds The Compound

I heard that a group of young children recently found human skull fragments and bones that again were somehow unearthed

Reminding us all of the forefathers of Stone Masonry that settled this place and their sick little plan

One that I was, of course, drawn into several years ago by a friend of mine who did not know how to play nice at show and tell

As homage to her, now deceased, I shall investigate the truth and get to know it, perhaps, way too well

Now I completely understand why her father went from upstanding guy in the biker scene to withering, empty, methamphetamine ridden shell

Historical facts are all that stand as witnesses

A forlorn reality that is as plain as black and white

Nothing more than yet another senseless war

A spiritual fight in attempt to out each other for the other ones chosen paths

The wrath will never cease to inhabit those who further violate the already tainted grounds

Heroin junkies

Gunfire

Murder in the first degree

Right out in the open

On blast for all the poor little innocent children to see

I am beginning to believe that I may have been sent back here to try and help free it from timeless pain

All of the lies hidden

Vaulted

The documentation points fingers towards blaming it all on nothing more than the rain...

8/27/2012

Forgiveness

*As the twilight reaches its fertile blossoming, the daylight comes closer and closer to birth
Out here, right in the middle of the semi-pure darkness, I still bask in the radiance of the light*

*Knowing suddenly somehow where I am going and that I have the right to have done all that I
have done*

*I have begun to see all of my short-comings for exactly what they are and always have been
don't see them as evil specters who have their sights on burning me*

Finally, I have started earning all of my own merits

My essence, I bear almost in its entirety now

No place for me to run to, because all I would do there is hide

The darkness has never been known to be anything close to naive

He is a brilliant little vampire

A sponge who has always existed

Seems to take for ever when you are waiting and grieving simultaneously

Forever trying to retrieve all of the chances that my blindness has stolen from me

*The vengeance and betrayal I have suffered through was never anything more than weak,
mindless rage*

An echo can be heard now, however soft and faint

*A sorrowful coo that hides in the shadows that still have the gumption to remain standing in
opposition to the Sun*

It gets its sick jollies off of my anger

Its idea of fun is observing me as I track down everything so as to dissect their very origins

*A mad scientist, sprinting out the front door of hope to puke my hypothesis out upon the
blistering pavement*

*All of the times I have wasted foolishly kicking myself in the ass for absolutely nothing other
than to find a safe haven*

A welcoming place upon which to place the blame

Thus, the idiotic games continue to play on everywhere

Spare me the fucking mellow-drama, please!

*We all need to get down on our hands and knees and start praying for forgiveness for
ourselves....*

4/20/2007

Pact

Home

is getting closer

As each day ticks by

Hotel living

has been a luxury

A slice of Heaven

For once, someone is here to help take up the slack that life feeds me so often

I just want normality

Sustenance

Laughter

From the joy of friendship

Inter-mingling

I want the boys to have the balls to approach me

I must look like a whore

or a prude

or taken

or something

I haven't lost my swag

I was hibernating for Winter, that's all

I know that I kinda let myself go

But, I was forced to live in total squalor

Ever since I went home for the holiday and returned four days later

Showering once a week at best

Hair growing into a willow tree

Mousy discoloration upon shattered ends

Held together by an entity that had to be maintained in a way that I had never known at all until then

Never again

Never again

I had to say that twice

I paid the price of staying there and I am not done

There are a few battles on the horizon that common sense tells me I have won already

I don't understand what does not allow me to keep my jobs anymore

It is always some lies being told by rhetorical mouths

Some bullshit

Jealousy and envy come at me just about every single day

So, I swat them like flies all the way through

I grew

last time I fell

and the time before

and so on..

The Pharaoh of the Dawn has risen again

To save the day

For me this time

I have already been the Super Hero

I have already been thrown below zero

Now, it is time to have a home

A time to live

and let live

A time to receive

A time to give

A time to reap

A time to sow

A time to teach

A time to know

A time to disregard, not just forget times passed

A time to love

and be loved back

A time to rest

A time to act

Making a pact

with me

to sign in my own blood..

4/18/2017

Nobody

My transitioning

Man, I can remember so many of these occurring over the years

Nobody hears what I do

Thoughts so focused upon that they become projectile vomit in my head

Nobody smells what I do

The stench of something beyond basic decay

Pure wickedness

Hostility built up over time

Now a blossoming lupine bush in the heat of the afternoon

Nobody senses shit the same way that I do

My capacity within stretches further than extreme temperatures can torment

Nobody thinks outside the box like I do

I have met a couple of new folks that I can truly call friends

Nothing fails, but just about everything eventually fades out or ends completely

All that I can think about is right now

It's the least common way to go for way too many

They reminessce about the past and try to foresee times that lie somehow ahead

Living in the moment is a dead philosophy

Never practiced, only spoken of redundantly

The Story Teller I have always heard of as a child and here or there besides is an archetype

One that has chosen my new roommate to wear it

He cares too much about image and space

But, it is nothing I cannot ignore

He has literally become the door that I know I must open in order to proceed

Which makes the task much trickier, I suppose

Night Wolf

I should have known right away

Like usual, I was led by all the others who go out of their way to lead us all astray

Doing anything in their power to stand in the way of our platoon

We should pack them all up in rocket ships and send their foul asses to go live on the Moon

The Luciferian agenda will never occur in any way that they think they know

Suddenly, they are all the experts on Egyptian lore. Really???

Please, you fucking fools!

They attach themselves to anything that they feel will enable them to make up their own rules to the game

They have forever been the same

If words could explain them it would be by someone who could somehow read only between the lines

Again, this year, as soon as I was blessed by the Spring, an enemy arrived to ring my bell

To shake me out of my routine

It's always done in the meanest possible way that can be

I am gone

For no reason at all

The demons rode in via the opiate express to plot their lies against me

It all was peachy keen until I told the Asian bitch across the way where I was

Then, I see them all start filing in to scrutinize me

That demon is a relentless fucking whore and I have had it!

Next week, I am in court again

To defend their bogus plot to not pay me the money that I have rightfully earned

They already burned me, but I guess that it is not enough

It's all a lie

The truth has no choice, then, but to become unmasked

I did nothing to make them hate me so

I'm growing, anyway and my love for them all won't ever change

There is nothing strange about it at all

Like it has never gone down this way before

Like I am too blind to see familiar patterns return to play out before my own eyes

The Holy Creator is my aquifer

The Father of Lies won't ever win

I have been right here so many times before

This time I will bob my tail and go through the door and my vision will not take me backward

Nobody knows my path better than I do...

4/17/2017

Fallen

A certain sort of calming rests now upon the cloak that is often mistaken for our atmosphere

Atmosphere was designed to be one of those pieces of our reality that was to exist in solace, undetected

Even in the stillness, those who have been appointed this job are busy working harder than usual

We can hear the chaos that thrives in the silence

The volatile pitch in the bantering of all of the love that has gone stagnant like a duck pond

It emanates from the same wall next door that it always does

Today, it has become tantamount to my relaxation, like comfort food eaten in the dead of Winter

A familiarity of the same old bullshit that I have heard coming from there so many hundreds of times before

At least it nullifies the silence

The calming started to create an extreme discomfort within me

Like being lost in an ancient city in Iran back when it was called Sumeria

You know that you have been there before, but logic tells you that you don't know why, when, or how

My entire essence, everywhere else but in the now where I will land by examining the situation at hand

Convenience sometimes seems to be the only answer to what it is that plays a key role in why so many weak-willed women still stand behind their so-called man

They choose to suffer through the consequences of a mistaken identity instead of mustering up the strength to change from swaddling clothes into a costume and move on

It is easy for me to judge these events because I have been gone so long after going through similar motions way too many times before and it was not so long ago

I know exactly how she feels

I committed crimes against her that I interjected by transforming energy into healing light in her favor

Her gratitude, she has proven so far beyond the hidden fantasies that now stand between us

Her loyalty as my neighbor and friend has now become our distance

I am speaking of the mutual magnetism that has existed for years between myself and the one she has mistaken to be her soul mate, her beloved man

It is like she can barely stand the sight of him and I can see it clearly

Now, every time I see him alone, his energy probes every pore in my skin

I am penetrated by his ethereal phallus, orchestrated by the minions who thrive upon his sins

I am almost dumbfounded by the fact that I was able to resist him after I had finally succeeded in capturing his nakedness deep within my lair

He wanted to dive down deeper into my sacred ocean

But, I suddenly became disgusted by how sinister were his true intentions and that after so many years together how he could care for her so minutely

So, I futilely separated myself from his soul, which only made me certain that I was on the verge of love

Fallen

Treading water in the deep end of a sea so bitter with triumphant rage

Then, POOF!

I found myself completely alone

A fucking lovesick faggot hamster running in a wobbling when inside an empty cage

So, then came the alter-ego that I mistook for an answer to all of my prayers

What's worse is that I know for a fact that even to this day that boy still cares immensely for me

He has fallen too deep into the eye of the hurricane now for me to have any reason to have any sort of hope

The dark-winged dope duck would win the race every damned time

Togetherness is not supposed to become a competition

It is to be traveled together upon paralell paths

Mutually fighting for the light no matter what separate circumstances life entails

Everything has always been what it is

Nothing ever really fails

The scales of Libra were appointed to forever govern both of our skies

Every time we attempt our assigned duties by ourselves, we only become ensnared within Arachnia's wicked web of deceit and lies

Relentless

Fallen angels

Unforsaken...

5/15/2014

Beacon

Half-past seven

Sabbath night

Somewhere, my friends are celebrating the way that they do

What was it that pulled me away from them?

Am I not one of the Jews?

I know that, with them, I could truly feel the Light of God in my soul

All around me

It was as though I was a beacon

Soaking in the ancient knowledge

Like a succulent

A sprig of fresh aloe

A cactus

Its flower, blossoming in the rays of the Sun

I had won an ongoing battle

It was what led me to my healing

I am convinced that I would not have made it alone

Then again, I never have been

I have always known God, somehow

I wanted to dive into the holy scriptures

Somewhere within, I know, would be the answers that I need to know

In black and white

No holding back

Submergence into a new epiphany

A pristine existence that has come slowly into being

Held back by monotony and a thousand understudies

Sheep trampling

Grazing

Ruining

my pasture

Animals trying to follow me to my ark

I'm not sure where I am even going

Like I am singing my soul out in the pouring rain while dancing my ass off in the dark

A spark to ignite the Great Hearth Fire

***Taking one last tour through the land of all that I desire
Tip-toeing across a high wire above all the circus clowns
Shining my light like a beacon
To pep up the step of my brothers and sisters who have fallen down
Painting every town I travel through some other color than the one that they have outgrown
Inviting the less fortunate into my zone
To lay their heads to rest
To have prophetic dreams
To enlighten their weary minds
To enhance their self-esteems
A beacon burning bright enough to bring all of the lost ships home
that were once swallowed up by the raging seas
4/22/2017***

The Morning Frisky

Holy fuck!

It's a quarter to seven

I need to find Heaven in my fantasies before the reality of work takes over gracefully

Grateful am I to have these opportunities that I continue to have

Darkness

Light

Both blessings to be learned, I do believe

For I am all that I am

Nobody other than me to agree would be my best bet, for nothing is ever set in stone

As true as are the bones that are caressing my flesh

I need to mesh with all that I see and all that I feel

In one way, shape, or form

Patterns, irregular

Much different from the norm

The odd

The unheard of

Love comes from all of the places you allow it to come from

You can start it, you can stop it

Many do

Mistakes true only to them

So, who is anyone to judge, until they nudge our essences with their urges

Natural

Primal

Welcome, all!

A tall drink of pink am I

The nectar of the wild guava flows from my orifices

A plenty or a few

A clue to find to ride it into me

Bringing the beauty of the dawns new sky

Beauty lies everywhere to gather and to share it

With those who ask

With those who beg

Pleading pulls my right leg up over my shoulder and my left one up over theirs

My melon tears and floods its liquid

Come drink from the fountain of me

Spread the seeds that grow the trees of new forests

Lush

Dense

Unhindered

Until my little Brontosaurus comes to stampede my Congo again....

1/2/2007

The Truth Behind Amnesia

Phoenixes rise from the ashes

From the remnants

Death means letting go completely

It is inevitable, in order to transform

Transformations are necessary, eventually

Especially when there are many on-lookers in your crowd

Trust and believe that at least one or two of them are taking very obscure, thus perfect, notes

Relive a past moment when another soul actually devotes themselves to you entirely

They either became like cysts upon your ovaries or made you want to match and mirror that same devotion

Then, the two of you were fleeting for three to six months

Then, it all dies down to a hum-drum passion and, if you are lucky, the whole thing is over not too long there afterward

Have any of you ever heard of a couple whose relationship outlasts the barriers of time?

Everything seems so peachy fucking keen

But, in reality, both parties are liars putting on acts for the outside world for whatever sick reason

They concoct the stories to spew just in case they are asked to explain themselves later

Rest assured, it usually means that one of their hearts is being played by a cynical hater

There are not many ordinary people out there who can grasp concepts such as life, death, and rebirth

Guaranteed, the same dolts cannot ever let themselves believe in such things as Phoenixes or anything at all from any other dimension besides their own

Even in their own little worlds, they are already numb from a life-long habit of playing the part

Like Marilyn Monroe and other multi-millionaires, they end up conducting seances to bring in the spirit realm to loosen their slack

Many of them, of course, never end up coming back

If they happen to, they have changed

Amnesia does not exist

Walk-ins, however, are very real

The agreement between an exhausted soul who wants to vacate their shell and a desperate one who is Hell-bound to return to the pleasures of the flesh

They, therefore, mesh quite well

Then, God gives the ok on their little switch-a-roo

And its done

Sometimes, these walk-ins even have flashes of the last inhabitants memories which re-invokes their habitual sides as well

They then have the nerve to call that "getting back their memory"

I suppose that it is the easiest way out

So, leave it to the Human race to go ahead and accept it

The saddest part is, most of them never remembered a damned thing!

1/25/2017

Broom Dust

Another avenue of awareness that I venture up, down, along
A song filled with grace murmurs its sweet vibrations into my soul
Trying to place myself without any division
An incision is made upon my flesh somewhere, spilling the crimson wave of life itself
Dripping in all directions
Fear shakes me in a sudden quake of shock
A new found hope arrives that replaces the deep-rooted agony that I have conjured up to my surface
Bliss beckons, as usual
The wool comes down, but my eyeballs roll back into my head instead of being covered up
Scratching its epitaph into the glass panes that outline the windows to my soul
Once I am within myself, I see what the meaning of holiness really is
All of the realms, around and throughout
Swimming with all of the tortured ones
Blaming everyone besides who lies at fault, themselves
They, who should not be forced to suffer from the wrath of the blame either
For, it is only the harsh reality of the truth that can ever be transformed and it is so with every moment that passes by
There is no answer to why
Somewhere, something within always knows
Perhaps that something does not have the slightest idea of how to speak, much less comprehend
The reactions from thought sent coming back around the karmic bend
All roads traveled either loop back around or they end
Living with the flow of nature mends the wounds that most try to sooth with the boomerang of backward travel
Being thrown out on the freeway from their sources of transportation, tearing open their wounds even further
Filling their skin with all of the dirt and gravel of the past
And still, they cannot move on
They just sit around bitching about the car should not have been driven so fast
Denial, denial,, denial
Powerful only in the eyes that seek doom
The recipients of the gifts of Belial that we shall leave in the dust as we soar through star-speckled skies on our brooms

Misused energy cares not about how much life it consumes...

6/8/2006

Synchronicity

Everything

seems like

coincidences that actually love me

That want to guide me

All of it

Everything

My surroundings have been painted in royal hues that have transformed the content of my atmosphere

Everyone points this out every time that there comes the chance

But, chances do not exist

They are not constructed within the barriers of time

Chances are that chances are something much more holy than we could have ever dreamed

Synchronicity is the divinity that silences the pitch of inner voices with all of their annoying screams

That bitch that turns into a banshee when we lose ourselves to what remains of our woe

It knows nothing now

Not any longer

The will to live is stronger than it has ever been

Everyone wants to win and winning is not a wicked game

It is when we all come forth from the silence in unison to prove to our creator that we are still one in the same

To chant our visions to the skies in the various tongues that know His sacred names

Nothing differs nor sounds the same in the wretched world of one on one

We should have known from the moment that we found our breath that such a silly concept equals certain doom

The room suddenly becomes thick with the vibrant stench of human bullshit

The Taurus squeezing taurine from its own testicles sparks the hearth fire, pushing balls to move everything forward

Stopping only when desire gives us our only need for any reason to have natural urges

To be penetrated by the shafts of our brave new warriors

Our boys, our men

The synchronicity is booming all around us

Spring has arrived to re-warm our wigwams so gallantly once again

Planting only the seeds that we know that we want to sew this time around

Leaving nothing out

No part of this Earth shall be barren

Nothing without the fruits of labor and roto-tilled soil

Everything is coming back together and nobody really seems surprised

Even the weather with all of its craziness lately seems so content

So synchronized...

3/9/2014

Feeding Time to the Silence

I must have told too many predators

I was living as if everything were a "go"

Noooooooo....

Of course not....It wasn't

Envy wrangled its way through wrought iron bars to see to it that I was escorted back to where I started

Counting my chickens way before they departed their shells

They all act now as though their plan was to wish me well

It was all just a waste of precious time

I feel like torturing them all alive!

I want to send them all in forward nose dives into alligator-infested moats, then jump into my ego boat and sail by them cackling in triumph and revenge and justice

Shattering the drums in all of their intrusive little ears until all that they can hear is the sound of their own skulls being gnawed on and mangled

I wear a star-spangled banner that speaks in clandestine silence only from now on, which is eternal

Pain will force the thief to shit out my stolen journal

Silence becomes my angelic shadow, always whispering riddles into my inner sanctum

Pig-headed and impossible to instruct

A seance must be conducted to stop me from showing off my colorful agility

I won't flee from it

I don't cover it up

I don't lie, what for?

The score with me must be settled alone

I condone everything outside of me, for I have not the right to do likewise

All of the things I have been taught to despise, I now embrace

My face is all that I must answer to, for within me I know that God resides

Besides, it is not an ugly image

It's a turn on

My ego will be gone in a near realm of the now

How I have come this far unscathed is beyond me to find an answer

So, I no longer question much of anything

I just sing at the top of my lungs every time I have the chance

I am barely into the best of my years and I already feel like an elder, a guru, a guide

I think about all of the tears I have cried in anguish and how wishes so quickly become truths

I am truly grateful to have suffered so intensely so early on so that I have the rest of my days to enjoy what remains of my youth....

9/2/2007

Isolation

*On these sidelines, I sit, remembering
Moments in time, not so long ago, when I knew that I was the leader of my pack
So on track, it seriously did seem
All of it
The entire hot mess, all the way down to my 24 year old man
He kept his dick in his hand for far too long, rather than sticking it inside of me
I wanted it deep
I wanted it long
I wanted to keep him hard all the time
It was confusion that overwhelmed me terribly
Right in the middle of busting my rhyme, I was taken away by a false rhythm
Tazed
Shackled
Robbed of my own will
Things suddenly all went down, and started spinning backward all the way to the point of
them haunting me still to this day
It was not the way I had envisioned it at all
Torn into pieces by the silence aside from a cattle call at meal times twice per day
So many masculine creatures that would have gladly let me have my way with them
Some familiar faces attached to similar names
I could not even tell if I was alive or dead
So many reindeer games dancing through my head
Thrown into isolation
Starved
Confined
All because the entire neighborhood thought that they could mastermind me somehow
I am still unsure of all the details that composed their freakish little plan
Quite certain that it is still in full swing motion
Isolating me again, this time a bit more cleverly
So obvious, though, still
I cannot find work
I cannot find my way
I cannot find much of anything now*

Just waiting to hear from my attorney who says that she will see to it that my ship again sets sail

Starting out my journey all over again

I cannot deal with any form of failure for even one second more

The door has finally hit me in the ass, as if I haven't been here already...

10/14/2011

Spawn

*A convoluted destiny awaits this bastard creature
This thankless bitch that I like to call me
I stand here in depreciation of myself
Wondering if, perhaps, I am just another one of the many sheep who stand before me
What is it that makes them think I am their shepherd?
Have I fallen prey to my own egocentric tendencies?
A freeze frame of "The Big Picture", blurred and brow-beaten
Clarity just doesn't seem possible anymore
This world has a huge surprise in store, waiting for it's chance to pop out and say "BOO"
We will be able to do nothing about it once a certain point of our undoing is reached
A point that will be made sooner or later
Bush should have been uprooted
Impeached before he had the time to cast out his reptilian spawn
Long, long ago
Way before Mr. Clinton got caught letting that fat spy blow his wad all over her clothes
When you are a naughty, naughty boy, I guess that's just the way that it goes
It still makes some of us laugh, but it is not even a little bit funny
So many little ordeals made over absolutely nothing at all
Something so obviously so detrimental sits around seeking praise for doing absolutely
nothing at all itself
Nothing will be done unless there is money to be made
Ignorance is paid quite handsomely anymore these days
Innocence, berated for crimes committed selflessly rather than foolishly
The true importance of so many realities that are taught to be nothing but rubbish is beyond
immense
A dense cloud of complete confusion sits lustfully upon its multifaceted face
The entire populace, suffocated by its shroud
All of the power that supposedly stands behind it all knows damned well what is really going
on and it loves hiding it
Rather than educating us all correctly, it chooses instead to stand and watch gleefully as
human life withers away and dies slowly
Cataclysmic ruin, ruled by the Devils ugly spawn
Extinction on the brink of tomorrow's horizon
Everything done and gone*

The strangest thing about it is that the solution is simple and it lies in each other....

9/13/2006

The Raven & The Unicorn

*The lights are out in this place where I hang
Socializing via the distance between our mouths and the flickering candlelight
It just makes me realize what I never want to become and know clearly what I never wish to be
Dumber than dumb I have been again
He managed, somehow, to toss me head-first back into his brutal waters just to watch me take a long swim solo
The breast stroke without the bounce back
The pilgrimage with no return
I was on my way to go take him away but I could never find it in me to just get up and go
Then, bam!
Low and behold, he hit me with the last thing I expected to hear at the time
He has suddenly fallen in love with someone else
His telephone calls dwindled down to none, when they were coming in eight to ten times a day
I have a brand new nemesis
A faceless raven that has landed on his back to sway him away from loving me
Calling him his babe (LIKE THAT?)
The tone in his voice changed completely
His sentences became short and then became muffled sounds
I was unable to retort in any way, shape, or form
The storm clouds welled up and settled in to the skies that cradle my soul from above
His existence no longer has the power to shove me over the edge of a cliff in disbelief
They just hang there in my wake, ravenous and wrong
I have already heard this song
I have already seen this dance
There is now more than just a chance of light showers in my immediate forecast
Oh well, I knew that he would somehow make them fall again
My only call of duty in this world now seems to be to remain upright
Standing still and star board against the wall
Watching what was supposed to be my own fate unfolding right before my very eyes
I want him to do what is best for him but my ego denies me to allow it
SO, the defense mechanisms that haunt my mind are unleashed upon the entire ordeal like an abominable hex*

Cast out upon the waves of fury that are born every time I thin of him having sex with someone other than me

Sitting here all numb, in the stench of my stagnancy

It makes me want to kill , to shoot dead his little fuck of a mocking bird

I understand now the benefits of making time come to a stand still

Like putting the program on pause

Only, this is no movie, it is my bitter reality

Time is not linear

Reality is

Nothing will be done without the equivalent karmic debt being paid

Probably why I haven't killed any niggas yet, despite being thrown mercilessly into the shade

His future with his new boy wonder is already set to be destroyed

He is already confused, frustrated, and annoyed

It has gone on and off and on and off again already

Like he is trying to force the flame of love to strike a pose and wants me to help him hold it steady

There is no way anyone will ever be able to muster the strength that it takes to truly love him like I have

Still, I never did succeed

I know that it must not be him that I need

Sitting still in the earliest part of tomorrow morning

Trying desperately to avoid the pull of the night

I need Father Ra to rise and enter me

Granting me my first breath of fresh daylight

I have failed in loving him in so many different ways

I guess that is what I get for chasing after unicorns who have ravens on their back so far away and out of sight

Never again

No way

A chase that ended in the daylight

I may as well let it all go , give them both a fair chance

Live and let live

Love and let love

11/04/2011

Ladder of Ascension

She will always have her intuition, somewhere
She must have sensed where I was at
Perhaps, she wants to come clean about her decision in regard to the cat that she insisted upon adopting from my invalid friend
I was not about to let her force me into making the decision
The same damned one that I have been coerced into making at least twice before
I am really trying to forget about the distaste that won't let me ignore it, lingering like a hungry pigeon in my mind
The pest that likes toying with my emotions
Crawling through all of my beauty products
Sticking like flypaper to my flesh every time that I apply one of my lotions
But, what can I do about shit that has already been done?
There has never been a battle upon this field that she has not won so far
Before I can even get around to making any sort of move without her heckling me in the foreground
I just try to keep centered within my own solidity
In my oneness
Never letting anything mock my groove
As a matter of fact, I won't even let anyone watch me for even a brief moment
Solitude sucks already!
My main endeavors now are my money and trying to foresee who it will be who steps it up to the plate to become my next man
I may even already know somehow who he is
But, you never really can tell until it is time
Not even trying
Not even dating
Nor am I, anymore these days, even believing which won't get me anywhere near where I know that I need to be
I am aware and awake and awaiting my destiny in the most patient way that could ever come close to possible now, which is the best time to be caught up in the light of all that has been previously aforementioned
Tension no longer exists in my new reality
The only creature that does is boundless success
Everything that will attempt to make a mess of me now becomes certain prey
I no longer cater to stray dogs or any other wayward energy for that matter

The spiraling ladder before me twists and turns and winds up higher into the Heavens than anything alive can even try to comprehend

My thought patterns all intertwine with nothing else but the miracle of ascension...

2/14/2016

Cross-Pollination

An alien implant

Planted in the base of my member

*It must have been done sometime during that haze that surrounded me this passed
December*

No, it must have been later

I have somehow become a masterbator , in lieu of finding my new man

What is it that they want from me?

To stop me from reproduction?

Can they not fathom this world with more than one me in it?

I know, I am quite a handful sometimes

But, it is only when they have persisted long enough to send me over the edge

Then, it is over for them

*All of their plots that they had so carefully constructed over months of saving face around
me*

Each one of them, plucked violently from their posts

What else was I supposed to do?

I can't tone myself down when I am fueled by energies that were not created by me

Can't they see it's their own fault for being the way that they choose to be?

Albeit ignorantly, foolishly, blindly chosen

That is what they get for supposing me so

I know that some of them end up truly being sorry

Sorry ass pieces of slime

*It should be a crime that is punishable by the strong arm of the law to live out their
existences the way that they do*

I am through with even giving them the gift of thought

They, unlike myself, are quite easily forgotten

But me, never would I be granted such solace

In regard to them, let my essence move on

I used to assume that they were gone, but they were with me all along

Blending into my atmosphere

Going insane, caught up in the melody of my song

*I wanna know how it was that they got away with implanting some mechanism in the base of
my ding-dong!*

Like a one of a kind of specimen , a rare cow within the cattle

Branded

To be studied

Followed

Traced

Chipped, in the most intrusive way imaginable

I wish I could remember when it was when I last looked up into the skies and spotted something not of this Earth

For some odd reason, it makes me want to witness the birth of my own child

I have been defiled and I do not know what I can do

Perhaps I was chosen to create the perfect breed

One of the last of my kind, I've been told

It needed to be done and I doubt that I would have been ok with it

That is why I was not asked

I was not told

I cannot remember

I refuse to grow old

Somewhere left behind in the Winter cold, I was taken

God, please allow me to be forsaken

This must be my rude awakening

Can this ever be removed?

Rubbed away?

Will it dissolve within the hours of playtime?

Can I donate it to the beings of the sublime?

I feel like I am part of an experiment

Like the victim of a wicked witches hex

Like my bastard ex put it on me because his Mother wants to have my sex

Nothing has power over my almighty creator

I am a sexual being, not a fucking masterbator!

Take away all of the envious elements that are mixed within this curse

Cross-pollination through the ten-fold reversal of their spells

Through the ringing of all of the church bells in town

Maybe it is as simple as surrendering to the skies

The answer to my prayers to be taken again

Only so that I may re-awaken to find my natural form.....

5.23.2017

Dream Path

Morpheus

Laughing at me

From behind the Great Cloak of Betrayal

Dreaming

Remembering

Transferring the data that arrives in all of the pictures that dance through my head

The submergence of statistical facts with the blessing of rhythmic sanctity

Our minds move forward in unison

The subconscious lives forever, talking shit behind our backs

Not knowing whether or not we can even trust ourselves

Yet, somehow, forgetting becomes the only viable way in which to ford the River of Chaos that beckons anything that challenges it

The attempt to interrupt a majestic, eternal flow

Turning into monsters unlike anything we have ever known ourselves to have been before

Finally void of all of that useless fear

Morpheus is pleased with us and hears us now

Our hidden intentions to fulfill the dull side of our world through the myriad of paths that we use when we are dreaming

Traveling to all of the places that I have been avoiding ever since I got sick of waking up to the deafening pitch of my own screaming

The Banshees that once overruled my nights

The balancing of all of my chakras in both of my worlds that just may collide at any given moment

Eyes rolling violently in their sockets back and forth and back and forth

Too many graven images blinding my mental sphere

I hear now the brutal cackle of The God of Dreams enforces all of the false ones to bow down and obey

Following their dream path all the way around the bend that takes them right back to the heart of self-realization.....

3/11/2010

Antidote

*That pessimistic black cloud needs to crawl out of my ass
I do not deserve to be further disgraced
I know my place in the grand scheme of it all
I am not trying to step on any toes
Everything goes perfectly and it goes all the way through
It is ridiculous to bring my spirit up so far, only to throw me down
I am the addicted clown who was not thinking enough ahead of time
I had really no plan, until one arrived
I am not going to allow this to ruin my groove
I am simply going to jump back in and I am going to swim my ass off
I'll do underwater somersaults
I'll hold my breath like I don't need any air
I am almost right back there where I should be
I ran my mouth more than I used my head
But, the truth is much better than lying
Silence is the ultimate antidote
I know by now what can happen with verbalized plans
I must wash my hands of the entire memory
Like I have just been released from the womb
I am sure that the evil would love to see me encased inside of my tomb
But, I am not alive to cater to them
They are not alive to long to be me
I guess that I would have to be stuck behind their eyes to see what it is that they see...
6/2/2017*

Nine-Headed Beast

*This one is dedicated to all of the hater bitches out there clinging to existence
You can no longer trap me or anyone I love in your snares
Your misery that loves our company is not a cross that we must bare
Never has been
Never will be
Never mind what I might be up to with another boy behind closed doors in my own home
It is not for you
Never has been
Never will be
I'm never crossing back over
I could never live up to your expectations of what it takes to be your man
You really have no other option now other than to somehow expand your egos far enough to
force yourselves to understand
Understand this, me and my lovers are not your fucking rubber bands!
Never have been
Never will be
Your plans hold not one shred of interest with me anymore
My threshold is not a revolving door that you can utilize whenever you choose
Never has been
Never will be
What is so difficult for you to comprehend?
What exactly is it that you claim that you cannot see?
If you are already blind than you will never take the time to learn how to read braile
Take your snail trails elsewhere
I am not even fucking around this time
Trust and believe, your crimes will be repaid in full
You have become the hull of an ark that anciently set sail
Gathering the barnacles upon which the lowest bottom feeders feed
Helpless
Needy
Weak, yet relentless in the pain that you seek to pin on some other donkey's tail end
Blindfolded
Spun into an oblivion*

Dizzy

Staggering like a piss-drunken lout

You have all become what you have always been truly about for over a thousand years

A beast with nine heads already reared and snarling

Ready for the crimson spill of a triple, triple decapitation

A beast without a single phallus but with a greedy black wormhole that has become your own private enterprise

Wishing the demise of all who were truly in love has created clearly your fate

It is way too late to try and say that you are sorry

Trust me, we are already all well aware

We need not care at all

So now, what?

Come with it bitches!

6/5/2017

Trains Depart

*It becomes more evident with each and every passing day
Somehow, all along these winding roads, I have managed to find my way ahead
Twice, they thought twice to expect my ruin
Messengers intersected them, sent from Voodoo in ancestral ties
Now, nobody tries shit like they tried with each other before
Where the door is should be perfectly clear
Our home was designed to make it through every epoch in time
Crimes will no longer be permitted
Not upon the spectrum that guards so closely the realm of our hearts
Trains depart
North-bound
South-bound
To and fro every day across this city
Pity is a piece of the past
It has no place now in this domain
Insane
in the brain
is a complicated procedure
I realize now that people make what they make of themselves
They can lie to themselves and everyone else until they turn elephant blue with rigor mortis
It will not ever turn the tortoise into the hare nor the hare into the tortoise
The truth forever remains the same
Is there honestly anyone out there now who is not aware that they have always been playing
a big game?
Technology does not really enhance us
It just milks our pockets dry
It virtually remains the same in nature
A place to rant over innocent riddles that were never meant to be solved by most
You become the eager host
Begging to be drained of all your vitals
Wearing you down
Taking over your titles
Your kids*

Your money

Your spouses

Your spirits

Sucked away, ever so slowly

Trinity, shattered

Setting free the holy ghosts in you

Turn around now to face the other half of you

At least you have someone left to make it through this maze with you

The who is a tiny creature from a cartoon Christmas town

We are all nobody when we separate to enjoy the fruits of our labor in silence all alone

Getting exactly what we planned so long for

At the same time, realizing that we have forgotten our original plans completely

So discreetly we trudged along brow-beaten paths

Empty inside from hiding out for so long

Take a big fat rip off the bong

To yank your overgrown heads from the burial mounds that have become your bungholes

Jarred awake from what seemed like an endless parade of wicked dreams

Like Ben-Wah balls plucked perfectly from a hungry rectum

The colors of our spectrum have all been appointed to their separate tasks

We must start by unraveling the veil

When the next South-bound train departs toward the land where the Thunder Birds still fly

The picture in the sky will be Unity....

5/7/2017

Primitive

*Almost does not count at all
It only makes it seem crazier than it is
Granting some higher-up sorcerer the life of your first born child
Selling your souls with contracts signed in your own blood
Wallowing in the mud like that is certainly not for me
I am no where close to being a pig
All I want to do is submerge myself in true love and prosperity
I can't even get a damned gig
I busted my ass for my last employer
I gave them my all and apparently, they still expected more
Just when all the boys from behind the line finally stopped ignoring me, the old crustaceans started to swarm
They realized one day that I am hotter than fire when they were already irked that I was getting warm
A savage beast
A siren
A nymphomaniac
My drab work uniform was so tired and worn that it started peeling back away from my flesh, exposing me
Feeling beautiful in my own skin again
Everything was all too smooth, so easy
I must of been there to thwart their plans
I was too much for them to ingest
Someone must have seen me somewhere after hours
Strutting my shit in full stride
Hips swaying to and fro
Exposing raw my shimmering hide
Somebody must have lied to them when they were explaining how it is that it should be
Somebody must have seen a bit more of me than their reality would permit them to see
But, none of that pertains to me and if it did, I would never accept it
I would gnaw it off of me with my own teeth
Coyote ugly
Iron fluid soaking into my gums
A primitive creature you could say is me*

A Neanderthal, Bigfoot bitch

Clawing my way through the bushes

Taking the living down

Dazzling the crowd with a fabulous costume

A primitive, colorful clown

Making my way through a man-made labyrinth

Expecting an anvil to drop upon my head at any given moment in time

Primitive, the way that they stalk my movement

How they forever attempt to catch me up in the context of all of their crimes

It's like I am always hunted

Like my guard must always be on point and intact

I refuse to be their muse, their puppet

I will never make nor sign a pact

6/03/2017

Grown

*It is impossible for me to decipher
who I really am anymore
I know that I am not the trash that I have felt like too many times before
Which is good, splendid....don't get me wrong
I no longer have a big circle of friends
I don't know when a new day is beginning, let alone when the last one ends
My mind bends itself around each obstacle that lies idle in its path
I do not acknowledge my wrath as I have so well in the past
Life used to fly by me so fast
But now, it ticks by slow
Forcing me to swallow each and every minute whole
To experience everything in its entirety
The past year has seemed like five
To be alive is, for me, miraculous
I have definitely grown immensely
All of my shit, I own up to
It is all just the result of our own un-doing
We took all of the steps that we have taken
Our legs have not been individually programmed, or at least they are not supposed to be
Thinking about all of it now, in hindsight, that could very well be the reason why I have
literally seen Jack swindle the shoes right off sister Joanne
It all seems like its over these days
In this Aeon of refuge and psychological warfare
All of the chairs that are built to be fit for kings have been set in the granite that outlines
these very walls
The thrones of the martyrs, the shameless vandals of royalty
Without so much as a blink of an emotionless eye
The Sky speaks so many a soliloquy of temperance and tactfulness
Inspiring the gaiety behind the songs of all the birds
An entirely new concept of existence can really, truly now be heard and, also, understood
The goodness still far outweighs the bane
Naturally
Artistically*

***The prideful mutates into the proud
Mind waves all communicated up front and out loud
Even when they are merely rough-drafted
When they are youthful or pristine
Green is not the true color of envy
I don't see it having any real color at all
Like in the clouded vision of the sleep walker, me
Standing somewhere at the edge of the night
Willing and ready to take the fall
Awakening somehow, just in the nick of time
By something that lies inherently within the call of the wild.....
4/13/2012***

Wholeness

*I can't believe that he is still even in these pages
It's all so different now
We have known each other, literally, for ages
Tonight, he brought over a new light brother, a possible new friend
I can't just sit here and pretend I'm not interested
Perhaps he brought me his replacement, suddenly, all these years later
I can't bite yet or, guaranteed, I'll be called a traitor
I thin that this new guy is a lot more like me
He's chill
I like that
My ex is way too high strung, which is why he's still my ex
It turns out that it really has nothing to do with all the witches with their silly hexes
It's just because we are just better as friends
I will always love him with all of my heart and soul
I want him to meet each and every goal that he has
I know that I will meet all of mine from now on
The part of me that gives in to human reactions such as envy and jealousy needs to go
straight the fuck to Hell and stay there
His little friend may just be what I have needed for what seems like forever
But, I just cannot do the menage a trois thing
It's the way that I am
I don't at all enjoy group sex and I couldn't do it for sure if my ex was a part of it
I have always been a one on one kind of being
Anything otherwise just will not ever work
I don't want to do anything that might scare this other guy away
He asked me for my number on their way out the door
So, I guess I really need not say anything more about it here
He is not a believer of fear, which is so beautiful I can't even began to further explain
Denver has been calling the other one back to it, of course, so what I thought to be a loss
may end up actually becoming a miraculous gain after all
I can't go through any more pain over my past
I just can't do it again
It's gonna be a blast, my new hay ride, for sure*

It's like God is giving me a sign, a real one

Just in the nick of time

My co-workers have lately been sensing my emotional wreckage and it is already creating a slight rift in my new game plan

I need a man, and it's not my ex

I need a new host to sample my sex in it's newest and most pristine form

The storms will bring me to new levels of enlightenment rather than purifying my soul

Wholeness will become an entirely new animal

A beautiful, mystical, majestic beast

I have paid my dues to humanity tenfold

It's time to be a part of the feast once more

It's time for me to witness first hand what all of this struggling and tear shed has all been for

Sanctity

Peace

Requited love

As above, not below ever again.....

7/23/2016

Satiated

*I haven't been me
Since March or April, somewhere around there
But, I am taking myself back
From the heathens that love to see me suffering
I am beyond fed up
Tired
Over not having shit
I've been way too passive
Living in fear of other people, which never happens
Not to me
I am known to be fearless in my many approaches to living my life
Lately, I have been twisting the knife that is lodged in my spine all by myself
It's almost as though I have adapted to my pain in all of its forms
I don't even flinch now
I was given an inch that seemed open to become miles
But, as it turns out, it was an extremely piss-poor inch
A go-getter
An entrepreneur
This entire ordeal has taken me in circles
I am making a figure-eight right now
This is older than the fucking hills already
Penny-pinching my way through blood money- literally!
I'm a donor
A loner
A broke-ass, treeless STONER
I need to become the owner of my own passage once more
Before all of these bells and whistles went off somewhere inside my head
Falling over
and over
and over
again
For
dip shit*

dumb fuck

Laughable excuses for men

I have no other choice but to start doing ME again

Until I am walking bow-legged

Satiated

Fed

Loved

Iron-gloved

Ready to pounce at all times

Letting no suitable boy get away

No stone left unturned

Taking chances because I have so many of them to spare

Teaching myself not to care about the opinions of shit-eating beasts that never do a damned thing for me, let alone for themselves

I am taking back my fortress

I am here to become satiated by the right to live

I am here to love

I am here to receive as I am to give

Praise the Lord above!

I am here to learn the ancient ways of Wisdom, Honor, and Respect

I am here to help erect monuments that speak the secrets of lore

Moderation of the highest scale possible

Wanting more is not a sin, as long as it is all-inclusive....

7/17/2017

Immortal

*Everyone always tries to think of me in some way, shape, some sort of form
Normality is a creature that I doubt ever shadows me
As opinionated as the matter truly is, the truth is that I really fit no description
Unless, of course, visions come crawling through haze-ridden windows
The ones that forever seem to remain unclean
The filthy layer of grime that I somehow can always see lingering
I know how OCD I am, to say the least....
Some eyes should not be allowed to open while I give the little tour of my palatial hole
They scrutinize me enough already
I have been made a fool by them on too many occasions not to have noticed
A reason to place the blame upon for my latest downfall
Never seems to be an upswing tempo for too long in any song that comes along to carry my
soul closer to its native light
I recognize at first glance, but only slightly
Then, suddenly, I am filled to the brim with comforting memories
So, now I have purchased spiritual contact lenses in every color, shape, and size
The wise old owl in the center of my being will caw like a raven directly into my eardrum, if
ever I show the signs of forgetting
I am the only one who can allow the ebony to enter me
I will stop omitting so many from the big picture that I am so damned convinced that I have
seen
Forgiveness is a gift that must whole-hearted be earned
My own ideas have been mirrored back to me so many times that I have sat there watching
myself being burned by the flames of my own outrage
I see now that there really is such a thing as being too giving
Without needing any mirror, the truth comes along like an oracle that I must wrap in silk and
keep well hidden
My ascension through time and space has graciously allowed me to see faraway places while
floating, if ever so slightly
I can see the demon of Fear gnarling its many rows of sharp, jagged teeth against a mouth
that operates by way of its own gluttony
Snapping viciously at the skies it can sense me transcending
The actions and thoughts that they all hold against me are much like my existence,
never-ending....*

3/24/2011

Stand Still

A new, much holier than thou echelon seems to have had its sickening fix for now

Dreams speak tales of cryptic certainty

I awake in cold sweats in the middle of every night just so that I can reflect upon them, only to forget them completely soon thereafter

The laughter of the damned echoes in every passageway

Pathetic tunes of self-centered ridicule

Fools are they who are affected by their lackluster challenges

They repeat the same mistakes each and every time they make their way back around

Lessons forgotten, never again to be found

The harder they search, the more slippery become their flesh-bound hands

The sands that compose the trickling of time frolic forward to reach the reflection in the glass compartments that mirror them

The tired, old Wicked Witch of the West seems to have forgotten about her own inevitable undoing that only she herself could have sprung forward in motion

An ocean of bitter, raw betrayal crashes its tide upon the jagged rocks that remain to act as the shoreline

Divine intervention is only the slithering tongue of this serpentine behemoth that only something as sinister as humanity could have ever created

The entire program orchestrated by the mental ingenuity of madmen and the money that moves them through their own schematic, a false little bitch of a design

Everyone is standing still in line because the line has wrapped all the way around the globe to the point of overlapping

Curiosity keeps killing dead cats

Peace can be embraced now finally, for it all has come to a complete stand still

Time itself fast becoming yet another miracle that longs to become extinct

The unified must think as one and never improperly harness the great power of their collective will

There is no more room in the stand still for anyone to harbor the burdens of redundancy....

3/16/2009

Traitor

*The words from the lips of my former drug dealer echo in my head
She had warned me to be careful, but I hear words like those all the time
I really don't commit any real crimes
On the surface, I suppose that is a blatant lie
Darker than white tonight, or was it morning?
Her warning decided to take heed
Still, I was freed by some miracle that could only have been granted by God
My intuition let me know, and I responded a bit later than I should have
Not too late, just barely
I rarely put myself in such juxtapositions
They all keep on petitioning to be able to absorb my ruin, which will never exist
The plane to the concrete shit yard departed without me aboard
I realize now all of the facts of life that can no longer be ignored or wished away
I was led so far astray by the hope that forced me to chase Love's little white rabbit down the man hole
My journey into Wonderland stole a piece of me, a rather substantial one
Too spun out of my mind to pay attention to its depths
The casino didn't hit last night
It zapped me, for the umpteenth time
I ended up with the number thirteen in my wallet
I have always known that thirteen is not a bad omen, it is a symbol of triumph
Everything in life is taught backwards
Being high never seems to pay much
When a stubborn piece of you lies within another person who you have also allowed into you, all ears tend to become clogged by ignorant bliss
Even though they piss sitting down, the toilet seat is continuously left open
This stubborn bitch in question expects me to be able to conquer my finances and save immediately while her left hand is always out beckoning me to feed her dirty habits what they demand
She chooses to neglect her right to understand and that is a choice I cannot mutate
I refuse to be baited and thrown out into the deepest part of the ocean, lushly littered with carnivorous creatures of the brine
My destiny is mine and mine alone
I won't share it now*

I am a bit confused, come to think of it, as to how this all took place

I remember the last page over the intercom before we sank into the gallows of sobriety

So, now what?

I know that I should turn my back to this menace once and for all, but addiction is a true mother fucker

An authentic pain in the ass

The absurdity has already all come to pass and closure will not sneak up on me later

I am sure they will all paint my portrait crudely as they sit in their huddles

Going out of their way to get to the bottom of an infinite well that God and I dug together eons ago

A chasm with a depth they will never know the truth behind, as it lies in clandestine quarantine

I guess now I am the traitor that they all expected me to be

Even though I will never say a single word in the utterance of unveiling them

They already did that for themselves by trying to tattoo my spirit with the blame

All they can remember is my first name which once was one in the same as theirs

Nobody cares about my continuity more than me.....

9/18/2007

Playing God

It gets really hard at times to tell the good guys from the bad

The bad ones usually start out good

The good ones are usually hiding the fact that they are bad

Bad and good are one and the same

Like darkness and light, they are co-dependent

They are two opposing polarities like wrong and right

This is why nobody ever really wins the fight and if they do, then it is still never over

Winning takes nothing more than to be the bigger person momentarily, which really does not amount to shit

Everyone thinks that they need to hurry as if Nature does not allow them to ever sit still

Their greed makes them keep on motoring even when all of their bills are paid in full

Unity is really easy once everyone has a moment to actually sit and reflect

They see suddenly how much better it is to accept one another rather than choosing the confines of a certain religious sect

When you alienate yourselves like that, you often end up feeling completely alone, wishing that you had a pet

Time passes the thought on and then it passes you too

The sad part about that is that they have then to start over

They must re-invent themselves

This is why Jesus Christ spoke in thirty different ancient dialects before he could even walk

The womb

Been there, done that too many times

Mary must have gotten Toxic Shock Syndrome when that little heathen popped out that hole

Okay, I am getting too extreme here and this is because I have noticed that everyone always tries to walk upon tight ropes through thin air

It is never all or nothing

We do not have the right to conduct such a serious, cut and dry, sickening symphony

People keep trying to play God and all it does is piss him off

Well, actually, I am not sure, but I am sure that I can say that for me

They are way too caught up trying to explain their petty lives using extremes when everything that they need lies in all that is in between

I am so tired of hearing people giving out their harsh little ultimatums

Go shove them up your asses

I refuse to be rushed

God would never do that to me

All of you fools who try to end up getting caught in your own little snares

If all of you would quit trying to play God then maybe someone would take the time to care

But none of you care about a damned thing, so that is all on you!

Now, run along children, you are all up in my hair

I have plenty of more important shit that I need to do.....so goodbye....

11/15/2013

Utopia

My beliefs are sworn

Forever changing

Adaptations to all of the reactions of this sacred creature we live upon

The Being we all keep on destroying

A viral infection upon Her surface

Weaving its way through the flesh that houses the entire Golden Dream

Sunday, bloody Sunday

Her scream, once silent, becomes a terrible roar

The means to improve this very obvious, yet they are all completely ignored almost

Meeting others like myself here and there

Not everywhere like it once was, not too far back in linear time

A grand illusion

Fision....Fusion....experimental discharge floating through the air that all of us depend upon to breathe

Ego's enlarging every moment of every night and day

This is no longer only a brutal game like the one we are all so used to playing

Its margins, far exceeding the boundaries of even the most brilliant, resilient mind

Who in the crowd shall be granted their departures?

Will there really one day exist this so-called "Utopia" spoken of by the ancients that will leave only the chosen ones behind?

Atlantean souls, reincarnated as mortal men...

Through the eyes of all the sheep, the shepherds see much deeper into it all for reasons not acknowledged nor explained

Why is it that they figure they were granted these gifts?

Some of us have been sent down here to give this poor, magnificent creature the face lift that She rightfully deserves

The fucking nerve of those who have made the choice to throw all of our chances to the wind

The chosen ones have survived this war because we have all reveled in the return of the karmic boomerang thrown at us by all the times we so seriously have sinned

The very definition of such a ridiculous word cannot be found in any man-written book

The ones with the keys to Utopia know the moment that they open their three eyes and take a look

Times in our historical past have changed quite drastically

Utopia has begun to emerge faster than anyone ever dreamt that it could

There are steps that need to be taken and they need to be taken sooner than soon

It must all be correctly situated when it materializes

No time to sit and wait until the next Blue Moon

All good will be given its just rewards

The rest of the muck will be shut out in the cold like the planet we have been so blessed to have lived upon

The oracle that gives us life, ignored...

By a bunch of primitive, ignorant beasts!...

Hard to see the light at the end of the tunnel when the skies of our atmosphere have been painted so grey

So hard to find anything at all to believe in or any reason for anyone to want to stay....

10/29/2010

Juxtaposed

Anytime

*some eerily familiar face suddenly shows itself so well
that it leaves you feeling uneasy or annoyed*

RUN

like

HELL!!!

*They are just more of those rare instances that leave you feeling empty
and out of place*

Juxtaposed

Re-positioned by the meddlers dirty hands alone

I think he is a dreadful wanderer

That is really all that I think that I want to know

Bits and pieces

*falling from tightly wound lips when their cuticles have dried up past the point of simple
dehydration*

Cracklings

Chicherones

Chinga-deras

I am so obvious when I become juxtaposed

They come running from the far ends of everywhere

A stampede of marauding beasts

Coming in for the kill

Wreaking havoc in the time of family and their feasts

Doing what dumb fuck witches love to do

Spoiling the broth

Bat shit stew

Wicked soufflet baked in the ancient name of Astaroth

I have been juxtaposed

They don't even grip my balls and ask me to cough anymore

It's like I've been put up on the highest pedestal

Way too out of place

Saving grace for only the sake of my Holy Creator

And, even so sometimes, from my incubator I can hear him say "pish-posh"

Waving me through the big line like VIP style

Fuck, those days were so much fun

I refuse to sit still, all juxtaposed

Like a burnt out old bitch raisin basking in the sunlight

The Night has forever just begun

It's nice to know that I've won somehow

Some way

Sometime

Winning is never a walk in the park by any means other than standing up on your own two feet and peddling

A eunuch on a unicycle chasing after a unicorn

After all these crazy life experiences, it's getting harder and harder to convince myself that I have been juxtaposed

It is all about genetically coded unification

Being able to truly adapt and blend in

Chameleons cannot possibly be called sinners

But, you can safely say that they are immune to being juxtaposed.....

8/10/2017

Little Drummer Boy

A shell

of a man

A heart

of a child

A Soul

of an Empress

(Pah-Rumpah-Puhm-Puhm....)

A Spirit

Wild and bent on progression

Stagnancy

is not an option!

All of these planets have gone retrograde on me now

They are all in cahoots against me

I just can't seem to march forward on like the Little Drummer Boy I used to be

It's not because I'm lazy

It's not because I'm old

It is because of the misuse of sorcery

(Pah-Rumpah-Puhm-Puhm...)

In all of my existences, it has attempted to stay ahead of me

It doesn't matter how far it ever gets behind me

On any given moment

Some fucked up day down the way

(Pah-Rumpah-Puhm-Puhm)

Boo!

It pops up right in my way

Inconvenient is an understatement

I have had it with all of their unfounded scrutiny

Me and my brethren are one

(Pah-Rumpah-Puhm-Puhm...)

A mutiny that the wickedness could never even fathom

It is too damned stuck on self-destruction

Too focused on our non-existent ruin

But, can't they tell that I am not anywhere close to alone?

I am fairly certain that they can

Oh yeah, that's right...

They have been in the know longer than I have even

***Leaving bread crumbs along uncertain pathways can be a
double negative***

Think of all the starving larvae crawling through the Native sand

And, bread is highly addictive!

But, I would much rather feed the enemy than be responsible for their malnutrition

The sin of Denial upon my fellow mankind

Then, I always have to go that extra mile and take it there

Unwind their sexy little asses somehow as well....

(Pah-Rumpah-Puhm-Puhm...)

Free libations are always an added bonus

A welcomed guest

A pleasure pleaser

The Devil's advocate

The elixir to enhance the aura that cloaks his playground....

8/15/2017

Three-Dogged Night

On the Fourth of July

My love came by and swept me back off of my feet

He showed me his new pad, we did the usual shit, only-this time we had sex in each and every room to Christen his home

Then, I was thrown back to the wolves that gather around in the shadows seeking doom upon Me, My Love, My Light

I was not aware then what was about to occur, that I was about to discover the chill of an Eskimos three-dogged night

A couple of months then flew by without the Apple of My Eye

I thought that he was actually playing another stupid little game

But, then I remembered that every time we had come close in the past, we unraveled just as quickly the same fucked up way

And, the Dawn of Ra showed me back to the day again

He told me that he was on his way up North

Not to Denver, this time, but to Espanola, New Mexico

Just like that Jesuit Queen predicted

The book had to be unearthed and destroyed, and he told me it was up to him to do

And, so I said : "Not without me by your side to help you see your way through"

So, off he went to sweat it out in the Old and Ancient Native American way

Leaving me to stay in a state of embryonic shock, in utero.....

Dead and risen again

Rising from the ashes

This time Golden like The Phoenix

And, then, there was the final chapter of my test

The Nexus from Texas doing my best to be the Queen of my Zone

Kicked out into the late September air

By the same little slut hag with her typical little cunt snare

Her two dogs, once mine followed me out into the air, with a new little chihuahua in tow

It was me, a blanket and a sage wand and a lighter

The three of them kept me alive, now I know

Surrounded by nature from cricket to wolf, I sit here waiting

I THRIVE

My Wolf Man and our Chihuahua warrior are on their way home to me now

To take a nose dive backward deep into MY LOVE...

10-12-2017

Witch & Werewolf

*With Bastet tattooed upon the left of my back
and Anubis down my right
I tell this tale of witch and werewolf upon paper this hallowed night
My Lotus is waiting to be a tattoo upon the small of my royal back
So that my Egyptian God won't ever lose sight of me
We Witches have forever been a perfect match for thee Lycan masculine breed
Its like my Wolf Man is waiting with dagger in hand to give me forever what I will forever need*

Upon His Royal Steed

We have freed ourselves through a pact with the Light of Yahweh

Allah

Amen Ra

Aten

With the Great Owl of Babylon upon my left Shoulder to cover up the thought of ever being dead

Witch and Werewolf this Halloween

Samhain (Sowen), to the Welsh of yore

In splendor shall we live eternal

The Ankh must be upon my left forearm and, on my right the word L O V E In An Egyptian tongue I have yet to see for certain

I know that hieroglyphs and animal totems will dance upon my rite

As I dance upon the sands of love along the Niles longest shores

With my hand fasting with my werewolf, I won't ever again need to soar the skies

Envy dies much easier this way

The besom was meant to keep the rubbish off our floors

To stand like the Witches once did when trials still scarred the land

The Lycan and the Maiden, Mother, and Crone that is Me were always meant to become an All Hallows' Eve tale to out stand the many trials and tribulations of Father Time....

10/23/2017

NATIVE CROWN

They'll be stirring all of their boiling pots

Their vats of homemade witches brew

By now, I am sure that they have convinced themselves they know something

At least, they must see that I am, of course, a witch too

They are all pulling out what remains of their hair from their own beastly, clumsy thick little scalps

I am, as usual, virtually unaffected

My oh my, whatever is a useless, old, cunt hag to do?

Check this out:!

This ancient crone has long ago paid all of her dues and then some

I was through with your narrow excuses for all of your nonsense a very long time ago

I really have not even a speck of desire to know what it is that you still have the audacity to expect from me other than an obvious shred of hope lingering upon you that you may be a witness to some Fairytale coming true wherein I am the main character who loses hope and somehow closes down

I guess I will go ahead, for at least the thousandth time and forewarn you that it is absolutely impossible for you to ever find your selfish dream by trying to follow a being like me

My first diadem has been molded to the authentic gemstones that compose my timeless crown

My guess is that the time has come to dance across this darling little gambling town

There is something about the way the energy here tends to invite willingly every single ounce of my own

I totally understand that it can become quite intense for the ungrateful when they constantly insist upon trying to fuck with the divine

The Shroud of Turin was once my shrine, or something similar along those lines

I am living here now like a Native of this land that was only used for the elements for which were built mines

The Silver

The Gold

The Copper alike coming from all over the globe

And all that remains as proof of it all may be an occasional embroidery upon some dead rich mans robe

The sin has run rampant through here for many many moons long passed

I have been assigned the task of doing my best to move it along, to force it somehow to return to its source

Needless to say, it has not been the easiest of all Spiritual obstacle courses, which is

precisely why I have never even thought of turning back

What good would it do for anything to travel backward in the way from whence I have come?

Like sheep, humanity has been trying to play a game of cards that they have never known how to play

At least I can say for myself that I have grown stronger with each and every monumental event that I never gave up on and thus, surpassed

I know for a fact that the blessing of true love will forever outlast anything that does not come from the Light

I am a child of the Sun, as well as a Master Huntress who feeds upon the creatures of the night

I no longer see any of it as a struggle, a tragedy, or a fight

It is all simply whatever it so happens to be

I may never be sure of what it is that angers those who are fortunate enough not to have to see, as I do, through the entire veil

I refuse to ever fail the expectations of my Creator, My Almighty God

I have been made acutely aware that there is no such thing as getting even, especially when you are born in the names or the numbers of everything that is naturally odd

Everything that I write upon these pages comes straight from my core

From my epicenter

From nowhere and nothing else but from me

Sometimes I actually wish that they would be able to see the same way I do, but it is only in an attempt to detour them from what makes them so fucking envious

I highly doubt, for whatever reason that they really want to work as hard as I have chosen to just to be able to see

That makes no sense at all, if you think about it

I never knew that I was anyone special

Nothing more than the spirit of a woman who incarnated in this life time in

a body that was born as a baby boy

It all came to me completely only a few years ago

So now all I can say out loud is that when the time comes where you realize who you really are, believe me...you WILL know

I have a new rule now, though, and it goes something like this:

If your plan is to try and plant your fucking feet in my soil, then your plan must also be to learn, to prosper, to grow

You will never know everything that I do, you were not meant to

Nor was it ever meant for me to know every aspect of you

Thus, the reason why they say that true friends are few and far between

And that, my little pudding drops, goes for EVERYONE...

June 30th, 2018

A New Flow

All that I can do is love

I sometimes forget about my own strength

Thrown off my trail to the wolves who are my protectors, and there I find a power stone where I sit and stubbornly refuse to shine

I must return to my old routine, at least within myself

I have took on the depression that haunts the land for much longer than I care to entertain now

I see no point in being sad

I have had many more blessings than otherwise thus far and that fact, I am sure , will remain true

All that I can do is my best, or maybe a little bit more

I have no score to settle with anyone from the past

I just won't ever get the reasons why they try to get ahead of me for

I was not sent here for the Demon of Sloth to use

I will not allow them to abuse me, as I would never use them intentionally

That shit, to me, is sick and old

I don't want to ever be cold-hearted or cruel

So, I expect all of the craziness to get the fuck off of my back

I expect them to take what I have been able to give them and plant the seeds to becoming themselves so that I can do so as well

For, every time that I have fallen, I have grown from the soil upon which I fell

Still, there are the times when I end up feeling small

Like I have not fought hard enough to provide for those who I do things for

My inner core is rich with luxury and class

Perhaps I can sprinkle my wishes in the form of pixie dust to manifest upon the material plane

I just want to travel

To spend more time amongst family and real friends

To stay healthy by remaining young at heart

To be loved by one man at a time until I connect to my other half

There is nothing that they can do to intervene

Enough is clearly enough by now

Not sure how I have managed to make it through all of my pain

The rain that has fallen from the windows to my soul has cleansed me

***No reason to feel empty, I am not alone
Just in an extremely awkward place
One that I will climb out of now, today
I just want to walk into work saying "Hey, good morning" to everyone who I see
Wish everyone well, tell them to have a great day
I won't even have to say it, they'll say it to me
Today is going to be a breeze
I only invite love and light, nothing more
The darkness must find a door that leads anywhere but to my sacred space
I have done nothing to welcome its pitiful wrath so take some to release your guilt that you
always try to bounce off of me
It does not have to be such a difficult task to work together as one team
Nothing else makes any sense
I am so through with tension
Stuck in the funk that they wallow through willingly
They can pick up their own litter, sell their own junk
I am going to shine, no matter what tries to make me it's prey
Fuck that , my doormat days have expired
You bastards are flogging a non-existent horse
Nature must take its course now
It is time to back off, time to let me live
I have given more than I have ever had to give
Its pretty simple, common sense
Hence, the dawning of a new energy flow
I am here to lead, I am the one that shows them the way
I warned all of them this was coming days ago, God Blessed!
June 30th, 2018***

Zephyr of the Sun

My zephyr has arrived

This time, it's really here

The constant backdrop that once held steady in the atmosphere seems to have broken into fragmented particles that have blown away in the breeze

It's like that ludicrous specter has been slain

I no longer freeze when I get stuck in the rain now

Taking that final bow really seems to have been quite effective

My every objective falls into place upon my pathway exactly when it is supposed to

Timely is an understatement

A hint of success and pleasurable events lingers in the air

I care again, how very....

How fucking long have I been waiting for it all to return?

I am busy collecting all of the merits I have earned all at once together and it's long overdue

I won't feel blue for anyone

Fuck you all for getting off on all my pain

So lucky that I have managed to keep sane throughout all of the curvatures along twisted roads that were paved by the beast itself

Of course, I have always done shit to throw everything off like tossing handfuls of wildflower seeds to the wind to be taken to hidden places where they are fed and allowed to grow

Im the one they like to throw like a boomerang who returns to its point of release

Jason of the Argonauts who found the golden fleece

The one who they ask to do whatever it takes to get grease stains out of all the rugs

The one who all the bugs land upon because they are aware that I will never do them intentional harm

The bitch that loves to charm the pants of all the sexy guys who roam

Home is wherever my heart is and it has not been as full of joy as it needs to be anymore these days

But, the days are all good as long as they pay me an honest dividend

The days of old came to their end a long time ago already

But it has taken me this long to see what the fuck is up in the way of those who try to walk in my shoes

They'll lose every time that they try

My shoes sprout wings and fly sometimes

Crimes become committed all the time

I want a new living space

**Not just a place where I stay
Cannot even cook a decent meal
So, I steal them slowly at the place where I am employed
I am annoyed with the pace that has tried to sit like a boulder blocking me from movement
Refusing to budge
No foot holes to utilize
So, it's impossible for anyone to climb to the top of its back
Attacked by the witches who I stirred up blatantly the other day
Well, I needed to say some shit..so, I said it
And, now, I feel like I got a huge obstacle to move the Hell out of my way
I just won't play their games with them this time
The power of Love far outweighs everything that they are, indeed..
I still need to find a boy or two or three or ten
Its like I have been used up and wasted so that I now have to start all over from scratch
again, which is just fine..
When I decide that a boy is mine, then it's done
He must take heed
It takes a rare breed to win my heart the way it wants to be won
A smoking gun I have been for what seems like an endless cluster of days
Working
Drinking
Using my intuition to seek out all the machines that are about to pay
I hate routines, they can all go to their darkest spaces, and absorb into the doubtful pits that
reside there that house nothing more than senseless fear
Manifestations are the products of our deepest thought forms ,that are adhered to
Scary becomes easy to change for the best**

**Turned over to the infinite Love that lives in the Light
The night hawks cannot emerge from the shadows where they once waited madly, searching
for the flesh of their prey
The scent of chaos mixes with the acrid smell of all the bullshit and we end up with very
angry orchards, void of any fruit
Where the dandelions and the milkweed were treated like weeds where they once lived
happily before
Blue light no longer belongs in this zephyr of the Sun, only beings that are dependent upon
its Light
I will say that I have won every day from this point on
Negative programming in my head is over, done with, gone apparently.....**

I am free to live as I choose

So, I shall never lose another thing

I will find my place in Egypt upon inexpensive rings I can buy online

I feel like I could turn water into wine right now

I can't wait for today to wow me again....however it so chooses....

7/9/2018

Imprint

The atmosphere, over-heated

Stifling

Strong

Stuck to my chair

I belong somewhere else

I must, I pray

The price to pay for survival is high and the odds of winning here are questionable at best

Test after test after FUCKING test

They all make sure to keep their stations filled at all times

The crimes that have been committed upon my heart and soul are many

Leaving brutal scars that refuse to fade away

The games they play are no match for me

I see right through them

Too bad, so sad to be their fate

Nothing real is ever served to you upon a golden plate without there being a price to pay in the end

Send down upon me Love & Light, oh merciful God above

Send to me a man or two who are totally worthy of my Love

I have been ready to rock and roll for a very long time now

The Who

The What

The When

The Where

are all entirely up to you, Good Lord

All of the madness that has been dying to destroy me, I have some how quite easily ignored , so far

I wish that I could just get in my car and drive into the setting Sun

But, my car is only a ghost In my longing to have once again the things I once had that were taken away

All that I can say is that I'm not going to tolerate any wickedness upon me ever again

I will no longer bend over backward, nor forward

Not at all

Not for just any old Schmo who happens to come my way

I'm not going to play the victim

I refuse to conform

The storm has blown over the city where I live

Leaving an imprint like chaos in the air

I don't care what I am not doing to please others anymore

In fact, I'm finding it hard to care about anything at all

I can only hope and pray and press on

Day by day

Their games I play no more

The end

I don't believe in pretending.....

June 29, 2018

Ravens

Monday was my reality

So, Tuesday began the chase, of course...

Followed by everything that thinks of me as their link to finding themselves

I have, I believe for certain, let all of you in on the fact that your beliefs are false..

Your identities are not mine...so, get the fuck lost already!

I am over it, you are all a bunch of fools

I wish that you could all be okay with just being my friends

Treat me with the same respect that I somehow keep giving to you, wether or not you deserve it...

Certainly, you cannot expect anything more..

But, it is clear to me that some of you do..

Don't do it!!

I am not your muse

I am here for myself and for my loved ones this time

You should be thankful for that alone

I am given a ham bone and you want to steal it from me and bury it somewhere in your back yard

So, okay go ahead...I am not going to stop until I have what it is I desire

You all need to get new clues

I was not put here on this Earth for you to scrutinize patronize, abuse..

Keep playing all your petty cards

You are going to lose every single time

I don't owe any of you a fucking dime you sycophants...

Fucking bunch of circus clowns..

Crazy ass loons!!!

I could here the cawing of the ravens yesterday, as I trudged along in black disco- ball booty shorts through the brutal heat of a desert afternoon

I should have known those witches would be on my tail, all of you with your sickening satisfaction with seeing my plans somehow fail

But, guess what bitches, that is really NOT for the likes of any of you!!!

I am going to do whatever it is that I decide that I want to do, and nobody but God can ever intervene..

Your wickedness is nothing, does not even remotely phase me anymore...

So what, I am a little faggot..

You are all ugly, jealous little whores..it's ok, so what, keep on being You, !!!!!

Move on, without your memory of ever knowing me

You are going to see exactly what you need to see, so no worries por favor, y gracias....And, if it becomes necessary, I will allow my light to blind you.....

July 13, 2018

Fire Dragon

*By fire, I have been freed
I have risen from my own ashes many times
A Phoenix, yes for sure
A dragon of the fire
A barracuda in coastal waters, searching madly for my prey
Everything that I say out loud, tainted somehow
Attachments are swarming near me at all times
It does not matter that their crimes against me are uncalled for, they try and call for them anyway
Play times have not been plenty
Twenty dollars makes them mine
I am a deviant, a sexual designer
A slave to Aphrodite, Goddess of Love
Come to my epicenter
Teach me the laws of living life tenderly
Show me acceptance
Align me along my intended path
My wrath has started to churn deep within my being
I am aware that one day I could explode
My every abode has been taken over, disrespected
They have stolen
They have taken
They have lied to me and to each other over and over again
They just cannot bend me over hard enough
They would love to see me break in two
To bury half of me away for Winter
To feed upon my flesh once the frost has taken over the ground
Like a chipmunk with an acorn, they have been planning for a very long time
Chaos threatens to weaken my spirit
Tries to make me it's prisoner
Shackled like a hidden lie
By Fire I have been born
For the flames, I shall live and shall die*

I am not the one for you all to pour your envy upon

I am a beast, relentless in my tasks

The bitch that takes without asking

I learned it from my family and so called friends

By Fire, I have been born

A creature of the element that was brought here to erase the tragedy.....

7/23/2018

Taken By The Pack

I need my wolves to pounce

I need to be ravaged

Bitten

Taken to the skies

Highs never end, the lows just seem to be waiting everywhere all over the ground

Soon, they won't be found just by glancing, for altitude shall forever prevail

I am not going to fail the expectant heat of the Summer again by being wanted but not taken

The gypsies and the whores are everywhere that I turn, thinking that they can gang up on me and have some kind of control

They have nothing, really...not even their own men

Their boomerangs have all been thrown and they await their return just so that they can try their luck by throwing them at me again

This show simply must go on...I won't let anything with a vagina ever get in my way

I have paid all my dues

I have played all of their games

And, in the process, I learned how to play with an entirely new set of rules which, of course, are practically my own..

They can see my diadem through the thinning veil now

Now, they are aware that it is me who wears the crown

They envision it having poison thorns

Like Christ, I am followed...hated....loved...marveled over by so many...and I act like I need more attention..

The things that I long for that I am without are all the things I really should never mention to another living soul

They cannot stand the goal-oriented ones who work with nothing else but their own light

Especially the ones who are natural creatures of the Night, like me..

A definite sight for sore eyes to see..

I long to be taken away by the pack..all the gorgeous boys that surround me just to make my heart go pitter-patter..

and, so their bitches wish that they could attack me somehow..

Eventually, all of their anguish wears off them and falls upon me and then I get stuck with burdens that I never asked for, much less ever dreamt of having..

I envision myself being taken by the pack and what they will do to me then stands as witness to my craving for surprises, and hot times between the sheets with beautiful men

I won already here and there and I will certainly win again..only, next time I will use my

winnings wisely...next time really needs to come soon

So bored and dumbfounded, I don't know what I am supposed to do..

I just want to be taken into the shadows by the pack of boys who always, somehow get me through it all

The taken ones who always end up leaving their bitches at home when they find their chance to come chill with me

The ones who flee from their snares, in search of something real

My time has finally come, I just know it..I can feel it so deep within my soul...

I will be taken by the pack to a place where I can be whole again....

July 23, 2018

The Math

I must have recently caught some waves

For, suddenly I am surfing and I have never even taken a single lesson

All of my inner strength and endurance shook hands behind my back with my faith while I was busy belly-aching about how shitty life can be

I could see myself coming out of a massive downward spiral that, over time, I had managed to fall into

Visions become manifestations when they become crystal clear somewhere in your head

I am not proud to admit that I fed into the shadows, could feel myself slowly losing my mind

And, in the blink of an eye, all of it is somehow behind me

We all must learn to free ourselves completely from negative thinking

We must focus on our many blessings and stop worrying about all the things we may never own

My ego tells me that I have grown into quite a magnificent, beautiful creature and I have no reason to disagree

I have disowned all of the features that did not compliment my skin tone, all of the bullshit that was never really a part of what is me

I always win, one way or another

I always pull myself up and out of every frustrating and unhealthy abyss

Bliss was never promised, nor has it ever even been a given

We must find it on our own within all that we decide to create

Fate has always been a mythological story that human kind has always toyed with and turned into a down right fucking lie

Like black cats crossing our paths and the supposed unlucky number thirteen, which is actually a four

Add a zero and it becomes something clandestine and sacred

Numbers are the loveliest music that we must learn how to compose and care for with diligence and the utmost respect

We must never neglect figuring out the math that has been born unto us

It is the reasoning why some of us become goody two shoes and the rest of us addicts of whatever kind

Never looking forward nor behind ourselves is the key

When we get stuck in binds and become blind to what we should all see, we must do the math-the only way to free ourselves....

8/2/2018

Dynasty

From Ptolemy, I have risen as an Earthen creature born of the Sea

My trident, gleaming over darkened waters with waves crashing above, below, everywhere around me

Swallowing all of the vessels embarking upon their journeys into nowhere

Hair, a shade of indigo that tempts my body to dance with midnight skies to be one with the flying serpent that is my totem in Eastern lore

Lotus blooming along the Nile to tempt the enemy to the shore

I have returned once again to settle my final score with all of the Pagan Gods

At extreme odds with just about everything that is considered to be normal

Thus, I am a freak of nature turning heads with every step that I take

As real as real can be, I am never hiding so they see me as they see me

Intolerant of the fraudulence that litters the atmosphere, I will not blend into the masses like all the fake ones do...

I am an ancient Queen, Not a princess....not a fucking queer..

A Pisces sent down by Neptune

A plumed serpent breathing air that turns into flames

Born unto blasphemy, my true name hidden by a complicated lie

In my dynasty, I was a sorceress..

For my dynasty, I have paid the price

I was not a very nice girl in those days

A witch abusing all my privileges with

an inflated ego..set in my narrow and self serving ways

It is quite brutal when you come back home to live with yourself, thrice around the three times three.. this time, chosen as one of the divine...

In the West, we are all to meet ...

We are the chosen nine

Thirty-Three

Monday is here once again

Today, I plan to shine

Have a decent day, even if I am alone, with the exception of a few glasses of wine

I am going to venture out and go with the flow..maybe find a way to fill my pocketbook full of Benjamin's like I have done many times before

Somehow, I am still behind and that is a fact that I can't just idly ignore

I am going to get ahead of myself now, so that I can also get ahead of all of them

Some of these relentless freaks are quicker than lightning, at least when it comes to anything that has to do with me..

You see, they are obsessed with taking for themselves that which is rightfully mine..

They are swine..pig bitches who refuse to flee

I want to make them all see how wrong they are, just like they have always been

So tired of them always trying to bask in my light...sick of them trying to veer off all my men

They don't even want to take them to have for themselves..they just get off if they can somehow scare them away from me, just to leave them in the shadows blind and alone

These sick bastards actually believe that they have the right to sit pretty in sacred thrones that do not belong to them

They want to act like they own the entire world, yet do absolutely nothing to create anything even for the sake of themselves

Lazy, worthless, sycophant liars stealing the trophies off the winners dusty shelves

From this point on, I deem them powerless

They can no longer use me to carry out their selfish little schemes

They cannot exist within my new space

They cannot invade my dreams

I have met new friends here in a much smaller town

Reaping my rewards, wearing my blessed crown

I have finally gotten over my past for good and it has been nothing less than a living Hell

Its hilarious to me that they think they have won, when its so obvious that I never fell down without immediately resurrecting to take my stand

I have been well aware of their intentions since before they were even born

Therefore, I have always been privy to their ignorance and everything that they have planned against me

I have never given even half a fuck that they cannot stand the sight of me

Guess what, I despise the thought of them too

But, I refuse to allow sadness or anger to come to my surface now, for I know that is what

they try to do to me

My emotional irresponsibility is the only way that they can ever do anything to appease themselves against me

I cannot speak the truth out loud anymore, nor will I let them see anything but my walls

They have been following my scent for many moons running with the elements every time nature calls

It has all been a huge blessing, wearing an extremely clever disguise

This epic journey that I have gone through with them all unwillingly will end leaving them in the dust blind, deaf, and dumb and has made me stronger than a yoke of oxen and wiser than they could ever fathom

I am sure that by now they must see how weak they really are

Its fucking silly how much effort they have made in vain, how much time they have wasted driving me around, while driving themselves insane

And it's all because they cannot stand the thought of me having my own life, my own love, my own fucking car

It actually makes me happy that they have gone this far, for I know I will enjoy hearing them scream , love watching them burn...

That's what they get for trying to take things that I have taken my time to earn

I will get everything back that they have decided to take

I am beyond aware of their every thought, their every move and even when I am asleep, I am awake

All of their efforts to thwart me have set my soul free...

Like I have told the world so many times , my birth number is The Christ Consciousness...

I am a thirty-three.....

8/6/2018

Nexus

*I have let them all go, those ghosts from the past
It seems like every time anything lasts, when it is no longer there ,it's imprint upon your soul
could outlast a holocaust
Right now, I am single and I truly feel like I am lost
Friends surround me now, but it's just not even close to the same
I guess I can't be happy unless I am playing the game
My problem is, I play it too well
By the time they get around to falling, I already feel trapped, like I'm stuck in Hell
I want a man who has enough balls to take the reigns
A boy who calls me on all of my shit because he truly cares, not just so that he can call a
spade a spade
Someone who adds his magic to my light, rather than leaving me in his shade
I am an expert when it comes to true passion
I have played the brutal field for way too many moons
They surround me panting like a bunch of beautifully hungry baboons
My lotus is alive
In full bloom somewhere upon my sacred lily pad
Looking for the kind of love like I have never really had completely before
I have opened up all of my windows, unlocking my front door
I made a copy of my key to give him once I see him make his move
I don't even yet know who this fucker is, but I can feel him closing in on me
I know that he exists and I know that he will be the one
My Egyptian husband, sent to me by Ra, the magnificent keeper of the Sun
For now all I can do is look damned good while I wait
My anxiety is about to become the death of me
All I can see is love and light now, or else I just may be done
Smoking gun
Beast in flames
Creature of every element but Earth
Giving birth to many souls, becoming a gateway
The Nexus
The point between the physical and the divine
Seeing the truth by knowing the signs*

***Waiting for all the soldiers to about face and stand in line to enter my domain
The truth is plain and simple, I need to find my man
Its like I don't want to make any more plans without him, whoever he may be
He needs to hurry his little ass up and come see his Nexus!
8/7/2018***

Spiraling Staircases

*Mercury is retrograde again
So, it is not just my imagination
Shit has been taking forever to happen
This entire week has been a dud
A walk through the Twilight Zone, really
Everything so off and on
Up and down
Spiraling staircases built with our minds as we have ran in circles for people all week with
very little to show for any of it
I must come up while everything backtracks
But, the problem is, everyone is trying to be on my same wavelength right now and it's
driving me butt fuck crazy
Nobody wins in the retrograde but everyone wants to be a winner
Sinners in a race toward some unseen finish line
Its all about me, me me
mine!mine!mine!
They stand in line like vultures perched, waiting to come down and eat carrion
Thankless beasts who get off on being catered to coming through the looking glass to
devour their servant prey
The machines that we play to come up on our cash are under Mercurys spell
Fighting against a backward current is useless and unwise
Time flies when you are having fun and it's been next to impossible to do so
Spiraling staircases rewinding us back to places
Twisting and turning up into the clouds
The complaint department is open all around the clock and the voices are loud and
abundantly clear
Minions sliding down the banisters of spiraling staircases everywhere leading to nowhere
Energies keep returning to themselves
Nobody can stick to their schedules
No one follows through with their plans
Spiraling staircases built with our minds
Sending our moods to desolate lands
Negativity eats vehemently at everything alive
Some people actually thrive upon it*

They cannot exist without assisting with its manifestations

Dark entities

Its why Mother Nature is on fire all around us here

To cleanse a putrid curse upon the land

They cannot contain them

Cant stand the smell of smoke in the air

Spiraling staircases everywhere that we turn

The fires will burn until retrograde returns to forward motion

When the oceans again become one with the waves....

8/14/2018

Sucker

I have lost it all- everything that I own

Time after time

Again and again

Nothing ever shocks me much these days

Cant get ahead, at least not for very long

Its wrong, the way that they chase after my luck

As if I owe it all to them and I should donate my proceeds to all of their causes, God only knows what they may be

They vary, I can say that much

I am a sucker for risk taking and, I could not imagine being anything otherwise

If you never take any chances, you can end up stiff with spiritual rigor mortis

A tortoise hiding lamely in your self centered little shell, when you used to be such a determined little hare

Its so hard for me to pretend to care about anything trivial, because it's all so wishy-washy and unreliable anyway

You cannot take stock in anything that most have to say, for they all run their cock-suckers on auto-pilot

They would rather talk than suck, which is something I will never try to comprehend, personally

I can be a chatter box as well, I won't lie

But, at least I keep the conversation interesting instead of tired and lackluster like they are

Boring, boring, boring

blah blah blah

Yack yack yack

Whatever happened to outdoor events like hop scotch and potato sack races?

Perhaps nobody can figure out how to focus on shit talking and hopping simultaneously

Laziness is definitely in the equation somewhere

It always seems to be somehow, come to think of it

They love to pin their tails on donkeys that don't belong to them

As long as they can use you, they are going to continue doing so, because they cannot exist otherwise

They are nothing without you

They are not just random, nor are they few and far between

Thus, why I have lost everything so many times

I was not aware of all their crimes until way down the road

I guess that I assumed that goodness was more prevalent than wicked ways

Betrayal has forever been common place, apparently

It isn't going away anytime soon

So, I walk on eggshells around everyone and everything that happens all around me has me taking shit personally

I know that I shouldn't, especially when I honestly don't even care, except for within a granule of my being

A microscopic part of me that has become of my once natural state

Hidden from the rest of me and forgotten about almost entirely....

Oh well, I suppose that everyone is a sucker every once in awhile...But, nobody does it better than I do.....

8/22/2018

Green

When they say that "life is too short", I don't agree because they are totally wrong

The gift of life is an eternal song

Energy never dies, it only changes form sometimes

Time is not really linear at all, it is an illusion

When the darkest clouds from the most torrential storms are given the chance to clear , they leave behind them abundance and renewal

Observe the other creatures of nature for your most poignant answers

Send all of your questions with thought patterns via whispers that ride on the wind

We all have sinned at least a few times, at least a little

Denial only brings the shadows that can lead some of us into that pit they call Hell

The minions sent to lead you there are not very strong, but are beyond relentless, indeed

With your faith, you are freed

It takes thousands of them and many hours and days to bring just one of us down that far

Falling like the star you were determined to become is a fate that is all on you, because you have to truly be one wicked mother fucker to end up being trapped in the Devils lair

Their are some who are given the gift of prophecy which gives

them visions of that desolate place and all of them seem to say that the faces that they recognize are of those who were blessed with riches that come from that demon called fame

So, they turn around and take their blessings so much for granted that they let their egos take over and thus, the game begins

Then, they are so high and mighty in their heads that they start believing that they can make their own rules

With ignorance and greed in their own little world, what else would they become but one of the biggest of all the fools?

Thankfully, the majority of this worlds most talented fools never end up going there

What would be the point of giving more than one soul could ever use to only one soul?

Obviously, that soul should see that their main prerogative then becomes to take care of everyone that has loved them enough to help them get that far...their families and their friends , and everyone else that might be in need

It makes perfect sense why so many of their lives end early, their inability to recognize their blessings thus succumbs their souls to the demon called greed

Sometimes I think that some assassins are actually messengers of God

The money mystique is an odd little thing at best...part of the big test for sure

Their is nothing wrong with desiring a little more when your heart is pure and you haven't enough to spread your spiritual wings far enough to cloak those who are deserving of your love

But, for one to actually be dumb enough to sell their souls for their fame is wrong, and clearly never a necessity

Having it all in your hands while wearing someone else's chains gains you nothing of any real value

Surely they must see that here is where their life ends...they don't really care at all...and they fall

Since I was a child I have always understood that life transcends from this point on...

Over time I have realized that there are some words out there I refuse to hear and will never verbally use

I have become aware of where they came from and what they are here to do

My knowledge is shared with only the few and the far between, which is what makes so many others so green with all of their envy.....

8/26/2018

False Pretenses

There is something about September

His birthday just passed me by

So strange that the past two weeks have been somewhat unlucky for me

The dragon and the dog

I guess that the Asians have always really known their shit

They have told me to beware, and they were absolutely correct

I don't want to just dismember his energy

I mean, I honestly fucking loved that guy and I know that he loved me too

Nothing more to do for us now but move forward, press on and I have been trying so damned hard to do so

Its like he wants to keep me hanging, if only by the most delicate, tiny thread

It feels like he loved me because I got him good drugs and gave him phenomenal head which is, sadly, the honest truth

And so it was, our connection

But, his Virgo earthiness must run rampant through his entire chart to not be able to ascertain his grasp upon his own sphere of emotions

I think he is one of the witches that he surrounds himself with which never helped matters in the slightest way

Shape-shifters changing form any time it suits them

Practicing the ancient arts only to feed their impoverished egos

Sociopaths with their greedy hands upon knowledge that they have clearly stolen, not learned

It is not at all surprising to me that so many bitches were burned upon stakes in Massachusetts

They really should have expanded their search

Got on boats and sailed across the seas to other lands, instead of staying stuck on stupid in New England

Especially, since the old one is precisely where most of those bitches were hiding out, existing under false pretenses

Identities bought with the riches made by deceiving the rest of the populace

Reptilians from Nibiru, who has returned to take them all away

Time is beyond ready to recapture them

They are not Gods, as they want to proclaim

They are behemoths

Blood thirsty, money hungry Euro-trash..

***The ones with those nasty accents that my Virgo ex-lover was so enamored by
Denying his own roots just to fit in with a white trash society***

I love him and I miss him so

Just a few months ago, or it's been nine actually..almost a year...anyway...we were solid...at least I thought so

I guess that God knows what he is doing, as well as what's really going on

I just wonder why so many have gotten so suddenly scared away..is it me?

Or is it because that I lose myself in the love of boys who have sociopath energy?

9/8/2018

Harvest Moon

All of the planets are back in forward motion now, and, what a mess they have left for me to clean up-after myself

I knew what I was doing while I was doing it

It was like some outside force had me clinging to its balls

The year has flown by so quickly

Soon, we will be decking the halls with all the bullshit that the holidays bring yet again

Reaping all that we have sown

Trying to recapture everything that we saw fly by us throughout the year

Fear so badly longs to bind me, to make me wear it like chains that are too heavy to drag behind me

The Summer rains could not fall with all the fire that came to cleanse the tainted acres of land surrounding me

All that we had planned to accomplish has yet to come anywhere close to becoming real

Giving away what little I managed to acquire just so that nobody would have the chance to steal it

I must heal the self created wounds I have suffered by falling into the same old patterns from my past, even though I had convinced myself that I had moved on

I think that there is something inside of me that goes out hunting, searching for the shit that it has gotten used to once it's finally over and completely gone

It is a beast that only I can tame

A curse that tries to attach itself to the meaning behind my name

A player, much more informed than I am in regard to the rules of this wicked little game

I am never the same as I was before

I have gotten so used to being numb

I do dumb things because I don't care too much about shit anymore

I think it's because of so many doors that I have opened have been slammed shut in my face

I am counting on the waxing of the Harvest Moon to return me when it's full to my natural beauty and state of grace

I am wishing upon all of the stars in the universe to regain once more my sacred space

Praying that the oceans tide will grab me and take me to that place I have only been a few times before

Where everything is wishes spoken upon my lips so loud and clear that there is no way anyone can ignore me....

9-11-2018

Through the Looking Glass

*You can feel the Winter before the Fall
In the air that cloaks the night
October has come already
Darkness tries to over shadow all of the Light from last year
Yes, it has already been
October third, my flight landed 2017
I was so vibrant. So ready to start anew
So green, but void of my envy
This little town didn't know what else to do with me. So I landed in jail without cause
It was all for whatever reason that the Universe had to teach me
I have come a long way, but I have lost most of the glitter that kept me moving forward
I have done so many stupid ass childish things this year
It has been a song and dance, to say the least
Its always feast or famine with me
The visions that I used to see have all been interrupted
I guess that they came upon me way too damned clear
They were stronger than some were comfortable dealing with
But , their comfort is not and will never be my concern
Every time I cater to them, they use it as their excuse for burning me
Every time I find a man, they somehow chase them far away
Make them feel inferior just because they can
Get up out of my hair, go fuck someone else's man you ignorant fucking hoes!
I got it like that, I am not sorry
That is just the way that it goes for me
Too bad, so sad
I should have kept my focus so many times
But I didn't, I failed to do so
Not much more to say or do
Its like I came here through a looking glass, and I brought
Wonderland here with me
I must have made the White Rabbit late for his date, got sedated from the Mad Hatters tea
I can't seem to catch a break
I can't stay on top, much less ahead*

It tries to make me dread the future, but I am well aware of what it is that I desire and I know what I need to do

I need to take advantage of all of the screws that are loose around here.....

10/5/2018

Revascularization

This crazy old heart of mine has reawakened, somehow..

Over the past six months or so

I have been growing older, been moving on without the likes of all the he's, the hims, the HOES of my past...and, of that I have grown old...

I'm tired

I have undergone a complete revascularizationmy heart is so ready now..

Just before the Autumn leaves have all died and have fallen

Just in time for the brutal Winter chill that will set in way too soon

Ten or more Moons have waxed and waned..have returned to their darkness, leaving me all alone with nothing more than fading, distant memories

I have been made aware, I know that living vicariously through all the stories of my life before is certainly not the wisest way to embrace the now..

A handful of hot boys got a hold of me somewhere along my roads, and embedded their intricate talismans upon my soul somehow...

Marking their territory the way that real men do

Entering my inner realm through the twisting of their bastard screws

Leaving me all Ga-ga..stuck in a Lala Land that was more like a filthy chicken coop underneath its surface..

Wallowing in the tears of my own sorrow like a pig wallows in its own poop

Coming here , over a thousand miles from them has become my therapy

The chance to regain trust in others by regaining the trust in myself

The only way I could get my head out of my ass and regroup

Heal

Maintain, somewhat, my sanity...my sanctity

With the omnipotent Creator...within ME..

The revascularization of my most valuable organs...my blood pumps correctly through my veins now..

Just waiting for the Spirits of the Ancestors to give me my cue...

Noticing all of the signals and signs...

Trying to recapitulate my mistakes and remember how I did so when I wake from my dreams..

Not long ago, I remember seeing him...the main bastard apple of my eye..when he waved it was like he had to pry his fingertips to do so...

A courtesy smirk with a insincere wave...he said hi but in dreams its all telepathy...

As crazy as it sounds, it has been the only thing that has saved me from falling back into a

dismal abyss..

As crazy as it is, I still miss them all...

I have nobody but myself to blame for allowing myself to fall so deeply into that shit they call "LOVE"....

As above, so below...indeed.....

October 21, 2018

Mockery

I would not be a bit surprised if one day I were to cross paths with a Hispanic leprechaun who is packing ten inches of erectile bliss...

A midget knight in shining armor who keeps my pot of sacred gold hidden at the foot of a beautiful rainbow

Tattooed from head to toe...

One of those boys out there who still look for that traditional housewife who doubles as an insatiable acrobatic nympho...

Swagger, off the chain...and dick for days

Mind of an ancient scribe who has followed the scent of my sacred lotus since Egypt, when Ptolemy did proudly reign..

I have forever been a true wind dancer, so I can only imagine my essence riding upon the winds of an African heat wave..

The last boy who arrived to claim his turf must have missed his mark by a very narrow margin...or maybe he thought he would fare well by playing ridiculously hard to get...

I know that we were set in stone that night back in January..everything seemed as if it was right on point..

Then, as always, those nasty fucking harlots started crawling out of our woodwork...and there was one in particular who, it turns out, was a goddamned pro...

Somehow, she had me ...down to my sales of high end wallets and handbags...it was like I was staring at a portrait of the person I planned to eventually be...like my long lost great aunt ...our hair color even matched..

Then, suddenly I understood her brilliance in the form of schemes and mockery against me...everything she stood for was a lie.....the way she plays the game

She left six dollars in an envelope at the front desk of her chiropractor with a note that told me to get on the bus and meet her in Reno....

I thought that I was on my way to meet that boy who said he was going to get us a Tuscany suite at the Peppermill hotel and casino...that was part of our plan

But, as it turns out, he was a bitch playing right alongside her...a piss poor excuse of a man..

I was convinced that I held the truth in the palm of my hand...but nothing at all came anywhere near to becoming the way it was planned...

Then again, come to think of it, these are MY PLANS that I speak of here...if ever they fall upon any other ear, then they cease to ever exist

I have missed the same tired old cunt of a train way too many times before..

But, those were only plans...you bitch ass mother fuckers can't touch my fantasies...in fact, I dare any of you to even try..

Your hater faces that your mother couldn't even love looking forward trying to surpass me..your whore legs behind you tilted as far as you can get them up in the sky....

Why me?

I will ask you all this simple question as many times as it takes for all of you to get a fucking clue...

You could not handle being me, believe me...and You will never succeed in making my existence weak and unfortunate , as are the likes of every one of you..

Just for the sake of lackluster curiosity, can you explain to me what it is that you expect out of me, other than what you have stolen in your own sweet time?

I cannot give you the rhythm that you were born without, nor the words for you to scramble until you figure out your rhyme..

I won't let you rob anyone of the shit that you have not earned nor commit the crimes that you commit thinking you will come out in the clear..

You all listen in to everyone else's business so often that you cannot possibly ever hear your own call from within...

Helen Keller, reincarnated in exchange for mortal sin, which becomes a win, win situation for all.....

10/21/2018

Phantoms

Never tell another soul

About your thoughts

Your plans

Your goals

Just make your wish upon an inner map and etch it into your visual sphere

Invite your Spirits to come and guide you

Speak words that only you can hear

They are the reaper that they say not to fear

You never know who sent who

From where nor from when

Which incarnation

When you reap your rewards, remain silent, stationary

Show gratitude

Exude confidence by sharing your light with all of those who do not vanish in a cloud of their own fear

Those who hear you are meant to

Messengers from God

Angelic Beings

Spirit guides

Gurus

Shamans

Teachers

Listen to everything that they have to say

The false ones will try to pray for forgiveness

Or ask you to help them, in which case you oblige

Help them find the light that they have lost sight of within themselves

They should not ask of anything more from you

If they do, you have the right to deny them of anything that they are capable of creating themselves

It is not your job to dust their shelves

To help them out of their messes by getting their messes all over you

The only ones who really have the right to do their shit are themselves

Do not fall prey to their little tricks nor any of their blasphemous schemes

This is why you never see them anywhere in your dreams

Phantoms can only torment those who are wide awake

Drive stakes in the places where their hearts once thrived

Do not be taken by the dead

10/22/2018

Scrutiny

*Everything has forever been obvious to me
Even when the planets are all working against my astral chart, I can still see
I am seeing it all so clear here in this tiny town that I am tempted to start walking around
blindfolded
I am worried..for them, not for myself
I don't exactly know what it is that they assume about me
All that I know is that they are all ludicrous assumptions
Here, they all pull rabbits out of their own asses because they think that wearing top hats is
what puts them all on blast
With me, they are on blast, no matter what they say or do
Its like this everywhere I roam
Here in Carson City, it is quite an entertaining show at times
The offspring of rich bastards that become even worse than their parents
Uneducated, spoiled, rotten little twits who are all convinced that they run some powerful
little clique
If that were really the case, they would understand how to treat real friends who truly have
their backs
It is not that serious
It is more lame than it is sick and deranged
Its a mixture of Mr Rogers Neighborhood meets Breaking Bad which, to me, seems
unnecessarily strange
I know that I am here for more than what I originally had thought
In fact, I am actually way past due
When I was trapped in Reno in 2012, I know now what I was there to do
Somehow, I succeeded on a far greater level than even was expected of me
It is time for me to start cracking my whip, both physically and spiritually
I think that I am here to help look after the less fortunate and the mentally ill
Here to spread the lessons that I have learned over many , many years
I must learn to know when it is time to move on and when it is time to remain placid,
complacent, still..
I must not be in fear of being recognized by one of the walking dead
I can see that some of them have started to figure out just who the fuck I really am
So, now, of course they think they have the right to know why I am here
What it is that I may happen to do in my leisure time
They start trying to ride their shovels through my tailwind of bliss to piss all over me like I am*

their territory..

Take what they choose and leave me to pay their fucking bill

Are they actually convinced that any of their antics are anything even remotely new to me?

I am way too high up upon my own cloud for them to ever hope to even get the slightest clue, and there is not a damned thing that any of them can do about it, as usual

They are supposed to be some kind of assassins who wear their hair up in buns to intimidate, but it only annoys me

Buns are what the ladies wear when they are cooking or cleaning house

They look like dog shit, especially upon the heads of subhuman mutts

They should save their pennies to pay a seamstress to scalp them and sew them to their butts like a bunch of cottontail bunny rabbits who are losing their fur

That will be the day for sure

I should call up all the homies back home to come show this place what a real clique is

Stuck between hydraulics from sticking their noses so far up in my biz

I think that they assume I am some faggot pussy just because I look good, I am intelligent, and I look like I am white

They even try to whistle blow my private life and mock me for being a child of the night

Hello, dipshits, we live in Nevada

The time of any given day is not only irrelevant, but an illusion

Penile Intrusion is on the top of my list of skills

Nobody pays any of my fucking bills

Here in Nevada, they have always assumed that must be what happens for a bitch who lives and loves like me

They can't even see shit that is an inch in front of their faces, so what makes them so damned sure that they will ever see shit about me?

They think that their must be something more that I am not telling them, as if I have any need at all to hide

They think that everyone must be the cowards that they strive all the time to be

They have forever lied to everyone, including themselves, which is the silliest shit I think I have ever seen

They always insist that it is me that is not coming clean because they don't understand me or how I do the things I do

Convinced that who I suck or screw belong to someone else which must be themselves if they have gone so far out of their way to point their fingers to anyone besides the guilty one which is always them

Owning up to your own bullshit is an absolute must if you ever want to accomplish anything that is worth a fuck

But, everyone has their own idea of what that entails, and most of the time they fail in their ability to explain it sensibly

They all have opinions that reek more than the sweatiest, fattest crotch in the crowd

Unfounded, and conveniently interchangeable and easy for them to hide

It is so funny to witness the distortion in their faces as they realize that they are paying the price of all the times they have run scared

Their body language becomes a permanent flail

Their motor functions quickly wane

Then Mother Moon retreats to her darkness and they become lost in space like they are in an episode of the Twilight Zone

I can see how insane many people really are

You see, it is a little gift God has given to those of us who are smarter than any numerical value in what the scientists call an I.Q.

Scrutiny is always overly indulged upon by the ones who have to dig

With us, there is never a need for second glances or opinions

We are who we are, and they are the socially inept..

All they ever try to do is intercept our pathways....

11/7/2018

Parallax View (Dynasty Part 2)

Drunk on the wine that has fermented with time

Ancient soul, I am indeed...

In this lifetime I have struggled a great deal but, at least I have managed to free myself from the karmic chains I have worn since I was born..

Sworn in by the Omnipotent Creator, my master

I have done my best to walk along a somewhat decent path

The Dynasty of Ptolemy where I am from was filled with the most sinister wrath one could ever imagine

In fact, strangers still fear me to this day

Some see me coming in the distance, and before I even see who they are, they flee like cockroaches in the opposite way

There is always some witch that pops out of nowhere and insists that she will pray for me, and I try to tell her that she could not possibly know how

Like I am expected to pretend like the offer wows me in some type of way

As if I should bow down before her and thank her for becoming a bridge to mercy...while I kiss her conniving feet

In my dynasty, I was beaten into a pulp and swallowed by the crocodiles who outline the banks of the Nile

I should be nothing more than a pile of bones, according to what the textbooks say

I know how to play the game better than most

I am not a host for he vampires to latch onto, yet, still they insist upon trying to feed

Its not my job to supply everyone else with the shit they have convinced themselves that they need

Still, I bleed for them anyway inside and out

I go without for them all the time

Its a crime of compassion that I seem to commit just about every day in ways that many of them don't even honestly deserve

The nerve of them for coming back like a boomerang of bullshit with some plan to finagle me for more...

When I was a whore in a former life, at least they paid me in cash...it has left a permanent imprint upon me

I lash out at innocent bystanders way too often

I am not perfect, but I plan to be eventually

A born visionary who sees right through the veil into the world beyond

My magic wand has been stored away

Hidden from view

If only they knew the shit that runs rampant through my brain, they would admit themselves to an insane asylum for sure

Impure fantasies to release my Earthen pain from living the life of a wind dancer, with the heart of a rain maker

I will never be the answer when searching for some random part of you

Soul searcher who sees every new horizon through a very parallax view..

Forsaken

This time of year really gets to me

I believe that the Jewish people are correct in their belief of fake holidays

Last November, I was in Chico prancing around in booty shorts and rubber boots..turning heads of so many beautiful boys..

I went to visit my prostitute friend who I have known for twenty two years...she paid for me to go there and expected me to have all kinds of money that I didn't have..so, she made me walk the streets which ended up being a crazy fun time

I was robbed twice of all of my earthly possessions..well, a lot of them anyway.

I was engaged, or so I thought to a guy I have been through it with for many years...

Had I known that by December he would have forsaken me, I would have swallowed my fears and eaten up every ounce of attention I was getting in a more physical kind of way..

To this day, I am unsure of why he has forsaken me and all of our plans

But, I leave it all in the hands of my Creator

To the Gods and Goddesses

To the Spirits Divine

I throw it now into the flames that burn right where I was this time last year

It was all just his fucked up way of doing things for it was done to him over and over ever since his departure from his real Mothers womb

He was adopted three times and the two that he ended up with are both witches from different lands

I have been forsaken by him now again at the hands of their false idolatry with all their Bruja reindeer games

This has happened to us again and again

They don't condone he and I even being brothers or best friends

Instead, they would rather all see him forsaken after they all go

I once made a promise to her that I would take care of him after she is gone

But, that promise was never really to her

I tried to include her in everything he and I were engaged in, which was truly a stupid thing for me to do

What really sucks, is that it has happened before

I was actually dumb enough to believe that she would willingly pull her fat ass up into the figure eight of infinity along with the rest of us

But, it so happens that I was wrong

I was completely out of my mind for allowing her in this last time around

I was convinced that somehow that bitch had found some sort of peace within herself

I forget that she has been forsaken by most of her blood as well

They most likely finally said " to Hell with her" like I have..I personally understand exactly why now

I know a lot of things that I guess I never did while I was close to him

God must have something to do with why he went away

Or, maybe him forsaking me was the price that I had to pay for something else

So, now my debt has been paid but I still have him lingering in my brain...

Perhaps, he has not forsaken me at all....

11/12/2018

Gypsies

I really don't know what else I am supposed to do for them, other than what I have already done..

I feel like their Mother

Working my ass off day and night while they roam around like gypsies looking for other people's jewels

With minds that are smart enough to create something for themselves other than masterminding and adopting the actions of moronic fools

I am done doing great things for the ungrateful

I want to put my head together with others who are on my level

Work together to make this world a better place

There is no time for people who disgrace themselves continually

Those who never learn and who don't have any desire to listen to logic nor reason

Tis the season to focus on Love and Light

To unify in the name of whatever it is that you call God, for holiness lies within the collective psyche of us all

Forgive the darkness for taunting you..it was your choice to have given in

We all sin whenever it so suits us

Do not harbor guilt, for you are never alone

Condone your own behavior and then, most everyone else have no choice but to agree

Go with the flow of nature, for it is governed by the divine

A mine is where humans rape Mother Earth for monetary gain

It is not all about you or me or anyone in particular

Yet, we all have times when we fight for the false bliss that is found in the limelight

We broadcast our innermost private lives all over Social Media for nothing more than recognition

Who really cares? Not many

I want to be around those who live in real time....

But, even the gypsies have their faces stuck in their phones...everyone condones that these days

MK Ultra is a very real thing, apparently

There is a price to pay for recognition...it's the poor mans form of fame

Getting out of the game entirely is the key

I quit playing a long time ago, so, I expect all these idiot players to stop trying to make their moves vicariously through me

I refuse to be a part of a plan without knowing exactly what it entails

I am a big city bitch in a garden full of snails with trails that they can't hide from me

I was definitely not born yesterday

This is not my first rodeo

They don't want to play with me

I really don't know what it is you think I have to give you other than some love and light

You all lost sight of yourselves on your own....

11/8/2018

Cease Fire

The rage of human envy is collective and it's real

When we are pushed to our boiling points by the nagging persistence that comes from energies outside of ourselves, it becomes a sign that their sick idea of success has been achieved...

With me, I can say that I deal with very strange things all the time...

It is hard to tell if it is because they are jealous of my many admirers or for my uncanny knack of stacking the Benjamin's up high..

So, my hard earned money vanishes into thin air somehow, and the one who suffers the consequences is me..

So what?

Wow, I could see if it was me approaching, thus, disrupting your day...

As long as it becomes my loss, you bitches are sickeningly gratified..

Well, guess what, I lied to all of you every time that I said that I cared...

That lasted for merely a moment in linear time..

So, tenfold become all of my blessings, much to their shagrin..

I got out of the game, and it was not even close to easy...but what's the point in playing a game that you already know you will win.?

It is over and done as are the likes of all of you..

I am not required to tolerate your same old bullshit in any sort of way..

You have all been forgiven...so give up...cease fire!

I am outside of your tangled little web now hunting down things that hide under rocks to toss in your web and rip you to shreds...drain your blood...eat you...

You are the mess you wove yourselves like you were trying out for the lead in Charlotte's Web.

When your brain waves crossed your wires with the currents of Mother Earth..

I am Nuit, the Egyptian Goddess giving birth to all of the particles of the Universe..

I have rehearsed this blessed moment in time for centuries and light years

I have not many fears if even one...it is hard to tell the difference between intuition and fear

I feel like I am right where I belong because my blood was as his was and my faith has forever remained steady and strong

I am grateful for everything, even my losses...as much as my gains, well maybe not as much , but also

Grateful for what remains stationary like it belongs there , grateful for feeling I belong somewhere once again

The whole world lies at my fingertips and at the tips of all of my toes, who have been completely denied of the Asian retreats I once could afford...I ignored my true duties then

I am here to gather up my long lost children to take them all under both of my ancient, golden wings..

By the time it comes time to take them all with me and return to my native land in the south west , I may be able to fly the fucking airplane myself...

I see no reason why not..I can do anything that I desire, as long as I do my part on the material plane as well

I have never really believed there is some other place called Hell, and the Heavens have never been a singular space...

Time and place run parallel

All of their circle jerking around, hopping around like moronic bunny rabbits on crack all around me is History, incorrectly told tales of what took place in the past

I will leave all of you in your shambles, choking on my dust

Gone, without memory

No trace of any of you shall remain

I am done

I am so pleased that I have been so popular in your sick ideas of fun for far too long, take care now..

I am nothing at all like I used to be...not even a little bit

You all could have quit ages ago..you should have saved all the energy that you have wasted chasing after mine for yourselves, as you normally would..

But, it looks like you've spent all of it on wanting to be me..

Here, I will pen here my big secret ...two words only of my advice and here it is, are you ready....?

"just be"...

11/18/2018

Pantheon

The hidden agendas are not working

Yet, they continue to make ludicrous plans

Everything we have ever known has never been in the palms of the hands of the famous nor the rich

Once solemn individuality has been obtained, then, one must reach out to the others who walk their path

The like-minded

The Earth Angels, messengers sent from the Gods

The ones that relentlessly play their silly little manipulative games have always been the ones with the worst odds

They work against themselves, thus, against each other

Their survival, thus far has only been possible because so many of them, for whatever reason have chosen to unite

With their false belief systems and ego-driven laws, written by the hands of elitists, who are liars to the utmost extreme

Their greed, rampant and everlasting

Ever growing

Never changing for anything but the worst

The verses of ancient scripture misinterpreted

Rewritten just to please themselves, to reawaken the dulling of their senses

Just because they were able, they went there and did it

Scrambling the sentences, making hidden the paragraphs that they felt were written only for them

Taking out the pieces that make the stories make sense rather than confuse you in the name of whomever wrote which excerpt in a big fat book filled with bullshit

Hodge podge that has been altered hundreds of times over hundreds of years gone by

To suit whatever purpose that may have arisen in whatever junction in time

The deities were many back in those days and now they insist that there is only one

We are governed by a pantheon, and this has forever been

The holy names have faded with passage, too many left to be forgotten...

To each and every one of them, some sort of homage must be made somehow, some way

Over eons and centuries, sacrificial offerings have varied..the only contingency was that it be made with the life force

The Baraka

The manna

The blood

of infants

Virgins

Martyrs

Seers

Sages

High Priests and Priestesses

Anything alive who was born with the Power that the Underworld craves

Their slaves multiply more and more every day

Every time a new contract is signed in the fluid that breeds fame

Their Pantheon is a malevolent, wicked one

False idolatry is their specialty

The vessel that they ride upon gracefully to titillate the asses, the donkeys that they love to use

Sheep

Cattle

Whatever

They are livestock and they are eaten as well

Like beef, lamb, chickens

Beasts of burden that the ancients revered

Held sacred

Not worshipped, but respected

Nothing went to waste in the days of old, when one learned all that they knew by studying the laws of the land

From the observance of the movement in the Heavens

When intuition could not possibly be ignored

Then the rains poured down and flooded the land

Sprinkled from the hands of a Holy Pantheon

An ark built by the hands of one man who was touched by divinity to tame the beasts into following him

Fueled by the will to remain alive

A new race governed by a holier Pantheon

One

Thus, the All Seeing Eye

Marked by the only Star , our Sun that exists in our vantage point on Earth

The Fire risen in the Air that is our Sky

Worshipped as the almighty God on the day of the Sun which is also a one

The first day of every week

Seeking enlightenment and, falsely, forgiveness for living naturally

Becoming the willing victims of that shit they call sin

Women and men were created, essentially, the same

But, the human race cannot seem to vacate the bigotry that has littered and stained the past

They insist upon holding onto a hypothesis that was concocted by someone who was obsessed by the idea of procreation which is a notion, not a necessity

It has not been such a thing since Adam and Eve got their curious little asses evicted from the garden

Another metaphor in a myriad of metaphors

A pantheon, channeled through mortal minds and written with idle hands

Chopped and screwed and translated by mouths overshadowed by demons

Their credibility stems from rhetorical balderdash

God is a Pantheon, not just one guy

Nothing else makes any sense and when shit don't make sense then it is probably not true

The proof in life has always been right there in the pudding which is not instant but is a continual process...

One that very few were meant to translate...

11/28/2018

Pagan Lie

Ugh...

It is that time of year again..

Feast or famine

Never an even, steady flow

And, when planets start to go into retrograde motion on top of it all, it all wells up inside us

Anxiety takes us over and we blow our fuses

We cannot accept any interruption within our plans

Its best not to even make them, for they will never pan out according to plan

Our interactions are uncontrollable like they normally are

The Internet takes forever to browse

Someone slashes all the tires of your one and only car

It makes you feel like running a marathon but you can't seem to ever get anywhere, for your lucky stars don't sparkle for you

Sometimes the holiday season drags by and we feel like we are mud wrestling

Fighting against a relentless current that blows Arctic air into your ears and does not stop until it reaches your brain

All of the pain and anguish you have ever known comes at you full force in attempt to rob you of your crown

The Spirits are not too pleased with folks who keep giving all the praise to a dude who was born in July, NOT December..

Our holidays are Pagan, which is just Holy in a much better way

It is all just a game that the Powers That Be play with our checking accounts

An ancient trick to put the wealthy in financial disarray, debt

That way, that insures that they will always be ahead of us somehow

We allow it because we are taught that is the right thing to do

You owe nobody anything

Its the thought that counts, or so they say

But, do they ever allow anyone to get away with thinking out loud without making sure that they put your shit on blast in front of the crowd.?

Hell No, that would indeed be the fucking day

Listen carefully to the words in the carols before opening up your heart to the words that you sing

There are hidden agendas in the words that, when spoken in vibrato, make the Bells of Hell start their ringing

We cling on to Father Christmas just like we cling to Father Time

Christmas is a big fat Juicy Pagan lie and it tells us so right to our faces

Every kid is smart enough to know that reindeer can't fucking fly and the fact that people get fat because they are gluttonous and

lazy

That damned sleigh must be the size of a Mother Ship

This is still the Season of the Witch

It is all an excuse for them to take all your money in vain

My family buys tickets for the Polar Express every year, which is buying into an enormous fucking scam ..

Three hundred dollars to ride a fantasy train

They keep with traditional just because they can

For Christmas I want my two front teeth, a money tree, and another wazoo

That way, any man I want will become mine

I will turn the Pagan lie into blessings from energies divine

The North Pole does have intergalactic portals in time, so the idea of Christmas is in the sublime

It is derived from truth within the mysteries of the occult

When they try to make it biblical, it becomes a Pagan lie

To return to Eden, we must all learn how to use our wings to fly

We must teach our children the true magic of ancient lore, instead of telling them that Christ was born in December and turning truth into a Pagan lie....

11/29/2018

Infinity

Winter has overtaken the skies

Ice floats through the air

Becoming more aware of my surroundings

Realizing all that I can do

It seems that I am never through with all the obstacles

The hurdles that I must leap to move on

Last year, I could really feel the warmth of the Holiday Season

This year, all of that glory is gone

I do not know if I will ever meet my true match

But, I have faith that one day it will occur

Most likely after I have fixed my teeth that were damaged by a bastard that I met in that whirlwind that ended up taking me hostage, leaving all of my sensibility in a blur

I still think about him here and there and I hope and pray that he is happy and that all is well

Hell has had him wrapped up in its chains since birth and his only family has had him under their vehement spell

The day will come sooner than he knows when that selfish Mother of his gives up and dies

Her lies will dissipate in thin air

He will be broken and alone

He may come crying to me with all of his pain but I don't think that I will be able to pretend that I still care

It is insane how many times that we have been taken in circles that are all one in the same

So many times he has left me on my own to suffer as I simultaneously had no other choice but to become a master of loves wicked game

He said all these kind words about me to my sister , telling her that he never wanted me to feel left out or alone

Then, he turned right around and played me for a fool, suddenly unable to condone me for who I am

It is like he could not stand the fact that I have discovered who I am and that I don't give a fuck about who can or cannot stand me

He is all about trying to appease the crowd

He told my Mother that I am too much for him now..whatever....

Until nobody else can offer him anything and he has been worn down to his final straw, wherein he will become like martial law, tracking me down like a madman

He will hunt me like the wolf that he has always been

I can't let him win me over this time

I am absolutely done

When he pulled his bullshit a year ago, I made sure that his little game would ultimately be won by me

So much so that there is a very good chance that I won't ever see him in this incarnation again

But if it so happens that I do, I must seal for good our fate..

I will tie him to my fucking ankle and drag him out of his circular nightmare so together we can finally proceed and make our figure eight....

12/7/2018

Centaurs

For as long as I can remember, the Archer has surrounded me

Bow, cocked and ready

They always want my sex, my love..

Even though they do tend to be quite pains in the ass, they are a great challenge to undertake

I wake each morning all alone these days

My throne is adorned with dried up rose petals

The atmosphere is blanketed with the acrid scent of patchouli, which is powerful for we , the fishes

A Piscean Sun, under which I have been born..

The Asians see me as the Fire Dragon, draped with auspicious luck yet haunted by my own hidden scorn..

The occult was sent here to taunt me

Torn between the wrath of a flying serpent and the duality of the double fish

My wishes all come true eventually

Patience is a virtue that I have never completely owned

Perhaps this is what connects me to the Centaurs

I never get too far without crossing paths with another Sagitarian sister or brother

They all seem to desire me as a friend or at least a fuck

Draw back your arrows and release

You never seem to cease fire

I am the dragon bitch that all the boys just want to be abound

chill out with, paint my rusty wagon

They just adore dragging me around

A connection to the Centaurs has somehow found me

Blessed be to all who come and go

I know that I am not always your answer

But, then again I really am at times

The Centaurs are my paradigms

My babies

My friends

If opposites can attract and repel like we do, pestilence may very well end somehow through me and my connection with all of you....

12/10/2018

Catharsis

Dragons blood resin perfumes my atmosphere

My soul is almost through with my purge

Catharsis has become my savior over the past year

The urge to carry on with my destined journey finally made something within me snap

I was filled to my brim with false excitement

I was convinced that I had fought my way to finding paradise, in a sense

Turns out, I still have not ever been there, except for somewhere in my dreams

I am no stranger to juggling extremes at all

Feast and famine

Everything and nothing much

Mountains and molehills are all the same to me

There has always been some sort of beauty I have found hidden somewhere within all of my intense experiences

My entire life has been cathartic, over all

I always remember to stop and think about the lessons I have learned now, instead of becoming prey to a pack of hyenas by blowing all of my fuses at once

The dunce cap I once wore is now a shimmering fedora..

I feel like I am Britney Spears

So many years it has taken me to understand what I need to do to feel comfortable in my own skin

I win them all over when I perform

The storms of my creative exposure have been brewing for much longer than just awhile now

I am hated on because they all want my energy, my talent, my style

Mimic me then bitches, please feel free...

All it does is serve my already inflated ego, which is why you all became so envious and intolerant of me to begin with

I am well aware that mine is a finicky, impossible whore

You all adore me, just go on, admit it, move on

Gone never means forever

Disappearing acts are a clever way to figure out who it is that even remotely cares

Its funny how many never notice that you were ever missing

You were lost within yourself, kissing your lds fat little bitch of an ass

A somewhat intelligent way to pass through the beast they call Father Time

Rythym and rhyme are Siamese twins

When one of them is injured, the other one simply gives in and dies

How cathartic it is to uncover all the clandestine lies that stubbornly cling to your breath

You are wasting your time figuring out how to not be real

They will steal all of your Light one way or another anyway

All of the things that our minds make us say create causes that naturally come with their effects

Catharsis of your soul is the only hope of the removal of all the hexes that you put upon you on your own..they were born from nobody but you

There are very few of us who will ever truly understand this shit, which is scary to say the very least

Purge yourselves now before your spirit becomes infected by an invisible yeast infection....

12/10/2018

Queen

*My children keep arriving
So do my new friends
I am starting to end my negative thoughts patterns
Stopping to look both ways before crossing streets
I have stood at crossroads many times before
My heart cannot ignore me now
Shit really does go both ways
Being lazy doesn't pay the bills
My will is strengthening more and more every day
In a way, I feel like I am still a Queen..but I need someone to sit beside me on my throne
Never alone, yet still missing something big
My will is to find myself a man, the perfect one
My idea of perfect is different than it has ever been before
I am wiser
I have become like granite, solid and immovable
Magical and healing
My feelings have become much easier to cloak
When they come at me , it's always a funny joke
Give them a toke, a smoke, a dollar
Anything to send them on their way
I am the point of no return at times
Enough is enough when enough is enough
There is no way around it with me
I am real, single, sexy, free
Live and let live
Love and let love
Honor each other, blessed be!
They know somehow to come to me and I feel terrible that I cannot always respond
I often need my alone time, even when I am in love
I don't know why that is, but I know it's what is best for me
I should always cater to its wishes
For, when they are successfully avoided, soon after comes the wrath
Hell hath no fury like the hidden side of me*

***Its just what ends up happening when mother fuckers keep coming at me sideways
Just leave me the fuck alone you ignorant, greed-ridden imbeciles!
I am only the one bitch even though I am good at what I do
Who are any of you to push me further after I have already told you fools no?
You think I am a heartless cunt?
Well, you haven't seen jack shit yet, try me
You have all put your own asses behind me trying to get the fuck ahead
Really?
Fuck, it's hard enough just keeping ahead of myself
You couldn't be me, believe me
You are wrong when you become envious of me
A Queens existence is the furthest thing from easy....
12/10/2018***

Dead Flowers

It's hard to believe that so many are actually still so deceived

By facts that were never spoken as such, only written down by ancient hands..

Tricksters with very intelligent plans...

Circus clowns of the ago, throwing shit out there to see where they might someday land

These idiots are convinced that they are in the know because they are able to read what was written down in obsolete languages like hundreds of years ago..

Didn't any of them ever play the telephone game when they were in grade school?

The end result always makes a fool out of everyone involved..

So, what exactly is it that makes ancient scripture any more magical? Is any book you have ever read one hundred percent true?

People are not known for running around doing the shit that they're told, unless they are making money or have a gun to their head..

The past is over, done, and gone..The Apostles and Saints have been dead for a very long time..

It was all just a very clever way to put the populace in check using the easiest weapon ever made-human fear...

Why is it that so many believe everything that they read, yet ignore everything they see or hear?

The Apostles still exist today, you see them all the time..

Those who constantly preach the supposed gospel while drawing out the blueprints that later convict them for committing blasphemous crimes..

The Bible itself even warns us that they will forever exist and that they will return..

Think of all those who you give second chances to, just so that they can burn your asses again?

People never really change

Who we are is who we are

We are our own creators, not wishes granted made when we happen to notice falling stars..

Cause and effect are Science, and so then is karmic debt..

It all comes back around like those who return to us holding dead flowers in hand after we have already suffered, after all of our tears have been wept..

Forgiveness does not mean stay dumb..

Just let them move on to work someone else..

The battle is already over by then and you have actually already won..

Stop looking to the metaphorical past for answers to the issues you face today..

Its a huge play on words that you won't be able to decipher without a clear head that can move the letters around..its a puzzle

When they start that preaching shit out of that book, throw them a muzzle while kicking their asses to the curb..

Have them arrested for disturbing your peace because that is all that they live to do..

Quoting shit written by folks they never heard of before and certainly never knew...and they will continue yapping until they are blue in their god damned faces ...

See, without convincing you with their versions of the past, they lose their places here on this Earth...so, do your part to collectively feed them to the worms...

12/16/2018

Baboons

*Running on the thinnest ice
I have been nice and naughty all year
The fear of failure is the price I am paying for running a mock like a pig headed fool
So many have been so cruel to me
I am seeing this place in a different light
The creatures of the night stay camouflaged, waiting to take a bite out of me
I cannot hide behind sunglasses and a stocking cap anymore
I am too honest to save myself from suffering at the hands of petty mortals
I travel through the portals of time
Morpheus still laughs at me in the backdrop of my dreams
He is just a trickster like me
So, I laugh with him at all the baboons to induce their silent screams
I awake each day renewed
Filled with the gift of the Light called life
I know that the knife in my spine will keep turning, that the hatred for me most likely won't
ever end
I can send them where I choose to now
I know how to mend broken hearts, how to soothe their spiritual wounds
I have had no other choice but to learn how to survive, for I have forever been followed by a
troop of hungry baboons..
They have forced me to become one of them too many times..
Fighting over carrion..they all love devouring my scraps
Perhaps I should just give in
Become one with the tundra, the flora, the fauna..
Instead I remain level with lots of wine and marijuana
Every time I am doing well, they can smell that I am ahead..
Here comes the troop led by militant dipshits..
So, I call my congregation of crocodiles to devour them, and it's way too late for them then
After they have all been defeated, somewhere down the line, another ape is born again
And they breed and multiply..
Before I know it, I am at the fucking zoo..
I am so through with this circus act of primordial nonsense, I think I may lose it..
I am afraid I might shapeshift into a predator and go in for the kill..rip their flesh away from
their bones..*

***Something within me condones their crap..they get away Scott free every damned time
Poaching monkeys is not even a crime here in the old Wild West..***

They are sent to test me, I am quite sure

I don't see why they can't get that I always win

They smell success dripping down my flesh, coming out of the pores of my skin..

How long must I be pursued by them, does this chase to nowhere ever end?

***I can't imagine this going on for very many more moons..I won't be followed into my forever
by these fucking savage baboons....***

12/18/2018

Seismic Activity

I must have been in a deep restful sleep two days ago..

It just dawned on me why I overheard the old ladies at work carrying on about Nevada being number three in seismic activity

Sitting here with three other people talking as they retreat here from the bitter Winter chill of late December

Talking about all the crazy shit that they remember from their past

I have just sat here listening

Wondering what it is I am supposed to take on and otherwise

Something that they harbor looks for reasons to despise me...as if it's my job to take care of them like my children

I denied the one that I met in the laundry room just earlier last night the right to use my tiny abode to store all her belongings

I have been there, done that way too many times..

In fact, I'm already storing three other people's shit right now..

Its beginning to look like a shelter in here, which I suppose is not a huge ordeal..

I just refuse to be associated with anyone else's drama

I am done with that version of me

I am trying desperately to get ahead so that I can buy a car, travel, expand..

I am not ever again going to just hand over anything that I become without myself unless they can open up and truly be a part of me for real..

Not some lazy bastard just here to steal my soul

The after shock hit and I saw physically what seismic activity can do

The energies have been criss -crossing the paths of the spirits all night long

I just don't have the strength to worry about what is right or wrong with anybody else right now

They need to learn how to fend for themselves as I have had no other choice but to do myself so many times before..

As I think I have mastered somewhat finally now..

It is past the time for them to all move up out of my way and let me breathe my own air

I have been made aware through seismic activity occurring when I was within my deepest dreams..

So, all that I have to say to them is to do some deeper dreaming....

12/20/2018

Jezebel's Expose

The whore was not only of Babylon

She has marked her territory everywhere that the land protrudes from the water

She has existed since time immemorial

A vicious, conniving centipede

Deadly poisons at the tips of her hundred pointed toes..

Like a sexually deviant breed of porcupine

Feeding off of paranoid thought patterns which end up inducing jealousy and malice that spills out all over her atmosphere

She hunts down the estrogen that has been traveling through jungles wherever it inhabits to settle down and to breed..

She preys upon the egos of the needy and the weak

Her specialty is men who are obviously too queer to convince anyone that they are real men

They are her Turkish Delight in her Fantasy Land of Narnia (the uncut version)...

Beings like myself are their branded victims from the moment of our births..

We are the children of the Night..

She finds it easiest to latch onto those who have a feminine way about their souls...

Until they learn, they do not have the slightest clue..

She goes unnoticed until she knows what she is doing

The Spirit of Jezebel runs rampant in this New World that really does not have any Order at all

She pollutes the air with the chaos that is her terminal bliss

She pisses all over you and all that you own and you don't even know that she's there ..

She wants to take away all your good mojo just as it starts finally flourishing..

Before anything has the chance to grow wings, much less its testicles ..

She is truly convinced that she is the Be All End All of fucking everything..that it was all put in HER world for HER benefit but nobody else's ..

Tormenting pirates and sailors into believing in apparitions that are now a piece of their past..

Sirens, enchanting men off of their high horses..leading them to their lairs so that they can take all their money then eat the flesh away from their bones...

Jezebel is in the primordial moans of pleasure waiting for her chance to turn everything around in favor of herself, who is the Only thing that She is capable of serving..

She has mastered her art so well that she can actually survive forever, as long as she is in cohorts with a hypocritical human being...

She especially hates me because I am always seeing her pull her wicked bullshit...

but I care so little, that I made a vow to compose this expose for all of you...

Your intuition about bitches is ALWAYS TRUE..so, don't keep fooling yourselves by believing that you suddenly have a wonderful new friend...

12/22/2018

Portals

Thinking back to this same time last year

My fiancé arrived with his twat of a mom

Then, almost immediately our moms were together

Two days later, she arranged for them to fly back first class to Albuquerque..they were gone before Christmas even came

His name will forever linger upon the breath that I breathe..

I won't ever be able to find it in me to harbor hatred for that man, because he has always been like a best friend and a brother to me..

We had something magical that nobody else could stand..

It has happened with others in my life since then..

They all love me so much that they can't find it in them to have basic respect for anyone that I call my men

Of course, they are all the same bitches who have held onto shit that's never been as if someday it will suddenly be..

They cannot set themselves free from their vacant ideals..

I have been there many a time before, so what I am saying is shit that I know first hand..

Portals have opened up every time that I have loved and there was always something that I allowed to come through that saw to it that nothing ever went as we had planned..

I know now that making plans is not necessary when you are in love..

In fact, they become the blueprint to all of your madness...

Portals were created by haters all through my existence by senseless fucking jackals who had no idea what they were even fucking with...

It is not my wish to try to close them..why should I work at fixing some other fools mistakes?

I refuse to make plans anymore unless we are unified in a circle of protection within our sacred space..

There is a place and a time for everything under the blessed Sun..

It is definitely unwise for me to wear the truth upon my face

When it comes to my body, I only wish to connect to the Soul..which is why sex to me is sacred..it should always remain unseen..

Never spoken of except for to those I love if even then..

Through the practice of Zen, I finally reached the point of Kundalini alone..

Now I want to share it with another.

Then, we will reach it over and over again....

I have been stalked by beings who have come through portals so many times that the strength I have earned lets me know in my heart that my soul truly will go on forever...

Clever little scam they got going on with the invention of the lie of what happens after we supposedly die...

Try again, folks, story time is over ...I already know...life goes on..light still exists in that place I call the afterglow....

12/23/2018

Still In The Zone

*Everything just paused a few minutes ago
It is all trying to come together
Fitting nicely around me in slow motion
For the first time ever, I have actually been able to watch it all unfold...
Its because of the difference in energy levels here
Back home, it all gets too crazy at times
All of my great detective work doesn't go unnoticed as it does here..
You don't want to be noticeable
They can sense fear more than anything when you are studying anything around here..
It is not like it is in New Mexico
I had to come this way to let my homeland heal without me
When I look back on my Nomadic past..
I remember being here before
I clicked with the closest person who reminded me of home
A young, Hispanic thug boy who lived with his parents who were unaware of his intake of alcohol and drugs
The entire neighborhood seemed like white suburban holy rollers
My younger sister is still holier than thou and judgmental to this day..
anyway...that is another story that pales in comparison to why I am writing this all down..
My men are all here..I know they are mine..
I have never seen so much beauty in jail for such a tiny town..
Something very powerful, yet not sinister insisted upon taking me there over and over again..

Then, to the one at the other end of the rainbow that connects the two points in the sky..
My animal instinct has shown me where I have needed to leave my scent..
My little heart was all over the place when I first arrived here..
Boy crazy is not even close to what I was then
Now, I am still in that same zone but flailing is not even possible now..
I must be mindful now of who I choose to reveal because henchmen are identical , despite which side they are working for..
Things change drastically and against the light within me..I have had enough of that bullshit already
I am trying to keep things moving in a steady flow..
I go up, I come down*

Its not easy to be the hard ass who I need to be to myself to make shit happen on a larger scale

Its like I am still in the zone back home breathing in the scent of sycamore on the air..and I exhale to find myself here, far away from home..

I keep wondering what exactly it is I have been sent here to get done..I wonder if I'm doing it or if I'm lagging way behind..

My mind is centered

I give in to the gravitational pull like they pull the wool over their eyes..

Still in the zone in a different place like a miniature version of the same..

Here it's hard to go by any other name than my own..

Surrounded yet still so alone inside..

I don't know why they hide and play games with me...

12/26/2018

The Dog Star

*The imagery inhabits their screens
Robotic dreams are coming true
Pictures taken of family meals, then sent to Facebook or Instagram before even taking a bite
It is the new answer to the traditional prayer
The Lair of the White Worm
It's crazy
I, myself, have not given in to technology
At least, not completely
That is just ludicrous to me
I have noticed the Lunacy for over a decade now and I have dived into it at its deepest end
In return, I have suffered whole-heartedly
Exposing it all to others becomes our job, once we see the shit that we know
I am not here to overthrow the fucking government
It has already ruined itself on its own
I had absolutely nothing to do with any of it
Nor, would I ever try to be- ever
They are not at all as clever as they think that they are
The Dog Star fucks with their minds on the regular
It loves driving them senseless
It allows them to remain insane
They are already gone
Lost along another plane of existence entirely
Sometimes clones are created to replace them
If there is money to be made, then you can bet your ass on it
They are real
It's a steal for them to take your soul for your minute in the spotlight
The nightmare that is called fame
Shame on you for thinking of forever when it comes to your cash
The idea is that you can only spend so much
Yet, more was what you thought was your fate
Just wait until you find out what is in store for all of you...
12/31/2018*

Left Behind

Everything is all in tatters

The mess just never stops

The cops are all about to know me by name here

It's all a big game that we choose to play and I happen to play it well

It's like Hell hath no fury like my own

I am still here lingering all alone after an entire year has come and gone

I am obviously not just a pawn on this chessboard that I have designed...

I am none other than The Queen

I am self-centered and mean, at least in their eyes...

Which, I guess, is much better than it could be....

The bitch that they all see is just what remains of my inner child

Wild

Crazy

Reckless

I remain

I will have taken back every little ounce of my control by the time that the Blood Moon waxes and wanes

I am far, far away from the Witches Belt that lies just South of the Great Plains

Being here has made me decide that I need to stay silent

For, it feels so much to me as if they can hear even my deepest, innermost thoughts...

Like they can smell the sweet aspiration of my desires

The fires have been burning away all of the trophies of Tinsel Town for months now

I don't even know how to set future goals anymore, here at the base of the Sierra Nevada's that very well may become the Pacific Shoreline one day

All of the sins of California have caused it to be set ablaze over and over again..

The price of everything has skyrocketed up so high that it has hit our economy way up here

They keep saying that Judgement Day is soon to arrive

But, it looks to me as though it is already here

The ancient past has kept humanity locked in a web of senseless fear and it has become a permanent fixture in the atmosphere

I just breathe deeply as I press on one day, one hour, one moment at a time..

I am always trying to guide someone back to their Native Light

Followed by a blackened cloud of Human nastiness all day, every day, into the cloak of every night...

Doing what is supposedly right for everyone else has put my own progress in a serious bind and I have made a firm decision to say fuck it all as I leave it all behind me with the rest of 2018.....

1/2/2019

Drawn

*He approached me today
like customers do with a strange request that reminded me of me
So, I made him exactly what he was craving and, OF COURSE, I let him have it all for free
He then looked me deep into my eyes and his face painted a smile that
showed me a distinct level of new respect
Then, he quickly turned to the right and made sure to show me his familiar swag as he
gracefully went the opposite way..
Well, at least we finally intersected for Gods sake...and for our own
I am glad he came forth to be the one to break that stubborn ice...but Ill be better once I feel
the throngs of passion in the moments just after he shows me how he throws his bone
I would let him own me if that is what it is going to take
I have been plagued by the worry of what I could say to him to get at least one of my feet
through his sexy, mysterious little door
So that I can run around and cut the locks off all his windows so that anytime I want to come
back for more I will be able to find my way in for sure..
A cure for me lies within him somehow...
A grapevine was grown just by me mentioning him without even knowing his real name, and
through that grapevine I started hearing little things about him like , for instance, he came
here from my homeland, so that means our homeland is already the same...then, of course
they mentioned his real name...
Back home, I have known two others...so it is already been proven to be a part of the design
within my fate
I wonder who he hated enough to have ended up here in this tiny little town just like me
It is highly likely that I have been drawn here to free him, along with a handful of similar
soldiers that would love to be mine
If this is the reason, than this poem is being channeled and written through me right now for
the soul reason of finally telling me just that..
The truth always comes in a heated instant
All the time I spent just sitting there wondering when exactly it would be when I would know
I am sure that our love will grow on its own now while we are both strapped to the silence
rather than being noticed on facebook and expecting it to work out at the same time...
The last thing we need is Papparazi ..the permanent pain in the ass that roars much worse
than the rest of the crowd
For whatever reason, every damned time that I have been falling into love, my business
suddenly becomes way too loud and crystal clear
This time around, they can all go to Hell to kick their rocks just like they have done so well
for the past year*

They cannot see, hear, or sense anything that is really going on

I will blind them, deafen them, make numb and useless all of their senses if they even go so far as to think of trying one of their laughable little maneuvers

They suck like their Hoovers when it comes to research...looking for little birdies by scrutinizing what lies everywhere but never even looking up into the vastness we call the Sky

Their is no need for them to believe that they can figure us out....We are the Kirby family and we are out of their price range

All that they need to know is that we are closer than just friends..and they have no idea even what the fuck that being a real one entails

This moment here and now is where the Bruja curse officially ends forever, this is the last one of their plots that ultimately fails

I told them all to go back to their spiritless gardens and be snails years ago and they all took my advice and went

So, it is anyones guess what inflated their egos so immensely that they are convinced that they are here to start over, as if anyone ever gave them their permission to return..

They have all at some point had their sicknesses fed by witnessing me slowly burn down to my ashes before..I am convinced that their has never been any score that we are supposed to settle

They just pretend to ignore me as if I was never there...Yet, they make it so obvious that they actually are well aware

They care even less than I do, thankfully

They are actually dumb enough to believe that I am unaware of all of my surroundings

So, with all of the joy of the Season as their cover, I know that they came here to convince me of their importance by singing to me their umpteenth Noels..

I will make damned sure that all of your efforts to help them wont just keep going on unnoticed

They would be better off stealing somebody elses coins out of wishing wells

Bitches, when it comes to music, I need nobody...I am the entire fucking choir...catch that on fleek...get it straight!

So, now I will kill you with the vibrato in the words that I sing like all of the birds in the sky

As you all die from your own piercing daggers composed of your envy and hate

You will suffer watching me bask in the radiant light of true love

Your eyes will burn as you have no other choice but to see me succeed in everything that I choose to do...

But, being the exalted being that I am, I am going to vanish and save you all many hours of useless mourning by ridding myself eternally from the dislikes of all of you...

1/02/2019

Inclement Weather

*The freezing rain of January drizzles down
To cleanse the space between me and my true destiny
I seem to want to attribute everything around me to myself lately
It is high time for me to shine again like I have done once...
twice...
countless times before...
I am not attempting to ignore all of the instances when I have done wrong
Paying the price has become like a song and dance to me
In my heart, I know who I am
I have forgiven myself and, thus, been forgiven
Not so that I can clear my conscious in hopes of repeating my failures and expect new results
According to Einstein, that would make me insane
I have a hunch that his definition was off by miles
Stupid, yes...
Ignorant, yes....
Blind, most certainly so..
I believe insanity to be an entirely different animal
Einsteins' theories are not the be all, end all
I share a birthday with the man, so I know...
I have had myself many theories that I thought were totally brilliant, but I will be the first to admit the fact that I have not always been correct
I am quite sure that all of his theories have been dissected just like mine have by haters and sceptics and everything in between
I am trying these days to focus upon being a good person always
Not just when I want to come clean
It is much easier for me to stand outside naked in the freezing rain and take my medicine right away
Mother Nature knows the way to cleanse, guaranteed
Somebody will undoubtedly catch me doing so through the lens of their binoculars, cameras, their thousand dollar fucking robot phones
God condones me, and that is all that really matters
I really don't care if what comes out of their cock-suckers shatters my image, because it is something that only I can control
Nomatter what occurs, I will be whole again before I know it.....*

January 17, 2019

Fling

*I should have known that there would be some sort of catch
We were a match made for a few days and nights and that is all
This guy told me that he loves me way too fast
Yet, still, I almost let myself fall...
But, there was clearly something greater standing in my way, thank God!
And, that is really all I have to say about that
Leo men really are all pretty much the same
It is no coincidence that he selected me
I must have had "DUMB FUCK" tattooed across my face....
I have so much more important shit plaguing me right now
I am literally scrambling just to try and keep this place where I dwell
The money just stopped flowing one day
Like it was turned to coin and thrown into a damned wishing well
Even so, I kept on living life as I always do, Large...
The boys have been circling
Coming in for the kill
My heart has taken charge of my weary head
In some ways, he was perfect
But, in too many he did seem completely disinterested
Sometimes it seemed like he was brain dead
But, the boy was as sweet as fresh cherry pie
He was as polite and flattering as that kind of shit gets
It must just be his most accomplished skill, his most cleverly calculated little trick
He was kind of out there, really....
Insisting upon putting on my panties right before every time we had sex and watching
masturbation porn when I would go down
I felt uncomfortable, like a circus clown
I think that I could see hexes upon him, although it was tough to really tell
I just really do not think that it was what I would call meant to be
I sit here wondering if I have a man or not and that little bastard is free to do his own thing
I guess my answer will come if he really returns with The promise ring that he said he would
bring
I really don't know why he thought that he had to lie just to continue our fling*

***Of course, I could smell the bullshit all over him, but I still allowed him to speak
I think that I was taken in by how spontaneous the whole thing was and it worked out
because he's even a bigger freak of nature than me....
I guess all I can do is see what happens next...***

2/1/2019

Soul Ablaze

Finally

Everything is coming together with the most exquisite synchronicity

It all makes complete and perfect sense

It is what the fuck it is.. .and, what it is

is absolutely breathtaking

Amazing

Beautiful

Bountiful

I live for these moments that were once random

Rare

Forgotten again and again

So that remembering becomes miraculous

My ancient soul is ablaze with magick that I have co-created with everything I have been forced to persevere

I have found my truth from the bottom up

Backward to forward

I have even figured out how to take complete chaos into my essence and embrace it, even though it would surely destroy any mortal man who would dare to try

But I have never felt like a man and in no lifetime have I ever really been one completely

Mortality was lifetimes ago if I ever had to live like that

Oh yes, I definitely did many many times

Life is always somewhat of a struggle, for what fun would it be to have everything handed to you ...it would be great fun but it is not supposed to happen

I see no point in looking back

Nor can I find any reason to try and calculate my next move before making it

Going with the flow was once a fucking impossible task for me

I had no concept whatsoever of such Buddhist maneuvers when I was wasting time pretending to be a macho man

Damn, I actually did an awesome job convincing many people of whatever I decided to convince them of

I could have been an actress but somehow I ended up becoming an exalted Master instead

I have been thrown skyclad into the winter air and left there for dead

(# Impossible)

From A to Z

and Z to A

before I sprouted my first pubic hair

My Mother cornered me back home in Albuquerque eight years ago in a single evening that nobody present could ever forget if we tried

That is another epic story all on its own

That was the first time she and I had the chance to speak in person one on one ever

Well, there was actually once a time when she was all that I could see and now I can see her better than I could back then

The fact is that we

have spent way more time apart than together and that is a fact that may never find the time to change

To the rest of the world, the way that I feel would seem very awkward, scarier than Hell

Strange

Uncomfortable

Try being me, who has gotten used to it

She posted something on Face Book saying that she feels uncomfortable herself in her very own home, which is quite palatial actually

She is on her little kick about moving her entire family out of this country

I wont be going without bringing the family that I have found over many years living on my own

If it is Costa Rica, she can bank on it

Her concern is silly and involves her political views which she uses as warfare for the whole world to see

Trump could give a fuck less about the political views of a female semi-famous author

I doubt the dude has ever read any fiction

Her political ranting has become her new addiction besides for her fondness of Hennesey and red wine

She will never cease to rant as long as she resides here in the United States

Her true freedom actually still awaits her

Somehow it has always been me who has had the ability to see everything flash before my eyes before they see it happen

I have always put all of them before me because the back burner was once my favorite place to keep watch and create

It is the only thing that I have ever wanted to wait forever for

The wait is finally over

I have embraced completely my entire existence

I really know how to live in the Now

So, come forward all and tell me that you wish to learn

Sounds like a perfect birthday gift for me

March 16th is right around the corner, after all...

If you bitches wanna come, then you had better bring party favors...

It is after all, the celebration of the birth of a fucking Queen....

February 3rd. 2019

Nomad

*Here in the dead of the most brutal Winter,
I sit wondering how it is that I ended up here...
Fear has never done anything but allow the hatred to enter me
It really thrives upon seeing my ruin
Somehow I let it have its way with me
One day I turned around and realized that I had landed myself in a perpetual hole
So, like a starved mole, I will claw my way out of it until I reach again my surface
It will be everything but easy
This place is cheesy anyway
I live in a fucking trap
Everything in this town is more than twice what I am used to and I see no reason why
I live on the second floor of an old run-down motel, not in some exquisite condo way up in
the sky
Time keeps on flying by without me
I am aware that there is a very valid reason why things are happening the way that they are
Perhaps this will enable me to pay my dues
Save some money
Have nice things again like a shit load of bad ass threads, exotic pets, a decent car
So far, I really have gone nowhere here, and it has been well over a year
But, this predicament has forced me to attract many new friends, people who I shall forever
hold dear to my heart
These are the important things in life anyway
The narcissistic pieces of shit from my past continue on with their shenanigans even still to
this day
They try to play their piss ant games by imprinting themselves upon others who I don't even
know
I really don't care even slightly
They will all be dead soon, and they will die even quicker without me
I am the only reason why they have managed to live this long
The hostess with the mostest ..
(Leeches, that is)
They are like barnacles attached to a magnificent creature of the sea
The object of their desire that they insist that I am has never been and won't ever be me
Somehow, my kindness became the main source of their mindless illusions*

***Ultimately, it left me no other choice but to flee the city that I have forever called home
Now I am a gypsy
A nomad
Bouncing around from here to there
Time passed has made them all unaware of anything that I am doing
They can no longer see my happiness
They have no clue in Hell who it may be that I might be screwing
Thank God for small favors, that is all I can say
There is, indeed, a mighty price that they are going to have to pay for all the shit that they
have done against me
Even though my new life is not perfect,
at least from their pathetic hexes I am finally free....
2/11/2019***

Perpetual Motion

*There is a vacant art to buying time
So vacant that it cannot be explained
I recently asked the governess of Mother Nature if she would hold back on snowing for days
on end again
So, what do you know, instead it has rained all night into today
If this continues, it just may cause a Winter flood
The waters have risen too high around me once before, 22 years ago
I have my own pair of galoshes this time around
I found it most hilarious then that gambling could turn people into die hards
They kept on pulling the arms of the bandits while wading through the casino floors in their
rain shoes like it was the thing to do
The casinos refused to close for repair for as long as their wallets still held cash and their
owners were pumping it into the machines
Here in Carson City, It would be up to me to be the bitch to start new trends
My passion bends me toward the happiness of all my warrior boys who all somehow unified
in another zone to help fight for my right to live
I give everything I can give to those in need
Until they bite my hands so hard that I refuse to feed into all their bullshit anymore
Then they actually have the nerve to ask me for directions to the door that will hit them in
their asses
First they must pass go and collect their 200\$ donation
My inner realm is not a weigh station
I will not be the one who suffers in any way for the likes of some amateur that arrived just to
get in my way
Wether or not they are aware of their own mistakes is all on them
I cannot even start to explain their fate if they hinder my desires
I can start wildfires with the blink of an eye
I refuse to play nicely anymore
It is the same old story that it has been so many times before
Do not ignore me when I give you all the facts, for they will never be repeated again
God, please send me another one of your Angels with a private update on the ways of my
path
I have done all I can to even them out by taking into my self their wrath
It becomes a piss ant that I press against the tip of my tongue
I will not be hung upon another crucifix*

I must remain in perpetual motion to collect all the boys

I am sure it annoys all the bitches to the utmost extreme

I cannot wait to hear them scream out my name

Ha ha

Hoot hoot...

Bye Bye!

Liquid

It's getting way too deep

I don't know what it is that I am doing

So far behind

In financial despair

I can feel the drastic changes lingering in the air

I would sit here crying uselessly about how life is not fair

But nobody took me there but myself

Me

Allowing too many vampires to see my soul

Now, they are convinced that they can take it for themselves

Clearly, that is far from the case with me

It is an old game that I have mastered over the arch of time

No, I don't have a dollar!

I don't have a fucking dime!

Committing crimes upon my own well being

I have not been seeing straight for days

Just waking up each day hoping that it will somehow pay me

The snow has been falling for two weeks now

This shit is all way too crazy

I have been relentless

Careless

Reckless

Lazy

I had a small plan before now and now I think it may be my only answer

There goes a new life with this stubborn Cancer guy I have been hanging around

I thought that I had found someone who may one day meet me in the middle

But, I know deep down that these things take much more time

Perhaps this is only a temporary situation

Company to keep me safe from going totally insane

When all the ice turns back into liquid, the answers will be more than clear

I need to think about myself as I get up out of here

I cannot take him under my wings for they no longer even allow me to fly

Everyone who I have nurtured in my past have found some reason to blame me for why they

need to run

You cannot teach an old dog new tricks

When they make up their minds, it is no longer safe to get up in the mix

They are going to do whatever it is that their instincts tell them to do

Especially if they have already faded deep enough into the black

It's crack cocaine for the other side

It enables the conjured ones to feel like they are actually alive

The darkest of the shadows thrive upon it

It is the fatal liquid that always searches for the spoon

The liar that hides from the Sunlight and dances against the tide of the Moon

It is the one who is responsible for the shitty things that are happening to me now

It follows my trail always

It urges me to forever to take it into me

It needs to see me fail

I already know damned well not to ever be so blind

This is why it wont ever let me leave it behind me...

2/17/2019

Down A Rabbit Hole

*I still don't know why I was forced to flee
Everything was crumbling
Falling down all around me
It was like everyone I once knew was suddenly lost in Space
My heartland became a wretched place
where villains hid in every corner just waiting to take a piece of me
Everywhere I turned, nobody had the strength to help me
The tables all turned over, trying to tangle me up in a web of deceit
Trust became a vacant memory
A vicious mass of envy refused to let me live
I abandoned everything that I knew
so that the Spirits could have the chance to forgive me for all I have done incorrectly
Here I have done okay until now
I am in debt up to my ears and I have no idea how to get out of it
They will be forcing me to leave this place I have called home because of a long strand of
bullshit that I have been through
I let myself fall down a rabbit hole
It gets deeper every day instead of it getting better
I see why people go insane
I have reached out to so many people in need that I have ended up owning all of their pain
I have no other choice but to deal with the consequences of having way too much hackneyed
fun
What's done is done already
Looking back only takes away from moving ahead
Led astray by all of the minions that run a muck through this miniature Devils playground
I know way better than to act like such a moronic fool
Chasing after rabbits who have led me down into their holes where I have suffered on
various occasions in my life quite immensely
I keep chasing after them anyway
Like a kid in a candy store, I never know when to quit
This is it- THE END!
I must grow the fuck up and get the fuck out of the game
It never gets any easier
The story always remains the same....*

2/22/2019

Yo-Yo's

*You always see them stammering
This is the telltale sign
If they cannot speak in unbroken sentences,
then you can rest assured that they are up to something
Something that probably has absolutely nothing to do with you
But, they are all experts at making you feel like you
are the Center of the fucking Universe
It has happened to me, more than once
I have always held up my guard high in regard to strangers
Now, they are all under intense scrutiny when it comes to me-
and they can really feel it sometimes
I notice them squirming and it just tickles me to ribbons
Like my personal yo-yo's, they are indeed...
Their desperate need to get something out of nothing at all
is rampant and way beyond annoying...
They are convinced that I was put here to be the neighborhood "knock"
A "knock" I have never been and won't be anytime soon
Mother Moon called out to me just a few minutes ago
but I kept moving forward without stopping to listen closely like I normally would
I could write down here many pages of reasons for putting Her on the back burner,
but obviously I don't have enough time
All my little yo-yo's are on display in a clearance bin for a weekend sale right now
I had no other choice but to put their feeble minds to a task
just to get them all the hell out of my blessed way
I attempt to listen to the myriad of bantering that they confront me with
only because I am the one who gave them all the light that took them there
I really do care- too much so at times
But, nothing will ever hinder me from giving them all the chance to find their own way
It truly makes my entire day to witness their many transformations in bloom
I love to see them shine
Their new selves are one with mine now
Then, I must release them into the atmosphere and forget
What you see is always what you get with me*

***I refuse to hide from anything
I love to see the evil cringe every time
they hear me sing at the top of my lungs..***

2/23/2019

Coquettish

*I was born with the prowess of a coquettish queen
They see diamonds and jewels in places where they have never been
I remember my mind being shadowed by sin as far back as I can recall
My fall from grace happened in another time, another place
They see my glamour all over my face
I cannot hide when I click with a man
These relentless women can smell it
See it
Sense it
Before it even actually occurs
My life endures their constant wrath all the time
Especially when I succeed in blocking them out all together
All of a sudden the weather changes all around me
Storms brew everywhere I turn
They want to burn me so badly that it kills them inside
Then they think that they can fucking hide from me
The bitches try as they might, but they can never be coquettish like I am
They don't have that certain little something that really connects them to their source
They are not me, the Nexus
I am a horse of any color that I choose to be
I make them see me as their hidden desire
The one that has eaten away at a part of them since they were brought into life
They try to be coquettish while exposing the blade of the very knife that they plan to lodge
deep into my spine
They are bound by their mortal flesh, and I am, a paradigm
I am, indeed, divine
These bitches are possessed by that old whore Jezebel
These bitches try to run shit with crotches that smell like death
Their entire mission is to pussify all the men that still have their balls
Take all their money, their dignity, their manhood
Smoke all their meth that they need now just to deal
with their out of control balls and chains...
Hunger pains override the traditional laws of Man and Wife...*

***The knife turns and they all look at me for their answers to everything
My coquettish side has already made their men's bells ring somewhere deeper inside then
they will ever even bother to try to see
They really don't care, as long as they remain free to carry on with their sickening tasks
They don't really want to ask me, I can guarantee that
I refuse to candy coat shit just to appease their feminine itches
To me, they are nothing but dumb ass bitches who don't deserve to even have a man
It pleases me that they cannot stand the sight of me, let alone can they stomach me when
they taste my hole upon their man's cock
I knock their socks off, what more can I say?
I am the only game in town, therefore I shall be the only bitch who gets the right to make the
rules to a game that only I know how to play....
Ciest la vie! Take care bitches! Bye bye!
Take to the sky like the vultures that you are
You will not get very far, you will see
You cannot be me
You have no swag
You are about as coquettish as a limp dick
I am tired and sick of all of you
You are angry because I am true to everyone, by first being true to myself
You do not even comprehend me and it wears away at you always
You spend all of your days trying to get ahead of me
when you cannot even keep up with me in the first place...
You are an oxy-moron, just face it toots!
You were not born fit enough to wipe this bitches boots....***

3/3/2019

Peacock

I am a peacock

In a valley that has never known much of my kind

I held myself sacred in another place in time and it turns out that now I do as well

I dont believe there is a Hell unless you put yourself there out of a sickening greed

Every bible has very few truths compared to the stories that it tells and those truths you find on your own. Over time..

I do my best to shine my light in every endeavor i endure

I am crazy at times and colorful for sure

I see no point in blending in with the fucking hens

I would have literal papparrazi if it were not for my bitches kicking it quietly and beautiful in beiges and browns

On my outskirts doin what real bitches do

Who aint interested in Who i suck or i screw

Together we mind our own business...thats what peacocks do

And when we are done with all the bullshit..every now and then we charge forward

Making noises far worse than the banshees do

Then back to majestic..we pull our heads out of our asses..

It looks much prettier to strutt and prance

Silence speaks thousands of beautiful sounds

Dumb ass haters dont even even dot my i's anymore..

I am a peacock.. sacred to Isis ...

A giant melodic whimsical fowl..

The wolves howl when they smell me approaching...soon they will be poaching my eggs..

Razors for talons at the tips of my beautiful legs..

Nature begs me for it..

Naturally..i proceed..

Everything i need i will acquire now ..

May 5 2019

Woodchuck Witch Bitch

*Everything stands naked before me for the taking
This has all become so very surreal
I feel it wanting me to make decisions slowly
Carefully
Collectively
Time has no boundaries upon me
Rushing into shit has never come correct
Like choosing one sect to pour everything we believe into
It becomes always a can of angry worms that get fed to unfortified fishes
Hooked to be sacrificed to white trash gods and goddesses not of the hunt..but of hunting
for sport..if they do in fact even exist
They have never come even close to missing all their chances to create more fragments of
one reality , AND, For this we should all consider our selves blessed..this is the only real
reason why time has pressed on for so many eons throughout a 3 billion year fossilized
record of time.
Why ignorance somehow always rhymes with reason
Every year has seasons that change and mutate and remanifest and wither away totally
sometimes
Crimes of the heart become the games of all the fools
Continually
Ceaselessly
So much beauty is destroyed
So many still exist in such narrow spaces
Claiming disabilities
Drugged out and addicted
Yet unemployed
There is no room for paranoid delusions
The truth is the most accurate and most magical tale
It all has existed somehow, someway
Through stories passed down or by simply seeing all the shit the way that it is
Fantasy and fiction all told from truths but the truths have forever been the best shape
shifters..
Some of us are so real we become the targeted victims of skin walkers because something
forced us into discovering its existence
A few of us have been born brave enough to dive in head first into its deepest ends and*

swim for our fucking lives

There will always be a part of nature born unto blasphemy upon which envy latches onto and thrives

For what would this life be without all the witches and the hags throwing power at each other just for the sake of the craft?

Would there ever have been a child who laughed at that witch the first time they saw The Wizard of Oz?

Judy Garland may have lived to be 908, had she not been so envied playing a child at age 22

By 44 she was dead and gone because millions of little cunts thought that they could have done it better than her..

To this day her much fatter and uglier daughter has captured the hearts of all the old men of old money..who were all a bunch of cynical rich closet fags.

Cant blame the cross eyed bitch for riding upon the tailwind of the one and only Dorothy Gail..

The very first songstress upon which my love to sing obsessed..

At 3 and 1/2 .You could just show me a bail of hay and i would climb up on top of it and it felt like i was sitting on eggs in a big robins nest. I would then act like i was in my own movie by suddenly pouring out all of my breath to a magical rainbow that formed above me in whatever happened to be the sky..

"Why oooh why cant i?"

And like the happy bluebirds I still fly to this day

I just never felt it in my soul to sing about being away in a manger with no crib for a damned bed..

I was a Hark the Herald Angels Sing kind of gal.

I never seemed to have a play pal that I had pre chosen to play with so I would make them my victims just because I could..

Secretly wondering how much wood I could chuck If i were actually that woodchuck who could chuck wood..

Tis a damned good thing or else I may have become a fucking mass murderer instead

All the little cunt haters of my childhood became my fantasies of how I could get away with rendering their bitch asses dead

I was Drew Barrymore..Firestarter..Mary Poppins much younger more powerful relentless whore of a sister

I went from snapping fingers to tidy up shit in that nursery to casting out much deserved flames upon the wicked and the lame hoes who decided to play that game with me that they still try to play with me yet the fuck today

It has morphed me into the Goddess I am now..some fucking way..some blessed how...

3/29/2019

Wildfire

Bullshit spreads like wildfire when it has little to do with me

I was forced into submission again for the fourth time in only one year.

Nobody really has my back anymore and it drains me to find the reasons why

My sky is always filled with omens ..good and bad are two halves of a whole..you really dont want to have one without the other..as wild as that fact sounds

That is why it is a truth so seldomly spoken out loud

You dont really want to be proud of your accomplishments and even more so , you don't want others to give their own pride up to make room for their supposed pride for you..

We forget too often how long it has been known to be a deadly sin..

It's the worst one of them ..believe me...or better yet , call me crazy so you are forced to find out on your own..

It is not your place to condone me ...I gave all that up to My Creator a long time ago..

Is it not hard enough in this life to learn who you are inside and to deal with what lies within yourselves?

It is a bitch, which is why so many seek knowledge from more evolved beings...

I wish sometimes that nobody ever was able to figure out my true nature and that they never would have come forth to try and enter my inner realm

These days im like a broke pirate at the helm of an ancient ghost ship...im about to go start robbing these self centered bastards blind like they have never hesitated to do to me..

It would not solve anything..it would just continue to take all the emptiness and loathing and make it spread across the distance like wildfire..

I feel like Australia and The California coast all wrapped up in one already..

I just want my life back..to be able to live it in my own way and keep a steady flow with everything else..it never pays to run amok ..ive done that too many times before..

But it doesn't feel right to shut the door in everyone else's face just because they are in a different space than me..I once thought that it was my place to somehow free them..at least from some if not all of their pain..

And in return I landed myself in a kind of pain more difficult than any of my own..

Everyone I have ever known will never forget me...even if I have forgotten them..

I am not sure if thats a good thing anymore, honestly...

All that I know now is that it is time for me to dust all the remnants of disaster that lingers off of myself and begin my journey once again. Just as I have had to do many times before.. I am moving forward with or without them..it is not up to me to sway their decisions anymore...

2/29/2020

Lingering

I have come to a novel, fresh conclusion about why I am so close yet so far away from where I need to be...

I think it is something inside of me that has created this black cloud that I have imagined to be lingering behind the threads of my success..

I have fallen prey to the shadow of doubt that I once insisted was no longer able to exist..yet here I have gone and recreated it on my own...

Criticism constructed in the solitude that I was forced to climb into over and over again in the past year..All I could hear inside of my head were the vague excuses I came up with for lack of a better thing to do..I was stuck no matter which way I turned to..

Paying off some karmic debt from some aeon that left me without memories..perhaps it was something that I rid my mind of immediately ..knowing that I would never want to fathom it again..

These things come back to bite us in our asses out of absolutely nowhere every single time..I have learned not to wallow in my own pity nor waste time in the land of whoas me..why oh why have I swallowed a fly....perhaps I would be better off if I believed I would die.. You all get where I'm going with this one ..right??

Every night I fall asleep feeling restless and insanely uneasy...I am so afraid to end up alone and afraid..why would anyone ever opt to put themselves there deliberately by becoming a contestant of a reality show?

Because they aren't really alone at alland their only fear is of not being the last one standinggoing home without a check... It's all very tragic and silly to me..

I am free now to take my life in any direction that I choose to ...and I have been right here way too many times before...

A revolving door lies up ahead to spin my ass around fast enough to smack me in my tired face..and on the other side of it I would be willing to bet that something sinister is still lingering there just waiting for me to come blindly back around...

3/2/2020

Ground Hog Day

Tuesday morning 3 03

6 ,which is my number..

Well it's one them anyway..

Hey friend or two or three that are still with me again

Right where the fuck we used to be .

Hi again

How are you?

Better than we were back then ..

Thank the blessed creator of our Galaxies

For true favors that are hard to deserve..

Well...not really ..now..how could that be??

Why would we allow it??

Hey..did we?

Thank Heaven if we did..

We must have

However the Hell we got through it..

We did it because we managed to stick together..

Even if it was like stink on the shit that someone else deliberately started..

You farted and I struck the matches..

Everything catches back up eventually ..there is a moment in time for every day in every season..

I like the Season of the Witch most of all..for reasons that I have always made clear and obvious..

Hiding out from yourselves is not attractive in the slightest..its just really blatant and tacky and unnecessarily bold..

Cold snaps come and go very quickly this Season for the Ground Hog did not see his shadow this year...

Or at least that was what I heard..

It is just silly and absurd for that greedy little speck of shit to keep on being such a pain in the collective ass...

I'll pass on the Easter Egg hunt this year..unless we can gather up all the kids at one place in time

That would be a family FIRST....our family is the definition of dysfunctional..it is what it is..lets just do what we can to stay together..somehow we have all figured out how to survive on our own...it has never been as difficult as this..

Every time I am able to dismiss myself from the madness..it figures out a way to win its own game...

Shame on you for being such a spoiled sport.. you know who you are..and some day everyone else will too..

B O O H O O..

ITS OVER..

PERIOD

END OF STORY..

3/3/2020

Pandemic

Here we are ..2020

I told you all this was to come

People still so dumb that they rely on their devices to breathe

They say that it is a virus..that it came from China overseas

Please

It came from the collective consciousness

5G..the new craze

The haze of bewilderment is so typical..everyone can never just leave shit well enough alone

The presidential throne is not a place of luxury..it's a place of power and money and comes with a huge price

Just be nice to the Powers That Be

Have respect

Intellect is more important than anything

Why would you all think that a piece of the past would take us somewhere other than backward?

Impeachment was what started it all...so many reckless humans creating yet another downward spiral

Coincidence has never existed

So now we are all forced to pay the price of having self centered opinions

Living your lives on Social Media..what a great way to waste precious time

Just when everything was starting to progress financially and spiritually..you all had to fuck it all into ribbons again

You cannot pretend that you are innocent..your guilt has reared its ugly head

Those who are dead were on their way there already anyway...

And the rest of you are dumb enough to keep on playing the game

Nothing will ever be the same as you knew it because when it was all you could do was keep on creating issues that were never there

The Powers that be care more about continuity which is something that we cannot live without..

Those who are really devout to their creator will get through this slump just as they have so many times before

Ignore your notifications on your damned devices and try living in real time for once in your lives

Look at each other rather than at your phones..

Remember the power of Love and Light

What is right will always do what it must do to conquer everything that fuels the ignorance

This planet is 3 billion years old and Mother Nature is over you people poisoning her with every chance you get to do so..

We are all equal ..wether you get it through your heads or not...

We all make mistakes..learn from them...and grow

Those of you who think you know it all are being replaced by another pandemic....thats the way of this world and has always been so

Put your heads together and fight off the thought of falling prey to something that you created ...

It has all been stated right here and now...

3/15/2020

Love and Light

It is time for us all to raise the vibration
To come together as a World..one nation...
There is no time for hatred or negativity
Love and Light will set us free
The Earth just needs this break from our greed
We are forced to live without things we have all falsely learned to need
People are all going through worries and woes
When we get caught up in ourselves..that is the way that it goes..
I look back on all the things that have come and gone and it gives me even more reason to pull my
head out of my rectum and focus on healing ...
To forgive and forget the pain I have suffered ...to stop allowing in all of the nonsense that has been
stealing my vitality away for too long..
None of that matters anymore..
We cannot ignore the fact that it is time to learn to love ourselves again..
A time of reflection has settled down upon our hearts..and we must not give up nor pretend that
there is no reason to care..
We must come together in Love and Light and share with each other our blessings...
This is not the time for pressing our issues into the ground..
Within Love and Light, we will have found the cure..
Pure thoughts..good intentions..let us join hands and ease this tention that has spread too widely
across the land...
There is no ryme or reason to be tooting your own horns...its time to make beautiful music as one
unified band..

3/31/2020