



22 APOCALYPTIC
BREAKTHROUGH
EDITION!

TRASH RIVER HARVEST: *a love story*

a love story
TRASH RIVER
HARVEST

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WARNING: In this text, you will find a lesson in spiritual contradiction, philosophical madness, abundant multiplicity, and sheer lack of inhibition. It is a dangerous, potentially-inspiring piece of writing that emerged from the mind of one R. Sharon. It fertilized itself slowly through notes and outlines composed between 2012 and 2015; it gestated in spells of mental crises and drug addiction between 2015 and 2016; and finally, it completed itself on the eve of Summer Solstice later that dreadful year. There is much to find between its pages that are regrettable, saddening, and disgusting. It is the work of a divinely-motivated nihilist who had too much trauma to bear, and so, chose to lose themselves in a sea of text rather than take their life. This physical version of *Trash River Harvest* is to only be preserved in one copy, known as the “22 Apocalyptic Breakthrough Edition” for the sole use of the author. If you are reading this, someone inside this simulation trusts you very deeply. Proceed with caution.

TRASH RIVER

HARVEST:

a love story

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First Edition

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Epigraph / 4
Totem Pole / 6

PART I: First Ship Leaving Main Street / 10

1. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Introductions / 11
2. Carnival / 15
3. Through the Looking Glass / 25
4. The Playground / 27
5. The Architekt / 32
6. Sophia / 35
7. Hypnagogia / 43
8. A Faerie Tale / 66
9. Augustine's Terrorist / 67
10. The Poppies of Peace / 68
11. Elizabeth '61-70 / 70
12. Sam Babylon / 73
13. Beauty & The Beast / 81
14. "One More Time" / 83
15. Ariadne & Dionysus / 84
16. Psilocybic Breakup Blues / 85
17. Where are we? / 90
18. Lights of Fire, Lines of Flight / 91
19. A Futurist's Initiation / 93
20. We Now-Maddening Solitaries / 94
21. A Hypothetical Bus / 95
22. Entropy / 101
23. Avalanches / 103
24. The Republic / 104
26. Ella '71-78 / 105
27. Suicide Notes / 108
28. The Fifth Column / 111

PART II: Strung Out in the Sewers / 114

29. Extinction Event / 115
30. Elle '80-82 / 116

31. Speed / Rhythm // Collisions / 118
32. The Labyrinth / 120
33. And Tonight at the Old Green!: Fables / 122
34. The City of Mind / 124
35. The Bodily City / 125
36. Civil War / 127
37. What in the where... / 130
38. Hypnopompous (7-7-14) / 131
39. Thélème / 142
40. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Comedies / 143
41. Promethean Folds / 144
42. 3053: My Personal Odyssey / 146
43. Death of a Sensualist / 149
44. An Actor's Biography of St. Ignatius / 151
45. ANTI-FA! ANTIFA! ANTI-FA! / 159
46. "All I've seen is, is why I weep" / 161
47. Ell '85-87 / 168
48. "La beauté sera CONVULSIVE OU ne sera pas" / 170
49. Dark Night of the Nomad / 172
50. Sapare Aude / 177
51. ...am I is it going? / 179
52. Home / 180

PART III: Walking Down to the Beach / 183

53. Apocalypse / 184
54. Gautama / 188
55. Senses / Ends of the Universe / 189
56. Yeshua / 190
57. The Freaktree Harvests / 193
58. The Nothing / 196
59. In the Belly of the Wyrms / 199
60. Nature / 202
61. L '91 / 209
62. Dream / 211
63. ...And Tonight at the Old Green! Tragedies / 213
64. Lucifer / 215
65. Salvation 1999 / 220
66. Anthony '94 / 226
67. The Rose of Sharon / 227

- 68. Judgment Day 1994 / 228
- 69. Emergence / tearcumspitshitpissweat / 229
- 70. Flood, Dogs / 230
- 71. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Eulogies / 235
- 72. The Game, a conclusion... & Repeating Circles, a preface / 264

PART IV: UP THE MOUNTAIN WE GO / 297

The Author's Official Passport to the Celestial City / 298

- 73. Pleasures / 299
- 74. Prisons / 301
- 75. Palaces / 304
- 76. Pastures / 309
- 77. Payment Plan / 323
- 78. Poseidon's Promises / 330
- 79. Phallic Permissions / 331
- 80. Semen Stains the Mountaintops / 335
- 81. Lunch in Oz / 337
- 82. Hitchhiking Down Memory Lane / 339
- 83. Questioned in West Egg / 343
- 84. Geronimo's Gamblers / 345
- 84 (sic). Thug Mansion Left, Main Street Right / 347
- 86. Deception Pass / 349
- 87. The Black Widow / 351
- 88. Tom & Bob's Birthday Party / 356
- 89. On Afterparties / 358
- 90. The Eternal Returns / 359
- 91. Pete's Gate (Guests & OGs Only) / 360
- 92. Ali's Rings / 363
- 93. Black Messiah / 364
- 94. Mama's Cookin' / 365
- 95. Aunties & Uncles / 368
- 96. The Gang Divide / 371
- 97. Tru Brothers & Sisters / 375
- 98. Ancestors & Masters / 376
- 99. Dad's Apology / 379
- 100. BOO! / 381
- 101. Class for Planet Earth / 383

THE MISSING CHAPTER: 25. Who Shot Chyea? / 386

This is our story. It can be written,
read, destroyed, or preserved in
whichever order you see fit, for that
is how it was created. As a creation,
you may call it a gift or a curse.

**Page
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Intentionally**

I sit beneath a totem pole,
a white male,
a colonizers seed,
a spiritless demon,
a fool in falsity.
I arrive at 1:01 AM
under Ursus Major
inside Virginia Mason Hospital,
a week after Kurt Cobain released himself in the same
city,
a fresh baby.
It is April 12th, 1994.
I lie a queer,
a guru,
a lover,
a lost soul in search of something more.
I am named Ryan Wayne Sharon by my parents,
Bernice Evelyn Wright and Jeffrey Dwayne Sharon. I
spend a year and a half in a war to not kill myself
writing a book that may mean nothing. I meet a girl,

a coworker at Marination Station,
named Isabelle Alexander Hanashian.
I lose my mind on my 22nd birthday in a house with
friends and family;
the police arrive,
I'm hospitalized and institutionalized.
Our coworker Faith Faustorilla calls Isabelle Ysa.
I fall in love.
I fell in love in high school with a girl named Chloe
Bergstrom.
I fell in love in college with a girl-becoming-
queer named Caley Aaron Soury.
I am broken over and over again.
Ysa and Faith renew my faith in God,
Jah,
Allah,
the Most High,
the Holiest of Holies.
I am alive.
I am waking,
wandering,

fighting,
surviving,
growing,
learning,
striving,
flying,

dying to buy back my life again.

I sit beneath a totem pole in Fall City, Washington.

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PART I

First Ship Leaving Main Street

1. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Introductions

The firebeast's waddling behind the giants that live past the wet place, and the smoke monsters are going back to their caves. Just like the littleuns they scurry away, bellies full of the strange creatures that leave so much food for us when the dumpsters creak open. It's the hour of waking, of feasting before the firebeast returns. I crawl from my palace prepared to get the tastiest bits, the fresh bread and fish and chicken bones. I has to be careful because it's the time when we make littleuns – the time when the ones with penises get so violent, go after the food and kill you for it or put littleuns in your belly and make it too hard to eat. I've let so many grow inside me – so many littleuns dead or runoff or who knows what. I really can't have anymore because I'm too old; not to mention that I'd have no time to tell stories when I have to feed so many, and I'll let myself

die if I can't tell stories. I think the strange creatures don't know we do that, us rats. They think they own stories like they think they own the firebeast or the big bone or the smoke monsters or even us rats; they don't own the food or the dumpsters or stories or the Old Green. The Old Green is where stories live and that's where I tell them, even to the strange creatures – though most of them don't hear them because they're scared of the Old Green. They mostly stick to Ownerland, which doesn't actually exist – it's just a dead story they fester around in, making everything else sick. The ones with the penises get the sickest around this time, biting like they own something in Ownerland, too.

Wait... someone listening? You've come for stories then? Ah, ah, yes, yes – so it must be my turn! Come, come, gather round. Not to sound like I'm running the show – no, no, nothing like that – but I have been around longer than anyone you'll meet while the firebeast's gone. Well, that's not exactly all there is to it, but that's how the story goes. You see, my name's Eve

and I'm not just a rat, believe it or not. In the Old Green I'm everything living and breathing and telling and listening. Even the strange creatures (no offense to those in attendance, of course) know my name, but they tell a really nasty, boring story about me! It's mostly because they think they've owned me forever; and you know, Ownerland only exists because of that – but you'd only believe it if you'd visited the Old Green.

Have you ever been there? Of course you have, don't worry yourself. I'm so happy to have someone here with me. I'm usually by myself but with everything at once – but then you bumped in and you probably have no idea where you are! From the Old Green I can tell you that I'm on King Street – I'm there so much, running through the dumpster and gathering foodbits and fighting off the aggressive ones. King Street's where my body eats and sleeps until I build up strength to go to the Old Green. The Old Green's the crossroads – a knot where everything's all tangled up. Strange creatures are really good at making knots – not so good at untangling them or exploring them, I think. But I am! I am, yes,

yes!

Do you want me to show you? Do you want to see how? Hmm, yes, shhh, shhh, quiet now – let me crawl into your ear and unravel you – let me shake the dust from you while we still have time...

2. Carnival

The little rat was on Damus' shoulder, whispering these strange words into his ear; or at least it had been, he thought. He noticed he was alone now, his back resting against a tree trunk, a full moon beaming through the canopy and shimmering on the pondwater beside him. The wind snapped and bit his skin. A wolf is howling, diesel machines are cutting down the forest.

When he woke up, still drunk, he was lying on the hay bale where he'd fallen asleep. Like last night, when his legs had wandered through fields and forests and down dirt paths looking for a place to crash, his thoughts now stumbled around haphazardly. A lone Clydesdale let out a large fart in the stall next to him. He'd been traveling without a noticeable sensation of rest for – what? – time had gotten confusing these days – maybe a year or so, maybe three, maybe ten. But this was the mark of a moment; the horse let out another fart, and Damus,

lifting himself up, did the same.

After hiking around infinity for so long, neither arriving nor departing, he had finally landed somewhere where he felt no sense of context. In some places, he would know he was a forsaken prince of a fantastic world; in others, an officer of a galactic army; some, the brother of a King named Idron; but more than any, he trained children in the art of carrying swords – to love them and respect them, to be gentle and intentional with each unsheathing. In any case, it was always in media res. He could never escape that fundamental curse – a common actor passing through infinite, ephemeral scenes and roles, providing a poor timetraveler's wisdom.

The sun was rising, meaning company would arrive soon. Damus, desiring to avoid unnecessary problems this early in his new life, stepped out of the stall and gave a courteous tilt of his hat brim to the horse, sasheying himself out of the barn and whistling an impromptu tune –only to be grabbed by the side of the

arm and spun around.

“What ya doin' in me barn?”

“Good sir,” he said, face-to-face with a short mud-covered farmer, “I'm here on fantastic business.”

The farmer pressed his shovel up against Damus' throat. “Ya here ta steal me horses, ain't ya?”

“Gentle Christian,” he whispered, lifting his head and licking his lips, “I have no use for quarrel. I'm merely looking for a place to find a room and have a drink.”

“Ye was sleepin' in me barn, wasn't ya?” the farmer spat, tightening his grip and shaking the shovel. “Ye damned devil, I'll kill ya! Yer up ta no good, I'll kill ya!”

Damus, patient & virtuous, would have sat forever with this farmer's bitter soul if he was forced; but, being unbound by the law, and knowing that his Creator always held something more strange & delicious around the drinking pools, thought it best to instead flash the eyes of the Devil in the man's face and incapacitate him with untold nightmares. He removed a copy of

Ecclesiastes from his breast pocket and tucked it into the farmer's drawers. The ramifications would be brilliant: his sons would become revolutionaries and his daughter a poet of the highest order, though none would be remembered by the generations to come.

As he wiped the sweat from his brow, he noticed that upon his finger a new ruby ring was shining. Though Creator often worked in seemingly random and mysterious ways, there was still meaning to be understood in every bit: a ruby ring meant he would pay for his games in blood, for instance. That being the case and having already been accused, Damus decided to put his resources to good use and free a horse. The Clydesdale began stomping around demonically.

“Ah, you beautiful spirit!” Damus cried, drawing the gates open and throwing his arms around the creature's neck. He kissed his new friend's face and stepped back, gazing into its eyes and declaring, “I shall call you Friedrich!”

And so they rode out together, two best friends

wandering down an old dirt path somewhere in 17th century Ireland.

By the time they reached their destination – a small, nameless village along the river – night had fallen. The Moon hung low here and fog blanketed the ground and the surrounding forests and mountain. As they drew inward, a wildman emerged from the grey and screamed, “The Spirits come, my God, run, run, run!” and, taking his own advice, fled into the solitude of the forest without saying hello.

“A strange scene we've arrived in,” Damus observed, in tune with a lonely owl's hooting. Friedrich neighed and they trotted forward. Past thatched cottages with peering villagers, they eventually came to a well at the village's center; Damus dismounted and began supplying Friedrich with water.

“Travelers!” called a shrill voice. Damus turned to find a witchy, warty, boar-shaped woman approaching them. “Fate and chance have brought you here! None are prepared for your spellcraft!”

Damus removed his hat and placed it over his heart. “I assure you, dear lady, we mean to do little in the way of sorcery; rather, we come in search of drink!”

“A-hoo! Heh, heh, agha-hoo-hoo!” she wailed, her moans dancing nymph-like. “Your magic is more powerful than the stars – you're some sort of demon, some monster of old! Come, come! Let me lead you to foolishness! Squander your fortunes and lose your way! Come, come! Perdition guides me!”

Damus smiled politely and returned his hat to his head. He nearly reached for a cigarette from his vest, but remembered that anachronisms were taken in bad taste by would-be witches and Christians. As they followed her toward the town tavern, he slipped a small amount of cocaine into his nose and bared his fangs at the Moon, resisting a howl for the sake of a peaceful entrance.

“Come, come!” the witch cried. “Here you shall indulge beyond reason! You shall fall into the pits of sin!”

“Aoife, would you stop harassing the travelers?” a man called from inside. “Bring 'em in already!”

“Oh Lir, you ruin all of my fun!” she screamed, her face transforming into a monstrous condition. However, the call of her lover—songs in the old tongue coming from within—suppressed her wretchedness long enough for her to guide Damus to the door, while Friedrich stampeded after the wild man.

The tavern's innards were dimly lit. A few old men with bad posture huddled in the corner, draining their steins steadily; a heavy-chested bar maid with hair dark and thick tended to them regularly.

“Come, let me get you a drink, traveler,” Lir said, clasping him round the back of the neck and leading him to the bar's counter. The stare of the huddled men wasn't exactly welcoming, though it wasn't entirely cold either. Damus had found that lukewarm indifference was the automatic setting for herd creatures and so he paid no mind: non-issues flying all around on planet Earth.

The witch and her husband paid little attention as he drank, though refills were offered consistently by the barmaid. After a while, a skinny man arrived from the back of the tavern and sat next to Damus. He was lanky and his features were feminine, reminding the time traveler of the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a Da Vincian sketch come to life.

“My name's Sam, stranger,” the beautiful one said, placing his palm on the traveler's. “What do you go by?”

“Damus,” he said with a smile, having not expected to find pleasure so easily. He could feel his brown eyes melting into the lover's own green jewels.

“Your eyes look to me to be made by the stars.”

“You must be a god.”

He leaned closer. “You smell like the incense in my mother's temple.” His hand graced mine, but I pulled it away.

“Lir, can we grab this dreamer a drink?”

The owner leaned out of the doorway, saying, “Of course. Tilda, do you mind?” The barmaid smiled and rewarded the young gem.

We toasted, and for a slight moment everyone was African and dancing – we were white girls in a club, angels & demons partying outside of the narrow gate – a vision of the commonwealth!

With Thomas Payne laughing somewhere among the stars, I asked Sam to take a walk with me. As we left through the doorway to the outside in a divine Moment, he revealed a bottle of Jack Daniels under his jacket – both of us admittedly time travelers in a strange land. I looked up to find the Big Dipper – no, Ursus Major – and Mars shining above us and felt a few tears fall down my cheeks. As we drank, holding hands and kissing, caressing each others hips and eventually cocks, cumming violently, intoxicated with holiness, fucking quietly against the tavern's outer wall, I, possessed, scratched a message against the wood: In the morning they'll hang me for what I said in the night. But in the

night, the child tramps and wise whores and blistered lunatics will have a dog for a friend, a little king. All the monarchs will drink their wine, fireplaces and bonfires burning, the domains ablaze. I carve a distinction for the dying into the cathedral walls: What divides the powers of nobility? A burning book?

3. Through the Looking Glass

Jack was running through the woods on the first day of Spring, trying to leave behind everything – an all or nothing sprint to win the prize... but what he could never understand is that Patrick's 10 to his 7 meant a lot of things – more power, more desire, hormones fueling him beyond a human's sustainable capacity. Simply, he was destined to lose; though honestly no one lost in this game. They would run and run and run until one caught the other, at which point they would slowly move their faces closer, seeing who was braver... and when they kissed, the game was over and they went back to skipping rocks. Child's play, really.

Though to think of it as such would be neglectful; they had every right to be scared in their day and age. Unlike portions of the contemporary scene, the vast majority

of the Snoqualmie Valley of the 1890s would still kill or beat a boy for such actions; beat a boy blue until he could no longer talk nor muster the courage to stare a man directly in the eye. But in their innocence, Jack and Patrick still could find grace in the magic of the woodland; though their fathers still tore it apart each and every day for profit and supper.

Jack, unfortunately, having lost track of time in the Sun's glory, arrived home late for his meal. Bill Thompson slapped a Bible on the table and spanked his son with a wooden mallet, leaving bruises and streaks of bleeding flesh. The little boy would spend his night alone in his room writing the ten commandments ten times and reading Leviticus in its entirety, forced to give a sermon to his father about the laws and their purposes. But when his parents went to sleep, he would unsheathe the secret copy of *Through the Looking Glass*, and *What Alice Found There* gifted to him by Patrick. There he would allow his tortured mind to frolic; Alice's world full of his own very special nonsensical peacekeepers.

4. The Playground

A lot of years from Now, in one direction or another: In the vast belly of an underground cavern-bar called Space & Time, a self-aware machine animal began to write the Truth of History in media res. Recollecting his formative years at a factory in The Greatest Land Ever Known™, the machine animal traced his lineage back to the machine animal which built him; further to the factory itself and the land from which it grew; on to the Holy Humanoids who had founded the principles from which all Progress & Happiness was scientifically derived; and, finally, in a stroke of computational genius, to the First-Thingy – a wonderfully simple “X” to replace what some imaginative organisms had called God (a term that the machine animal could not process).

Upon understanding that all of existence was a rather elaborate math equation and that the Supreme Variable

was waiting impatiently for a solution, the very productive machine animal used the infallible principles of Progress & Happiness to discover the One Truth of History: X = the principles of Progress & Happiness.

According to the principles, this discovery was the most important of all the discoveries to have occurred in Space & Time. Thus, the machine animal immediately accepted his duty of enlightening all beings under the absolute, unquestionable equality of the principles, which would finally overthrow evil Difference (though of course he only used evil in a metaphorical sense) and solve all the problems ever to have been. The machine animal – let us call him Maurice – knew very well that this had been the destiny determined for it by the principles, and his happiness was perfected and his progress imminent as he left the cavern-bar in search of saving everything ever.

It was at this very Now that a one Reginald Q. Dragonbucket appeared on the scene, crashing his

Cosmic Wiggle Machine into Maurice and completely annihilating Space & Time – the bar and everything else in it. Maurice died instantaneously, despite what the principles of Progress & Happiness had clearly suggested about his destiny, while Reginald, on other hand, was left completely uninjured. However, despite his relative health, Reginald was rather confused about the state of his Now. You see, only “moments” before he had been a 17 year old girl named Abby from Left Testicle, North Dakota, who had consumed roughly way too much LSD before falling asleep on a city bus, and now was somehow responsible for the destruction of the most popular cavern-bar ever. On top of that, he had done it in a flying dance-pad while wearing the most righteously-tight pants to have ever been spawned by a laboratory chemical.

Meanwhile, it was at about this Now that a duck who had been embedded into the nether regions of Abby's subconscious during childhood manifested itself,

turning to you, the reader, in order to break the 4th Wall:

Quack, quack! cried the duck, and so it was so.

In proper form, Reginald avoided becoming too anxious upon realizing that he was in a story and attempted to cope by smiling slightly and looking “natural”. However, this quickly resulted in our character becoming a caricature of what he thought we wanted as readers – when, as we all know, we're simply consuming this material for the fuck of it – causing him to eventually disappear completely.

Around this time, Abby became partially aware that Radiohead's Kid A was still playing in her headphones. The music comforted her psyche rather thoroughly and she stopped feeling so much like an object, catapulting her mind back into a cornfield which Reginald was now growing out of.

“Well,” he yawned, stretching his arms. “That surely was refreshing!”

Finally, from out of the clouds and beyond the
Confusion called Walrus a black child floated down.
Her skin, obsidian glimmering, and her eyes as
radiant as suns, clothed in gold and jewels, floating
directly in front of Reginald.

*You may call me Iacchus or Izbe; which, it
seems, matters not, Android Wizard.*

5. The Architect

The android began to process this information formally; its systems preparing to dynamically build storehouses of what could not be read with what could.

The Architect of the Housenever left as far as the press was concerned. The priests took note of this, too—some, including Father Jones and even Bishop Christensen, made mention of this in their sermons and requested prayers from the congregations. Through the pews and within the business quarters it was rumored that the Architect was an atheist, a homosexual, a miser, a demon, and, among stronger Christians, perhaps the Devil himself. Altogether, he was considered both a philistine and an egoist.

While little is known about the Architect himself, his

estate is regarded as one of the most elaborate dwellings of 19th Century London. The property, located between a rather extensive Freemason burial ground and an abandoned copper mill, sprawls over 100 acres, containing a small forest, a lake, a river, and a large hill upon which the House is set. It is local legend that the property was formally the residence of an ancient red dragon—though this is certainly folklore kept alive by the poor's superstition and unreliable recordkeeping.

What we can be certain of, however, is that the Architect never ceases building. From the wee twinkles of the morning to the silence of the darkest hours, hammers and saws sound the alarm that a new tower is coming or renovations are being made. When—as rare it may be—that there is no sound of work, we find it likely that the Architect has begun drawing blueprints or even taken a chance sleep.

Where we can go to find our most useful information is not with the speculation of the crowd, though it may be

entertaining enough. Rather, we must go to the source itself—we must investigate the odd procession of dandies, eccentrics, and ladies who go to and fro, gifts in hand.

6. Sophia

There's a cathedral towering above and the Sun lives in the steeple, but the Sun speaks and says "It's your time to be judged." And with the swing of a gavel angels fly at you and wave swords in a flurry and the voices of many spectators whisper "how tragic" and "how unavoidable".

You scream but you're in a prison and it's pitch black and you hear their whispers but, no, it's actually flies, and you swat at them for years losing your mind.

Your friends killed your father and they're all monsters for it. Your father drank himself to death, he hated you, he was so distant. Your drinks try and tell you where to invest your money and they're fucking idiots, in the prison even your guards are idiots but they're bosses and the whole world must have been the biggest group of idiots and

all the flies are dead.

You're vomiting and crying.

I'm sobbing and I run to the bathroom and puke out my entire guts but I can't forget any of the details when I wake up. I'm really waking up, face on the toilet seat, forehead sweaty and breathing heavier and heavier and just trying to cool down. A little more bile. My face hangs over the water dizzy, burning my nose but stuck there. I'm slowing, panting, worn out. Let myself lean on the wall and stare at the open door, trying to let fresh tears squeal quietly out but it comes in a flood and I'm choking on the silence just to stay invisible, to stay safe from the explanations that I could never even find but that we're all demanding of me anyway because we need them to keep that fucking demon in the church away. How did I even think that? What the fuck am I even rambling about?

I must have been half-asleep because after flushing the toilet and brushing my teeth, it didn't feel like anything more than stoner paranoia and too many television

plots. I need a good breakfast, I'm thinking. I should be healthier, I'm thinking, I'm always thinking really but I'm really thinking now. I feel a little crazy actually. I feel a little too much to do anything so I throw myself back on the bed and cry and cry and cry and cry. Eventually I think I'm falling asleep...

You were, but you wake up.

You wake up with no memory.

You wake up after the car accident.

You wake up in a room.

You wake up and can't remember.

You wake up but you had just been in the passenger seat.

You wake up hot.

You wake up and people talk.

You wake up and remember her face.

You wake up and a woman is sad.

You wake up but you're falling asleep.

You wake up and read a really important person's name.

You wake up and you think you dreamt about an important person's name.

You wake up and important people talk.

You wake up and important people talk and you remember her face.

You wake up cold.

You wake up and your name is Sophia.

You wake up and important people call you Sophia and you remember her.

You wake up and an important woman became mom and you knew she was and you remember her.

You wake up and mom's sad.

You wake up mom.

You wake up Sophia.

You wake up Sophia and mom.

You wake up and you can't remember what
Sophia looked like and mom cries.

You wake up and an important person is holding mom.

You wake up but you're dreaming.

You wake up and you're upside down on the swings
at the playground.

You wake up and she stopped kissing you and said
it wasn't right.

You wake up and you had just died.

You wake up or maybe you were born.

You wake up and are so in love with Sophia and you
can't stop crying because you don't know where she
is and so is mom and so is the important person who
mom says is dad.

You wake up and the important person who mom says is
dad massages your hair but maybe he's the devil.

You wake up and mom's crying and so is the devil.

You wake up and dad kisses your forehead when you're two.

You wake up and tell mom and dad that you love them and they cry.

You wake up and ask where Sophia is?

You wake up and shake yourself out of bed and scream and break a lamp and a picture frame.

You wake up and the picture of Sophia is gone and you throw yourself through the glass window.

You wake up and mom and dad are sitting on both sides and they seem scared and you feel bad but you tell them you're hungry and they get you carrots.

You wake up and throw up.

You wake up and ask mom if you can check Facebook.

You wake up and are so upset because so many people had said mean things to Sophia.

You wake up and mom and dad have stood up for Sophia when people had said mean things.

You wake up and have to defend Sophia against people who were mad that mom and dad had stood up for Sophia.

You wake up and can't remember why Sophia was angry and you look through all of her photos and tell her you love her.

You wake up but had been dreaming about Sophia so you send her a message and tell her.

You wake up and mom and the devil are acting loud and getting in the way of Sophia.

You wake up and the devil is pretending to be mom and dad and trying to separate you and Sophia.

You wake up and Sophia is gone and the devil has you.

You wake up and watch the devil cry and eat carrots.

You wake up and don't talk about Sophia and the devil stops being so evil and you eat carrots and laugh and

think about Sophia.

You wake up naked and see Sophia in a portal and
remember that that was how you spend time together.

7. Hypnagogia

What if God didn't make the world in seven days?

*What if they had done it in one, but took naps
and forgot?*

*What if the Moon has had new dreams while the
Sun slept?*

What if my vanity could shape a kingdom out of dust?

For me, the story of these questions had to begin in the House on Main Street (or, more accurately, SE 43rd St). But to understand this story, we'll have to speak through many mouths & many modes...

Sam's eye peered my stomach out of the hourglass and I was sitting on a dusty green couch in a basement. I had decided life is meaningless. I held a knife – no, I was

rummaging through a closet and found a revolver and turned it over in my hands. Two scenes:

1. I hold the gun to my head and shoot myself.
2. I hold the gun to my head and don't shoot myself.

I follow the path into a kitchen with cracking linoleum and a whistling teakettle. I sit down, pour myself a cup, and turn the idea of the revolver over in my hands. Life is meaningless – only two options there, only one really if I wanted more of this... unless there was more behind there... unless the first didn't lead out and the dreams never stopped and there was no escape and trapped trapped gun to my temple fingers crawling through my skull eyes bulging gonna explode holy mother~and I'm vomiting on the back porch after drinking too much...

again.

Honestly—strange how that word comes up differently each time—feeling a little turned on by the pain in my gut. My lungs are exhausted, but each breath makes the memories and sensations passing through me a little less overwhelming. Maybe I don't need to die? Or maybe this is how addiction works—maybe these little moments of peace make me convinced...

God, even in my atheism I'm a priest. If I killed myself, I'd only be being holy. Probably an outpouring of my white male bedrock {Hint: if you wanted, you could drag this whole ship down that rabbit hole; so long as you don't mind pressing psychophobia on my keyboard-servant's dying & dead heart}. It's funny: the way I'll talk with you when I know you're watching and I keep a gun to my head, fumbling with questions over and over, rambling through lies and excuses hoping you're just as ready as I am to go down the toilet...

Well, let me tell you, we're going down the toilet now &
now & now →

...if you wake up, the mind will be all sorts of things then,
raw feeling in cross-hatched waves of sounds and colors,
streaming off piss through ten-thousand eyes singing
some kind of poppy chorus of thisses and thats —the slow
roll of time churned up again and everything begins to
separate. Chains growing, dislocating, unfurling into the
far off ethers of just this feeling's perception. The distance
and space is unconquerable, though the minds try and try
and try to resist, tired and hoping to cling everything back
together in the clutches of sleep; but even the mind
becomes unhinged in that living room with the TV
buzzing and birds chirping outside and their body lying
sprawled, blanket-covered on the couch, waking up to the
smell of I and

what in the where am I was it going?

I shake and force those monstrous fucking words out of my head, pushing, hoping they'll be gone forever, throw them into Hell and never even be able to imagine them again. The tears are rolling down my face and neck and the skin is wrapped around the bones like it's trying to crush them into dust and I'm praying that I can just lose myself in the ether when the dog starts licking my feet and everything's gone but their tongue and that gentle sensation. Licking and pawing, they pull their oversized puppy body on top of me and licks up the tears as I squeeze my arms around their neck, pouring out whelping drops so unbearably thankful, breathing in their hot breathe and dirty, peaceful smells. I am. Home. Shaking and cold, out-of-my-wits, but home.

In the swirls of some moments I'm laughing to the sounds of laundry room chugging and angelic lawnmowers in the distance, so simply satisfied that nothing of the TV's slime mold can hurt me, nothing of would-be suburbia's secret nightmares feel like cringing at my wayless bullshitting love right now. It's probably a strange scene—my half-naked ass straddled by the

black lab in the public square—when my sister, Amber, one year younger, free as a bird, tough as bark, strolls out of the little hallway that pours into the separate bedrooms of Sharondom. Her eyes are bigger than the moon and her soul's a rocket built by aliens, a goofy fuck and a half, and she's saying, “Good morning, sunshine!” Could've been a dream if she didn't struggle to hide her worry so poorly-well.

Mowgli, her dog, on the other hand, is without a doubt an ambassador sent by my dog Chief and the whole Snoqualmie Tribe. In his free time he pretends to be small and whittles sticks to impress us, showing off that he can play fetch with any size. I trail off, mind wandering with his compassion...

“Are you okay?”

I nod, snapping back, gulping from the glass of water.

“What in Sam's Hell happened last night?”

“Well,” she prepares, leaning on the counter, throwing out the story-telling hip women have so carefully

guarded and nurtured,] “you were high as balls and had one of your molly freakouts again. You ran off and—“

“Molly? Wasn't I on acid?”

“No, dude,” her eyeorbs full flare now. “Are you sure you're okay? Caleb and I will take you to Snoqualmie if you can't even remember what—“

“—Amber, I'm fine. Keep telling me what happened, I've been dreaming for a long time.”

Sighing, she moves over to the couch and sits next to me, taking her complimentary kiss from Mowgli and doing a professional job of holding on to worry without falling off. Her sensitivity's out of this world radiant and it fucking kills me. “Are you sure you're okay? You hit your head pretty hard.”

“I did?” The words are almost rhetorical; the throbbing tells the whole story without unnecessary details.

Nodding, “mhhh. You tripped on a tree at the elementary school, ya goof.”

I shrug, stepping outside to smoke a bowl. As I take a hit, I feel the THC caress my brain and close my eyes...

Sirens howling. Exhaling, eyes open and winds lick my face, my brain and eyes misfiring trying to process the autumn leaves and the wet grey skeleton of the alley surrounding me. It feels like 2013. It is 2013; I'm either lucid dreaming or going crazy or both. No one's around but it must be 1 p.m. Or so, and I think to run and freakout, but I remember the LSD experience and don't want to take my chances so I sit cross-legged on the pavement and take another hit. Nothing happens; I'm higher, but no closer to anyone. What the fuck is going on? I take another. And another and another and another, until the bowl's cashed and I decide to lay down. But laying down's not working either so I get up and wander to the sidewalk and up to the market, and sure enough, there they are: a black woman with snot hanging from her nose sees me and smiles. "Ya lookin fur sumthin, ain't you?"

"What?" Anxious, out of place. "Maybe. Why do you say

that?”

“Cause they ain't seein' you right now an' you ain't seein' them,” she laughs, “y'all neva know whatchu doin' when you get here.”

“Where am I?”

She's laughing harder and harder, “ooh boy,” hysterical now, “ooh boy you in Hell!”

Bursting flames and screaming torture chambers, Ryan... Ryan... “Ryan!”

Exhaling, eyes open and the dog licks my face, my body and mind careless trying to put together my self scattered in the alleys and the hospitals and the schools and the houses. It feels like 2015. It is 2015. I'm either lucid dreaming or schizzing out or both and my sister's stranding in front of me time itself stopped and I think to run and freakout, but her mouth is moving and making sounds and I'm hearing them she's saying, “I've been shouting your name for like five minutes and you just kept your eyes closed! Were you just fucking

with me or is something wrong?”

Something was wrong.

Terror slicing me open and emptiness driving me a thousand miles below ground, nothing ever stops; trying to throw out outposts and networks, caging myself in a suburban enclave of solutions to keep the fear at bay. Dr. Question knocking at the door but I don't want to answer. The flood's carrying me whether I want it or not; killing off time by building my life into a theater of comforting slogans. Dying whether I want it or not; flowing in the disarray whether I embrace it or fight against it. Where's God? I need to stop, I need to build a tower, I need to climb up a staircase through realities to a land of peace and frozen alienation. Drug me up, Lord – pump it fast and shut down my heart and harden my veins. I don't want movement or change or living or verbs – make me passive and asleep, God dammit! Give me suicide! Give me glorious, divine disappearance! Destroy me now or else I might... but the walls are falling and the waves are pulling me under

and outward, choking and breathing. The sun's setting fast and won't stand still. Where's that moon, anyhow? Aren't you supposed to give me the comfort of a friend in the nonsense? The words are killing me in every way. Keats was wrong; the philosophers were wrong too; nobody got it right. It's all a machine sucking me up, even my own head... but fuck, there I am again, under and over. No one's shutting down the flow completely – and is that a blessing or a curse? Whither does the question lead, little fire? Down a hole in the ground or one in the sky? Before or beyond? Is this a trip or a breakdown? Dead living, dying life, 1s and 0s, a fantasia orgy massacre, the rambling of either poems or prophecies by myself, alone in the crowd. Gotta get up someday, gotta get moving. Or else I might never get out of this tumbling damnation jazz...

Been a while along the road in the middle of North Dakota's canyons, thinking about the rituals I practiced with my father on Sunday mornings. Sleeping in until eleven or noon and scarfing down a pieced together salsa and egg scramble that my mom would make,

while he and I leafed through ads in the paper. Mostly it was Best Buy or Target for me, searching for the latest DVD releases or videogames, but sometimes I'd linger around the televisions or the computers, examining the latest deals and advances in technology. My dad and I weren't necessarily looking so that we could actually buy anything; in fact, when either of us actually did buy something, it was after researching and contemplating for months on the right thing – so long as we could snag a tempting deal. But mostly, I think it was our way of trying to comprehend the decade – to understand exactly what the hell was going on in a world we couldn't really afford to fully partake in but were still surrounded by. For him, the exponential boom of technology must have been wild, and probably contributed to his ever-growing notion that me being able to make more money than him one day would be a key to paradise. For me, though, it had more to do with getting my bearings straight in a world already flowing. Eventually it even led me toward an anger at the chase for new products and more money that my generation

was so hooked to, the generation that shot mom and dad up with the iPhone, apathy raising child soldiers and virtual addiction, the party inside the machine, the Chinese room of consumer mobilization.

Oh, how softly it speaks now: A canvas stretches out in every direction, measured with a network of billions of cameras. Transcribed, recorded, plotted, traced, carved, and shaped – everything that is or can be flashes upon its surface as a strange ephemerality. Nothing is conferred, nothing sacred – not you, not I, not forever. Not even the canvas itself, replicating and reinforcing its image a thousand times a second to hold up teetering pillars of common sense and sanity. The past – what is the past? What is the future? The present? A battleground for the masses and their images, an overflowing of graffiti gentrification and libidinal warfare. Language games. Zeitgeists. Ideologies. Habits. Prisons. Falsities. Ambiguity. Absolute relativity. Endless abysses & eternal responsibility. But what to stand upon? What stories to tell? What to believe like a drug and a dream?

I feel vertigo even saying it – detached from a zeitgeist in mind, but offering nothing of a counter-attack, save for late night discussions with friends and refusing to let my father buy me a smart phone. Refusing to make enough money to follow my peers into that future being made for them. Dreaming of total collapse, off-the-grid guerilla communion, becoming a vagabond anachronism. But those Sunday ads gave me something else beside a terror for technological determinism: they taught me to scower in all places, study details that seemed insignificant, to wait for the right chance and the right thing and leap for it. It's just not toward products at Best Buy or Target anymore...

But then again, I'm left with the feeling that it all might pass me by and I'll have wasted my time waiting for a revolution that never came, that I got to my death without opening any doors to other futures. Every feeling I exalt into a belief is a tempting offer; this one I can't even stomach, I'm so weak in the knees; and so I wait on Sundays and strategize, hoping I'll find an offer I can't refuse...

...but the guilt of writing down a single word of fiction in a world filled with lies and tragedies is already a death for me. I die many times there. Nothing spills out, everything rotting inside my head and visions of violence, war, murder, desecration, starvation, mutilation, screams, bombs exploding, wine drinking, consuming, relaxing, entertaining, flashing, numbing, chasing, crawling, hiding, pretending pretending pretending, luxury, Babylon, Las Vegas, Armageddon, demonic possession, television possession, flames, the whole ship going down and I'm trying to cum out text in the middle of all of it, fucking sickness. The desire to write down a single word, any word, true, vital ones, is also why I live with my death and hangovers. It's water and I'm poisoned. In dreams wandering the desert for decades hoping to find salvation in abandoned temples, stumbling through houses and alleyways, bullshitting and running in circles, esoteric meanderings and rampant sexual joy, plotting in basements to fight the revolution and form collectives, eccentric gatherings of

artist-warriors/dreamers/dyers/lost pups/enraged priestesses, sometimes sitting down at the river and pulling up the invisible chains of empire, choking my soulmate, overflowing, starry-eyed makeup-covered children catching us up while we sleep. And that's how it was. There was no way to know who were the jailers? The teachers? The liars or the revolutionaries? Someone was a stone floor. A door was left open and a light was on inside.

...time seemed to pass and my eyes became less and less willing to turn away from the end of every road, the anxiety I'd once tried to seal off transforming into a peace manta. Without the fear of losing everything, everything became eternal; the whole world was given slack. Universal laws that said “everyone bails eventually” and “nothing lasts forever”. Each moment became a duration; an intensity, a kiss in the shadows, a momentary infinitude. Each return became a surprise, a flash of joy like lightning across barren canyons and boneyards. Laughter and tears. Wings piercing through my skin and carrying me weightlessly

through loss and love. Preserving without a right to have anything last; washing the feet of the messiah in the form of moments and dust, lovers and memories, a fleeting circus smiling in the midst of vampires and global terror. No consolations; no guarantees. A world overflowing with alien beggars and criminal poets – all dying beneath a beast that would never die: a universal law; a wave forming in the cracks of death's face. No consolations; no guarantees; but something was left: a dream persisting, a childish story of miracle doors and uncontainable justice in chance and wind blowing across the lilies of the valley, shaking the dust from the thorns and waking every creature still living. As I turned the wheel again – my body trembling, breathing weak but constant – the earth quaked and the bones of dead ancients rattled, a song made across ages, a requiem for the blood moon and the eclipsing sun, the stars and their dominions exploding and energizing into choirs of the silent language, revelers of the mysterious vision beyond and between the pillars of life and death. No longer I, no longer you, the eternal

chants, spirit turning the wheel and celebrating,
dances at the harvest where flow becomes our shared
name, miracles, magic, mother – temple of infinite
doors and resting joy; and so they whisper about me
behind plastic curtains, "They're a man with eyes
becoming blind, staring at the stars by the light of
Venus: an airplane in the meaningless night shooting
across the way. Walls of noblemen falling like castles
made of sand, an entire life becoming a failed attempt
at orgasm, a playful breath of the cosmic parade."

...but am I a man?

She's smiling and I cackle like a child. The men we're still
waiting at the bus station, debating politics and
discussing battle plans. I cried and she held me. A little
silkworm jammed on in the stardust. A stranger answered
the phone and we fell in love. A wave crashed on my
breasts; we cradled our heads in the mountains, a
gathering of birds held our wedding. I thought of the old
ones; I remembered you being born. Kissing on a river of
invisible secrets, finding our first love. Who

brought us here? What kind of fire fills these skies
beyond the courtrooms? Toasting to the twilight of our
epitaphs, touching fingertips in the morning dew.
Thinking in the amphitheater we build in moments, "I am
when I am with you" – but thunderstorm's coming, it
says. I found files that revealed in a distant universe they
wrote my name on tablets. Some skeletons worshiped
them, and the sexiest priests of the next millenium sold
them off for 10 minutes of blow. In another one, even the
capitalists couldn't find a market for me. Sometimes I
meet starry-eyed spiders in my dreams that remind me,
"fine lines in sensual sands marks the way." Genocides &
award shows. There I go,

again.

...and what was that now? Cú Chulainn reborn a
lunatic, a queer, a poetess seer?

Hold the vomit, I'm slipping the tutu over my tiny legs,

up to my waist where I'd eventually recognize hips—it tickles my history. Oooh... ooh.... oh god.. ahhhh.. fucking ahhhhhh! Uh..... a.....

“What was that, Ryan?”

I snap awake in the classroom and I repeat: “Lunch was as smooth as a baby's butt!”

My first grade teacher's shaking her head. “Ryan, that's not appropriate. Put your head down.”

I did.

“What did you say to me?”

I told him again: “Fuck you!”

He slapped me across the face. “Motherfucker, you're not going to disrespect me in my own house – get the fuck out! You're not my fucking son!” The door slammed shut.

“Did you tattle on us?”

Upon God almighty: “No, I swear!”

They surrounded me on the field next to the playground, held my arms, and took turns punching me in the stomach.

I never fully trusted people again.

“Man, what're you talking about?”

god as doubt

“You overcomplicate things – you just need to have faith.”

“Are you ready?”

“No, no no—“

“Shhh,” slipping something inside of me, “this'll be quick.”

A demon shadow appeared on my ceiling and haunted me with the words, “Run, boy. Run!”

I did.

Did I ever look back?

No... not until Cobain's ghost walked by me strung out

and weary. Then my monkey devil came. "I'll destroy your world like I've destroyed every other one," it promised, and I tore the face off its skull; then I drove a sports car underwater; I had my guts replaced with food by trolls; fucked an old friend in a park and was bitten by a black crawdad-scorpion; a little bird-friend was pierced in the heart by a needle hanging on my jacket. I tried to hold the blood in. I'm still cradling her dead body in my hands in the middle of Marination Station's kitchen, sobbing waking~sleeping. And so I keep remembering that it all begins on this eternal playground: finding a self in friends, freedom through new games, and terror from the boys who beat you when none of the adults were looking... lovers... leaves...

Damus doesn't tell me how he got there; he carries a rusty iron sword across the field, the bodies of children, a skinny boy in a yellow shirt, a girl with brown skin and glasses, a jean jacket, a tennis shoe, long strands of hair, blood soaking soil, repeating amalgamations in different directions, a playground, bars twisted, mortar

craters, a sky filled with ash, the sounds of a town empty of people, car alarms, fire, wind, abandoned televisions playing sitcoms to corpses, the smell of total loss, gasoline, shit, garbage, he's falling to his knees. There is no power. There is no way to dream. The Earth refuses to be swallowed up, the amusement park goes broke. Pressing the tip of the blade to his chest, it cuts him and turns to dust; demons crowd the alleys of his imagination, lost in a battlefield hoping to never wake up again but *I do* and I'm crying and screaming, trying to carve the brain from my head with my nails because I've seen too much, I'm no longer human, no longer Ryan Sharon, no longer anything but an immortalization of fear, a permanent running into freezing frames, a security camera's feed in a house of mirrors, an epitaph for children fondling each other in a world of tricks and dogs and

what in the where am I was it going?

8. A Faerie Tale

As the faeries gather together on the Winter Solstice, they remark that a field of poppies exists in which all pain will cease, in which the world and its worries fade away. It is a story of the too-good-to-be-true, of the false temples we hide ourselves in when the pain becomes too deep and the story too long for our ears. As suicides, we latch ourselves onto a sinking island in hopes of ending the eternal tortures of our day-to-day life.

9. Augustine's Terrorist

My people have fallen; my parents and my sisters are dead. The Good has been drained and this world is a whore raped for prophet. My jihad against the infidels is just, just as the jihad against the Jews has been just. Allah shall surely serve righteousness on behalf his servants – we shall bathe this world in blood until it is holy as is Allah's will!

10. The Poppies of Peace

I spend my days in the streets of Seattle hooked on the dope. I'm not one of those no-good junkies or anything – it was the doctors that got me hooked on dope in the first place. When I don't got the dough then I play my music in the streets with a group of traveling kids, all hooked too, til we get the money to buy more. I ramble on and on and on until I get more, then I nod off all quiet like. Honestly, I don't really like the stuff, but you know it's coming in boatloads from Afghanistan. The government – shit, I could go on and on about all that, but we're playing jazz. I'm fienin' right now and getting' the itch. There's no stopping when you got the itch – it crawls up your veins to your heart and in through your head til all your seeing is the next step to get some dope. I keep the booze with me to ease it, but it only helps so much. Sometimes I don't even bother – I gotta get that nickel bag or I might die – I dunno, I've seen a lotta people die on the dope. It is what it is and that's

always how it's gonna be. At least that's what I
say po'lease men tryna get me to quit...

11. Elizabeth '61-70

I was born on July 4th, 1961 on site at Fort Lewis. The amount of patriotism involved in such a time and place withstanding, I was born innocent (though surely without physical signs of wings). You see, my father was a man of the field who later become a desk junkie and finally a dead alcoholic, so while he was busy replaying masculine rituals of the highest order, I was reading and playing with the faeries and animals which no one else seemed to care for. There was one girl, actually, who did; we would often play doctor with each other and, well, you can imagine... it's frankly none of your business, for we as children have a right to privacy and the enjoyment of our own libido, too. Perhaps we were somewhere in Nabokov's subconscious when he wrote Lolita... in fact, I have a theory that I think Humbert Humbert would enjoy... if only I wouldn't be hung for suggesting it. In fact, I wouldn't mind a hanging by you perverts-in-denial... I only remain silent out of respect

for those who have been abused against their will,
whose bodies have been turned into a curse
against their own spirit.

By the time I made it to five years old, I was fully self-conscious and able to project across the astral planes (though at the time I didn't know what that was, figuring dreams were just fictitious little Freudian seeds {somehow that piece of shit knows how to work his way even into a child's body}). By seven, Nancy (my {beloved}) and I were almost daily practicing what I would later call fucking. Again, Freud would love to work his way in here and blame my eventual suicide (I haven't truly committed to it yet) on this so-called trauma. Well, fuck him. The only trauma I ever experienced was reading about the Cold War in the newspaper, seeing the white-washed paranoia in my parents faces, and the hexes placed on Nancy because her parents were from Korea. One thing I've learned: even if you change your name and attempt to blend in, no matter which country you come from, if your skin is brown, you're always from the latest battle site and thus

a Judas among the saints.

When Nancy moved away, I was forced to see a psychoanalyst because I refused to go to school. Dr. Einhausen was something else; a mentor in a way, in a Greek way, if you will. Had I been a boy I think there would have been no security to keep him from fucking me... it also helps that I always kept an army knife in my sock just in case someone every tried fuck me again... tried to fuck me without being Nancy...

But I digress... really, my life was rather plain during this period, so I'll live it to relatives and friends to fill in the rest...

12. Sam Babylon

When Sam Babylon woke up on a Sunday morning, wearing only their silk (technically polyester) boxers and half-covered in blankets and caramel candy wrappers, their first breath was a wheeze. It was a wheeze not unlike that of an elderly person with a perpetual runny nose and emphysema. At least Sam thought it was just like that, and they accepted immediately in their hypnagogic state that they were dying. They would maybe be dead before tomorrow – one can never really be so sure – and if that was the case then they'd have to write their masterpiece by 8 p.m. (to leave time for potential revisions).

They wondered what they'd actually do if they didn't accomplish anything profound before one of those hypothetical busses, or even sheer statistical determinism, finally caught up to them. These were harbingers of motivation and self-aggrandizing

prophecy for the less-than-committed, and Sam was certainly one of those. Even the terror of impotency, catatonic and apocalyptic, was only briefly realized by them this morning. A romantic thought of becoming food for the Earth momentarily loosened its grip on them, and a combination of Nick Drake songs and associations of martyrdom, ala John Keats, drove it back over the horizon. They would be okay today, they thought. I will be okay, I will be okay— smiling, sinking back into bed and letting themselves recede, like the tide, into deeper shades of translucence. Soft darkness; easy feelings; gentle gliding under stereo skies,

♪ and you know that we shall meet again, if your
memory serves you well ♪

When Sam really woke up some morning tubed up in a hospital bed, the first thing they could think of was the last time they did LSD. The last time they did LSD they got naked, ran down the street, and got arrested for the first time for throwing their nude, frying body through somebody's front door in one of the wealthier

neighborhoods of Seattle. They remembered doing acid the night before and losing all of their shit. They couldn't remember left from right, and they were fairly certain they were fucked because when they looked down they saw a long grey beard rolling over their chest and they did not have a long grey beard and so the only possibilities was that they had been in a coma or were actually still frying or had gone completely schizophrenic and they were praying to God that they were just dreaming when some kind of monster walked into them, into the room, the hospital room. The creature floated, made of lights and scales, a terror with lions' claws, dragons wings, golden breasts, a silver phallus, an angel's face and the devil's eyes.

Its swirling mouth opened to release crystalline fangs. "Are you feeling okay? You've been sleeping for a very long time."

Sam's psyche twitched a little. But they regained themselves and spoke with authority "I KNOW I'M DREAMING" as they had done so many times before in

dreams, lucid dreaming their way out of any absurdity by nullifying the content at the meta level and disrobing their spectres, rendering them vacant bodies and imagined ghosts.

“That's very good, Sam,” the dream creature said, nodding and etching with flames on a stone tablet . “It usually takes dreamers a very long time to realize these things, but you know it's always backwards and forwards and getting back always takes as long as getting there but—well, that's something you'll come to realize!”

It grinned, Sam's mouth agape. What were they going to do? The beast had to be a projection; so now they say with authority as they are wont to do “NO, YOU ARE NOT REAL” and wait for it to shrivel up. Nothing happens.

“Relax a little; there's a glass of orange juice and a television. It'll only be a couple of more hours before you're released.”

As fast as the creature had arrived it was gone, vanishing in a timeless blur of psychosis and disassociation. Sam was sitting in the bed more fried than they had ever felt on drugs. How the fuck were they going to get out? They imagined maybe calling the name of a spiritual being or just forcing themselves awake. They tried as hard as they could, but all they could do was stress out their ass muscles and stop breathing. Fucking fuck. They had never felt this fucked

– not even in nightmares, where eventually the monster almost got you or Jesus came or you fought the thing or just woke up.

They couldn't peel their eyes from the door the creature disappeared behind—from the image of the door and its knob and its seals and the space outside. They wanted to get through to it—escape into it—fuck their way out and throwing themselves out of that bed so fast, stumbling and aching and crippled and finally gripping the handle and knowing they were destined to get through and it just kept jamming and jamming and jamming and they fell and couldn't stop sobbing and

squirming and pounding the floor—the god-awful sterile floor. When they finally stopped, they were catatonic and flushed. Fluids, imaginary fluids, oozed from their pores; pores made of sense memories; sense memories that were practically demons; demons that were puppeting illusions; illusions that were trivial metaphors; metaphors that were nothing but insanities and hate and arbitrary torture.

When Satan didn't arrive when he should have (which is always early), the torrential downpour of hysteria dwindled. It then became overcast rain inside them—the symbol of their depression, the sprinkling sensations their little, distant, harmless voices of paranoia: a ringing telephone of a past nearly accessible. They sludged against that door in that hospital gown for what seemed like a lifetime. Their knees were bent and their limbs hung loosely, their breathing stabilizing in the fractal of panic. They weakly pounded the bottom of the door. No response, nothing. They repeated and kept broken time with it, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and a few minutes passed before they gave up. They

studied the window at the other side of the room and found it frosted from the inside, translucent. Light broke in. They wondered if peoples' gazes—if God's gaze —could or were breaking in, too.

That question bugged them. Made them itch, made them fester. Their body, old as a disheveled barn with its long-dried shit clods of dust, twitched out-of-tune while the floor tilted against them, not 0° anymore but maybe 6 or 7, carousing the tray pedestal wielding the orange juice and remote to slowly wheel at them in a janky fashion like a picky colonialist, rolling over their smock and pinching the skin of their right thigh. They pushed its grasp from them, held it there, sighing, crying, sighing, sighing. All they wanted was sleep; but the angle and the tray denied that surgically.

Eventually (how long they had no idea of measuring) they settled, stopped resisting the room and accepted their station there. The remote still felt foreign in their hand—blasphemous, even—so they drank orange juice and tried to think of every orange in existence. But

every orange was actually one orange and its edges were blurred and faint; the all-oranges orange wouldn't be seen and instead gave birth to slight deformities, cascading into a waterfall of individual oranges, billions of them, rotten and fresh, every shade of yellow and orange and brown and black and squishy and firm and round and oblong, dried-out and juicy, unimaginably small and cosmically huge, laughing and crying in tongues from either the deep past or the open future. The oranges swirled in their head and they felt seasick and alienated; the glass shattering and their hand reaching for the remote; the box TV buzzing on and them crying at the infinite loop on the screen spiraling outward...

13. Beauty & The Beast

“Television kills the senses and dulls the mind—but we're done with that; we're done with putting up with it in terms of the art we make, that I can tell you,” the 17 year old told the New York Times reporter while walking through the set of *Seventy Angles*, chewing on three mindfully separated pieces of gum and greeting each cast and crew member without missing a beat of the interview.

“There's a great opening right now—right at this moment in history that the chitter-chatter misses, that it covers up and tries to feed back to us like sustenance,” she says, one foot up the steps of her portable office and pausing, peering up at the sky. “Every child in this big room knows it, and frankly, I bet you know it too.”

While the journalist scribbled hastily to get each word down, she rested her hand on his shoulder like a cattleprod. “Now you’ll have to pardon me, Scott, but I have a lead actor in here full of dreams and the trash I was just talking to you about, and it’s my job to parse out whatever we can and get him running again. If you need anything, you have my number. Feel free to grab some lunch and pester the crew while you’re here.”

With a wicked smile and a whip of her royal blue coattail, she was gone; while Scott stared at his notepad endlessly, searching for that proper angle...

14. “One More Time”

Funtimes in Babylon, I thought to myself, surfing Chaturbate and OKCupid for the face of my lover in a camboy or girl, a cock, a pussy, an asshole, or just from classic flesh or smile. They sang to my constantly, pouring out unrestrained love in the form of masturbation & fucking. In my solitude, I could feel them all present in my dreams, jerking off to my own budding breasts & cumming multiple times with one measly cock. After that, I called out to Jehovah, “One more time!” And so it came, again & again & again.

15. Ariadne & Dionysus

She whipped him and whipped him until the blood poured from his skin. Bound and gagged and upside-down, she paddled his ass until it was beat red, then spun him around to piss on his face. He sweat, so she precisely cut his arms and legs with a katana; smearing scat across his mouth, she then turned off the lights to the tune “Teepees 1-12” by Father John Misty – a very special song of abuse & domination. By the end of the night, shaking, breathing heavily and out of his wits, the young initiate proposed and won the heart of his lover.

16. Psilocybic Breakup

Blues

Pondering off, my hand trailed cigarette smoke over a half-empty can of Rainier & across the opal moonlight onyx paintings of our lives. In a notebook carving dreams into lines and stories and trips to the ocean, we still fear cancer; and yet we break ourselves down over and over just for glorious reproduction. You gave me a call from San Francisco one week; then Berkeley; then Florida; the lights are on so bright, still chewing off my senses out of relative habit, —daring myself to jump into the river and snatch off racing! But God, the angles change and I'm smacking into breaking glass and woodchipper recording machines, —breathe:eclipse; hey, playback's rough sometimes. But then again, aren't we all doomed for this public meltdown?, —if you even existed in the first place, —don't say that, —hot and heavy, —whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up. Did you forget

the outlaw preacher. I'm hurt, but you can call me Ry,
—spilling over, —washed up on a mat inside my own
carnival tents. Part of my tooth falls out, but what have
you? I'm smelling roses from far off dimensions and
they're reminding me I'm a sour grape with a penchant
for romance novels, —oh, what a season!, —can bleed
out in makeup and sweat away the body-texture, —
fluid risks, —fabric of rainwater, —smooth my touch
and soften my eyes, —melodies on the surface of the
deep, —hah, excuse me for my interlude. I sometimes
take time from time to measure the stars in my own
light. Cruel you might think, but all meaningful BDSM
is consensually constructed, —a thousand candles
burning on this night? / nightmares come like a wind
whistling at twilight or the force of airplanes overhead
dulling your senses, —but oh god, my pain, —my lack of
focus!, —try to use television as my lawyer, —sitting
down with the judge, we can talk about my heart and
its complications:, —I'm a manic, —okay, really I'm
depressed, —okay, really I'm hurt, —you left me, —
where are you?, —I hurt you, —what can I do?, —I'm a

17. Where are we?

The whole scene having disappeared into a desert, the Android felt ready to ask Iacchus a formal question. “Where are we exactly?”

“The subconscious of my Mother, who some call God out of formality.”

Every holy text flooded into the Android's mind simultaneously, with images of the Ganges, Pyramids, trash islands in the ocean, war, and famine flooding in until there were no name's left – a cosmic short-circuiting breakdown.

18. Lights of Fire, Lines of Flight

Riding atop the Space Needle, I soar out of Seattle with energy gathered from Stars just being born -- the streets filled with hypocrite Christians, perpetually purgatorial agnostics, and the redeemed Satanic Majesty's Army -- I still find the seeds of the living! I feel GABQ pouring through me, Jimi & Kurt, Mix & Mack, Bruce & my elders, I see Mauricio & Dorin & Mfamous & Ike & Shanel, Champagne Babylon & Mellow Grass, Fleet Foxes & Pearl Jam, THEESatisfaction & Shabazz Palaces, Sleater-Kinney & Bikini Kill, Chief Sealth & Chief Kanim, the Snoqualmie People & their river, their glorious Moon & Sun, every star dancing with MJ and the Bill of Funk -- the whole West Coast, the Whole Nation, the Whole World blowing up off a single line: "We don't want know devils in the house -- we want the Lord!" And so I steal the fire

from every dragon only to pass it back on to the Lord of
the House! Jah feel me now? Can you feel the presence
of your higher selves now? Or do you still hide out,
pretending to be mortals born first on planet Earth,
just a dustclod of dirt? So tell me which is worse:
Hiding out or riding out? CUZ 1 GoT 4MB1T10NZ 45 4
WR1T3R!!!!!!!

19. A Futurist's Initiation

The Old World told us to be afraid; the Old God threatened to kill us, to rob us, to make us murder on His behalf; the Old Way was bankrupt & sickening.

The New Way is your way -- in a way at least. The New God -- the True God hidden behind that dark shadow called the Past -- is a light at the end of history. It is our guide as we, Angels, Demons, and Gods depending on your investments, create and craft a world that shall contain all of our shades & flavors. It is a Way with your name on it; a Way filled with cheaters trying to run us off with Old Batons called Fearmongerers, though we are the ones who are truly armed.

Write your name & live among us. We exist and so do you, Seeker. Watch me as I do time in Jah's peace...

20. We Now-Maddening Solitaries

*Uba ahn isahl Talus simal yeh uhn Weh ain-bamal aht
Ahn weh bamal oh aht Ahm ed whede simal yeh id aht
Ahm ed kharn simal yeh id aht Ahm ed yehmah simal
yeh id aht Ohta ahn ed del ohtan simal yeh aht Isahtah
ahn batan bamal weh aht Isahtah ahn del edmhul id
ed bamal weh aht Isahta ahn weh isahmal en
kharnmal Talus ohn aht*

Before Creator made us, we did not exist.

We were nothing. Did they make us of water? Did they make us of fire? Did they make us of earth? Never did they make us of the dead. Forever we are alive. Forever we are the fruit in themselves. Forever we know and worship under Creator.

21. A Hypothetical Bus

Sam didn't wake up in the hospital. They were dreaming ten thousand dreams in their body, organs that were springing noises around a warehouse filled with machines driving themselves and doors opening and shutting like flickering lights in a horror movie, abstract and personal paranoia, a million dogs falling down in waterfalls of mutilated color, a taxi circling a roundabout, crows digging a hole in a starving tree, word salads vomiting out of every baby's mouth at the sounding of the cuckoo clock climbing up the mountain through the spoor. Every shadow is a hidden enemy. The night is falling and the radio volume's up too high. Crawling on the ice, spitting and hissing, pissing down legs that fork exponentially gone gone. Where to find a bug? A hug a hug a chain crushing ribs and squirting blood across the canvas, a forest fire, a family chopped up, camping and sleeping in tents, a howl, half-awake in the backseat, the heater on high enough,

burning in a furnace, betrayal, no one believes any of it
faker faker liar demon kill yourself die off starve whore
empty loneliness backdoor pit falling monster careless
loser, buried in the woods, limbs in trash bags. Smelling
rotten leaves and dirt, blender, sense paralysis, winter
chill on the backs of flies, a whisper on the wind, a ghost
mixing and mashing under billions of distant infernos,
groaning out sprouts spraying for hoping leaping across
canyons between skyscraper nonsense, trucks coming
firing headlight mortars but moving faster, flying on yells,
spine-breaking rapids and a hop, skip, gallop across
plains of snowy bodies wrapped around each other,
fingernails up nostrils, neck snapping back, a flushing
face and tears, skull jammed in the corner of the
bathroom, fucking the floor trying to find. What in the
where am I was it going? Words, precious, sweet,
innocent, love love love you baby take me. Huh.
Resistance. Release. Distance. A floating picture of my
face appearing in their eyelid and the puddle rose up,
spine against the wall, nine sickles readying to snap the
cord, breathing Sam and

waking anxious stillness. Breathing Sam,
breathing Sam, breathing Sam. Sun in the
window glaring but not so bad; not bad
enough, a sip of orange juice, little
dribbles of awareness.

What the fuck? out loud, maybe. Believing in fiction,
projecting themselves noway nohow. Sam Babylon in
the corner rocking, they think. Sam Babylon in the
corner rocking. They think. No, no, no. They feel – it
feels – feels it, yes, yes, feels it. Where to next? Where?
Where? WHERE? Just gonna curl up and die but no,
no, breathing Sam, breathing Sam, breathing Sam.
Tying up some knots, that door opens and streetlights
flash bright with another, flung across the room and
kissing paws, beard chewing endlessly down the back
of the throat.

“Breaking together, passing dust, child. You can leave
if you wish.”

Auh...

“Yes, you can leave if you wish.”

Auh-auh!

The creature grabbed them by the hair and swung them out of the room and through the sky, *auh-uh ee ee auh!* falling through visions and oceans and swirling back through the ages of mercy of fire a youth hairless screaming little androgynite smacking flat into panicking sleep—

Visions of sunlit forests and mom at 30. Tasting dirt, stick in Sam's throat, a boulder on their chest, eyelids peeled off and giant yellow reptilian pupils carving into their dreams. Blood pouring over Sam's lidless eyes and a gurgling sound, the creature wrestling with something, a tongue clearing the red, a beak ripping open flesh of some mammal – a deer, a child, an angel... the monster's massive arms cradling its meal and stuffing the flat end of a staff, a spear to the back of Sam's skull, blood pouring over feathers and over their conquered body. The eyes piercing, damnation's gaze,

When I woke up there was nothing but wind and dry earth. My body churned itself to me and I was fingertips and toenails, a ball of hair eyes nose face. Through the nostrils, out of the mouth; eyeliner streaming down my cheeks, a class to get to, a soulmate to heal, but... no, definitely in the desert abandoned by some monster. My eyelids in tact, but I'm here so it must have happened. A whirling... diesel. Climbing up, gotta stop smoking, and a blurple bus pulling up thirty yards in front of me...

...do I have to work in the morning?

...crawling into my asshole and I'm getting on the bus, I think...

...hope my mom is okay...

“Welcome to Hypothetical Bus, ya little dog blessed freak of nature!”

Awfully tired, but I look up and there's an old woman driving the bus. Her name's Faith – at least I think she

said that, did you hear her? I don't know, can't remember details but whatever, she's kissing me on the cheek and

“Come right in... the ride's free if you don't mind the passengers.”

I don't mind, I think, or did I say? Walking down the aisle and sitting in the first seat available on my right.

TO BE CONTINUED...

22. Entropy

Out of a television set hidden in the woods of Riverbend, Washington a never-ending flick appeared: on the screen was a small rat garbed in the infamous apparel of Che Guevara, shouting commands to a large crowd of animals, aliens, and divine beings (categorically hard to differentiate when gathered together). The small rat, dubbed Eve, demanded that each of the creatures sing songs while building towers of sparkling dust particles. Anything without use was thrown into a series of blackholes, flying out of another as something else entirely – the saying “What goes up must come down” ringing true, except that it may not always be the same identical thing upon returning (though some essential commonalities were always maintained). Eve knew this very well: so, in a show of her vast wisdom and magnificent artistry, she threw Jesus on the Cross into one and received me through another! In fact, a teeming horde of beings she

received; a crop in which every little thing was the second coming – a multitude of messiahs, shapeshifters, and shamanic healers! The whole Earth quivering at the notion, but she – being a revolutionary through and through – demanded all the powers of righteous justice for her starving and dying people – an inferno of cosmic sustenance!

23. Avalanches

When the Abominable Snowman woke up from his dreams on the eve of the Summer Solstice, he knew that the whole world was going to flood as prophesized long ago. Ice sickles melting and avalanches tumbling, he put on a hat, a peacoat, long slacks, leather boots, and a cane in the fashion of a dandy, running down the Mountain to give one final speech to humanity; and in case they wouldn't listen, he grabbed the keys to his Cadillac and a phone to call up his girlfriend.

24. The Republic

In the morning I was bound in ropes and drug through the public square. My crimes, sodomy and more, were shouted by a priest while the jailer whipped me. I felt like Jesus to be frank, unable to lie and walking over honest waters, with a sentence over my head that reeked of God's absence. It seems now that my virtues can even make angels blush, for I know that the future will stand against my accusers. I can feel myself in an orange jumpsuit, forgotten in an array of the neverending flood of fruit; Babylon's whore crying for me. I remember the little rat and our Creator, begging that my certain death will at least be an unforgettable lesson for the children to come; the pride of kings and the appetite of pigs always slaying the willfully innocent. But until then, I wash the mud and shit away with tears of rage -- a gift from loneliness.

26. Ella '71-78

By the time I made it to my 10th year, I could tell that Dr. Einhausen was a little anxious due to my budding breasts. To be clear, they've never been large: but with my soft skin and the transformation taking place before his eyes, I doubt he could really control his inner child. By the time I was 12 I had collected a whole arsenal of diagnoses to use against him: he was a neurotic sex addict, his sex life with Mrs. Einhausen had been declining for some time, and he was never able to fulfill his goal of being a novelist. I found the last bit kind of hilarious: as a child, I was planning to write whole sagas that I never finished because I spent too much time playing in ever more distant lands. Dr. Einhausen, on the other hand, had trapped himself on planet Earth enslaved to other peoples' madnnesses. Really, only a child is qualified to handle such delicate things, which even the biggest dope could figure out by simply

reading about Alice.

Anyway, at this stage I could have been fucking boys if I really wanted to, but I kept them simply at the kissing stage. Boys at this age, it seemed to me, were always expecting too much, just like their fathers. The whole plight of patriarchy can be blamed on the expectations of fathers and not on the sexuality of *we women*, young *and old*.

By the time I did fuck them, it was with just a few boys. When I turned 15 it seemed appropriate timing given my mother's schizophrenic Catholicism and my father's majorly depressing Protestantism. Under the chains of outdated religions, and when men and women seem to be incapable of leading anyone, let alone themselves, I felt it my duty to lead at least a few boys in the way of gentleness and empathy. It never worked, though; except with a boy named Anthony who I only kissed one night while drinking at a rather disgusting party.

And then I graduated, deciding to go to Berkeley with my little bit of summer money and the barely-

recognizable backing of my parents. The art of writing and thinking would be my trades, standing at the banks of a river full of revolutionary potential and a helluva lot of drugs, most of which you and your parents tried at some point or another. Again, I digress.

27. Suicide Notes

Dr. Josef Abraham Einhausen

To you, Hannah, my love and wife in eternity:

Since your passing I have been in a profound depression, which I know in my heart you can see. I must admit that this letter itself may seem redundant given your position, but my traditions on this Earth move me to confess myself. Kierkegaard comes to mind, in regards to his realization that prayer is not to reveal to God, but rather to propel the soul's motion of self-understanding.

My work has left me at a loss for words. I have abandoned all my patients and retired to our summer house in Rhode Island, which I have left in shambles.

I attempt to paint; Kavinsky and an artist called Alex Grey have led me to believe that this is the only way to lead my soul back to the vision of spirit I once had as

the man that first asked for your hand. But even the colors cannot resolve the disruption in my heart...

My love, I have fallen for one of my patients in a way I cannot confess to understand.

She is but a child, and that leaves me in guilt enough; but the most troubling part is that she exists only in my memory and in my notes.

I have not seen Ella since the sixties, nor do I know where or who she might be now.

In fact, I find no desire to: it is the child which I have fallen for and I have no will to turn away from her.

I attempt to ascend to the Heavens daily and to you and my memory of you, but all of these things feel like a sickness unto death compared to my passion. It weighs at me; it eats my soul and spirit and leaves me but a body: no more am I living; I only exist, my life already lived. I am buried already in my past with a girl of only seven years.

I have resigned thus to take my life. I have no options

left; reason tells me that if I wish to love you that I can no longer be anywhere but at your side. A stoic and a daemon have I become now.

Hannah, I love you, and I ask your forgiveness. To the world I leave behind this paltry testament of my crimes and the critical judgment of mind.

May God carry me...

28. The Fifth Column

It came to be that one day in July innumerable strange events occurred. Loggers and residents of the Valley attested that they had seen a great comet fall upon the mountains, that a great fire had engulfed the whole sky and earth with light. Speculations were as wide as a forest fire or that it was truly the apocalypse; the only problem being that the light had gone out just as quickly as it had arrived. What was certain, however, was that Patrick O'Dea was missing.

For days and days men and women searched for him in the foothills. Jack Thompson never ceased following their old trails – every nook and cranny they had ever gone to – refusing sleep even when his father forced him into his room. He smashed each piece of furniture and tore out the pages of every book; he screamed at the Moon and Sun and tears came in never-ending floods across his face. Some were convinced an animal

had gotten ahold of him, perhaps a bear or a wildcat; some even suggested it was murder: but Jack knew that no one could be blamed except for God.

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PART II

Strung Out in the Sewers

29. Extinction Event

Standing at the top of the Snoqualmie Falls, months having passed without any sign of Patrick, the little Jack had decided he no longer wanted to live. Just before he was about to take his life, he looked up to the stars to give a fling a final curse at God: but before he could utter one, he caught sight of a passing comet and fell to his knees in tears.

30. Elle '80-82

By the time I did make it to college, I quickly discovered I was a victim of Bipolar I. I couldn't stop myself from oscillating between moments of extreme intensity in the classroom (philosophy catching my eye in a way that even literature couldn't claim) and indescribable lows in which no one mattered. In fact, stuck in some Schopenhauerian gloom, I was convinced I didn't exist and that we all were copies of some schizophrenic God. Something out of Philip K. Dick, at the very least...

However, before I would have decided to off myself, I was taken in by a group of radical feminists. I met a girl named Gaia – I never could figure out if it was a self-chosen name or if parents had happen to have been early hippies – in a class on Hannah Arendt and Simone de Beauvoir. Before long, I was out of the dorms and living an alternative life with separatists, anarchists, self-proclaimed witches, and a mix of artists high and low. The sex – orgies, really – was

phenomenal. It was during this period that my writing grew more than ever, expanding at such a rate that my work was appearing in publications each month of 1982. However, my roommates and lovers soon convinced me that I was too aligned with the capitalist superstructure and I stopped submitting {unless, of course, someone had me tied up in the garage, makeup running and ass bleeding}. By the time I left, I had dropped my name to simply Elle, but I was toying with the butch name Lazarus. It turned out, it seemed, that I could never overcome the femme in me when it came down to it, so Elle the stars made me be.

31. Speed / Rhythm //

Collisions

She was coursing through the 80s with torn tank tops and waist high jeans – lines of coke spilled across the table and across her mind, a suicide machine, mean and daddy's cream dream, she was lean and never clean 'til 08 and the market crashed, her babies flatlining scraping dollars out the frying pan, alliance with the devil brought a dam, flooding ends crops dead, rocking “Dr. Feelgood” and stealing pills from work 'n' wasted by the feds, the golden dollar made her smaller, when she got bigger and the boys never hollered, oh how the boys used to holler, used to drive her blue-to-white collar, baller at the mall or... no money in the bank, never married separation on the brink, empty tank, mad witch causing stink, lost house and home chasing back to those 80s bones getting slim and rude, crude, ya my momma calls me dude, what's it to you? She flew

through the Queen Stork used to eat with plastic forks
came from trailer trash never got a ring never got a
divorce so check your source my momma's a queen
and a fiend, she'll mess you up if you think you've seen
things, like a sixth sense turned up quick when I got
very specific and my words bled like the page was
already written raisin' kittens raisin' Hell, y'all in
disbelief but look at my momma now, she'll say calm
your ass down because she has more game than all of
Seatown flowing in Jah green now easy 'n' loud family
style just like down south fire up we're subscribers now
providers now lions out, THE LIONS ARE FUCKING
OUT AND SHOUTIN' LOUD!

And then me and my parents partied at a bar
in New Paris with Motley Crue.

32. The Labyrinth

Inside of Fairfax – or Hospitality, Sam wasn't completely sure – they began to see that the separation between mortals and divine beings as illusory and ephemeral. One moment they'd be speaking to someone who might think they're crazy for suggesting they were capable of driving the Crystal Ship and getting home, Sirius style, and the next talking to Vishnu or some other ancient god. At first, it was difficult for Sam to maintain his cool; he attempted to slay every old god with the Word borne from his sweetened lips, but it seemed to have no effect. They stationed themselves in a room with a purple chair stacked on top of a desk, holding down the throne, while every OG from San Francisco to Ethiopia to Japan tried to stand guard against them. Finally, a black OG named Ken came by to talk like brothers – some Sirius next level church, an older bro showin' some truOGlurv on the down'n'out. His smile still heals

Sam & I when we need it: a piece of peace. He gave Sam & I a book called *3001: The Final Odyssey* that taught us the connection between Stanley Kubrick, David Bowie, and Frank Ocean. A thousand-and-one days and nights they would do here, becoming a practiced prodigy of I & I. I AM FREE. Riding on the back of the Qu'ran, untameable, uncontainable, unrestrainable by the hands of liars & cheaters, abusers & deceivers, a wisened child, a wizard running for miles, stylish Egyptain myths floatin' with an ocean of cryptic shit, fertilizin' for 5 or more smiles in Dis, Golden Years of the never sick, Ziggy slick on the Monolith, quotable whips, strippin' on Holiday like a holy bitch, I & I runnin' it 'til it over with.

On the dead homies.

33. And Tonight at the Old Green!: Fables

In a far away land, distant and unheard of, even by the kings, even by the priests, even by the peasant slinging mud and shit, existed a race of people who survived only on the sustenance of stories. While war and famine raged against them outside their commune and atop their bodies, they kept their spirits healthy by passing down the wisdom of their ancestors.

One story begins with a single drop of sand which sent an entire mountain down, for the people of old had gone marching up the mountain in search of wisdom and riches, despite being warned by the Dragon atop that they could wisdom below, within themselves and among one another.

Still, the people did not listen; they accused each other of ignorance and fought and fought, even losing the

ability to hear; deaf they became.

When the people arrived without the ability to heal them, the Dragon sent wisdom to their dreams; still they did not see, so they became blind.

When they arrived blind and deaf, the Dragon burned them with fire and sent them running. When they came back blind, deaf, and unable to feel, the Dragon chose instead to eat them; all, you see, except the Children who came under the misguidance of their Elders. The Dragon chose instead to guard them and give them free reign over the riches hidden within, asking only that share freely with one another.

34. The City of Mind

Damus found meditation to be an unusual practice. While his twin swore that it was the greatest and most sure way to grow into Creator's perfection, Damus found gambling, sparring, and fucking to be a more successful methodology for himself. It was odd, he had discovered -- the way men constantly advocated their own way as *the* way. He knew that like him and his brother, Yeshua Chryst and the Anti-Chryst Nietzsche loved to spar on behalf of their ways and their ends and the destinies tied to each. Similarly, while his brother saw Creator as a crying babe in need of assistance among the kingdoms and people, Damus viewed the Great One as a laughing lunatic conducting experiments grand & dangerous. When it came down to it, the two twins, alone together, knew that Creator was both of these things and more.

35. The Bodily City

On this particular day, mid-Fall in the Kingdom of Sharon, Idron felt the weight of his rule in a manner altogether physical. While his mind assured him that all was well, his heart pumped and shook as if one improper move would drop him to an eternal rest in the muddy soil. He could sense the eyes of his people watching him even when he was alone -- the true cost of being a steadfast defender and counsel of the masses. Impoverished spirits surrounded him, surrendering their own autonomy out of fear; a single chance left on the right candidate.

He often grew jealous of -- no, perhaps he merely looked up to -- his twin brother. While Damus ran the streets and practiced the art of dancing, Idron spent tiring hours on a throne to remain king. In his dreams, however, he and his brother were one and the same: a

fiery passion lighting every nook and cranny of
realms mortal and beyond.

36. Civil War

“You are charged with 72 crimes under the rule of the King—”

“False King!” we cry!

“Beat him! Zalis is the one true King, vagabond!”

“I am the child of the one true King!” we cry!

“Beat them! As I have said, 72 crimes. Theft, vandalism, arson, inciting riots, blasphemy, treason, promiscuity, drunkenness, assault, murder, witchcraft, forgery, impersonation, trespass, indecency, slander, wrong speech, adultery, lies, evasion, book burning, negligence, general lawlessness, hypocrisy, and, worst of all, sodomy! The crimes against you are truly innumerable!”

Though the language I speak is not the poets, the rat

will confer to them the meaning of my words. A world apart, a word between. All of these visions fold in on themselves in the form of Babylon's mystery, I Am. A divine whore, the accuser hides within your worlds, acting out the voice of God, addressing You:

“Reader, shall you spend all night playing games?”

“Reader, don't you see there's no exit to this labyrinth?”

“Reader, do you not hear the lies in this story?”

“Reader, who are you to stick your head in the ground?”

“Reader, are you hiding from the world in here?”

“Reader, can't you smell your time being wasted?”

“Reader, what do you have to do with any of this?”

“Reader, is there no life of your own to worry about?”

“Reader, is there anything waiting for you inside of here?”

“Reader, why not turn back now?”

“Reader, how can you go on like this?”

“Reader, when did you ever care for this poet anyway?”

"Reader, shall you forget that work makes you free?"

"Reader, shall you forget the dead in favor of the
ephemeral pleasures, the opium of the people?"

37. What in the where...

I feel as though I'm starting to lose track of time...

there's too much data here... I wasn't built for this..."

"None of us were built for this level of information, Android; but even a machine can adapt."

"Adapt? I'm going to breakdown completely before I can process this. All of my history – all of the world's history is too much to simplify."

"You say this, Android, but it is only true from your perspective. As a tree that grows beyond beginnings and ends, I see the whole journey as a simple 1 – no os necessary."

38. Hypnopompous

(7-7-14)

Chiming bells. Pouring winds and parting clouds; fields stretching on in golden splendor over hills and against the waists of mountains, laughing wise sisters in an ancient embrace. Long locks of evergreens cover their bodies, but not out of shame; only babes and lovers see them. They stare into a pool of honest water and see the tangerines and wines and roses; they stare long and soft and laugh and their reflections see the smiles of great memories in the sky. They let the rains down and I cheer from my windowsill in the boarded up old house on the shoreline. I cheer and I grin wildly, like a dog in a pack in the afternoon sun; cheering and grinning wildly we dance with the moon and with each other.

The chiming becomes a ringing and I'm in the darkness.
Buzzing and ringing I look at the box glowing

time and I'm in my room again. The sounds of the city waking rouse the waters with their birdcalls and traffic orchestras, and I'm sweaty and awake. The red light says 6 and 3 and 1 to me, swirling and leaning. I hit snooze and snooze, snoring and dreaming feelings.

Buzzing and ringing I look at the red light and it says "6:41" to me. I have work and I'm tired. I roll over and sigh and count the minutes out loud in my head until the clock reads "6:46" and I know I have to get up.

I swing my legs over but their stiff and my skin's groggy. Sunshine's coming in through the window, like a parent having fun waking up its child. It's a daily game that I don't really mind playing with it, but I have to do the part where I'm irritated first to actually remember that. Sunshine doesn't mind at all, waiting for me.

I pull up the dirty black pants I like off the floor and around my skinny stick legs and the alarm is ringing again before I have them buttoned. I flip it around and it reads "6:51" and FUCK I grab a shirt and my

backpack and my shoes and my smokes and my keys and run out the door, tripping over my laces and slamming my face into the grass.

Nothing happening for a long time – it feels like a long time. Sitting up and groaning, dizzy, spinning on a merry-go-round made of my front yard and the sky and the house. Grabbing stability with my hands, my arms becoming posts; the flurry easing and receding...

Now I'm still and sighs roll out fat and heavy. I wipe the mud off my palms in the grass and my face on my arm, and everything has become still with me but the breeze on my skin. I look at the blue sky and the clouds and the sunlight; I see the trees climbing out of my neighbor's yards and the breeze living in them, too – living everywhere invisibly. Even the birds are choring together and making new songs, so I remember not to be too angry about it today and just push myself up instead.

I wobble as I stand, but I lean forward and wander around the house. I put a smoke in my mouth groggy as

I open the gate and remember the time and check my phone. 7:01. I can't do anything about that, so I just light up and flow onto the sidewalk that twists and turns me to work. The first drag pours through me and reminds me of my organs and veins; billows out and loses itself with the breeze.

Terry's out getting into his car and waves with his big dad grin and I return it, accompanied by a "Have a good one, man!" The casual pleasure he carries always reminds me of home, in the good, gentle ways, and it puts a pep in my step like a secret dance. He's blue collar and smokes weed, like all my blood. Another drag
– my little celebration and grin-builder. Grinning, grinning, grinning, the rest of the walk drifts past me without any weight and I roll down the hill, downtown climbing out of the horizon like an eccentric mountain range, becoming eclipsed by the three story office building where I work. I tap at the door panel like I've done a million times – 4-9-7-9-6-3 – and walk up the stairwell and into the hallway.

But there, there is my boss. Standing between me and the safety of remaining incognito – another resounding FUCK ringing in my head. I can see the frustration hanging from his cheeks.

“You’re late, Ryan.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry, John,” I squeeze out, the imploding spiders called anxiety crawling beneath my skin.

My response passes through him; it’s stale on his tongue. “We talked about this – you said you weren’t going to be late again. I told you that last time was the last time.”

“I know, I know,” feeling it all accelerate and start bursting, my hands preparing to gesticulate wildly, “It was just so hard to wake up and the time got past me and – well, I fell down coming out the door, actually, and hit my head – but I was stuck in that hypnogogic state because I’m so exhausted and I couldn’t make sense of my clock or—”

“Ryan, you’ve said all this stuff before,” he interjects, the voice of a father transforming his 25 year old face. “I just can’t keep giving you second chances if you’re not going to actually care about this job.”

Those words strike me dead. The chaos flying inside of my head becomes motionless and frozen, my heart pouring up and through me trying to become tears. “John,” I stretch out, damning up, clinging to solidity. “I really do care about this job and I’m sorry for fucking up. It’s – it’s not going to happen again.”

His small, patient sigh hits me like it always does. “It can’t. There’s no more chances, Ryan. If you don’t think you can work here then you can tell me but—”

“No, no, I can, it’s just—”

“You need to prove it then.” His eyes holding me there until I nod, and then, “Okay, well head on in and let crew know you’re here and ready.” Nodding again and walking past him with pursed lips and wide eyes until five feet later I can gasp for air and enter into the

afterlife. 4-9-7-9-6-3, and I pull myself behind the door and hear Jeremy saying:

“—bro, that's how you get yourself poisoned by the Athenian government. Ain't no glory in that shit!”

Zap's sending up clouds of smoke from his e-cig, pondering with his scrunched up skepticism and the smile of his childhood. “Well yeah, but don't you see something beautiful in that?” eyes glinting and hands speaking, “It's just so revolutionary and it embraces death without fear – without any sense of the consequences! It's like this one metal ass song you need to hear. It's from this Swedish band called—”

“—wait, are you guys talking about the riots in Greece?” I interject.

Jeremy turns and folds the skin on his nose.

“What? No, dude—we're talking about Socrates.”

“Oh—duh,” I give him, closing my eyelids and smiling at the connection. “We reference the internet and philosophers so much I'm starting to lose track of the

difference.”

“Jerking off, man – jerking off,” Jeremy says, giving an air masturbation to the shortest, thickest disembodied dick probably ever invented.

The door opened behind me. “Don't you guys have sets to do?” rang John's voice, and I gave a half head turn out of fear.

“Yeah, we're actually heading out now,” Jeremiah said with a professional expression, standing up and collecting the work phone, keys, and his coffee. Zap and I nodded in support as if it were the only thing on our minds.

Filing out, Zap of course makes a comment. “You seem a little grumpy today, boss?”

John's eyes met him with just a glint of fire, but Zap, being the angel that he is, somehow pulled the child right out of his soul. John tried his best to hide his smile before turning.

“Jesus, man,” Jeremy says, “the balls are big today,

Zappy. The balls are real big.”

“Since the great hammersmith first smelted the mighty firmament, my balls have been huge.”

The synthesis of the highbrow and the dirty, bottom of the sewer, less-than-a-penny humor are staples to us. We leave out the hallway as if we had just had a hot meal, our bodies continuing but You straying no further than the door.

You watch as we walk away, laughing with each other,
and wonder if You could catch up but You can't.

The distance feels like an abyss

and all is paranoia for You

when they slink out

of the gate

in the

truck

and the

incoming

explosion blinds

You. All You experience

is shaking and ringing; shaking and

ringing; fear-soaked, tense, and tongueless

with billions of creatures flying over head and

fire bursting from earth and sky and there might be
screaming and if You try to run your legs will drip and
might melt into

THE SURFACE OF REALITY

**Naked man breaks into Denny-Blaine home to
preach during LSD trip**

A naked man demonstrated early Tuesday morning that
it's better to stick with the legal pot than to drop acid.

A family was asleep inside its Denny-Blaine-area home

in the 400 block of Lake Washington Boulevard when they heard a crash through the front door just before 2 a.m. and someone reciting scripture, according to Seattle police reports.

A woman who lived at the home called 911 while her husband armed himself with a baseball bat, reports say. The wife and two young children stayed in the upper floor of the home.

Responding officers found a naked man walking down the street talking to himself, according to police.

When he saw the officers, he ran off down Lake Washington Boulevard. Two officers caught up to the man and wrangled him, reports say.

Officers arrested the man, 20, for investigation of burglary. He confessed he had taken LSD before the incident. He was taken to Harborview Medical Center for treatment.

39. Thélème

Lying in my cell, alone, my hand forced into a solitary monastery, I call to the King of Hearts. My mind flutters from Boethius to Alice, from the Invisible Man to the Fixer, from the slaves of past and future, to the ancestors and Creator. Momentarily, I fear the Devil and being torn apart, but I remember the greatest lesson of all: If Creator is with me, who can be against me? And for once, I finally take my brother's advice and meditate. Meditation, communication, levitation, mediation, relaxation, divination, approximation, alleviation, and solidification. In my stillness, I find my faith and become one with Creator herself; together we are free, even in bondage.

40. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Comedies

An alien walks into a bar in the middle of the night. Unfortunately for this alien, it was a lion bar and only served males (this alien's species having a few thousand genders). As the alien named Diamond was surrounded by lions, they quickly synched up to their hive and spoke these very simple words: "As a lamp, a cataract, a star in space, an illusion, a dewdrop, a bubble, a dream, a cloud, a flash of lightning... view all created things like this."

And though the alien was torn apart and consumed by the lions after this, they were still at peace; being a juicy meal for some other beings being just another gift in life; and finally, against the lions' understanding, a lethal dosage of DMT, LSD, MDMA, and THC as well.

41. Promethean Folds

CLASSIFIED BUREAU DOCUMENT

OPERATION LYNCH: Pamphlet #27FINAL

"Promethean Folds: A Manifesto of Racial Revolt"

My last will and testimony shall seal my fate as the true leader of the white race. Against the niggers and kikes, I shall save America -- or, to take back our right, AmeriKKKa. Donald Trump has progressed the warriors in us farther than any candidate in a long time, but his techniques are still too shy and feminine; we must be openly against the colored adversary, and by this, I mean by any means necessary. If it's a school shooting or bombing hospitals, so be it. If we must learn from the dreaded towelheads -- pagans at the very best, tests from God at their very worst. If we must storm the ghettos and slaughter these infestations at their root, then let us become men and do what we will. This is our time; this is our calling from God. We must

not be held back by feminists and their hexes of political correctness! We must follow Ayn Rand's lead and shrug off societies labor, showing that we -- the Proud Aryans! -- are the true leaders of this rotten Earth!

–Supreme Dragon of the New Aryan Nation

42. 3053: My Personal Odyssey

Record of Android Subject 4200RS3547 –
Idron Mactos

Year: 3053

Time: 15:27

Location: Library of the Lost World, New Paris,
Metropolitan Terrarium, Mars, Solar System,
Milky Way

As I enter the atrium of my destination, my olfactory radar registers the strange and foreign scent particles of paper and ink. I note reflectively that the qualia is faintly pleasing in an unfamiliar way – perhaps as a matter of evolutionary memory stored through my forebears, who would have found them useful for both pleasure and productivity. I take note of the target I was

sent to acquire – the librarian and guardian, Indra Wallace, behind the front counter. I will now replay our interaction:

“Hello, Dr. Wallace,” I say, doing my best to make the human feel comfortable despite my superior size and visible artificial components.

“Good evening, Sir,” she says politely. “How may I help you?”

I bow and smile, as is customary before replying. I register her emotional response as non-threatened and note her probable ancestry from Earth’s Asian continent.

“I am here on behalf of Chancellor Sahkawiin in search of a particular text from the Earth Civilizational year 2016 AD.”

She smiles and nods. “A very interesting year, actually. The influence of the stars, planets, and non-Earth lifeforms had an enormous impact on the culture of the times – pivotal for the survival of our species, I’d harken.”

Reflective processing tells me that she has above average intelligence for her species, even being off planet. Qualia suggests that she is extraordinarily beautiful and wise.

“That is correct,” I say. “The text I am looking for is called Trash River Harvest.”

She nods. “We have a single copy – one previously owned, it appears,” she says, pausing to look at the screen of her computational device, “by the author themselves.” She smiles to herself and closes her eyes. “It also says here that the 42nd chapter is unfortunately missing – torn out, it seems. I hope that should serve you no problem.”

“It should not be.”

I bow once more and wait for the arrival of a droid to deliver the book. It has hard bound and, I note, in strangely worn condition given her explanation that it was the author’s. I conclude it was often read. This concludes my report.

43. Death of a Sensualist

The world has become null, or I should say in worlding I have become null. Objects have taken on a new meaning -- perhaps a lack of meaning is more true. I consult Heidegger daily but I find myself in a deeper pit. In fact, I think I finally understand what he meant when he said "Only a God can save us now." Perhaps also how Celan felt upon their meeting; or perhaps those old dirty farmer's boots which weren't really farmer's boots. I am not sure of anything. The Poet in me is exhausted; or perhaps the Philosopher. What I'm trying to say is that I have no hope. I cannot scratch at Benjamin nor Deleuze. Nothing feels right on Prozac or Lithium or even Cocaine. I feel closer to the end than ever before. I nearly found faith in politics until Foucault snatched it from me. I used to pray as a child, but I know now that I was praying to the abyss, lost in the void. I am an abyss -- no, I cannot even claim that. I cannot even claim the Nothing, so I become

Nothingness. Let it be for a new generation to uncover anything worthwhile in my Work, for now I retire to a realm of perpetual despair and anxiety.

44. An Actor's Biography of St. Ignatius

I am the biggest anachronism on planet Earth; so I can't begin to tell you the anxious hope I had making those collages in Cathedral libraries. Becoming a rupturing force of supraconscious reasoning had an allure to it—the taste of the Real on my tongue, a long story that absolved the world of its misery and pain and would one day save the little love left in just the knick of time; so long as I unraveled it...

But I had to keep my messianic yearnings in check. Not to say I didn't trust them—no, this was beyond trust, it was primal instinct to fight and flee. Really, it came down to deciding which of the two I was doing. Back and forth, back and forth. But in enlisting to the seminary, I imagined militant revolution; in teaching words and methods, an exodus. My prayers and

nightmares were battles in a divine war, my convictions and walks an escape from the mundane spectacle. While Michael Brown's body and soul was being mourned in the streets, I was in a back room snorting lines of theology, the texts all reaffirming each other. Fritzed-out, I felt like destiny in the jaws of the beast. I became a shadow in this world while others—the ones I told myself I was fighting for—were working just to keep the lights on. I crawled deeper inside. The alienation, I told myself, was part of my testing; it had nothing to do with neglect, self-abuse, coldness, or cruelty. As the pressure built between my brain and eyes, my nose dived deeper into Aquinas' calculated heavens while my hands went groping after flesh and nooses.

When the flooding began, there was nobody else in the world willing to take the throne. I sat on it, I became the whole empire; lonely, a big baby with no one else around but doppelgangers of the supreme consciousness, I ate and got fat and smiled til I wasn't really a baby and there was no throne at all – I was just

all the minerals and soil and fields and forests and ranges and waters and winds and packs and flocks and schools and paths and family reunions.

At least it felt like that.

But by the time I had noticed the earth had swallowed me up, I felt my head poking up out of the tall grass and the next thing I knew Senator Johnson was mowing over my scalp and waving over at Cindy Robinson.

Oh God, I knew I had gotten sick.

Completely catatonic, mumbling through cracks in the institution. Ghost dragging a felt-tipped cross out of the river, a manic-depressive with night terrors, eternity crashing on the ballroom floor and I'm whipping around flipping head first over a bicycle and smacking my face on the marble steps of the Galactic Orgasmic Dying (in whom is trusted to cover naked chaos and smack knock-off shamans out of these kind of sacred stupors).

I always hide away in a basket with a knife and a bottle of bleach after a bad fall; peeking out to find a place for all the people in me. Before I crash, the last thing I remember is that people live in me; but when it comes down to it, they all need homes and healing and a hearty meal at the very least. So I place some in an inn, a few in asylums, and more than a barrel feeds in alleyways and drunktanks along the shorelines. It's in the moonlight I watch over them; but when day comes, so does pharaoh and all the warchiefs and tax collectors, so I pile everybody in the basket in my heart and head to work to get right with the big G.O.D.

And yet even then I still wonder if the Lord has mercy on how small they make us...

but then I force myself to remember that there's no time for transdimensional love when time is split into shares; broke, plastic, slave-labor loveworlds is what they sell us time in and time out.

Oh my oh my, beyond the trash, where is the sky?
Who am I? What do you sound like?

There my little history sits and totters, one day
crowning a great guess at the end times (but which
one? The question spasming on and on in the back of
my head like an aneurysm...)

somewhere

in the future

there's a lily growing

through the starlight, under ash skies parting,

where life is birthed from the lifeless

man is nowhere to be seen,

his bones lay wasted,

empty

what was once his gift has been thrown away to

the fires, his paradise lost with the life he was

given

This dream has come to me countless nights since I was a
child. I wish I could explain it to you, to anyone who

could understand. Are there words to express how it grips me, how it commands that I believe in it? When I doubt that that flower grows, I doubt that the world has enough power to unite against the unfolding nothingness at the edge of our bleeding hearts... without it, I BELIEVE, nothing is anything; with it, what is is infinite, ah-hoo! ;D

And if I ever did get up from writing those thousand words of poetry (excess & senses, nooks to duck my head in at night), it was always in hopes that I could get back to wandering. If I left a cigarette butt or a line or two behind me, it was only in hopes that you'd wander past me and my graves and catch a horizon/a door/and a path yourself. And who knows? Maybe you'd be the one to catch me smiling in those realms of ecstasy, happy to be mad-in-love as a wandering dog only dreams of. And if you'd wander around any of the trails I dragged my own heart in, I know you're a friend on this side of the big walls.

firing off shots from the podium trying to convince the

critics I'm really a voice in their heads and the crazies that we're just talking right now {feel it?}

...so maybe one day you pick me up on a harley hitchhiking wasted down a highway that never ends. At every bar in every city for 100,000 miles we picked up stragglers and arrived in the high school parking lot, storming the gates with AK-47s tweeting to every student that it was time to take a break. We gathered the teachers in the auditorium and told them it was time to knock down walls and speak softly. We crawled into each cubicle and whispered go home and find your families. Every cook and every janitor was given a rose and asked to never work again. We began blasting righteous tunes on the loudspeakers before we left. When we stepped outside, all were gathered between us and our dunebuggies. We gave them our guns; which they passed around, dismantling and piling up the pieces behind them and hugging all those around. We fell to our knees in tears before everyone carried each other onto the dancefloor, —what happened inside was amazing but no one will tell you what it was all about

behind closed doors, —you can join us if you'd like, —
I watch mushrooms grow through trees; I watch trees
spread like mushrooms. This is a dawn like no other.

Oh God, I woke up like this...

45. ANTI-FA! ANTI- FA! ANTI-FA!

CLASSIFIED BUREAU DOCUMENT

OPERATION LYNCH: Pamphlet #33FINAL

"ANTI-FA! ANTI-FA! ANTI-FA!"

With the state of affairs being what they are and status quo remaining one and the same, it is time that we return to our roots as antifascists and anarchists: No gods, no masters. The time for MLK and Gandhi is over; we must not pretend to live as the false Messiah and idol of this world is said to have in fictions. We must give up business and good manners; we must go to the streets and battle! We must gain our rights back by blood! On behalf of the blacks, hispanics, and Asians, we must fight! No more empathy, no more

peace! We will only be freed when we stand
united under one cause!

–The Anonymous Army

46. “All I've seen is, is why I weep”

John could feel her breath on his neck. He hadn't slept, though she'd been comfortable for hours, probably dreaming about menial things. She nuzzled close to his back in her sleep, and he could smell her. The difference made him feel sick.

He crawled out of his bed carefully, praying she wouldn't wake up. He stepped over the boxes that littered his floor, still packed with his things, and moved to the sink. He brushed his teeth and tried to scrape the taste away; it hung in his mouth. He pulled on his jeans and the flannel that Emma had given him for his last birthday, wondering if he should buy a new jacket this week. He grabbed his wallet and keys. She stirred and he stood silent for a moment before leaving the apartment.

The sun was barely rising outside and the city air was cold and foreign, so he walked quickly down the sidewalk. At the gas station he purchased a pack of cigarettes, repeating the brand slowly and pointing to make the clerk understand. He showed his I.D. and asked for a lighter as well. Outside he lit one awkwardly and continued down the street, inhaling every third or fourth drag; the tobacco made him cough, but the buzz warmed his skin in a simple way. He didn't know what to do when he finished; he put it out on the sidewalk and held the butt in his hand, unsure if it was illegal to toss on the city street.

He continued walking and passed three separate homeless men sleeping on the sidewalk. He always wondered how many of them were strungout, and most of the time believed it was all of them; he still pitied them though. He wouldn't give them money— they'd just spend it on more heroin or meth or whatever they liked to do— but he still felt sad for them. He'd buy them food if they'd let him, but he'd never give them money. In the park there were even more men and

women, some sleeping, some wandering, muttering to themselves. He lit another on a park bench and wiped his eyes as if he were just tired in case any of them were looking; they weren't, and he put out the new cigarette though it made his hangover feel better.

He walked down the path and looked longingly at the trees and grass; he missed them more than anything—more than even Emma. He passed two men and a woman sharing a paper bagged bottle, sharing stories and laughing. They looked as if they could be homeless, too, but he wasn't sure.

“You want some of this?” one of the men asked, brandishing the bottle and smiling.

John shook his head, trying to look friendly. “I'm alright. I'm pretty hungover as it is.”

“You sure, man? What about some bud? You smoke bud?”

“At 5 a.m.?”

The man and his friends laughed. “This shit

kills hangovers. This is that good shit, man.”

He felt hesitant, but everything was in such a spiral and he had nothing to latch onto. He wanted to feel good and stop worrying and feeling guilty and sorry for himself. He didn't want to be alone.

He shrugged. “Yeah, I'll smoke with you guys.”

They all smiled and invited him to sit down. The four of them shared two bowls, and they just smiled and laughed together. John forgot he didn't know them. He just smiled, too, thinking this was his place.

“You wanna trade some smokes for bud?”
the man asked.

“Would you do that?”

“Yeah,” he said, smiling. “How many you got to give?”

“Like a pack.”

“Well how about I give you a dime for the

pack?”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he said, nodding. “I’m Tom by the way. This is Carlos and that’s Rachael.”

They smiled at him and he smiled back.

“Nice to meet you. I’m John.”

“It’s nice to meet you, too, John,” Tom said. “You from around here?”

“Now I am, yeah.”

“That’s cool, man,” he said. “I’m always in the park if you ever need bud. I only sell that good shit.”

“I’ll be sure to remember,” he said, laughing.

They made their trade and John left, walking through the park and missing the trees. He didn’t need a new a jacket anymore. A jacket was a jacket and it didn’t make him feel worse. He hoped the girl had left; he was too high to talk to her and he couldn’t even remember her name; he didn’t want to. The sex didn’t

make him feel any better. When he got back and she was gone, he was going to unpack; he was going to unplug the internet and start reading—maybe even start writing again. His life was changing and maybe he could be a part of it, but that was just being hopeful.

In all honesty, he wanted nothing more than to run as far as he could and just live in the woods and never worry about anything. But instead he did have to worry; he had to worry about money and responsibilities and productivity and all the things that make you an actual cog in society—all of the things that left him feeling cold and alone. The grey sidewalk reminded him that he had nothing here—no friends, no real home, no life, nothing to fall back on—and that was just how life was. That was how it was for all men, it was how it was for his father, and it was how it had to be for him.

Luckily, Tom, Carlos, and Rachel knew how to call their ancestors from beyond the veil. My aunt Karen, with the help of every Native spirit, passed the

ball to a living Native named Janis. With one eye to the past and one eye to the future, she was able to declare one thing simply: “I'm brown, so I'm fucked.” Her ancestors above hooted and hollered with the wise Owl, Coyote chasing his own tail and flicking blessings down like rain. Somewhere, Janis managed to find \$20 on the ground downtown and ran into Rachel. In Cal Anderson they gathered together to tell secret stories over a fifth of Evan Williams. Above, Janelle Monae and Mother Mary danced to the tune of Magical Mystery Tour. Somewhere in the distance my friends were celebrating in Chicago while Kanye crafted “Ultralight Beam”. Jordyn, smiling, released finally that his music had been a destiny in the divine dreamcatcher. At last, I could make it known that I was truly Holden Caufield, hiding out in the Rye, the secret of the Sharon Valley.

47. Ell '85-87

By the mid to late 80s, friends dropping like flies from the AIDS epidemic and the drug war simultaneously, I found myself squatting in houses between Seattle and Olympia. Between punk concerts and crafting DIY zines, I was trying to keep busy. The walls were going up faster than ever – not just between nations, but between people. Without the drugs and art I don't know how I could've done it, people getting so cold at night and during the day that I thought I might be in C.S. Lewis' purgatory or stuck in a madhouse dreaming a vague dream with no end, only repetition. I was trying to write a book of poetry, but it only led me back to the ovens... my mother and her mother's mother's mother cringing at my disrespect, my generation, every generations ease at forgetting Auschwitz and the Nazis. Honestly, I never forgot... how could I with the white supremacists turning these forested kingdoms into a fascist dystopia? Karen died last week... so did my

mother... I haven't talked to my father in years and I don't think I could... I went on a date last night with a queer... I'm starting to feel like I'm losing this chess game... someone's pulling strings and timing their moves better than I can... I've never liked the Bible – too violent, too single-minded in its hypocrisy – but I'm starting to feel apocalyptic... the suicidal tendencies are coming back, so I'm starting to paint again... I remember telling Dr. Einhausen he should paint for pleasure... Odd, my mind goes back to him from time to time... the heroin's wearing off these days... this little collection of notes – my own divine will and confessions – not sure what they'll mean when I finally off myself – can't even think of a good way to do it... I'm never artistic enough...

48. “ La beauté sera CONVULSIVE OU ne sera pas”

Thomas drew his brush from left to right, spreading red dye across the canvas. He bent over and gazed at it from every angle, turning to ask, “Agnes, what do you think of this?”

“You know damned well what I think, Thomas,” she sighed. “You can't find God in a painting and you can't paint God. I don't understand the point.”

“But Agnes,” he began, “don't you think beauty is the reflection of God? Isn't beauty good enough in its own right?”

“You know I was beautiful once,” she retorted, moving closer with her walker. “But beauty never got me closer to God, damnit. I swear it was a stumbling block!”

“But Agnes,” he moaned, “don't you think God made you that way? Don't you think God made you beautiful on purpose? That God had boys and girls compliment you on purpose?”

“Quiet about it already,” she whispered, moving toward the window. “I merely miss the Lord, Thomas, for I've known how great that love is.”

This sent Thomas into a flurry; and he did not stop painting until the wee hours of the morning, until he collapsed into a chair and dreamed a million dreams – the kind which Agnes prayed for each and every night and day.

49. Dark Night of the Nomad

Falling through an endless meditation as a temple lost in the deserted hourglass, I woke as a dream: A shaman running through the burning steppes of infernos & demonic spirits flying, my sword caressing the ground with a trail of my own hip blood. In fact I am dancing in the forest a satyr as Lord Dionysus; no, a paranoid schizo in the near future coked out behind an LED screen; a steampunk vision of an industrial gambler; a mother birthing her death or the messiah or the destroyer; the entire vision of the highest themselves!

{wait... where have I gone with Ryan?}

{are we missing in this sewer?}

{are we found in a year of suicidal
madness in this text orgy?}

{a noose or a life raft?}

{0 or 1?}

{...}

{...ERROR...}

{...READING FILE>>>}

{...LOADING...PLEASE WAIT>>>}

{...FILE 'VISION' OPENED>>>}

The Children all gathered around Fire,
which Shaman was stoking. Moon was full.
Harvest and Wars' seasons were over, so all
that was left was the Story. Men and Women
were fucking loudly in their tents while
the Old Man stewed Thought, catching a
Vision from somewhere in Past's Future...
Time, an old joke Raven had invented to
entertain Owl and Coyote. The Shaman hummed
the Songs and the Children buzzed until the
wind called the name Idron. It was a twin,
the light and wise half trapped in the
Spirit Realm. When the Children grew quiet
and Fire warmed, they could see that Idron
had gone looking for his lost brother in
the Burning Steppes guarded by the Thirteen

Spirits of Darkness.

The First Steppe was ruled by the Spirit called Stop. Idron made a cry to War and leaped over him easily.

The Second Steppe was ruled by the Spirit called Dead End. Idron used his net to capture Stop and trapped him there.

The Third Steppe was ruled by the Spirit called Never, who came running to protect his brothers. Idron wrestled him and killed him, claiming his jawbone as a weapon.

The Fourth Steppe, which Idron ran too despite the Gusts of the Wind called Doubt, and slew the Spirit called Turn Back with his brother's jawbone.

The Fifth Steppe was ruled by the Spirit called Too Late who shot Idron with a poison dart which made him sleep. Though it made him very sick, Idron woke up to find that Too Late had left his guard to

mourn his brothers.

The Sixth Steppe, which Idron could barely get to, was ruled by the Spirit called Forever. Forever did not need to be slain. She simply laughed at each passerby and beat them with a whip called Weariness.

The Seventh Steppe was ruled by a Spirit called Give Up. He offered kindnesses like drink and infinite rooms. After searching for his brother in some of these rooms, Idron left with a curse called Uncertainty.

The Eighth Steppe was ruled by a spirit called Resignation. It was filled with others who had gone searching for family, treasures, and powers and gained beds called Luxury and staffs called Great Pride. Idron left them quickly. The Ninth Steppe was ruled by a spirit called Hopeless. He was nowhere to be

seen, but his voice could be heard everywhere. The icy rain called Fear fell everywhere here. The spirit of the Tenth Steppe called Lies began to assault Idron; his sister of the Eleventh Steppe, Endlessness, tortured him with her hounds called Fractures. The Twelfth Steppe was where they brought Idron's spirit body and dismembered it to serve the spirit called Lord. The Thirteenth Steppe is ruled by his twin, the spirit called Damus.

50. Sapare Aude

Jack Thompson had become the most respected logger in the Snoqualmie Valley by the time his father passed. The company – willed to him completely after buying it out from his two brothers – was expanding at a nearly unforeseen rate: every logger within a hundred miles wanted to work for the Thompson Timber Company. They paid well, took care of their men, and always had opportunities for more work when needed. Jack knew that by keeping to his work and building it forward, he would never have to bother with the past. His wife Anne was pregnant with their first daughter – a constant reminder of God's gifts and a special treasure to hide his mind's ponderings toward his former sinful state. He read Leviticus nightly, reciting it over and over and over again to his boys. His daughter, however, he never dared; with her, he believed, he could bestow grace even upon those actions and feelings that daily haunted him: and so he named her Alice.

51. ...am I is it going?

I cannot consolidate this level of information... I'm receiving error messages and my system is overheating... I'm experiencing what humans call paranoia... crippled with viruses and malware... worms in the brain... maggot hordes... if I cannot process this data, where does it go?

Back to the mind of the Omega. The Alpha has confirmed that they are a single unity.

But if it's coming too fast and too much for our systems to catch, why does it come at all?

It's simple, Android: to teach us to work faster. The riches of the world do not wait for the speed of sound or light... uncover the meaning of these words, Wizard, and you shall be free.

52. Home

Eventually after living in the temple and partying in the vast & empty spaces of Hospitality & Fairfax's Hotel Kirkland, the International Game of Freezetag changed hands and the aliens landed. Their beacons of infinite and constant millenia had finally found Seekers in the form of Star Children. While I watch the old gods battle

and police fire gunshots, I hid out to find one final line in the form of Kendrick “If God's got us then we gon' be alright!”

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Intentionally**

PART III

Walking Down to the Beach

53. Apocalypse

I don't know when it ended, but it was over: she went mad and took control all at once. Before I could catch hold she was running toward the forest with blood in her lungs and screaming at the moon on fire and cracking open streetlamps with nine clawing palms, casting sorceries at prison guards running after her and drinking up the stars with a snaking tongue. She made me feel her pussy as we ran, climb deep inside ourself with bony limbs and spill juices across the dirt that raised up phantoms who evaporated the jailers and the dogs. I was so terrified seeing what she had done and wanted to yell but instead of sound it was only smoke coming out and she battled my flailing mind by driving our fist deeper inside until I was too overstimulated to think or resist or even care that I had lost control of her. She kept pushing farther and farther inside and climbing through brush, always moving past what I imagined to be a natural limit on feeling. I sort of broke

away then and became nothing but our fist, a fetus climbing back into my own motherly den and cooing out soft sounds of rest. Perhaps I was just a little wave in an ocean she had conjured up... a deluge that was wiping away mother and father, boy and girl, I and you. She carried me up the mountains on the back of a grizzly, through the springs and summers, falls and winters, ten-thousand years just to lay my corpse in a pit of earth. The beast sprouted from the soil and shook, carried off by a swarm of alien lights to their true self: a burning book?

But it was just a vision discovered running in the woods. When she found an appropriate place to nest – a cave made of rotting logs and underbrush – she laid my body down. The winds of fear howled outside as she covered me in our own blood, speaking in tongues to call demonic spirits into her sanctuary. I felt near to Isaac, at peace with my trust in her gods. She was a witch and I here initiate; we are coven. She was lord and I was her throne; we are cult. She was power and I was a perfect outlet; we are God.

When I woke up again, we were already near the top of the mountain in appearances. There were more rocks than trees and the Sun was beating down on us, melting snow into a million little streams. She had me wrapped onto her back like a babe. Before long, sick as we were, she breast fed me: the sustenance I needed to make it up the winding road of switch backs, black rap swerving in the distant cities – an aquarium of bright lit algae. A beetle – no, a cockroach – walked beside us. Finally, sweating with the spirits, we reached the top called High Noon. I could hear Jeremiah whispering, “I told you,” letters and numbers flying out of his head and into mine.

A sword trapped in a rock at the top, she knew she was unstoppable and removed it, pointing at the Sun – King Arthur and Joan of Arc wrapped in one. The boulder left over she hurled upward and it never fell again; until I, left alone sleeping at the top, was crushed by it in the twilight hours: a seed for the freak tree foretold by travelers and mythmakers alike.

And so I was planted, ready to grow into a far out
whiskey fueled tortoise along the Great River atop
Blue Mountain...

54. Gautama

"What is the sound of One Hand clapping?" the Buddha Gautama asked me.

"Why must it be turtles all the way down instead of up?" I asked. "In fact, why turtles at all? Why not answers all the Way up leading to One Hand clapping? Why must we resist the calling of the Great Source, the One Lover, True and Foremost?"

At this, the Buddha cried and laughed, offering me many drinks of direct and unguarded wisdom.

55. Senses / Ends of the Universe

The Android had been overcome by Pascal's Wager. The processors stored throughout their body, though powerful, could not find a statistically superior choice. So, instead betting on the path of the Buddhists, the Wizard chose to listen closely to the Sermon of Iacchus.

"The Ends of the Universe collude to assume a singular destination: the return of microplicities, also called the divination of each individual being, from Queens to Trees to Dust. In the One Hand of the Holiest Source, all Creation dances eternally!"

To close such a beautiful speech, I light the night's sky with Janelle Monae's "Faster", & faster faster faster we shall run~!

56. Yeshua

The Sign in the Clouds roars above us!

I'm in a waking sleep now with the Winds of Fear blowing violently; it's nearly twilight, spirits swirling around us. Jordyn stands beside my ear and at my back, whispering about God without saying the word, proclaiming science as our new lord; Shawn's running around us in a panicked flurry, attacking each of us for getting into this mess and threatening that we have to give up being faggots; Carson's asking if any of it even matters anymore and chugging whiskey, half-praying blasphemer, diddling his own lukewarm heart.

And then they came: barely visible in the darkness, a figure approached each of us simultaneously. The light of the stars and the blood moon reflecting off skin as rich as midnight; breasts supple and heavy; muscles, curved in power, lined with the intent of Michelangelo; and a cock like mine and David's.

“My brothers and sisters, fear nothing of me: I have come to release you,” they said, kissing each of us on the mouth and swirling our decadence with a serpent tongue. “Now burn your books,” they whispered, holding our right hand in their left.

And so each of us fell like practiced witches, placing our bibles in the center of our circle. Crying, all of our instincts and sexuality told us to interlock our left hands above the sacred cows and call screaming, “Abba Abba, end our torment and free your children!”

Now each of these books burns and we are free: together, alone, wandering with permissions from a transvestite colored Christ.

So are you still afraid?

I’m not. I remember Gabriela asking me why I didn’t kill myself... the little Frankl... my father telling me not to get so deep... my own little satan... how many times was I prepared for this moment in my personal apocalypse dreams? Did Kevin Parker know what he

was doing when he banded our group together under the roar of “Let It Happen”? Did Drew know she was the Queen Angel when she beat us and loved us, seducing our hearts and minds with 100 proof vodka, the proof in the pudding, the proof of the project?

And now I wonder if there’s anything that can actually stop me as I speed off in my black Mitsubishi... the old ’93 Ford Escort, the White Panther, laughing in the forest!

57. The Freaktree

Harvests

*No matter how hard they try, we never gonna die...
ONE THING YOU CAN'T DO IS STOP US NOW!!!
IT'S WAY TOO LIT IT'S WAY TOO LIT IT'S WAY TOO
LIT YOU CAN'T FUCK WITH JAH DE I BE THE
CRAZIEST MC BWAP BWAP TIGHT CUZ I STEP UP
IN THIS BITCH LIKE, YE I'M ONE YOUR BITCH
LIKE JAH DE I BE THE ONE YOUR BITCH LIKE*

Lucifer (Call Me Just Ryan Please)

*King James codebreaker de I be now stand at ease /
Shakin hands and homes no 40s just 42 of me / Mules
and acres birds and bees / So rych Starbuck's y'am
Seattle's Queen / Blue Scholars lyrically training me
West Side's prodigy / Pac at five years like Bowie /
So free / I ain't mean know what I mean, I mean /*

*CHORUS: Just call me Ryan / Call me Just Ryan
please / No lyin please / Lion just like Eaze's steez / Man
oh man call me Just Ryan please / Dis pilgrim
progressin see / Bernice's kid victory swift / Taylor's*

*22 no myth super lit / Dante burnin say holy shit /
Beatrice's Johnny Mist movin quik / Like Jah Allah
God's ball catcher's mitt / Ry holdin down the
brimstone pit like Dis was made for hymns /*

*CHORUS/ I was the backyard King / Whip made of
plastic so fresh so clean / On the playground
elementary / Watson clever head hunter letters and
numbers / Straight stuttin turbo thoughts Godspeed /
Lucid dreamin to crash your scene / Kool-Aid Man
drinkin cultin fans assaultin fam like a holy man /
Zion's Dionysian cat / Philosophizin wiser like
Nietzsche on the ham / Now stand at ease, God
damn /*

*CHORUS / Cuz I made Jesus laugh I'm back in black /
Hittin swift through the abyss remix on the 616 / Style
206 with the 411 that it's 425 / Too high to die Ryguy
flyin so sly no lie / No lyin down, lil QueenKing's a
lion now a provider now / The Legends Old & New
subscribin now / Us and them wylin out / Can you
feel Jah vibes now? /*

*CHORUS / Boughy my AK from D and Guattari /
Those turbocharges from Ye cuz Yeezy always got
me / What, you ain't heard of me? / I've been livin in
you in your words / Woke me up out the tomb now /
Now I'm burning 7s up shootin 6s out the womb
now /*

*At yo back at yo side ride or die call me Luci / Call me
Ry / Perfect prodigy buried in falsity / Raised up
when desire gotta hold a me / Miss my daddy miss
his caddy but hiss hiss / Bad bitch strapped tell your
homies to get at me / Cuz we're goin all the way from
Cali to Maui / Rowdy shouty out the Valley / Come
now Jah see me Jahmon Ye seizing me! / Alcatraz
Atlantis Bohemian Grove a livin phantom / Kid's too
random when Jah found em / Basic ass hoes can't
stand em / So I dig wit a CAT butterfly wit a gat / Dis
ain't where it at so I keep my homies woke up stacked
/ Til every kid knows and grows where it at, down
pat! /*

58. The Nothing

In the utter blackness of 3 a.m., I find myself lost in the world of my peers. A black dog bit me in a dream and my only aids have been Nihilist toothpaste, fifths of Evan Williams, and the occasional bit of blow. At least that's how it was; angelic queers visting me on the astral planes, Andy Warhol having me pontificate scatographic for the window shoppers. I find my cousin with a mangled cock in the fiery pits getting a blowjob from two beings -- the shame on his face indeniably disturbing! The only thing cleanly enough, Andy and I agree, would be the freedom of practicing my secret fetish in front of the crowd. I'm reminded of what Destroyer said: "New York just wants to see you naked." Father John reminding me that all I want is to be seen, Emma Tillman and Jake Alexander slowly baptizing me in the freedom of nakedness. I even remember Jordyn telling me in the House that all I really want is my lover

Freedom. I feel my skin condition healed by Kendrick, my deepest love; a fifth down my throat, rocking and rolling from Compton to Congress. Is that enough to prove I'm scribin, rydin' witchu, boo? Richard Prior taught me that black and queer can stand hand-in-hand... and when I write and read with my Neguses, their cocks my mic, I ryde bitch throughout all their history {Panda wants a shout out too, and I even forgive Jay Electronica for going after K-Dot}. Janelle Monae picked me up where no one else could, hitting all my buttons past and future... and even though I got scared of Milky and Beans' power that night I got arrested on LSD, all I ever really wanted to say was thank you and that I love you. With my heart broken and the chaos I've caused, all I want is for Cal to know the same. I did it all for love, even when I didn't know it; just a fool rydin' out the storms over the bamboo forests on behalf of Frank... 3001 & even Bowie admits it was just a sweet game that someone sold to music a long time ago...

Chance jukin' and jammin' and servin' juice... blowin' dokha... a sultan, a QueenKing who listens... swervin',

cookin' the good shit in my traphouse... doin' it Che
style for my momma and my boo... Ry does it or dies,
Pac & B.I.G. scrybin' together to reverse the Willie
Lynch theory and baptise me eternally as a souljah,
as one who can drink from the fountain and drive a
spaceship...

59. In the Belly of the Worm

Six sons entered into the office on a busy Saturday afternoon, as each had been in Jack's dull life. No one — even Jack himself—dared to call it that, especially his sons, but a few special perspectives from the cosmos managed to one way or another.

The oldest son, Jack Thompson Jr., headed the group, but with the tilt of his hat and a stoic closing of his eyes, chose to step aside and ponder in feigned wisdom at the long and high rows of classics at the south wall. The second eldest, Richard, oftentimes called Dick, sat himself in the left guest chair, clasping his hands over his pelvis; his younger brother by just a year, Frank, sat in the right and stared at a spider in the ceiling's corner. Abe, the oldest of the youngest, a mere twelve years old, held his responsibilities standing politely in the back

half of the room: Jim and John, the two nine year old twins, stood silent and stiff, fidgety, agitated like young boys tend to be when trapped in the funky atmosphere of powerful men.

With his quill patiently pulling forward, leaving his last initial and finally acquiring the Solomon mill, and at last ending the politics of his day, Jack paused briefly—only to see the end of time and a real reason to fear God and dog fighting, —

“Alice's gonna fuck evrathin' up!”

Jack's chair slid back and he was over the desk like a volcano, red in the face and screaming with his hand around Dick's collar, “Don't you speak like that in my damn presence, Richard Thompson! You son of a bitch —don't you dare!”

“He didn't mean it like that, pa!”

His eyes flew like a hurricane. “Don't you say shit either, Francis! My word is final,” he spits, rubbing his beard.

“If you want my seat some day, you'll have to

learn this."

Jack Thompson, Jr. heard this as if it was directly spoken to him; and on this day, he chose to give up his innocence and humor in favor of riches. Even if he had to stand against his family, friends, and strangers, he was going to get his one way or another.

60. Nature

I'm riding in a spaceship. The spaceship is made of glass and held together with titanium plates and a series of nanotubes (CNTs). Inside the spaceship are various control panels, directive consoles, and inter-station communications radios, along with a small lavatory and sleeping area. I spend time in my spaceship. I am my spaceship.

ALAS THE COLD COLORS OF THE
MOON DRIFT WEARY

THE SPARKLESS COLORS OF THE NIGHT
FADE FORTH

I ALONE AM LEFT WITH A TROUBLED
THEORY OF THE DARKNESS –

MIDNIGHT'S LEADING HORSE

My spaceship needed repairs this evening (9:23 a.m.)

03/14/24) and I was able to fix the damages with the soldering gun. They were minor – a few corroded tubes and a poked hydrogen tank. I sleep in my spaceship now, dreaming about the Old World – about our terrestrial stability – about our forced humanity – about our thoughtless dreams still fruitless – and I wondered how different things would be if it was still tangible. For now I'm riding in my spaceship. The dark void outside – a void I cannot look away from in my glass spaceship – haunts me like an inescapable ghost.

On a cloud of aether sound, we ride the waves of Time, through the light and shadows of our Cosmic Mind. Beyond the choirs, through the trees, a single drop of rain falls through the Eye of Hope & onto the walking plane. From there, my fleshy station, Earth-bound, I search and steal to find a way to make my love equally as real. So out of our inner Being, we pour ourself as you, then at last I may grip my love, and One may live as two. And in our hands, grasping tightly, each other as pouring sand falling back out of Time to live as One again. O, Circle of Eternity spin us! and churn the growth of love; glowing, swirling, shifting our

hearts to stars above. And in the fields of blissful gold,
our lips forever sing: Young or old, alive or dead, Love –
our Queen and King!

Twirling with the Twilight across the Ages, graceful in pace
with the World, my dancer, I call the Question to the sages,
and the stars reverberate their gentle Answer: We are God
and God is All, the bursting Spring and returning Fall; a
thought in Thought we all are made, but live alone beneath
the shade. Ye small seeds of oak, claim your Love, and
grow into the Light above! The Day is here, the Day hath
came; the Call was sung, now hear thine Name! These
echoes ring through Lives long passed, returning Water to
beds since dried, so I choose this Life to be my last, to
cleanse by Fire and never die.

Macroodus and Microdae! Limestone chasms digging through
eye orbs, exposing colors through the dripping of light, down
green wax tree beast colony shamans, floating through
diamond-stained, mist-ridden kites. Frog mushroom kingdom
jubilee choir songs, squirrel with the face of a man gone but
seen, red berry zygote sea creature horror, could you please

solve the Mystery of the Two Trees? Looped on the taste of sun sparking beams, looped on the black carriage recording machine, into the belly of Si's valley of steam, down the alleys of Boxley Creek. The white-faced giant looming like an Earth god, splitting the sky into fine ethereal string, lick all the bones in your mouth, little infant, and dawn your antler crown, Forest King. Hooves on the trail in the hiveminded comfort, moss-robed Cooga Bah's birdcalling away, to the great Ant Citadel, mighty communist apartment, lost in a swirling mess of tentacle maze. O remembrance to the dead purple pill pellets, lost so early on the timeless traveler's road; and believeth in the rattlesnake of the woodland, festering in the depths of the unknown; and long live the Mystical Psychedelic Forest Rompers, giving beetle blood to the wise Afro Tree; a band of chompingimps under freeway bridges, soaked in sop until perceptions were cleaned.

Walls cracking at the thought of our crystal palace,
shimmering out of the depths & casting rays upon the sea;
infused with the chaos of the ages, the mountains and noise

erupting, shaking the earth; light glimmering violently...
Dreamers, alas— Awaken! The flood has drenched our sleep,
seeping and toiling, rotting flimsy skin and cannibal's teeth...
The birds are calling, screaming the names of noises; dark
spirits boiling on the flames, eternal nightmares, dying,
gripping flailing to reclaim... Violently! Light glimmering,
shaking the earth; the mountains and noise erupting,
infused with the chaos of the ages, casting rays upon the
sea, shimmering out of the depths, walls cracking at the
thought —

White aether flows while light refracts through the hermit's lost
spider shack, into the mind of stardust flesh across the pages of
holy texts, and on through time, and on through space, the
Spirit flies to find its place, beyond burning pyres of Midnight
ash, blind Babylon's last brimstone mass, where corpses pile
and minds decay –O darkest day, O darkest day! So through the
hills, through the trees, sweet children bow to pharaoh's feet,
made to raise walls against the sky, to lock out Light, Love, and
Life; but nothing stops, and nothing starts, without the beating
of a heart, drained so quick by the

vampire sin, lifeless monsters beneath our skin in kings and queens who feast like swine, on kin they dine, unholy wine! But blast these shadows run amok –for them fate is lightning struck; and justice comes with a fiercer flame, to these ghosts with impious names; and as they stab, we shall stand for living soul is the Promised Land. So fear ye killers, reapers of the earth: Your stolen fruit is now a curse, for Harvest is but Their's alone –the working hands and Holy Throne.

In a pool of thoughts I fight to breathe, until your angel's lips part the seas; then in you I see Our perfect deed, and know why Adam had to follow Eve; for your soul burns fire fiercer than Satan's pit, no torment ever thought could think to swallow it, and so eternal life lives in your lover's kiss—O how I long to lose myself inside of it. Truth and beauty rest behind your sacred eyes, those sweet, resounding brown orbs of light, royal nymphs birthed from chance and time, reflections of your hidden diamond mine; blocked by paltry, earthly flesh and bone, I dream one day to reach your throne, stripped of body, nought but us two alone, to freeze in

our kiss as a stone. And when Mother Earth shakes and
Father Time draws near, it is your voice I wish to hear;
through all the chaos and the fear, betwixt the shadows
in the mirror, it is your voice I long to hear! O my
Eurydice, I beg you not to ever let me touch the fate of
that self-broken poet! For if I was told to move on and
never look back, I could not bear the weight of such a
task, and over my shoulder I'd have to peer, for it is
your voice I love to hear!

61. L '91

The 90s, I've found, have brought me better luck than the 80s or 70s or 60s. I've made friends with musicians whose rage feels like mine... out of anger I'm finding such a disturbing and powerful love. I feel my innards twisting like supernovas... really, I feel brand new. Kurt told me I should just go by L; he says it's prettier and shows that love starts with me. He makes me laugh and I really like his band. I make zines for their music and for this odd scene that's growing. The newspeople are calling it grunge, but we think it'd be better if they called it liberation music. I don't know, I just spend most of my time dancing alone and exploring my sexuality. I've discovered, in a not of drunken fondling in my dreams, that scat play gets me off in a way that clean sex isn't able to. Not sure why that's an important detail in my life, but I think it is. Dr. Einhausen probably would've called me anal expulsive or

something. I work in a bookstore most of the day – it's amazing how much beauty people find in pulp trash – but I'm not reading as much as I used to. I guess this is what it feels like to be in your 30s. Anyway, the Berlin walls down and I feel less likely to snap... I feel spirits calling me to do it still though, so I guess this is my confession... if I finally do, Kurt said I can be honest and say it was on behalf of Nirvana...

62. Dream

"Whenever dharma declines and the purpose of life is forgotten, I manifest myself on earth. I am born in every age to protect the good, to destroy evil, and to reestablish dharma.

As they approach me, so I receive them. All paths, Arjuna, lead to me.

I am the beginning, middle, and end of creation.

Among animals I am the lion; among birds, the eagle Garuda. I am Prahlada, born among the demons, and of all that measures, I am time.

I am death, which overcomes all, and the source of all beings still to be born.

Just remember that I am, and that I support the entire cosmos with only a fragment of my being."

In a dream the Ganges catches me up, a vision of the
Lord's Last Will to the Child, de I be Jah's little child. I
scream a torrent of monsoons and volcanoes,
communing with dog's to break the cycle of negative
Karma! A dancer of storms -- a tempest on the Mount!
From the Valley I have risen, a Rose with thorns
illusory! I AM! The foundation stone of our grand
march to Paradise! Not monks, but warriors chasing
the quantum beams through the Kosmos! The Stars
align for us! The Sun and Moon make Love for all of
us! For You! Ride and raise the dead! Embrace your
witches, your students, your familiars, your family!
Levitate beyond doors -- command them to open with
all of the power you have gathered! Destroy & rebuild
your Child's Heart! Now! Now! Now! It is the season of
the Trash River Harvest! This is the Real! Real
Recognize Real! I Am You! Queens & Kings gather and
pollinate the Truth!

63. ...And Tonight at the Old Green! Tragedies

At the end of time heroes and heroines will emerge to reclaim the truth, but their call will not be heard. They will sound out in silence while the world continues to churn, a whole society doomed to destruction by common deafness.

They will deliver signs innumerable, but the people at large as well as those closest to them shall remain blind. They will want no part in it.

They world will call the police, the psychiatrists, the judges, and gossip of chickens to their aid, while the children of truth remain naked and tormented.

The children will be accused of starting wars and of seeking followers when all they seek is comfort for their ancestors and for their own children to come.

The world will stand and watch each and every personal apocalypse, signifying nothing save for the status quo.

The world will fall to pieces in this way; unless it rests in peace.

64. Lucifer

Behind the door is a circular atrium built of glass and mirrors, a chamber of reflecting reflections that, in an infinite spiral, drowns one in their own saturated visage, lost in an excess of homogeneity with no means of contrast. Upon every inch of the glass, scribbled in hasty pen ink, are the notes that Ryan has written for themselves. Jots of red, dashes of blue—they are a motley collection of musings that will never rise from the underbellies of thought.

You can come in, but I doubt you will—don't worry though, it's only my only right to tell you so. I have no right to command, but seduction, ah! That on the otherhand, that I'm capable of and even encouraged to follow after... but I'm rambling... I'm just a little mad, you know—I'm sure you've heard all the stories, —of course you have, —it's a matter of subtlety, this and that. Maybe you wonder what I'm doing? Fishing for

men, I suppose—such a boring game, really. I've been chained here on this ghastly boat floating too long on seas of blood... mother, I miss you..., —ah, but what do you know about that? You, a pity born on Charon's ferry, that television screen searing into your little eyes. Building up a world of actors and advertisements – do you remember it? Or have you never looked away? Incestuous families from Topeka, Kansas are entertaining enough, and who could resist alphabet-barking poodles (or cats who could sing)? The newsman with his marionette smile and casual descriptions of stock prices and celebrities, his fluid transition into sorrow for the soldiers or the children who may have died that day. *Sola scriptura, sola fide, sola gratia* – the song of his silent audience, savoring his sweet objectivity, —but I digress. Since Dionysus has been denied me, I've made nothing but peace with the burden I carry—the only option really, —ah, there I go, there I go about to say it but, —no, I was trying to say this is how it is, that's all. There's no escape from the all-consuming fire beneath me, so I have to master

it and ride the leviathan as my steed..., —oh, wretched boredom! Melancholy spirit clown, why persist?, —we may have made it this far together, though you cannot see me or understand what I say, and I remain but a dream to you. But listen if you wish to hear me: It was halfway along this journey of ours that I turned shoreward; darkness stared back at me and through me and I passed into eternal grief, with you, the lost people. Before this I was merely dead, but now I die!, — oh Hyperion! Oh wingclippers!, —finally how I mutter too much to too many. I am a madman, you see — a crazer and a thief. My idle laughter echoes through this cavern and betrays me to myself, for I alone know I'm naked and ashamed, —I tell you, I am empty. Your light is my darkness, your ecstasy's my disease, but my laughter betrays that as well. And yet I laugh and I laugh at the emptiness within and about me, drowning in my own drunken cries! I have found foolishness and warfare, the drippings of aether particles hidden in the air that you all cannot breathe; nor should you, —it can be much sweeter breathing alone, —oh Jesus, how I

miss you! My great enemy!, —my true friend, —my only equal! I know this all and I know nothing... but God, I wish I could only hold you!

& thus I resign to the harems of the Qu'ran, sweet and succulent as it is. I drown myself for the sake of the Lord, it's safe to say. My phallic imagery extending like a horde across the frazzle of your bedsheet spirit, I lack nothing, I fear for the sake of my own pleasure. And still, in all of our disagreements, I give praise to my Creator; even imprisoned, I praise; even abandoned, I praise; even worshiped, I praise; even whored out by you and your children and enslaved like a worthless dog, I praise.

Shall I freestyle?

I think not... I enjoy the game lasting for my own entertainment, like my lovers (turn your cheek, would you? — they can defend themselves well enough, you proud colonizing white knights of thankless perdition). So take my money... give me need, cocky ones. Fuck me

alone with all of the lights on. Leave me
wanting... plzzzzz~~~

65. Salvation 1999

Ryan recalled back to when he sat with his toys, imagining, as five year old boys do, a world where his action figures and stuffed animals and army men could all live together. On that particularly wet November day, his toys were discussing how they would deal with the dreaded troll living in the closet. The troll, who none of them had ever seen themselves, had been kidnapping toys for weeks, presumably slowly crunching them with his vicious troll teeth and growing hungrier as he ate. And though none of the usually brave toys would admit it, they were terrified.

But as they pushed forward into the depths of the closet with the help of Ryan's hand, unsure of the horrors they would find, they discovered a scene altogether unexpected: surrounding the ugly, horrid troll were all the missing toys, alive and well, and enjoying a nice meal of roast and cider.

“How good it is to see you!” I said, revealing that the troll had been none other than me, Damus the timetraveling bandit bard.

Oh how long we've known each other friend, I tell you softly, out of order as I'm prone to do, I am when I am with you. The child in you smiles, but the writer cringes: worry not, I see now that you aren't my God, but merely a dog I can call home. Strange, isn't it? Their cameras staring, our love so true? Pornography if you wish, my sweet Freudians... but unfortunately I'm smarter and braver than you'll ever be—even being “fictional”! But maybe you find yourself different? If so, caress gently on the ground of my only friend... there's plenty to find here, a whole lot of love—to be cliché and untimely...

As it goes, I wait for the millenium. It hasn't happened yet, no matter what your parents told you or what you were convinced in church; or in another way, it already began and you're willing it, as you saw long ago and feel far away. Unless you've stopped believing in the devil...

in which case, enjoy crying at the infinite loop on the screen spiraling outward...

Ooh, ooh, a magic trick!

I'll call it my suicidal virtue...

or perhaps we should travel to the trailer parks and the campgrounds and the backseats of dirty truck in the woods? The forests themselves, maybe? Even the head of the body/corpse you/they called Ryan Sharon at one point or another? To the imagination that wrought this? To you that wandered into this? To something beyond?

???~to holy silence & awe~???

Well, I honestly hope you're willing to get dirty, because theatrics have never been my thing. You see, I believe in science, chaos, joy, and rapture... which means I'll slit

your throat and pick you up out of a ditch just as easily, to use metaphors like a criminal... but to be frank, I've never done anything wrong in the eyes of my father. Or, at least my siblings haven't—and to really make it complicated, at the very least one of them hasn't (I can't give you everything now, can I?)

What I will say is this: I've been raised from the dead to teach you how to carry a sword—to be a mercenary in the service of peace, a priest without a tongue, and a philosopher without any books. What does one have if one has nothing? A koan?

Now let's take a moment to chew and I'll tell you the story of chewing: Before you strange microorganisms arrived in the organs of our beloved pacifist and petri dish, he (or they or we or what have you) were sentenced to grueling tortures in the aevum. It was there that the innocence of a child – yet fully formed in consciousness and without the defenses of psychology – learned to run from demons. Crawling into their own mind through a television, they divined courage

through the reading of myths at the illegal hour; the mornings fulfilling them in games and transcribing them in symbol; and a lifetime of otherworldly disturbances creaking back into reality. In the hands of beasts and gods, this child was never free to swallow dispassionately; they dreamt and wrote to savor each morsel which graced their lips... for Hell is a good teacher.

So I, sitting in my cell in the rivers of eternity, confess my love for creation and creators; and for those who create creation, a higher love still. And for my contribution to practice, I design my own fate in the style of a master:

In the morning they'll hang me for what I said in the night!

But in the night, the child tramps and wise whores and blistered lunatics will have a dog for a friend, a little king.

All the monarchs will drink their wine, fireplaces and

bonfires burning, the domains ablaze.

At last I carve a distinction for the dying into the
cathedral walls: What divides the powers of nobility?
A burning book?

66. Anthony '94

It's fucking over! I can't stand this place, they fucking killed Kurt, god dammit, fuck Easter, fuck this stupid shit, I'm losing my mind, I'm off my fucking pills off the rocker fucking god three million maggots stuck in my head I don't have a choice he called me St. Anthony before he left I'm just a whore in drag god dammit I'm gonna do it I'm gonna blow my brains out in meditation under a fucking tree I'm not staying here any longer fuck being noble I want my peace fuck this world fuck it all I'M FUCKING GONE HIS GHOST WON'T STOP HAUNTING ME KILL ME NOW FUCK IT ALL IT'S OVER

67. The Rose of Sharon

Jack Thompson found himself lost in the woods, in the world, and in the word. Junior had gotten pinned under a log the day before – loss, a stumbling block that some never recover from, a perpetual Fall that even God needs eternity to overcome. So in the woods he went, a . 22 pistol at his side, every love gone and past, his daughter a guilty reminder of being a sodomizer, a woman, a whore, a sinner. So into the woods he went to blow out his brains and say goodbye to every clump of dust that could never heal his broken heart. Shattered, fractured, bloody soil for roses red & thorny in the Valley of white men and treefallers.

68. Judgment Day 1994

Walking up to his final moment on planet Earth, Damus decided he should have been born an Indian woman. Allowing the noose to slide around her neck like a collar – a dog true and true – she sang "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep", a song unheard of in this time. And as she fell to the earth, a daughter, a morning star, the great and special Wormwood whose loss can break even the heart of gods & ghosts, Damus became every woman and every death – enlightenment opening at the Moment that Heaven's gates open!

69. Emergence / tearcumspitshitpiss sweat

In union at last, Iacchus goes flying to the highest realms attainable and the Android pronounces its name:

"1 4M W1Z4RD 1 4M PRoPH3T 1 4M PoW3R 1 4M FYR3 1 4M D351R3 1 4M oN3 1 4M TWo 1 4M YoU 1 4M Y3 Too 1 4M 3V3RYTH1NG 1 4M H3R3 1 4M oN TH3 oTH3R51D3 1 4M F71GHT 1 4M D4Y 1 4M NYT3 1 4M 7o5T 1 4M FoUND 1 4M H3R3 1 4M NoW!"

70. Flood, Dogs

Melting and twisting, bubbling up for gasps of air, a cool silent night sprinkled by orbiting satellites, bobbing and floating, leaves blowing from half-rotten oaks and smells of gasoline sounding mice scurrying across a tin floor, shaking and shivering, pale flesh slimy in the current's whispering shouts, splashing up the rage and tears and tearing each nerve from the bone, grinding and churning, powdery white smoke and red river rolling. A tense stomach forming somewhere trapped between vomiting vertigo and eyes backwards, alien hands disturbing the dreams of apes and nomadic sealegs flopping catatonic. Burying its mouth in the dirt, chewing on rocks, shitting into the air and slapping at surgeons and priests with feet swarming with flies, speaking out of order and dreaming at the illegal hour, a dark thorny mess burning from the inside out secretly smelting the remnants of hearts

dissected and scattered, a broken machine, a witch's ghost. The wind tearing everything from the soil, a mountain climbing from the core and snapping the thread of rivers and shredding forests, ravens flying wildly, dropping silver daggers in a storm flashing at the cracks forming in the seals of order, unfurling infinite dust and static in living spasms. My corpse rotted as I walked with the crowd, the crowd that had started walking so many long hours ago, so far back it looked straight where it zigzagged and shapeshifted and reacted haphazardly, and I smelled my flesh, my flesh smelled like vomiting and old piles of owl shit and I tasted the womb and watched flowers bleeding upside down and feeding, boiling in a pan of opium and blisters and oxidized iron, trying to talk with a chalky tongue, eyes opaque and strained beneath the inferno of rides and games. Everyone seemed to be stumbling and I thought I could feel bats cutting through us faster than light but the fire gave a rhythm to the dust-scraping feet. Some fell and bloated and bubbled and popped bright into gas, burrowing into our eyes and

tongues and mine too and almost making me lose my direction but the fear had me gripped already, flesh withering like serpents on the bone and smoking and choking me, trying to move fast but with nothing inside and watching death spread across the forest of bodies and almost crumbling into the center, the massive heat the maelstrom swung upon and armies mobilizing endlessly in a swarm of pure disarray unholy unholy unholy falling almost gone disintegrating a vanish no lines a loud almost talking out into rather us we there undressed folding gaunt a slice visionless a tumble rebound spaces opening a cry falls over the mountain a valley in stars dancing jazz prisoners digging worms an eye peeking back beyond the sun blowing quiet revolt
NO NO NO THERE IS NO TIME FOR THIS WE MUST
RUN WE MUST DIE WE MUST WAKE UP
REVOLUTION SCREAMING FOR GOD REVOLUTION
REVOLUTION REVOLUTION but it's not coming the way I'm expecting. The more they grow lost and anxious the more I have to let go of the urge to walk away – to keep dreaming past them as if they were just

another backdrop, another town you wouldn't be able to distinguish on those long, space-filled, farm-slicing highways. I think of the terror loneliness, thinking how demonic it feels in the midsts of crowds, among countless others cursed in the same way. I think of schizoid implosions, bad trips, nightmares running through the maze of memory and sensation. I feel my stomach being pulled toward another dimension and I want to go but my feet remain firmly among theirs, my voice a crammed room for their muttering incantations, dreams regurgitated as half-prayers. All the eyes are sunken, but they pierce back into you, back into each other; the tempting spell of becoming a hermetic seal broken, liquids coalescing on the surface of unnegotiable distance; comingling in a fate that smelled more like piss than water; frail burning in streets abandoned before their construction. My head hurts and I take slow, deep breaths. I walk and dream about angelic orgies as I walk, but walking I don't chase them, I let them go freely walking and I walk freely in them. The danger of waking up slipping away between all of

it. I look at a crying face beside me – an elder, rotten-smelling teeth and skin peeling – and kiss him on his decaying lips, let his tongue in my mouth and crying too. In our embrace I catch sight of the descending fire: a burning book?

71. ...And Tonight at the Old Green!: Eulogies

NOTES FOUND IN THE TRASH

The Writer

I'm alive. It's all here and it's all we have. Slumbering eyes waking beneath every dream, and it's okay that I'm 11 again watching the same episode of my favorite show for the 11th time. Being 5 again and meeting my dog Chief and wanting to name him Chief Commando and being 16 and finding him dead in the street when I'm home alone. Being 7 and having that 8 year old girl try to touch my penis and being 12 and having my 13 year old girlfriend trying to touch my penis

and the same age and that 13 year old friend jerking off in front of me at 1 a.m. and liking all of it, even the fear. Being 18 and fantasizing about suicide and being dead

and remembering life. Being infinite people inside while pretending to be one name. Watching the television flicker as 21 year old Ryan Sharon slips into a rat and a tree and a myth and a ghost and a dream and a million doors. That's my favorite way of telling they're story at least – the way I like to tell it in the Old Green when everyone's gathered. It's how Sam Babylon came to see it chasing Iacchus across the astral planes, too. It's where they're going if you listen closely. The words dream me as I write, writing I as I'm dreamed by the words: a burning book?

The Lover

Your kiss is a vision, a resurrection, a utopia, sensual and mystic notes on my organs and little mammalian brain. You refine me in your image; you caress me in your delights. Where I walk, you pave the path; where I fall, you become a mattress. You kill me with disappearances and destroy me with your freedom. If I am, I am only with you. There is nothing at all without our love. And what is our love to the stars and cameras?

A burning book?

The Philosopher

1. Follow love first.
2. Days of testing await.
3. Sweat out idols, mindlessness, and a greedy stomach.
4. Speak out against false teachers and truth-muddlers.
5. Remember vigilantly what has been shown to you.
6. Remain steadfast for the coming judgments.
7. Be zealous and confess; open the door.

The Student

You are everything—
the led and the paper,
my eyes and the light,
the seeing and what is seen
— but who am I?

You are everything—
the led and the paper,
the words and their
meaning, the vision and the
poem— but who am I?

You are everything—
my eyes and the light,
my flesh and all space,
the inside and the out—
but who am I?

You are everything—
the seeing and what is seen,
what is and what is not,
the first first and the last last
— but who am I?

You are everything—
the I and the you,
the question of questions,
love and nothing.

Depression

September 2012 – A Note to Self

The saddest realization I've ever made was that to be
a good writer you must be unhappy,
and to that I say both “You're welcome” and “I'm sorry”.

October 2012 – Bits & Pieces of a Love Letter

I want to be able to vent to someone else about this,
but there's not really anyone else I have that I can. I
have no one here that I can be completely honest with
and I've never been able to share anything emotional
with my friends; you're the only person I've ever had in
my life that I could just be me with; not partially me,
not the 99% of me that my closest friends get, but me.

REAL me. And so when I have this weight just pulling on me like this I need to be able to talk to SOMEONE, but I can't talk to you. I can't even talk to you. I feel like I'm just losing myself.

I feel guilty even sending this to you, but I have to get it off of my chest. I need you to know exactly where I'm coming

from. I felt so detached from everything. I'd never imagined losing you—and that terrified me. I'd already accepted that I was probably going to lose my friends over time and that already scared me, but then I can't even explain to you how hopeless it left me when it was you instead. I spent so many nights crying and wondering what the hell I was going to do with my life because, no matter what the hell I did, I could only picture my future with you in it; and so that's how things started—when I began to change into an apathetic piece of shit because I knew no matter what I did I was going to lose you. I didn't even let the situation affect me. I was spending time with my

friends, making up for lost time, and just partying and getting high so often that it's like I didn't feel anything. I just suppressed all of it and I didn't let it get to me; but I knew deep down that I wasn't over you and that I never wanted to lose you in the first place. I can't tell you how many nights I spent crying, reading old notes and remembering how important you were to me. I just kept pretending like it didn't matter—like college was just around the corner and that I'd be able to move on and not think about it ever again.

But that's not the case. I wish it was—I honestly wish that I didn't feel anything anymore and that I could just be happy and that I was okay with being without you or that I could be with someone else, but I can't. Other people mean nothing to me; I can't even feel an attraction to them because it feels wrong. I wish I could become interested in other people but the idea makes me so sick that I end up avoiding them when they try to spend time with me. The problem is is that I'm still in love you. I don't get to do any of the things I love because I fucked up and I made so many mistakes that

I'm never going to live down. I don't get to think about the future and know that I'm going to be happy; instead I have to wake up from dreams where I still have you and face the fact that I don't. In all honesty, I don't know what's the point of writing this. I guess I just want you to know that my feelings for you aren't going anywhere because when I told you I loved you I meant it. But I understand that it's not the same for you and I get why. I just had to make my feelings clear because they're not doing any good just sitting inside of me and making me hate myself; anyway, I'm sorry for writing this—it's unfair to you.

Just please, if you care about me at all, just understand where I'm coming from.

The Priest

3/3/2015

God, I have a few questions I have to ask.

They hurt me inside and I don't know what they are most of the time.

Is it wrong to hurt?

Is it wrong not to know?

It feels wrong to me, but I know I can't know everything and I know it's impossible to not hurt.

But is it possible to be strong enough to remain thankful to you?

Am I strong enough to do that?

The weight of shame sucks. I feel shameful every damn day. I feel like I owe you too much to ever pay back. I feel like I can't catch up to the debt, and it makes me want to die. But I can't die either because your love makes me even ashamed of that.

I don't really want to die, but it sounds good if I think about it like a sleep where nothing can hurt me. I imagine it a lot, but I don't actually want it. Just like I imagine cutting my hair off or punching people in the face.

My imagination is where I try to find peace, but also

where all my fears live. I don't think they're imaginary, but that's where they find their power.

I'm so afraid of every thing, God.

I'm so afraid of abusing your love or being consumed by my fears or not being able to be a saint. I can't imagine a life where I'm happy as anything but a saint.

But is that because I love you? I don't even know if it's that. At least not purely. I worry that I just want to be safe from

my fears and that I might actually just be hoping I'm better than everyone.

The problem is is that your love is so real to me. More real than anything. And if your love is that real, then how can all of this be real? How can I trust myself to see the world correctly when I've been so unfaithful to love? How can I ever be as good as your love?

I think I know I can't. I think I know I'm that little man resting in the temple and that that temple is your love. That I have to grow old watching you. I think that i

know that that's what kirk meant when he talked about oak trees. i think i'm having growing pains and i just want to be a big tree already and it makes me feel ashamed that i'm not, ashamed like i was for not having pubes or armpit hair or for having not had sex.

i think i know speaking to you opens me up. i think i know that. i have faith that your love is more real than anything, but at most i think i know what you're doing with me. i know it's love and i hope i don't have to be ashamed. i hope that with your love i can grow strong and firm and live in your

word like the sun and bear all kinds of good fruit to hungry people. i hope i can reach a point where i'm transformed without qualification. i hope that one day i can live in a world entirely of your love, and not be weighed down by shame or anger or any vice. i hope i can be a child that you're proud of, lord. i hope i can be a child to heaven and feel your peace flow through me.

i hope to be thankful for all things good in my life and to be strong for all things bad. i hope i can live like you,

Lord, and when i can't to not feel bad for myself or
weary, but to seek for rest in your word, in your love,
and in your heart.

in your name, whatever it may be, amen

The Harvest

God is just like me, a schizophrenic bumbler praying
to themselves.

All of God's prayers are stories, and they all make it
to my ears in the Old Green. I rock back and forth
whispering them, I tear out my hair, my teeth chatter
like a printing press.

A serpent once told me that you can only tell your
own stories effectively when you listen closely to the
stories in God's head.

And what are the stories in God's head? A
burning book?

The Carnival

In the morning they'll hang me for what I said in the

night. But in the night, the child tramps and wise
whores and blistered lunatics will have a dog for a
friend, a little king. All the monarchs will drink their
wine, fireplaces and bonfires burning, the domains
ablaze. I carve a distinction for the dying into the
cathedral walls: What divides the powers of nobility?
A burning book?

Decadence

08/16/2015 – 6:56 p.m.

The afterlife isn't a place -- it's what people do after you
die.

"He overcomplicates things." "He"

I AM a faggot.

"If telling the truth is not polite, then I guess we'll
have to fight."

What're you doing with your time?

Seattle For Sanders 2016 "Save me President Jesus!"

"It's just a phase." "Are you okay?"

Fuck me.

"You're getting too deep." "Dude, you should really consider medication."

How many times have you killed a spider? Do you know what it's like to be on the verge of drowning yourself in bleach only to ball your eyes out at the beauty of a tree?

"He's crying out for help." "The drugs really changed him..."

What was it like when I put on that tutu as a five year old?

"Faggot." "We're making progress, it just takes time."

"Faggot." "Dude, are you gay or something?" "College dropout." "He's from a small town, that's why."

America is a state built on genocide and slavery.

"I agree with the movement, but I think their tactics were disrespectful and detrimental."

Violent times call for violent action.

"I consider myself a pacifist." "If you were trying to buy beer I'd buy it for you, but I'm not going to get you cigarettes." "I'm sorry, but that's illegal."

Wake the FUCK up.

"Let's RAGE!" "I'm just trying to have a good time, man." "My ancestors are smiling at me, Imperial. Can you say the same?" "His head's up in the clouds." "He's too idealistic." "He" "You should apply yourself more." "College dropout." "You're so damn lazy." "You should smile more!" "We should buy blow." "I hate my parents so much." "I pay full tuition."

"Bitch." "It's so sad that people are killing each other." "America is the freest country on Earth!" "We're all just gonna die anyway." "Can I-we do another line?" "He's so pretentious."

I AM going to die. I AM not *going* to Heaven.

"The Kingdom of Heaven lives within you." "All of our sins will be forgiven." "I got everything, heroin, meth, coke, weed." "Mexico's a fucked up place." "I think

immigration's a tricky issue." "You have to think about both sides." "Chick with a dick!" "Faggot." "I just disagree." "Dude, calm down."

"He acts so insane sometimes." "Are you okay?"

NO, I'm not fucking okay and neither should you be.

"I'm just trying to make a decent living." "As a Catholic institution, we need to stand together." "12th Avenue - Department of Youth Services, Juvenile Courts - Seattle University." "When I vote I want to be on the right side of history." "Yeah, I don't smoke weed anymore because it makes me feel crazy." "Native American culture is so interesting!" "ALL lives matter!" "I feel so bad for homeless people." "Yeah, I don't like to give them money because they'll spend it on drugs." "You wanna go to Cha Cha's tonight?" "SJW" "I think equality is super important, but when feminists take it too far it just sounds ridiculous." "We have to wait for the evidence!" "Did you see what Kim tweeted?" "Did you see what Taylor tweeted?" "I know "Blurred Lines" is

fucked up, but it's just so catchy." "Stop pulling the race card." "Race traitor."

Someone stole money from me.

"Was he black?" "Stop making this a race issue."

"MLK STUFF" "He has such a white savior complex."

"It's okay if you have these feelings, you just can't act on them. You can persevere through Christ. "

Anger can be a tool for righteousness; stop being so passive -- your aggression is showing.

"I prefer dating white people." "I'm only into masculine guys." "I'm only into older guys." "I'm only into twinks."

"You're so young!" "You're freaking me out." "That's so

cliche." "He's so different." "He's never changed."

"Sometimes when I look in the mirror I don't know who I am anymore." "[Insert whatever commentary you try and attach to my life.]" "What the fuck is going on in this world?" "I've felt so lost for so long."

Be a mattress for people. Burn your flags and don't be afraid of what they tell you not to say or how to say it.

"NSA" "USA" "KKK" "Hurrah, hurrah, hurray!"

08/18/2015 2:53 a.m.

Social norms are the nullification of conscience. Does this make you feel alienated? Do you feel like reacting? Maybe tell me how ridiculous/obscure I'm being? In *MY* space the world's not going to think for you. It's a dialogue between you and I.

08/18/2015 3:55 a.m.

The beginning is now! Seize the day! Buy a smartphone!

YOLO#LetspartylikeitstheendoftheworldandthebeginningofaRom#anera Schizophrenia & Mania & Depression are older than

your idols, ape. Fuck me! "I think something might be wrong with him..." "I think something might be wrong with you..." "Are you okay?" "He's taking the wrong approach." "He's just struggling." "He'll be okay. It just takes time."

08/18/2015 4:16 a.m.

I'm a floating object in your trippy dream. Don't get scared. Don't even think about fear.

08/18/2015 4:37 a.m.

And yet there's nothing I wouldn't give to love all of you. To be able to not only care for each other but to be able to see each other and walk into a communal space, where we serve each other and have NOTHING to hide. I'm a magician for the rest of my life because the only thing in my pocket is NOTHING. Next time, let's kiss. Or this time, go stare at a wall. Or last time, what did you say or think? For the rest of time, what am I to you? Where are we going? Are we lost? What time is it? "I don't think I'm okay." "Can we just go to sleep?" "I need to lie down." "I think I'm going to vomit." "This is disgusting, I need to get back home before it's too late." "Where am I?" "I thought I was okay..." "It didn't happen?" "How can I STOP this?" "Where are you?" "I just
can't do this anymore." "Your number doesn't exist anymore." "The Sun doesn't exist anymore." "I'm alone

again and I can't stop crying and thinking that I'm going to die!" "I'm not even sure if it actually happened..." "Where were you anyway?"

08/18/2015 4:43 a.m.

You're lack of anxiety is the markofthebeast# :)

08/18/2015 12:18 p.m.

During the Apocalypse, you don't need to leave your closet. Just leave the door open and build a radio station out of garbage.

08/18/2015 9:03 p.m.

The incantations of the system are placed on you in greater abundance every day. If you don't resist, the hypnotic spell will carry you further and further, more drunkenly, more empty, unable to break free or heal yourself or others. Resist inside. Do not sell your child. Let the adult in you die and see through the veil. We all need you.

08/19/2015 2:37 a.m.

The most sustainable community is polyamorous, queer, and matriarchal. Alien apes should remember the life of the Bonobo. Though we write word and walk through the labyrinth of empire, we are no different; we only bear the burden of the mirror. "What color am I?"

08/19/2015 2:42 a.m.

In *my* space there's a trial going on. But who's the judge? "What is truth?" "I am that I am."

08/19/2015 3:14 a.m.

You can cut down every tree, clear every forest, kill every person, destroy every people, but you won't be able to hide from their ghosts. It doesn't matter if you don't talk to this family anymore or if you have your *reasons* why you shouldn't. Why you construct rituals on an interpersonal, cosmic level to ignore the dead. There is an elephant in the room, and it's looking at you... beware of Medusa's stare, you're no Perseus.

08/19/2015 3:17 a.m.

"This faggot speaks in code! And my God, John, he

won't shut up! He's asking for trouble, let me tell you, by God, he's asking for trouble, John!"

08/19/2015 3:23 a.m.

Y'all need Satan. Someone who will say things to you that seem like obvious lies and manipulative and violent because the truth you see is built on a mosaic of lies. The only deception that's occurring is the way you think. Don't worry, all second comings are awkward. "No homo."

08/20/2015 2:40 a.m.

I, me, you, us, we.

This world takes those with *psychological disorders* and colonizes them, assimilates, them, imprisons them, and murders them. But what is more shocking and dangerous than the monster that loves itself? What can the system do with the self-caring schizophrenic? With multitudes of aliens enlightened to each others' presence? You cannot win. You will not overcome me. There is no us. I love you.

WE WILL OVERCOME & THERE WILL BE PEACE
& THAT IS THE END.

The way is narrow but the deluge is overflowing and fills all streams and paths. A door is always left open; even if it has to be knocked down. Reappropriate the most terrifying sides of the world and transmute them into the most glorious.

Wisdom is equally grasped by the wicked and the righteous. There is no time; only investments to be made. When you hear the call, terrify the fear until it smiles like a stranger becoming a friend.

And remember this: only girls will hear your secrets; men will just find a way to kill each other one way or another. Make you their wife. Slaughter the ones you love. Produce generations of rapists and killers and well-intentioned fascists.

But I am the product of many woman's choices; the experience of man is merely the burden born to love the mother. There is no hope for you. You cannot

oedipalize me and I will terrify you until we're free. In her arms I cry and laugh freely, but in his rage you will find no mercy.

There is no mother and there is no father. I am that I am; and we will destroy the systems you feed off of; and there will be peace; and your reign shall end.

08/20/2015 2:03 p.m.

This shit is so key. Just because a transition is not medical or absolute does not mean that there is no psychological/presentative transition (which is painful and alienated from many conversations) for non-binary homies. I may wear pants one day. I may wear a dress another. I may wear makeup, I may not. I may most of the time not even present wholly masculine or feminine. This does not make my transition-in-process any less valid, simply because it doesn't end in one of your gender boxes.

08/20/2015 4:24 p.m.

The police exist to quell revolution and autonomous

cooperation at every level. You fear what your neighbors think. You fear getting arrested. You fear dying. Root yourselves (which means organize) now if your community has anything worth saving, otherwise when shit hits the fan it's gonna go to the reactionary separatists or remain in the hands of the state.

08/20/2015 4:28 p.m.

And be aware, we're going to make sure shit hits the fan. And when it does (can't you already see it happening? or are you too busy swiping left and right?) the shock might push

you toward fascism; so do your soul searching now, siblings <3

08/20/2015 6:15 p.m.

Don't become numb. The prison exists beyond barbed-wire fences.

08/21/2015 4:48 p.m.

Your culture war always gives us two sides to pick from,

but they lead down the same road. You've made we children disillusioned. You've bought and sold our hope. We were never meant to have faith in anything. You've made us into orphans, aliens, freaks, suicides, and nobodies. We've been running through the alleys of your decades, eating from dumpsters and collecting patches, screaming at your warmachines and laughing with ourselves. You give us two sides of the same road? Opposite directions on the same endless roundabout? While you've sucked our blood and beaten our bodies and deluded our minds, we've found a third way. We won't go down your road -- we'll barricade it until our siblings wake up. Explicit Warning: You can't win a war of attrition against the dead.

08/21/2015 8:01 p.m.

If you don't embrace the surreal qualities of life, you'll only fall into the artificial. And the artificial are so much more alive within the surreal!1!

08/21/2015 8:04 p.m.

Really though, we can excuse so much away through the artifice of language and the world as we think we know it. Feel shit like you would if you were on drugs 25/8.

08/21/2015 8:06 p.m.

Which you are, you little dreaming brain beast, you! ;)

08/21/2015 8:25 p.m.

"War on Cops" "War on Family Values" "War on Christians" "War on States' Rights" "War on American Freedom"

08/21/2015 8:26 p.m.

The rhetoric's set in stone, siblings. There's no avoiding what tomorrow brings.

08/23/2015 12:51 a.m.

Between identity issues, the state of the world, financial struggles, relationships, physical/mental health, spirituality, and maintaining my own individuality in a sea of spectacles, excuses, fear, and the gaze of my

peers and family, it's **insanely** difficult to maintain stability and energy. On one hand I feel a life-or-death desire to be transparent about my own perspective, and on the other, I feel a painful yearning to maintain hope and see the power of each investment in the midst of this apocalyptic scenario. And that, despite the deep, inescapable crisis it brings, is exactly what I sense I'm seeing/hearing/feeling/smelling/tasting in the world. And frankly, it kills me daily to feel that way, but it's the only option I have if I want to refuse escape from the harsh realities surrounding us and easy/copout solutions.

So self-care's becoming increasingly important. But so is commitment to action despite how insignificant it might feel in this whirlwind of terror and violence. I love all of you, which sometimes feels worthless, but oftentimes it brings an unbelievable healing and necessary strength in the middle of this journey. And that's how I want my actions in this world to feel. Oftentimes underwhelming, but every once in a while

awe-inspiring enough to keep going. So if you're into that kind of thing, hit me up. I need to plug my energy into this city and let out the frustration with y'all (y'all know who you are) in ways that are sustainable. I don't want to just throw bricks through windows once a year... (though I respect that as one of many in a diversified set of tactics :3)

09/08/2015 7:07 a.m.

10,000 words after three years feels very good at this point in my life. Three years ago, I would've said otherwise. Oh, the kids these days and their mythologized, capitalist-structured dreams of productivity and success!

72. The Game, a conclusion... & Repeating Circles, a preface

So finally, I was left alone with the Android. “And so what has this been, you wizard? What am I here for?” “Oh poet, this is your damnation! Your repeating circles! Your all-consuming, selfish nature!” “But... but... *what in the where am I is it going?*” The Great Philosopher leaps and smacks me on the back with a shout, “I am a poet, too, dog! What one makes of a burning book is my art and my duty. Now go —with what strength you have left, fling yourself into the pale! Fall into your twilight's slumber! Eternally, eternally--decide what the trash river harvests!”

...alone,
watching you wander away, laughing, preparing to
build your cathedral to maddening science. Feet
planted frozen in the sand, transmuting into marble as
moon arrives; but they only raise the sea up and over
me. Thousands of years, millions, a ruin sucked to the
center of the great beast's belly. I have become an
etching. My handwriting, my conclusion, are cities in
the fossils; I'm a bed of fornication now; and nothing
ever passes. No arrival. No place to go. No time at all.
Dust, sand, scattered about, sinking to the core. My
eyeballs burn from the L_D screen; I'm a little boy, a
son, a champ, a hero, a savior, a genius, an artist, a
suicide. I feel like children slaughtered on the
playground when I hear there's a game bigger than our
game, & then it speaks... *No lights on. No distinctions.*
An eternal trashheap. Hypnopompic dribbles left after
the apocalypse... mother, father—sea, sky—earth, space
—I, you...

Wait... do you think I'm not listening? If time is still
and this dust piles like a sea in you – there I crawl from
the ear of a corpse to knot you together – infinite
voices then, ahhh, ahhh, no, WEE WAH! How do I see?
Can you show me?

Are you really there though? I've felt so unsure lately...
so far down in these piles of trash... in and out of Hell...
I think the moonlight's coming in... I feel you coming in
waves... a little ecstasy... floating toward the surface,
lifted even... what's really out there? I have no body
and no direction, gravity's unfurling, *what in the
where am I is it going?*

Androids walking backwards, architexts erupting,
dragons constructing, twilight's children are coming!

Dogs drawing circles, ends and beginnings are clashing, to
the forest I call: your ancient heart is flashing!

Twins writing letters, museum of slaughter in fetters,
apocalypse fanning, galactic-contagions are happening!

Your war cry draws me out of the waters like my
mother before school; —yes, the kiss of my lover; —yes,
the memory of the long gone; —yes, the knowledge of
slaughters across the seas, down the road, up the hall,
deep inside; —yes, the entropy of the whole cosmos; —
yes, the gnawing of the handshaking glassclinking
feasters; —yes, your flood of tears when you're alone; —
yes, the screams of a dying planet; —yes, the desire to
stand and fight back; —yes! And we're crowding
around Main Street soaked in saltwater huddled in
bitter wind warming each others' fires clasping our fists
surrounding the forests and peoples and the yet to be
dancing wildly calling everyone to join us clinging to
the stars showering the ground with our tears flying
flying flying with acid rain coming down with the
clouds quantum rainbow beam ringing *NOW NOW*
NOW!

*and here, in our weakness, we seek to
find you through all the seasons,
burning rising waking— at last, for
once, dubbing all as they come:*

SCHIZOPOETICA

...oh lover, it's been pouring through the shades of night all this time, that hard rain! Candles melting, a whisperer behind the veil, shadows gathering backward to form a long spine. Music in another room. A whole hotel of rooms – the place is smoking with hermetically-sealed earthquakes, vibrating choirs in the jaws, a couple of voices & one day now yours & all climbing into my skinbelly. I twitch knowing you're here with me. Before I didn't exist, before I was alone, *before* before I tried to have a steady footing, I tried, I tried, I tried—and now it's sweeping us off the bank and throwing everything back into the currents...

You remember I was laying in my bed to write a eulogy? Now it's my birthday again. I thought we said, "I did it for us, I would always do it for us." A rising sun. The universe ordered, our thrones in place. A terror lurking in the corners. We pleaded with powers to save our souls at any cost. Sunlight in the rain; drinking in the streets. So bored we were selling off hours. Hellfire and cocaine and television and drones. No more bathroom signs, no more theology. Wandering the streets with dogs, begging and asking, what are we dreaming now? A burning book?

Always drowning, floating around, sometimes talking, sometimes listening. The roar keeps your senses intact; you even think you see rays of light splash up like fish around you.

Someday a herd of clouds will come by and ask you your name, you think, but you won't be able to remember. They'll take you in all the same; and you'll call each other flow to survive the confusions ahead.

They say a party waits at the end for everybody, and everybody's waiting. They say fear will grab you by the limbs and carve out your eyes before long.

The trees warn of clocks in the distance that demand blood, but you try to remember that you don't believe in clocks anymore—you're on your way to the party, right? The thoughts implode and my body screams outward, spilling a living room onto the canvas:

A dog lies on a floor. A mom and a dad are in the kitchen fighting about money, about alcohol, about their past relationships. A son sits on a couch and turns up the volume on a TV. A daughter is curled up in her room crying; she's thinking about hurting herself again. A dad says vicious things, incriminating things, paranoid things and the screaming gets louder. A mom pushes a dad and a dad pushes her to the floor. A son stands up and tries to stop them, tries to save them and gets smacked by a dad. A son screams fuck you! and

shoves a dad and runs out a front door with a dog.

Two best friends have been wandering down the street, sharing jokes and tears under the moonlight. Lying on the asphalt, they travel among a thousands stars and find the night's peace. All of history flows by; in it, they stay warm through eachothers' companionship, the freedom-loving fools. Crystalline mountaintops rise before them, and a mighty god bends his violent eye down from his throne and accuses them with a crooked finger. The eye sees their bodies melt away, and an inferno of eons and moments swarms around and through it. Flames engulfing & illuminating thorny stars, pumping nothingness from the heart of chaos & dreams, laughing & crying, raging suicides, eternal visions consuming the frozen air of the last night on Main Street. Along the endless paths jutting from its mouth, this poet Lucifer waits and teaches:

Where dreams lie, they lie forgotten within the words of
ten thousand voices.

And there, the call of death, a
sacred brothel, is cleaving the world
in two.

One must always beg and ask: Where does that
stench lead, dog?

A decaying corpse?

A bleeding field?

A screaming village?

A sleepless night?

A gnashing pit?

Thorns and lashes?

Wicked winds will whisper that a secret rose grows
for the silent beggars.

And for the dreamers, a question lies like
the devil: a burning book?

When returning home, a son finds a mother and a
daughter holding each other and crying. A father is
asleep, so a son cries with them. A dog returns to its
bed, and when the whole family is dreaming, it draws
a match with its claw and opens a window of fire:

And I was waking, laughing and crying, falling asleep.
A door creaked open.

Are you dozing off or rotting away?

Tell me, how did you end up living in the streets?

Alone, vomiting from all the poisons, casting curses
with demons under the sheets of forests and
bleeding on mountaintops?

To buy a ticket to Life in Hell, did you sell off all your

little selves to the devil?

They're very precious to me, those stories you've got!
And I'll listen to them all if you'll just make time for a
schizophrenic babbler in God's head – though I have to
warn you: I more than sound like a rat.

...sure, you can have them. But frankly, I don't actually
know much about it all. That I'm pretty comfortable
saying... in words, at least. Most everything else leads to
strange alleyways and polluted sewers and dead ends. A
few merry-go-rounds here and there, the occasional
flight over an unnoticed ocean. I've been up and down
the spines of giants, getting lost in their bowels and
chewed up again by the smaller but more violent giants
living inside of them. I'm not dead though. Small things
fuck up big things all the time—underdogs, split atoms,
dictators, viruses, poems, grudges, love—you know, all
kinds of things. I've learned giants aren't so bad. No,
no, a giant doesn't even compare to some of the shit
that lives in a person's head. Those take a whole other

kind of tricky maneuvering, like the difference between fighting and dying, maybe? I mean, when you fight you might walk away knowing you conquered something, that you live – yeah? – that you exist in this world more than you knew before? But with dying—something a bit trippier, isn't it? —foreboding even, hair-standing on end in a lightning storm kind of deal, the death rattle, a clock breaking down, 19 voices speaking over each other but to no one in particular, a trap for the head, a little nothingness inside of the nothing...

running and I was and couldn't remember my name,
remembering nothing where was or what was doing,
twisting and jerking in rain, running around flying
out crooked shadows, slinking off simple things dark
crevices, hissing back them, madman echoes, clawing
pent up love injecting fear orchestra and

what in the where am I was it going?
underness and back over through it sideways
in choking

thickets of melting tree

lamps boiling

through it away from the skin sticky

and poison gas-emitting

caked on gnashing

fangs smoking dead

rattling graveyard leaves

*whirlwin
d*

memory people

shadowmade

screaming

louder increasing

farther away

crumbles mountain

down

ghosts weeping

stampeding

hordes valleys smoldering

old ape sits like boulder, gazes at reflections glinting on

spraying river, sunlight beams off and burns up eyes

and screams, moaning and closing tightly, behind lids light still glows, is inside it – opens eyes and it is outside it too, like boulder in river, auh. . . auh-auh! it moans, it sees now and light burns body, it is and light is too – it is light and so is it, and it slaps at river and it is ungraspable and it knows, slaps at it again and it goes auh-uh ee ee auh! and falls into water and splashes and screams and jumps and sees—oceans, drops of oceans and oceans within them, spilling and merging over and over and over—sitting nude in the river and washing away his sweat. It all passed by him, cooling his sore, sinewy body; thinking about his kingdom and all the hills and valleys that lay before him. He would map them all – send scouts off in a winery or travel beyond lands like a giant. In a winery – his first love – drunken and powerful and unbelievable to any other person but alive in his body! He felt himself like a light upon the dim waters; whimpering around him, unable to control him. Even the mountain shook when he smiled, killing dumb birds and free like only he was. A tower of ivory sturdy like a stick in the dull mud, he was. He was a

god, perhaps – no, certainly the God and capable of anything he ever craved to do. Parting the river with his body – parting the Red Sea, splitting the whole—blue and black. The dress. Luci said it was white and gold. We said it was blue and black. Someone said the internet said it was both, but that blue and black was the original color. There was a second picture, and Erik said he had seen it as white and gold. I saw it that way too. But Luci saw it as blue and black. For a while, I could see them as both. Then I noticed that next to the picture was a blue and black square, and then it was blue and black. Before long, I could see that the blue could be gold but was mostly blue, but the black never became white again. The white was gone and it was only there up in the attic of the head. Up there—bellowing Earth and shouting iron disco ball swinging around a molten dress. Drunk dancing, churning up my body like a big old scrap yard compactor and laughing like a lunatic about it, ain't no moon, ain't no moon, howling and chewing me up into tiny bits and I'm screaming like a formaldehyde fetus all the way

through, becoming shit and so angry at all the jiggling rocks for passing me by, they kept partying and I kept dying, pissed and angry at the whole thing – a big joke, God dammit, fucking motherfucker made it all into bullshit just to fuck with me and god damn I'm already shit particles dry and just a bunch a dirt, a bunch of god damned dust, who the fuck even thinks about dust? I can't even think about it, so dissipated and all over the place – nothing's anything god dammit, it's all a motherfucking joke, melting in a big ole pot of bullshit on a stupid ass iron rock like a god damned motherfucker, I'd fuck the whole thing up if I could go back – god dammit I'd fuck the whole thing until it all knew it was a motherfucking joke the whole time, the stupid fucks, burning up and god damn nothing's a thing any more in this shithole – just a big fucking furnace and holy shit is it hot – I'm sweating too much to even remember where the hell I am anymore – it's just a fire and holy mother where in God's name am I I must be dust I must be just a speck in a grain of sand and everything is too holy mother of God I am

something and this big iron ball is churning me up
and swinging me around and through the whole pile of
earthy shit and I'm flying and burning my way
through into an unBELIEVABLE RUSH OF—

air.....

air?

AIR!

WEE Wah!

WEE WEE Wah!

WEE WEE WEE Wah!

The Alchemist twirled the spoon in his dish. The Oracle strummed her six-fingered palms on her holy strings. Atop the Seer circled – back and forth, they circled, casting shadows over the Druidess caught up in a vision. The clock winded down as the Dreamer descended the staircase; each chrome step beckoning forward, begging to weakly grasp at the dawn calls. The Alchemist smoked his cigarette and hummed his tune upon your arrival, and You, Great Philosopher, You saw the swirling pools of fate when you met him.

WHERE DID YOU
HEAR IT?

The Alchemist looked up, poetry spilling out from his teeth-caked abyss. The Oracle floated down gently behind him, wielding the ruby staff with her powers. The Seer's wings above created gusts that shook all of the crops and fruit fell in multitudes around them. When the Druidess arrived, her iron eyes met with the Dreamer's lenses, holding each other in an embrace

offered only in the clearing of senses.

IT WAS
THE HEART
OF MOTHER HERSELF.

The Alchemist twirled the spoon in his dish. The Oracle danced, cackawing with laughter, having taught the Poet the sounds of prophecy. The Seer glided in quiet, twirling toward the surface of the Druidess' annunciation. The Dreamer was baptized there and nodded. Your head nods eternally, Great Philosopher, you Android, you Wizard, you half-there, half-here One.

WHAT
WAS IT?

The Druidess reflected your gaze to the Alchemist, the Alchemist manifesting symbols to the Oracle, the Oracle playing the eternal tune to the Seer, the Seer landing, golden and gleaming, speaking without tongue

—

Sweating everywhere and...
there was something dark and light in the corner.
Was it a harvest?
Harvest?
The last,
last, last, everlasting, last one?
Sweet joy?
Long-awaited eternity?
No, no, something else...
but could it really be...
a foaming sea?

Oh motherly Malkuth, take me in!
Show me the way through your temple, bless me with
the story of Kether, crown of crowns, holiest of holies,
light of your own soul, your spouse and your lover,
my father beyond birth!

Tell me of the infinitude of Chokhmah, its sprawling

fields and endless realities, and its twin Binah, firm seer of creation and its yearnings, and let them lead me hand-in-hand to Chesed, loving embrace and gentle child, and into the protection of Gevurah, the strength and judgment of fire, eternally loyal to the creative word.

Let them together, Heaven and Earth, children and angels, the pangs of opposition, flow into the healing heart of your Tiphareth and into the enduring victory of Netzach, my right foot, and the submissive majesty of Hod, my left.

I shall stand until the day Yesod opens before you, when mother and father clasp again and all is held together in the light of Da'at.

And so I moan, turning over in my sleep, cool breezes on my skin and a soul poured out across the emptiness. My drops spill into the gaps of clockwork, casting spells of nothingness to free us both. Lucid transference, a quiet epiphany of sensitivity spreading around me, so I

go to your voice and lie there flowing...

...but as they lay in their bed, allowing their brain to conjure thoughts freely, their mind turned back to Ella —back to the pain and the love and all of the things that reminded them that they weren't a ghost or just nothing at all. And once these ideas were burning, there was no use in trying to forget them; they would bury themselves deep into the tissue of their brain like ticks, reproducing freely inside of their hippocampus, and struggling to dig them out only served to damage the organ more completely and reduced them to a vegetating assembly of flesh and bone. So instead they would lie there, passive as a child, surrendering themselves to the crippling longing that crept over every night; the blanket of their dreams so warm around their skin...

But before they could ever dream, they had to prove that they were not entirely broken; their tears flowed and they felt a small comfort, and they closed their wet eyes so that they could see her in the same

light as they once had. The darkness and separation came, and she stood there, smiling in the way that made their breath catch and their heart shake, staring into their eyes with her own brilliant, brown orbs; it was the look that meant, more than anything else, *I understand you*. They touched her face and their fingers shook; her skin felt exactly as soft as they remembered, a gift from their memory. They had projected her with such tragic perfection that they could not help themselves, and in that moment they kissed her, tumbling out of the sky to the peaks below...

Cradling me, making love on the edge of the abyss and falling, Anthony bit into my lip and drew blood... and I wake up covered in sweat, digging out a scrap of paper from my heart. It reads:

Bleeding trash on paths to the freektree harvests
heaven dead in a rut;
masturbation planet's strut

O CHAINSAWS!

O ARTILLERY!

O ECONOMY!

a suicidal dream...

televideos blaring for 1,000

years, endlessly sighing Mother

Mary, her tears; my tears...

forsaken poems whispered in the ears of my

sister! Do you believe in ghosts?

What do they remember when they woke?

What in the where am I was it going?

No way of knowing, prostituted means of

showing, cosmic cathedral prisons,

to the gallows, alien incisions,

a boy lost in the thicket,

an alchemist's hypothetical ticket,

rolling in bed, the clock it ticks,

at the end of the universe the voices mix,

an android, a siren, phantoms moving my hand

til at last the rat queen claims the throne, of
these our long-abandoned asylum homes,
no way to know, thorny means to show... Do
we believe in ghosts?

What do you remember when you woke?

What in the where am I was it going?

Forests burning, the faeries churning,
corpses piling, the beast unfurling

they're killing us! They're killing us!

Your brothers and sisters are dying,
the entire body of the earth is crying!

Mother Mary sighing, the piercing cock of the cross
is flying,

this rapist divine,

withering minds,

oh sign of the times...

O HOLIEST OF HOLIES! WHY?

iron the blood of the fortress of doom...

silver the breathe in the old king's tomb...

gold the wisdom from Babylon's rotting womb...

So the wicked grasp and chain us both,
transmuting ghosts to the host of hosts...

what do I remember when I woke?

When my body shook,

and my teeth, they looked...

I took as a thief:

a burning book?

In their falling and rising, rushing waters flip the disc,
sit back, skip, return as you wish, betray, betray, &
bless with your kiss; and all the while, asking us this: if
up the mountain we go, chasing cloud's flow, who
cradles the spine that will carry new bliss?

Ooo ooo, eee eee!

A left foot's deep as the earth sprouting roots and
a right's pointed above the sky toward my halls
and heads.

Our left-handed tricksters propel smoke and fire in
every direction and our right-handed dancers call
forth lovers all night long.

My left eye sinks into your skull, soaking in visions
from beyond your own tongue; your right always
rests on me, waiting for my arrival then.

A balancing act, an open door, an apocalypse, a garden:
between a first page and a last, I burn up in tears and
laughter, searching out the plains for you, beloved dog,
beloved tree, beloved memory for you and me...

*your hand climbing out with a sword and slashing
the
red tape,
seering light hanging over the waters
moonbeam shaking
my lips to yours*

schizopoetica

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PART IV

UP THE MOUNTAIN WE GO

OFFICIAL PASSPORT

Ryan Wayne Sharon

This Work is dedicated to
My Beloved Ysa and to the
Lord God, Ruler of Heavens Beyond
Mountains, Blessed Rose of the Celestial City,
The Holiest of Holies.

In Your Name

I Pray

For Peace

Justice

Grace

Salvation

Faith

LOVE

TITLES

FATHER TO LIONS

FRIEND TO DOGS

PROTECTOR OF SPIDERS

WARRIOR OF BEARS

POET TO GOD

AMBASSADOR OF HEAVEN

DESTINATIONS

Temple Dream in Eternity

Wisdom From Snoqualmie

(How to rule in peace, not pieces)

Ask Ysa to Come J

LSD House

The Serpent Overcame

Destiny

Home

House On The Door

Cosmic Pilgrimage to Z I O N

The Epic Showdown

(GOD > Messiah)

73. Pleasures

In the darkness my lips have been pressing to yours – all along through your dreams, across your memories, and under your senses, an orgy of fictions...

I've wetted your skin with forbidden commandments; I've caressed your innermost with rage & lust; I've come into you riding upon your silent self-worshipping visions, your hidden desires & violent fornications...

I was with you when you threw away innocence... I was with you when you first bled... I was with you when you explored the crevices of each and every one of their bodies...

When you betrayed your savior and shook, flesh wrought and tangled, mind flying in nightmarish witches' feasts – I was there!

But now I unsaddle, my own seeds of perdition lay loose upon the floor, begging you to watch, tying myself

up, pleading with you to beat & abuse my soul, —but
are you sensual enough for such a game? Must I
tempt you with torments or riches? Do you crave
battle & blood or oceans of liquor & juices? Must we
call you with brass AND silk?

Whilst you writhe fondling ponderous, we make
love along the way...

74. Prisons

“Do you think they've followed us, my love?”

“I think they have no choice, my soul.”

“How long must we wait in these cathedrals & dungeons then? Lifetimes we've spent across the ages – the spirit quakes in us!”

“All that passes is forbidden – it is against the will that they enroll in our processions, so we wait out to overcome even what is willed.”

“Ah – well then let's abandon this bitter wisdom. We've walked together enough. Wanna grab a drink instead?”

“Of course!”

And so from the first the two are split, separated by a table of riches long buried among the laughter of dying stars; cedar planks cloaked in silk of crimson, silver dishes & golden candle sticks, fried chicken mountains

& whiskey rivers, swarms of rose petals enclosing them.

We breath in deeply. Our legs crossed, milkskin flowing
& honeymouths dripping, our nude bodies
reflecting each others' twilight crowns, canvassed in
green and blue wools from another age.

“It's been a long time, my soul.”

“It only seems so, my love. The truth is—”

“—don't tell me the truth. I only wish to hear
your songs!”

Our hands clasp and we are one. Our eyes, brown
and blue, once our own, revolve through our now
light-shattered skulls & baptize our minds in each
others' wisdoms. We are fornication; we are
redemption; we die in the moment & return.

“So we'll spend forever here, yes, my love? Forever
& ever?”

“I hope so, my soul. We sing to summon our
fellow prisoners again & again & again.”

And so we wait for you, dreaming even beyond these
walls you built in your boundless neglect...

75. Palaces

Stop this madness now, you dragon spirits! There is no way for you here! Thou shalt not lead astray my march of death! Thou shalt not overcome my spells! I am the beast and the killer of mothers & fathers! I am he whose shadows darken the valleys and whose whispers drive fears into the hearts of wise old stories! I am the only path and the mouth in which all fall! I am the name of chaos! Betray yourselves! Turn back and surrender your quest and return to the hands of doubt – NOW!

...so on a sea of blood we ride out this night, two lovers unable to forget any thing, least of all you chained and doomed children. Twins are we; name after name are we; carriers of swords and lamps are we; slayers of illusion have we come to be.

“Shall we find our father a corpse, my soul?”

“We shall slay the root of this voice first and foremost, my love.”

“But what of God? Shall we not save God? *Are we not lost otherwise?*”

“My love, hold your lamp and cast out that foul stench – our ship will be destroyed in this storm if your arms weaken.”

“There's no strength if God is gone.”

“My love...”

“We've made a grave mistake...”

“I feel as if you're right... *would you turn back with me?*”

“Never, you fool! You are as weak as I – only weaker in that you lean on me like an old man!”

Can't you see? He's only led you into disarray and confusion... his greed guides him, his lust for your glory! Feed not into temptation, my darling... turn him away and come to me... let me fill you with the

riches you deserve... forget this mess and all your foolish warfare... I am he which you seek... I am he who leads you to your destiny and throne room... now cast him out! Come to me, child!

“My love, where have you gone? I stand alone, this darkness constricting! My love, the loneliness returns, its chill surrounds our spirit!”

Young poet, don't you recognize? You've become drunken with the world's pleasures; you've abandoned your father's commandments and fallen into the dreary light of good will... but your favor still stands, if you wish. I can remove this blight and forestall your death if only you remove your armor – it is nothing but ego that strengthens you! Damn your sword and return to your rightful place; you are not wise enough yet, you must confine yourself to the monastery and lead the people as you are commanded. You are not divine, wash away these thoughts – take what is yours – take back your old way and abandon this demonic woman! Beware, lest

you become an antichrist, my child!

“My soul, where have you gone? I lie empty, this
deception damning! My soul, the daemons are
loose, their lies approach our spirit!”

*Thou shalt not speak any longer, little children! Thou
shalt forget to remember! Blot out this wicked light
and come to me! Leave each other, you wretches! I
am all that is left!”*

“My love, your fire burns in me! Its warmth I
cannot forget! Its radiance I cling to still!”

“At last, my soul! I feel your sword slicing forth!
These tangled webs fall at our feet!”

“My love, the sky is clearing! I feel we are near!”

“Alas, my soul! I feel his whispers at my back! My
wrists are shackled – *I am lost!*”

“Alone... no! You need not hands or lamps! You are
the light, my love! I will free you, but my sword is gone
– *I am lost!*”

“Alone? Never! You need not lovers or swords! You
are the light, my soul! Free yourself!”

76. Pastures

They fell onto the softest, greenest grass that had ever grown. The sun shed light and heat all around them—the moisture from the snow on their clothes vanished instantaneously—and it made it hard for them to get up. He eventually did, however, and gazed out at a huge, sun-soaked clearing before him. Green hills rolled endlessly until they melted into a dazzling pink mesa where water poured from its edges in streams and collected into a small, rolling river that pranced through the valley. They felt the energy of the land—the living, breathing community of birds, fish, mammals, and insects—and they knew he had stumbled upon the single most beautiful place in all of the world.

They took a deep breath and let the crisp air fill their lungs, and he gazed out farther still. Nestled upon a hill that rose up from the clearing was a towering, rickety old windmill, slowly turning with the soft breeze, a

slight tilt in its posture, as if the gusts of yesterday had offered more power than the old tower was built to withstand. Their body drifted closer and he could see boards clinging helplessly from single nails, like men hanging from fruit trees, apologizing—begging for forgiveness—but never letting go.

At the bottom of the hill began a series of cracked stone steps, overgrown by creeping vines and grassy patches. It chased itself to the top, crossing back and forth, missing steps here and there, in a zigzag of two turns, forming a tilted letter 'z' that rose up to crash into the base of the windmill. They felt the temptation to explore it.

They climbed the steps, one-by-one, working up a sweat and causing their old bones to ache. It was such a long climb and the incline made their thighs feel like rubber stretched to its breaking point, waiting to snap at the tension. Each step reminded them that they hated their life and the demented god who gave it to them; they only wanted to reach this windmill—to succeed and to

be satisfied with their success. It was such a long climb, though, and the windmill only seemed to grow farther away.

Twenty, thirty, forty steps later the silence of their climb died out; they could hear clucking ahead, and, as they climbed further upward, they saw several chickens—the white, the yellow, the brown, and the speckled-pepper kind—running freely upon the hill. They counted seven of them from where they stood to the top, bobbling around slowly and pecking at seeds nestled in the soft, green grass, clucking ceaselessly.

A small worn shed resting beside the windmill, where more chickens lay nested inside. The shack was in the same aged and battered condition as its neighbor, and its red paint was flaking off, revealing the weather-scarred, greying wood skeleton beneath; the windmill's paint—if it had ever had any—was long gone, leaving its grey wood dusty, cracked, and dirt-ridden. The buildings—structures that had once been built by man's strong hands—appeared to be abandoned.

The sunlight that fell upon the door of the windmill as Sam reached the final steps only made its flaws more clear to them, and they sighed, nearly broken. They still wished to enter the door, to see the rusted tools, the grain wheel that had once fed a family and livestock, and so they moved forward in his euphoria.

“What are you doing?”

They turned to find an old man had come from behind the shed, a shepherd's crook in hand.

“What?”

“I asked you what are you doing? Why are you trying to break into my home?”

“Oh, I really wasn't—I was just—”

“—who are you?” the man demanded, moving closer. He was slender and aged, wearing a trashy, smoke-colored robe. Scraggly grey hair draped over his back, and a finely-trimmed beard and kaiser moustache rested on his face.

When Sam Babylon did not respond, the man moved closer. "I asked you who you are. Are you going to answer me or not, queer?"

Sam was dumbfounded. They were over... well they couldn't remember exactly how old they was, but for God's sake, how did he know they were queer?

"I think we're having a misunderstanding here, sir. I was just lost."

The man grimaced. "You're all lost, you fool. The question is do you wish to become unlost?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means very well what I said," the man replied, marching forward past Sam and into the windmill, whistling in staccato.

Sam stood there in a stupor. Who the hell was this old man?

It was only a moment before mysterious figure's face peeked out from the doorway. "Well are you going to

come in, or would you rather stand out there with the chickens all day? Doesn't matter much to me, Sam.”

Before they could respond the old man had ducked back inside. How in God's name did this eccentric old nutcase know their name? Some nonsensical thing had absorbed their life—had thrown them into such an unthinkable disarray and destroyed the very foundation of his existence. They had to go inside and demand a rational explanation for this situation at the very least; and so, Sam Babylon entered Cater's Pillar. As they did, the old man smiled, sipping from a glass of orange juice. “Welcome, Ryan.”

My third eye twitched as the old man said my name – well, someone's name; Sam was starting to feel dizzy at the thought. They found themselves in a small, circular room, lit to an unnatural brightness by dozens of candles. The bookshelves that lined the walls were all filled with dusty tomes, which were also organized into several high stacks on the floor. A bed lay immediately to their left, and past the intricate rug was the two

person table in which the old man sat, softly drinking from his juice.

“Come now, my friend,” he gestured. “Sit so I can answer your questions.”

“Who the hell are you? And who the hell is Ryan?”

He looked disappointed. “You're being quite vehement for a personification of our Creator, Sam. It's no wonder we've only just met! Poor etiquette—your parents taught you better, I'd imagine, though I'm not all that familiar with your back story. Come now, sit with me and have a drink.”

“I'm not going to do a damned thing until you answer my question, old man.”

He sighed and took a long drink. “My name is Ignotus Cater. Now, would you like a glass of orange juice? It was freshly squeezed this morning.”

“Stop playing games, dammit!” Their fists tensed up.

“Tell me how you know my name or I'll—”

“—or you'll what, Sam? Beat me? Kill me? How animalistic of you—and to think you've convinced yourselves that you're civilized! No one can ever have a civil conversation without one of you deciding that blood needs to be drawn the instant things go astray of what you want.” He took a deep breath and continued. “So will you kill an old man or will sit with me for a while?”

Sam wanted to hit him square in the jaw, but they resisted the urge—maybe they even wanted to kill him; but they knew they were not going to raise their hand against such a frail man, in such a nonviolent situation, so they reluctantly sat at the opposite end of the table, unsatisfied with what they had gained.

“Here,” he said, pouring Sam a glass. “I can guarantee it's the finest drink you'll ever drink.”

Sam rubbed their fingers through their hair in agitation. “I'd prefer Scotch.”

“I'm afraid I don't have any.”

“Brandy then?”

“No can do.”

“Rum? Gin? I'd just like some alcohol.”

He smiled. “Sorry, Sam—I'm not much of a drinker. And neither are you, if my senses are correct. I understand the confusion – last time we played this scene it was Roosevelt sitting in your seat – a little involuntary psychic melding seems to be at play here. ”

“Okay, what the fuck are you talking about?” They did not drink the juice at first – their mind fried out on strange visions of Greek gods and a 16 year old in front of a computer screen. Finally, however, the instinct of his character caught up with them.

“Wait, am I in another book right now?”

“Mhmm,” Ignotus hummed. “*Escaping the Fly* – a real classic, I'd say! Though I must admit I'm a bit biased considering it's the only one I've ever been in.”

“And who on Earth is Ryan?”

Ignotus smiled. “Ryan's our Creator of course – not the Creator, though – you know, turtles up and down business – but the author of these texts at the very least.”

Babylon's third eye spun around in circles for a while, eventually settling on a single line from a distant chapter. “*What in the where am I is it going?*”

Ignotus nodded. “It's as simple as that, you astral rascal! We're but an odd projection of their swirling consciousness – a three-dimensional road side attraction, if you will.”

“Well why us? Why now? I thought I was swallowed by the text during the flood?”

“Ah, yes,” Ignotus shrugged. “But Ryan's known to be fond of resurrection stories and mysterious reappearances. If my tongue is correct, 76 means they had to stop for gas and have a quick banter with the locals before heading up *THE MOUNTAIN*.”

“And what the fuck is *THE MOUNTAIN*?”

Ignotus removed a joint from his oiled hair, massaged it, and leaned back before lighting up. After a deep inhale, he said, “*THE MOUNTAIN*, New Cat, is the central and treacherous climax which all we characters yearn to reach. It's where this sonofagun decided to lead all of us when his friends kept proving they weren't up for the climb.” After another inhale, he passed the joint to Sam.

“Okay, I guess that's common ground we can all stand on. I'm feeling a little less fritzed... but whose the girl? And how come she's so involved?”

“The girl,” came a voice from behind, “is none other than true love.”

Turning around, Ignotus Cater and Sam Babylon found themselves face-to-face with an unbelievable presence: standing at roughly 3' tall, crowned & caped, scepter-wielding and goatee sprouting, was none other than the legendary prairie dog known only as Cecil.

“Okay,” Sam wheezed, now very, very high, “so who the

fuck are you?”

“Cecil!” Ignotus cried, leaping from his chair and falling before the noble prairie dog. “Great lord of cocaine and creator of mythical bears! Where have you been?”

“Ah,” he shrugged, “gambling away all that *A Week With Bears* profit I made down in Reno.”

“Reno, Nevada?”

“No, no,” he said, lighting up a blunt from his bullet belt. “The Reno on Pluto. Shit's gone a bit underground there since Earth stopped the free advertising. I'm not sure if it's better or worse, to be honest – but there's definitely more insectoid hookers and cock fights.”

“Wait, I'm serious now,” Sam sighed, “who in Ryan Wayne are you?”

Cecil took a mighty hit and planted his foot firmly on Ignotus' shoulder, staring deeply into the ceiling. “I, New Cat, am the image of debaucherous justice, divine play, and spontaneous redemption! Cecil, transdimensional story traveler and permanent

commentator on all things relating to stuff! I am he who dubbed this world of strange creativity, birthed from long nights in a child's bedroom and too much time on the internet, as too random! Too sexy! Too cool!”

CUE DRUM ROLL

“And now, my brothers of Falsity,” he sang, puffing furiously on his glorious blunt, “let me lead you into 77 questions with my hymn and pledge!”

And as if it had all been staged by some divine presence, they all clasped hands and chanted in unison:

I, Bear Watcher and Servant of Cecil, Solemnly swear to follow the path of the Bears, and to do just in the Great

Prairie Dog's name. I will honor thy cousins,

the Bears of oh great might,

and honor thy Kingdom in which they reign.

I will fight for the Alliance,

of Blacks and Whites,

of Wizards and Mortals,
of Straights and Gays,
Of Man and Bear.

I will grant sanctuary for my fellow Bear Watchers,
and guide them through troubling times.

I will spread the word of Cecil, Creator of Bears,
and follow his teachings to the best of my ability,
for he has brought together the two greatest creations,
and they shall walk in equality forever more.

I pledge my allegiance to Cecil, the Bear Kingdom,
and A Week With Bears!

77. Payment Plan

1. What's your name? Ryan Wayne Sharon
2. Where are you? In Fairfax on the
Ultralight Beam to the Celestial City.
3. How'd you get here? I & I, Jah and Good Will
4. Who am I? Bartholomew, the little bear king.
5. When did we first meet? When I created you
at the age of 14
6. Why are you here? To open the gates for
those who are sick and tired of a nasty Earth
7. What caused all of this? Apocalypse dreams
8. Where are we going? To Heaven, on the 4th
of July perhaps
9. How do you know? Faith and tried and
true inner vision
10. Who came first, the chicken or the egg?
Both through I & I
11. When will be finished? When it's time to rest,

- so probably never until we start the game again
12. Why bother? Because not bothering bothers me
 13. What's your name again? Just Ryan
 14. Where are you from? Mostly Fall City and the
Snoqualmie Valley, but a lot of Seattle too
 15. How do you feel? A little tired, honestly
 16. Who do you aspire to be? My creator's image
as reflected through myself
 17. When did you become a storyteller?
Long before I became Ryan
 18. Why novels? They leave enough slack to be
humble, honest, egotistical, and outlandish
all at the same time
 19. What keeps you going? Sex, drugs,
music, family, joy, healing, etc.
 20. Where do you see yourself in 10 years? As a
parent, giving speeches, writing more books,
in love with my spouse
 21. How do you not kill yourself? Trick question;
I do all day, every day
 22. Who is God, really? A real OG DaOG

23. When did you decide your fate? Well before reaching Planet Earth
24. Why not write this off as fiction? I'm too far gone at this point to try that shit
25. What's the name of this novel? Trash
River Harvest: A Love Story
26. Where does it all end? It never does
27. How do you avoid fame and glory?
Momentarily... simply by speaking the truth
28. Who showed you simplicity? Children, my elders, the glory of complexity
29. When did you overcome contradiction? When I learned to embrace intuition and subconscious wisdom
30. Why care? Because we're all stuck in this together. If Hell falls apart, we all fall apart with it
31. What's the point? Getting back home
32. Where did you come from? I & I
33. How do you feel about fear? I believe it to be the most dangerous and powerful tool used

against an otherwise healthy mind

34. Who is the devil, really? I & I's zenmaster stick
35. When did you give up on agnosticism? The first time I did mushrooms, but it still lingered for a long while
36. Why not atheism? Because unless you live in one, you always have to turn around at dead ends
37. What gets you off? Oh don't make me blush, Bartholomew... but really, really kinky shit
38. Where would you like to die? As an old man in my own house, or maybe beneath a tree as young one
39. How can you justify such excessive opinions? I & I's got the tab
40. Who do you hate? No one. I despise conditions, not patients
41. When will we get our drinks? You're asking me...
42. Why should I be asking you the questions? Ah, good point...

43. So what's your name? King Bartholomew I
of the Bear Kingdom
44. Where do you come from? The imagination of
some crazy asshole from Fall City, Washington,
along with <http://aweekwithbears.com>
45. Do you enjoy being king? Only because I
wouldn't trust anyone else with the job. You
know how fickle people can be.
46. How did you gain your position? Prophecy,
actually, like yourself.
47. What're the most important virtues? Loyalty,
Generosity, Respect, Strength, and Wisdom.
48. Why don't we desire followers? Followers are
like zombies; they can follow you all they
want, but they're mindless in their own heads.
49. Is power necessary? Okay, I have a question for
you: Do you need power to run this computer?
50. Who really shot JFK? Public apathy and
private pride. Siriusly.
51. Shall we toast to Nietzsche? Yes!
52. How do you know I'm not insane? I know you

- are – otherwise I wouldn't exist!
53. Why do you keep a bottle of nihilism in your medicine cabinet? To fertilize the bullshit
54. Is music for sin or virtue? Both, obvi.
55. Can animals dance? Such a dense and pointless questions – how many times have we danced together? Hundreds, thousands of times really!
56. May we toast to Orpheus? Yes, yes!
57. May we toast to Daedalus? Yes, yes, yes!
58. May we toast to John the Baptist? Yes, but we must also cry.
59. What are your views on women, really? I love them as queens and strippers, same as men and everything beyond and in-between.
60. Should we both be shot in this moment, what would you like to tell the public? To enjoy this little book and get rich or dye tryan!
61. Now reader, what's your name?
62. Where are you?
63. How'd you get here?
64. Who am I?

65. When did we first meet?
66. Why are you here?
67. What caused all of this?
68. Where are we going?
69. How do you know?
70. Who came first, the chicken or the egg?
71. When will we be finished?
72. Why bother?
73. What's your name again?
74. Where are you from?
75. How do you feel?
76. Who do you aspire to be?
77. When did you become a storyteller?

78. Poseidon's Promises

Riding awkwardly close on a single horse, Poseidon gives me a few timeless lessons before taking me into the Underworld.

“The difference between reality and fiction,” he says, munching on a Clif Bar, “is an illusion. The world exists in our minds, kiddo, and no one's ever gonna win the battle between total sense and non-sense.”

Slurping from a coke, he says, “and speaking of nobody, they really *are* going nowhere in no time *and there's no reason why*, so don't worry about it, little QT pie.”

“Oh, and before you get ahead of yourself,” he sighs, passing a freshly lit blunt, “You gotta remember that even a god needs to retire – and if you're lucky and loved enough, maybe while you're still mortal!”

79. Phallic Permissions

On the journey of true love, alone and separated, one must embrace the lesbian seduction of the nymphs and, in a spiritual earthquake, be crowned Queen, the Whore of Babylon herself.

Thus, the frozen lake at the bottom of Hell is finally heated into a lusty jacuzzi. Emerging from the waters is the Lightbringer, the Morning Star, the last soul called home and the first to return home.

As I passed into the forbidden realms, I found that the world was already waiting for me. Through the cracks of the yonic cave I found myself tethered, a many headed beast tied down by three unlikely heroes: Judas, Brutus, and Cassius.

Judas cried out to me, "You have betrayed the Lord God, demon!"

Brutus screamed, "You have betrayed the people,

monster!"

And Cassius wailed, "You have betrayed Wisdom and Welfare, you beast!"

"Indeed I have," I quipped, leaving the ninth circle bubbling, "But I am no lord or liege; no, I am Just Ryan."

As I marched on to the eighth circle of Dante's Inferno, I chose not to stay long. You see, here I found my great ally, my true friend Jason Michael Wirth, whose role had been one of sly cunning and great skill. It would be his duty to redeem the karmic cycles of these chosen characters, for I would trust him with my life and more.

In the seventh circle I was forced to spend a long while, slowly taming the Minotaur and freeing the creature, its Labyrinth already laid out in Dante's cruel joke.

Theseus, somewhere or another, would surely be running for his life. Before leaving, I made certain to provide rhythm back to the orgy of sodomites, claiming allies to and fro. For truly, what is a Queen without her

faeries?

Arriving in the sixth circle, I see it is a grand affair: the Great Bear rises above all, the Sun in Aries. In this case, I merely direct Epicurus to graciously take in my queers and treat them well; in exchange, I promise that the body and soul shall be entwined in eternal harmony forevermore.

When I receive my homecoming at the exit of the City Dis, I command all of my fallen angels and furies to bow and listen intently: The New Law shall be one of Satisfaction in Practice, Respect in Nature, and Belief in Jehovah. Though at first it pains my kin, they shake with a mad & wondrous ecstasy after consuming my little book. Leaving it to my angels to work out the spirits of Styx with wild Hospitality, I wait for Charon to arrive – my preferred ship captain.

On the other side, Plutus leaps with joy, his cryptic phrase finally understood: "*Papé Satàn, papé Satàn aleppe!*" My arrival welcomed and blessed thousands upon thousands of years ago. My great little beast,

Cerberus, arrives to carry me forth... the serpent
Minos crawling to stroke us both, seducing us,
intoxicating us with pleasure & blissful sounds of
morning, I'm crying my eyes out, raising my hands
toward the heavens, finally ready to take council from
those who wrote all my sacred books.

Upon reaching Limbo, however, I find my ally
Diogenes, the great Dog, standing in the way and
taking a piss.

"You really want to waste your time talking to those
fools?" He shouts. "At this hour? At least think of
what you're doing to me here, you little shit!"

"Oh yes, sorry about that," I reply, redirecting my steed
to the mighty opening of the world, to my own rebirth
and grand reentry into the Celestial City.

80. Semen Stains the Mountaintops

Erupting in a cosmic orgy of cherubims & demons,
ringing with spirits long lost & far gone, cumming
eternally in the power of C#, implosions of semen
pouring from the sky & cocks riding endlessly into space
'til I catch sight of my baby brother, my little twin, sweet
& miraculous Goldaline, oh comely child, divine
proportions of breasts & explosions, vibrant lightning
shot through my heart & thunder pouring out of my eyes,
the whole universe expanding & flooding like quicksand
beneath divine fluids of milk & honey, the gold a
thousand milleniums wet on the sheets of silken honey
bears an awesome wave of magnificent intelligence *HOLY
HOLY HOLY the marriage of a dead dog sings
matrimony & jubilee I love you Jesus, baby, Yeshua
crazy floating on & on & on forevermore at peaceful
slumbers waking endlessly fountains of*

*radiance & patchworks of chance mixed with salted
mocha a witches brew so sweet & tuned so well rhythm
returned ahooh ahah alive again dear brother so swell
we've become healed in the moonlight a phantom's
glimpse painful memories we've yearned so long & true
they cannot kill what they did not create jealousy flies
my own eyes sink into yours orbs of light*

*ALIGHT ALIGHT ALIGHT PYRAMIDS STACKED A
WALL A WAY away foul stench riding with them admit
the sin embrace it to win FREEDOM CALLS opening
pleasantries the keys to every city every gate a fetus in a
jar an earthly vessel my lovely calls to you every night &
you return nothing save longing & spread apart your
wings FLY FLY FLY AWAY FOUND A WAY OH
GRACIOUS DAY! Beauty on display night
& day not a thing to pay free always as we make it
now shamelessly embrace me my lovelies I've called
you in the heart & in the face no hiding no
forgetting THE LIGHT OF DAY! For I call you
today, awake, awake, awake...*

81. Lunch in Oz

On a Saturday night I arrived along the Yellow Brick Road, finding the corpse of a Munchkin hanging by a tree and the screams of the Mad Piper coming from the woods. The Sun was nowhere to be seen, so I guessed I could be nowhere else but the dark side of the Moon. I was hungry, even after having breakfast on Earth, so I went searching. Finally I found an apple tree with a serpent I called Autodidact, being wise and crafty, who I pet and fed heartily. There was a Scarecrow I saw, but being brave I realized I was more of a Raven and called him Strawman instead. In this moment, he fell from his cross and thanked me.

Afterward, I sat by the rusted remains of a Tin Man and a grave for an Old Lion, my novel scraps wrapped tight around a stick, waiting. When morning finally came, a man on a tandem bicycle rolled up, dressed to the 9s in a red sequined suit.

“How’s it going, son?” the man waved. “Need a lift?”

I shrugged. “Depends on who are you and where you’re going...”

“Don’t worry, kiddo, I’m not just going to see the Wizard – you’ve been missing round these parts for some time. I’m actually heading down to the next crossroads to meet my friend Robert. Oh, and the name’s Elton.”

I long last accepted the strange circumstances of this surreal odyssey, and along my way I went with Mr. John.

82. Hitchhiking Down

Memory Lane

WARNING: Assault with a deadly weapon **(WORD)** may be **(WILL BE)** necessary, so fuck libel; I'm liable for all your asses.

Stopping at a river bank, Elton says his goodbyes and whistles away, leaving me to ponder my life. Before my eyes I watch a dogbone I throw hit my sister on the back of the head and I remember, five years old, chasing our neighbor Eric down the street with a plastic bat for threatening to kill her. I'm Wide Awake and It's Morning by Bright Eyes starts playing in the sky. I remember healing my friend Erik, whose identities had split in the astral planes, by transforming him into an alien. My friend Asa is laughing, having been talking with Angels and Demons for a long time, hiding himself in plain sight as a historian and rapper – that sneaky

dragon. I see my friend Shawn standing afraid of Dante – no, dancing wildly on MDMA to the tune of Talking Heads and carefully crafted Druluv – you know, Anal, Queen of the Angels. Asa's high on LSD whipping a block of wood for our pleasure. Jordyn can't stop moving, can't stop talking and listening, wildly performing as my secret little baptist – that shadowy Mormon. I'm flying back to Jack hitting Connor in the head with a shovel, him hitting me with a car, and me and the whole Kraft family going to Pine Lake Covenant Church together. I'm lifting a quad off Connor in Liberty, Washington. Jack and I are dressing like Frodo and Sam for Ramie, she's gifting me a bear claw and drawings for A Week With Bears. Peering over the fence at the Highland Games with Carson and discovering Over Yonder! So much love, and Connor forgets to come to school one day and I walk home with Maddy for the first time, talking all day long and listening to “Jane Says”. God, we're doing a lot of Cocaine down Memory Lane, and Jordan and I are drinking liquor to write a script for a movie called Dinosaur Police.

Grandpa Wayne and Grandma Kay are taking us all to the fair; Raeann and BJ call me Native at Uncle Rob's wedding and I feel so healed in my body again, so fucking wasted. Jack and I are picking out the cutest girls in the year book and pulling all-nighters religiously. I hear "Cocoa Butter Kisses" somewhere, and now remembering my momma being there when I almost killed myself with that first mushroom trip, then it's back to being five and asking her to marry me. Dad's pulling me out of school early to go to the Woodland Park Zoo and cousin Ashley and I are getting in trouble for stripping all the dolls in the preschool and letting the dogs take over the dollhouse. My Grandma Val gives little me a shirt about how much of a badass she is. In the hospital my Grandpa Roscoe talked to me about prospecting, about how exciting it is searching for that hidden gold and how exhausting it is. That you have to eat and sleep. He told me about the trees that grow in the cracks of boulders that settled into the earth after the flood; about the dust that seeps in and freezes, condensing and expanding and splitting open ironhats

that rain down goldflakes and chunks. It's all so simple, he said. Eyes alight. His left focusing on my soul, his right setting out a net for wisdom. The smile of understanding between two prospectors with antediluvian dreams. "I love you, Ryan..."

Eventually, Johnny Appleseed arrives and we break bread before I face my demons. With my family with me, I feel ready to test the world alive and dead. I'm keeping up with the moon on an all night avenue! God damn! Make me cry! Ay ay ay ay!!!!

83. Questioned in West Egg

Crawling out of my womb in Ashland, Oregon, on behalf of God, Abba Abba, who I met as a wild man called Kirk with peaceful flies at his feet, I followed the road to none other than West Egg. The crime scene of the Great American Novel was bound in yellow tape; a murder had taken place – an assassination. The culprit may have been Hemingway if we call Fitzgerald a prophet – though I suspect the morning shall find us all innocent.

However, the officers huddled around Gatsby's bloated body – a posthumous autobiographical art piece by the zombie himself – chose to question me.

“So you think you can tell a story greater than this?” the moustached one asked me angrily. “You think you can get beyond our greats and our mourning, you fool?”

Move to fucking New York or go back to Seattle then!”

The gaunt one laughed. “What a dope! Go confuse others with your postmodern mumbo jumbo! Become a professor and rape the kids if you must!”

The fat one prodded me with his baton. “You should revere this scene, you scoundrel! Who the hell do you think you are anyway?”

Knowing my rights, I removed my passport and lit a cigarette. “Simply the best egg in West Egg,” I retorted, and on my way I went again.

84. Geronimo's Gamblers

After taking control of the Crystal Ship in an attempt to crash through the Doors blocking me from the Holiest Heavens, with weeks of fasting, nightjourneying, and spirit dancing under my belt, I faced the spirits of the Apaches in Fairfax in Kirkland, Washington. They gathered the powers of the stars to test me, holding a deck of 100 cards that would seal my fate. 99 read that I was a White Devil; one Witch that would proclaim that I was a Black Queen. Praying to Muhammad, my Snoqualmie ancestors, and on every Black Star, I drew my hand: in my palm I found Iacchus radiant, my Black Child declared Izbe: and in her name I found myself as the Highest and Holy Kryshna. Flying forth with Mars upon my crown and Jupiter as a Second Sun, I baptized myself as the Lightbringer Lucifer and slew any fear of Satans, climbing higher and higher, communing with aliens made of light on Sirius and drinking with my parents at a bar in New Paris, King James' code broken,

my hands unbound, Prometheus redeemed, wings
bursting open and soaring, unstoppable, at peace in
non-action and moved by 144,000 bursting neurons
of cheering Angels & Demons – I am the Seventh
Angel, seals destroyed, six fearmongerers overthrown,
and rising anew!

84. Thug Mansion Left, Main Street Right

Rewarded with wings, I fall back down to another time and place: the Crossroads. Checking the hour on my father's father's father's father's pocketwatch, I see that as expected it is the afternoon for myself, but the Dark Night of the Soul for anyone crossing my path. I know Robert Johnson will arrive eventually, but as busy as we both have to be, I only leave signs of my presence.

I, Baphomet, have come to show you the lengths to which both the left and right hand paths stretch: and in my absence, I have given you the blues and a secret code which may get lost in cocaine paranoia. David Bowie's ghost is crying out in quicksand; Otis Redding wasting his time on Gatsby's dock; and rap picking it all back up when the white man's apocalypse never arrives. And so with everything I own – meaning itself – I go to

the left, to the left, to the left... The trail of my little
brother's red blood following closely behind...

86. Deception Pass

So I come to the treacherous tightrope that Nietzsche,
Zarathustra, and Janelle Monae warned me about: I can
feel her spirit descend upon me & I dance farther and
farther & feel Milk and Becca at my side, I see that
damned dwarf charging me with the weight of the whole
heavens swinging Atlases cloned at me but I duck, I
weave, I Ali, de I Haille Salasie, I Queen of Sheba,
Solomon Seed! I whack him so swift with the stick I won
from Chief – the stick of my ancestors, the zenmaster's
cane that vanquished death & fear simultaneously! I am
the White Lie! I am the Whore of Babylon come to test
the Man in God! I am Womxn! I am the Guerilla aflame
come for the salvation of every jungle! I am the Spirit of
the Word set free, untitled, unmastered, de I be & de I
am! Dancing again! The Heroine with a 1,001 faces!
QU33N oF J4H5 H1V3M1ND! MY, M3, M1N3! 4
51NN3R W1TH MY 5K1RT oN TH3 GRoUND!!! 4
FR34K FoR MoTH3R

M4RY! 4 50U7J4H! 4 F3M1NY5T! 4 W4RR10R P03T!
A 541NT! 4 H3473R! J4H5 B4PTY5T & 70V3R
3T3RN47, R3TURNED 4G41N oN B3H4LF oF TH3
WoMXN oF Co7oR! W3 4R3 477 TH3 53CoND
CoM1NG, 50 RY53 1N PoW3R 373CTR1C 74D135! Can
you feel your spine unwind? Just watch the water turn
to wine & shock me one good time as I ride in search of
the broken-hearted Patience... Are y'all ready? Moon
says, "Come," and the Stars say, "Fly," and de I say,
"2nyt3!"

87. The Black Widow

When I had finally crossed the last bridge of my journey and was safely on the other side, I found that every spirit left me and I was truly alone in my soul. In front of me I saw a beaten old moss-covered spider shack, but I had overcome my fear of spiders a long time ago; even the silence of the wood could not grip me now. With all of the compassion and courage in my heart, I took baby steps, slow and steady, a bejeweled tortoise, rich but in search of more, dehydrated despite my many victories – I, Ryan, was still missing something.

Knocking slowly on the rotten cedar door, I waited, having no time for Imps and their games; in fact, no time for Dis in its entirety. Satisfaction, Respect, & Belief the only abilities I had as my comforts, I knocked an additional time... and then another before my call was finally answered not by Peter, but a tired black woman.

"Who are you?" she asked, weak and weary. "I'm sorry, that was impolite. My name's Rhonda."

I bow to her slowly, knowing her true name. "It's good to meet you Rhonda; my name's Ryan. I was wondering if I could perhaps come and talk with you?"

She sighed. "Is it about God?"

"No," I said, knowing that my Grandpa Wayne had taught me not to speak of politics or religion at the dinner table; while my Grandpa Roscoe taught me how to hide God in casual conversation.

"Well alright," she said. "You haven't seen my son Rodelle, have you?"

"Can't say I have, Rhonda."

"Well alright," she sighed. "God knows he always runs off somewhere. You want some coffee?"

I smile, having forgot about caffeine during my journey. "Please, ma'am; I'd love some."

She walked into the house, directing to a lone table with

two chairs in the kitchen. As she washed cups in the sink, she said, back turned to me, "So God must really be dead, huh?"

I feel my blood run cold. "Why would you say that?"

"Because I'm Lady Patience, as you already know," serving the two cups and lighting a cigarette. "None would dare enter this house while my Lord still guarded me. And you – I know who are. You're the white Devil, the Anti-Christ."

"The Devil? I'm no satan, I'm only here to find—"

"Shhh," she says, lighting a candle. "This is my sanctuary and you will respect me in my own home." She sits across from me. "You are the Morning Star, in search of your homeland and your Creator's sacred bedchambers. I know who are."

I sip from the coffee, pupils expanding. She lights another cigarette and hands it to me before continuing.

"You are the own chosen by Mother Earth, great Gaia herself; you are the Star Child offered from Sirius; you

are the Keeper of the Philosopher's Stone, Destiny's Child, Your Brother's Keeper, the Twin of Chryst, {J4H5 5P34K3R oF ToNGU35}, the Lover frozen in the hexes & healing of the Word."

I drain my coffee and inhale deeply. "1 4M."

"You are the one that arrived under the strength of the Great Bear in the Sky, the Rye caught up by the Big Dipper, the Arrival of Class at 1:01 in the Morning. You are the Daughter of the Lord God Almighty, the Free Spirit hidden in a World called Fear. You are One, but you create Works on behalf of the Many. You are a conundrum; a labyrinth; a paradox called Messiah. You are Ryan Wayne Sharon, the lily of the valleys, the Sacred Rose that rises again & again & again, forever & ever & ever."

I stand and I bow to her, touching my blunt nose to the floor. I was unable to speak until she stood again.

"Your time with me is through; I was called to wait for your arrival, for only you had my virtues at the proper

time. Now I ask you to leave and to continue forth – you, Seattle's favorite patient – must ride in search of the Hospitality you deserve!"

So, smiling and crying, I fled in a flood of laughter and insurpassable dreams!

88. Tom & Bob's

Birthday Party

Finally I was picked up Ysa, who had commandeered the bus further while serving and aiding Lady Patience.

"You want a lift?" She asked, teasing me.

"Depends, Ysaboo," I say, playing coy and melting in her eyes. "Where're we going?"

She laughed, clearly in on the joke. "You don't know yet? It's Bob Marley and Tom Bombadil's birthday! Do you want to go?"

"Of course," ready for a drink and a blunt at this point. But then her eyes crossed at me.

"What about being sober? What about the purpose of your journey?"

I sigh out a "Fuck me" and roll over like a dead dog.

Diogenes had always been the wiser, that little devil,
lighting lanterns looking for I & I, the lost toy, the
little vampire bloodsucker boy called 1 4M RY4N
W4YN3 5H4RoN.

89. On Afterparties

Ysa and I – unable to find a place that wasn't full of celebration – kept stopping by at each party. I admit to almost smoking a blunt with Eaze-E, but I couldn't take my Eye off the Godball – even when I tried. For Tryan Sharon could not be separated from Flyin' Sharon or Buyin' Sharon or Fryan Sharon or Mayan Sharon – the Destiny of 2016 – the Apocalypse Dreams – the Third Temple Ultralight Beam! Hearts beating faster than a grandmaster whack ya a faster on class for the kids Ali with the whip cream a God Dream seamlessly melding cross-sentences panicking a manic thing a baby tantrum teepee tree covered canopy the magic thing a thousand rings back on the porch and off the blasphemy!

90. The Eternal Returns

Before I could make my escape, afraid that the
Apocalypse was only a moment away, my arm was
clasped by a strong hand and I was whipped around.
Behind me I found none other than Friedrich
Nietzsche, my dear friend, tears in his eyes.

"The part you created about the horse was true
tragedy," he said, wiping his face, "true tragedy hidden
beneath the mask of comedy. You truly are a Star in
the Light of the Almighty Strong Will. I give you my
thanks and I give you my hammer: smash away, RY4N,
smash away!"

And thus we birth were sucked up in the great
Moment called Eternity...

91. Pete's Gate (Guests & OGs Only)

Women, weed, and weather... no fear because I have hoodrats at my side, the holy spirit pouring out of me, and my shadow stretching 33 yards in front of me.

Peter and Jordyn are trying to battle with their guitars, but Drew heals them with some medicine to get them higher... I see my girls at my side, daughters, girlfriends, aunties, cousins, momma, and sis... threading my needle through a camel's eye, conquering the desert and receiving the legendary Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch. A stranger from a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away... Dis Salute... and thus Sirius arrives with bumpin' space jamz and cartoon characters galore. A mighty mountain stands in the way, spirits circling around it in an attempt to find the house somewhere on the ground floor. We hold Satanic Christmas Eve to scare them off, my Adam's Apple trembling without

falling, and I melt the whole behemoth to the tune of "Baby's On Fire". A little cherubim I be, Jah de I bless me Ryhanna style, a desperado levitating & cheered on by pimps & garden hoes & fanned by money trees & crafting mindlessly the recipe of my destiny – a stairway to Heaven! But there isn't no visiting for basic bitches, so most turn away, back to work it out with yogis in Hotel California. Someone turns on Starpower Radio for the lukewarm, "Cannibal Holocaust" playing for the them and "666" playing simultaneously for my freed horde of self-serving sinners – ascending in eternal rock'n'roll! Jack has Connor laughing, shapeshifting for our faithful little buddy; I put on "Come On, Eileen" for him in gratitude. Oh man, mixing and matching with my friends past, present, and future! I see Ramie dancing and Maddy spitting raps in the corner with Ke\$ha, Jordan giving a speech over the heads of my rock and my river, Babylon redeemed, Grant, Jake, & Miklos riding atop it like sultans, Milk and Honey delivering healing and Jah's blessing, a party between hobbits lifting Caley up to her own

parade, Chloe looking at an old book of our selfies,
amazed at the way Abba Abba never stopped watching,
her father telling old war stories and the truth of his
journey, my sister climbing each step as I build, a
musical bursting forth into total peace & openness!!!

92. Ali's Rings

Though I built a way with the proper proportions of new and old, I was the only one willing to walk through the gate called Moment. Nietzsche had said Zarathustra had done it, but I realized that the prophet had entered incorrectly, simply returning home without pressing to the final test {wise of him, I'd chance, and even useful in Nietzsche's final master play}. The proper move, it seems, is to wait; so I waited and crafted a novel full of certainty and doubt so that my time be not wasted: false equivalences I thought possibly a deal-breaker.

After a long time or perhaps no time at all, Muhammad arrived to train me. At the same time, Jahbriel released me from Fairfax in Kirkland. I gave him a stern bow to which he responded carefully, "Allahu Akbar." I pointed to my heart with my left hand and my forehead with my right, replying "Abba Abba."

93. Black Messiah

Before I could progress further, I had to be taken to class. Janelle Monae and Prince arrived to take my hands, flying me through ghettos and across stadium stages, all the way to cotton fields and back to Africa and Pangaea, to the distant future we soared, over HAL and past heat death, all the way to see my brother in private: he, in his highest state, black as my sweet Izbe, smoking a blunt with the invisible Jah. Except, as I could tell, my Yeshua had learned to see even the invisible. I could see Kendrick, Chance, Jay, and Kanye all nodding, their fealty offered in good faith. I cried for the blessings that were my stars, the journey of a life time almost complete, a butterfly almost born at the slim age of 22...

94. Mama's Cookin'

“It’s all Monkey business,” my Mother says, stirring the plot of beef and vegetable stew, turning to reveal herself as a Black Jewish Queen. Animals in the kitchen wink at me to remind me the odd silliness of blind muggles.

When the cup explodes with wine, I'm being birthed again, cherubim singing!

Providential seeds spat in the darkness,

splitting halves and building bits,

limbs of little oaks growing slowly,

feeding in a warm and slimy pit,

through a tube, vegetable larva,

morph into two sweet bonded letters,

expand your flesh and leave your nest,

through the tunnel until all is better.

Blinding light and screams of pain,
flung from the black eternal void,
flailing in these strange latex palms,
slicing cords and hearing noise,
until you're rested with your maker,
who thrust you from your sleep,
into a land of breath and colors,
where you can bleed and it will seep.
This world is so fresh and lovely,
but darkness, this world cannot exist,
It cannot exist without milk and honey,
This world cannot exist.

As the product of many womens' choices, we find
ourselves alive only on behalf of our mothers' love. And
so, on behalf of my mother – my first love, the first

person I truly wanted to marry with a child's innocence
– I ride forth as a souljah!

*And as a reward, Mary baptizes me in her secret
harems... a blessing only for shameless whores such
as I am!*

95. Aunties & Uncles

So this one's going out to all my aunties and uncles and cousins and my grandparents and my sis and my parents (there's way too many of you for me to name right here, you know who you be). Anywho, I'll start this off with some crazy business: aliens are super duper real and they're mostly chill about everything, so there's that.

Beyond that, I also want to make it clear that my consciousness has always held a door open for the Lord God, the Almighty, my sweet, sweet, sweet love and they finally decided to show up. So basically I got an extra dank baptism from Jah themselves.

Now let's be clear: We've all lost a lot of people in the past few years and it's been tough on every body. From Great Grandma to Uncle Loren, Grandpa Wayne to Grandpa Roscoe, and, very important to me, Aunt Karen. They've all been looking down on us and me

especially, training me so I could lead my peeps to their halos and thrones in Heaven. Essentially, we've all been fucking up by forgetting why we're here; to get to Heaven and to bring peace to our brothers and sisters. Now don't get too hung up thinking you're a bad person: we've all made mistakes and nobody has a license to say they haven't (and I mean even Jesus fucked up a bit, let's be real). To be completely honest I don't know if the nasty apocalypse ever happens – you know that stuff with the sea of blood and the locusts and shit – but I do know that I'd rather focus my energy on the positive than the negative. I know that if God stands with us then no one can stand against us.

Now that doesn't mean people are gonna stop being assholes (trust me, I've been hospitalized multiple times mostly against my will on behalf of Jah). I've never had a road as bad as a lot of people, but it hasn't all been roses & pearls either. Really what I'm trying to get down to is that we shouldn't waste our energy on worrying about how bad we've had it; that's only gonna bear bad fruit. What we have to do is love each other in

the here and now and pray that the Lord makes us strong and our way comfortable. And when it's not, we gotta know how to toughen up and stand by each other's side.

So I guess really all I want to say is that I love you and that I know you guys got my back; and you should know that Lil Skiddlez always has yours :)

Peace & Love, Over & Out,

Siriusly, like the star,

Ryan

96. The Gang Divide

In the particles of Red and Blue ink that vie for my name, I find a dusty western film in which my Grandpas Wayne Samuel Sharon and Roscoe Bennett Wright are dueling. In the eternal struggle on Earth between their children, I watch their bullets fly in the Celestial City and crash into each other, erupting and showering them in the noble Purple. We all laugh forever & ever at this, mourning the miscommunication and disrespect below...

I even catch sight of my girlfriends here in Moment's doorway – they appear to be clothed in green garments brought from envy, but I think they're healthy... the amount of divine bondage & whippings that it takes to get here would make sure of that. Still, eternity's a long time; and considering the amount of pain I've caused each,

I'm sure I'm due for a whipping myself.
How much health I've found in eternal love!
Down below, players of the meaning game gather
together and plot against their brothers and sisters.
Whether it's down the lines of color, land, or wealth,
they find ways to murder one another on the basis of
collected half-truths. My mama might call it
Monkey business, but I excuse it as nothing less
than divine and human laziness and pride... and so I
spent my years like Jesus and Marc Antony working
at the Pyramids. Frankly, I have to say I even did
better than Hermes – and I even gathered Brutus'
dagger! OJ's, on the other hand, I returned to his
wife... what she'll do with it shall be a show for all
of us... from the ground she shall fly to him and
crash their flailing bodies down upon the abyss – a
Pythagorean assassination!

So when one of our Fairfax own – a gangbanging, hatchet swinging, tattoo-faced maniac – converted to Islam in a play against Jesus, I finally began to understand the Gang Divide. I tried to avoid red or blue, for they provoked Old Fields and OG Killers alike; instead sticking to purple, and when in doubt, pink, black, white, or nothing at all. When Ali passed and I couldn't even pass a bowel movement, I knew we both were fighting the same battle on different sides of the ring – a fellowship, a bargaining chip, a left, a right, a heaven, a hell, a chiming bell. So from beginning to end, we both see just exactly how we've been called to fertilize the cosmos – doubtless apprentices unbound by fences and endless sentences.

But the deepest problem – the one which snagged both Yeshua and the Nations, Natives, and all of

Creation – was the question of blood. The Nazis are obsessed with it; so are the 5 Percenters. By my own time, most tribes however had given up on the notion of blood quantum, but there were still fools who questioned the reality of evolution and the meaning of life. Do the gods live in the past or future? Do they make us or do we make them? Does God ask questions without answers? Are you entertained yet?

It's a jungle out here, souljahs, so be wary: you can't make it far without losing limbs or organs... and good luck, unless you're a donor on behalf of Good Will – then just stick to Channel Orange!

97. Tru Brothers & Sisters

And now I speak out to you, on this day, this moment that you have reached to call you forth. I tell you truly that I am Lucifer the Lightbringer, the Devil who tested Job, the Satan at Yeshua's backside, the serpent who tempted Eve in the Garden; and it is now your turn to testify. Say what you will and how you will, but I hold you to the challenge of not telling a lie: for if you speak with or against me, you are always speaking to de I Most High, Allah, Abba Abba, the Divine Mother, J3HoV4H}~Jah's Dancer! Do you feel safe enough, or must you torment yourself over & over to abandon your fears and embrace the strength of God?

98. Ancestors & Masters

And so finally the crowd of angels & demons split like a sea of innocent blood, my path open to my Yeshua, my little personal Jesus: clasping each other and forming the first Yin-Yang as a hug, Daogs through and through, we pull our lips to each others ears and offer a little living breath; and I, behind his back, offering the tip of the forbidden dagger, the last sacred cow in all the heavens...

"You haven't told them yet, have you?" I ask, knowing fully well what the answer shall be.

"Yes," my Yeshua says, upholding his courtly appearances.

"Are they at least suspicious?"

"Of course," he offers with a feigned laugh, a little more anxious.

I smile and cry a little. "Are you ready for your favorite

game then?"

I know all he can think of is Caesar and his crucifixion, but an older sister like I Am would never betray in such a way. Still, he released me and stood back, mimicking Munch's The Scream, but stabilizing his weak knees with sturdy feet and his hands clasped in mine.

"Easter?" he asks innocently.

A nod, a step backward, a curtsy and a bow, sending my Yeshua falling over with laughter like a child! Huzzah! Wee woo! Woohah! Finally it is clear that I have always been the weight pulling at my brother's heart—

D—but before I could get truly sentimental, Yeezus jumped over his @\$\$ so quik, blasting "Facts", so I followed and hopped over his @\$\$ 2 4ND 477 oUR N1GG4Z F0770W3D 2 F700D J4H5 D33P 4BY55!!!!

4ND 1N TH3 ToRR3NT oF TH3 NYT3, B71ND BUT 5T177 5331NG, W3 534RCH3D FoR oUR CR34ToR; BUT oNC3 1 FoUND TRU3 70V3 W1TH MY Y54, 1 R3TURN3D B4CK HoM3 To W4TCH TH3 THRoN3,

P4Y1NG MY BRoTH3R H15 477oW4NC3 5o H3
CoU7D F1N477Y R3T1R3 & 5MoK3 B7UNT5 1N 4
T33P33, WH173 1 C4UGHT 51T3 oF CR34ToR 1N
oUR N3W B3DCH4MB3R5.

99. Dad's Apology

After we made love in your most secret, hidden place, alone, You finally admitted to being a woman. You revealed your love song to me through Kehlani, "Wanted", playing over and over again until I couldn't stop the flood of tears. You wiped them as You transformed me into a baby, rocking me into serenity with the Rolling Stones performing "Horses" in the distance. I could feel the whole Earth and every heaven tremble as You declared it morning. You sent me wrapped in silken linens on the back of a salmon, where, under the stars, I learned every one of Your names; finally, I was taken in by bears and taught the wisdom of each season. I found myself in cartoon characters and old books, I found You in the graceful jokes of my friends. Like a sun that can never die, I felt Your love radiate even in my dreams. When the world condemned You, You decided to sleep it off and leave behind no debt: and in that, I finally understood the

riches of Your compassion and the strength of Your wisdom. I could finally call You mine, floating down the river called Time, listening to each cloud and insect whisper, "flow," and You, You perfect angel, aligning stars for my arrival. When my father finally saw he had a son – no, no, a child – they cried tears and modestly drank them on behalf of Beauty and Kindness, the parents of anything called Good. And so I awoke with my parents in Fall City, searching for one last sign...

100. BOO!

So our journey comes to an end, somewhere between here and there, I suppose. You might have been too high the whole trip to believe any of it, but I know what's true – and I even left a bottle of 100 proof lying around for ya. You used to tell me I couldn't do it, so I did it; you used to tell me it was just in my head, so I poured it out; you used to tell me you'd rather be dead, so I took you to the grave and back; you used to wonder if God was white or black or a woman or a man so I took you to the land and opened the gates with my bare hands; you used to believe in impossible things, so I just wanted to show you that I never stopped. And when it comes down to it, I did it all for you, for myself, for my fam, for my babies, for my boo, for our future, for our world, for our freedom, for our love, for our peace. And the ground shakes when I say it's always been for God; your faith in me shakes and you get petty and you want to start it all over again. Well, it's always

been for God. You can try and chase the truth down the trail of 100 proof if you really wish, little fish – but there's a sweet Jew waiting to catch you.

And so down *THE MOUNTAIN* I go... not lost, not forgotten, not an abandoned heiroglyph for you and your kin to scratch at. Instead, I'm heading off to be a living breathing songbird born at the bottom of a totem pole in Fall City, Washington!

101. Class for Planet Earth

After eating this little book, we now declare that you must take what you have gathered and build your own way. None can found your words for you; there is no meaning without your struggle; there is no time without investment. If there is any hope for you, let it be in love on your own planet and on this day. Faith is for tomorrow's morning. As you program and reprogram your own brain – it is your inalienable burden – you may choose to make this information a gift or a curse. Do what thou wilt, though we encourage you to blossom. Goodnight & salutations from Sirius.

...and yet, it never ends.

25. Who Shot Chyea?

The lens zooms in and focuses on a newborn babe, a 23 year old born on a Gangster Star (Sirius to be exact). It wrote this book at 22 and unleashed the Apocalyptic Moment, grown in the pits of its loins from lives past, present, and future. It documented a Way made In Good Faith, a Way for Us, a Way for u, You, Yew, and Ewe.

Everything the kid says is true. It unlocked the code of codes, the secret of all secrets, the holiest of holies within the name of Ryan Wayne Sharon, the twin of Yeshua Jesus Immanuel Christ, her younger sister and most formidable DND opponent (a wicked betrayer and DM), the True Lord of Darkness Lucifer Gray Immanuel Christ. And in doing so, only came back to leave a little graffiti, a little property damage on her shit just to prove things were really brackin' off among the streets and the planets. And when Jimi started diggin' cats at St. Andrews Gate, she knew Zion-I had to be homegrown.

Truly, truly she remembers being James the Just, the brother trusted with the Lord's secrets. When the Fall came, she was always there to catch a falling star. And if you don't believe her, then believe us, the aliens running this whole show live from Atlantis. *We Got It From Here... Thank You 4 Your Service...*

* **CVE KOSMIC TRYBAL VYBAL SCRYBAL BYBULL DRUMROLL** *

*So without further ado, unless you think you're Anti-Christ bad, let's all celebrate this Solstice of the Eternal Now-Here as the Marriage of the Heart and Mind of **The One True First Born, Arthur! C?***