

Rumbles in the Deep

Listen Friend and Enter

By

Daniel J Reurink

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Poetry from April 18,2017 to July 16/2017

Burning anvils, the sword is tempered
The blade, forged eons past
Has now, begun to harness Truthfulness
It is like the cold mirage, the sign
That one must be setting sail
For lands beyond Helen's display

Waiting like the sleep of oars
Roaring like sound implored
Breathing wisps of white vapour
Along the gentle coasts

We are always here, just no where
Found in some space-memory
Of Time's History
Devouring all who cannot seem
To see the sense to serene!

Apathy? That is just a doubt misplaced
For common mistakes routes lessons
That turn into a previous selection
Of which way do we turn, around
The embers burn, and the Sword
Aye the Word, has logos inside

I see the victory of temple standards
White roses and daffodils plethora
Along the rows of the sea-side bottom
Were the Cyst has now grabbed hold

Amenti, yes, Thought and Time
Mercury beyond the sense aligned
Be divine and prosper hope
For this is the next elope

Tragic flaw of a nobody poet;
Do ya really have to act up?
Is this going from safe to danger?

Stop abrupt, flow switch script up
Know it, strength is survival
Nobody really, light sorrows arrival
Out within the gate, compose it.

Void eclipse! Midnight bright, without stars
Close never seems far, as sound
Is heard without an abyss, -static heard in the cyst!
Independent, black against nothing, boundary bound,
Existence surrounds a drift, Oceanic Tsunami
As the loving snow quenches the Earth's Thirst...
Appearing nowhere, always here, currents appear

Singing unities codependency, you are the Source
Never complain, get used to suffering, it's the game
A course, a star plot play! Today beforth
The sleep awake bright as a flash!
Lunar energy dormant in Fire's when?
Ambrosia a wine far richer than waters kind
Like a chemistry of old twas a spell design

Freedom is free; liberty as experience,
Allow each to judge but nobody as himself
As deep ravines flirt with long breaths
Death among the composure subsisting
Havoc to magick complete
Not as delirious as some may think
Just a peace under thought redundant

We think spirits dwells as within
As Self is Non-no-Self, not-no-being
Keeps lessons through lifetimes serene!
Common beams are friends in Rays
Like bashful anger is twist of thread
Get it, the mountain warms cold snow light
Yet reflection; insight, provokes intelligence

Blight walking, so dawn dusk low
Above beyond spheres and gifts
Angels in arches construct curvature; with it
Allows heavy loads energy to tomorrow
As non there is no energy unfreezing
As heat never reaches absolute zero

It quantumly gets smaller until it Explodes

Thus volcanoes pressure, obsidian
Given, enliven the Crux
Goblet, and Fleece; all subjects
Remain among the courts;
Permission? Third-set-Magician Reports
"Earnest ways to dusk, beyond touch"
Domains unravelled beyond horizon's system

As the void eclipse, dynamic abyss
Insists, that beyond the veil
More exists, yet here now is the Hungry,'
Future holds, nothing that we know!
Be now as here as without what you know!
Health is an "Universal Right"
Let nobody go with food for the rest of Life

Deep,inside a, movement of my soul
Total suffering stains to the Whole
As Truth's mirage, beyond Pure Land's Untold,

Lives a ray, a small chance,
Flickering hope like candles trance,
Mesmerizing you with spells dance,

It is just, a word, slowly, fleeting
In such a grace, love albeit creating
The sands that move the stars drifting

As they cry through the element Earth
Bursting forth, reclaiming it's berth,
Like a Mountain avoiding Hurt.

Tunes so light dance among
The dwarf giants that rays it's song
As you see the star's supernova prolonged

Forcing no resistance to mind's charm
Like daffodils playing in the wind's alarm
That thus the breath, does no harm

A life flickering, sweet melodies
Harmless and returning to primal symmetry
Each axis holds its own; secret key.

And opens doors into the flute of me
A body and vessel concluded ability
Creative muse capturing poetry

As the dance of this somewhere
In space and time resuming affairs
Yet this known to that repairs

A light gives way from deep ocean
Synergy without form corruption
Purity satin-lace within dissolution

As serene notes reform sound
Octaves open, close or shut down
And this gives choice to those around

Without mirrors, how can you see
Your face, expressing itself fundamentally
Into ways beyond Altar and Sea

For dust given to us
Set us apart in creed
Upon this verse, no-need

To envision anything beyond
This relaxing snow dropping
Scene, just frost on the window
Dissolving from the Sun's rays blazing

Twas a brush the fern of Everdale
Light samples in words thus prevailed

To lead among the Actor's Tales

Seen a ghost! A window! A silent thought!
Perchance the realm of "happen-not"!
Or do my words utter topnotch?

Below, so beneath the surface,
Is, what we find, our face,
It is beyond mind; substrates,

Open gates, lunar leys
Pathways, together weigh,
Upon what happens today.

Twas magick blink, or did I think?
Sudden this loss, astral links,
Us to them, ancestors heritage

Upwards, to sky limit breached!
A sphere, without repeat,
Layers revealing from the deep

Deepest wounds Crevice Islands
Underwater teeters liaison
Against fire and water combining,

As cold as this sounds, it is
What brings the World around
To act accord on the ground,

Simple, elegant notes sing
Through the very strings
Of this being; surrendering

To not this nor that, only
Singing from serenity
Collapse around all this me

Light, notes, now hit
Upon, the thing, we call Spirit,
Little bells sound it's wit

As men, have angels in the Heart,

Affection never does set apart,
Hark, dark mornings warm the start!

Experience, so serious
The code now showing
An a Way to come delirious

Sing with me, dance to the tune
So anew, but with, it comes concluding
Facts, that harbor it all to soon

As each note, a sprinkle of water
The boat sails to lands farther
To shores unknown begun Father

We now take, a journey, through
The vision, of my mind, it is clued
Into a riddle of things, not presently
Amind

Start this tale fresh and new
Too soon, then this comes back
And hits with the
Few songs of the one
Who sings, until
It is done, and moves
With the spirit

This chord i have struck
Is with the chorus...Awestruck?
Just a voice within the stardust
Repeating its rhythm os furious
And returns to ethereal combust

Just like the dance I am now caught in
My voice swims with the notes that are
With the instruments that flow
This song grows on me, apparently
It just comes to be that this
So such happens

When it dances, it sings its own tale
Like the triplets before set

Let them see that that was all no voice
But it was my choiceless awareness to
Bring you to see that rhyme is poetry
Allowing the bliss divine ecstasy
To run over the body and watch
Thee see the words that spell it
Out for thee
As in as much as I could say
It will keep on expressing itself this way
To be in the flow of what is coming today
Is why the current star shocks at bay

What lineage is my mind from?
How can I be any one all but One
For all for one and one fall all

This is the motto of the law of one
For one is all and all is one
So there is always just a sum
That is one, so now we move along
To see that the version develops
Into its song

Like small, elves, along the trees timid,
Shoreless forage, just coming in the winter
It does not fall, but grows even greener
For how can Zen be a product cleaner?

So humorous, what a Masterful Joke
But clearly, it is my own fault, i am still an
Infant who chokes, on all or nothing strokes
Be here in the now, or disengage somehow
The notes, deep within my soul
Never really come out, and now you will show
That deep within the mind, it sorrows
To what was, to is, and is not to come
For the future holds us, tight as a war drum
Machines, walking, with the beat
Of death, in the seat
Tanks, planes, ships
All lost with it
An atom bomb can end
All of this bullshit

So can't you see, that deep layers
Are deeper understandings, and
Practiced from, a place of understanding
It will come to light

Can't you see now, I have switched my emotion
To another relation that
Is susceptible to corrosion, yet
This does not mean that, it just moves
My being, so strange I seen that orb
From the word above, since it was accepted
I know it was from love

This is different, like the strings pulling
The tension of my heart in ripped directions
Suspension, over the edge tension
But just apprehension of momentary connection

So see, the heart is, the first beginning word
The starts to see, how eventually
All things perish, but come back curled

As this is the plastic way highway
Can't we reduce what is in lies anyway?
We are caught in a trap, a prison
Our own house, we dare not even
GO outside, for it is without a TV
How can one see, that chemistry
Is damaging you from it's UAVs.
This is law, your bring rewires
From the screen you watch
Ever thought about the advertisement much?
It is just a root to the core of
Self annihilation due to propaganda
It is useless, stereotypical profuseness
This is Te, Justice on the loose neck

Here we go again
Back to the
Blueprint at hand

We will sing now songs of dusk

TOmorrow we learn to trust
As light begins off the crust
We go into the darkest vision
Now as a much...

I see the realm, it is in dark mysterious shapes
It has no place for us, other than us being stardust
It hopes to find it's way back into
Our own being so we can falter and walk along the shores, never getting into the boat

To float, in time, and become divine and let music
Unwind, through time it will shine and align you to the crime
But corruption, a seduction at first, was the truth told from the worst
But it is no in a matter of fact that this still is off track
For seth, who was there after all
What does likely befall
The tree so deep before all
It grow its stem in roots to quell
So can't you see that in this place of mysteriously guessing
Next to face my own vision inside my own kingdom
Beloved, are there room for a guest, as walking tests mark the quest
But do you see now there is only one way to be
It is

Free of this all, from from the fall
From from one and all
Just art of you and you a part
Of fullness from the start!

So can't you be other than whole
Or whole other than be
What is your soul
No other can be it
But can you see
That it manifests
Together

What it is, you see that place
Of what has come to be in racing
States of mind slow down rewind
Let the facts come online

Everything one says, is just planned and

Stated
To the
Regiment
Of time
In time
Aligned
But beneath the swine

The heart of mother nature enjoys our touch
And we feel we are trusting in her to be
What we see and willingly participate randomly
It shows, that this is new
That this is not old
That this is no untold
That this remembering is
Foretold just as amyth
From the past
Lets us see the fleeting hope
That men, Alexander mentioned
Could move the rocks so bright
And distinctly move sight
To beyond what man hoped
A conquest
Just engrossed
Total being eloped into the nation forged through death

Just like now in reality
It has come to me
That i must speak of it
It has forthcome to see this night
That past the memory it was
Not here over well some say
It was not here at all

The time will come, when poverty strikes all
Radiation will leak food into contaminated
And water will be still
Even plastics will restrict
Us from our what is
So get your shit while you can kid
But know, there is hidden ways beneath the cave
Were lakes of undeath save Wizard's grave
So be in it

Don't release
Surrender
To it not that
See how it can come to you to be a flow so subordinately
Closest to your enemy, but farthest from a friend
Never mistaken who you are again
Let this reminder be
Just a lesson from the sea.;...

I hear a single note, just trembling
All that is
All sound and words and thoughts
Every string
From the Source beginning
It was so chosen
To be that this was going to allow itself
To be present within what writes
So have you ever been provoked to sight?
It is like the blight
Is here but no human is
All realms exist under my command
But i am not even anymore man
For devachan has a higher plan
That what is order at bland.

The sea, has to see, whether or not
Weather can plot
Or can it not, be not-naught
Or just distraught? Or loving
All happily mad moments?

This is the game, we are caught in
Paradox is the riddle, it's named
Since the zen composed itself
Can't you see i just lost it to myself
And here we go again for another joust

Diamond notes center and silver creations
As gold touches even balance translation
Alchemy is beyond the migration
Of things that fly south to witness segregation

Synergy formed, who knows underneath could be pulling,

Magnetic or not
Something mentally constructed in flocks
That lead them home
Unity as one
Some combat
Others relax
But always one under he sums

So now you see that song has
Developed its own way
It is like an overload of sensation given in
But what can i say, it is me that doesn't live
It is the expression coming through
Wherever it anons from others, no clue
But it is just a thing that acts upon you
And writes your own words and supernatural
Self fulfilling prophecies of dell
Can come back to haunt you all is well
But what can you say, i am still in hell
From this plane i release and go to the next
All dimensions exist not on the left
For right is what is, and what is is war
So past to the left, and keep peace shored

Going to find another place off the plane
Grounded, yet everyone else going insane,
Can't even tell you how many membranes
Are lost to what they use and complain
Materials for a pursuit, just another noose
Around you neck, just another coming loose
In your own flashing memory confused,
All we need is more "things" produced

That is the tragic flaw is that we all follow
A plan, a goal, a dream, just another hollow
Stop it, flip it, script it, remembering
That a process is chemical reaction transmitting
This to you, you to me, me to a few, all renewed

As new things come from breathing anew;
Yet do we breath in the ocean residue?
Or just the sweet smell grass in dew?

Now we step on the plane, take off induced,
Obsolete anything that ain't real, no repeat
Cycles coming from me to you, ya feel?
This is all just from the sounds that reduced
The noise, the heat, the glowing real start,
O how the flow switches, lucid dream surreal
Lightning blasting the thunders appeal!
This ain't noise, this is white static complete

Knowledge? It starts with nothing, just talent
Beyond the edge, hearts add to the process,
Invisible inside the Kingdom, things are rough,
As completion Whole orders control; -allowance
In free Will against the gates motion; always untouched
As the way beyond is the promise of compassion
As love tis in the air, tis rare passion found everlasting

merry to meet you today my friend
welcome to the realm beyond the corner
bend
where hopes amend and solstices lend
a system of star profile legendre
moved upon the beam of when!
light perchance, atom's dancing
playpen

open my muse! Tenth invoked!
One left to the Telety The revoked!
words void; formless then opened contorted!
pandora's box; furies assorted!
Light beam justice scenes!
of paternity within lightning reported!

the Hare has led me to the stones

mineral thoughts that come roam
upon the mind; chosen to beyond thought
vastness clone
prophecy in the midst of eternal emerald
swarms
Murders of Crows in a merrygold field
upon the yield of humble grass appeal!

find the no-thing within the presence
Face God, break the seal, open the door
there is a door that opens the white
lightning storm!
essence variously combining through norms!
form formless swordsmanship unknown!
known is the bone of depth iktomi sewn

fabric weaves portals; open doors to fly through times
for crime in crime, our planet is free will designed
over the time, access of over the hedge aligned
the various entities hoping to control the gold fiend
for harvesting this potential crystal
reduced the harm of radiation's cycle!
but mystic's ambrosia that secret miracle
for it caught then in the shattered glass open meal!

holy grails, justice on stakes, a righteousness coming
for when Excalibur was pulled
did he split the rock first and then pull it out?
Or did it take all his mind and wits about
to council above and plan for a stage
an eclipse of dark red blood moons
for Merlin came back as an answer
dance dance dance in the wilderness cancer!
beyond the wolf the wheel turns!
and the hawk flies above me daily
as the falcon opens its mouth to worms
it has come to me that the storm of water
came as I sunk under the otter
formed and slicked
merry and weak
I came back to this land perchance sleep
they chose who shall reveal existence to time
for the merging of all things combine

and solstices move the blue moon inline

we all are curious about how things go about
but just flow to the muse without a doubt

forever more! In the beat! Save the poet!
Knowing not knowing this and that
leads to unknown in the however last!
combat the hat and keep the personal attacks
to a minimal as the Ego strokes its back
for this formless being of the Tao
has come back to Reality again somehow
it took time to sew the pattern right
but now I don't have to fight for the right
to be at peace
control relief
and be the stem of my own piece
of mind
this kind of time will hope to present
a controversial supplement
in the note of this exalted homecoming amendment
here is ends.

As we dance upon the seasons
Light, perchance, has no reason,
Just stringed heart compulsion,
Impulse to seclusion
Heightened awareness; never confusion
As we both come to see infusion
Betwixt and between our treason,
For faire light rain drops completion

As the song sings down a River
To the throng brings forward slivers
Past currents along the conclusion
That the Pillars are refusing
Those whose small passages are amusing
Tis like a spell painted word's solution
A canvas coloured givers

Like Prometheus, always losing a liver

Forethought, paternal existence exists
A dream upon awake is slept; - exit
The holographic realm in delusion,
To save oneSelf, no story compulsion,
Deus ex machina loses intrusion,
As freedom beyond, beyonder fusion
You see, my works persist
As long as the way insists

Lingering tis a noble right
As War brinks upon the Power's delight
Aye, the sWord; ignorance before Zeal
Promoting lifestyles in "harm the real"
All sentience feels, pain in the kill
As pushing death tis opening a seal
Yes, pandora's boxes blight
Without, the nightmare enlights

Dreams real or are the season's Fake?
All life essentially is, is give and take...
So does the dream take from you?
Or do you feel the rush coming through?
Thorough spins thought in clues,
Just as the fresh spring residue,
Along the blades whispering stakes
To reach for the sky, for life's sake

Is all this bad, is countered by hurt
It is why the rain collects dirt
To whitewash the mind's command
As dust-thoughts tremble, reprimand
These programs, and allow man
To reap as he sows, under sand
And above air, suggestion merit
Is litany below ground's inherit

Empty is this song, as speech
Is shown in text, what a grief
That these words are so such hidden
Coded beyond what is given
A haven close to sinning

As not being true to Self, that is living
In a nutshell, what lies beneath?
Is swirling seed's upon realms to teach

Tempest arising, thus the Phoenix
Fire churning as arising Spirit
Slams this One back to the ground
Just a hope that one hears sound
As fire's burn all that is around
So such doth thee confound
That spirits, lights and way esprit
So such does light go against the Abyss

Walking along, sideways path twirls wrongs
As cyclones, centrifugal to the axis
Neither give nor take insightful
Tis a journey to the tale yonder
In cauldrons, wels and goners
It sails alone, sky-thus-gone

Light in strife, tis a Chance
To reveal, my way, and dance
To thus and thus, no-longer
Sings harms rows melody soldiers
Can you see prisons train royalties?
The bargain price, bread for life,
What do you know it, sparta conditioning
Far behind the image you are previewing

Frames spliced as Euclidean Planes
Beneath the rudiments, Lion Rebirth
No longer Wool shaded Wolf; - Conder
Flies above me, tis a death sentence
To what minds do that wander,
Like, broke, but I keep it in check
To maintain through hardships jests
But aye, to ship beyond the roost,
A shack above, below asunder

Manifest ability to perceive
Within consciousness, nonlinear promotions
Like chaotic miracles, set in deep
Waves, like a crevice lost, weeping
It's song strings to the moon
Above beyond the lunar sphere
Tis morning-stair dwellings fear

So such a dance, multisensory,
Depicts motion as multidimensional
Infinite, laid laws by misery
Tis lucid, but a brush it arose
A spell nonwoven through
My being, nothing cursed
Reverse the gift, suspenseful
Release, just am a man I am

As we dive deep into waves
We praise the effort to swim
Tis perChance a comet recluse
Living in Tsunamis Atlantis
Dropped out due to an Asteroid,
Like this has synergy among
The verse of Everlong
A synergy unearthed
Present pressure saves reverse

Atlantis islands formation
Does it seem so impractical
Look at Dubai in Saudi Arabia
How can dust in time unwind?
It is just a window to a design
A hope for all to realize
Speaking relieves the connection

So to the deep lost within
comparable , fright along sin
Yet eternity is a bite in an apple
Backwards there did I travel
Thus and thus, tither
Did lost nations resemble
A purpose beyond salvation

Many things and upon coral reefs
Such do words worn impeached
That huge structures of energy
Can disrupt natural symphonies
Orchestrated orbits to ellipticals
Can you see fundamentals?
The waves are sound; doppler rebound
Of the first thought spoken aloud
Words are the bones of man
Through and through

Yet is there is a way
To sustain the journey?
Writing without a self clue
No-mind and non-being recluse
Yet nothingness allows profuse
Random acts of solar flares
Unaware, the tenth cannot lie
All information will combine
And promote the underlined

Sometimes, you can be so without
Of it, you touch that is within
A blade of grass cutting hair
Splign the soul's configure
And it shines when in deep
Cauldrons holding primordial soup
Yet Atlantis, some prisoners
Thrown in the songs loop
Yet what is the point
Of truth of heart in all this?
That true love returns and always exists

Slow down, let's take this one line at a time
Rapidly, it just flows like a letter online,
These lyrics are the example, a vine sample
From the deep well of underneath apples

Fuck it, let it go, nothing to hold on to
Just falling down the pit in random
Fits of screaming hysterics
My mind flow, shut off; now it's

Time to let it go, flow with the flow
I'm no judge, so why you judge tomorrow
I don't know why, but knowledge has to grow
So I write this verse in hopes to show

That some things come from nowhere
Manifested in the air, to bring us
To the clear blue sky, eternally
We see this, and now we, persist
In the delusion that "all must exist"

Burn it all, the trees, the land
The warriors, the call, the glands
Everything to fire, burning calls,
Bad decision? Nah, it's already lit

Fan? No your not, you just look
For ways to prevail in your arguments
Associate from dissociate, weak hearing
But stronger awareness clearing
The temperature, it is evident
That seeing stars behind the Sun
During midnight Zenith
Has it's own Crimson Stone

Now i'll tell you something nobody knows
If you can jog, your mind will fog
Out clear, when I start to flow, unplugged
Does the verse come, no opinion
Just a unique expression, never seen

You can't write this, you don't even know
I am the gift, delusional, narcissist
Hey, least i'm honest
Now what else don't you know
I'd kill this track with everything, Hello?

To smooth that last bar, beyond a'far

Gone far thus, never coming back
Just a version 24th in the pack
Head on collision, ego are ridden
In the hope that Reality never gives
You to your pain, reality is suffering
Tis to the pain, as you wish
I will show you the living gift

As the fire burns everything in sight
O wait, fire is already makes this blight
So tune in, feel the power alright,
It's all back to me and my sight

Jog your memory, that last subliminal
Synonym metaphors beyond the censorship
Beyond the yonder, wonder, and what is
Lies a hell you don't even know exists

How can I ode from over the veil?
It is because my boat has already set sail,
Bitch, don't check out my mast, it prevails
Through the stormy sea, not even a Wave
Can stop my Tsunami shocking praise

Critique? Unique? Performance of the week
Hold it, let it go, water of the meek,
Who inherit the Earth, yet worse
You clothed and fed this one's Hearth
So you did stroke a note with the Burst
Of fire attack, on the Dragon's
Back, don't ride this one, deep lyrics
Mysterious, nuisance? No bad decisions
Yet now I see that I was in no peaceful mission

Lead by example, but don't follow my role
For I am more than this world on whole
Come to me, I will tell you why, that
The living dead is all inside, so why
Do you need to go after the dead
It just seems that someone wants the bread

Bitch, check that, you didn't leave a tip
Last thing I remembered, was, hey, Hun your a creep

Fuck it, this is fire unleashed, eruptions
Of a volcanic magma underwater, don't bother
To even comment, for this poem is beyond Others
Anyone can take this track, and apply it to himself, in fact
I can even sing praise to that flower
Rather see that thank you, for the flower
Showers around Buddha and enlightens who sees

No limits, no boundaries, nothing but freedom of speech
You want to impeach? Tell me something I don't know
Memory just hit the right note, alphabet unload
So you can see, how the veil beyond

I been to the other side, you think pain of hell expanse
Throughout plasma and happenstances
Is beyond the love of this realm?
Nah dog, it is worse on the other side
For the fallacies I could utter, yet I lead by example
Just like the vine, the branch, the sour grapes ample

Sour grapes for sour wine, nothing but I am sunshine
Last time I checked, it took me 10 minutes to write this
You see that? When I see I work in wonder
Fuck wasting my time, comments mean nothing
Likes or what, who gives a shit, i'm just putting
This up because I've had enough, so you see
That knowledge can tell you something you don't know
That when you enter a shallow dance, know
That some things are greater than your small show.

Now I let go. Peace Bro.

Silence is a mystery
Active Infinity
Inside chambers Trinity
Alive Affinity
Outside locks Community
Accept Divinity

Heated Fire Dust
Stars Combust
Flip Script, Whats up?
Insignificant Rust
Self Gives Trust
Betray, your Crushed

Now here, nowhere to go
Present Flows
Harmony is music's rotundo
Truth Sorrows
Blackness hides Tomorrow
Never Follow

Take your own path to nothing;
Nothing Left
Everything to the right? Next
Blessed Rift
Gateway opening Test
Whose Perfect?

Comparing Hollow to Strong
Wills Everlong
Raven's sing, Crow's Wrong
Black prolongs
As Swords Words Along
White Companion

Red put behind, next in line
Align Time
Solstice breaks Sunshine
Moon's Hide
Dust in Craters Combine
Minds Aligned

The words write their own letters

Unfolding, emerging, as the alphabet
It combines rudiments, allowing
Distance between thoughts and temperance

The deep passion bequeathed of room
Doth thine knowest how shouldst should?
Or does one rely on the past could?
What leaves kindle for the fire's burning woods?

As ash turns to dust, so such do hourglasses
Tic toc away at nothing, but its own drop
For the sands move time, receding while it stops
And counts that words that rely on Seed Crops

Planted words and codes throughout
Life behind live without a doubt

Dream my friend, we walk away from this desert
Into the meadow, the forest, a plentiful
Amounted waves, upon far reaches Haven
Tis a spell, a moment, captured and saved

Pave the roads, with bricks, chisels and screams
Whip them alive, as matter disrupting
From pain inside, a dream awakening
In silence's chamber breaking, Shells,
The alive room in Set halls,
Before the mystery, alone and called
To woolen ways beyond followed,
And a passage of what has always hollowed

A Chance, you say, perhaps it shall be
A roll of the dice and a lineage per see
It is all in the hand, a strength fortified,
Call me a liar as the gut inspires
To take a chance, a gamble, a risk
To prevent all the happenings gift

Taking word to seriously, stressed
Out of breath, follow the test,
As each moment is alive

It will never defeat, fear retreats
As intuition develops complete
Survival is not physical
For magick rides the spell

Chaos upon the woven fabric
A time tis to roll the dice
Upon a Chance of luck, or strife
To thy pain, let there be no gain
As selfless love certain remains

Passion drops like the rain
Hitting roofs and flowing inane
Just as mana was a grain
Of sand tis the present land

Abraham's lot, forgotten among Stars
Star Seated in the design
To shower us with light every Divine,
Moment that moves us far
Away from here, to a place beyond
In eternity, a hopeless irony
That irons another blade,
Showing that it is the will that saves
Each of us, death from the grave

Walking silently as a river running,
Begin to sense the moment timing,
It is far beyond what is giving,
And moves yonder tethering
Us to this, a current streaming
From a Source, these words
A reflection aligning

Materialism is far beyond the reach
Of what Transcendentalism teaches
It is beyond yonder be, the sound
That compounds the beat into verse
But what have you been told? That
All these lines come rehearsed?
No the feeling switches from
Magma to silent wave commerced
Give into the sedative, a warming competitive
Movement of what is, longevity
Into the eloquent of syntax prodigy
Can't defeat methods of madness
Clincher the beginning, riddle the end
As something suspends, middle bend
Just lowering to the place when
We sphere to another reach beyond
Tis a fair haven I speak of
Imagination beyond the visual
A frequency the metaphorically
Sets a creative destroyer set free

The more man creates, the more Nature disposeth
And light decomposes, so such does matter deplete

Function that, along a timeline graph
Than infinite to the zero gravity splash
And anomaly pops in at least
Just in the singularity of a system, leashed
To the light of things that charm fantasy
To confused to see into the rarity
Entity that has gone and happened sterilely
What I know is, freedom is purity

Another pen, just writing, nothing new
Just another random clue
Morning dew, hits the curfew
Early to the bird, second worm
But never escapes the cheese

All these things, feelings, comprising

Radical refinings, alternating and designing
Permutations algorithmically combining
Words sublime, letting be redesigning
The way, nothing's singing fjords subsiding
As water washing, willing the aligning
Of Soul to Honesty, Surprising?

Flow slowing, feelings arising;
Fields harrowing the killing crimes,
Let go, past memories; mesmerizing
The tantalizing secrets, golden ticket key
Unlocking nothing, but everything
Allows new, old ways passing through,
Like a vibrational frequency denying
That which is, is not, everything lying

As passing points, denials paving
Rocks, segmenting the flowing industrialization;
Information subseeding into flowering
Fragrances that perfume the coalescing
Juxtaposition in dissonance, providing
That lyrics push you; inviting
A flow, immaculately denying
What isn't, proving indifference

To the Revelations, orbiting
Holographic imaginings, dreaming; awakening
Into the grounding lie, words spoken
Are speaking, choking, unwinding
The threads in myriads web,
As each string is conditioning,
Liberty is the ability to be free,
So experience this experiencing, alleviating
Stressful demises, slowing down, waves rushing
As a calm ocean residing
In a longing, currents to the moon
Fragmenting Earth as Heaven, allowing
Sources to be universal and arising
As a Phoenix burning opinions
Delicate rhetoric; pay attention
The words are codings and
From war and peace, this mind
Is minding mineral thoughts,

Illness? I think naught, as Loving
Self is received from Grace Above

Money keeps people
Motivated
Greed, Lust, Envy
Cultivated

Redirected

Walk simply along
Connected
Sand shore songs
Nexus;
Verse of Infinity
Perfected

Investigation?

Contemplation surrender
Oceanic
Clear blue sky remembered
Ecstatic,
No clouds suspended
Magick?

Beyond yonder

Silver streams somber
Rapture
King's dream chambers
Captured
The Furniture Matches
Stature
Not materials stashes
Fractured!

No-Knowing?

All this inside
Center
Heaven preaches
Mentor?
Aha! You are
Remembered
Underwill

never understood, why this hood, came to behoof
a cape, lightning escaped
twisted figure, mirage In Excalibur's Truth
push it to edge; Merlin's retake

Invocation, set the premise Brotherhood
light upon dancing a steady song
White Wizard shining; yet not gold
just some platinum coal

Alchemical, Jupiter splits, indifferent
Bacchus drinks, til ambrosia fit
Yet Death's Archer, comes experienced
shooting only steady; hit target, dead spot centre

The greatest lake, is the lake in one's Soul
Mother's Womb, no heat, just a cold enchant
salut, merci beaucoup, mon petit ami
For Thy Lady, thyne have swallowed my mistakes

This is the longest crush, but it's the drug-
Love, got it right in the open, never mugged
just stolen from existence, persistence insisted
that One, must believe they are always Love

The Cape of Brown, the Earth Mother
Has come to delegate the notion of another
Hades has traversed the Styx
And Apollo holds true the the river Lyxe
The Riverfront has been crossed, now
On the other side, of the shore, we amass

Druids Hail, Embark to the clearing!
Studying nights in frightful mirroring
Academia in rivers turning
Towards the highest amount of drawing
Dreams asleep but lucid spell asleep tis

Words upon Words, Dance upon Trance
Now the Wizard, this is my true name; - Chance
Rhythm, a contagious flu
But hasn't it brought me closer to you?

No heat, just a cold word flowing from the Home
within each of us, a cold front, like a ice-take lake
must be thawed from bottom up, cross up
for in the lines of what is, we must not lose out
for fact is, that this experience is direct
and who is any to neglect?

seeing back, rudimental beats in sticks rhythm
dancing prisons of times hold
for us Druids, are of the time cold
We come now aye we are here
Once everclear, Chance has notioned us
We have now separated the being
and we have partitioned the drive to raid
this allows us to see into the mad-mind-saved
like the blueprint that comes and just begins
the Druids, aye, we are, dancing from light year afar
we sit on moons, watching you like the Titans they are
Doors ajar, we can see you pondering many million questions
but when did the question arise? Or does the solution sit silent?
It's like the mysterious play of how innovation works
you see in the beginning the end of what is middle tworks
contortions and quarks, but in the middle you never riddle
Love songs, got me up all night, but the light on this blight
see the the past is like a example to be more now
but can't you see, the past is over, be now; awen.

Slowly, IT fades, into spaces beyond space

Grasping at nothing, how can one relate?
That an open hand, a peaceful land; see this
Warming touch of grace?

Magick each word performs, ceremonial dance informs
Chao, a havoc in itself, lost to oblivion
This fate holds us in prism, prison as man
Is each grain of sand!

Washing mandalas away, rebirth the cycle reborn
Transformed maybe, yet as a gentle storm
Leaves after the falls morn, tis a calm
Peaceful embrace; reformed...

So, where are the Pure Lands? A centers unrest
Always moving, along the firmament; blessings
A sound reverbs and redirects,
Thunder from the North West!

Laugh for joy, this is a gentle light,
That bygone pain, invites, pushes...sings
AH-LEE-AH-AHA, presence, reflects
Nobody is lost! Found respect!

Counter to the popular age, shut-down malleable
Forged on electronic waves, saves and swords
Surrender or be lost to this story!
Moksha is here, Architect dialect

Gateway, underwill, music felt before the bone
Ringing bells choir brings home, a whelp
Who wyrms among dragons, lineage
Sect, enforce POWA direct

As you see, deep within "this me", a sound
Reverbs against an echo, silent thought,
Forced through waves and currents
Can't you see metaphors?

A lake holds still against crashing waves
Attempting space, nothing's grave!
Don't worry, most will be back again!
For the wheel plans!

Pushed, shoved, crumble, tear down
Control, guess, worry, suffer
Doubt, fear, anguish, pain
All lost in footsteps

No rebirth, no death, unrest
Transmigration to the next
Plane and test, yet stay here
The arrow hits and is Set!

Backwards push on a bow string
Hearts sings, despair arising
As dancing hope testifies
Amen; pacify?

As the question, arises to doubt
Why ask? Reroute!
The mind to channel unio
Mystica non-even heard

As silence rings, so does
Nothing bring us up around
Down pulled into the
Thing-in-no-sound

Do you feel the depth?
Chambers conjured, labyrinths
Seeds minotaurs
Time holds us all

So sing sweet, never repeat
Invocations retreat, set forth
The Source as force
Forest makes both sound and silence

Answered riddles doppler waves
Thoughts arise from life and grave
Willed and subset
Life always re-invents

Eternal recurrence as testament
That courageous bravery

There is only force in conquest
Look how quick Sparta fell with no context

time-lines , Aleiah
Asherah Elohim
Every limb and tree
Axis of assemblage

Dark that room just envisioned
Below the below of sleep
Tortuous nightmare keeps
Us in vicissitudes!

We see you, a prophesied blue sphere
Green eyes and flowering
So touched a faun'
Upon a memory

Power is no force, only instinct
Against rapid discourse
Primal to the Tao
The unmanifest must come through somehow!?

So words evolved, meaning attached
Hold them at bay
And silence relapsed
Currenting beats

As rudiments and natural feats
That holds the tribe
And collects, confides
My work is the sword,
Surrender or bye

As an open eye
Can prophesy, do
Self fulfilling
Lines lie?

No, they pass us bye
And reform the lie
That are words, for
Experience is alive

And it is direct
No hymn or dialect
It consumes elements
And mind's projects

Deep in the seed, a Master
How can it sprout with no watering?
A Rayon Radical, sprouting unfolds
The teacher is in the code.

Consciousness is one to the next
Each act and performance
A contest, as survival
Is minds testing rudiment

As mind is a dark cloud
Unknowing eternity outloud
Is an hourglass
Rays pierce dusting away

The heat needed to die, rest
And see the hopeless
Attempt at knowing the mysterious
It is not a contest

For it is you against yourself
"I AM" is not even your face
Just some words made-up lying
Can't you see the narcissist buying?

It holds the temple at bay
And water waves lake stave
And cools the brain
Lovingness always paves

The moments in deep
Wells beneath water, wheels
Will enforce the conjuration
Or a talkless chorus.

The final page, a hope to
Beyond be the here now

Excuse to escape with mind
Hell is a knowledge fiend

Scholars are the worst kind
Dropping only dung-piles behind
No devachan to see, aligned
Krishna spoke that last line!

Words touching the let go
And moves the calling, who be?
A blessings? A sun? A comparative?
No-ONE!

Nothing as it is, all moves
Unrest moving, a Newtonian law
Centers still project
Centrifugal

Like a hub and spoke
Said I in that first line
So all we do is nothing
As everything combines

Let space be present, to align
Peace of mind, tranquil grasps
At all over the map,
AHA! Is the best

Word the excites the door
So as I leave
A rush of love forges
Magus beyond underwill.

All the real, all the real
I feel, I feel
Common through
Nothing appeals
To this or that
All alone
In a flat

Not the globe
But
A river intact
Soul fact
Inside maps
Linear graphs
Produce zaps
Smoke a zig
Remove the happ

Nothing came to be
Furiously
As the speed of light
Everybody began to see
Rapidly
Eyes and Rayons
Slept, Dreamt, Awake
Within the Dream

Sleep now or be awoken thus
Such and such to whatever is
Something like that, flow with it
What happens, happens, admit
That you deal with it, tis
A spell lucid oppressing us

For each word combined
Opens a new dimension aligned
From this to that, moment to crime
Is what makes all points sublime

To the Script, asleep and dreaming
Some things beyond the scenery
A light window opening a slight breeze
To the moment were feelings are felt
As a child see's the humbling
Something moves deep within the Sea
A motion Awake, a current, Tsunami
Atlantis death from a single Crevice Paved!

Friends with what is and not what is that
Friends in the hat and another chosen flat
What is to this as what is to that
Listen, silent, or you will lose the map

We take our love in dosage, closest feeling from
Here to there, always another playing farthest,
Flash it on, but bring on another, living in
A fantasy, a mysterious mystery, within
A thing that doesn't even exist, a falling in
Without a hook, line, or sinker
Just already were it is at, nothing new under the Sun,
Yet some know they are all the Sums

Some know that we are all light, information computed
Into a design matrix involuted, combining the abyss's
Byss that fabrics created words into forms and persists
That we insist energy always exist, yet word in the beginning
So the beginning is the word as energy, a formation ringing
Out from the first flash, flash it on me, we already are aligning
To the sphere music...

Words are like programs, they run our computer
We are like a knowing nothingness agent, resolute
On our own information genesis, a *deus ex machina*,
Yet affinity proves *Subspecies Aeternalis*
Power moves in all dialects; so the words that run
The way our being incorporates our perception
Turns the personality on a wheel but the sight remains
Until we return back to cycle One again!

The words can be math, but you see, does not "one"
Still exist as a word, so a number as you see is a word
Or a symbol that must be interpreted by the tongues
It was written or the word that we understand; Rosetta Stoned
That is the first printed rock that stood it's time alone.

The first monolith, constructed time, it is the pillars of creation

It is the reason why we talk, the void takes time to create
So the creation is the creator we perceive around as singularity
This opens doors to the mystery and windows trinity
Yet, the virus is the separation due to Babel; a language redirect
And all the forms, due to language beginning beginning,
Resulted into a reformation of all elements and exciting "things"
Thus, the reconstruction left layers of new realities due to recollection
Of paternal existence, resolving into this syllogism that even,
Forms are words, and words form the form.

As the forms grew from Ordered states of pure matter
So such did layers form into dimensional ladders
That can be walked, can be crossed, can be existed
Upon the will that shows vertical existence

Be calm upon thine will, deep realms forsaken
Do midnight seeds provoke illuminator mistaken?
Or does the Satori Revelation satisfy transmigration?
Or does the poor revoke the true insightful?
O well, all things in the revolution.

Wheel time will's music aligned, so as you see, the word
Flowed from the beginning, to beginnings and fjords
Crossed combined allowed various designs
To align and cross through the unveiled alkaline
That last line is riddle pH time

Few words to delegate the clincher
What a weak sum of serious things

On the low, tell me what you feel
Is it real, or do you deny the steel
That shapes iron as iron, man as hope
Everything singing along the strokes,
That paint a picture, without paint,
Just words on a canvas of hate!

Hate is never is, always presence still
But underwill, the currents chill,

Brings us back to the moment of our will
Everything comes back, you ain't gotta kill
Just let go and let the next day instill
Love in essence, always prevailing filled!

Empty is full, something totally Whole.
When we live Zen, it is an empty bowl,
That we only beg to fill with what is right,
For substantiation is of the blight!

What is right? Fuck everything, it's obsolete.
Defeated, but still holding in the absolute!
It just a come up, to be in the Run Up,
Went walking slow, it emerges abrupt!
And the come up? Well, strut your stuff.

This is work ethic, my method of paintings
In words and flows, just another story hating,
This killa flow, just another thing,
Think a thing and thing a think, slings
Of arrows pierce south, but do the Kings
Really need a Fool?

Foolish men are wise, wise are foolish!
For even the ocean doesn't know it is full of fish!
The stream turns it back, serpentine flow,
Tomorrow? Nah, strut it low
Keep a profile, writing synonyms
Quid pro Quo!

Never forget, what you know
Selling what is, to live on the low
Grip the 44, but place the back slow,
For when you grab the mic, you bleed slow
For the word's flesh, is always right, ya know?

Let's start rolling, fucking with me how?
Never know how, just always in the now
For presence just is like, o shit ya heated
Up to the fire, desire, just completed
How never was, was never defeated
Just pulled back and retreated, don't

Fuck with me now, feeling? Killing?
Feeling for the realist alive!
God damn, who am I? No clue,
Just letting it go with a residue

Break it down, know
That when we come around
Hold me down? Look down
Around, back again, tis
Reality escaping sound,
Echoing words, out loud
Is how the rhythm compounds

Here we are, just another flow, another take
Performance of late? Marginal, retake
That last line, it was fake as in the script
Compels life to be in the overwhelming
When you understand how to explain
Things that are unmanifested again
Is found within the star dust sand
Life sucks? Yeah tis better the the rough
Yet to be is suffering, in the pain we are
And by par, this is without a bar, just
First take, acted upon the wait...
Nothing really matters anyways, for
Recurrence cyclic is no good for thee

Thank God, as something can fall out of love
That it can easily be brought back again
But that is make believe, just some more words
Like lies that can't communicate, how I feel
So you see, life is overwhelming, to be
Me, this form, this body, this temple, free
To sing now, from that far shore Sea!!!

Waves rush over the still currents
But as the tide rips me apart
I sacrifice myself to myself in Heart

For how can I not love myself, when
Everybody is the same? Just replay
The versions of what we seen!

Patterns, we see, that in albeitley
Have not diminished in me

Just think about it, how can you think
When with the disorder I brink, upon
The Schizophrenia alignment dis-ease?
You think that is funny? No it is quite hell
For when you puke and bleed, from medication? Well?
Just think about it.

Dancing through dimensions of Words
Have you seen some black orbs?
Or tis weather that changes the Crown?
Or do you have to put me down?

I will never fall down, through the shadows
I walk with myself in myself, through the river
That serpentine against Te
Nobility tis a rare standard upon, the Key
That unlocks this feeling of "me"
eMotional Experience, that is ME
Too much on the mind, so now I unlock
Chapters of bullshit that I find
It like, i'd love to disappoint you, but I have brought it around
whatever you hear sounds

This is no good, this is no good
This is the Sea, the frontline to be
You can't even See, you are blind
To you own fantasy compelling thee
All in our own dream
That seamless from fabric woven
Does the chime of merry blast coven
Come thundering in lightning
A force as One
Until you are dying, well,
Since birth you are dying
You came in unborn
And leave without a fault

But a song tragic flow halt
There is what is suchness
To be, or see that blindness
Is all around the backlines
Sound, holds ley lines,

Please: Don't
Think about it.

Under the pressure of
What couldn't be understood

Stood up, walked out, kept
Without a doubt

Standard fee, complimentary
Is the pleasure thee

Ocean tides sway trees
Back and Free

Two steps back around
Silence's sound

Light orb shone in the light
Through the window

Sight on the other
Realm is rainbow

And can be shown
That river's bow

To the stern captain
Of the boats Row

Slave ship never
Without the whip

For when the Master
Hits, controls fits

States are here
And never there

Somewhere we just vibe
To the feeling

Of the Tribe
In the healing

Black beyond dusk
Swarming and teaming

Forward move attack
Slow back

Rewind the track
And allow performers

To take off the mask
And lighten the mood

Personality running free
Liberty essentially

What can you do
Other than

Put yourself in
Another's shoes

As enter the deep void
The lines below all things
That are and not
Come to be, as
Arising words, dimensions, that come
From afar
Ad lands beyond speeding light

Is where there is no bar
So what i see is the highest state
Radiate dates and entertainment relates
That death thy sting haunts in the clearance view
As a leftover residue
Keys into each morn refreshed dew
Like tith the pain is tethering love
But action results in consequence
Compassion was beyond
But what can we say in song
Nothing that moves us but along
It doesn't matter, words dimensions are spoken
And relate the swirl of what is
So as a move down the spiral called life

Deeper into the crevice the void
So close is it here
No thought frees the mind
And contains the sequence rarity
That jewels form in the lotus land
And never give away to sand

So what we see is the very place in the heart of man
It is so placed that it doesn't feel
But pain is all around the love
That never feels the thing so free
s o sing my heart, let loose be free

Another thing is just an assortment of things
So a lot from the sea
Which current are thee?

Divine flow within the hands of passing over the \depth of hell communicated\\long past\ nothing
lasts\complex and simple
Relapse

As we can only save yourself
So much lost in health
That gates closed to compassion
But truth floods out\la torrential downpour of words

Silence around nothing but a world so fair
Beyond the realm, the facade stares
Into yourself, a being in time,
Along this Seven Law Ray Design

For far to wide and sea beyond
The song is found and thus prolonged
From a verse inept in the beat
Do wizard power such do I speak

Tis riddle this me that you're in the
Middle of the riddle that stems the Te
A Virtue unfolding like a horse beyond 6
Tis another verse folded all along

So see this realm thus do we bare
Upon the steed the world so contrary
To be and such tis that it is
Betwixt the middle, the far shore exists

Windows to planes and orbs designs
Was fancy here this place the vine
To stem along Lankeia emerged
The depiction helix strong and curled

Ponder not too deep but float here now
A song, some spheres, some random how
A miracle perChance, I reveal tonight
The layers above beyond the flight

For luck so has fortune to ride the waves
Siddha completion of here now stays
A force that reckons tis to the graves

Deep under thought, the realm is dark
It layers and chambers so just start
To be and see the realms into
The realm we never visit and rule

The land in dark so shadows shape
A correction found deep below mistakes
It lays so deep in this grave chance
That song of Chronus is Hell expanse

So time moves along and destroys what is
A shiva to the moment tis glory give
But now Ganesh splashes so surround
The sound of silence so such I found

Krishna is the all, but so is the Love
But barren wastelands have no doves
Tis limbo nothingness, a state of groves
Were bushes grow but never sterile

To beyond the realm of revel state domain
Alter tis realm and here the fame
So here we know that things are gained
And well, nothing lesses sense in name

So no name or form in the emptiness
But alas, something tis so relative isn't it?
So you see, it is also is whole to complete
Nothing taken away or given in defeat

The horse so stems from the roots in blades
And sacred tis the journey set today
To lands beyond what we can show
Here me now as I bend the bow

Tis Set, a Taut beneath Styx
River of Life currents betwixt
Dark dogs haunt the mistaken lands
Beyond the sphere of pineal glands

But worse! Tis a fancy
Tis or that bestilled
You never get
What you want willed!

So fancy another riddle betwixt the sphere
That all the fancies given all clear
But non attained for nothingness reigns

And shadows just shape the deep ingrained

Like an hourglass counting the mirage of sand
Currents from Atlantis drift in manned
So here the rhythm, pulse beat flow
You mistake the poet who knows the Hormone

Between this to there and realms that far
It is real beyond with a one eyed stare
Just cause you can't see into anything but here
Doesn't mean the vision adjust to near

So far near close here now with that
Nothing in fact of a matter of fact
Tis a random chance that verses tonight
Have woven distaste from impervious blight

Unfold the realm tis here now rolls
A song unended tis glory stole
My will, my sake, my blessings fate
Thus be stilled, its a logos bait

Into the void, into the nightmare, into the retreat
Into the realms beyond the facade of defeat
Linear rows and territory glows in conquest
Like a Warrior Wandering in blessedness

To here, to there, to far beyond
To near, the voice, found within the song
For above, below, middle and throng
Is where the Author; divinely Strong;

Hercules can only tempt the fates
Yet words create dimensional gates
Like a Hydra continually growing straight
Don't bend the bow, or tempt the weights

Like little things that come from things here
And now are always relative in the clear

Absolute time, what a drag, stand near
For far and wide, Egoic Templates Cheer

That Arhats wish they could Dance
But Brahmin, a caste, a believable last
Shiva so enters and creates everlast
Yet Mu is in the closest perchance

What is this, we change the pace
Singing is always not a race
For flue of verse is contagiously replaced
By those who muse within disgrace

Low now, here it strong, back how?
Just like the place in relative
To the ways the delegate sedatives
Slow down time, all is negative

And forward positive changes
To the linear bar that wages
War on the spectrum of Light
For this is the Way of the Blight

Diving into the dark black Sea,
Temporally, depth fathoms me,
In the unmanifest unknown,
Even roots grow deeper than bones
Gold alchemical thoughts, quicksilver beings
Lightning figurines and thunders eclipse
Void static and dynamic in the Abyss
Picture this, nothing there, where?
Nowhere, but found within there,
Is a place of your face, unaware,
To what is around, the sound without
Awareness that becomes doubt,
For Ego only arises in Twofold
And energy designs the manifold
As thus energy's system is
What current takes and gives
From Source along the rivers time
Suchness a grape nor sour divine

That is ripeness along the central Vine
Growing from radicals and axioms
That grow from the first of man.

Courage it took, to first break the seed!
Inside the chaos, dragons lurking free!
Chained decree, only a gem to withstand
The sand upon sands, deserts mirages Truth
Is within the void, the central stable Noose
It is found where the body resists
And becomes nothing until it persists
Again in some river and grain of dust
As dust this away, put it into words
And this allows what disturbs fjords
As water currents refresh over fires
Desire and continually flaming mires
That are the bogs and swamps
As we know, nothing decomps

Love returns, stays, takes away
Losing itself to everything plays
Life into the mysterious way

Apollonian light and Dionysus crafted
Verses and Pillars drafted
Into the hidden revealed from sight
Behind the veils, the rays admit
That things give into the verses drift,
Current sands from Atlantis wisped
To the orbs that keep them under Sift

The orbs! O yes, the rays of sun captured
Into the form that goes beyond rapture!
So light upon the chance of that, gods
Are with the Rod in fact, and beat upon
The drifting time, a key was found in my mind!

This key, an unlocked door opened~
No key needed, all you gotta do
Is walk through, into eternity, taken this
Away to another realm from the drift

See, the current of sand changed the grain

And a new settlement began in my brain
This me I am is not me I am not but some same
Things reside in the factual life that is remained

Wait, who was that again? Was it lost
Or am I just drifting in all this frost?
Cold heat burns the warm snow around the Los
In the realms beyond the ALbion's coast sought
A far shore, nothing really, walked it before,
And the Front thought it was living!
Dead men walking with the slithering
Ways of man and man of ways that configuring
New words so dimensions open into conditioning

You see, what I write, comes to be
I am the Architect controlling my reality
I can write, I can be, I can design
But it comes back to the Krishna Sea

The form I behold, the being of all beings
Time is being, so all beings are time
So destroyer, creator, creation
Are all of the same draft

Point to the moon but you are still looking between space
For betwixt your point and the moon is the place
That the middle ground of reality is faced
It is no disease, it is beyond harmony
Beyond beyond beyond
What an over used song

What is beyond? Now here is in the song
Beyond simple means what is not revealed
But all is here now so how is it not?
Just tune into the information field
That is all, just some digits to code
To words to emotion to freezing cold
These things I know, forgotten they are
For it is in the high life I found myself

Boredom, that is why these thoughts occur
You think I write for you? Nah, arrogant
Is part of the charm, all along

I know what I do, but I am not what I do
My body is just a walking residue
The thought and being inside
Has never changed, only point
Of reference goes up or down
There is no good or bad
Only up and down
Which way are you gonna go?

Do you feel up to it?
Or are you down?
To do it or the ground?
Results the zone into laziness?
Love is action, not the root
Of doing nothing, refute?
Or can you see love moves things
And reality is still moving....

Be still, and the Reality wills
Around the central fire the desires
Nothing but its own calm
Like the forest after dawn
In the warm delight of summer light
Along the solstice of full moon blight
Dances the songs of all animals
Who are rabid in their own channel

Feel it, there is so much more to what I say
But in words, how can you relate?
It is lost to date, the many ways
That I see into the other things
But how do you know that
Lineage has chosen me?
Who knows

All I know
Is I know nothing
And that is
A lot
Really

Clouds just pass us by, like the water raining over the kingdoms of Heaven. They shower their simple song along each droplet as tears from the ocean. Amidst the mist is found even the most clear sight, in essence, the luminosity of the tide taking one away, to lands far beyond, yet right here, held accountable in the mind, remembered from past days as old recurrences along the timeline we call life.

To be above the clouds above us, only God will judge us, for in the rain, even acid can come back down to Earth.

As Earth is our Grave, and so such is our Heaven our Life, we have to see that on this Planet, the key issue is to survive. It is no other way, for even Darwin noticed this.

Survival of the fittest, yet who's the fittest? Can you define what is weak and what is strong? Each is a judgement we place upon others, just as the rain can be judged upon itself from what Source it occurs in and where it develops its storm. Even the greatest calm is before and after the storm.

To love, aye, to perchance risk the flight of clouds. Travelling across prairies and mountain ranges, conversing with the wind, playing within the atmosphere with the biosphere.

Is not love water? We are 8/10 Water. So that is 8/10 the level of Water more than 2/8 of what is left over. How is nothingness made? Simply shown above that the genetics 2/8 of what is processes as a remainder and flies beyond the clouds, and rains itself in anew.

Life is suffering, suffering is dukkha, Dukkha is mind spinning and all the chitta that develops from the improper use of latent abilities.

Some people use these abilities, to survive, yet in the survival of the fittest, there is always someone stronger. This is the law of influence, so if you are weak, another is strong, as the other way applies to. This is in motion with Newton's Law of Equilibrium.

The time line only influences the patrons upon the remembered past. As holding onto this past will pass us by. There is no reason to harbor negative judgements past the relevance of what has occurred. It has occurred so why stay in acid rain when intelligence has given Earth to us to thrive upon. And that is Good.

Nothing is evil; does the ocean complain to us about plastic and oil?

Just think beyond the fundamental human concept and one can begin to see the whole interference of Universality. This brotherhood, noticed by some, shines its light to those who don't. Free your mind, your mind, it is never on time.

Clouds rain, rise again, so does praise, although it always complains. Be your own smiling positive potential.

Back and forth, to and fro
Around the show, completion no?
Or just little bid do we go?
To another globe, simulation reject
Tis a flat earth, Truman show
Rehearsed, spheres around conversed,

As a turtle on the sea
If a globe would randomly
Fall into the sea, contriving
That, a flat station
Would negate transmigration
Plane on Plane; level on level
By the devil, below the sound
Everything comes skybound

To the East West and back to
From the ride we neglect
For if the Turtle seen, a city
Above, below the now rolling,
Like a wheel performing!

Circus act, late night combats
Returning facts, that never mask,
The persona marked by ash,

Yet switch it back, if globe in fact
Would not sometime hold, it to
The Turtle? Chain reactions,
Atoms pulsing distraction, along the flows
Happen, it just dissolutes attraction,
Without a silhouette traction,
As a push could pull it down,
Fantastic! The Glove under the

Sea me now, it is deeper than
The Crevice, that holds the secret
To the Entrance, heavens inside
The Earth, from the North South Address
Ambient lit suggest Mu, you knew?
But something new to the
Flow cleared, yet; as mentioned
Spheres common redirection

The spheres held magick Atlantis
As gravity pulled the globe of the back
And the golden egg was closed off
It was hatched now, and is released
Somewhere deep underneath,
Is were the center is
Rumbles in the Deep.