

*golden
magnetic
strip*

j Human

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

calm and watch a sitcom, 24 hours a day time zone-
use a microphone to call home at a show before I
go jump in a locked water tang like The Prestige
movie, assimilating currents from comets as I
commute on bart between televised engagements,
Make love with angels
Pornographic prostrations
Therapy language
Constant throb heart them alpha everything with
omega emanations I contemplate clearing 144
chakras, separate stories written at the same time
weave together like interrelational lines our
separation meets in fractal mosaic unity

Make sure I break your heart insuch a way its set in
place to heal every time you hear your name a soul
sings as a bell rings
From one dreamer to another:
“waking” and “sleeping” are the same thing mostly
reality TV channel HUMAN

Japan+Chinese+Arabic DJS
World tour 2009

Im not gonna be just another alien assassinated as I
try to help your species free itself from a self
imposed slavery pending approval from an
established intergalactic agency aligned with the
heart of humanity, im on some meet with the
leaders of the free world in Geneva Summit
Young buck runs by Tobins house, and my famed
future has caught up with my starving artist in a
beemer present, fake fur more expensive than real
fur, hallucinating without chemical assistance lyrics
trainwreck your internal organs if I have to heal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GAP intro

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“orphan in your pants”

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

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

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

As I eat I excrete helixes linked infinite
I came to South America to get out of California and the USA and begin internationalizing my life. I do not want to grow old and be based entirely in America. I want to explore the inner and outer worlds and find a path that suits me. I came here to have fun and also commune with self. I came to shift negative habits I had developed for coping with stress, specifically smoking and drinking. I came here to recreate and reinvest myself and my life from this 25.5 year old point onwards. I am open to settling somewhere like Buenos Aires or other. I came to be alone and experience the enrichment and clarity that comes from letting go of patterns and allowing the natural pull of my higher intelligence guide my small and large actions.
When you go to argentina and your drinking martinis like 007 I hope you remember Einsteins contribution to the human race: energy translates itself like money and languages, idiomas rich with infertility yo vengo aqui sultar una punta futuro

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Chinese

Mic check: reckless witness the havoc set in place
like fine silver, exclusivo, pagame, vamos a tener
sexo, mientrame, lacosaque gente no ven, is:

Whether you are aware or not, acknowledge or not,
each and every human being is a participant in this
war plague population control from another star
system, remote radio pay one hundred US dollars
for a piece of prime real estate on your eneral soul
liened agains

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

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

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

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

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

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

“rhymes shine like embers” it’s the 2nd week of
September, I impregnate your grandmothers
infertile harddrive, cervix opens to the light, we
trade lives like lost survivors might recolonize
wasteland mid drift diamonds mined for the right
price
FTD.com

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

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

“handle with care”

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

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

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

--yo puedo hace cualquiera cosa que yo quiero.

Cuando ninos vena mi a hablar y platicar, desde azul cielo sin nubes estoy suenando en espanol

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

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

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

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

Clippings from the classified section of the newspaper taped to my bathroom walls. I have run out of poems and inspiration. Im the unshakable determination that can at times arise with self preservation. Medussa going blind. Christ surprised by the miracles himself awed into surrender:

Yes almost everyone will fail to grasp or grock the meaning I meant to convey and even use the glory against the original purpose has changed not one millimeter from inception, even after another multi milenial epoch we'll still be rockin the essence incarnate incognito in las vegas and dubai style

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

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

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

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

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

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

Globalartesanmarket.com

Tboone pickens and other notes for a

Show and budget

“keep your witch well fed”

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

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

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

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

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

1/26monday

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lyrical Porn, "you smell like Jesus" she said

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tobin Giblin incantation break dance dharma

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tira me iglesia "take me to church"
Prayer requests sent in public
Mic check: save a starfish

Infinite jesus gigs
Musica es la medicina

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

