

Metanoia

Tales of the Shadow Land

By

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Song of Aligned

As we sing to the song of time
We hope to keep as one aligned
Freely through the forest fern
We take turns, and burn and burn
But when we, come to see, that life will
Radically
Shift its plates
Layer layers
Be a repaired notion, that
Is not this, is not that
Madder than the hat
I can see the blue ray of hope
Purple daffodils sloped
Down the ravine holding her
In lights chambers she dwells and purs

Fur like coats, maillike shields, presented
In times emotional appeal, to
What is hurting so bad, is reality
Has faced me with the ails of life
Why did death create the seals to unlock,
Thrice it came to be and i saw her
She has left my said, but not my side
For eternal oneness never dies!

I can see her in the fields playing with fairies
Dancing like mysterious merry
So soft, her mood and state
She doesn't even hate the fates
That instilled the , bugs in time, opening paradises
In the vine, then the love, toke a shape
Beyond the realm of faced, emotional placed in the race

I can sense what is noth there
But somewhere, it must be there
So as you see, i can see her there
N about, always there

She is here, now in past
Memories golden childish last

The angel divine, hoping mankind
To better lights, rays of hope
Living life in days upon no ropes
Abound to the sea, she found me
Upon a flight to One's home free

She is so close, i can sense her pain
Of leaving us all, with no path to gain
Why should the greatest, be the first
Why does the poison of life so doth hurt
What is going on, why so much
Pain that hurts, in the deep
Wells a kept and keep in me
So castle walls felt glory days
And left upon the bay

She is now in memories so long lost
But i know, great spirits
Never are lost, just
Caught in frost, of cold wintery death
But breath of spirit, coherent loves mirroring

Owls watch over the hills

Warrior, she was, guardian
Of Earth, sea, Land and Air
Mastery was a given gift in her plea
She fought life once, and gave the creed
Now what is this, heart beats pulsing
Ends for the night.

Light Notes

Light notes hit the tempo's forest
The air churns as it holds it's silent form
Rising, following the River
Towards Yggdrasil

Summerlands echoing trumpets horn
Swords temperate blade runs through
Like the splice in the atom's fold

Nine Branches

Asherah, leads Wisdom's Gaia
burning like Uranus in storm
Freeing Waves moving to crests
Redemption?

The Quest, listen while Solstice
For River's in Light's Ray
Vortex fields of Order
Towards Substance

Heaven rings no notes
For the silent anvil waits
It's hour is near, yet
Far from us

Ancient mana does one hold
Secret labyrinths locking
One to mind's prison
Holding no keys

Keys! There is no escape!
River running to Oceanic
Pearl from swines fate
I am that is not that is

Drum to the beat, immensely
Does coherence bond
Towards to death
Yet, death is surrender

Fate hammer's Odin bane
As stealth, vicious
Enemies remain
No gain, Self-Story blames

The Universe created this
Destroy all that, not this
But remain a Gift
Death nor Fist

Living life in the spell

Tis lucid you see, dreaming
But relatively one
Comes to the Tree

Dance around the Oak
Dance around the leaves
Dance around the levy
Dance around the ley!

You see, that was all
Gone in the Vision
Somewhere beyond
Land, seas and givens

It was to say, somewhere
In nowhere, but everywhere
It Appeared, but nothing
Always remains

To seek, aye search
To not find, but find not
But found is not finding
The found that is not searched

Deep Styx wells current
Fed death, bardo torment
A river that runs concurrent
To the fading voice

Silent speaks, but only gives forms
Towards fusion and cells
That come alive, protons
Electrons, something neutron

Death only lives in the mind
Recycling various *chitta*
But enhance the Siddha
This is now in Chance

Riddle me this, the tree
Grows up, and down
Around left, right about
Yet silently, growing no sound

So no sound, but finding the forest
Were nothing exists but all
So nothing is sound in the well
But death provides deep bells

No sound in tree, tree gives sound
Nothing from something, a new ground
To face the senses, to then perceive
Release, that moment

Lust is greed
Intention wills the sorrow seams
That come in rush, fashion
A clothing adrest

Leaving me now

I am here, now, present
Fully alive, dragon mist
Forming words through fire
I am the gift

From deep wells in Atlantis
Does the Occult run stories
Forms show I shall not reveal
But revealed is in the script

From death doth shine thyne sting
But haunting slings,
Rotting various deadness
That came into allness

The winds soar through heights
But grounding
Sustaining the rate
Of what is, what is fate?

Fate is a simple note that echoes
From deep silence, were
You make a sound
That nothing comes

But nothing is
And nothing shall be
So nothing exists
Apparently

Come to me
And rhythm the well
We dance to death
But death doth us well

For we sing, we take landing
We see many forms standing
Like death stings
A simple wasp

We come from the tempo
We are now in the face of
What is inside the given temple
We are the sages, of time
The Nine

We are the council of Laws
The given, not layers abound
Ring pass me not, but pass me shall
Towards the centre is all living hell

Why can one not face the centre?
Hell's Tartarus, spawns creatures
Of shadows shaping death hurt
But that only goes the sulphuric dirt

Deep in the well, burning
Turning, churning, boiling
Three eyes, newts, frog
Wasp stinger and dog

Wolfsbane stew, carries few
But living life, strife
Comes anew, so
What we sing is

Tribe, tribe, dance around
Sing to the sound, before

The sky found, its place
Blue is past human race

What we see is what we are

Racing? To the Sun? Or chariots
All but one
Duir, blasted by all
Hold tall

So long, death's glue
Residue, looming over
What is old
But leftover

I felt this sense now
It just came upon me
It is like a looming force
dividing , split, courses

Chant the name!
Give rise the no blame!
Purity from the Sun!
Rays must be one!

We are all a light wave
To the sun we reform
And return
Or void and coldness

Brings the slicing sword
Down to hard, but then
We start, to notice
Things that are apart

The mood is now shifting
Again
I can sense this blueprints plan
Meta marching band

Druids, here, Druids, there
Old ways, Ancients seers
Not this new, pagan Wanna Weirs

Go older to the roots
You there?

Okay, now the temples rocks
What was cropped?
Magma forming in the cliffs
To form into shapes with quickness
O snap, you didn't think that
This is now fact

Cooling cloud storms, water raining
Mana saving, life new braving
Swords slaying, temples growing
Everywhere chaos glowing!

What we shown to man is that
When one wears the fool's hat
It makes him madder in fact
To show you how to do that

That you can't do but do that new
And then the beat of arrows
Wash through the quells
And base an residue

Quick, back, attack
Form new bows to
Shoot the counter
But the new waves

Are but another way down
To the sound of nothing
But to the nothing
That is bound

So I sense sky maps profound
Towards beyond what we see
For how potential is limitless
Like man, you see?

Growing seeds, washing greed
Lust impedes, washing needs
Then we grow, random this

Not that, not this

I can see, the wars of time
Like linear blasts coming
From death doth strike
The key of time

In the rate of crystal glaze chemicals
That can be harnessed below
And released from the soil
To destroy all that are

For how can one destroy life
Start with the soil of strife

This has been, Awen
Speaking through me
Now and then
But then, or now?

Deep building bubbles form
To destroy the paths of many
But many pathless few
Think they walk the one many

Full of empty, but to say
Cauldrons still hold air
Building with what is not there
But it is their to the cauldron

We can see, this riddle games
In the brain's twisting insane
The tree goes deep, in the well
But unleashed, does it

Go well, time to dwell
On the things below hell
What is dark than darkness
Shadow's shapes

What goes it darkness is well
But what shapes the darkness
Is worse than hell

To say at least, what the hell

Unleashing these secrets
Is like opening my book
To the soul that you are reading
Open to your look

So deep and entertaining is this
My thought, on paper
You think it's me
And i am some insanity

But reality, this is never me
It is just a flow from the Sea
Like a Dragon resting
Upon the shores nothing

Like ample waves to the beat
The claws come deep
To silk and seat
Hold the prison

Time's seed, is holding us now
The world's eternity is
In the moment's we speak
But the thinking

Kills the mind, the body
The soul, the stress
The way we come to hold
What secrets we share

Do not but do reveal those
But share what others shore
For the front is always back
And the love likes to attack

So trust those close,
death to the ample
The tree is resting
Be blessed be
Sweetness apple

Into the Being

Into the being, coming ocean wide
Like flowing energy surprise
Deep depths hold darkest pressure
As things with tempered
Rattling bones doth thine will usher
Atlantis, is, just behind the name
Name and Form, both as one
Under the Solar Sun

Rod to this
Chirp to that
Warrior stalking voice
Nothing choice

White hands of flaming heat
Standard of ground to the treat
Of flowers reaching beyond the peak
Of light love justice, maker's seat

Silent i am, walking the fields
Like rows, past life, here
Is where i see my old heritage
It's like the flower blossoms in winter
The fresh spring daisy in the scent of death
Blood all around me, like slain, sword taken
But this mirage of truth, scrambling the fragments of vision
Left one to wish they could see beyond
But this warrior, something like a pacifier of death
Was like a destruction, of creation
It came, held its power, and formed into all things
It left the power for itself to divide, yet dissolving unity
And realizing to become whole it would have to be nothingness, so such nothingness is a whole thought

Dancing prancing and hoping to do what we see
Is what in the game says to be when
Many things are driven and given
Not here, nor there, nothing written
In the stairs, just written clay feet

Past life old times retreats

Old faces of white borders filament
Checkered planes of flowered dissonance
Spinning webs of deceit and crafted
Things of Isis that left what
We knew this could be
As what one can let go of
Super time to the time super

Relevance

beyond yonder that is to be
death walking harmlessly
dreams are dreamt
illusions crafted convent
into myriads contents
levels and Orders
relevance
in a system of prevalence
conditional outer-sense
pain the rub inner-sense
in the end all-sense

following guides arrow Set
Like the dancing prelate
eccentric like the tune
going so soon
sooner than thought
beyond astral naughts
illumination struts
opening charkya's euphoria
annata nirvana samadhi
cause the way
leaves us dark reflecting moons
and caught in ponder thought
wills the sound
hit the target around

pain always stays
lingers pathways

central core memories
drivers running free
viruses throughout
the programming
yet all these plays
enter multi-dimensional
frequencies
leaving me with
both side decencies
so the pain can stay
with you with the way

Kronus

Hold on strong, one is wrong
Sing the verse, to this song
Under the bass, over the left
Nothing is right, Order is blessed
Contests? Duality splits coherence
Oneness abides, under the cleft
Under the current, transmission sent
Beyond the happening's Lent

Somewhere, there is a Mountain
Which holds the Axis Fountain
Ygraddisil stilled, counting units
In rudiments, likely configured
One beat, heat pulse, fissured
Force shifting, is one listening?
Deep down, portals glisten
Running rivers in fire's Prison

Kronos has fled, quantum jumps
Wed moments, fields, components
As dread, reeks torment, things
Just come bye, living the slings
In the root of beings, some
Just fly in the wind, perished Suns
Decoration in atom's fin
Just like; learn how to swim

Hold On

No one knows about me, just another note in the sea
Of the Ocean, guiding the current, to the calligraphy
Configuring mineral thoughts, come in and flock
Then leave, missguided stock coming in Time's Clock
Hitting that point, just anon wanna-be wassup B
Light up the joints, exercise those blunts, mysteriously
They fly, then they die, and rest in eternal heated misery
Yet infinite is always, so rest is awoken in the sleeping

Now let us explain a little fact, in matter's track
"I" is always attacked and lives in it's own mask
But what has this been through? Or is it just
Another way to joust, looking around where dust
Flying through space-time, fields photons filament
Relieving the moment delirious, now I start testaments
Nothing is, Everything is not, Expansion is reducing
And contraction is counter action led confusion

Okay, chill, vibe, let flow the spirit inside
Heaven's Rooms, Cathedrals and Masonic Temples
Catacombs of Ambrosia's Honey delight confides
This is not, yet it is in imagination's Over-Mind
Is not God but an Author speaking through Each of Us?
Or does it all mask itself in Idols and Lust?
Many things that has just been coming to me now
How you ask? Just like the flight of the Birds allowed

Brick by Brick, Layer by Layer, taking down walls, is
Vulnerability in a state of tolerance on the gate
Yet the fall just ended the rhythm, so style new prisons
Or unleash, set free, and uncaged the systems
In the deep crevice listening, crystals glisten
Like a refined diamond lost to the Coal's Submission
Yet each brick, taking down the wick, flame's instant
To burn the seed, gone, new, An now.

Ocean Depths

There was light, in the depths, underneath, we all wept
But the song, of the waters, came to be
Creeping relentlessly, furiously against the tide
Swept us by, but now we notice the past reflection
Is this me? You? I? Or is it; it?

The simple hummingbird, fleeing it's grasp effortlessly
Along the flowering Lotus, sweet nectar ambrosia defies
As the Fig Tree cries, for how can thought bring
All the roots in the slings? One can begin to wonder....

Contemplation, in the Heart's own station, a song
A melody, it is within, to be broken, what a new dawn
Will echo with the simple wisps along the forest brook
For one mistook, mistaken step, let free the noose!

Is there anything, nothing, particular
That is just a madness in the verse, poem's curriculum
Sing's when the muse opens to vacuums.
Humming head? Your dead...Hummingbird combatting
Against the whispering winds...

Fly my friends, speak your tales to men!

Now we go to the other side, where one feels dead yet alive
What can we see is that we know nothing in the show
This is how it goes and we can't show and now what we know
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, beginning to slow
Now expands, everything in subtle command
Voice of reason expelling the void's land
What is in the hand? Unwinding road leading home.
To the Source, beyond the current's own force...
Just a let go, you are in the Force
Jedi to the next level mastery Swords
Like listening hard, the Truth hits the Word
Like a rock in the Stone, Excalibur must be Worn

Build your beaches upon the sand
For even every grain takes a stand
Against the plan, divine rights man...
This is the channel of now in,

EL is now flowing unreprimanded

And we know that this is collective, the show
So we just, tap in, tap out, flow it, shout
Now we hope to be with the taken song
To another level of place, not wrong
But All is Right in the way of Oblivion
For the Story, what is that again? O yeah
This is God, judge seated on thrones strand
Of an ocean version

Sword

So close, the sword striking my soul
Completely whole, subjected nulls
Like void's static configuring
To grid patterns withering
Along the light's own path

Flying Bird

The land, in which the sorrows rose from the flaming depths,
Was appraised, with dainty fleeting glances, like a wisp,
Caught in the web of strings, flowing freely, yet crisp
Like the Springs entrance, from Deep Wells Contested,
Was were I once was, before the beginning, a date
A form, a Dragon! Yggdrasil, the Tree of Fates!
I am now thus the Host, may the river rage through Breath

Olden Sorcery holds secret in the Keys, yet, from the
Cold willowing frozen lakes, doth the cold keep shells contained
Like restraint, listening slowly, until the precise moment to crack!
To chisel, to break free! See the sky around, allness profound!

The skeletons, like dancing bones around death's fire,
Bring forth! Consume! The Hydra's Head Desire!
The Anvil is Screaming! Pulsing! The blade is tempered!
In sight of knowledge, so such does the Blade give Ignorance
For how wise is a fool? Foolishly Wise, remembers the Bard,

Echoing deep patterns were forms become liquid

States because imperious, delirious, squidish
An Alien, just on the outskirts of my own Being
Coming to the arrow, the pull is set on Center
Heaven's Wrath consumes! Balefire Mentor,
Let the pulse flow through still nothing, coherent
To the sounds, not my own, but a distant fragrance
Of lands forgotten, typical state menace, who fences
Like a combatting fire breathing Red, against White
Doth the probability wish to arise through fire's fight,
Water it down, for the blue flame melts All that is Light

First, the graves are dug, before the land is brought forth
For how could sediment not be a perishable place for both
Sentience, that comes as all is Dust, preaching prize is that
We all are our own Stars, shining in Light for Hope's bright Birth
Yet Charity always sings of her own way, to bring forth
That which holds it's power, but the force of man
Has now entered, and i am not longer am I not
This is how the world turns.

Second, the rings of passage allow the fragments to bypass loci phenomenology
As density, awareness, arises with all things, so such does the dust flying
From light to fire, fire to the flame of men! To the hope of sorrows!
To beyond the cave of Plato's men!
We much reach! We must pray that beyond this day,
There is another, another day, day another, anon today
But what we then miss, is this beautiful poetry coming as a soft flower
So silent along my being, now it is in the scene

Battle fought hard, I was always ragin
As a turret along the boat, of the open sea
Passage there, other shore, nowhere here
But i am they're, not is I
So where are you
There we are
So now we sing the song
Of depths

Deep shadows lurk beneath the fires breathing
For how does combustion stroke that feeling?
Burning you alive, yet using your bones for marrow
To supply the feast, as you are carried
Into another fridge, containment closure shell

That keeps you from speaking your own hell
Cold frozen still freezing, as light is misgiving
But things from dark realms are presently living
So sing free! Sing like the death has come!
Sing like it is already done.

Done, it is finished, the awake is now not now asleep
For from the slumbers, darkness creeps
Like a forgotten memory, deciding my fate
Abyss, you faced me, I faced the state
A close enemy is the closest friend
But how can chaos make disorder mend?
Nothing there to note, just a simple fallacy
As Order is Right, Right is what is Energy

Seek, seek and find, mind, mines, mind and mines
Mineral thoughts, plant entwine, release from me
This devilish mind
Coming and going, can't you see
This song is madness, apparent in me
A dragon that wants, to pierce the other
But now I realized, that is my brother
But as things come, and as things go
The strings of music, so such show
That glowing, tomorrows, and slowing fades
Saving my the crumbs, go get yourself laid.

Hushed sounds from deep wells that never speak
Weak, but brought to light are my innermost beings
It's like destruction of myself, right now, I am doing it complete
I am showing catharsis art in the proper placement
Now let's start another arrangement

The fields were magick gathered, a force, centrifugal
Was allowed, sustained, Sourced, and Central
To all beings, a loci point of interaction
Force field ties beyond orbs, spheres, and transactions
It's like, beyond the well, in depths, there are deep notes
That ride the wave, so hard, that they forgot how they spoke
But silence remembers, silene hears it all
Silence speaks, silence is tall

Many mansions in this castle I am opening

But the walls, true to open blue sky
Is the true source of what is, not some lie
Of disorder fascination currently living by
So surrender, let go, pass away

There is no me left, no I
There is no presence
No essence
Nothing

What is purity, nothingness
For it is clear in absence
What is absence, other than craving
Suffering, samsara waiting!

I give death myself, no long am I
Walking walker of sulphuric acid
Temptation of furious action
Non-action resulting in contraction
Lead the way, your elastic

Through the portals, through the waves
Through the elementary days
Through the now
Through the past
I am clean, now at last

This journey we are one, you see
Is one of my mind writing free, this is not me
But this is you, this is us understanding the clue!

Deep, warriors, stancing portals
Distinguished strongholds holding burrows
Of ancient, olden ways

The most ancient is primordial intelligence
Of which the system is in the Witch

The final end, the doom upon Earth
The center, splits apart, fires rage
A crack beyond compare, stages
Of avalanches, desperate prayers
Locust and hellfire, boils and stares

Marks of Beats and unwarded embers
Towards another limiting leverage
That all is proportional in the resemblance

To sing of the final free days, one must journey through the grass of Summerlands
Towards the blue sky of the evening lark
Beyond the fox's castle, and through the rabbits den
Through the Bear's stare, and in the minds of men
For in this thought, we are all in this pen

So sing, great, like the tale, i have just begun
Now wonder, sing, dance, and become the Sun
For we are all free! Free like the bird flying
So sing it like it is your last day, for you are dying!

Tides Way

A turtle the tide has pushed the ocean too far
Along its path it came to be, a floating sea
hat held the fold upon itself
Yet captured the flat platform staged
To show the world the end of the Globe
Rows and rows fired upon the show
Reason and understanding crept along
the bottom feet, and underlie
but motion leapt aside and kept afloat
for the mind was still in infant choke
the womb of Earth, the forms below
where mistaken, harmless, seeds to sow
The staff magic of anointed one
was during the battle swords split
the covering skin spilled blood
all over the blood feud lines of
times before the door, times before
door before before the door stores
the realm of uncertainty to the muse
but the muse comes and excludes
many men, some with light, some
with nothing, but apparent
that the light always shines
for many cannot see

nor have the ears to hear
for light, the Excalibur has come!
it is time to take the armor again
craft the forge, reign free
from the realm of despondency
like a correspondent who willows
like the ash of the fires

fire, before, that was how the world desired to come
like a blazing ghost that lead the way
behind the veil, invisible, but sight revealed
to the codes in the time that truly one sees
but many don't see the light for in the olden days
the Wizards kept silent rule over their plots
for each land was another command
invisible magicians control under the glove
but many things from love; do not support
the essence of reported hearts
that deported from ancient souls
in whole, they left us to the stake
burned Wizards, chickens, for gizzards
flesh was human to tame the birds
it came to sight that we were lost
for how could one see the true Reality
hidden behind the plague of Rome
Hidden behind the Zen of home
For we knew, India kept ancient treasures
but in the caves
weather we came to be or not
was in the rain, but the manna sent
us to another placement
ancient we are, from the cloud
said the ones to us
but we left for our own lust
not to participate in the dance
so we came, lost, searched
deep in Zion we found underneath
was where the heart was only tempted
by iron ore and gold craft stealing
for ancient pores, alchemy revealing
but so the charts of maps and caves
let us gravely to the forsaken isles
these places, untouched by man

are hidden in the sands
for there are rocks that don't temp
but they always have stood from lamps
and the light that we find in early days
is nothing like the grave we send to others
for in this hard realm we know the door
but many can't unlock their own
for inside, dragons, demons, fiends
monsters unreal to our scene
for the opening way to light is realization
but self upon open migration
led me to transportation of souls
and as a whole being comes to Wizards
they appoint in hours dead living
for the deep night bend of will
lives in the force and still
but the way we come to shower the rain
gains but pains never coming again
so we see that the times of writing
without a thought in the verse
is a pause
a caughtness
a forlickingness
so sell nothing
be everything

Genii

In the circle of dancing genius
I see the fragment of misery
Nothing comes to place its tense
Upon each soul that is miserent
It wishes to council one
To show how to move to next
But embrace that net

Mistress

I am here to tell you the secrets

Of the last resort in weakness
One searches, looking, for the
Mistress, no distance has
Been travelled, little insistence
The road never left, consider it
Yet, running, walking digits,
Speeding, stopping, discovering
Now, Stop it.

Walk Alone

Walking alone, one finds
That things do shine, but do, outline
The presence in which, the essence
Has come, and spun into, visions
That do these things do one

Typical? I ain't no monster
Just listening like another lover
Who hears, who holds a child?
Watches it die? Screams out loud?
Why o why?

Things drop, bombs go off,
Tic toc, even you are on the clock
Nothing left over, just residue
That admits, one is flowing
To another glowing, burning
Feeling that rides deep in the gut

This depth, no one has ever reached
For even me, I was stuck at the breach
Walking in, I see the center, like a dance
To be in the riddle, but left it like a Trance
Where was that again? Leftover retreat

Deep silence, in this centering
Fueling fires, weakening
Separating retire, surrendering
All is vibrating intentionally

Take away, this past I so do
Want to have it done, so that I can
Do what needs to be in the world
Of Men, but men, are the world
That holds the key, the key
To gates, a gate, a key, a message
Free to you, you, see, that walking
Is green then yellow then nothing
Searching free!

Freedom found, under groundlessness
There is nothing to be fought, just wishing
To be found, heard, selected, merged
Love the one that seldom burns
For in this dance, I will leave no page unturned

For is one a King? A slave? A petty knave?
For what is the deepening of the way?

Flesh is the Word
It is the beginning of Who you are
What you are is a split Fjord
Of each listening moment
Or talking unheard

For deep down, we see
That the center holds, power
Complacency, to change

Holy shit, just rewired
Came back from particle backfire
Was like this, then bam went out
Something I said, without a doubt

Wishing nothing away, keep it up
I can take on this direct experience Mind Stuff
Just wish it away, but nah, it would rather stay
For in this way, i can always breath and evaluate

Tear my eyes, come down and realize
That these things come and eternalize
And fire up the sound, we are going off now
For in the how, this has measured up for firing ground

And fusions abound, taking another round
For this is how it goes when one just takes off profound

Not here, not there, no there in somewhere fair
But now I know i'm walking to his own universal stare
Coming back at me from like, wtf you up to faire?

Tenth Muse

Tenth muse, open the senses Heart
Fearing shores waves apart
Like torn structures, washing departs
This Ice Cathedral, imposing darts

Castle walls happening, the wishing well
Please, o please, pleading from hell
But I is hellish, suffering foretells
That cycles are shorter, beings due dwell
In lands below in cisterns dell
Betwixt the photon, quark and swell
Of oceanic ocean peril!

O my muse, my Heart longs for more
Departure to the farthest shores!
For land arise, finds, and then opens doors
Just walking through the keyhole bored
Tension rises, locks click, unwinding gore
But ligaments hold together, we are sure

That times in song, times in this light daze
Come to me in a peripheral maze!
I can see the boundaries, limits, walls
Dissolving currents and opening stalls
It is like there is momentum now, in the call
That primordial intelligence stems from all

It is like a black realm, facade of ghosts
Terrible wisps and tell me not hoax
For in this place the darkness will shine
And create deserters aligned

Walking slowly I can tell you this
That my being is below the gift
In search, but found, my heart! It's wish
Is to be open to the land upon this

So as I sang, this dainty praise
My heart is flowing in realms and days
I can sense the flower just wishing stays
That lotus just bloomed, nothing conveys
That all this is right, all this is wrong
Where is the judge, who draws the line strong?
Don't judge nothing, nothing judges you
For the emptiness will eat you through and through
So if you come to see this riddle
Its that the land is void and middled
In proportional bends of Light and Dance
Trance upon the mood and Chance
Luck my fortune has rode me to death
But now I can say, o yea, take a breath
Deeper into the core we must go down left
And be right upon the land of West

I can see dragons
Tortuous caverns
Trolls and goblins mining havoc
Danger in psychic realms of magick
Labyrinth walls, the mind, contracted
Left free, be right, ecstatic

There is a wade of things vision in clear
Dear, mistake, there is nothing to fear
For far from home, I hold and swear
That this is the last straw, don't take me there

The wind whistles the voice that echos
The silent mysterious land in meadows
Its prairies gossip rings loud and clear
Why is this kid's madness not cleared?

It's just you say, madness is divine
And i'm just a new vine of the De-Vine
Growing noire black shining bright kind

Can't you see, Oneness goes beyond matters mind

My heart's an empty boat
Flowing out, dissolving, now in Oceanic float
I now am just a song of the wave
Be brave for now I am altered today

There just was a ring, audible, clear
Like, love is near, never fear,
For ringing clear the song seers
Into the deepening realm condineered
Silent harmonies ring like angles breaths

There is a beauty beautifully rare
Like a spring blossom of family affairs
But tragic, why take ya there
For they are tracking what this mirrors

Write contrite, they are right
Doctors think they can wear the white
Riding the chariot, proletariat
Yet who built the massive inglorious

It is the realm of dancing ancient patterns
Cycles entering and dissolving through Saturn
Venus and Mars just dance their own tune
And then replaced, that matters beyond soon

Heart Pump

Pumping art, from the veins
Just blood, from the start
Everything emotional burns
Turning the historic no thing

Nothing to lose, just forfeit
Surrendering, somewhere today
Life is just a moment taste
Waste in plethora strife

It is not here, it is not time

Sublime, how essences combine
Feeling the pulse energize
Synergizing moments phenomenally

Nothing is the same, yet insane
To what is inside the membrane
Everything remains, so sane
To what is inside life's bane

Walk, talk, then remind yourself
That when one is alive, restrictions
Are just a contamination of wealth,
Overdue? Nah, just a late free

No-Wrong

Deep down, far beneath the core,
A door, a lock, a simple floor,
That death doth unite; implored
Words beyond restored!

The colors turn black, like a starless night
No found essence, religious right?
O wait, Nature and Time fight...
For who can control the abyss's might!

The universe hides the Truth
But experience, a hidden noose,
Relative to the simple Fruits,
That first you harvest, than you Juice

Memories fading, a echo voice gone.
Face the Truth, as one rises in song!
All that choiceless matter, not wrong
Yet no-not wrong, let's all sing along

The ground gave way, the gates Insane
Alone here, Walking among the shadows
Is were the unholy stream, the Styx meadows
Bring Elysian to the fields plentiful, ambrosia's

Nectar, just flowing through the current Being
For faint whispers are among the grass, yet
As things have come to pass, let
Them forward in motion, at last.
The ring-pass-me-not
Is not-hot but a circumference hot-spot
Leading to see, that Heliocentricity
Sparks the Solar essence, simplicity
Gravitational pulls, inward, contracting
No fighting, embracing the totality
Of what is, what isness around, fluidity.

Cells arranged in forms that administer
Delicate spaces to the particulars
In fragile hopes to rearrange
And set the motion, from Set to insane!

Now since that is covered, we begin.

Swords fighting Angel's in the fold
Words,tempered blades that pierce,
Into the dark drowning light
For when we are near to what is
We are closest to yourself

Catacombs

Deep within, the catacombs
Feelings haunt right to the bone
And when, was I, I was, no more
Then was, silent, the air so still
Vibrant forces flowed, willed
And courses, almost knocked it to ground
But then it was apparent that the
Wall of my own, sound death accord
Came tumbling, crumbling, hauled
Away, sand sifting plays
Nowhere today, just searching found
Within the sound, it came to be
So beautifully, rare moment feelings
Bliss like serpents kiss, lucid tis

A dream insists, that what one does
Is in the home, of love, and light
But can, a death, be so far outright?
Coming attraction, not a highlight...

Blackness surrounds your own sight
No feelings, just bare, face to white
With black, absorbed, within the right
So sound, so serious, delirious, delight!

For nothing comes, and nothing homes
And in the country, fields it roams
Harvesting corn, waving dance forms
Like oceanic praise, daffodils warm

Lacking all this, but gained love wished
What can one say, I insist? Yet
Some things are beyond the abyss...
Territorial fightings, superior grist...

Deep wounds have now passed
And nothing, no knowing lasts
It has, come to be with my right
And now it sings with songs a'light

Flames dancing, purifying what once was
And now, it has, come to be twas
The felt rise of what can betwixt
The realm, the land, the sift

But currents drift, undertow
And now some songs seed sorrow tomorrow
But nope perchance, this realm opens now
And no longer, am restricted by how

Embrace the love, it shines like light
For tomorrow may be the last, allright?
Or doth thine will abate the fright?
Of black death walking alone, downright.

Moonlight

The moonlight over reaching the peak, darkest
Light, in the most absent of night, dawn nor dusk
Fright in terror's sight, beyond the astral white
Nothing to grab, just relax and take the seat.

Tempest Free

The tempest set free, rising,
The anvil screams
Let it be, so shall it pass to thee
When, the shadows shape Tree's
In roots growing deep, hell compels
To search, weep, deny, repeat

Not that I AM, but I AM not
Deny, riddle, middle the way
Of what is going to stay and pray
And wish away, currents, rising
The volcano erupts
As the
Crust is now shaken
Earth is now taken
Grasshoppers deadly forsaken
Trailing waving dance mistaken

Wolf among the gates, sniffing late
But found already, Tribe state
Dark Moon prophetic stasis
It comes to hope thee that contagious
Lyrical verse has now come to be
It is randomly, conversing with the "ME"
Somewhere inside of the center nothing
But there is something, it is everything
Arising in the motion of outward gaze
Senses praise, the song of the ways
But the days upon days just randomly play
And stay and wish away to the cleaner well
What can I tell, fuck this that horrible smell

You are a horror, story, wtf asking you asking
Talking disrespecting, introspective lights fail your healing
Tension of problematic daddy comprehension, just like
O he gonna stick around, fuck that, I'm not a clown
This thing goes up and down, next beat I'm not around
Then this guys, back and forth, steady North
To the ground, in the seat, repeat the version of the weak

Randomly attacking you with no defense, bust way
To the worst way, best day, rising fate, just singing late
But never knew this flue would come back, just what
In fact, stata stack, then relax, for I'm back
What we do is coming into this place of new
Then we pass into what is residue
So what we sing is never coming to be blue
But just another sign of energy arising

Fulcrum balancing the fold
Everything untold
Myriad in the mix of the cold
Wall shutting down bold

Back to the tale
Tempest free Phoenix rising

Deep Mind

Deepmind, mineral thoughts, destroying
The craft, naught, something, fought
Leaving us the Draught, of never hectare plot

Deep Episodes

Deep episodes, of my being, have come
To be, so rampantly singing
Like the notes, strummed, on a lyre
Something dear, yet far, so clear
To me, to you, to thee
That all, is around misery

Hopelessly, sounding clarity

Ringling like gentle doves
Flying into keys that stroke
The feather falling down

I feel, so deep, in this, destruction
Of, my own, face that, has come, to be
Blackness, absorbed, grey albitly
Accepting nothing, everything denies
Like fireflight flies! Dragonfly waving
Dancing lights upon the fern's placancy
Grass, withheld, now magick is freely

As one walks, alone, the plants
Comets and orbs, race by, in rants
Who are thee? Coming to me?
Flying so free? The essence glee?
Or myriad spiders shackle gluttony?
So as we pace down the notes
We begin to see that, strokes,
Paint hearts canvas

Deep wounds have I found in this
I-thing, that aimlessly has grounded
From this that, your combatting
Your own, self nature, self is, nothing
Just arising notes, of words, and hums
That sing in everlong

By Jove, we found the Cove
Caves underwhelmed by Love
Compassion from under the Glove
Below as is within without Above

What sings misery silence along?
Just like emotionality comprising
The steady strong, wrong, placed
In my own wounds, felt now, released
Currents, energy, the final peace
That comes again, dynamic repeat

As the cone, of my, own soul

Has expanded out, to whole
It is, not part, it is, no soul
It is, nothing, no things, at all

What has become, of this, that who
Where, when, why without a clue
Through and through to much a flue
Just contagiously singing to you

Now, this note, skips skips
And from depths ships
Sunken Atlantis arise!
I am the living gift, that comes adrift
From my own bottled caged cyst
From the bottom I race up, to the highest wave
Cresting, and paved, to the, sea of, my own mistake
For how, did fate, turn this, right now, it is
It is, this is how

Silent, embrace
Pulling swords
Combatting snakes
Fighting my face
No resolve
No light to dance
Only feverish trance
Delirium melancholy
Sleepless conversing
Electric shock immersing
For clapping one hand
Is this silent
Conversing

Into, to olden deaths we will now travel...

Desert

The energy is so much balance that it finds
Its own place in the desert, along the oasis
Of time, like a sand sifting memory that tides
Upon the ocean of mistake

Simple tales of drops and mistakes
But really, what is fate
Something that wills on your date
Or is one born into through contract remade
It just is what is, something to delegate
And bring back to absolute conference
For what we see is what we do
And what we seer is beyond the clue
So find what you do, passion to the middle
Everything is a riddle
But then why lord, doth I need forgiveness?

Change, alone, in the nothingness
Surrounded by a sea of torment
Heat is around, succumbing my paternal essence
Finding its home in the delirious infection
The demon of soul harboring lust
Nothing but beyond greed a must
So why doth thine will even hurt so much?
It just is how the world lives in the crunch

Can't even tell you how I am
For I am not right now in the realm of somehow
Then the world shifts, changes
New people, just like whoa what up
Starting to see patterns rearranging
Chaos and order developing
The hate for what people do
But just keeping it in a contagious flu
Please forgive now open my heart to live

Love is so sweet a melody
Like the nectar behind the honey bees
It comes and i can feel it
Can't you see it? It is all around
Like the sound of love, something that abounds within the glove
Under the making hater we all are
But why is not what is real when we feel
But the nothing is deeper than what we have to do
And what we do is to much
Nothing is the starting lunch
And then you finish it before the next crunch
Of biting into the sample of your dopamine examples

Then when it feels right, you just blow out your minds stuff
And release into the tension that one is a sinner
But sin is fin and never was forgiven
But forgiven is man through the plan
But many ways, tens of thousands plays
Leading time lines into the ways
But ley on ley you can find the way
And see that many things will come to pass and come to be
And we are all eternally set free
In the nothing of relevance so
What can i tell you
This is not me, God a clue?

When we start to go down to the different places below the realms
We can see that the shadow forestalls
And what we make is a deep connection to small
And then we develop into the station of pollution
And can't we just see that the train never wrecks, just spins in defect
Rolling off tracks for knowledgeable facts
But just passing the wisdom beyond what is stacked
Against all odds, i manage to relax
Then I come to be and sense the sea
Within the realm so freely
Oceanic tide swept me away
No more here
So i just am flying into deep waters
Going beyond the realm of swim
Fantasy is in this realm of win
For facts are truth and myths can be real
So how am i not the right to preach what i steal
It is just another realm coming through
Depend feet movement
Now we just have to

Start it, roll it then drop the hit
So we can see what is in fact in it
And then we write, just contrite
To see what the has for you
Then

I just see what one does the dew
Into the relevant curfew
So now i just have to write spinning

Walk

The way is a path that rides your walking distance, in which case, one can always walk the distance they need to go into the position of emotion. So by sitting, and walking into the emotion, just slowly getting up, realizing you are able to walk in it, and being able to take the first few steps is essential in the fundamental understanding that trauma is a network split system of disconnection, this disconnection realizes the fundamental split of human psyche, not being listened to when expressed, deny the aspects of self. For if self is negated, then non-self becomes fashionable and the linear highway gets fuzzy and the way cannot be walked, it is switched into a run. By running the race of life, one gets spinned and dizzy, always on the go, never sitting still. Stillness.

Verse of Infinite

A verse of infinite

Coming through this me
But nothing, just something to be
When there, comes naught to see
That everything is apparently
Just a Truth, experience from the noose
Another hit, toking, then we start joking
Choking, and then we are broken'
Just another inept examination teleportation
To another gateway nation, star gazing wasteland
Coming back, just slow, relax, chill and take the wax
Dab, to the left, pass it down, reset

To be in what is rudiment
Is in it's own element, testament?
To what is, is right, something insight?
Or just another petty nuisance white?
Hun to what is going on, white-light
Smashing the thesis to pieces, telekinesis
From what was in the system abyss
Murdering instrumental hysterics

What the memo? Responsibility?
Nah bro, just living free, spontaneously
Intergalactical, practical, nothing radical

Just an embryo coming from the womb
Of Mother Earth, Father Heaven tombs
Lightning went boom, coming through
Then another attempt and the infinite

Darkness, Hesitance

Darkness, hesitance to reveal
Substance, nothing to converse
Just a nothingness performance
All flowing, thought accordance
To inane separation
Unity in congregations
Burn the Church
Burn the Gospel
Minority beyond Hell's Hostel
Why preach your mind?
I am that am not that kind!
Why did one fuck with
The essence, liberating, undoing
Confligation confusing,
Reusing scripted blues

Of, o this medication is new??
Never heard of it, is this shit for real?
Coming into the dopamine receptors
Stealing, any common sense and particulars scepters
Talking, walking, hearing the voice squeaking
The echo of silence, the riddle remarking

Going deeper, abysmal fear
Dragon, Hydra, Ten Eyes Near
Walking to the limits convener
Now, is in every moment blurred
Don't be stupid, don't huff it
Don't puff it, don't stroke it
Just remain while you choke the pill
Down the hatch, the smoke rises
The Dragon materializes
Fire from the bottom seed release
Grown in all ways and subsidence

Atlantis deeper than you think!
Why so Sirius? So many codes linked...
Now what, we just gonna walk the dog
Here goes another chorus of fog...

Of, o this medication is new??
Never heard of it, is this shit for real?
Coming into the dopamine receptors
Stealing, any common sense and particulars scepters
Talking, walking, hearing the voice squeaking
The echo of silence, the riddle remarking

Of, o this medication is new??
Never heard of it, is this shit for real?

Darkness Rises

The darkness rises
Temptation subsides
Dust to wind blown through
Eventually confused
Searched found clue!

Pain is overcome but nothing
Leads one way, never done
As we are confining
To the price we pay for
A Voice, a Choice, a Remorse

Curse or Blessing, moment addressing
Money doesn't buy happiness, yet
The tallest falls down to the bottom
And swims with the lurkers after all
Never Remaining called, forever stalled

Dilemma of a stream juxtaposing the Play
Overworked and lost in a minimal Way
Found my own, nothing but that
As the fishermen hopes to catch fish; in fact
That is the price we pay in the
Ever changing Fire

Life is Strife

Come into my life, strife, keeping it up
To nothing, stressed enough
Like a diamond crushed
Deep sinking below the rough
Are things the same, sediment
Ingrained, to the sands regiment
Dust to dust, but perishes what?
To nothingness, a thought, suchness
Touches, realization is rare
Arising, subsiding, nothing simply
Residing, in the sound, it brushes
Against the hurt, the memory,
Thing's lost to the sand's time
Counting down the hourglass; - mine

What is mine? Dopamine servant online
Serotonin pulsations through the vines
In membranes that cannot outshine
The dissonance fabricating thine
Into another climate, no lights, just
Darkness and Death that fines
One to the dues and taxes climb
So let's dive into the rocks; - mine

Like a Titan Giant holding old Fortresses
So such does the Walls torture Us
Master, Master, where is the Precious?
Inside your own, centennial quest
Each century holds the Arising blest
Order Reigns through the reasons test
Yet intuition, from the past tense; -white

Electric

Light bells chirp silently
Mysterious as the fog

Lifting from the veil
Vortex into the myriad
Clearance:

Was once Chance
Old time dance
Four Horseman Lance
Nothing but stance
Coming into Trance

Substance?
Distance?
Essence?
Disturbance?

Kinetic?
Prophetic...
Epileptic.
Eclectic!

Leading all those past notes alone
We sing home, but don't know where
It is, just like a harmony through the waves
A verse of infinite throughout the airwaves
Who is tuning into that frequency? Decently
It allures the most tempting, constructing
A beat, something to retreat into, contract
Into something in facts, but relax
It's just another song on track

Step Back

Take another step back, now. Rewind the track
All we have to follow is nothing else
Retract to when it is something felt
Fake it to you make it? Fuck that; - card's dealt

The house with the most money Wins
Yet cash your chips, for when it comes to fin
Everything dissolves, asleep? learn to swim,
This not no warning, l's land isn't within

It's swarming, collecting, without mourning
Fire's Light into the photon's joining
Fusion or fission, Adam's first knowledge reforming
I'm not, it's like I can't tell you bout nothing else
Yet
We will now travel from West to East
To the land of Dharma preached
What is new under the fig tree's Leaf
Furious fastest, Buddha made up his upbeat

Flowing East Side
All that is : is a Lie
Even enlightenment
Suprise!
Nothing in a chest but Air
Just empty voices filling Everywhere!

Within the oceanic ocean fairies, furies
Don't stop at the Island wearies, warriors

The mission is, nothing is, no-mind Wins
Nothing to swim, for Mountain's Reclaim figs
Rocks can't move, why don't that mountain walk?
Flippity flippity flop, just another roll on the stop

All Nature is True Nature, Natural Emptiness
On a level with Absolute Cleanness
Pure Awareness, moving from this to that
Not that to this, all moment's back

Now rewind the track, just rolling
Like Tectonic Plates under Glacier
Too much to handle? Find your Master
It is within, without disaster
End nothing, for everything is everlasting

Beyond the Grave

Their is something beyond the grave,
A crescendo, a token memento

Rising within the Transcending redondo
Temples of Victory, an Orb Essential
Nightmare awake is the dreaming Race

Deep down in the Sorrow's Way
Tomorrow is stringed to a Harp.
The sphere's orbits ring Loud in Start
Pillars of Creation, Imaginations restart
Deconstruct destiny; Endlessness below
Apart

Supernova blasts shocking eternal masks
Identity spent through bewildering facts
Coming undone, revealing no Fortune
As it is, emergence reports, nothing is retortion
Around the stillness, arising from blackness tasks
Now is Endlessly here, rising then dropping flasks
Potion's brew of take some Herb and Relax

As now apart, comes together, a fiddler on the green

There are voices, streaming through, the web of thought
That comes through me, but is really, something of me?
Or is this thought, just a thought?

When did it start? It was always, there from the start
You ask, but the solution is in the question
Who am I? Who is I? I am Who!
Who is a mystery
Set yourself free

Taking myself now on a ship that floats away...
The pools of chaos around the vortex slip days
Into hours, long memorizing towers
That castle walls in fact daily shower
Upon the vicissitude of my life
Current thought and emotional strife
Just thrown to the side, like the Peasant's life
But beggars can be Kings, when rich
Is in the root of slings.
For I'll take you, far from me, away
Together sailing, destiny

The sun was bright, it was a green day along the grass
Moving momentarily into the pasture
The cows didn't eat any grass
For the torture they knew coming would make them pale
For death walks the fields
And that old time brew of late night stew
Was coffin dodger dew

I am quiet in myself, this is the guest, what else?
Are you waiting for me? Are you here
Am I fact or fiction? Just a fiddler
Speaking without thought and an orbiter thing
Just a heliocentric model and energy!
Take my model, hand in hand
Synergy, sinicization, dimensional lands
For inside of me I can set you free
For no me resides like an ocean sea
I am open, your pain will go, you are free

Now listen, i'm not writing this for you
It's all for me

It's a golden touch of remedy
To write without thought and mature flowering
It is like, vampirically the end of all thought
Measuring it in square knots
That tangle around the circumferences not

How do I see all this, vision in the naught

We are so close, so far, but right now
In the moment eternally allowed
Meta back to the start

Difference

Coming through, difference:
Light switch interference
In-out, around about
Coming through, without shouts

Simple verse; rehearsed
Infinite complacent desert
Algorithm anomaly. Lucidity
Randomly has a Relativity

To This, in That
Wear the Hat -
Skip back, already white rabbit
Followed trick stat -

What is it every-day?
Now in every Way!
Thoughts take out in today;
Following sheeples without
Path

To another dynasty, realistically
Moving beyond the Centricity
All points absolved the current
Condition won't repeat: Heliocentricity

Black Window

A black window opening
White light closing
Promising
A simple kiss
In a lucid dream tis
A spell across the land

Let me spell to you
Sorcery through n through
Soul secret news;
Smoke out or broken clue?
Nothing but a residue

All's Right that ends well
So the saying so does tell

Gone for a minute,
Back like flashed

Going for anon
Relax
I won't be back
Beyond, nous vous

We you are True
A tune; fresh dew
Amongst freshly renewed
Droplets falling
Ocean spirits calling

End well? All's Right
So hell, it the dark Night

All Light that shines out Blight
For even snow converts to Liquid Sight

Awareness

Awareness + Birth = Consciousness

$A + B = C$

$A = C - B$

$B = C - A$

Awareness moves to birth into consciousness.
Awareness into Consciousness before Birth
Birth into Consciousness Before Awareness

ALL moves in cycles from $A + B = C$
Awareness never dies, it is beginning and End
Birth is the beginning middle
Consciousness is the middle
The middle end is Consciousness Regression
Birth and Consciousness die as Awareness Moves on

Essence is Time. Time in the Essence is Arbitrary. Time is arbitrary Essence.

Essence x Power = Consciousness

The force of Power creates motion and the essence of God is presented into the form as consciousness. It is Essence or Tao creating itself through Power in Motion of a Kinetic Force that extends and states conditions of consciousness.

Personality is Consciousness in Essence.
Personality can Spin and Cycle so it has Force
Potential Force is the Personality's Essence

Ride

The vision
When going inward to the centre of nothing
Rays are founded as Layers
The black-hole has no density
As oneness, interference

What is it? It is what it is.
The level of the four corners
Is a square circle pentaculum

-----Never once knew That
Yet pulled it out the Hat-----

What enlightenment?
It is the Light to see Within
No peripheral contraction
Just sight to see, aware
Of the expansive
Flowing Sea of Awareness

It is not magick
It is what runs in the passion
Slay a dragon? Did you know
There are many found within
Yet there is only One-Way
And that is the path
To your open Door

Here is a Key!

Open the Chest!
It is nothing inside!
Be set free!

For Shapelessness forms to any shape
As water fills the shape of form
So such does the boundary and friction
Start to give heat from below the storm
It comes boiling up like bubble-thoughts
And each thought contains it's own Words
So the bubbles are just dimensions and Words
Twirling swords ready to strike at any moment

Keep the moment invitation, things get quiet now

Why keep argueing?
Life is too short!
I have lost mine!
Yet you are still searching for a purpose!

A Buddha has no purpose, even the Tree got Tired
Because Buddha ate all the figs from desire
He got fat and ate to much Wine
Ambrosia of the finest King's Dined
Then walked away, ===for you haters, eat your Words
Walk away, drop the search

Go to a tree and find a perch
True Love is not compared to Divine Love
Divine Love is not comparable to Divine Wisdom
Divine Wisdom is not comparable to Divine Grace
Grace is Love Giving through the Wisdom of a Tree

O the Axis, a Tree? Ygraddsrils my spirit free?
Or does one just keep walking with the pets behind.

Why trip up on this, the gift is living, listen
How do you know? One said so...
Atlas has nothing to my attack
Just a final verse to rewrite the track

The young gunslinger on the scene
But many Rays come at this "me"

That is nothing really, for
Why you tripping?

Life's a vision, a gift, a passion, a Truth
Find your center and make it your mission

The Poet is gonna lay it down with down to it
permission
Just a flowing ingredient that spells it out
Like a bubble forming wishes

Didn't use a mind to rhyme that stanza
What is No-Mind?
It is like riding a bike with no hands.

Natural, Thoth comes from the Atlantis Sea
Nothing remembers open sesame
Amriti sinking below
Is Soaring Above

Tabula Rasa

Blank sheet writing in a canvas; eternally in Hope,
Framed? Or boundlessly falling; misery invokes
A System inside; a flare so bright, lumnioscently revoked
From what is Experience? Other than puppet stringed ropes!

Glowing Being in light and majesty, humble before thee
Praising yet slowing to silence, for how can names subseed,
Tao yu-wei, illuminator satori, completed; humbly see
That waves roll; big and small, always in the Sea...

Slow down, see the waters stepped upon by Faith
Soul wells drink deep of this blood, yet engraved
Is the Way, Eulogies passing by each day; strafing
All Ways, as the Ocean currents all points of Water to

Experience each their own
For who can deny their own perception alone?
Hark to say, debt in bones, payment atoned
From the depths of the Styx condoned

River Life Flowing, Eternal Ocean Blue Waves
Save all black phazes, eternal misery singular praise
As each to their own hopes that they will save
Others to save oneself from the grave!

Face the face, take a dive into the deep
Magick alone is what keeps love inkeep
For how can it work both ways?
Are not two sometimes one nowadays?

For O my Ocean, save the glorious
Strifes for anon, bless those who delicately
Conformed to what we defy
Each to their own Heaven within

Save the curse, save the pray
Pray for yourself, for praying for me
For you are praying for nothing
Except something bound illusion Free

Soul's Craving

Caring Soul's beyond the Shadows
Flowing together as glowing Meadows
Although, sometimes, Wizards get
Locked in Towers...

Caged by their own mirror
Prison instilled by fear
How can one jump beyond?
When they aren't attuned the song!

Versus infinite beyond imagination
Images from remembering past stations
That railed me down the Slaves of past
For White Man? Problem that will last,
As Christianity is their mask.

What an easy way to control the masses
Hey sheep, the shepherds back, molasses

Sticking to Myth and Control, common facts
Support Carbon Dating; now you are cold

For frozen elements of Nature embody man
Like glaciers that move masses but hurt the land
Slicing away at the Ground, relentlessly in command
Of the movement, but is the problem, really is?

It is like the slime that piles in Oil
Caskets each own to their death
As the ego is a slime within a basket
Always spinning with the elastics

Preach, Preach, Quakers! Christians! Catholics!
Let's add some more to the shit pile.
Reality is born free, Free Will
Means that destiny is a simple Voice

For when you are free, everything essentially
Bounds into energy, and supports the mending
Of gravity to grab what one needs, commending
Those who lost it, but knighted into madness;

Is the path of the same, for how could knowledge
Understand that it is actually ignorance full
Empty like nothing is nothingness full
So no knowledge is no ignorance blissful

Now, what keeps the past life from flowering?
It is the motion of the Tallest Tower Rings
Over the forest, over the meadow
Careful like the forests shadows

Features caught in arcane and death
Cosmos twisting souls singular breath
All forms and moves like circular ambivalence
Interference around all motions and waves

Peel away, the core, is a centerless abode
Within the body's temple
Nothing can harm it, but nothing is
What does to the next of kin

Many meta-links in this prose
But patterns form himself over time's Cold
Just as the glacier melts, so such does
Man's Revelation come Foretold.

Sitting and Relaxing

Sitting in continual stillness, one comes to realize the silent echo in the wind's breeze. Alone as never, was never once was one alone. This Truth, A Maxim of the Eternity, is in the suppliance that the answer is always in the question, in which the Truth from experience directs one as they are.

In this experience of form, this body, a vehicle collected and bundled as atoms, we can realize the simple Truths towards the dissolution. We are dying since the moment we are born. This dissolving fact, a Truth apparent from the diminishing returns called reincarnation, supplies both the cause; God, and the effect; illumination with the necessary judgements that occur from the passages life-time. A

- As this being brought through the above, so such did an orb show it's love.

The question for contemplation today is, "What is invisible Heaven?"

The Trident forked tongue does not wish one to reveal the secrets. The Yellow Key has opened the passage to the NetherWorld, and in this realm, the subjection to reality is fixed in the imagination.

- Heaven is the invisible plane made manifest upon the visible fabric overlapping the design.



What is the key to manifestation? Will? Thought? Logos? Love?

It is the isness of such that continues to provide to loci with a fixed stasis. The bundling of atoms, the collection of bubbles, the reach towards the heights, the ashes of the Turtle, all these lead.

Silence once again enters, this vessel, this communication with one's own being, is an example of contention field awareness. The field's awareness recedes and expands as spiritual essence. To entertain this dance, the play invites the capturing images to be extended.

When one vision's, the sight expands into a form a shadows, these shadows first form themselves as a semi-permeable layer that extends from the point of tension to the point of "event horizon" as the event is but the prelude to the hellish experience of what is. For inside Order, chaos entertains its dance, but as the dance flows throughout the system, so such does the balance of what the vision shows will come and go.

Walls

Many bricks layered upon the mind, fragmenting understanding, as each generator houses the shell of Self. Self is apparent to being yet also the Higher Self. The non-being is the non-Self, this is the Reality.

The Ego patterns the mind, creating walls; unable to fall, yet taken down in a single moment of surrender. Upon seeing the Wall, it is the service to Self to first recognize the Fear caused due to an animalistic Ego.

Path to take upon the middle? The routes will bring you home. Once in thy abode of the Heart, one will see that this is how Love Starts.

The Heart, silent beats that pulse within; a feeling, a hope, as love wills not to decompose, yet find different soils with nurturing Oneness that is beyond fate.

A Heart of many walls is like a castle of old memories. Dead branches for fallen tree's amongst the groove. Like roots digging deep, holding mind still; a window's rosaries saint, feels her Soul's will. Praise daily, yet pain withers away, so man written Odyssey; the play.

Feelings lost, yet found in my Heart, ripped apart. This arm of pain, leverage of the brain, leaves some insane. Yet siddhi brings forth Source, allowing connection to what is when what is realizes Self, the essence of Being. It's subjection moves to a higher serene pattern of thought. Yet each thought as a wall around the Heart, lies hidden as it breaks apart, yet with the line faded, no walls of defences; migration. Yet as many odes sense transmigration; Alive so such does each current drive; us to be alive.

This is, that was, anchoring reason in Hopes of Love; as emergence comes into the Now, the essence of now is accepting all moments as Being. Precise absolute Order supports this.

One must see the River that Sources steady deliverance from its flow.

Light and Darkness

Light shines in various forms, lightness, and darkness. These shades of colours come through the relation to the information we perceive. As light is information, it can become ordered in the rate of the system moving along time in a reasonable manner. Yet as chaos interweaves many times, it shows to say that all relative motions of the universe are guided until chaos and disorder become less, and the chance for order benefacting the chaos into a motion that bypasses through a harmony of order.

The disorder of the planet can only add to the disorder of the planet. It can change forms; within or without, and allows one to see that the ratio to quantum and relative levels can change from the particle of “no-things” or “some-things” or “all-things”. These relative states to the frame of disorder promoting chaos, disorder, or order, allow us to see that abstract concept that lies behind what we call reality. The planet will give out disorder when reason is becoming apparent, or the foolishness of chaos has interweaved through the fabric of space-time. One can see from the probability of disorder that it allows us to see first, the state of the atom, secondly, the relative formation of that atom’s energy; on a relative or quantum scale, yet also the ratio can be adjusted to define the atom. The states within the atom, conclude the answers to the essence and pattern that the electron leaves within the atom. That pattern that it follows will be conditioned by the wavelength occurrence of the vacuum. As nothing is everything, it shows that the vacuum creates the conditioning of the atoms into a more ordered frame, revealing the information behind our reality is becoming more reasonable in form. This will lead us to marvel at how evolution; of the selective species, willed it will even into consciousness.

The realm of the vacuum has nothing and nothingness within, giving arise to formlessness due to nothingness creating value within nothing. Nothing is Order; harmony, due to the fact that nothing is the greatest Order, and in order to; all things must develop with reason. As humans; harmony of beings and all elements of life is the greatest law upon Earth. Explained now further. The vacuum (singularity) attracts elements of light following the path from a Star. Yet, as we are Order also (reason and harmony) within the balance of chaos and disorder (information (light)), We see that the elements also grew form from the formless thought that came before the reality we received. Thus, even atoms, elements, molecules, cells, bacteria, and even human species all follow under that law that all is becoming more reasonable; disorder to Order.

Now, what is disorder? Disorder is the information or light of an atom; exposing itself outward through in. It comes through itself like the torus and then expels it’s light in wave patterns dynamics that fixate upon the flexing stress of reality. Yet, as will forms reason, and reason forms through will, we came marvel how the stress of reality can shape our lives back into Order due to disorder. Since all is Disorder, Order, and Chaos, we can understand that each of these things continue to pursue the thermodynamic rate that expels itself from the reality we live in. As Order strives to make us Ordered, as disorder creates havoc and chaos; yet sometimes order, we can still live in harmony with all around us and find that the path of what is, is just a

formlessness coming like a fleeting thought; a memory of a time or time-out, whichever you choose. For the Law of Nature is physics, and Entropy is the simplest definition within the law of $(T(D)) = (C)$ $D = \Delta S$.

Surrender

To surrender, to be with what is, in each moment, each reflection of the soul. As in our soul, one contains all sentience of self, and the no-self is thus revealed as the opposition to the self. For when one comes into the self, the story of reality just presents itself in a rambling struggle between the inability to surrender. For in the moment, when one must jump, when one must give way to all Divine Love and the Allness of what is, then the reality of sentient beings opens up, and one can experience the luminous rays of Reality in which opens door of perception to the way.

The way, is the way which cannot be spoken. For being spoken, all words escape and are lies, nothing is new, everything is old, recollection is the storage of light; information is flamed from the groundness of Being. The Allness just reacts like a Sun, a bright hope, a ray that shines into the surrender of what is, to be, to be all that is, and embrace the point of Loveness, but yet stay into the realm of non-duality. It begs to question, is the path opened or always there? Well, silence has been since the beginning.

The Word that contains all Words is Silence. For in the Great Silence, all words are but echoes of the transparent Maya. Silence is the Golden Tongue, the Self Realization of all things. For all-things are eternally empty, and as nothing first gave rise to nothingness, so such did Silence give Rise to a Word. For the First Word contained all that is, and that is Logos.

Reason and Logos is the following path of the way, yet no-knowing is the path that leads to surrender. For when one is innocent, in the pure realm of nakedness, the voidness of apparent congruences show in the formal display of a Truth. This Truth is revealed through time, in motion, in one moment to the next. For how can one always go back to the past, the future, for in the now it fixes all points.

Yet no reference is the invitation to see, for when one is just the bright bezzlement of Reality, the shining interference of all connectedness comes to be, just as the Oneness is apparently coming to be.

Divine Love is love beyond good and evil, it is beyond conception. For in this Love, one realizes the Allness of what is, and can see that Reality is continually feeding us love, for it is us who create the mind and allow the thoughts to tamper.

For in One, Voidness is Allness, Allness is Voidness.

Stop, Right

Stop, Right, we gonna write the alphabet tonight
XYZ or ABC within what hopelessly
shouts, endurance dynamic to the sight
Of strokes penmanship, written with restriction
Words or Swords, without so endlessly
Just anon graphologist

Drawing a map, calligraphy in letters
It is a blueprint? Or just combustion
Stagnation was too expensive, hustle
The least because One was Never Their
Rolling up without a care, third eye stare,
Dropping the a dozen and then some
Pumping the electricity through Strums

Swing in the flow, never refract
Switch and grow, never re-contract
No double jaw contact
Swing in the flow, never refract

Hook, what is this a Book?
It's a Gate-Way Brook

Inference

Rewind, difference interference,
Opening relevance;-anomaly
Inviting stardust resistance,
Black Hole death;endlessly

Singularity

Singularity fresh, take it back, rewinding time's track
Pulling the beat to put you inside the seat, relax,
All comes to those who wait, don't contract

As the music play notes, spice up the grove in love
Lion's playing with lambs and sight of doves,
As desire's suffering cages all hungers harmony
So does the melody revel in complete sanctity
To what notes sound throughout the everlasting,-
Ring of Eternity, shining down upon relaxing
And slowly hearing the music flowing

Along the trumpets of time
We can show one to play aligned
Hey you, are you there?
Yes, it is somewhere in their
That your mind has developed
Fragmented splits uncompered
It is starting to stare right back at you
And everlasting is what potential makes
The flame, the look, the fire, the flame
Makes me trance out to realms inane
It's like a musical note hitting the beat
For when I am in the musical seat
One can write written rhythm in fact
Nothing but some Zen masters
Who see the use of Cat disasters
Chaos mastered, Order's disaster
But as things come and sway
So such does the beat, make the new
Song begin fresh, Here we start clued

I am talking to you, the soul of your being
Hello again, haven't seen you for scenes!
Now it is back, I am here and i will beam
The song of muse into the temporal screen
What do you want me to say?
Are you turning happiness away?
Like switch back forward stay
Track of music always plays
Saxophone relives the news nowadays
Like the temperate changing the strays
Into cloud reasonable lightning suggesting praise
Hey, didn't forget about you, are you with me?
Or are you lost in the scramble of Words
No reason to care, we are back staring at eachother;
Sword to sword, axe to wall, chopping trees

Falling tall, but mountains move under atoms detached frame
As the atoms can shift and assemble and rearrange
But what is this, just a simple tactic

Can't you see now, if the atoms of a mountain can move by will
Can't the action of your thoughts stop into non-action plots
Were nothing resides, just eternally free skies
Nothing fog will mesmerize, the current surprised that takes alive
The will of spontaneous reaction that is alive
Just another not that we should see is that
All these songs are now starting to bring you along
To another version, dimension, place held strong
This is the world of Words, welcome to the play unfurled
It is like this and that, don't go, it is getting to the point now

Now you don't stop, emotions don't drop, they swing to the rhythm
Down low, drop loop it stooping it rhythm into the given
You there? Or you seeing a dance floor, what ignored the spell there
That I brought you to another dimension
See now you are not gonna stop as these words were cropped

O hit that beat, you are now residing with me in this seat
I can bring you anymore the mind wants to go
Now you are thinking, what realm beyond this show
There is nothing great to see, only shadows and seas
Of order or chaos or whatever you wish
For swimming in space is like a fish
Wandering in the wet waters, we know we are wet
But do we know we are in the water?
Just like in space, we know we are but what is it?
Just another conditioning space limit!
Yet the only limit that is free, is imagination you see
For I have set your mind ponder the many great clues
That have shown you to this point so far, like within
The realm of happening Chance and dice; switching

O long days, simple praise, nothing to realize
Or save, just yourself is seeing face to face
That with this self knowledge i will give you now
You are what you think, when you search, that is you
You are the answer and problem, both are the solution
As the pollution is searching insensitivity in something solution
It's like this thing comes back and forces the mind for more

And is bored and bored, but nothing is the way to be
Setting one free and seeing that everything can be
A reality temporally shining in the realm of what is only to see
But when the realm of what to see is within the sea
You don't know what you experience but it's free
So than you are with me?

How do I do it, lead you to another land but stay here
The third eye opens for me to share the porals lair
Just another switcher of the midnight curfew
As the notes start to hit the piano, old times renewed
But something new, fresh, like a singular blessing
Is what we wish to show you now, that you, you are
There is now somehow it is now it is
Don't believe in anything other than your own insight
That is what is te we-wui of the Right

The beat has melodically grasp my intent
It is forming on lent strains and some commitment
Nothing is like what is going to be retrained
It's like all this could just be hoping to rearrange
The notes of the muse I hear within
Or is this me just lost in a sea of sin
There is no sin, but consequences of karma
Reduce the mind and soul in this lifetime and past
To reductional waste that never seems to place
It self back on land, just another black plague
To be, no harm, just flowing through what is me
It happens to be, that this is opened the sea
Like torrents of what was lost beyond the free
It like can't you see, this is opening the depths anomaly
Black hole sucking in all negativity
White hole suggesting the things restively
Contains all colors, both are what is
So it is just an essence of this spell lucid

I can feel your heart my friend, love, shame, guilt
Like how did I not realize all this was so painfully wilting
In the realms of orbs and spheres, you can see piloting
Days before, but it's like no doors led back to memory for
It was just another thing that I had to leave behind
Just like I was left, so such did the oil past tense
Leave the mind, the coding, the fence

Just free in one am, nothing beyond the land.

Softer notes now echo the soul of this delicate phrase
You wish to be alone, and hope that this strong your days
But I can see into all the ways and plays and my weights
That have covered the shame of my heart, controlling
Wishing that things could relax part, but depart
From the souls, always oneness holding cold
Is like the death of where one has to meet foretold
It's like a temporal shift that is growing sold
In the realm of singularity, is the density blocked rarity
Forming till the perfect time, than oneness aligns
And bam, atomic way that holds one strongly planned
What do you know, that was for you right there, to
Show your mind how to go out of the sand
As love dust winds blow through every willed command
Returning, changing, but staying in everlasting land

Final end, first verse rarity, showing simple
Temple loves of what is inside the glimp
Just a ride of love and peace from the glimpse
Of what is beyond, just a song of peace and strong
This is how one moves to the beat
Left right around through the sound, then hits the thought
And stops and drops into mitosis around the clock
For the beat never stops, it just keeps glowing tic toc
Now the end hook for this verse gotta stop

So mad i brought you to hear, you came near to
The end, but this is the beginning
As I am now Living

Noble or Ignoble

tis suffering nobler; or not
in riddle, nay a plot
of sigh, but death, a middle rot
to be, or rub, slings due south
Swords are like a devil's mouth

like queen's tis Haven

Poison, neh, images staying
King's court jester's rule
common-fools of altitudes
death thy sting haunts
ghostly realms of shadow moths

lamps tis glow like spell's abrush
touching loadstone; a touch
simple tunes; champions of knights
Divine Rights; Order instilled
fiddle's flow fleeing filled
we are all in this willed

Perchance, asleep to dream
but a dream to sleep perchance!
o yes, thyne Oak stands speech
duir suis nous crafted Adonia
ma'petite ami
a purple spring of nobility
Queens and Kings always love
Sight is a dove;- Singing like Jove

No Words

How do you start a poem, that has no words?
Beyond, that which is, is something towards
A flying center, without no splitting Worlds,
A presence, coherence, interference

How do you live dreams that are asleep?
Yonder, the which is not, something backwards
A peripheral, within involution curls
A lesson, a test, a blessing

How do you negate feelings that are sensed?
Naught, that experience is, a moving vibration
A fabric, weaving in and out in swirls
A void, a togetherness manifesting

How do you walk away from destiny?
All, you are, walking in your own shoes

Love, a soul connecting, star's explode
In lightning, straight down, cowards

How do you train a no-mind?
Space, to non-self/self, what exists
A concord, harmonies foretold
Quietly, silence creeps, along the night.

Voyage to Eternity

We are on a voyage to eternity
When's the breeze calmly
Allows the dust to repeatedly
Manifest unto this Reality
Silver notes, harps melody
One for All, before Harmony

Chaos and havoc fade away
As Light is replayed
An apocalypse paved
In the blueprint's grave

To be alive? More than just reason
Fate? Changes every season
Time? Holds us all like treason
Deliverance? What is a Son?
Just One in Light's Sun
Words coded in the deepest One

Field's Energy

Fields before energy
Suffering; an ox's yoke
Pulling fabric thread

Fields before synergy
Purity; sun always shining
Stretching shadow's string

Sowing hatred
Stems hatred
Plants grow
Not-hollow

Plowing the soil
Allows growth
Plant seeds
Stillness follows

Eternity is Love
Hate only destroys
Love opens windows
Love hate's hatred

Death ends quarrels
Compassion allows light
To end and Love; beyond fights

A Tree falls by Wind
Pleasure's pursuit Until, -
One hits the ground
Delirious with no-senses

Mountain's calmly resist
Wind's dust persists
Only moved by plates
Moderation restraints

One's robes Wear
On the body's Temple
Dirty clothes and dirty Temple
Leave no-room for the Guest

A Temple is Pure
Robes dawn the Ra
The Sun delight's Fire
Beyond Rays; One Energy

A house is clean
So thoughts flow
Yet much clutter
Puts mind to sorrow

A thought is Right
Showing all White
Snow reflecting soft Hearts

So such does a house
Be clean of Thoughts
So such does passion
Flash like the Sun

No Fault

Stop it is not your own fault
That you are stuck on this
Fault line so above the Earth
Grounded it gives Birth
As one goes up another goes down
This is how it starts to sound
When the beat starts all around

Dance, like a midnight show
Play like tomorrow
Never comes, just have fun
Past the rules for some

Let go of the past it hurts
Nothing is gonna come back worse
But for now, eternally we make a sound
That when the sky rockets down
Everything is gonna drown

Under water, on this Earth
Prestigious? Or mystery
Some say you can't find
Another, so one is
Free from this that and not
That, which folds us up
Stop abrupt?

Focus, steel, calm appeal
Just like another storm

Signature adorned
Center will, this may spill

Into another take, always
At stake, my sanity
But this is how it goes rampantly
To the sound that hits it
Coming back with it
Around twirl, loop it sequence down
To the beat, the rhythm, the pound
That eternally things just echo
Sounds, and notes grows
But this primordial birth
Is essential worse

Silence

A song within silence
Is subtle like the dew
The rains pouring clouds
Refreshing residue

Love Shores

As love shores upon the sands of time
Each wave, crescent, and current aligned
Solstice, Equinox, all Divine
As the Dream expressed, is sublime

In all valleys, rivers, and deep wells
Deep dark cisterns, foretold unto hell
Dance the Ghost Dance
Forward, back, Circle Through
Arise, Arise, Arise
Let the dead come through!

We are the ancestors of mistaken ports
Communicating, thoughts teleport
Strings around the dwelling point

Arise! Let the Sword split the court!

Conditions around behaviours hell
Imprisoned monkeys, dogs, and bats
Flying from this to that, relevant
To another plane along the bell

Was this death, a ghost, a fade
A memory upon this glade
A simple dew refreshing the trade
All arise, let nothing be framed

Deep down in the Zion heat
Are rhythms, drums, choirs, beats
That come to start the flowing treat
The nectar pollinates those who are sweet

Back, arise, swords flames through the court
The temple tables turn under the burnt
Ashes of men, burial grounds and rights
To destroy, well, that means it gonna start fights

Riot here, riot there, everywhere unprepared
Looting this, looting that, how is it compared
To this world, a relation of Religions faired
As this ends, the world begins players

And spins its net, to the game of Rights
Can't you see that this is petty insight
To a white that is comparable to night
So in this sea, we only write

Words upon the simple daze
As things come back and things are played
Morning glory around the tree
Many ample bee's and seeds
Flowing from the root to heaven
But downward, cut off, grounded eleven
Double One's by the condition two
Arise, let it be renewed

The old times are past, the waves have crashed
The tsunami will rise and the planes will clash

So harbor my words, speak them well
For if you don't, this world is already hell

Strings of Love

The strings of time, have long fallen
Into the dust, as Earth's crust cries forgotten
The Dead, the ghosts, dance long begotten
As Chance upon chance, unfolding in nothing

War Drums, rattling the beat of death
Is this prophecy? Or is the Union a Test?
In breath to be, or is the designing
The blueprint in words? Cuts cords stress.

Ten thousand years, harvest or disappear
As opaque translucent is the clear
View above, below madness for centuries
As the Seventh Trumpet strikes Indefinitely

The air is formed to the Current's Shape
As blasting, shocking, nonlinear radiates
Through entropy and various advert states
Fighting Wars with hidden rules, does it work?

One must fight for what is rightfully "mine"!
As one at least has pounced, stalked and designed
Unlimited potential power, the land of the mind
The ancient spirits, unfurl, to the command line

Life will be lost, just think
Deforestation is death to Tree's link
Just as the grinding mills and farms
Capture, slaughter, twine negative swarms

So Drink! Dance! Hypocrites with Dogs
Around the site of Death, destroying
Sacred homes of their Covens thrones
As now you know, this is a debt of bones

Are you unaware of aware awareness?
Or does one who swims ocean like an illusionist
Play? Or do the courts need to say
The mole finds the secrets kept in night's day

A Change? Maybe from the Heart
Once an Outsider, it begins to Start
With the Testament of Rights
A Brutal Truth to praise the Light

It is in your own will to keep
Your heritage, lineage, as a cheek
But; turned on is the fact, too late.
Now One Rolls with the Fates.

How many lifetimes will one write?
To shine a bright hope in night?
Prevailing winds move the breeze
But those shocked, hypocrites indeed

To be charged to keep sorrow
Insanity every tomorrow
Fronting or never lending, but borrows
The cold feeling of rejections hollow

A node beyond the sense of time
Where one can reflect, as
The Heart of mine has ravaged free
It is just pumping eternal glee

Happy as the Tree's help
Not like the Dragon Whelp
Yet ancestors lead the felt
So reisde, or perish and melt

Into the fire, a dragon's den
Crafted in gold to defend
The lucid spell across his tis
Rolling through the midst

Sacrifice me? Ascension goes bye
Why do you like? Mother Earth Denies
Dust of drums to succumb

To the Suffering cowherd dumbs

Seeds found within the death
Initiation? Or is this breath
In the fields energy?
Shedding Skin Synergy

It will break hearts as it strings apart
Not sounding, but teleports
Into now dimensional cohorts
What have I begin saying bro?

How can others know one?
When what reveals is the Sum
Of man's total Everyone
Allowing ambivalence strummed

Yellow butterflies in a cage
No threat, got no rage
Just facing dogs and wars page
This poem is a pre-wage

Vast Awareness

Dropping into this vast field of awareness
The music plays its own essence
Comparing, judging, rationalizing presence
As one comes, it is finding the present

Notes hitting the, right place in time,
Can you, feel the, words outline
The Destiny, striking chords
Let's go down the harp

Vibrations glow, no tomorrow
As music sounds, ever bound
To an hollow, singing sugar
That has come, to wither
Figures? Or what, just open up
And face what is now

There is a realm where the dice do not roll
And the void captures your soul
That is the total of wholeness, it comes
To be in the fullness, empty and constructed
Oneness, can't you see that i am the dumbest

Somewhere sunken, in the temple lies
The key, inside, screaming, just beating
To another tide, the sea confides
That the wave of emotion hides
The present current that exemplifies
To the essence of time, to what is sublime
As you are now in the mineral mind
Of diamonds and presence, lotus flowering
Perfumes radiated splendor, allowing
Us to see the place inside where it is
Not safe to hide, but confide
With another, not ourself, find the house
That holds the heart own wealth

Can you, feel my hurt?
Signs around, chilling the stroke
Then within the infant choke
Nobody breathes, for this is not hope
It is just another planet's rope

Do you feel the inside
Temples of your own being
That just reide in pillars strong
Essence pervading everlong
But now you can see that the vision
Is beyond the prison and caged the mission
Now how do you hide what you think
You know but I always show what you
Gonna do, lifting up another dew
Random around the things that are new
And now as we come to this
The strings insist that the vision ingress
US to the plane beyond time were heaven shines

Golden gates, keys, nothing is locked
ALL the thoughts are free
Just like an open sea

Filled with amplitudes of fresh water creeds
That develop through the seed
As the first plant was established in Greed
To see Self beyond a soul
To provide an image of another total

That is to say, split it right in two
For that is how the plant works for you

Listen up, time to stop hitting what is stopping you from
Growing up, start to shine, listen to this, voices mind
It comes from beyond to the temporal
Do you want to know, my friend
What is around the corner bend?
Just shadows shaping the words fence
And it just harbors on the event death

Lightning blasts and nova casts
Emerald siddhis and frozen flask
Sheep and Churches burn
As old songs tithe turn

The fabric of the wheel, less is more you appeal
But with writing zeal, I can't even tell you how I feel
Because no I exists, this aint real
Illusion played the eyes own field
Back again to ground zero

Now we take another flight.

Shut your eyes and come here...
...we are their.

Mystical realms, flowers feeling well
Giving hope, and stories to tell
Gathering them, to perfect smell
The fresh wind dances indwelled
Do we disappear into this dell?
Or do we live here and reappear

Into times, strings, motions, and songs
The things that move us are not strong
But simple, notes, tunes, hearts

That love from the first, to last, depart
And now we push and pull apart

O my dear, do you feel the guest?
In the darkest night it feels to you next...
Wished you away, but you reappeared
And now the thought has disappeared

Along the thread, the dream is snapped
The frame of motion has relapsed
The great cord along the fade
Has insisted dreamy realms and gazes
But beyond the sight, the hope of Aether
To swim and be a Light-Being Feature

What is before the projection screen?
It is just my reflection, my dear
It is you, who fears, the notion, of
Being alone in the cyst of song
How can one be every present all along?
When the knowing knows, prolonged
Death, but vision has given new breath.

...

Dance! Dance! Sing the play
Learn the motion and swing today
Back and forth, to the side
All the emptiness, that must hurt inside

As empty is full, and the full becomes empty
I wish to depart from the aplenty
For ripe is the apple, it falls from the Tree
And gravity gives in motion to plant the seed
In the womb, the place confided
Is where the Temple is residing
It holds it blue foam presence, like bottling water
And controls the ocean from another
This song is different, now we are here
Are you following your own? Are you mad at me?
Do you love yourself? Do you hope for help?
Do you think I've lost myself? There is nothing!
But the rest of eternity, I am me, and that is it
Can you even resist? I am not gonna insist

That as we fall in flowers, and sing merry tunes
The stronger the presence, the longer the brew
But in the song, it is both parties who stew
For writing this I can sense you anew
From words and dimensions, clues on clues
This is written just for you

Like words on paper, scribbled and splattered
So like do the strings hold combatted
Like the fight for rights against the Curve
But gravity likes to bend and swerve

Hit the light drums, dance, to the beat
For the heart, lives strong, and doesn't repeat
But given anew and found with the seat
Of the guest inside and the Temple's seed
Can't we agree, that this is beyond lust, need, and greed

Can you be here with me now as we travel this land
From this words I wrote and another band
Comes to see that this is nothing really
Just another writing song that gives soul entity

Souls to you, souls to me, souls connecting ever free
Listen to that, take the que
For eternally is this realm in a stew
Of boiling welts, sun flares and kisses
Can't you see that just one, is what a Wizard wishes
For to kiss a chance upon a realm afar
We don't understand how we are still in cars

For the rider and his horse, the white stallion given
Is what is hope to the man that is living
This is the station, no one commands the profiling
But it just provokes the stilling, and never completes
Your own filling

But the teeth sometimes have sugar brinks
And due to restrictions, cavities sink
And thus then folded upon the scar
Is a wall that doesn't get one far

It is like, the wall, holds the presence
From really expanding out in essence
This is what really is insisted in this testament
That I am moving beyond me to you
That is, We are both here in this song at this point
This moment, this great moment,
We are almost at the finale
But can you see that This is your calamity
That one can spin, one can seek
On can impoverish the needy and weak
But it all comes to this
Do you have the key
Is your door open
Can you walk through set free?

It is like a gamble of the dice
Rolling fates and black holes splice
But temptation is only a vice
And so many things are represented in life
That even pushing yourself away
Is what swings us together in the play
For leverage moves back and forth
And so such do the scales
Always Balance
And Always
Prevail
Love is the Way
Fall backwards into
The emotional Water
Way

There is no love in hate, there is no hate in love
There is no essence greater than a dove
There is no life, there is no hole
There is no shelter from the storms cold
The hands are survival, but the feet walk
But so does the mouth talk
But does the mouth remember the past
Or does it just make the infant choke

Past all moments, you and me have now
Finished
The

Revoked

Darkest Night

In the darkest night angels cry
No more lies
In the warmest light devils fly
Ascend time

Calm Waters rain from Heaven
Regretfully
Washing the Sin of Brethren
Hopefully

A Wish simply spelled
Within blue
Can a lie grow withheld?
Clue on clue

Time always runs short
Behind mind
Warning for the support
Death dreams behind

As guitar strings play through
Harmony
The notes reply to new
Affinity

Infinite spelt
Words withheld
Live now
Not how

Fire and Water

Fire and Water, Earth and Ice
Beloved Guest within Tonight!
A shining hope, a star profound

In the magma Temple scar
Rising, hissing, taming, fear
Reaching to the everclear
Beyond the realm of Chance; charioteer
In plasmatic stance, defending near
To him, close and far, without
These Horses running about!
Ride to the wind! Dust against cosmic
Dance, and Reason willed through tonic
Relevance, each note struck with such
A furious rage! That the hope cannot fade; -
As a ghost who is hungry to be fayed

Can you hear the choir, it is silent sound
All around! The Anvil hits the talent, gifts
Prophecy the end, but white-light amends
The abyss, the torture, the realm akin
Swimming in the sea, a land of fin
Yet sky above, spirits hear the plea
Release the rains, washing valleys Seer
Looking above the common weir

Sounds make notes through words
But can a word make the thought sound?
Or does it just flow from without; resound
The time the methods didn't work, just
Cycling to know how he just must
Leave himself to bestial lust
But can you hear, why face what is trust
Against the Universal Crust

We don't hear the harp, the song is dying
The promise of eternal life comprising,
The things on Earth, the sorrow promising
That as life begins, so does it swing
Back and forth the leverage pings
What is the consistency of your loving Wing?
Is it beyond, the realm we see? Is the sting
Of life so harbouring? The cold front of wisping
Grace and falling stars and cosmic portals
Were we teleport now to another local

Hear, hear, the sound of water

It is frozen, moving, always not slaughter
It gives life, it hopes to the placid mirror
It gives eternally love to everything dear
It never guesses, it never assumes
It lives its own waves and then resumes
To make another, another praise
Another note
Another word
Beyond the realm of land and spinning twirls

So see with me, this new dance we begin
To the land of distant things
We are now in the mind of vision
Castle walls are their own prison
As you keep everything inside to facade
You can't break through, you cannot repave
The structure of the home, the castle rooms
Around you and searches your bones
Deep marrow drilled out, the walls skeleton
The death of now, do you want it?
Darker we go, into the boneyard grave
It isn't in this land to save
But can't you see that this is the fact
That you are not even your body, it's an act
To keep the play, dance the tune
Fly away from the space between dunes
As the desert holds key to silence
So is the heart to key to suviance
That comes beyond, what do you know
An ad now interferes with the show!

Beep boop, waiting on the next loop...
Waste of time, reading this through...
Listening to free spotify, what can one do?
Back to the sorrow show....

Rise again the dead! Let the thoughts live in bread
As water gives thirst to the deepest layer
So does the face to face window stare
Right at its own, you, you are alone
Now see this, and accept the telephone
As coming back to ground zero is home

Yet!

The walls! You see this now, you say
I can't do this, this isn't right
How can he lead me into the night
It is a light to say the way
But it only comes their silent praise
So keep it slow, listen to the beat
And now you are back into the feat
As the stars align, you will find
That your mind temporally shifts aligned
But constellations harbor their brine
And exist on their own dimensional twine!

Snap, thread goes back, another fact
But some things can't relate the pact
And now the horses gallop free
Along the ever present reality
So keep it strong, move along
And pray the motion sings along!

Rising fear, death is near, to you, not to me
As if you keep reading this, the deeper is fear
That coming close to me, you will bear
Only a world of emotional cares
That this to you and that to me
Is in in fact reality
Coming to be together as one
Didn't i prove two as sums
Can come and see words in paper
And feel the nature of another caper
But it doesn't help the fact that we stay hidden
Around the invisible astral prisms

Time time moves fast, the time never stops
But decreasing dead do restock
As clay the dew, in spirit formed
But what is beyond the temple norm
Just another storm to wash the tide
Away from the miseries bide
It is inside us to see what is
But eternally we must switch it free

So as we come to this right now
I am lost as you are to some how
What are we even saying at this point
I lost all relativity, o , misspoints
Of relative things, just signing
Like a automaton swing

The graveyard of visions
Were the death of bones located
To the water! Abbreviated
To dust the ashes
To burn your mind
Let free yourself from hell's confine!
Earth is a shell
It is our home
It radiates beyond the throne
It is between both realms of happen
And doesn't really start to relaxin
It is always power, who has the most
Can't you even trust those who roast
You to another place, a temple
Of things that do not ring simple

Forgot trees, forgotten heping reality, just finding
The things that are beyond the slings
Of petty naives and common ground
You are searched and now are found
As i have come to speak in riddles before
Now i open the temple door
In we walk, rip curtains fall
The spirit incense revokes the tall
I see the ghosts grab at me
In astral figurine
THIS OLD WAY CANNOT BE
For in this own temple, it is not free
Hidden walls of chamber locks
Kingdoms beyond the faded box
Locks and chisels, bearing with me
What is it that i begin to see
It is things beyond the realm of things to
So we always know what to do
Goblins in the heart of religion
Who instill the need for prisons

Also the greed, the church, the missions
ALL in the name of different MEN
Am this being you perceive above all when
This is reality, this is the pen
Of playing vice, of random dice
Of hope you will win tonight

Do you know, all those way lose
But to be a loser is life infused
But to win, is to set the lose
Cause reward is your motto
At all costs
Survive past this tense care
For i am now going to take you beyond somewhere

FIRES BURN

Ashes churn the awake
Dust particles fake
You are nothing, can't you see
That you temporary pass through
Just like the dust in the wind
As what I am is theft
What is the chief?
Bud or pal
Do we smoke or style? Incense
Within the temple grounds

Releasing old visions, sounds of flowers given
From in the temple the fur coats held
The ranks of smells that animals sweld
And mind men matters most golden head
For seated on the throne is dead
And cast in crystals do the orbs
Figurine and calls the stars
From inside the magus the order
But within the without disorder
Chaos never rode this line
But now I am lost and you
Are coming through again my friend
Can you see we leave and come back when
We need to see the simple flowers
That walk upon the earth
It is like these things we wish for

Always come back with hurt
But if hurt can pain through anger still
Maybe we can go back to discipline will
But nothing is now, and temples have grown
This is magick beyond what I have known
But you are me and we are thus
Let us go on a spell a brush!

The wings of the raven call beyond the symmetry
Of the destiny we manifest, let synchronicity
Be present!

Walls come down, you are seeing
That all things are one, let us move
And place yourself here and now
The walls, crumble look at it
Look LOOK, can't you see
Your own ego is walled reality
To find your own, think your right
Never reprove the sight of light
But this is it, the time has come
Watch yourself become undone
This is the end
The greatest verse
It comes from blueprints in egos search
But stop searching, i have found
That write your own seed profound
It is the temple, the body you are
The seed grows from the dust afar
But the wind blows in the thoughts a day
So be beyond the realm of fades
In shadows and lands beyond the walls
We can grow and season all
But we can't stop, we can't begin
We can't slow down how we can't win
To see this is to be beyond the light
And as i hope i have shone you through this write
That things are not always as they appear, right
On target is this final part i write
But as the trumpet calls us

BEFORE NEXT AFTER
What do you think? Now?

Or you can stall somehow?

Listen to the wise words

Simple tales of the light
Fires ample in the sight
Rays beyond the white
All doth thine will contrite

You are there, magick now
Be still and present there
For it is one that you feel
Common anxiety of the real
But to intense was that attack
Now let's see if any of this

Is easy to read or just a miss

Form

Be like water; for water forms to shape.
Be like fire; for fire shapes to form
Be like air; for air gives life
Be like earth; for earth gives deep roots

Beyond Te Sea

O tale in night beyond the Sea
Was once fleeting, found, and free
It is to be, but shall not so
Wonderful infinite sorrow

Lakes reflect the deepest mirror
Yet so doth thy sky ever near
Motion captures clouded fear
As we are, we are souvenirs

In silent resonance profound
Eternally now, endless amounts

With pain by resilience astounds
And keeps clay fire's around

Yet a liver can always refresh
As the Eagle emanates subjects
Into desire, lust, greed; - which infects
Like a swarm of locust testament

So deep in silence is the Moksha
As speak friend and enter; Nirvana
This is the invitation as a Lama
Beyond the substratum plaza

A House to hold the Temple seed
Eternally my guest, you may proceed
To stem radical and flower with ease
To manifest the Lotus given creed

O yes my beloved, the darkest night
Has come without my own sight!
For light still shines in the dark
But death dines my will apart

As the singularity feedbacks loops
White-ness clothed within pursuits
One without a given need's recluse
A resonance beyond the natural noose

Tis silence spoke to me now, and ushered
These words, have come to be mustered,
Like the seed sown around rocks, dirt and soil
So such does each ascend and recoils

Into the place where the Rocks are Kept
Roots growing so deep, locked into confinement
Just as the tree extends alignment
It grows both ways to realize sublimeness

Yet as the stalks and leaves synthesize
Light to the sugar we need, that provides
Food to pollen, pollen giving honey subsidies
And combs the nest into the active beehive

The flowers of Lotus blossom from the lake
And do not get wet, only by the coming mistakes
Of rain that flashes floods and debates
Whose right is it to this land that is forsaked?

As the pedals dance around the blossoming heart
So such does thine will begin to depart
Along the lines of vision from the seed
That sprouted alive the True Nature relieve

When the cord reached the bottom of the lake
From the Lotus Flower that radiates
It's flowering passion and sky-reaching fates
Denying what is, that is going against weights

Yet each opening blossom of the pedals gift
Was seen by Throned Kings from Elysian abyss
The Tathagata past the motion's suspense
As joy sprouted the beginning of Nirvana's midst

But the dew upon the seeds growing still
Let alive, where does the seed come into will?
It always exist, or did the womb just brill
Into a fight or flight emotional walled kill

Mother Nature, o yeah kind soul to me
Alive those words so such come to be
But word's are codes to those who see
Now drift and come and sing

Sea mist spraying along the oars
Capturing distant lands from stars
Coming to places unknown to us
We put ourself in faith's own trust

Developing

We are the new reason developing
from the sting of reality
wounds deep, just kept secretly
in midst

Rains Fall Down

Rains fall down, the forest drowns
As around, the sound, compounds
Lyres, of notes, so simple, and found
Upon, the realm, of Hope profound

The simple mana, that showers
From beyond, that land, sea and Tower
Has come to be in the hourglass Hour
From darkness, the greatest light devours
As time moves in, every single hour

The foliage, damp dew along the leaf
But simple common drops, just relieve
That tension in a system photosynthesis
But as one knows, you can't always wish

The old Oak, sings its song
To preach, to be, ever strong
Like the lightning resisting the Jolt
That everything is inside a mote

Simple dust, winds of space-time configuring
Designs of orbital withering
But as we see the Sky so blue
We know eventually, red pursues

Anger turned into velvet blackness
Around the things in lightness
This has come to see into
That things are not always what appears
Windows

Into another time, but simple craft
Moves the spelling wills and staff
Common drafts for magus in fact
As just spies out to get this track

You know, I know, why keep it up

Just stop looking for a reason to lock one up
Reality is a nihilistic fatality
And it is here, be, now here

The trance is in motion, potential commotion
As the things just start to come to resolution
But as the things we see just are common pollution
Of rhythm static in the song's solution

There is no reason to walk forward or behind
For all happens in its own time
This is what verses always should combine
Is that if you walk the talk, you are aligned

Who makes the rules, of what is attuned?
It is just relevance of sight to see into
The one whose fabrics ignites centrifuge
And allows one to see into the soulless ruge

Trees drown in tempest fights
But many brethrens hold the white
But sages past of the show
Have all now gone, above as below

White sorrow of death takes
But as one elects, doth thine will fates
And a full cup of wine moves this date
Plunge deep into the abyss gate

Waters Flow

As water flows into the current sky
So such does the winged angels alive
Above as Below; so such realized
Abode as Beneath; so such eternalized
As a dragon fuming while photosynthesized
So such does the fire re-compartmentalize

The hiss! The Tao spells no-knowing-nothingness
A sweet water forming all that in Manifestation
Ambrosia's nectar that is dancing transmigrations

Are the sound harmonized to the proficient
There is only Light, a grown by fire nation
As the pursuit of pleasure is dukkha sense

Wake Up

Wake up, sleep is over
Time to see the clock, the hour is steady
But always ready to show you the time
Inventions? Or is it already designed
Behind the ones stepped on? Or
Does the hourglass instead, quor?

Start the why, internalize, rationalize
The logic of mind, systemize
The way one has to realize,
Yet simplicity in not subversive lies
Exteriorized through the cries

Question or Answer
Does one play the Dancer?
Or just sit on the sides, watching
The Arena, in the substance trance
That is; a vegetable state relevance

As the stars shine through the cosmos
Does each tick of dust fly their plethora
Of mountains, valleys, and prairie's low
Currents have a standard that flows
As this is the empty sky abode

It time to wake up, sleep is over
For back in reality, the cover lapses
Into moments, ascertained atonement
Yet Mansions have much storage
For the keeping, never the remover
Of things, just thrown out, now zoned out

The hunger of self is a greed
Let me fill myself up with all pleasures need
Yet once fulfilled, the desire leaves

So now the suffering desires cleaves
And the emptiness fills thee
Love can't be lust, stay in the way
Open hearts radiant in hallways

Oblivion Beyond

Oblivion in the beyond
Nature's muse, opening everlong
Emotions within, as along
Rapture's infuse, closing songs

Memories tension, no comprehension
Statute's subject, oblivious
Vulnerability dimension, all suspension
Capture's objects, mysterious

Silenced illusion, harmonies
Willed discipline, interfering
Violence's delusion, melodies
Stilled listening, ever-clearing

Deep Order, chaos spin
Rotation's season, le as it is
Keep borders, havoc fin
Relation's reason, de la cause tis

White Sound

The sound i hear comes in clear
A white light of expansion
It mellows my soul of consciousness
And delivers me to the realms of old

This time< a death< a cup refilled
Is stilled by the presence of will
I am, a what am I
I am selfless and have no desires

This epistle of waves rush through
And light, love and guidance rules
The astral body moves my mind
And restores me to feelings of order

Beset and beseeched so am thus
Were thine self expands in light
Over all beings, spheres and orbs
I radiate this so clear for free

This movement, this vibrant rush
Echo's deep within the life
The strife I know is within
As outer shines from my whole

So as I gaze inward
I see the temple of Self
My eye and scrolls develop
And I transmigrate beyond all planes

So this experiences I now enter
Is Dharma upon the Tao
I reflect upon my way
And see that passion is today

O this spell it captures me
To all planes that echo thus
I meditate on nothing
And as nothing I am

Such colors, movements and sound
All radiate in this white light
And communication with self continues
So as I feel above and beyond

I close my mind in simple peace
The soul now opens to my control
And as Atman I radiate all
This is the frequency I am under

I O Change, O I See
That inside is a tree
White light as photons race

The golden face now develops

So, so, so, what is within?
A simple spell that negates fin
My eye is open to the void
Were my ego dissipates

Upon reflection, see everything
The universe of order developing
In which transformations bestow
Light to all incarnate beings

And O, I prophesy here
The change of society will;
Undergo a metamorphosis
To were the development of light endues

So as we usher in a new age
The land and time grows
Yet growth is restricted by Self
That the inner may overcome

So now once again I do change
And rearrange layers of thought
I expel an aura of deep grace
And i flow within my essence

O geometry, the facade of angles
Where I see these shapes commune
Bright fluorescent light in my mirror
Of turbulent transfixing gazes

So as I slowly open this Self
I anoint myself with Light
Bright as Ra my voice of white
Seeks nature in the lost tribes

As i come together and rearrange
I know my thought comes to peace
Within life I am surely blessed
As love overflows my reality

O thou change of ready sight

Allows me to control my gaze

I know deep and centered
Is the way of my Brahman
Who in itself is an entity
As I am just a witness of thought

So as I become soft like snow
I glow white radiant light
So heated now I am
To suffice to this cold Earth

Cold as jock the frost I enlive
So my void sings free
This spell undergoes many moons
As I howl in early life

So as we change and undergo
We must balance the seeds we sow
So become at peace with selflessness
For the light and lives give syou help

To and Fro

Walking to and fro
Singing a song from sorrow
Never Tomorrow, sometimes
Borrows from nowness rust
All we can trust is sadness integral
As moments monumental; ,
Awareness seeing temperamental
Fields in around sensational,
As each branch withers away
Towards deep Atlantis drifting sifts
Abyss's holding information; locksmiths
Opening rifts, beyond land sea, and drifts
That take the current to the white-light crisp
Morn dew, as each tomorrow, is,
Reflected ever true.

Storm

A storm, is looming over the distance
Far beyond, yet hindered near kisses
Of eloping hands and tender wishes
But dance to this orchestrated instance

Can the violin sing its tune any more somber?
Or do the mellow strings result fonder...
Memories in death, arising from codder,
Shadowlands amidst all turn coils rotunda

Graves arise! Risen! Green death races
As codes from informative designations
That realize the tender seeing resolution,
Yet War without Peace? Is thee Golden Faces?

The Nine dance around, sulken webbed increase
In the midst of a single string; the three decease
Snapped chain web does not release/one
From the death of sufferings grief

Taking down the long route, you see
Orbs willowing death's branches resolutely
Orange, the psychic door hinge to Reality
Let me now you open Completely!

All things this knows, albeit, fondling grows
Into mists of songs and terrible depths
Imaginations cold frost, like dragging tomorrows
Into the things that are now always left.

What is Right? Right is What is...
But how can we insist good is evil
In Reality it is formed within seals
For duality increases as materials reveal,

The sight invisible to those beyond the mask
Fabrics own personality given in the dancing quest
For the trumpet is close, but does the Time seem blest?

Or does the Mouth have to devour the rest?

Riders! Anoint thine will, abode thine cup
Establish wills beyond our cusp
Let life relive the returning crisp
That all things will return to mist

As the fog looms over the night
The riders prepare, the death in light
From flowing streams, growing right
Initially, the test is always white

Truce to the realms! Let war be found nil!
Let the Eris remain still forever Kill!
The own Self of story found in will
For this sound, reverbs from the Echo

Echo? Or is the the voice you always hear
For if you are hearing it
It must be you listening
Thought is thus nothing other than

A voice to listen to, not your own
Only like the suffering beyond the home
The storm first grows, in the contagious soup
And then it converts mealstorms into vortex coup

Cortex evolved, trees of life seen
Memories of DNA and dolphin beams
Life has been a passing commercial stream
That never ends, just thought and time remain me

Can you feel hopeless that we will all lose?
Can you let those feelings sink into you?
It is death of maternal, death of all, death of the
Chosen who will cherish the call
The death of light, the death of darkness
The mergence of all things that will withhest

Dance Mystery

Dance with the mystery in the desert,
Singing praises to within, following alert,
As awareness presents; it weathers,
Into each droplet, a Sea held together,
Of dust, a myriad managing the tethered
Wished water, yet many can't drink,
Or even bother, let alone not even think,
That this body, this vehicle, is Endless
To the plane that moves radius soundless,
A timed echo, options like choices, yet made
Are what is done, only understanding among,
A time to choose, which option are you?

Who is you? Who am I?
I am awake or I am asleep,
You know or you don't know
You think or you don't think
What you are, is what you are not
What you are not, is what you are,

One is just a flame dancing among stringed branches
Of time that has become soiled through the spiral stances,
And compounded into reason, order, and dendrites
That flow up and down, left right and about, to the rights
Of all men, that have grown from the Tree of Life Web
Let us further introduce ourself to the not Bread

Listen, the eye can see, the seeing is around, admit
That the drifting away presence is lifted, and submits
Itself to no choice of its own, but an cone expanded,
Like the blue reacts with red and test, Words resounding
Towards the echo of thought, introduce new ways,
Beyond what has webbed symbols into this realm, distraught,
Can one say that ancient ways and the ancient ones,
Are not followed or taught naught, not that it is seen,
But relative to our dancing club scene, there is above
And astral realm that is seen by fourth eyesight,
Like the one who can see beyond the edge of instinct's right

Turn around, the spiral began, when the bifurcation expands,
And allows for information to go beyond the limits dimension,
And it becomes stronger through each interpretation,
That is unconsciously brought forth before objective,

Ways that lead the mind, but think, from dust to dust
This parable is taught.

As dust first began, the Titans formed, and allowed
For the realms to be eaten and set with motions that planned,
Believe me not? Look at statues in Egypt's sand or any
Emotion of non understood land left behind in magicks many
Trust the words are one, for the more you believe, the deeper
That rabbit will jump, or follow its way down the hole, or
Come out with his hat and show the dunce is just an act

Dust first was, then fire, eating away chaos of mud
As water was awashed with the smog, so did the fog
Unite the spirit and air to tether together limbs somewhere
And newts began under the bacteria's lair
This is all seen by my third eye glare...
This is no lie, only a field that is open, like growing orbs
That first start as a white speck, then form together,
And do not neglect the dream, they hope collectively
That they will grow, just like humanity, and setting free
The instance that these beings are found in what is rest,
And they still are not troubled by man's own persistence
For in this dream, they are beautiful to behold, aeiou
This is left for many to see into that clue...

Who are we? We are evolved dust from this light science
We are just a particle that moves like a star, or planet
Or asteroid, or moon...We are the motion of each systems
That have managed to give words beyond the time, the time
That has come, that time has passed, now is this
Water, fire, earth, air and spirit; Purusha
Primordial soup pulled together over time and released in form coupe
This is how we come together from death to birth to life from the noose

So many voices here to witness the vision, it is like
What has come, the sea has come together, the dust
Has eroded and let go, the banks of tides erode,
And it is what is, the sea is now lost to its own abode
And the droplet, of the eye has come to see it only found
Then we know what has come to thee

Witness free, struck by lightning, silence
Along the lines I speak, now I retreat

But my burden is beside the point of lesson
This is a matter of fact a blessing,
Turn the page, terror out the wages
Let death and tax set stages
There is nothing left

So be what is right.
Patiently we stay in the night
For years we have not moved
Only kept losing sight
This is no clue, this is not thought
This is action before you

Now do we end? Or nothing left here?
Is there anyone we can really save?
Or we hopelessly sing for devotion?
Or do we sing free for hoping?
There is no right action in this hour
But it is just dead, and life has
Begun to see that this is twas,
A spell that has woven the chime
And the muses have come through divine
There is no escape,
so be here now

Presence Be All

May the presence all to be
As each note expresses rapidly
A song beyond the sphere,
Light dancing, notes fancy comedians
Who take stars farther than stillness clear.

Going up and down the ladder, the steps,
Hold their own footing in the webbed nets,
Like the dark striving the orchard's temperament,
Notion a poison beyond Hemlock's testament
That not always does wisdom come from beyond
Death
Each breath, each living Eternal Now
Situates itself in the status how?

Just a moment to moment allowed,
Through the dance, emotions plowed,
Now you see that the droplets sowing
Profound..

Open Infinite

Open Infinite, let the beloved;
Come to opening of grace loved arms,
In a room where there is no space,
Can we fill it with what is empty?

Enter Within!

Enter! Within
The riddles speak
In tongues and
Craft, all many drafts,
Among the frail and
Weak

Sphinx, What is this!
All this is, there is no that!
That separates from this!
See the bunny
In that hat!

Follow the white bunny?
Or a red dressed honey?
All these things illusions,
Just as the delusion;
Matrix involves the fates,
Whose midst bubbles burst!

Water droplet in the Sea
Alive and waves current me!
Deep depths and planar realms
Beneath the lowest crevice hell!
All we see is strings striking chords,

And that is a split path, meak words...

Lightning! Blast! Nova centric
To the centrifugal gravity
That moves geocentric to heliocentric
Each Sun, moves to the co creator Sums
That elliptical orbits many moons and Ones

I am the Scribe, Amon am I
Who else could Thoth present? ni?
To a higher Self delegance?
But Self is a story, but Words give
Meaning, and can't this Story
Give life through my soul's gleanings?

The soft Eden dew refreshes the dashes
Of sprinkling evergreen pasture flashes
That come back from material lashes
Death by dishonour, forced by taxes!

AM I to say his trial was not right?
Just remember his out burst, tables turned,
To the sight, just another lesson burned
Away from old things in past reference...

What is the difference anyways? Things
Move the chords of the Soul, and the Muse
Comes through very clearly, and the slings
Of the arrows do not pierce or quell, just
Infuse the natural sound that is an echo...

Silence! The Sphinx, it is growing!
Oedipus! Were in the hell are you mooring?
Just another ship lost to Sea...Possibly...
But gentle notes warm the Soul of Men.

Warm like the lamp that gives light to all
Cold like the light that reflects off the snow
Yet blinding like Love on this pretentious blight!
Praise the Holy divinity that is around beloved tonight!
For in this realm we are captured in a show...

What realm you may ask, is this miracle?
It is this inside show! A spectacular mistake,
But something left from the Three Eyes string,
Snapped, but woven back into all things,
All things of all live will reach you!

For you are, all life, do you know
That it is, nothing you can do?
It is just a waste of time, just relax...
For no point stressing over bodies curfew
We are living in the race of Men...
Who knows what the Gods have planned...

Through that away, all of it, garbage
Just another book to warm the fire
But it is a soul we want to inspire!
What could the beauty do to you!

Listen, the soul strings music from the spheres orbit
The planets give off resonance and we capture
That all moments in our own rapture
For the over Archetype that we are This
Can the micro man be compared to micro solar?

Nothing new, just another thought beyond man,
That leads us to see that simple design,
For the wheel wills the plan, and our will
Is just man, not in the realms of Sand...

Verses just are one song
That spread through a wave like negative
Shifting particle gravitons,
And shift the Teutons
To another synergetic Proton

Yet the point, a single dense water mess
Pressure keeping it together, boundary endless,
Strong, like a warrior who holds the forms
For the Tao is Water, it is that Snow
Cold reflection, thought you should know.

So as the water streams down banks
And we always sing songs of thanks

But do we sing our own praise of Self
To sing our own story for our own Health?

No, we just limit, deny, facilitate sleep
But awake I must be, no little being,
Time to move beyond the lightning scene!

All those words bursts, just ample swords
To cut through into this part,
I wish to show you, my heart has come to be
Another memory...

Dreams, fading, reality, fading
What is this life, suffering for me?
Does it even make sense, relentlessly?
My song through the strings of my soul
Leave endless wholes, but holes
Of songs leave the endless notes
To flow through with scapegoats

This is the mind, problem is this
Tat and Nuat compartmental sift
As the beginning middle end abyss!

Nothingness, but that is just what is
Another story that I might like or live
For it is just another sword to shiv

My spirit is despaired, for deep wounds
Sing out to God in this weeping.....

Daniel, wake up,

Wake up...
It is time to smell...

Light! What is this! A song!
Did I miss it all along?
Was I prolonging the everlong?
Or does this shift the style?

Now I am entranced into anon
Room where space is vast

But i am not more, self story gone
Just a nothing bore, can't you see
That when you deplete to me,
You are then thus filled again through thee!

It is like the Song of the Sun
The Ghost Dance
The Song for the One

I see beyond the material Realm
This is invisible to it now
Let's see, let Elk show up now, how?
I give all light to above and spirits
That ancestors respect them...

We are now landing...So
As Begins Control
ABC

Uncharted

Visions from another land, uncharted,
In the dream command, litany planned,
All that is, is dust and sand,
Forming from Helium and man!

The thought of time
And time of thought
Is in this realm, is it not?
The quiet thing that is,
That stillness of the being,
The holding completely rested,
Growing light unseen,

A ring, pass me not,
For in this boundary, one cannot
See the limit, limit the end,
Holding the nation to what we mend

But as we know the poets show
That this syntax is divine glows,

Living in tomorrows but now found here
That presently we all hold dear
Fear is there, the wound of war
Can 't you see it pens doors,
But closes the being off to what is
And hopes to give him an eternal shiv
To push him over the edge of death, why shoot
Anyone, that is the test!

Where was I again, it just lost
I am no more, I is lost
This is just another way of speaking
Through nothing that is, only teleporting seeking
And left to that is what this is truly
Not that but this, all moments tis
A spell that involves us to the land
Like soft memories of another Dan
But I am daniel, a command,
Live at peace and harm no man!

So much bliss, just statically insisted,
To relate how i am just lost to all existence
There is nothing here, only present atoms
That bubble to my infrastructure's metal
It can't even settle to iron sharpening iron
But so does one tone help the other
But each octave that sounds the shape
Allows us to purge yourself and kill
Mistakes
No actually killing, but seeing
The possibility of death, not real death,
But death of what you all know is test,
It makes no difference how smart you are
For when u hit the street how far can you go
Without a scar?

Somethings the life field just ives what is
And now my friends hands are generally gifted
To type the song of beyond hence here
From what i stand alone i fear

Dream open! Unravel, hit the core
The system just came like an opening door

Inside there is councils and sitting chapels,
Were orders are kept and people raffled
Into what is keeping the coven going
To soak the seed and allow the growing,
O wait
Wrong realm,
That is here to...

Or is it?
Or does it just go to the core of narcissism...

Trumpet

The notes of the trumpet hit
And now, we are, coming to commit
Another standard script
Wait a second, who is blessing?
Guessing? Questions? Nothing but silence...

Good bye, take another election
Tree's growing coerce; growing correction,
In a little while, we will see perfection,

The Craft? A Wizard on Draft
Only Me and I? Who else is Mine?
Nothing particular, just another deep
Thing of mine, not so much, cartograph
Another style, then we praise denial
As we walk down the preachers aisles
O eat the body, the blood, for a while
That may satisfy, but beyond the wild
Is a lush SummerLands growing Child
Walking in the forest fern, flying betwixt
The spaces, in lands, sea and sift!
Beyond the temporal, no crossing shores,
For it is nil, eh, it is indifferent!

Back, to the first, now, we hit
The song, backfire, we are lit
In the scene, the fire, adrift
Along The Oceanic Surveyor

of the Inland Sea, stay reservoir,
For the lake inside is not far...

Hold up, relaxing, nah no stressing
Just pretension, to another pressing
Relation, to, the core, pressure;
Just another systems displeasure
Can't always have two ignite
When the spark is not a'light
Don't even try, for the water it down
Is gonna drown one in the ocean abound,
Deep reeds rooted in the sands myriad;

Where did I just go? Well nobody knows!
Little while back, little while back...Shows
That with a bit of delicate song integration
Moving the station, mote it be, segregation
Is not what the design has in cessation!

Here we go, no more polite lyrics,
We just using up the verses coherents
To die another death, spiritual, no contest
We just, hope, you will, not surrender
To something that is not here, not there, but there
In the underwhere place no their, but here
Just walk, then stop and crop and hop it up
Then dream and sleep per chance you will awake
And now you won't see how to write rhythm
For it is now upon the sleep perchance awake?
Or do you just dream this in the fates?
Nothing new, all old, just particular states
Remerge, back to the first lyrics gate
End the song in the final debate!

Desert Storm

When I was in the desert, the storm of sands came upon me
The choir of dust rose! From the ashes of the phoenix turmoil.
It was the pain of centuries, of eons, of long times past,
And it fell upon me, just descended from above;
Just many ladders lead the way home...

We hope we can change, we hope that Clouds
Will provide the rains for every much needed crop,
For without the plentiful amount of discard, how
Can we begin to see that all nutrients fall down the
Cracks, and are sealed away in the Earth,
For Centuries, upon centuries, were we change
But can't harbour the main pain of Her
She is the laborer of our fields, our mines, the
Lumber we cut to feed our home, it is essential
To praise the Glory of Mother Nature Also

But when some clouds cry, they materialize
Into another form, a liquid, a paste, a healing
Agent, that just salves the flowing current,
And stops one from being able to see, what
Has to be done, such as wash away the dust.

Do you feel the same? The dream of mana, ambrosia
Sweet nectared wine, sweeter than the finest harp,
Singing the tales of beginning past late of the hour,
For darkness is now creeping along the land.

What is the beginning of darkness, one may ask,
We have pondered weary and meak for many centuries,
To deliver the *magi* revelation of this task, it perhaps
Has shown you now that lies, neh, ignorance of Truth!
Is what temples the burden of the land.

It is like the sand pillars of time erupted from the dust,
Collected from the winds that blew many things south,
For doth we know the wind's can darken fronts before thee,
For beyond the horizon, even the fairest storms do faire,
In regrets, as the cloud doesn't rain over us, but what
We know is the streams bring the constant flux
Of liquid solid to the river's swift stream.

Never step twice or regret your walk
For in the same water you never cross
Do the other, the side of a Truth,
The truth of no lies, but eternal compromise
Is what lives beyond our lives.

What? You want another wine and bread at the table?
Why not be sacrificed to save the noble?
Or just know the Purusha has come, ignoble though art
To know in the deepest dream that I conjure
Is the Glory of the Cup that set Galilee apart

It came from a long line, yes it did; Alexander the Bard
Song it's own tail to my dilemma
Dragon stand houses rock fortress command
Nothing beyond the particular sands...

I see the figures, remote, sitting, tall, corrected, wise
They wish to tell the tale, the song, the muse
The tenth! It has come! It is over me! Consuming
The disgrace of what was once, why race now,
To the conclusion, we are just starting, for the dust
Had to give it's trust into the nothingness of the end!
The end is just around the corner bend, truth or lies
You will have to weigh your own weights,
Until Judgement comments, no more lies

Yet, down the whole we go, to another place,
Another tomorrow, another gift never found, just
A face walked among the crowd, string the song
Past the version of standing alone
This is the greatest section below

Dance with flame, with heat, without name
It just has to be, nothing apparent, relatively
Just a thought, but no more, unaware
Movements, which way, slithering
Is where, my body, left me, conjuring
A temple destruction, summoned!!!
Who art thou! Walking in death!
I am thou! I am the Last! Callisto
Sent me, no time for you; standstill
Is where we are at my old friend death!
Breath, my young son, trance has breathed
It's own tongues into your words!
Remain, here, captured in this moment
As water breaks at fjords, so you will
Is disciplined in this fire of death!
O yes! Dance with the flame! Twirling

Undead Figures! Ascended from Hell!
For Heat is were the motions Well!
Boiled skin and angered brains
Angry at howling death down
My alive body! Dancing undead with
The spirits! Just another tag along!
It is coming down, like pulling carnivores
Who hunger at the emanations
It is like, this is apparent real now, feel the fright!
Horrible sights of sulphur burning
The eyes, no gaze, I could flee, but I stand tall!
Burning, my eyes, eternalize! Flame combined!
The eye sees all through fires aligned!
For in death, doth thine will preach Sublime!
Deep here, underworld the world, currents
Of rivers deeper the Elysian furl,
Into realms and spheres so dark and plastic
That one cannot even see elastic eyes
Stretching for miles, as the flame
Consumes! The heat! It boils the temperature
Below freezing, so the skin doeth harden
Into millions crackling splinters! Piercing your own skin
Alive in freezing fin! Nothing dead, just time has come
The clock has struck 12, not mine, but the dance
Praise to the song beyond the dream! For!
It has come to be seen! Along with relativity!
This is just the beginning of a movie scene!
What can i say as we temporally evolve through
This membrane we call "Home", we end
That all the mystery is just one clue;
How silent are you?

Another Time

Listen to the words ushered from another Time

OM SHRI KRISHNAYA NAMAHA

The waterfall spills out many dreams
Like a drop of water flowing unseen
Manifestation in water is temporally

Willed through Spirit's Testimony!

As currents deep underneath wells
Often hold secrets, lying deep withheld
Yet proven river onward climb indwelled
Like flowing down mountain's swells

The mind grabs at thoughts just like the sand
Of a river that erodes back into the flow again
Yet many obstacles curving the land
Restrict the natural river's plain command

That shows another could feel, just a mote,
Maybe a dream? Maybe harmony's note
Spherical around flowers, flowing provokes
Tomorrow stood still, just like glowing a'float

As a Lotus can drift upon the Lake
The current does not allow, nor does it take
As strong cords attach them to the fate
That the bottom ground is no mistake

Just like along the coastal regions river
Large or small nor as such is withered
Just like a song, remorseful reasons,
To sing like the current that is freezing

Cold notes, that strike under the fires
Of desire to reach waters to retire
Yet beyond the shore thus now am I
Were once falling like a drop of water's eye

A single drop into the ocean beside
Is were my will, the current, resides
In vast spacious connected attitudes
The ground under water stilling residue

Light Feathers

A song of light feathers dancing in the moonlight
Waving each breath of wind and wave, towards

A greater sight, beyond astral stars in sunlight,
Welcoming every being of wake and way, backwards

Was the path; destined to be nothing remaining!
A simple exchange, nil for not, not nil to be, Endlessly
Walking forwards, to harps and strings arranging,
A symposium denied in thought, Hopelessly

Showing roads, forks, and trampled trails,
Along the currents, spinning webs Rotunda,
Stating, this path for you, hope that prevails,
Anonymity, I'd rather be Nothing Substrata

As I like it, per dream upon chance? Or Revelation
Station, that nothingness arises in substance,
Address! Scorn, the fury burns deeper than Prudence,
Swaying rhymes to test, the tracks of Life's Direction,

The song only likes facing darkness inside temporary monoliths,
Wait a second.....The flow just track switched!
The virus of our age, is infected like a Trojan into our settlements
Wait a minute.....The US Government supplies ISIS!

Warped was this on Media Propaganda to Global "installments"
The Forest even knows the Sound it makes, when nobody's around!
Warped was this, for old ways are lost in the Wall Street Market!
The Collision in the Grounds, boom and bust cycle repeatedly profound!

Watch as the dance of mystery shines its grace, upon thus this is,
Soothing melodies soften the fawns gentle sleep, awakening from the
Womb; silent, still....Like a lake that hasn't ever softened,
Stillness, for in this, we are this quiet emotion; placid and ever awake...

This song, springs forth the greatest songs, from the deepest Well!
Ambrosia wrapped in Nectar, what answer do you want? The Soul?
Transmigration from Whole to Whole - limited by Heaven and Hell!
As On this Earth, death can be surrendered as your wait or follow?

To the Hollow! Sugar freely playing from Harper's instrumental Silence,
Antiques like this Ode, should never be talking Nothing about Mind,
Tomorrow? Why bring back the Eden? Let us move on to another Paradise,
Asleep or deep within the design, nothing sings from the deepest mine,

Walking in the future, one has to be careful where they step;
For after Sun, comes Rain and the Night, deep Moonlight
Wallowing joy and stings from the Hearts that have Wept,
Follow heart's love, for some turn grey, and all turn intelligent

Frosted shades freezing in scales that are armored ambivalent,
Winter's cold blowing against the story that has now played,
For walking today in my Path, my face turned away...
Waking every moment in the freezing Arctic Equivalent...

As the Ice unthaws, the shore begins to rise, the Far Shore
Facing the Maker, Judgement, Scales, Leverage,
Asking, Who were you? Were you Yourself, Are you Sure?
Freely, why would you know, this is Application's Coverage!

Foreign Shore, devachan of Soma and Golden Apples,
Golden Rivers flowing into Honey and a Milky Galaxies,
Fate has showed, that since the beginning, without Chapels
God has risen to the Author's voice, once again Magically.

Moment Time

Muse apprehend the moment time,
Certainly, developing the craft,
Is in fact, another way to clear,
The seconds of life, sublime, now
Has counted into the Seer;
Infinite simple as a choice to be,
Are you waiting for anyone? Just a
Simple voice to be, talk directly to me.

Dancing into the flames, gazing luminosity
Brighter than a sphere's ferocity, that sings
A sweet lullaby into the Harmony of Souls,
Inside, a Tsunami Wave, this combines wholes
To the lightness in the oceanic strongholds
Along the mysteries road, beyond yonder be,
As we now walk deep as now we travel
Beyond the Ocean, beyond the Cliffs, beyond the Veil.
Beyond all sounds, beyond all concepts, beyond all smiles,
Beyond all eternal "I'm going to Heaven" settling desires.

This song is for the faint of Heart, it is only in art,
Do you set yourself apart, try to be something you are not,
Yet those who do not fake it, always can see clear,
It is just Fear the keeps us from being showing the near
Far from you, close to me, Let this song spout in seed!

This Eye, What can you see beyond the Sky?
Is there realms that place himself after our lies?
Or is there no direction nor return? Just another
Way to see deeper into the reasoning twirls,
That twist, shape, and curl the plastic World
Into it's form, biodegradable waste, a cessation turns.

Skeleton soldiers walking death rows as masses collide,
Into the stars and spheres and moments
That has been left, just nothing, not marital status new
Somewhere beyond though, in the song I sing
There is a united being, nobody could ask it, but as it is
There are things revealing from remembering
And it is like, I, Not - I, shouldn't I be the forming
Reality, but unshackle Purusha slows it down.

For if no rupture occurred, it is turning your heart into Gold
To see your soul and place your own sands on shores
That do not wither or shore upon Islands to isolate
Just another performance to our myths and tales
That building rocks and strong fortresses prevail
Even, you see, this Myth Turned into Reality,
So does Fantasy hold back your imagination Sway?

Meaning is found in the simple notes of humans
That have massed songs in a united stand towards
The order of those who can see beyond
It is like a sight the telegraph's me now to a realm that is unchosen and unseen
This place inside is like a wave that echoes the deepest mile
Like so far away, but close to my heart
It stays and asks me? Why stay?
Is not the performance at bay?
And well, comedy has a tragic flaw
That one can know the mysteries law
For God gave grace to man
To ease the pain of the plan

And faith to help settle the pains of worry
So can't you see, the plan is always in place if you don't
Turn away

Can you see the string we play, to ease
The hearts so longing for a simple note
It's like, read another's page and see yourself float
Into their thoughts and ideas and memories
But can you just be, sitting free
Without anyone else and not even a thought to be
It is easy right now I am doing it can't you see
I'm communicating with you from this place I set without me
There is nothing here, nothing there
Just another been who is aware
But unborn and unaware before now this now is before
For every moment is opening and closing doors
And all this time and seconds and minutes
Has delivered this is quickness
But can't you see at last
We do not perish, nothingness lasts

As deep forests hide in the mists of time, the hill
Sees a clearing where the waters distill
And allow the difference of chain of thought
For nothingness is a current like river
Flowing from mountains, and helping the cry
Just like the rocks that stone the mire
So can you see, whole sleepless nights, but awake in the dream
Awaken! I am here, nobody found
Search throughout all grounds, just like another temperance
Just so cold, but warm in this united field of myself
For self is true to nothing
So nothing is true to no self
So as self arises you are to be
As non self arises you are just awareness
What is more simple than that
Just choiceless, you see

Under the fire, burning dancing forms undead above me
But below the water cools me
Nothing has lead me deep into this underworld
A dark place that has helped me see
And then and come free from changing lights

Lost now am the author, this is essence combining free
To essentially natural rudiments that have developed
Of timeline progressions and sung into the muse
It has just allowed me to leave and settle
So sleep, read deeper words and combine the twirls
And centuries and eons that have left
Us in the right way of passion
And know that this is just a temporary state of life
That when the nightmare rides over, the dream
Comes to be and the sin that was never there
And is forgiven but does not exist
Is freedom along the lines of no guilt
And discernment with the beingness that insists
That all things can persist
But they can all die, blackness
No sound
Death
Is like eternal misery to the ni
But as you see, this has to be realized.

The notes hit me strong there, the feeling inside me pulses
There is energy that dances the bubbling cells of my being
I speak to you my friend? What is it
There is no world between us
Just a door
And a wise lady who sees the apron of her cooking
It is like another temptation to see into the dark realms
I can see you my friend
All we dream about is in the spheres
If one connects the soul there something
Not telling
But than allows for it to fulfill
You can bridge ways to beyond

Cup filled, never still, thrill beyond quills
Like notes and wands that per will
Has chosen this instrument
To be in light of the song
Here we go to another temperature that has set it in a
Place To sing, eternally, do we mirage, the truth
Of life, in spite of all we write...

I can see the realms so far down, can you feel, my pain

In the darkness hell of nurseries bane
It comes and stings me cause i don't know
What has done this, but i know
That this light will succumb to going
Beyond the realm

Nobody Agrees

Nobody really agrees
But who am I to disagree
When reputation is aggravation
Can't Trump dominance...You see?

Nobody really, just a kid,
Rolling out verses, rolled with
Triple A intercourses; stand alone,
High stakes transform Holes...To be?

Another fragment in Reality,
Just Infiniti components, really,
Substructure beyond here,
As the deeper goes near....Is it Fear?

Mystique, this is my level
King's Chambers accessed settles,
The Holy Spirit doesn't bane,
24th to the Chain....are Yellow

As you wake up, awake.....
Who the hell is I?

Let us begin.....

I am just a little small man who has nothing to do
But just rolls the fat blunts true, no curfew, just living
Without residue, just a penmanship extreme, denying
Nothing but living beyond the songs, that set the stage
Yet burned down the Globe, nothing always Implodes
For deep Niles is where many poets live in denial
But I am this not that, nor this hat that I wear today
Just another knowledge beyond the realm singulars

Topic, let's start something, than argue everything
That is just a total relevance to a poet, who is nothing
Just swinging the tenth to the first in the symphony
Of the orchestrated words that come ever free from silence
Can you tap into this tip tap flow hip hop step it back
To another realm, circle through the residue from the
First comes back, but the flow is mentally challenged
So just know, don't mind my mind for i don't mind
And mind is not minding much anyways,m so
Just the prison one lives in, no escape, this is it
That is it just set up a sabotage
And you will blow up all the principals laws

All You Have

Can you give all you have?
As what you have is already empty?
The feeling now in your gut, rotating, is not?
It is not a thing, a sensation, something beyond!
A song lost to time, just myriad's combined;
Thought and Time be, invocation developing!

Can't find a way, for the way is not to find
For Heaven is Absolute; saving Moose's mind,
Yet as Above, so below; corruption seedlings grow!
Stemming into Trees, leaves blossom, fondlings sorrow,
As each limb is traversed to write this book;
Another fact that this paper is a Tree's hook

To give all you have with no expectations,
Means you don't have to give that much,
But to perform magick, underwill the brush,
For what is found is beyond yonder be,
Just a spell captured momentarily;-
God's artists stroke canvases above Sky

Listen, like a Tree we grow, but as a Phoenix we rise
Each morning infinite energy due to sunrise,
Dissolving each day like the nothingness' play,
Into another state, another tomorrow's relayed,
Just save it for now, presence filling around;

One is gone beyond the family's noiseless sound

Just being my own, can't even face It?
Why not go fake it for some capital...Disasterful
Imbursements, yet Fate hasn't transformed you
By and by, Hell is just your own mind's residue!
So have fun in that this life, I'm a step in clue,
That what happens to me, is making me laugh at
YOU!

In Time

In the beginning time
Soft waters run smooth
Still currents ran deep
And Earth grew from Fire

It's radiant glow
Cold yet serenading
From below, seeds sowed
The bubble's rose thorn

Connection's Void
Abyss in Splicing Torture
Fusion connects
Gravity in all moments

The Strings expressed
Along the flames
Beckoning call
Silence found the echo

Yet, what forged the Metal?
Who controlled the Anvil?
Who helped the beggar?
No man, for it is

Like a seed time was
Like jumping units
Quantum shifts
Entanglement

When radical dies
So such sprout alive
Birds sing silent grace
Dragon's walked in wake

For, how could the stories
Of Fion or Taelism be favoured?
Merlin conquered, past pages
Magick now found in stages

The Circle Drums
Beat the Home's Thought Away
Light years away, travelled
Why so Sirius Am I

Embrace this Totality
Universal Axis tilted
Seer seeing stables
Attitude wavers

I Am, not that
I am, Not This
I am not this nor that
I AM

This shows, you are
That is experience
Beyond, layers and stars
Here, moment's lens

Deep rattles in the bones
Deeper than atom's thrones
Deepest structure's cone
Conical field growing stone

Many years, walking dead
Bardo, now essence
Just a victim dread
Silence to thy

Walking like a forest fern
Through the rivers talking turns

Up and down the left and burns
Taking Castles walls from the Churns

The mote, mote it be
Yet many things
We are the sea
Flunged in the root

The root was, now gone
Sprouted towards
Behind, yet forwards
Strong

The temple grew
From clay, as
Fire and Water
Churned the deep shadows

What lurked beneath the well
Do you wish me to tell?
I am the beast coming from Hell!
Dragon claws holding prison
Temples of torture randomly given
Eyes and stew, Styx and brew
Nothing but Shadows in this home
Dark prisons of temples bone
Carving sketches to your own
Animals menu treat nectar sweet
As you plasma is just like meat!

This sounds o not so great
But this is like the Liver Steak
Given from Fire, the Sun One
Beyond the Earth, Water, and Air

Held captive, does the dance
For it allowed the system
To Advance
Order along the path

What is the cycle of the Moon
Why does the Earth dance no Tune
Just death walking soon

Endless Midnight Noon

I see the Home
A fortress of Rock
Slow entertaining thoughts
Open does it dare
Now i am place nowhere

The soft clouds walk
Has seen the triangle
It is found in rhythms
Of shaders polygon

Death does not shake well
But beings sometimes are hell
Some time since, sometimes mean
Dancing myself, so serene

Three bubbling
Air, clay, fire
Keeping mountains
Of no desire

For in the earth, caverns hold
The old, the weak, of stones
Yell strong, long
For i am gone

Temples here
Like pillars
Holding two
Suns

The earth cooled
The fire sang
It sparked
Jumped
Cooled
Planned

It grew shoulders, it grew heads
It grew bodies
It grew and fed

Yet each part of the whole
Broke off, wanted it's own soul
Do not eat the apple
For the soul was contained
Inside the sugars membrane
The path i walk now
Higher smoke allowance
Passage nether
Center balance

The question, how does
The Druid see?
It is relative
To Truth

The more one knows, the less
One can see
So nothing gives rise
To everything!

So first body i am not
The second comes fraught
The third is naught
Ten thousand everything sought!

Many gone yet rocks
Like fingers from before
Of only standing

Each wolf holds its pack
Each Lion roars in fact
Each panther stalks its prey
Why is so many different anyways?

Walk slow in these lands for temples break

The shadowlands
Is death to me
I see a witch
Holding red power soaked indeed
She summons my
Gateway walked through

Otherside, past dues

The torture past life
Strife of what is
Past beyond relative conquered kids

The song is now following a beat
But random in fact, does is my own treat
As it comes to be, if fell away
Down, down, nobody anyways

So to say, what is now
Anyhow, somewhere
Was left a part
Of *glaucoma*
In darkness

The shore, walking sands
Shifting currents power plans
Like death doth sing
To various oems
But each way to the path
Is our own home

I see the canus
Power to ultimate
Insaneness

I story's end, but will continue
So what is let
Is from the window
Ending back to me
I come into reality
Set apart from the flowing sea
Where the current to the m
And left nothing
As you seen

So that is nothing in everything
Now be

Nobody Knows Anybody

Nobody knows anybody!
So where does that leave us?
A simple note, a echo, a voice?
Or does the clock hit zero?
As we realize we are ordinary,
Not no Hero...Just emanations
In a Temple, completely relative...
As a verse, a thought, a resound,
Leaves the minute past twelve;
What a moment Supernatural,
Captured material...Fancy Imagination
As Nobody is Everybody.

Who Am

This is who I really Am.

Many times tripping, keeping up,
Can I have it? The goals I wish?
Or does everyone, just insist, that,
Everything that I think is wrong; just
Because I am not like everyone else,
Simpletons, convinced yet? Or pretence
Has gone the resurrection, time passes
And so do trauma and caused reaction.

Body walls and steel and mail,
Use God's armor to no prevail....
What is this for anyways, to allow the
Sword to not hit, but just glance and turn
The other blunt sharp steel to the urn,
It is burned into the rhythm of man,
That one must fight and conquer,
But quietude and peace, make all realms stronger!

God's armour, what I joke, slings and arrows
Can pierce straight to the throat; also,
A Dragon can crunch right to the bones,

Marrow for free, just a delicacy, you see,
Now we go beyond what the apology and covenant can be,
Just beyond the realm into eternity, yet understand this,
I am a gift and transcend into realms beyond our sphere,
Come down to this plane,
The ground is happy,
To be a fallacious family!

This conversation is between, betwixt, and
The Way, Te, Wei Wu, have passed through,
Can't help it, Daniel is the Tao, just formless form
Coming through, nothingness that stems correction,
A seed grown into a lily, a loner Buddha secluded!

I am a Master, I am no feeble weak mind, go read Revelations
A horse and white rider is just original illuminate guise
For who really ends? Nobody, just the word of oneself,
That is where you end, than you face all the words,
And how did you work with the words, they are the beginning,
The middle is just where you pass through, and then
The last is the residue, were you rust or turn golden dust.

Wait, where do I come from, do I stay realistic,
Or pass the realm into relativities intrinsic?
Beyond the drop of a tear, resides the Ocean of Fear!
For each wave beyond the drop, gives grave
Star design course, for all men to praise, the ground!
For it saved one from sea sickness and the current.

Who am I? Just a repetition of the greatest.
I am just elevating people at all costs.
Gotta focus, pay attention, samadhi invokes ya,
I am beyond time and space, I do not exist on
This realm or place, Daniel is longer in the body,
Is that really? Or you kidding me? You delusional?
Now before when I said this, you didn't pay attention,
Now it is like, o shit, he was right in his restrictions,
Of a Reality lost inside a Mad House.....

But yo, poetry before insanity,
Even the muse shined bright in my room just now,
Like I will converse with spirits now.

This is Asherah, the realm shadow of the great Ash,
This transformation from the ground to the fires phoenix,
Is how Nature produces Natural Genius,
It is not, BAM, you are their, for those are conditioned programmed
Propaganda useless interfere...Really genius knows suffering,
For suffering creates character, and genius is created; not born.
For hard work doth thine will scorn, but fates roll the dice, unborn.
Contracts now.

The rhymes eye, something before, the identity crisis,
Just a journey, lost to who I was, everything? Nothing?
Devoted to God's will, something beyond understanding,
Do you recognize how long I've been at it? Just cause
You don't get to the flow of what I give ya to listen to,
It is like you are borderline dependant on my lyrical flue,
Contagious, residue, will rust right through you!
Trying to change this energy, switching it back and forth,
This is teh essence of a Master, Metatron beyond disaster,
Thought and Time; -that line beyond face value!

Everyone has doubt, but do you continually to,
Falsify your own family and separate those who support,
Take a time to look at yourself.
Switch back!

You see, daniel is just a open vessel, I am just empty,
So full though, of dancing cells and merry joys,
Something found beyond the materials noise!

End note;
What is the goal? Chasing after green Gods.

The golden rod? Spare that please, I have never changed,
Just mentally deranged, ejected, rejected, projected into stigma,
Fucked up my money, but never stopped the grind,
What you think, not what you think? Gotta stay real to the appeal.

I smoked weed all my life, read books caught up in strife,
Wrote to beats that held the knife, broke blood and back for life,
Nothing but laughing, not now you see the buddha dog on paper,
Just nothing but a little stitches going back and forth papers,
You just see, hide behind thee, not gonna go back, just another,
Way to go anon, mutherfucker, respect, or you gonna get neglect.

What is this? More money = More problems,
Less is more, didn't you see that in verses galore?
First shall be last, glad I eat a food banks!
Modest and meek, well got that covered all week,
Humble? Well attack everything I got, I still walk silent.

You think that the river that you sleep by,
Will protect you from the Dragon's guise,
Yes, not something you'd think, but Morningstar's do Rise,
Now you caught up in this verse, you like, he delusion,
That is the point, it is actually you thinking it,
You are the one in delusion since I am beyond this,
I know this fact for I wrote it! So don't run up on me!

Lotta people want me, lotta people don't stop there,
But when shit hits the fan, lion's speak, and this week,
I felt another of this crap shit, just hit the max hit,
Than blowed out the next fat lip.
Now I take advantage of this flow, another just grows,
Tomorrow? Well that is found in today, so now
Do it, you ignorant bigot! Can't an ignoble see
That sheeple are just walking uncertainly
You hypocrites, you supposed to show love
What about Jesus? He came for those who had nothing

Prostitutes, Cheats, Liars, Fakes,
Who washed his feet? Mary....
See, I am to competitive,

All these myths in your fact, but
What about the fact of the myth!
Somewhere in the abyss, energy insists
That I must subsist,
Word up.
Hate now look at me, hoping to
Stop it.

Simple

A simple, delicate blade dances like a sword

The radiant splendour across the meadows
Just blowing in Wind, softly, feeling warm,
As gently it harnesses it's own song...

As the leaves tremble upon the quake of Man,
The blade gets stronger, from hand to hand,
More than one point can make all vast; -
Just feel, allow, this slowness to advance,

It is old memories, ancestors forgotten,
Ancient ties to Horses and begottens!
Khan artist, never reminded about, just
Lost into oblivion, Gluttony and Lust

Power! The rule of the Land, mistakes,
Blood ties, dynasties, War-bands...
All tribes hoping to stand, with Fate
In midst Warfare, selling soul's demands,

In life for life, given One for return of All,

As the darkness, creeping slowly, engulfs
The Peninsulas and Islands, will's result
Like Volcanic ash, remediating the blade,
As the grass sings, it also forbids engraves

Sing like a young Wren, strong Eagle
Rapid Falcon, or a simple chirp, - people
Never listen to the white noise,
To obsessed; lust gluttony toys.

Deep now, we travel beneath,
ARISE, the dead haunts your bones,
The pain in your Heart, smoldering cones,
Blades for blades, Blood for Blood

Eye for an Eye, as Seering Sees All
Beneath, above, below, all around falls
To death! Destruction! Liberties Zion!
Following tunnels beyond liaison,

Underneath is a realm you do not;
Not now, the song changes, harps

Free their souls from the shadows
Arising bubbles, expanding and swallow
Towards a Hopelessly singing start,

O long lost tent residing in wilderness
What has begotten of the realm, within
The delirious, melanic, or feverish,
Does this realm have to be treated serious?

No dream let's escape again.....

It is like, how can I put eternity in words,
The art is never there, it just performs
Through my hands, and delivers nothing apart
From thusness, or suchness, as all is one
From the start.

Along the meadow, a Hare walks in,
Asking, Sir, where is the Turtle?
Well sir, he left three days ago,
The World needed to be saved,
Comprendo? Yet his back is paved
With pains, centuries inside, locked
Prisons in this mind, like pulling spins
Webs, that always make new dread,
Of simple motion sickness, illness weds
To sicker minds, but light will give
To destroy the rest of what lives
So soft now my tone, difference;
Elegant, but suspended in intelligence
Nothing there to inquire, just blank,
Like this verse that always is uninspired.
Just a collection of Words running Wired...

Blades dancing, light feathers falling from
Cherry blossom trees
Allowing freedom from the growing needs,
Can't you see, Nature for Nature, life indeed
Lives for the complacency of all

For in this dance, the grass has whispered
Silent strokes and magick and blood
Shedding open new light to flesh above

But beneath below is what we dream
So let's keep all serene...

Siddhas Grass

dancing softly amongst the grass
season's change, always pass
like labour's hard establishment
reign in savory delight

seering field orbs
camouflaged to your Word
in which, what is
always holds right; like

this thing comes and goes
passing from the show
lightning blasts
of thunders home

crying upon the pedals
dew morn meadows
light notes upon
The Aether

Phoebus; fast as sight
movement in Astral tonight
Racing swift along
the notes own song

a verse tuned into
a voice in whiteness
a trip upon
a fanciful memory

fauns among the daisies
the grass praises thee
do your will daily
without any harm aiding

for do as thou wilt

harm no man
for money, shame, or guilt

Sky will Fall

The Sky Will Fall
Dreams will Shatter
Atomic Releases
Void black matter
Cathartic...
Eusthenia biotic
Let us burst again!

The end, is at hand, but the hand is always with the House,
The house holds the cards, the cards can shuffle, some can will the play,
But can we go along with the song every day, or do we have to relay?

I'm just going to tell you how I feel,
Just another thing that goes beyond and understands how not to steal
Due to the past that the emotional override had come back, just words
Floating eternally, coming back from past lives,
Just a splice
In the thought, a fragment of the dead, words in my head, but is this grieving allowing the one
who is coming to go beyond the meaning!

Skyfall, that is where the bombs start, underwater
Does that never set apart,
Volcanic release and worlds collide
Were bombs drop and atomic clocks restart
Take my number, call my name,
I know i'm not insane!

If the sky falls, it will rumble
Earth will tumble
And we will face it all
Like another spirit though
The

How can we begin to crumble
We have lost our race already
Blow it all up I say,

Face it all together
Change the weather.

The Last Crystal Staff is now here.

Oblivion, take me away, no more!

World ablaze, fire consumes hearts,
Missiles of change and starts
Please, do not take my hand
For i am lost to infinite
Just a soldier who hymns as it sees
Into the seer of what is cho

Minions, all will say
This is illuminati at work
But the haze above the trees
The void is where all will drown
Suffering all the way down!

Spiral force coming undone
Matrix singularity of the one
Coming back and writing for fun
Come take my hand now we begin and begun

Beugn already since I wrote, but nothing in this poem
Of than spirit's force, can't you see, the supernatural staff
Encased in crystal, the diamond crystalline heart of the Tao performance today!

Today is tomorrow, tomorrow is in today,
No matter, no way, eternity stays!
Please cause and go, don't come back they say
So we can be stable and not be for warned
That the end is coming and I am the thorn
Like a rose that smells great, yet pricks everybody's fate

Set the world ablaze, watch people drown, take it all down.

Let the song deep feel you now, can you understand this world
Is nothing
The runs of rays only illuminate the path of who stop seeking, a black soul
Turns the hun and po and fires alive in skin
Boils and tempers gorge the eyes out

But no the run of the things still mate
Can we see that even though we have come to be
We are still essentially mimicking
All the past patterns following
Not our own, but suffering!

Samsara does lead to moksha, but what is consciousness,
Levels behind enlightenment!

Going to the edge of time now coming back
What a fine line, event goldilock, were
The boundaries are black pathways to nether gates
Can't you state, that fate instills
That path i walk now
I see the mirrors of beings
Like dead oblivion reaching to me
And the vulture reaches from the eagles dome
Lets us take you home
But everything one has seen
Even this state
Is beyond the edge
Standing like a rain into the ocean
I just drop and end

Shore, of life
Life of the sands
Dust in command
God's linear plan
Surround the core
I am nothing
Adore you
In the frame of beloved
Can't you understand
We are slowing fading!

Cyanide some grave
Some crave pulsing through veins
My eyes see all in mystic power
Long after, this is it!

The finally, the deadend
Turn around,
Read the poem

Begin and begun again!

Care

Care,
I does the
Scare? Fear
Towards Illuminator!
Za Zen, Koans, Satories,
Samadhi, Transmigration
Siddha, Tathagata...

You comprehend?

Started by writing
By the Ocean
Through the Drama
Couldn't understand, ya
Get it? Who was it, wasn't
Not what I was, just anger
Set apart by the danger

You see, clearly
Fear this being
It isn't me, isn't you
It is all of us
With an Attitude!

Turn the page, the
Story has just started
O wait, that line was behind
Departed, to a quarter past nine,
On the million cut row dimes!
Supported? Nah, torn apart,
Fragments pages retarded...
You get that? You act You and I
Are
Not so different
Only set apart
By a page
Of

Dissonance....

Have we met?

No, I don't

Like a young kid...

Now turn the page, above is not below

In this poem were the seeds

Sorrow

Come to moments

Of Oxygen

Aether

Things beyond Rapture

Wills can't comprehend

Seven Lands

Yellow keys

Pure Lands

Up down, comprehend?

Me and you,

I'm not quitting till

The End

Short way, ran fast in mistakes,

Nobody to help me, solitude

Fortitude, no curse words,

Just go beyond purity and love

Can't find the angel

Or dove

Fuck em, Elohim scum

I am a step above it

Buddha with a rude curfew

To kill anything

That doesn't have a clue!

Not kill you get it

Surrender to the blessing

That

You already are Enlightened

Start from a step One

The first step to be,

You don't need become!

The seed is already their

Desire and suffering paired

Destroy the seed, What is left?
Just within the seed ambrosia
Contexts!
Like can't you see
The memory of departed
Ancestry

I am a 24th, long lion of command
Strong from Sirius in Astral Land
Sight to see from four eyes bland
Holy spirit comes from pineal glands!

Finally end note, as always
The motto? What floats?
What swallows? What dreams?
What escapes? What fragments?
What hates? Who lives?
Who dies? Whose coma?
Are you awake?

This is what is a stake....The memory
Of who you are will just be, become and remembered,
Yet strong times, were the hard things mend,
But as you are empty, getting older you get everything
Than you die! Poof! You are gone! You are now nothing!
You spend countless hours awake in a dream...How many things
Do I need to celebrate, how accomplished I am, why do i Hate?
Why do we always gossip? Why do we play the fates?
Why don't we wake up? Why don't we see the date?
Wake up, it's already too late.

In the morning, it's back to the work
The same routine
Same as before
Boring
Long doors open
But can you walk down the hallway
Were the fears and terrors
Terrible mistakes and crashing barriers
Does this sound fun?
No, but what do you do at judgement?
You face yourself, all the words and mistakes,
You just simply want to state,

I was, and I was to be, and the memory
Is In the moments where compassion
Was let be free!
Love so free in me now, rushing over
Just feeling this presence of God
Can't you escape your own dream?
I am awake, I am awakening you,
Fear is at stake, the end
Of you, to this date.
Remember, you were always helping
You always cared, but don't start
It up backwards, live for today
And that will pave the way!

Intro? Where will you go
First you flow down silver streams
As the golden shore runs parallel
To hold you malleable and shape you by form
It is always this way, as iron sharpens iron
You have to see, that Giants form, the Titans
Mold as Dionysus, Horus, Hermes fold,
Upon the quiet silence of music.

These are the echo of my dead, past lives
They are what is, the album I write,
Do you know what i'm saying?
Don't figure me out, just embrace this feeling
And words, this is beyond space time swirls
Have you ever met a man in bardo?
I was, not am, but that enlightened behind mends
The way the arrow that hits the point.

As you coast in a boat down the coastal shores
The ocean will great you boat, anchored you are
Set free from the realm, just flow in the ocean wave
Let the current bring you to the magnetic moon
Were before to soon it came to be
And now you see, you are just silvery golden sand
That flows river from forest greenery lands
To where the physical emotions stands
Can't you see, from this death now, you have seen
Yourself in that moment, convince yourself to stay here

This is now, this is here, this is a different place than ever
You never been this deep ,but the rivers are dammed
You boat could stall, the river sacrifice of the all
So know that with the boat you pace, back towards the human race
You will recycle like all the materials we are, and golden malleable
Silver linings shore, platinum eyes of sapphire glisten
As we know, the abyss is mother's cistern...

As we end, the Void switched it up
Separated, and now connected the goose bumps
All moments in the pain now, can't you see i can barely continue
My words are weaker and energy losing momentum
But now

Do you look funny when you raad this
Or am i the one psychiatric
You will see, that this that is
Will never quit to the end
And knock me down
As the Tathagata
Commands
Negation is Silence
True Being
Reliance,
Nothing I wasn't,
All I was,
End this,

IOU

Empty Page

Just an empty page, a canvas, without
Strokes that color the fragments, shatters
Walls and allows for deep songs about,
While the beginning, the heart, waters
The silver river, the platinum coasts,
The Forest that stood with Dukha, Khan
Remembered, walking amongst motes,
That speckle mirrors, Warmonger Strong,
Shattering glass into coloured fragments about!

My heart has now changed the monument,
As I speak from beyond the temperance,
Life is pain, understand this, change is permeance!

This song, a dance, a path Dervish!
So empty the cup; filled with whirling,
Orbital gravity swirling, a inheritance,
That connects us all in a merging;
Songs dance light notes in abstinence,
Muse! Oracle! Voice of reason surging,
Beyond spheres, space-time, fabric servant,
As wave dynamics flow around converging,
In centrifugal gravity dancing Dervish!

Particular to this, not that; suspect what walks,
Ahead and behind all drafts, even to this,
Work beyond that, for gone am this spell tis!
But the spell, working through the element staff,
Has come to see the spin in the first line's math,
Now you know something itself will do the craft.

As a simple drop, water spills the ocean,
Cyclones and Tsunamis, proportions,
Go back and forth in commotion!
Sweeping the tide's Moon attraction,
Does the Eye embellish maxims?
Or does intuitively it comes to axioms?
Now we understand, a new fashion,
How to do it? Just brain-wave retraction,
Into nothingness, sparking reactions!

Anon Writing

Just another writing, do you think, I am just fake
Another random rolling dice along the table
Caught in between the lies of what is real,
Shutting down, the cold, is your final mistake...

Can't you see what is real? Or is it lost
To the luminous light of being, forever suspended,

Above and below all that is, just walking
To another center, along the chimes of the coast

You are who you hang with, why hang with
Those who keep you mentally contained in,
A prison of thought, web distraught,
For they are the ones who can't realize within...

The door for them is closed, no light to save,
No way to go beyond the grave, cycling forever,
It is not my will to save, but set upon the days
That all merry things come and go, always repaid

And understood by the moment in each,
Separate from control, just free will underneath.

You don't need me, this realm is lost, becomes
A myth, the myth becomes dreams, the dreams
In the abyss, the dreams from, visual construction,
Than senses let do our wondrous production

What is this? Just a song, tender hurt leaving stabs,
In my soul, piercing the body whole, waiting forever
For that which is, by you, just waiting evermore,
Like a nightingale singing to the mountain slabs

Many things have rolled past and left me chilled,
Cold like the silken frost upon the spider's web,
As each that gets caught is in it's own pledge,
Leaves room to say "no", but we all know

That as things come and go tomorrow's sorrow leaves behind
A facet disguised in realms personified,
Mask upon the layers in the centrifull
Talk about us? Just another stick to the head!

Get in my zone, lead me to the way beyond waters
They could be calm, but calm waters lead to oceans
And many streams have game around the nest,
Live on that, just a pond that harvest death!

So follow the stream, a sun ray beam
Feel the apprenticeship of this scene

I am Master, nothing in between
Gut says yes, no shit comes out clean

Some said I wouldn't make it,
Now I'm just me,
Don't fake it
I'm real with it
Crazy attitude
Beyond why I exist
Is a loaded question
Of who is this
Just a step up, take it
Up a frame, can't name
What is inside the insane
Inane? Version Strife?

None of That

None of that, we can't hear none of this, don't tell them this shit.

No support, only great friends who don't need or compete,
Factual experience to the beat, now what do you think?

No family anymore, one lost to a cut cheque,
The other lost to animinity of a contract,

Damn, put this song up to a grand Pappy,
Don't get in this bullshit war, you don't know what peace in store
Don't even start to go down with what you think is the whole onion.
Patterns go into all layers, can't you see player, commentary from
Beyond, light star shine into this moment gone, from the classroom
I'll tell you, you are still a little boy, running around with all the toys,
Don't you get it playboy, bitches only go after those with nice clothes,
Maybe sell your car too, that might help you ditch trailer trash hoes.

Were your ass now? Sent you to far on that one, fall through it,
Stand up, you flash it on me, but I can come back in Universality,
Where is your ass now when I had to eat out of a cup?
Nothing to eat, you couldn't even help feed me, but now you're running
Around my words, you can't even pull yourself away, petty running,
You can't run, your aren't able, to see that is fact in fable.

You are trapped, you will continue down this path, under the spell
Woman for woman, eternal desire lost, even paramount to family,
Geeked from your own fall, not even the one, you just have to many
Things going on, not one girl, but many players homie boy squads,
Think i'm Cold, fuck you, you're no longer in my heart, hate turns dark.

Blood on my shirt? Nah, just another loaded shot at someone who knows
Not to much, remember, I don't have manners for sluts.
Get to the fact I guess, when you gonna get off your dick talk?

Gonna fuck this song up now, take it up, you said I am to soft.

Under Oath? Fuck the Bible, it is just another way to Boat.
Fight what we need have the world see, that everything is is mystery
But you see, that is reality, for all and none, ten thousand dollars held me
But you say, what can you do, you getting that every month through n through.
Machinery made you, the bible is conditioning of stupid antics plural
Going hard in this one, for I am one from beyond the realm of Heaven.

O he must be delusional, he talked about heaven, but you see
Earth is beyond heaven, I am one from Earth, fooled ya, idiot.

Get down on your knees, admit you thought that fault,
Can't you see, I can't even express liberty, oh no, he just
Is another mad fee, but you, gotta express cathartically.

Automaton

Under investigation nation,
We don't even have Liberty
Other machinery

Beyond realm and Sea

A place beyond the realm and sea,
Where nothing is present but misery
It shores, and walks, like waves that dance
And waves it hands as it is in trance

Each current a strong mountain force
Leading down the realm to a different course
It seems to me, that this way down
Was perhaps always coming straight to the ground

The ground, is it there? Nah, its vibration,
Sound holds together all the sensations!
But transmigration from plane to plane
Was like flying around in space and name

So as I walk so freely and pray
Tomorrow is never here or is today
But each moment that passes us by,
Leaves us to the next day we die

When flying mockingbirds sing their song
The beaches and coasts in everlong
The deep waters of unctuousness dwell
And your mind is your own battling hell

Ah hell, what a thought!
Really, it is ponder caught!
Misery upon the death of sight!
Lost to blackness, of it is midnight!

The noon so bright, but the Sun burns through
And blackness is not really just residue
It scorns, and burns, and splices, and pains
And everything is taken to the next gain

So pain to this and wither to that
And this is that and nothing really compacts
Into all the things we see and hold
Now this is not the hell we are foretold

It is like, that dancing wave of thought passing in
Were heaven is within but the without is the sin
Confusion upon the race of all men
For who knows the plan of this natural play den?

For Gods above watch is their seats
And motion moves itself to the Sphere's own beat

For solar beings come, and the Sun arches beyond
And everlong is now preached in my song.

The rays light shine like swords to the sky
No blood, only radiate dyes,
Like blue, and red, and white sometimes too,
Refreshing the Earth and its own residue!

The dyes rooted in color, as each moment dies
Withering and dissolving in pigmental designs
Fluorescent waves and dancing atom's align
As this to that only opens the Third Eye

Spiralling deeper into the Light, the Sun
Holds frequency as Love Fire Light One
Fire is us, we are the flame of Life's Sum
So see in yourself, everyone is One!

As fire rays light shine deep in passage
Only the veil, courses through Masters
All white, the Yellow Key Nether
Inside the otherside, breakthrough - no mail.

The armor worn, tolerance gone by the abyss
Taken off now, it must, subsists,
It's own design to keep away hurt persists,
As to be naked would be insolence!

Deep in the being shows the Open Way
It's vibration, nakedly innocent conveys,
That the Child within is Intuitive course
To know this, is to be one with the Chorus

As final note, the Orchestra of Life
Sing's it's music through Imagination's strife
Suffering thoughts, caught, and webbed,
As death is all thoughts you couldn't Confess!

Dance ye Wind

Dance ye wind, the trees rustle

Falling down as the foliage whispers,
My son, my son, what has been done?
Are thee, neh, are we, ready for conflagration?
Just tempest friction, heat with oxidization!
Water reduces, rust begins a new sensation!

Just as iron sharpens iron, so does the metal rust,
Purify what is, now is the time of let go!
The golden transmutation, iron to man,
Sorrow in seed doth thine command?

The heart holds the key, chambers unconditionally,
Held in the Halls, Blue Flame melts all walls,
Facing the isolation, the parting split vote!
Compelled anon, and empathy? Spare me!
 -walking all alone, only my own lamp burns....

Oil anointed, system return!
Beyond consciousness, the content unaware,
Burns images into the stream flowing repairs!

Yet mind stuff, vibrate like discord,
While the Heart is harmonized at Concord.

At the Gates, Temple tall Dome,
Open Seventh Seal, Above and Below,
Forage cold, Callisto! Were doth begun?
Light fires, and burns the One!
Heave wave Balefire, perishable...Everyone!
Back down, dropped in the missed
Lucid spell thus beyond a gift!
Is it my way? Or is it interplayed?

Strings revolving and thus shooting out
Tao singularity, refreshing pictorial route
Thus perceived spoken by mouth?
Who can be my Witness?
I am my own Evidence.

Strings of Thine Heart

The strings of my heart now bleed ink on this paper
All this time, sacrifice, sacrifice, did it thrice
Like a Martyr's Crucifix, put yourself in my shoes,
What do you do, other than what you do,
In the attitude of another's residue, the view
Begins to unfold, the narrow frame into
The big picture

I wanted to make it, always just like, here I go and spit it,
But yo, you can't rise up, without hitting the fall first,
Grounded all stall, stagnation station, but what can i Say
All this pressure, all these things coming at me, strength
Just escaped, and left me all in nothing
Where was I lost in oblivion?
In the motion gateless way beyond the Temples opening!

All this hate, all this love, all things, just warm glowing fuzz
The wraps around the being, allows for serene...
Yet

The tightness of my armour, clenches fists against Universes path
This shall not be, why cannot I make it past this last,
But the last day is the first, and the beginning of my words
Came to me beyond the natural blood and twirls

Broken my dream, mind made it seem, like this scene
Was just another lightning beam, thunder from the distance,
You get hit with less, but you always gain more,
Instead of two steps back, it's ten steps forward,
Just quantum jump into the frequency...

Can you judge what I been through?
My vice is your advice, piss on it, dude.
Dreams are made in the mind, make it, clue one clue
People seeing me as delusional, but compromise
Was never residual, it just left the game, and
Now it's my turn to fire the pain. You made me have
To prove that I am beyond this state of mind, nothing
Here but empty, these pages from design, my day
Is no focused, disciplined like a steel warrior locust

We all complain about the hate, but accept the love
Just fucking get over it dear, that the dove is from a Seer

Sometimes to love someone, you have to give the worst hurt
Because, with that, they can see the big picture, apart
From me, this is standard fee, face yourself and you will be free.

If you were truly free, next lines depend on thee.

Hollow Start

I write down pages that hollow my heart,
Like a sword, piercing, separate and apart,

The sword, the Mirage of Truth
Two sided, without a Cause
Just tempered by anger's pause

Transformation; Alchemy in the Heart
Past lives, sondar denies starts,
Each end decision, now
The beginning.

First the helm, taken off reveals
The light image of the face
Is this me? I can see freely.

Next the mail, than the shoulders,
Keeping me down, all these boulders,
Mountains made into iron
Iron sharpens man, man
Splices apart into hollow composure

The gauntlets, held true to wield
The sword of my being, pain field
In which last life, caused appeals,
This is mine, that is yours, infinite
All as One supplement.

No armor, innocent, stunned
What have I done with walling One?
No armor, sense is common,
No reason the evolve, just a hollow
Dance among the play.

Now, what is this Sword?
The word that Fjords,
Cutting, split, who is this?
Just the edge of a blade
Persistence

Now, the muse opened
Upon thee, a flow in Heart,
No judgement, just a lasting
Eternity, hollowed in sugar,
There is nothing to gain from this
Hopeless, but hope reveals itself
In the dark night of the soul,
Does the translucent midnight sun
Take its course to be Whole.

Playing the harp remembers,
A time, forgotten, dissolved
Memories, love so forgotten
To put my dream on a shelf,
Forgotten all this, just focused
On a wish, a gift, a system abyss

Soul's Sensation

Beyond the sound's sensation
Transmigration
Plane upon Plane
Another soul's dimension

Feeling lost but found
Falling to no ground
Escape cannot be grasp
This is death at last

Only soul's begin to fade
Disperse, dissolve, premade

Into contracts replayed
What is time is now today

O thyne gut that relishes laughter
Common mistake, Heathen Pastures
Purity above the satisfaction
Non-Dual is about relaxing

In the script, the play; a design!
Light years away in Nebula 9
Coming through Andromeda,
Quicker than all light combined!

So such thyne ode, a sample of vine
Comes to me in fervour of divine!
O ambrosia, this state so longed
Is no feeling cold, as power forces prolong

Shadow depth into the depth of Soul
For first life, The Golden Bowl
Second life, to manage the Plan
That I am no longer a person named Dan

Third time through, ocean wet dew
Refreshing like the springtime residue
Wet blades of grass shimmering in light
Dark night; endless soul preaching sight!

What is this? The past is a gift
The present is always time-line grist
But now is in the sensational abyss
The void configuring all that exists!

Tao to name, silence the game
All arising from the inane
Thoughts are dead, how can the live?
Where is their body? You see, this prison gives...

All us an ample time to learn the test
That God wishes us to do our best
But blest is the ability to seek the Truth
Shattered hearts, biased kings, signs of the Noose

But beyond the illusion, the dynasty awaits
Yellow to the Throne, Green we propagate
But as the end comes to the beginning
The time line is; nobody is winning.

So stop the search, just rest a little
Sit in being and enjoy the middle
For in this life, we have to risk
That all our life, we end it missed

Like this song now, so delicate and predefined
Like a blueprint made from the sands grain
Shores upon stars, sight upon weights
Scales leverage, logos bait the fates

This is my gift, I share it with the world
That I can put my experiences
On the rollercoaster curls
This to this, just this now
I am beyond all delusion
How?

Simple, silence all names
Apparitions and games
Your not your thoughts
Your emotions
Or your brain
You're a mind wired into a program set frame
Set up before life, the house rules the game

Learn this rule now, or follow suite to the lose gain
For it is essential to remember your name.

Silent Reflection

Silent moonlight reflects
The suns continual tempest
Temperate, as the sword shapes
Excalibur! My fate, iron sharpened gates
Golden Master, Woolen Fleece; cup's grace
Spilling deadly spheres of seals and fates.

Transform Quicksilver Rose
Lucid Alchemical repose
Wake-Up, let all this endorse
Another way for Thought & Times course
To rise, moonlight affects the intent,
Wolf; get with the pact,
Leaving the weakest link to drift?
Neh, weakest in front, strong in back,
Forward, together, weather changes tracks.

Into the Void

Going into the void, you find that
something never really existed
Due to the fact that
everything never really has existed
Just hidden, revealed,
secrets orb's flying free

Still, bumping up and down, around the town
Hit this new shit, cut broke flat, never mattered
Just a flow insinister, disaster minister

The flow is back, the game is on
The deck loads it's own gun
For falling down, you never hit the ground

Going crazy, sleep my eyes open!
Jehovah in it, better believe it, but
Still grinding, bounce, like I used too

Now on my own, focus steel
Around the censorship
Watch the swords, the blades cut
Just like the new forms of appeal

Relative to fucking with me
Ha, couldn't think I could see
Aspirations beyond brothers

All this advice; bullshit
The real gold, doesn't come
From a shit abode

Cookie house, nothing new
Trap it up homi, set the residue
To trap upon the grass you fume

Lord, keep my soul, you keep it
Now to sleep we rest and test
Then we just do the rest
Now we come back and field
In the way to know what it is
Back forth

Here we go take another hit
Down the pit, into nothingness
Terrors I see, deep in being
Nothing relativity shows
But just another peace pardon
To show these beings how I balance
The seeking hounds of bloods gain
Now this is deep sensual pain
That has been privatized
Into the localized field of equation
Back to right in the sight to do what is write

Falling down the water's edge
Am I crazy, probably right now
For the Void has encompassed the how

Believe it, i just bump, switch, tap in
No drugs, just natural plugs
Now you see, this is some brand new shit

Pull the old pound, but
Not the hound, just a wolf
On the prowl

You aint used to intensity
This is the shit immensity

Ocean TE AM

The ocean teems with life so white For it shines outward in the deepest night Sky bound and radiated is all a like For photons grow on particles of light

The way a path that I must take Alone my soul upon a stake I live in life on constant wake Alive I am on my forsake Creation is a point that is blest Initial state of order whence Alive in all sense a test The savior in all grace guest The path to golden way is clear Bliss in virtue well that's dear Open sound within the clouds Is a mist that spreads vapours for This man I am is now in live With what a spell of what a time

Earth spoke to water and asked what to make For wave and crust battle long did take A frozen wave searching for a cove To make a solid point within Jove Love came betwixt those lost densities From magma all of us commenced Rock fire ore desire; the manipulation of self Wind water forces caught here; are all on whelp The fusion and clay produced a new spirit last And continued on making furious hot white The stores stood tall erect of fall Early primates this wonder at works of gods Breathed wind into life set a loose on the splice We atoms change to words living In between text the others coming Walked this spirit upon the earth's crust For new life and order begunst is a must Time to shape rock, break stocks and live By a moral code of nature give For all alive and well is no sin We are glued into the system that's win For heaven rejoices with gates open fin Lightium advoterum the lights shines advanced Weak minded wheel clock of blackness surpassed The need of my set still in creed Is open flowing within the clear blue sea Waves pound along my icer inner core For alive the truth I must restore Further into my soul we now bore

The voice of past I listen to All nature is expressed from morn dew It reshapes and grows like a infant leaf Until at last it becomes first full rush The waves run parallel to the branch We evolved from carbon and new elements Earth, water, fire and air mixed all To permeate through time still stalled Rapid way set in moment flash Will the keeper unto is god's bash The group forced open translate into one To radiate disorder from the light and sun Evolved from nothing the order chance done Probability is chance of will destine one

Now all elements supported each other For united they all are brothers A thought played in spoke and out toke They live alive in snowy smoke

Sing for You

As long as this heart sing for you

As the gateway, led into oblivion
So did hope rise, like an unstoppable force
Yet, so did the realm dripping in sorrow,
A never ending cascade in melancholy,
So simple a fret, common chord struck;
-Neglect

Why is this tormenting,
The depth around, the surrounding
Tempest Night, cold harsh sight,
As beauty glimmers extraordinaire!
In deep wounds swimming, neither
Does this nor that require repair!
Settled and arisen has my gratitude
-Air

Seen True, Truth in Agape Fairies,
Seer sense belonging to nobody, Repair
The heart, Golden Alchemical Rocks
Have deep walls that do not sustain
Damage, as an immovable object,
-A Void

O yes, the gateway is Walled!
Like Heaven denies Inheritance,
Sacrifice your son for stars? ? ?
Dust and exploding sound we are / | \
Nothing more than collected star stuff
Depressing Reality, hopeless all courses,
Death in surrender, being Forces
A shimmer, a radiating Flower
From deep within showers
-A Gate

Is an unlocked opening to a,
Land of Summerlands, finally
Awake I tell you I regret
Giving you the treatment of neglect,
Pure is this love, as from Above
It shines Below, through my Heart
-For you

Politics

Politics? What is it? The cowherds,
Being led to the slaughter, cowards.
Arms Race, deterrent?

Keep building Capitalist Fascism
Bypass the Charter of Rights
For Aggressive Realism

Allright? A Stage around
The Globe, this play burns
Everything to the ground!

Stilled everywhere, silence
The Masses March; intense
Foundation, crumbling Nation,

Reluctant to say, glass
After Nuclear Attacks
Escape time, escape yourself!

War is a time that is
Not hidden in Propaganda
But Nuclear like hidden Submarines

It takes a key to make the World
Burn, take away the entrance
And there is no more door!

Close your eyes and pray,
Jehovah forgive me,
Or to glass we follow played

The smoke doesn't rise
For our eyes can't see
The hidden Agenda
Of a Capitalist Conspiracy

Agenda of the 1%
Concurrent to Events

Flowing moments,

BOOM TO BUST
Testament.

Emotional

Been waiting on emotion for a while,
Self in denial, a river flowing beyond virtue,
Just pass it on, the river shapes the flow,
Just as Iron sharpens man, so does the will
Conquer the realms beneath the quelled stilled,
Maybe caverns to dismantle, Truth lavishes,
In the mist arising, below the Tundra's crevices...

Emotion, is it how you walk, or how you talk?
Does the outline of yourself wash away in chalk?
As water rushes over the colors in the soul,
So does thine will establish holes, mirages full,
In mistakes, past love diminished, best thing whole,
Is how the wind, not the flow, can direct energy's hollow

Have to do what one has to do to survive,
How else can you put food on the table?
It is like, just be born in a stable, and all things given
Will be ample, stable, yet cursed is the path as a Judge,
Wonder above gave gifts of clear sight and love,
For in the path, one has to walk, aligned with Callisto,
Beyond time, beyond space, beyond matter, centrefold;
Were upon the involutions of space-time manifold!

I am the Singularity, beyond the form of what is, Tao
Just gave, received the Gift in Zen, Zazen, Satori
Had to lead the way through the troubles of my mind,
Like a path, that was written out in existence for this me,
Particulars, even events invented and laid out for thee,
But how do you not listen thrice? But upon the third, fates
That things will come and be with what, for what happens; happens.

Now, the Self in denial is the river of the Nile itself; like a caged
Fortress complete, walled against anything that would be waged

As War and Peace, justice and the like, things beyond astral light,
That can be colored in the frame of man, and considered; planned,
But in reality, it just is going to happen regardless, buckle up command,

Pass it on, homie, we have another verse to go.

Low life, bum, nothing, battery low, just another cracker show,
Some names thinking in the sphere around, but ya know,
This stigma is their own personal battles on below...
Beyond the realm you go down, then you just see
THat everything is just complete and nothing has happened
Just another staple for the table, north side, slapped
But had to write this in a different flow online,
Just like, we got no food, but food go us,
Nothing but a stroke of luck, now give us inheritance or

Bum life, bum life, bum life, not gonna represent a G
Past that homie, roll it up, you see, pass that homie.

Ace and spades can conquer the realms below, just like
Alice in wonderland, counter bellows, got the key fellow?

Deep Layers; Deep Terrors

Deep terrors in the night, frightening death scythes
Lingers and haunts, shadowing the wipe
All that is known, all that is lost, all that is found
A Wolf looking for what lies deep underground
Zion! Iron captured to the waves good bye
That currents along the Moon's Side
What lies on the Other Side?
Fabric dimensional construction outlined?
What is in this for natural momentary,
Outlived darkness, happily,
Coming upon me in white-ness dancing
Out living, trancing, and substancing
The element within the algorithm
A binary prison! Cycle ending rhythm
Towards people, delirium and shivers
For breaking far beneath the well,
Provides deep geysers to fissure

And react to Volcanic eruptions

Anger! The Sword! Take Anvil!
Scream the wind's Name! Fight the current!
Come to that place, where, the heart, is coherent
And tells, a story, different

Sitting in the cathedral of nations resembled
Of the council that grew from the Nine
It is review time, sublime, in fact, reality
Outshines the particles growth as the single boy
Manhood enters into the picture
And the steady command sees his own minions
That have come to be and pass away
Then come another day and present sway
What to do in the day
When night creeps in, and fin
Powerfully entertains
That thoughts of brain, mineral, dust
Just coming through the relation
And it has many things to figure
Fissures, cysts, abondidon, and givers
This is like what they say, can't you see
All is relationship to the clue
What is the clue?
Far from you!

Near is chosen have come, to the underground place
There is like a new flame the comes about
It is so powerful my body is melting
Into this new place
It oceanic flames, like i am dying
Death is now
I have flowing into the eternal sea
Nothing raises, but does
It drowns me
I am falling away into the lakes of water
That have nothing bothered
It is so bad
This door they put me through!

I say, what is it my fate!
Council! My oceanic debate

Do I reach the island for fate?
Or live in this petty nuisance glade?

But somber thoughts, i am gifted for the audience
Can't you see my state is possession obvious?

What can the light offer?
I am in the womb of deep hell
Nothing drowned into the desire of my own
I am the that follows, not
Rebellion, wolf makes the jekyl
And the owl feeds minerva
This all comes like a performance

Coming from deep wells, foretell
The sky will melt, and turn sulphur to the bones
And eat alive those who are an't sconed
By the realization of their home
In the heart, a story of start
Listening to the art

Why does the wasp sting? Because it brings
The reminder that life is suffering
Can't you see, by including sacrifice himself
The spend eternity in freedom
But what does this mean, sting with guidance
Discipline the flame of Isis

In the sky, the grasshopper waves
Singing praise of daffodil days
And wishes the end to swing away
But this is eternal way

Why Sing?

Some may ask; why the song?
Why the dance? Why the everlasting
Darkness where light doesn't shine
In the space between the emptiness.

For the song, the flavour of men, invites

One to see the dance for a
Consciousness movement
That pushes beyond the mind.

Being has no-place for mind,
For one is always full, In Mind
One is never full, just endless
Searching; clueless as a mouse.

Harmony sings through the waves
Of time, flowing with the music
And lyrics of the Divine

The crossroads, the split, one choice
In the tune's intrinsic, allows the
Slowing down of all behaviors.
So I take the path,
Yet
I do not follow blind.

O Thee Muse

O thee muse, found this have
Beyond the realm of facade
Strings Connect, Heart's mirage
Ethereal, Olympian

Old tales, lost in Magick
The craft sold; invoke
Another; soul-mate, yes
Petit Ami We Have

Walked this note, sang a song
Presents gifted; all along,
Hope for change, flux design,
Ever present myriad divine!

O thyne Bacchus beyond!
Harnessed potential wronged;
Seen this face to face, death
Crept silently among...

The harvested field;
The ripe kinetic yield,
Soft love, tender movements,
Moments to capture, prismatic!

The sweetest sugar cannot compare
To divine energy electric air!
Flying between Dragon's rare;
Come out of the cave; and the lair!

O yes, thine vision relish good
Perhaps by chance, a goodness should!
Who am I to say what is right?
Why, why, why, make a judgemental sight?

To just be open, one, connected
To sing free like a mysterious bond,
To chirp in the mountains, like bird's a'thronged
Resilient to conditions that morass longs

Can I sense your heartbeats, pulsing rapidly
Pulse here, pulsing their, pulsing love, through the air
Cannot to this time, divine in rhyme, am aligned
To feel this praise, of flowers, sing like love
It is the hour, move with the dance, it is made
Of substance

Muse, were have thine roses hedged?
Whai'st certain the mood apprehends!
Glistening rare beauty suspends
The moment fleeting time!

Now, do not get it wrong, I am not
A knight in armor strong
I am open innocent and foolish
Magician; just another Wolf

Fashioned to shape the Architecture
Hidden behind what is seen; apertures
Golden Bowls draining in tinctures
That mana will rain and help expenditures

What time does look to peer into the writing
13, you know the affinity in the inviting
Projections to die away and face Reality highlighting,
The fabric-weaver dancing in daintily

The Thunderbolt before, now a Mystique Rose
Hedge well thyne merit, for repose
Will come in the form of an awoken sleep
Underneath, the presence of the deep...

Now muse, apprehend thyne vision;
Beyond spheres, orbs and

I see a simple flower
Dancing in a merry tune
Yet dust doth move the wind
And the fragrance pass away

Yet many flowers bloom
And many seeds come from
The death of just one kingdom

Rare Dynamics

I am here now in this presence of such rare dynamics
It is like, the wave surfing ecstatic
In wounds, in sorrow, in pain, in scars
To surf and ride to the land a'far
But here now is a song, a muse opening up
To the voice of an Oracle, serendipitous touch
It's like everclear rivers transpire through teh waves
And underneath teh current keeps it's praise
Though

Many walks and hills has this journey being,
To stars, to comets, to moons revealed,
A Solar being thus in form, sealed
The caverns deep within Moria,
Will kill the Fae for Real

Attest! The magick begunst the song

Strong use of muse from all along
Singing light notes among the daisies
Praise be to thine Creator, loyalty

Like the deepest crevice, were sunk a plate shift!
Atlantis gift, revealed with pain insisted
That my heart be taken upon no return
And thus now, I open to evermore

The compassion mistaken for hateful bane
Is just simply a wall torturing us slain,
Those never remembered, the silent qualm
The stays alive in mining it's own story
But aye, glory to this highest form of providence
For within love, synchronicity persists

Harmony loves peace and balance to sting
And brings the Heart to the root of slings
It's like spirit comes filled with pretentious wings
And lifts you over the void, systematic wins

Nothing here to see, over there maybe
But found right here is something unique
Like a flower nectaring sweet
So beautiful in pain, even the Rose
Stings my veins, for thick bristles
Stem from the longing and disdain
A hateful mood grown from pain, like holing
The rivers slow dams, and never issuing forth your own command

There is nobody here, just a vessel empty
It is like, so much means nothing
Well actually, all does
Do you feel me?

Existential that last line, keep aligned
And the Solstice will shade your mind
From the ghosts of past, the vampire crimes
From dust to dust the star willed lines

The greatest Son moves from the Creator
And does not dying for nothing else than reverie
But favors, and havoc have wrecked the light

And turned love thy neighbour, against all blights
To nothing in fact, can't even raise a hand
Or wait at a crosswalk to slow and free strands

Of light that pass us bye

Drop into Being

Drop into being
Unlikely seen
Nothing apparent to the beam
But what is doing it really other than
The abyss, torturous, beingness

Massacre? No just slit interference
Between mind and body cognition
Ego learned, lesson always returns
But gotta burn and not stall
Riding beyond the time-scope call

Drop it, down to the it,
Then awe, reveal heart sings it
Nothing to change
Ever rearrange
To another thing sustained
Just puff another
Right to the brain
Sensation entertains

Tis a simple kiss
Not selfishness
Just a love lost abyss
Come backing to this
I hope you dance to it

Earth, Fire, Air, Water, Spirit

Earth, Fire, Air, Water, Spirit
Volcanic eruptions, the Earth tis kissing the Sky

Molten magma flowing with dark brown eyes
The extend deep into the fire and materialize
A constant warmth, infinite in burning alive!

Tis revealed! The clash has melded the Spirit,
Heaven haunts us, until we become Coherent,
And allow Charity to be seen as Love's Deliverance
Upon a realm of Chance, a Soul Esprit!

Yet pulsing flow, down the Earth's sorrow,
Manifests the eruption into silent tomorrows,
When dreams manifests in the spacious hollow,
Relax as the heat melts your Heart's burrow

Rebirth! Healing! Albeit the Alchemy,
Only exists as Love in All ways Eternally,
As Golden Hearts and Silver Bodies
Merge beyond the physicality!

Light lesson as ash fills the atmosphere,
Despite the clouds, the love intends dearly,
That the clause of freedom's commoniere
Loves a Trust, as seldom doth fear!
Yet Quarries of firing rocks Appear!

The Fires and ecstatic branch dance
Were ash, wood, destruction causes deviance
Is a Hearth to fuel the distance
Between a Fire and Alive and Fuel Dissonance!

Burning pains extend through Cores
That majestically, sulphurous sounds implore
The drowning delicacy of the far shore
As deep as desire burns all amore

From first eruption kissed volcanic response
Your special flame is erupting clearance
Of Earth before the Fire's Frost,
Cold the family around seeming lost!

Yet branches unite as a fire Whole
Burning deep into the fellowship souls

As the more between Hell and Earth
Is only mind stuff as the Hearth!

For a fire is only as hot as it is felt
With no sense you merge and melt
Deep the Alchemy of Heart welds
Forming bonds deeper the steel compounds

As fire pulses through pores in Earth
So doth thine will relishes burnt
For air wisps away all the dust
From the breath of wind, a loving touch!

Fierce the Dragons battle Wind
Echoing beyond the fires mend
As the mass upon the Fray
Fire burns the Midnight Way

Yet notes of peaceful harmony
Heard in the forest as synergy
Relatively all I say is to this
Air forms nothing into all serendipitous

Moments the break the clothing wool
For around the Heart is a black-whole
That coldness reveals walls below,
As above, light hands of love unfold

The bricks and clay, ashed through air
And arose centrifuge to the winds repair
Lost thus does the cold zero
Relieve the essence of the Hero

Air so expansive around the Globe
Yet fire and Earth likely impose
A way to shape all that grows
For short are the years as they unfold

Yet time in time, oblivious design
Set blue to red is airflows confine
As the gentle love of a sunset
Is always met by the morning's appearance!

Moving the atmosphere to a new placement.

Finally, the water washes through Earth
No form, yet only Rebirth
As through the womb gushes waters gerth
And stops the fires from flaming worse!

These shapeless currents underneath Source
Arise! Thyne will of Holy Course
For the water gives us all life!
Even in a desert mirage of strife!

For how many drink to the pain?
Water what does this portray?
That death thyne clay ovulation gain
As love suspends sphere's octave plane!

How does the true light-shine?
Clothed in a mystery aligned....
A light deep in oceanic combines
As Water, Fire, Air and Earth Realized

As a Volcano sets things to danger
So such can a simple thought cause anger,
And move one to test a stranger,
That the fires of time, always manger

An innocence of no-form alive
As water hopes shape to flowing signs
Tha the ocean is a home Divine
Elysian ambrosic fields of wine!

Purusha! All tell tale here
Of the elemental central field
Rudiment designs kept to seal
Us who know and reveal

The sight of all at once
Is just a glance of minute such,
That the way to a painful clutch
Opens doors to non-being's trust

The spirit! Open thine heart!
The Alchemy! Open now Start!
In silent gallops do my words whisper dark
As in moments they always embark

For spirit is logos reborn in Flesh
As Words form Flesh our Divine Ignorance
No-Knowing gives full energetic blessed
States of all knowing omniscience

Yet being is abrupt and my
OH my does the volcano realize
That eruptions and shocks flowing lives
Destroy love albeit, allow Te to rise

This rest now, the spirit kissed
And held close to my Gift;
Go think about this existence
And you will see it is all abyss!

No web or Thread

There is no web, single thread, chained
To indifferent, backwards dead again
Alive, awoken, singularity planned
Empty so Full; causing only reprimands
In nothingness, just pure awareness
Remains consciousness, the forces
Centrifugal spin; passing through courses
Inertia's wind, circular through moments

Atonement! For the capturing stars
Dust on dust; hourglass extends as far
Beyond, into the sphere's quasar,
Stellar fusion's atomic armoured
Liquid molten rock, volcanic eruption
Sun flares, magnetic corruption
From Ouroboros reduction
Spinning clockwise for production!

The endless forms, the Platonic Surveyor
Moving forward, alive, lives conveyor
Directional toward storm's repair;
Wind on air, composing forms inferior,
As the interior move exteriors spinning
So such doth thine spell conduct mirroring
End in such, beginning a fresh clearing
Towards this haven lucid cosmic hearings!

Far away, in another dimension, parallel
Towards loss in comprehension; daffodils
Still dance in wind's wake, remember well
That the wind's of south seldom foretell;
That they blow towards emotional wells;
Washed upon a shore, Island's imperial
Colonies set up, destroyed, with no partial
Remedy to sooth the savages denial
From the person who was to be so ideal
Idols fall away, and break into false fields

Forgive me, for spelling magick words; twirling
The centrifugal spin to atomic movement spiralling
In all directions, centering in the astonishing;-
Fact that no matter, judgements wash like the dew
Upon fresh grass growing renewed! Saving for
Grace upon a few, for the residue, leaving
Hearts, bodies, souls, minds, and stealing
The essence, to empower your feelings
Now you are lost, subject to this hearing
The question is, Am I talking to myself
Or is this all projection between appearing
Into this dimension of thought, pondering
Caught, but nothing naught has to say
That movement comes to all who read today
It is in this motion that capturing Wu Wei
Is where the Heart extends to we all
who are in the play, as the Globe calls
Stand between the the fall or swall

What is the cost for these Words spoken
Another realm, another grounded reality token
But mistaken is the fact, that reading awoken
In this Oneness field invitation, revoking

Mind, and feeling through Heart's loving
Connection, that comes and goes without
A single detection, just flying wind about
That shouts to all names! Dust upon dust
So such is the frame, but between lust
And attachment, the trust is elastic
Between the mobius paths, crust's plastic
Folding between, betwixt, between static

What goes down, also goes up, this is ascension
As such-ness, yet up's down, regular attention
Unless your roots spell fire, desire, competition
Then walk slow, for the coals first start sedition
As the Trees burn, conditions withering suspicion
Tends to come into the pleasant rendition
Yet sometimes, all that is all composing its own edition
The depth of being is in the fires dust, that spoken
Takes alive the word, and breathes into us alive revoked
The leaves fall every autumn, leaving the supplement forgotten
But begotten is what is finally in the realm of Chance
Linear to the non-linear performance; no dance, just stance

Rising from the depths indwelt, fortunate to withhold
Some things that deepen and split open the soul's hold
Tend to be the things cold, a virus in your own total
But simple words must speak in this portal
Train of thought, experience in nothingness
Back to the beginning, are we naught? Or
Is it all just a mistaken realm of supplements
As energy frees the tension, so such does doors
That one walks through, as talking about, opens
The next, stairway to the hierarchical heaven Set
But that is Elysian for the internal replacement
Oceanic fields flowing through the astonishment

Star dust, sands, beaches, the Islands before
Savages who became a light unto the floor
Lamp posts and shades, Towers crumbling
As the signpost to the Ocean's Anvil, splitting
Swords apart, but keeping the blade As One
Two side of the slice, what is the one beyond

Surface of the Sun, we dance like Amun-Ra Sons!

Why so Sirius, words beyond the quasar reprimands
Based not grounded, but here all things stand
So we need to find peace, love, joy, and grace
To place compassion upon the status of our race
But beyond the wars, the sands, the glass, the fear
We can always give love to those we hold dear
So keep words near, never fear, and know that love
Is
Everclear

Black Death

the memory of what was
twas once thought, and thought before
yet I saw, black, nothing, surrounded
a door where I was not

the ambient fluorescent lights
of savoury delight
conditioned my site
objective thwarting the might

upon death, I fell into abyssal terror
no life, only a black glaire
staring back at me
face to face
with myself, of myself

Who am I?
I am nothing
Numb with still I couldn't control
all the holds I had placed
Upon self

But upon thine own will
I saw! I felt!
But upon chance, the death pulled
Black reigned like an ambient solstice
Yet the gravity of pull
Was light like a feather

But death, dancing, black, nothing
I didn't see, but I saw, but didn't know
What is this upon my face?
A hell of ambition, greed, haste

Time always comes, time always slow
Ambient like a pendulum shifting glows
spinning in webs, crafting deceit
spelling illusions of words and defeat

Nothing matters, so why give in?
Temptation is the finish of fin
Ego reigns supreme in the realm of Power
But power splits and duality cowherds
Come like the lamb to the slaughter
falling a death
a path
A mistaken hollow

There is no sugar within
no bamboo of feeling to sense akin
a senseless dimension incomprehensible oblivion
time felt, but didn't, time was, but was not
It was plot, upon darkness, dance upon sought
Yet the time, flowed, and the portals danced
black upon white the colours substance!

Aye my kin, my own might is dead
I am just nothing, yet greater than the bread
I am no blood, my am no wine
I am just a current that sings my Heart online

Nothing was, ever is, or shall be so
The time has come to let go
Surrender, before, crevice, shallow places
Faces and death and grim traces
Slight terrors and fabrics relation
Of a spell that conditions the intense sensation
Each plot, a riddle, yet proven thus
That light always harbours its own touch
but lucid spell, is broken now
Irrelevance is a subjective matter how
I see, I am dead, I am alive, but greater

Fate is now entwined off a black plague waiter
I see, I sense, that lying in my own bed
The grass will cut and splice the soul
Yet the black upon black doesn't fold
and disorder upon thine will abodes
but A home of Heart
A feeling of a fresh new start
Give to others and love from your art

Let it Go

Let it go.....
Empty full, the nothingness surrounds the core
White orbs, fields of electric common repertoires
Can you feel the soul connection restore?
As the ocean takes the current away...

I am just a wisp floating upon the ocean
A fragment of time, kissing me down
Into the deep place I fear, my Abode!

Dark lingering haunts my Heart
For ripped, sundered, torn apart
Has been the many years, common repeats
Being used has set the temperature to
Zoned and Defeat

Let it all out, this is the beginning of a new Age

Aquarius is in the Air, can you feel the Aether?
It whirls centrifuge, to what is vortexing,
Us into a parallel dimension reality Dream!

Let go, touched, now the wave resides
And flourishes into the temporality
Of time, between the waves and crescent
Attracted to the Moon, and Tempest
And Fire battles in the Crevice
Were the Synergy forms below Hesitance

Fire burns the water! Water hisses back!
Earth is thus grown! And repeat is attack!
But walk and defend with a big stick...
For some reason, most ego's are thick...

I drop away my Ego, into this pain of heart
This vulnerable opening, dark, torn
In the shadowlands I am, the death realm
My heart feels the fear of what is around
It is like a pinnacle of epoch, coming down
From the turn of the century,
Like the transmission is in full affect

I feel you, my friend, do you notice me?
Beloved, I come close to thee, inside
The temple, surrounded by a choir
Of angels, who have patiently
Sang through the chorus of tears,
That man would succeed in silence
A test to taste the flowing fleeting philiance
Tragedy? Or is it simply just returning
Into what always was? Wandering above?

Even in this dark moment, faith, right here
I hold strong, I can remain to my core
Keeping blood and faith...

Walking through the door!!!

Raise the shield! A Dragon blast!
A magick upon the Conical!
Void ellipse within the fold!
A monster red dragon passionate cold!

Take up the sword, fight fire with Word!
The word is the flesh made substance!
Fight the fire with what is! Sacred mirror!
Be kind to the heat inside! But I is gone

No reward, just fighting my own face
A Dragon, a huge red beast
SHall be slaughtered by you

Walk away? No, fight for the reaming death
For in this place, alive is the breath
You have no breath in the void
Only fighting a dragon monsterly deployed

There is no winning, there is no losing
No reward, no desire, just a fight
Ongoing for the courage of man
Deep into the realm of seeing has thus than
Come to me

Tedious? No, just a path that must flow for hours
The emergence is now felt in full flowers
Like a Lotus shivering through my core
I felt like this once before

As a sat under a fig tree once before
Thought to the fig, thanks for the shade
Than left enlightened and paved the way

What is more than a simple truth?
That the shadow of being, the shade
Can reveal the darkness light in secrets today?

Shadowlands dancing in the tune
Can't you see my love of heart is entity too
Thought beyond the name, rid myself
Of myself, the void commands nothing
But to give nothing is essentially freedom!

Give away yourself, surrender
To the no reward, no to this
Embrace just this, enlightenment
Here and now, all we can do is
Walk away, by now, you have seen
The spell, this is the first woven craft
The next dragon will come faster in fact
Hold your pace warrior, for the heat is tact

Wait it out...

Just in a space where nothing is
No mind, no body, no thought nothing

Just a figment of these hands typing
Into this grasping significance of words
That really are just part of my flesh
Experiencing it as itself
This is it, my own word is the logos
The flesh is the meaning
Everything this is the temple to hold
Purity in the heart's abode

Completion tone? I am the Master of my own Home
Strength and vitality fight from the scorching scorn
As you see, the pieces fell away, but
Falling back together comes to see
One's intention against another
Juxtaposes one another into emotion

Fire! Again! The scorn! But REd!
Fought! Creature of despair!
Lust! ARGHH! Why, dragon of dread
Emotional tapestry of dread
Ripping times thread the the body
Enwovenly wooled thread

No fault, to blame, really
Who is the Other anyways?
All is one, to take the blame at another
Is to throw it at yourself
Smell it about yourself later

Communication, is the key
Harnessing this entrance way
I now dream into myself

The beauty is in what is different
For if all is the same, individuality
Cannot be part of the game
Infinite in all sorts of forms and names

Lost to a beautiful orb, fleeting that last line
What does it wish to communicate,
Now we undergo the spell...

It is this, that when we accept the invitation
Surrender and love comes in often
White loves provides a foolish way to soften
Yet wrapping around in rows and rails
Will get you to the coffin
Will you see the pieces fit?

Ah the white dragon, the purity to be
A foolish wise wisdom found in me
But is this purity, what holds me
From experienced a realm that is free?

The old dragon, wise in temperance
Has shown me in the past to live virtuous
But now, the time is corrupt, the webs
Of deceit and lies are abrupt
So end into what is and spark something
Newly upped.

This pain, familiar, of the purity
Has held me back, from this one
This moment, this form of name
Infinite in all ways
But how do you see
That when in time
I am just an image

I am you
Let us begin again
There is a transmission here
Time is not here, so be present
Don't think, allow my words to flow
Embrace you, this reality here
Nothing new, just totality
Its surrendering to fear
In love, in form, in holding near
To everything you cannot objectively commediere
While you are wide eyed open in this moment
Hope that nothing can be hopeless
For this test, a patient to become blest
Has found his way into his own masterpiece
Look beyond that from, it was a contraction

Did you see how I gave you me?
And you denied it, before you denied
There were moments, here, aligned
Hold on, stay inside, we are going for a ride
To lands before time, before body feels, eternally

Life is pain, and all illusion
Delusion just comes at the grain of time
To web you into an astral reality thought mine
Mind you, when we remember who or what
Is even before I said this, it doesn't matter
This is now, be with me, surrender
I can give you to another place
Stay inside right now, this experience
Is coming through me to you
This hole, a window, like i said
Would open up like fire and water
Grounding the floor to the sea
This is just an overall experience
Like a poem but than direct at you
Now back to zero flow go another round

Water rises and sometimes it denies
But you can be your own lake or submit to fates
Pain is an illusion and it is in your own mind
To see that surrendering beyond time is essential
For without time, there is nothing to be
To being, that is all is nothing

In this whole, experience
Total, submits the pre-existence
Of souls merged beyond the soul to be here

It is holding us here, the flesh word
It is words that keep us bound
Escape your own words
And you escape the mind!

Mind cannot defeat mind
It can attack it to destroy the walls
But it will rebuild itself in time
Just like Jericho must define

Twirling around, in this, moment
I am with you, do you understand
We are in a parable
Of experience
Together
My words and your mind
Entanglement
Rapture
Be free !
You have nothing else
But these words with me
ALive and free
Breathing
What else
Do you need?
A chance to be?
You already are?
Suspended above?
Below is here and now!
Come from love!
It is essentially how

THis body is only holding you
Surrender to this song and you will
Embrace totality
Remember
Eternally, pain is an illusion

Twisted Signs

Twisted signs in the centuries have been foretold,
Like icicles freezing as they stand frozen cold,
Seals break, Seventh pouring Of the Bowl,
Listen to the story that below

Above I feel like it is diminishing, that times have come
And passed, moving from the beginning to last.
Save the land? Why? Millions flee just for release...
In paradise? Who needs to be crowned, just
Ask a snake and you may increase, in the

Endless wastelands, hot temperatures libido,
Back and Forth, like the seeded veil, although,
Many things have seen the signs, comprendo?
Blood red rivers, Asteroid rain, Trumpets sang...
Yet even the force Yellow amassed is insane...

There are soul's condemned, soul's that are free
To sing from the Tree, but do I speak like another One?
Gifted yes, but no Christ, beloved, just a disguise,
That finds it way into the Khan, realize that
The Heaven, the Love, the Holy Land; - spat
On that, for why can't Jerusalem come down?
O well, that is another slaughtering around...

All in All, the best religion is no-religion...
As things from geographic location design the prison
And light allows the soul to refract from prisms,
That all Rainbows will be seen as covenantal given

Here we go, to the rabbit show below.....

Sad voices, calling from the depths of the sea,
How can we be gone? Lost the eternal misery?
Is no the pressure of life enough? Or did we dream it?
Like a fresh fountain giving water, never stopping,
But remaining, sustaining, giving life to Galilee
Look into yourself, who truly is the Good Samaritan?

Ah, but in this deep place! This crevice inside myself?
Why has it been locked, why has it been caged...
I see, the misery, of death, eternally, flying free
Scythe chain will of death running currently
Ask darkness always descends on those conditionally,
Let us sing the song now expressfully

To be? Tis a noble act
Perchance, a flicker?
Light's in deep me
Were roots are gone
No more, no here
Gone, Nothing
Eternally, expressful
Of a eternal yellow light

A simple voice
No choice

Take my hand, surrender to the design, lead away your lies
For in this I give you my hand, to take you away, to another land
To fly in the realms of Ravens and Owls and Wolves
Do we translocate into another expressive mode!

When you come to me, I can give you Siddhi
I can completely see, Master the ways in Me
So you can feel the energy of what is
This is not some elementary riddle
For God gifts each to his own middle!

Sun Shines

There is a place where the sun always shines,
Shining as the One, inside the Heaven Within,
This is the Truth; there is no other purpose...
Other than to connect soul's and let loose!

Taking my time, sublime, many past crimes
Have faced the face of my own Self
Destitution? Or was it just selling idolatry
Pollution around the sound, just Health
Was bypassed, and now nothing aligns...

The Soul is a River of Wine Flowing
To platinum Coastal Reaches
Were the Silver Tide currents
And allows the White Golden touches

Ambrosia like Milk and Honey
Spiraling Galaxies in Temporality
Within the Solar Clause
What Universe under is your law?

Laws are to be obeyed
Only by revealing
The next Sage
Page by page flesh conveys

Ah yes, The sun! Shining for everyone
Inside the heat, the Solar Tempest Keep
Is a hallways, a mansion, a union Sophia
Where every being is a timeless field

Spheres flying around the circular Wheel
Only a single use, to turn the cycle loose!
So now we are back, the river flowing
From the Health found within the Feeling

Heart beyond cognito
Mind interferes with Ego
Layer by Layer reveals
The Core is Loving near

For yes, the Sun has shone for eternity
And without our Planet, it still
Existed inherently
Feel the sands within your Soul
For time's star dust until your whole

O my Muse

O my muse
Were thither did thou go?
To dancing realms
And marigolds?

To fleeting grace
Silent abodes
Still in the feeling
Alone

O yes, can't you
Whisper softly into
My deaf Ears
Listening

To music that
Preaches it's own

Through the conduit
Forborne

Moment past now
Past a into somehow
Left behind mirages
Truth's shadow dialogues

Can't you feel
The silent pain
Speaking here
In words?

Like painted letters
Unwinding like a clock
My own existence
On a flicker tick tock

Now this moment
Total in what is rare
Love essential
And non-compared

No judgements, patience
And feelings hesitated,
Slows it down from
Pain to transformation

The liquid molten film
Of my life
Erases the flux
And changes nous

Into this
Just this
Only this
Be this

Do these words usher
A gentle fawn
That soothes a
Troubled Soul?

Or does the Wolf
Ravage the deer whole
Take what can be
And always anger full

O muse! You let me see
My realm of heresy!
Always more for the fill!
Can't you just be still!

Let purity rain down manna
And send lilacs in persona
That is no limit to who you are
Just a condition applied

These healing words
Just race like a stolen
Fragment
Of somehow entertainment

Keep the pieces
Tethered and arranged
So these words
Healing defined

Through pages divine
In the total thyme
Be as free as the
Rays of the Sunshine

Take the Flow Back

Switch the flow back, take on the attack
Just out of nowhere, just another thing there
Why do I know, that corruption rides this way
Power from the Absolute in the things that we do today
Have to find another way to convey

Projections, ashamed, running from
Myself, only held within my strum
Beats in everlong, taken from a song

Now we will start, episode one

In the first frozen of time
I left, I came back, but never did outshine
The star inside, the chaos tempest seed
Another thing just for the feed

Dipped in, got wet, experienced death
Lost some breath, epileptic contest
Of who could be the won
Lost Sons of Chimera

Walking figuratively, fancy imagination
An Image in action, just words constructed
From A flagged drag, time insisted
That motion would lag

Behind, forward we take that
Now we have to find another painted portrait
TO find were the silhouette, from the sky
Of the illustrious paintbrush that passes bye

Back in the flow, just some hollow
Of a sugar filled bamboo, another void
Within temperature, cold
Now we have to go back and forth
Surprise

Teletank inside, what is that who knows
Just from the beat, lost in the followed
Flow of tomorrow, let rest now in sorrow
As the snow now fall's, lets trap the hollow

As we come to be in reality, we start to see
That things apparently have switched from this to that
Madder than my own hat
Now let the flow come out without hesitancy

Still flipping coins, can't flip my soul
Just another black-hole, supposed?
Or do we, just move back another episode
And talk about all those blows

Can't even understand the Siddhi
Just another relative level of me
Can't you know, I am free
Somewhere in the gateway be

Behind the wall, in the call
I just tempt fate overall
Alchemical hands, support, the overhaul
The brick wall that is not even there

Calling home, boom back attack slack hit that floor
Now go back, you don't even know who I am
You just divided, your own soul to another dividend
You know what it says about Divorce
You are the hypocrite, go buy a Trojan Horse.

Virus of infected anger, removed by tech
Nique of my own niche, just a remote beach
That the walls have created by rustling sand
From the winds that conquer the land

Never gonna go back, take that, now a hit
Boom ah, don't you even know
I am just saying that shit to piss you off anyway

Shaped to form, forms shaped the bad Gene
Can't you see, even Mother is the one Crazy!
Just go for some loops and soups, while I
Spend on my money on material lies.

Damn that some cold shit...Don't run from it
Keep it up, let it flow, no more games
I'm done with that script
Peace out with this flow! Next!

Atomic Heart

straight from heart, yawning in the new dawn
nuclear

Dissolve

In Eternity, all dissolves into a unmanifested potential
Like the strings on a guitar, soft notes echoing
The silence around the core, hitting ambivalence

What do we do with light? Just desire fights?
Or do we play the game, keep it up tight?
Or do we fuss and play all through the late night?

Swim or Fin?

Where do I begin, start swimming or find fin?
Tripping back, last night took another hit,
Found without it, night shift, on the clock,
Master up to the date, can't feed the gloc,
For it will shoot up non-stop, just some thoughts
That you won't ever see me say; back today

No cash, no loot, just a dream manifesting
No shoes, no clothes, just watered down
Under the fall, submerging into the We
Last trip, drowning uncomfortably
Pass it next, time dawns neglect.

Taking my life, setting it up, no strife
Doing it right, don't need no wife
Solo dolo to this song yo
Get money from the play, to and fro
Back and forth, sideshow
You ain't my side hoe, get a new hide
For in side to side, let's take a ride

Back to an old date, back to an old place
Back to a old flow, static dynamic low
Keep feeding yourself tomorrow, for now
Is when it all will hit the floor

Tripping on back from last nights summer
Now we know, winter is cold and so does

The way play, to another fate

Switch it up, flow to another drift
Current under the sea, never pulls me
For I am the whole God ocean

Thy Will

O thy will, behold the muse upon
A fate of chance, for swooned a song
In night of emeralds, cast an evermore
A shadow shaped, creeping along
The lands that have torn those apart
Those who start, those who sacrifice
Those who know the Martyr's stake

Madness crowns Knights; so doth thine Health
Poversih upon sight, but light upon the dance
Of Wealth; were dreams uncharted, postpone
Common-Wealths and Rights of those subjected
To a nation of underfilled hand tactics,
Rob the poor and feed the rich, take that
As it comes in sound through the muse and music

Cold hands touch these words as the alphabet
You don't need order to describe words, for
Are they not just random synonyms we have
Developed through Imagination? Symbols?
Ancient Hieroglyphs in time...?
Do you not realize that all words are pictorial dialects
That burn from the fire around man; from shapes
That have been promised to those who command,
The sight to see, but beyond, coded is misery!!!

Tomorrow never catches a song in the blue moment
Were the expression is clear and the sung exponent
Is algorithmically tied to science, poetry, and rudiments
That fire and water have battled for the end of settlements!

Dying to the own breath that was given to me
But death denied deprived was free

Deep underneath where shadows shape lands
Does the bottomless pit experience the swell
Like foreboding witching, hours upon dusk
Were the ghouls come out and feed like lunch!
For in this sunken pit, the skeletons from the edge
Group up and strongly pull you back into the depths
That curse you into eternal doom, oblivion
Beyond all that is, never coming back;- such a delight for
Hades, who sees all this plane, locked in Tartarus
For the Time, that is Endless, Now experience Torture
As time is created to eat the sand that has been created
And perish man into another land that is abated
Within a logos fate that things such as words
Align through the proverb ; You reap what you sow

For in darkness, seeds cannot grow, cocoon
By a force stronger than gravity is known
Beyond the singularity, a splicing Soul
From fragmented parts of infinity whole
Let us see, infinite is always still what it is
Yet each fragment is but a hair of relative

This vision beyond the capturing realm
Does not walk with no-man, for man
In this realm is aggregated, not allowed,
See how I torture myself in this dream now?
That I speak words from places you do not know
And than you call me crazy and put on a show
Gossip around, you know what you are
Learn that I take your sins inside from afar
And the Crone just laughs in the way, for foolish
Is your way, below a level that sunken many days,
And than returns for repentance but is never saved!
Ah that sweet ambrosia of the Styx...

Discordia or Concord
Which pathway does that which not
Takes from manifestation in the dark?
Demons below a heartfelt start
You are reaping darkness from the Heart

Confines

O within the confines, an order restricted; fonide
Has been breached! O muse! You beseech
The realms naught have gone discord!

A quick flight away from a plane of sand
Yet as dust moves, so does the Wind
Bring a sound, an echo of what is...

Can't hide from the cyclic nature
As time-lines are segmented relations
Just another thing, drop the symbiotic
Parasite, who attaches like a vampire
Drops in, takes out, and leaves blood without!

This is without, the Other, can't you love; anon
Way to breach the way to Concord?
Or does thine own selfish will gain Control?
Like suppression, death, politics, white holes
Can't you see, politics is for a weak mind AHO!

Just merged a random note from a Tribal Hello...

Don't you get this nonsense, politics is hesitance, to see
A control mold for those who have no class.
Beyond that, spiritual bypass!

Into the shadowlands, death walks like a gate
Forever waiting for you at that fates,
Like a open mouth design the weights
You know, bottomless pits segregate!

Sweet Tales

Sweet tales o my muse, central to Zions use
From far beyond, the wind's whisper confused
Is it I, or is it You?

Light ascends to higher planes,
As Heat releases above the reign,

Cooling forests descend their roots below

Seeds sprout, like planted to and fro
Marigolds, dancing in the dark Zohar
Memories lost and attained for more,

In evermore, the Sun Set hits True
Just like Cupid's arrow straight through...
Just as Thought and Time makes residue,

So such do thoughts rust the loci,
Between the spinning rotations eye,
Look beyond, stillness is a transparent design!

O now the hollow has grasped it's Timeless,
Endless memory planted in the suchness,
It just echoes as the Loudest Silence!

Misery death door knocks like a looming ghost
Fades and misery behind the Hall or Terrors Most,
Come for me in the night; sleep paralysis fright!

As darkness absorbs delight, so such does desire
Falsify what is Right, beyond lust for what is fire
Dust withers and croaks it's mire

For the timeless space between nothingness
Is where we find a permanent relative base,
That has grown from the strongest roots to date!

Just sit and wait, over time, all shall be revealed...
Is that no the law that Sages appeal?
To know unknowns knowns is something rarely steeled,

Into the sword that fights against knowledge and ignorance
Seemingly distanced, but the story came through clear
That dust doth decomp desire dwelling deeply dear!

For the bog, the relentless fades, the faces appraised
Gateways to places unseen, shadowlands beyond trained!
Without the eye that sees the aspect embraced, lively paced!

As deeper wounds space me to distant times, so do memories

Reveal the layers of Rays that has demonstrated,
That above as below, things do seldom grow

Transmission

Transmission

We first begin to question the who? The nous persona of each individual, the suchness of Reality that encompasses them...Who is to be the Director behind the mask? Is it all illusion? Is it just Lila playing her games with what is real and that which is not? We question many pondering thoughts, that catch us at our own game. "This I" encompasses my whole explanation of what is.

I AM is a direct transmission that this is the "requirement" to state a primal essence background that will directly influence the energy into your own field. It will vibrate the frequency to your level, and match the influential, proportional, and balanced "others (algorithms) around you.

AM can be downsized to amness, in which, all that is is the Tathagata. Self Realization of this point and you can stop reading. Furthermore! AMness is essential to suchness as in relationship to Allness which vibrates at a frequency of 855. It is alive, dancing, vibrate, full of love, life, joy, and charity! This is the true harmony that is.

"I" downsizes into the Self. It is the story of ego perpetuated throughout time. It is added by layers of experience, that condition the "core" to be "walled" by it's own construct. It is put together precisely to each individual, and the essential notion is to dissolve the "I" into a non-dual layer that has no core, just open vast existence.

Although,

My lesson is beside the point.

"This I" is what my Transmission is about. It means "The Universal God". This is it. That is all. The Totality of "This" in relationship to "I" subjects one to see that first there is a construct of Reality, and then thus there is a relationship to it's Creator, or "God". This suggestion allows us fraction to the infinite layers of Reality and seeing that "This" = "Universal" and "God"="I", we can understand we are part of a "Universal God" that exists beyond time and space, and be present within our own "I" but also be "This" which is the "AMness" that exists!

Behind the mask, the image of God, nothingness just floats through space.

Deep Being

Deep in the roots of being, it is a lightning beam
That speeds faster than light; what a scene!
Oblivious above what is seen, but below what is schemed
As dark fruits spawn in the recesses of God's Team

Absolutely willed through love, the Power split above
As wings came down, through the impervious mind,
Like another state divine, just fervour to the time
But can't you see, the Will's aligned, and nitrogen combined

With oxygen and movements of elements, spirit collective
To the next state, rudiments and speaking of relative
Dates, why? Is not the Dove the birth space?
Between this and that, neither nor or their, is your face

Until you see your own design, renounced as flayed
You will still be under the state of the law
For to go beyond idolatry existence
Is to dive deep into the being extension

Everlong

O muse from within everlong
The sound so clear, the sound so strong
It beats it's hoofs around the throng
And the Samadhi enters in song

In heaven beyond, the white dynasty
Sometimes yellow, in all honesty
It moves me from, deep to when and where
But now I know, I am found not here

This place, I speak in time, has no essence
No place to hide, nor that to reside
For face to face, you meet the Source aligned
Soul to Soul, Oversoul, Atman, Sanji

Were the sound, comes in through the form

Heaven's gates are not doors
But portals to realms beyond yours
It is like the silver waters, move from

This to that, but no movement is found
For still, all nature compounds
To a fundamental resound, harmony
Found within the spheres around

I see the fields, it is everclear
It is transparent white to further mirrors
And drafts upon what thou shalt right
Upon the mood, a muse and sight

White within, yellow without
Embrace now, sing from doubt
Embrace void, reason without
Embrace here, stillness doubt

I move into the dream, beyond the realm
I see and feel, this love that radiates
Through me, spinning webs and seas
That move from this to that
And that to this in the me

It is like the alphabet spelled itself for me
And I didn't even notice the passing time
It was like, o my dear o mine
But now the shelter has withered in the storm
And the fragile limbs are broken and worn
And move the skeleton from torturous flags unknown
Do I listen, or do I wait for submission
It's like the everything confession

Layers

Going deep, layer the subversive slumbers
Of depth beneath the Realms Facade
Inside the Real, I am that is, that I am
Thou art that, realize Thou is I

Just warming up, orbs flying sunset divine
Like a midnight torture in the make suite divorce shirt
O snap, another one to take the route,
Down south, oh yeah, here is the sound

Anchors deep, holding the boat, in sail
No handouts, step on y'all, I'll stand out
Walking alone with my own doubts
Beyond thought, now is a gift

From the deep drift of the sands of time
Like a hourglass healing nature sublime
All in all, we are still in the crime
Nothing new, just a new grape of the vine

Sour grapes eat fresh fruit first
As second slumber the depth of worst
But as the realm of facade designs
What is beyond is the Architect's Mind

So many worlds, layers, dimensions, spheres
The things the media locks you as away in fear
Why not sing about the Rays, the Layers, the Sands
The time to clock downs from a single Nuclear Command

Don't you see, waste life as wasting life wastes away
We are all just emanations anyways, Eagle's push
Through the conical, field upon open yield
Magick through the way and revealed

Gonna just play a random game of Chance
Let the dice roll where they may, let's dance
Take a dimensional jump into another trance
Through the liquid dimensional substance

Multidimensional beings know this
That we never talk of the gifts
But Man, I wonder what this life would be worth
If I didn't put something out for money for rent
Get it?
No hand outs, never getting that bread
As beyond family, that is where family weds

Don't you see, We all exist to exist in a World that is different
A serenade dissonance

Drive

Take a drive, let's go speed time
Arriving late, but never outlined
That we shine, growing

Hiding, like another b nut
Then we have to
Come out sound another thing on it

Surprise, new flow ain't it
Nothing original
Just fake it

In the zone, deeper layer known
Unknown is how love grows
But so seeds sprout low

Down on the right
To the left
Pass it and cleft

To the next, zig zag
Tag, nagging on the swag
Writing, never had to wait
Just Hold open the Gate

Way to another land
Take the sand
Command

Hourglass flowing down
To another line
Just take it time on

Time on time on time
This is what starts to shine

Outline this flow of mine

Here there everywhere
No where but found their
In the soul, common air

Lair's beneath dragon's conical
Wizard temple of the known
Can't you see
This MAGI is Known

Unknown known knows knowns
Can't you see, Tao
Just flows down

Low to the right way
Just have to, find a
Another taste let

Dance take the trance
To another substance
Lose the moment
Never in component
Just a hardwired infirmanent

I got no money,
So where's my raise?
Just another singing praise
Like yo, I speak for people
And still am hungrier for beats
Than sheep are

Wolf eats the Tale like Odin
But many are Lamb of Gods
So just rule without seeking
Just go within for the transparent gift

Buy a bottle
Crack and swaddle
Move and toddle
Than we back

From dopamine crash

Lit up, for this fire's hot
From deep down, south
Does, the Devil's, mouth
Switch flow

On the top with no stop writing loops of feedback
My defense is an attack, like a event horizon map
That boundaries are found within a new happen
Cartographer of the dimensional spheres
O wait, can't tell you, Thoth helped design
The flow to Thought and Time
Just a scribe, ya know, why would I lie?
Just gonna start writing what is True
Fuck the Family, they are just haters...CLUED
Into you, that is what I am, no more pained

This cusp goes off, takes us to blast off
Dragon scale and taken White tops
Lets flow to the smoke that departs
And allows the depth the start
From deep crevices, does this embark

Walk Through

Open the door, walk through
Seeing all this now new
Today was here, but it passed clues
That everything is apparent residue
Hanging onto the atom's fumes

Rise, let the dragons
Rise, stand up
Rise, let spirits fly
Rise, dead arise
Rise, coming times

Can't fathom?
Just smile in a metaphor
Just anon contender
Deep within crevices plethor

Submerge, let conditions wither
Submerge, let freedom's wisp
Rise, as we walk
Rise, the next step up
Rise, the time has come

Does the spirit fly?
Or does the Phoenix lie?
Just another shock reply,
Does this deny, a learning?
That loves gives peace of mind!

Alive, no denying
Alive, I AM contrived
Alive, grace given Words
Alive, from the beginning
Alive, the Tao combine

When one sees into
What is behind the door
An opening once there
But never before!
After it just seemed it passed it bye...

All people who know you
Don't know who you are
For they aren't in your shows
For they are knowing through theirs
Replace the AEther with All in All aligned

Alive, I feel first time
Alive, I AM not denied
Alive, fly
Alive, fly
Alive, flash it on me

BOOM, lightning drops
Echoes from around the block
A furious relentless shock
As thunder resounds
It is through what we do

North, comes from the South!

North, comes from the Mouth!
North, comes from the Wealth!
North, comes from Amounts
North, comes from Health!

BOOM, ready or not
Lightning can drop
In a moment's stop
Now you're their
Now you're not

Roots of a Nation?
Started with Station
From anon Fabrication
Wisdom, just additions
To the Words restrictions!

Youth, we are one at all
Youth, the nation next
Youth, the version regrets
Youth, the other's suspect
Youth, that we are Rejects

No respect, keep Health
Love in different places
Traces amongst the faces
Breaking all the Rules
Nothing but a Carrots Drool

Youth, we are all and one
Youth, the next rising Sun
Youth, the coming Grace
Youth, the next Race
Youth, the golden Face

Of tragedies claimed
Why?
For the right of Man
Not in the designs Command
As Chaos cancer spreads over lands;

Satellites also infer what
We are, wondering how clear

It is from here, to their
What do you think the militant
Does to you submissive intelligence?

Can't run, they can't focus anywhere
Did you know what you don't know
It always comes from the distance
And you learn it in a single instance!
Bombs have dropped, and you still

Satellite, over what is here
Satellite, moons everclear
Satellite, just another time
Satellite, did we even
Satellite, a Planet's delight

Do you know what I think I can?
Or do you can what you think?
Or do you act without a wink?
And move onto the next thing?
That you think?

This moment is all that is here
Embrace to Totality of seers
Blinding Light, darkness dispels
A light that has shown, looking up
Nobody was ever looking down

Satellites, in the crust
Satellites, in the trust
Satellites, in the must
Satellites, in the lust
Satellites, in the brush

We are a painting canvas of God
And thus his stroke is a Golden Rod
That hits the Root and expands Swords
Into those who are not performa
Of a persona non grata

Test the cool, the water mist
Sprays from the diligence
Fires sprayed original

But couldn't expand beyond
What was soon

A test limit
Ridiculous
In it
Always sit
Performance

What do we, have to see
Another thing, nothing
All causes from the Logos
All is caused by the Word
As our flesh is living from the beginning

So such does the Word first exist
As we first begin to Form
Thus as we perceive the Form
We can also perceive the first Word
This is how it works

A test limit
Ridiculous
In it
Always Wicked
Performance

Payable now, for another time
My message, not apologetic
Now alibi, can't prophecy
What is, is not
Just another calling

I, will dissolve
I, will resolve
I, will converse
I, will live
I, am a gift

No reason to expand, for life is just this
Moment before you die, so take all for granted
Master Ascended, but who would get that
Just like Rise? Why would I even

Suggest such a path for the abiotic surprise?

Here I stand, I will take
It to the end, of my Word
I won't suggest another Way
Even when I sleep I am Awake
For love for sacrifice, surrendering praise

I, am a gift
I, will live
I, will converse
I, will dissolve
I AM resolved

FIN

*The word consecrates its own womb, like a fawn looking at it's Mother in deepest wound.
Leaving nothing behind, but moving forward with the first steps that it has even stepped.
It is new, free, unbounded by the natural order of law and imagination. This is the truest state; a
fawn upon a memory.*

This delicate frequency, this vibration we call Universe, this holy temple we exist in. It is the passage of vessel to vessel. From state to state. From Siddha to Satori. From communication to Zazen. From the first to the last. All is, in essence, the point that we grasp.

Moving away, from the original point of time, we unleash a more faded essence of who we are. The closer we move, to who we are, the closer we move to the original point of time. Thus, the closer we are to our Attunement, the closer we are to Source.

Source, the beginning fires and waters of existence. The Purusha, a plasma that envelops all that is, this plasma liquid, like a water boiled by fire, is always releasing and receiving, taking, but never asking more than it is.

It is, in essence, a body that we live in. Our dimensional frequency, is a solid-liquid flux. It is permeable to the perception of each individual agent. By attuning, turning in, addressing the Source inside, we can begin to see, our Original Face, the True Nature, Self Identity, not negating who we are, but merging with the whole on a fundamental level.

The whole, is the Cosmos. It is the order that is in order to promote order. It is the realm of patterns, of knowledge, of history, of places and fancies that capture imagination! It is such a

fancy, all the delights and treats that can sooth the soul. Yet deepest pain longs for deepest love, and even the fawn upon my memory shows love from above.

We are what we are, there is no beating around the Bush. The fire that burns the Bush of time allows us to see that we are emblems of a sacred seed. This sacred seed, the seed invoked Into our being, is the presence that commands us to break free.

This pain inside me, is also without me, for without the law of what is inside, who would be able to see what is without? The pain, is in an auric body, but the body is the vastness of the ocean. The liquid flux that creates the substance of our being. This allows us to flow in and out of the state that brings us closer to the Womb.

The Womb is Nature's Home, it is the Parent of all, It is the condition that frees us, but is the condition that machines us. Mother Nature, we are her product. Accept this now or be left behind. For is not the Harvest but of Vegetables?

