



FRACTAL BURN

AN AMERICAN DREAM

Jonathan Human

prologue:

“Just as she is a character in your story,
you are a character in hers,
and it helps to see your self in this way
through her eyes.”

I contemplate all the events and experiences
that have lead to both us being
who and where we are in our lives at this time
and I want it to work so our stories are synergistic
and mutually supportive and enriching.

“What if she breaks my heart?”

“Then there will be a great lesson in that.
Trust your intuition. It has gotten you this far.
Consider how lucky you are to have the choices
and dilemmas you have. Many are less fortunate.”

I have utmost faith and trust that being true to my-
self is the best personal path and offering to others.

PART ONE

First thing First
Namaste MF
Worth Arresting Me
Sand Dollars?
Salvation in turning page
Saddhu Riots Kiss your Soul

PART TWO

On Ecstasy, probably.
Dragon Fly Portal
Misanthrope
CENTERCAMP
anonymousartist

PART THREE

Burn Away the Illusion!
Hope's House
It's Still The Zenith
Burn X3 away the illusion
American Saddhu .com
It's A Hallmark Daily
Ceaseless Witness.com

PART FOUR

No tolerance for quiet desperation
Statistically i'm an improbability
Attention is the new currency
Zen Clock Poetry Alarm
Muse Muse Muse

PART FIVE

5:55PM
antidisestablishmentarianism
eat pussy
Coffee Nation
without your permission
check the cover of a magazine

Part 1

So, **first thing first,**

I break down
The American Dream
into bite sized pieces
of digital spirit to feed to
the sleeping hungry newborns
in sterile glass cages.

I freestyle cesarean births and recant
the unpublished gospels of Benjamin Franklin
to fuel an inside voice
broadcasting poetry through a microphone
in a microchip in my inner cranium—“shit.”
Undomesticated naturalized American Alien
uniting the fringe gene pool gardens.

I tend to emanate
uninterpretable heart transmissions,
reset bones into positions
and reinstate the original conditions
that came with your system
Like altaring the destinies
of a quietly listening genie.

My poetry usually doesn't even start
to make sense until a few weeks or years
after it writes itself
through my surrendered prostrations.

I start the day wandering about
amongst the naked or near naked
costumed burners
and yes I am in love

with strangers
as I perform to a satellite patch.
And though the poetic mad genius water fall
is only inches a way with the flickering veil,
it is nice to start the burn so grounded:
caffeine and music in a social group of listening.

I hijack the psychic radio booth
and whip the trapped muse
children I keep in my satchel till
frequencies start to harmonize
and your face melts into a river
made of liquid mirrored mercury
with a chartreuse sky and 7 celestial bodies
fighting for symmetrical diversity
and evolution of Grace Lexicons

Nameless changeling
pronouncing burning library
silent photography streams
Dream time surgeon
Transpecies shaman
I translate alien to dolphin
To pigmy to mandarin
Language that teknologic in its nature.

“Namaste mother fucker”

Kailash perched pigeon named Kashi
Desolate in the city of abundance
Exponential reflections prism
my stranded isolation
in a migrating crowd
of lazer beam listening to
YOUR VOICE
So clear you don't recognize
your own altared echo
Pulsing through my chorded
unprotected photographed union

So, real-time metaphor-less footsteps
ripple through my still pond
blank page in heat
hoping to be gang-raped by inspiration
so I invoke earthquakes and plagues
algorhythmic combinations of
8th octave vibrational sequences:

a building swaying in the wind.
Vaporized dreams
Correlate 10,000 angels and
1 billion human souls in limbo
Wage war like viral responses
to extreme antibiotics
Reverse directions without an engine
or a sail
as I'm left

Flameless at Burning Man:

Changeless presence
inside the ever accelerating changes
I'm dangerous sober cuz I'm like
a koala bear or sloth animal
I get inebriated from oxygen
like an alien or unaccustomed creature
it creates prophetic byproducts
in my delicate nervous
system like a trees roots
and leaves
with no trunk
just branches

reaching from
right here
right now

to you
right here
right now

bridge worlds dimensions time and form from this
nest.

**“So if you ask me,
I’ll probably
not say anything
worth arresting me over”**

I take used condom dreams
of millions of souls
hoping for the golden ticket—is
a human incarnation is
like a lotus flower
that only grows in the middle of the ocean
surrounded by 55 hurricanes

I align my chakras with planets
and channel my own vastness
like a 62 mile-high straw
sucking the bottom
of the soul
of the audience
operating on my own heart
as I empathize
with billions of humans:

from pregnant mothers
turned into prostitutes
to virgin experiences
of a messiah that
never died and never left.

A moth visits me in the desert like an affirmation

as these ecstatic sentences pulse
from my coccyx to crown
pumping sushuma sashimi nectar

Tectonic sized shifts
rift with these lyrics
from the middle of heaven
I'm a solo musician
instrument-less
Rocking mosh pits
into the fathoms
Like:

“Can I pay with sand dollars?”

I smoke atmosphere
and lay down in streets
congested with slow-moving turtles
evacuating the rising seas
from too many unnecessary
tears fertilizing years
of experience in moments
is when I condense lifetimes
into sentences and send my spirit out
like flashing neon lights

you cant see some miracles
with flesh eyes like you cant
hear the meaning I'm making
with body ears

I'm rocking in an intensity of feeling
that bridges the extremes between
agony and ecstasy
linking in a catastrophe
averted through poetry
performed pre apocalypse

“Quick”

Just five minutes left
till the ship leaves
the station

So I'm Orishas
and arch omndmt journeys
eyes open and drive invisible altars
hyperventilating freedom with
serpentine tongue tips heliotropically
infiltrate your holographic matrix
as I paint unabashed
essence of America synthesized into language
that you dervish sky dive my minds sky
so alive I can inject you when you're
too close to death
and
birth suns with silent syllables
more fertile than sound
it's cavernous gentleness
embracing you

salvation in a turning page

in a Burning book
BRC citizen bombing in
an evolution that ends all these revolutions
void of real change
I make rituals that inaugurate a timeless age
woven within this 30 second symphony
as Bob Dylan visits me and
Bob Marley gives me

the power of a true practice
brought to climax is
the fruition of generations
linking you to me
and me to you
like chain hands
you can't break this
love tears through pavements
and religions and nations
all divisions
so possessed with
the message of 9 saints:

I'm urns filled with
the ashes of your forgotten ancestors
and yet to be descendents

A locus circumference of
fractal trans-dimensional truth serums:
Systems to treat the symptoms
of a sickness that tastes normal

Deep breath peace as you

embody the answers you seek.

the questions are
spontaneous concerts
We don't even let you escape participation
as she
Procreates with the subconscious of the audience
Carry this with you
Leave my DNA mixed with tobacco
and coconut water on the altar.

I make stages into spiral gateways

falling towers
burning bridges
falling towers
burning bridges

my presence has force
like the density of magnets and minerals
three square mile radius auric field
dreaming with sunglasses on in public
in absence of the sacred
so I pray like a ninja
and let you
tune into any frequency
makes music from the ambient
sounds of a bar restaurant

since one of the main ways
I stay sane on a daily basis is
I sit still, close my eyes and breathe

awake as I fly free through time and space.
Unmoving light frozen in form
Seeing the rainbows:
Concentric ripples meeting
in me, and you, and them,
and us, and then, and now, and
the intersections of
trillions of reflections,
like unwoven formulas
guiding the evolution
of a singularity through infinite diversity

this moment is the culmination
of 15 billion years of pre-bang
empty substance so potent
it can impregnate infertile wombs
and resuscitate a hundred and eight lifetimes
into integration in this
glowing buzzing vortex

Swarms of bees and Saddhu riots Kiss your soul.

I sit ten stories up in Babylon tower
in Black Rock City
in my office
and write
as tens of thousands wake up and
embrace the beauty.

This is how I pray:

Poetry worshipping descendent of hafiz and rumi,
some say “renaissance” by mat Kearney.
And to be totally honest,
and address the uniqueness,
I am fundamentally different,
And sometimes it is so extreme
it feels like:

“I’m in love with you like
the stars shine
towards their dark origin.”

Our union holds infinity
like your warm hand
over my open heart
in our shared palm.

“Love is cross-cultural.
It transcends race, religion
and geopolitical boundaries.
It is a unifying force that has and will
bind the world.
It’s a true social fabric.”

PART 2

interrupted meditation is like
rapid incarnations from dream astral realms or
intersections along lines of communion
and the developmental archetypes
within the human experience

“I’m probably on ecstasy, yeah that probably explains it”

since it’s
10:30 AM, Friday and I take an ice cold shower,
in the middle of the street
Though it just doesn’t seem like other people
get how I love them: Tsunami-Jesus style.
Arrogant bastard beer, and last night
ripe with the essence of pure being.
Aesop Rocks my head is
A city comprised of stones and plastic and glue
melts into
A field of inscribable metaphors to describe
the reality:

Bends like spoon minds before me, leaving it silent.
Nothing to do, nowhere to go,
no-one to be, but this naked crystal
total devotion beyond
broken hearts and weeping.
For seven days, all day.
Sleepless trance taste madness
grief too thick to breathe
in your native language.

I free-style miracles
adding up syllables like imaginary numbers,
unique cola tones to translate wind meeting resistance.
So twelve prophets line up in a circle
And a rainbow shaft illuminates
the center of a shared vision

My emotion is still currently
too great to hold
the pristine timelessness of it.
Too sacred to talk about.

Burn through every idea
you have ever encountered.
Catch a ride on the sunrise
Time travel,
and above all, my sweet beautiful friend,
trust
Cuz I conquer armies
to deliver simple flowers to you.

And secretly between us:
I love you more than my other children.
I love you insane embrace all your shadows
like a herd of small black cats.
Make you forgive all the small injuries, all of them,
and sit on the ground, stoned to death
by the gentle realization
“Yes” this is a mutant Darshan filled with
slow dancing rinpoches
and the inexplicable, unmappable,
drop-dead-gorgeous texture of

surrender
so full it holds the inherent emptiness
like a wounded adolescent praying
to grow and heal into a healthy savior
or ordinary Egyptian.

and so as I write alone wishing
for someone to share this

pure dragon fly portal

with

I believe in you

like a leaky sky.
A messiah losing hope.
A child afraid to see the whole world in all it's ugly:
Rough frequencies of beauty.
Can't integrate or digest some things.
Just breath and breathe and breathe
And no matter who your parents are, I am a father
for you.

I am a crippled native-american grandfather.
Teaching the young ones how to disbelieve
any and all organized society.
And dogmatized ceremony.
And see the creative imagination
as the most vibrant path.

“Instantaneous!”

Empathize with you and them,
and then exercise the demons
as you release the reasons

why our minds can't articulate
the comprehensive pictures
flashing behind flames and
smoke in a circle that's definitely
imperfect.

Sometimes I evade memory
So fresh snow fallen angels can blend in
And go unnoticed @11:09 AM as she
penetrates your pictures of god like Yabyum
holistic integral organic
conscious sacred
holy gorgeous orgasmic
taste a new reality with me
like utterly unique new patterns

and the farther I go
on this path I walk
the less I judge.

Spiral light shoots from my skull into my future
Deaf in one ear, my vision clears bittersweet

“you’re a **misanthrope** and goddamnit my
opinion matters in this conversation”

I astral travel like a commercial airline pilot,
navigate cautiously and
deliberately delete the scenes you see
between blinks whole uncut lifetimes
burn through like:
we are sitting in the war zone,
and a cave of unforgettable devotion,

this is naked alchemy that leaves
track marks or scarred tattoos
as I eat your demons
I shit gold nuggets that
Digest halos tangibilize spirit into flesh
forms 2 strong 2 ignore
is when I kill myself in another life
2 save your loved ones in this 1

“Here’s the instructions:”

shamanically clarify
smoke circling soul designs
solidifying into unfinishable anthems
permeate every potential equation
that pervades all possible incarnations

spit lyrics so sick
they’re anecdotes for cancer
reverse osmosis spirit
anti illness
essence of existence
encrypted into English
syllables so potent,
it’s illegal enlightenment
that can
overthrow the tyrants
and form an
altarNation
.comeeverything

**“luckily I’ve got my vampire sun block on,
so I can go out during the day.”**

Saturday, 3 PM, center camp.

I ask for the gift of being a bridge,
a clear road, open to traffic.
and may grace get into fender benders that
migrate tribes within these expressions.

Because I’m stuck in a storm,
stranded
my whole life is a metaphor.
I’m a shipwrecked sailor
Deep breathing whale spouts
Eyes closed
Eyes open
It’s all the same streaming dream.
Auditory ambient environment melts addicted to
ambien and I’m grounded fingerprints pushing and
pushing. Puncture the veil sloppy coated in dust
To instill faith in the scarred spirits.
Give you something to believe in.
It may not make sense
Like fairy tale Aesop fabled perennial pagan myths
I overlay several minds upon the canvas
Pave permanent paths as I
Save miracle seeds in my shirt sleeve
And smuggle truth into thick illusions
Insulating our captivated existence
Flexing intuition is

vivid vibrant visceral
needles injecting medicine into the moment
demonstrate ceremonies so ancient
most don't notice
can't see the subtle.
more happening under the surface
than above it
blackmail greed and deliver ransoms
rich with immaterial treasure
internal oasis I carry around with me
as I navigate our sterile cities in the desert
palpably dissolve the paradox and difference
and get you drunk, desperate, outlandish,
applause for the

anonymoustartist.com

that lives inside each of us.

time lapse photography one month straight
from BRC mountain top
day and night
assembling a stronghold
epitome of all things wrong and right with America
four hundred years into the future
I write letters to scholars who use
geometrical codes to extract incantational symbols
Encrypted in the whispering contrast
between lines of emptiness,
blank page sermons,
worship the anonymous artist
that lives within all of us.

Psychedelic chemicals decimate

in the large glands above
the heads of gathered crowds
I drop down nitrogen masks
Drink auras with chakras.
I'm in gamma states when I write

Brett Dennen sees me rising on the horizon
831 desert storms dying down
I'm a samurai in a secret society

Haunting
There are some things, that I'm out of control over
How I feel for certain people, for example
Helpless love
And at this moment
The best and only real thing I can "do"
is remain true
To what I feel and honor her, and trust
Because I am also out of control of
how her destiny and choice unfolds
However the most crucial is
healthy unattachment balanced with
self commitment

Part 3

“Burn! Burn! Burn away the illusion!”

“we’re all just flickering flashes of light in the night”

I can feel the impending shift like dogs sense earthquakes.

music that hits so hard
you forget who you are
and become God.
Break your spine and
paralyze your mind.
This is raw ecstasy.
Fermented and fresh
Open like mouths saying yes
To a full soul orgasm
Take it slow like a veteran of war
Assault you with sound armies
Deities prostrate under the dirt floorboards.
And your eyes say libraries
Burn down all the reasons you’re here
Cry till your vision clears
This is unmappable movements
Impending frequencies of freedom
What kid beyond said.
Because ultimately, only you can say
whether or not you were true
and what was real
Only you were there
But I’ll fuck your heart with my heart if I have to.

hope's house

Unkept gardens
grow between our shared boundaries.
Property lines feed offspring,
and occasionally
we share the same nightmares.

What agreements have our souls made in this
yet-to-be-written edition of our union's odyssey?
The way water moves through our landscapes.

What recipes will we share
with our hungry children?
And whom amongst
our bickering mind delegates
can I trust?

Only the raw heart,
cut into pieces
before cooked and served.
Marinate the tender meat
in sweet and spicy sauce.
Let each piece tell its story to completion.
Gather the debris, and make art
like a home to grow your soul inside.

You make me scared of God.
That She could make me so.
precisely and profoundly effable—
the way your simple existence
opens my love like volcanoes and doors.

The elements and seasons run riots
and overtake the order and lines
that divide the rooms within me.
I am perfectly out of control
of how I feel for you.

I hold it arm's wide tai-chi
unspoken library style.
There's no predicting the weather
in such warm times as these
shifting seasons and oscillating currents.

I become an old rosebush,
and seek refuge in the scents
that escape these petalled poems.

I know there's a vampire
werewolf inside you
that feeds on the chaos,
and even delights in the destruction.
Kali sculpture welding cream dispensers
into a suit so you can dance in the rain
and be a waterfall.

And I don't want to overwrite this.
So each line is squeezing juice from the pulp
to serve you and whatever family
happens to be visiting.

My spirit sleeps when it's with you.
And my madness finds a sanctuary.
Only if your destiny seeks such calligraphy
Could I surrender my armies and castle walls

Because truth be told
My life's deep sober wisdom recognizes you
and welcomes whatever earthquakes or floods,
or organic gardens come from our mutual opening:

two astronauts jumping through two event horizons
and meeting in between the singularities of infinity.

"I feel home in your smell."

So I will write this cautiously and quietly
and keep it confidential:
A part of me knows
beyond doubt or question
that you are my wife or will be.

Mother my seeds.

My nature is to accept you,
and support you, love you—
grow old with you.

And a part of me is afraid this will never be
simply because that's not meant to be.
for either of us.

So I stand sandwiched
negotiating in sleep and dreams
with guides and psychic tarot readers
unsure how to play the cards that come up.

it's still the zenith

and I'm still homeless
carrying cathedrals inside silence
mouth closed I vibrate
sub-auditory sound frequencies
that bend your reality
with performance poetry
I'm disguising alien technology.

Infiltrate various demographics of society
Emanate dangerous decibel levels of

Pure consciousness twisted into lyrics
so dense with algorhythmic intelligence
patterns are challenging melodic
Meta morpheogenic god sent
Pantheogenesis rippin' it
Like a schitzophrenic ventriloquist

Orchestrate a stream of thought dots.
Moving liquid dreams
Break apart the invisible crowds.
Of thousands chanting in unison
So many unreleased masterpieces kept secret
Under the surface
I'm serious when I say:

"I'm not famous"
you can't trace this.

I'm anonymous
I rarely express or demonstrate

the prophetic non-profit bomb shit
Tax write-off true art it's
donate seeds into hip-hop

Like I do astral open mics
I'm a floor cleaner in the acaciac library
Arabic early mystic
Underground versions of the bible

Syntax cross fabricates
the synapse systems in your brain
Map fractals with language stains
Make you psychedelically pray and meditate
as you digest this
Essence of empathy
I spit the essence of empathy
I bleed into my books
Print the ash remnants
of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds
Of armies of ancestors back me

smack Jesus unapologetically graphic
caught in a ceaseless state of comatose zombie
"I judge you in milliseconds"
"There's no way you could even think to be a good
person"
"You don't remind me of anyone I've seen on TV"
"Please tell me how to think"
We need to take psychiatric meds to stay stable
And the fact is Hope

I know I'm not hallucinating
And only you can know yourself fully

But I'd like to know as much as you let me
Feel as much as you let me
Drum beats in different voices
alternate on the podium
Blank page massacres
Samadhi writing like a soul-statue
Frozen in place

Looking at the whole global human race
Like one thing
a commonality known between
tangible assassinations
there are non-humans that blend in
throughout your system
liberate codes strangled in translation
break apart into disintegrations

burn X3 away the illusion

I put behavior patterns in auto-pilot
as I navigate the star-channeled gate.
I eliminate hate on stage
As I incarnate the somatic opposite is pain
Bleed blame
Hide shame
Scar your brain
It's been raining for 44 days straight
I recreate the holographic pictures
projected on our collective dream-scapes
Take inter-planetary movie screens
In the zodiac cosmological constellations

Illegal mispronunciations of spirit
Divine feminine
Mutiny in the roots:
Underground city colonies.
Stupid ridonkulous serenity

sick medicine systems
privatize everything's a prison
I'm a republican
I'm a pagan
I'm a democrat
I'm a human

Unacknowledged contributions

Change your genes with poetry
Permanently alter your paradigms of reality
Penetrate the mundane with signs
Like the voices of sky and earth
are getting louder
I'm sunset walks on the beach
Wheelchair rides on public transit buses

"I forgot all about you here"
beep beep

I feel your heart like it were an integral part of my
own.
Your presence tunes a frequency of love in me that
is deeper than deep
Utterly unique
Unreplicable
Invaluable

Like:

“I will change the course of my life for this woman”

I deep breathe leviathan leagues
Like cities under islands in the sea
And truly do
Bend your reality with sound frequencies

Shaman on the mic
Ancient angel homosapien alien changeling
Rearranging your brain
Broadcasting over the speakers of black rock city
This is something that's on a whole other level
More than rare: one of a kind

if it were up to me,
you'd let our bodies blend and merge
kiss you anywhere I can
if our feet are touching I'm happy
I want to breathe the same air as you.
I want to love you anyway you'll let me
I love you every way I know how

What I feel is lucid roots
Deep healthy soul-certain
cushion the crashing and flying cycles
with mundane limbs
linking around our bruised auras
and automobiles

**I put faith and free will
In gear
And navigate fate and destiny
With a steering wheel**

“according to the surgeon general”
Americansaddhu.com

Blow up open mics like suicide bombs
Incarcerate poetry
And mime the static translations
of legal prescriptions of
god in a bottle
Drink ayahuasca in metropolitan areas
Natropathically introduce the aliens to the humans,
and vice versa
I’m used to
Alkaline acidic lymes disease
Symptoms similar to:
Repeat:
Change my life and mind to be with you
Sit on benches and in hospital rooms
Cars and coffins
Grow roots in the same pots
Cook gardens.

make my way through a general surgery
like a twelve pack and
compromise the regurgitational urges to
purge the psychic channels on stage
I mutate like an offspring of AIDs

Hypercontagious viral bacterial plague
Airborne chemical neural nuclear warfare spores
I spit hip-hop on acid
Dose and audience
Literally
I lyrically
Operate on dozens of souls a second
One of the fingers on
one of my hands
On one of my arms
Is pinching the cyst
seed of sickness in your root system

I perform surgeries with poetry
John of god style
Cameras and pigeons
Bombs on dragonflies

My mind splinters like the foundations
of buildings in Latin American
Church congregations
There's no more
Delay or waiting
For the "coming days" are over us
Already time itself has started leaking
Leaving stains through spatial areas of experience
Swaths of perception fields

it's a hallmark on a daily basis

“discerning the reality lines
convergence upon the horizon lines”

I wake up in the morning
And crawl into a notebook
Like a silkworm and
eat my way to the center
Of fresh apricots
Growing in Iranian orchards

I wring out cloth still damp like robes
From swimming in lucid dreams
Consistently awake within the shifting scenes
Of so many real life movies
Moving through our fast forward photographically
pure unfiltered humpback whales
breaching the troubled surface
Frothy waves
Salty juices
Mixing nerve endings
“feel the propensity”
of this
accurate frequency

kiss god's door with heart lips
knocking gentle melodies
in old wood
knotted with time tattered
rain battered
slather paint tongue brush
coating canvas skin

with prayers like roots
reaching up to meet the branches
hold your space like a husband
after 40 years of devotion

wilting flowers on altars
4000 years after the insemination
alter the foundations of civilization

I use journals to remember who I am

Ceaselesswitness.com

Grow a garden.

Plant a seed.

Daydream rhythmic freedom.

I see through veils like stage curtains.

Kiss god.

Thirsty for love.

Samaddhi ball.

Grandfather arms around fire.

Love is water.

Put through green doors.

I'm a samurai flower.

Fall fuller than remembrance

Take LSD, THC, MDMA, 5HTP

And prescribe body-therapy for cancer

I'm way beyond the witnessing.

Blank pages are left faded with dust.

Ground granite powder.

Broken candles burning.

Alcohol and oxygen.

Water and sunlight.

Rainbows and unspoken awareness

NSA advanced secrecy

“never divulge how much you actually know”

drop key phrases in the cages

as you feed the prisoners.
I'm deep breathing tai-chi practitioners
Mind-fuck your brain with
time luck cure stains with
Unrefrained freedom chains
Eye dropped diamond double divinity
into twisted helixes as
Angels visit me
Like cell phone calls
I answer with an invisible Bluetooth
In inaudible frequencies
I hold multiple conversations
at the same time and
IV inject your spirit with lyrics
You find at an all-night club
In a major city.

Sarah LaRock's got me
carvin stanzas with swords
tipped with feathers
whose origins you can't place
in any magma circum family genus
freedom
freak my spinal cord injury
into remised sickness
twisted parallel lines into hollow vortexes
of singular space time
collapse cyclical non-ordinary physics

grow gardens with ink seeds and papyrus soil
a swarm of psychic locusts flood the sky

PART 4

don't be afraid of being your whole self
don't be afraid of being too big.

“have no tolerance for quiet desperation”

I shoot heroin in alleys with your children
While everyone else sleeps
I organize dream-riots
Lucidly make you wake up
as you walk home
lost and all one

I surf ciphers all around the world
and hold multiple emanations
Like laser shows
In falling towards heaven
Reverse gravity clarity
Climbs deeper than the archetype of
Resurrection Records
Is a tupac makevelli release under
Hope's Bridge
clinic for the desolate
diamonds in my socks
angels materialize

I write with hawk feathers
I splice genes with lyrics
Sharp scalpel instruments
Operating in your dream time

Break hearts like chandeliers
Fresh start life candle burns near
With crystal amplification

Activate the arteries
Recalibrate your artistry
To a 2012 frequency
Channel for emergency
Radio broadcast supernatural intelligence
Meta-translations
Spawning salmon

Contagious serums and secret experiments
Parasite your bone marrow
Plumate your whole landscape
Correlates too many hearts to compute
The symmetry outshines orbiting comets
And pictures of sibling planets

statistically I'm an improbability
break your heart into a billion pieces
and piece together the true essential teachings of
Jesus

freestyle freedom too dense to translate
making love to your forgiveness
enter a momentary
kiss your soul
static hold infinity
if you let me Qi Gong altar your reality
like quiet listening demons of remembrance that
suck spirit from the ocean bottom currents and

depths of presence that

strong arm faith into the frame
etch in hope's name
engrave in some pain
transmute it into poetry
I'm literal when I say:
I save souls with words
Sword-less warrior stained in ink robes unfurling
Frozen bio-diesel tanks
painting sustainable pictures with classic graffiti

I wake up gang-raped by angels
Evading hurricanes
Naked post communion
Palatable pre-impact memorials

I fill head-buckets.
My lips taste like dirt.
Salty algae.
Slow down acceleration process.
Reverse aging.
Robbed by the light.
Make salvation into ceremony
For you to sit in a circle around the fire
And drink this medicine.

"All times all nations all races
all places all faces all names"

too much beauty to hold,
the container breaks
time and planning our interesting things

fragile page listening
to a plum siphoning shafts of light
enter and exit through my chakras
like rainbow circuits through
my body is electromagnetic
slow grown
fully formed
frozen forests
unfolding in slow motion
poems are emanations
star-gate your mind-state
consciously create an altered space

saturate your mental system
with the sound of forgiveness
incarnate in language resonant with
galactic satellites coming into translation
upside down deep-sea diving
leviathan leagues breathing in sync
13,000,000 humans in a field of witnessing
blank page stare into the laser beams
I break the TV screens
Posted in your third eye vision
Serendipitous gentle emptiness
Flocks of birds
Schools of fish

check it:

I break the necks of demons in a crowded room
And turn on neoclassic cruise control assassinations
Unauthorized liberation
Through spiritual realization

Moksha equation
Horns on horses
Hella hallelujahs
Spoken and sung on mountains
Puke on myself
Bleed on you
Being true to myself is my practice

attention is the new currency

when I'm with you I feel inexplicable
too much to compute
I want more
Paint your eyes with poetry
that never gets erased

don't wake the sleeping slaves
listening like your life depended on it

in an age of mass emails,
seemingly infinite channels of information to tune into
I send transmissions from
top secret human satellites
falling through event horizons
This is cutting-edge consciousness

I merge into ritual holographic systems
like freeway on ramps
Skydiving arrivals
Microphones implanted in my Larynx
Ease the birth pangs
transition medicine music
"let's really do it:

live the dream”

more tangible than concrete
I drive blue falcons through warzones and wastelands
And leave symbols disguised as graffiti emblems

My poetry is the resurrection of hip-hop post-
apocalypse
Avert catastrophes mid sentence
Inject your spirit with grace
Like a needle shot from outer-space
Laser lyrics hit the human race
In your face naked obvious
Clear statements I lace
Language with narcotics
to bomb you out of your comatose states
altar the space
break time like glass mind caps
peel back too fast to track
god downloads software programs
in my nervous root system
like the movie the matrix
from fiction to reality

incarnate so intentionally
I leave signals from my past and future lives
Like airplane landing strips
Rip through dimensions
With possessed precision of unbroken song lines
Stored in vibrational memory gene circuitry
so Swift passes encrypted macro messages
through personal micro computer
processing neurons in an AI unit

“call on me as needed”
MITs MIwhite (MIB)
I eat your soul with poems
Replace your bones
Melt microphones like provolone
Digest the chalkiness of existence

I sit at the base of a stone tree
and stare through a wood wall
Waiting for the internal **Zen clock**
to sound the **poetry alarm**
Signaling the flocks of armies to descend
on the battle fields of my
emotional and mental landscape

my feather bleeds blue ink
as I calligraphy my body with stanzas
that I got burned in a fire
built to cook soup to feed a family
that lives in a hut in the desert

Vaso constricting my heart stream
Like a doctor self medicating
Sobriety through meditated dosages
Of free fall stains
That leave imprints on cellular membranes
As you listen to the exhaled translations of pain
Mutating into butterfly falling soil dissolving
Garden nutrients for creative occupations
of peaceful settlements
For an imperial civilization

That conquers through cultural strands
Based in capitalistic consumption models
For development into factories for advancement
Of a shipping laid to rest on a mountain ridge
That is slowly seeking out the most direct path
towards the center of the planet
I can't stand it
So I sit lotus on a hot air balloon
Before I skydive land into the ocean
Near a sail boat
Carrying my loved ones.
Like clay containers

Kissing the places where
lightning bolts ignited forest fires

Here's a cup of Honest Tea:
Poetry is the byproduct of my spiritual practice
And biochemical digestion
Of Kundalini rising too early
Too much
Too quick

fractal stickers on laptop computers
generated bio-diesel refinement formulas
stored in remote refrigerators

I hike inside pathways
"The single most salient characteristic
Of human beings is forgetfulness"

muse muse muse

do you want a modern day Romeo and Juliet poem?
Do you?
Really want a life and death
Dreaming waking romance comedy
Lyrical odyssey
That safely holds all the real-life tragedy
Ugly too beautiful to tolerate
The tangible texture of a miracle
Gift-wrapped like a mummified tomb
Or a spiritual womb
Materialized by a union
that pervades all polarities and dualities
With crystal flesh clarity

Castle climbing constantly growing younger
We're here now
And I'm asking you
Do you want a blades of grass 2012 poem?
Do you?
want a Rimbaud, Thoreau or Homer?

We're all poets
And sometimes a poem comes through one of us
That is so real and accurate
A poem that we all repeat phrases to
Like threads that weave a tree to hold a culture

Lemurian Iranian living in Argentina
Participating in non-terroristic
Non violent
Counter-organized attacks

On imperialistic war complex
Waging death like human fires
Across the world
I'm infiltrating your system
Like an innocuous time delayed viral infection
Flip synapse on command
Reprogram your mind in no time
Alter the chains in your brain
From shackles and bracelets
Keep you constricted in patterns of limited freedom
Half slave is still slave
Pay 8 hours of the day to the man
But hey man, there's no man, man

my rhymes reprogram
the synapse firing patterns in your mind
old times become new times
third eye stages open and close like butterfly wings
a strange star song
one your tribe forgot to pronounce
I play my heart and soul on stage
I perform open god surgery
Pray like a possessed person
Split personality
Schizophrenic bipolar
Psychotic manic
Addict
On TV
Ketamine
CHP
MDMA
And green tea
Smoking heroin in a convertible BMW

Shank you with truth in the prison bathroom
And leave you pregnant in pain
Giving birth to a full born human form

I vomit and weep
If I read what I write
When I write,
I don't know what I write
But I write day and night
Right now it's 5:15 PM
PST
9/11/08
My car is honking at me uncontrollably
Lights going off and on
I have to pull over
Information so secret you can't write it down
Just speak it.

I'm stuck in a honeymoon
my dreams are of car accidents
I live behind a steering wheel
Move miles like treadmill roads
Concrete holographic tunnels
Stargates and tunnels in major cities
Untouched mountains and echo-systems
Fragile feet with strong talons

PART 5

5:55 PM

the time and date keeps changing
I'm rearranging your DNA
with vibrational laser emissions
My energy system is hardwired
With actual anomalous phenomena
Mutant microchip monitor his movements
Recorded all the time like
experiments in other dimensions
I'm sending psychic emanations like email
Super ordinary human whole potential
Activated and actualized with naturalized
Manifestations of miracles
hit the nervous system like
opium in it's purest form

I shoot Christ with a needle
use a pen like a knife
cut a hole in my chest
and dissect my heart
till it reveals the language that writes stars
deciphers the laws governing Mars'
weather patterns of the
heart of the world
alchemist transmuting mustard seeds
into mountains of granite
migrating through the glacial remnants
fire and brimstone

I do this

time traveling poetry thing
so you know you're not alone
leave graffiti inside all the temples
neo-pagan

antidisestablishmentarianism

addicted to breathing
I wake up bleeding
Like menstrual crucifixions
Hallucinate so hard
This world disappears permanently
And I emerge in a similar mirror
yet different one
peel away the layers
till I'm so awake
this life becomes a
lullaby alarm clock

I feel an unmistakable love
I am an unmistakable love for you.

I'm spreading light contaminated information
Through grassroots channels.

I'm globalizing echelon intelligence
Top secret taps straight to the surface
From the center of 7 layered levels of
secure conspiracy circles
Breathing similar stories in unison

Sobriety is a friend in this age of inebriation

synchronistic bomb shit
detonate a metropolis
bust stupid ridonkulous

I drink till you're dehydrated enough to
ask a Goddess to show you how to **eat pussy**
At the ripe age of XYZ
I began to be initiated into sensuality
so conscious it transcends
all identity and duality
Break your spine into a snake kissing itself
Binary infant spiral
Spill wine on you
Kiss an open wound
My devotion bends hurricanes
Technologically speaking
I'm a movie star 5 minutes pre-commercial pro-
gramming
Mixing with politics while I communicate with illit-
erate dogma worshipping wenches
That illuminate blank canvas
Red wine vineyards of un-programmable off grid
synchronicity stricken temple
worshipping middle weigh station
I'm a bear

**I want you to feel my heart beat inside you, in
my cock**

COFFEE NATION

I go to the coffee shop
to get a coffee to go
and smoke as I sip
As I drive
So I can feel connected to 100 million people
Who are doing the same thing.
I digest commercial cargo sized loads
Of collective somatic tissue

I rewrite the stories you tell yourself and your children.
“grow the seeds and the trees!”

illuminate the black light on mics,
I mutate and transmute the moment into an altar
to scribe the un-recordable

orchestrate whale symphonies with my spirit body
I conduct light trains
Moving throughout our electromagnetic vibrational
system
I'm an emissary
Get real honest with you
I'm panacea peace pandemics
No shot fired evolutions
Super morphate
As I digest raw alchemy
Sonar single out a handful of humans in the beginning
Ending
Times got too strong lately
The portals are more common

have seizures when you hear it
and really let it sink down into your bones
infiltration poems
melt microphones like DMT injections into your
pelvis
I drip MDMA

chase a miracle to it's source
I utilize the unified force fields
Pour through illegal light rays
Censored frequencies
On radios
Unmanufactured receiving units
Cold feet
Blinking eyes
Hot mind
Drip bomb juice from rhymes
Soaked in divine
Drug love conquers all tyranny
So nonviolently, I murder the enemy
Without laying a finger on thee
Dragonfly diamond
5 Disks moving in the sky
Painted in reflective surfaces
invisible to the human eye

Perceptions bleed like paintings in the heat
Make the silence taste sweet
Stillness runs deep
I'm not comfortable
Eyes closed in REM
With a few other mute humans

Who are just as drunk as me
Cockaphonus
Serpent belly
Beauty so bright, it fills you with light
Rob your life of poverty
Make each moment eternally meaningful

make love with you in another dimension

without your permission

plant seeds in your visionary filters
worship you in public secretly
fuck till freedom is melting
ice in your navel surrender
and you finally forgive god
for all the alchemical gifts

five minutes till the apocalypse
I hold 24 times 60 times 60
Reflections and fractal reverse osmosis
Optically infiltrate hallucinating wavelengths
Please forgive our weeping anchor altars
I record the confessions
Of collective ghosts
Circumambulating the fifty year old legacy to freedom
We each chase stories
Cut through crystal computers
Dzogchen dagwon jaguar
cougar curriculum plays cubed exponential

listening so ancient
opulent prostrations turn into rainbow legions
as prose digests the cancer in our pods
like a lawyer
constipated paraplegic actors
pose Ashtanga flows frozen in union
statue-esque cathedral larynx

soaked in ice water
lemon grass crazy matrix
daydream through bullet haze
a river into racing recognition

“I see you there:
not breathing
writing actual spiritual downloads”

flex your whole spirit into the present moment
so hardcore it hyphenates the ageless
can’t go

all I do is I don’t stop praying
graceful elegant ancient alien
monolith
infiltrate
yo
I live inside running cars
And listen to ipod headphones
With the moon setting here to make room for the
sun there.
I hear voices as I write with a hawk feather
Seat heating a spliff into adolescence
Like frozen-hearted fathers
Enclose me between your manmade walls
Pull me in
Wrap my spine around your rhymes
And save for later in Tupperware
Capture the presence of the moment
in Egyptian non-attachment

just another autistic moment

“check the cover of a magazine”

I live in silent cave entranceways
To scientific laboratories
On other planets
I’m on sunrise watch
I wake up at 4:20 AM
And prepare medicine for the masses as they sleep
I inject vaccines via mosquito needles
Opening faucet wheels that turn into Mandala symphonies
I send stone-art emails into the listening

a crowd of prophets run upon your venue
and drop the bomb shit
tote-sick-stupid vomit
voicemail for “Godis”n’t here right now

Check it:
I control your mental state from a satellite place
Infiltrate the emotional opus open wound
Drives flow towards ocean
Inversed infinity

Bleed on you
Spill Jesus on you.
Mispainted perfection
Fighting flocks of fish eating
seagull schools of thought

cooked in compassion
till all the hate rises to the surface

and silence itself tastes too rich to drink
I smoke dawn ceremonies and
live in the fire breathing dragonfly children



WWW.JOHNATHANHUMAN.COM