

Pathway to a Zen Mind
Jordan Bailey's Unique Expression
:An original philosophy and poetry collection:
Www.Jordanericbailey.com

Foreword: Is this a book? Hello? Can anybody hear me? Ahem. This is literature. Literature none the less. It is a book about modern things. Modern thoughts. Rantings, Ravings, The future, anagrams of metaphors and bizarre thoughts. They are unique patterns of humanity, communicating to whomever will listen. It is a plea to humanity, it is a poetry diary, it is everything that I've wanted to be and everything that I have not wanted to be. It is analytical, it is insightful, and it's far more interesting than most of the books you will read about obtaining or having a Zen state of mind. It is a garden of feasts growing on trees with tables beneath them. It is a grammatical zombie infested wasteland. It is the foreshadowing of the world as we know it. The Zen mind lies in the shadows of the golden glorious age of today, it awaits patiently to rise before the sun. The one day that harmony is realized will be a sure day. Whether or not it has already happened or will happen is based on two things. One's understanding of duality. To dismiss it and see it as one, simply a rope that ties into itself. The deeper you go into yourself, the more you can experience this. It is a never-ending unfolding algorithm of the declaration of uniqueness of the human soul. To identify with this text in the smallest of Iota shows me there is a shred of dignity left in hopes of humankind. It shows me there is empathy, the basis for this philosophy, without such there is no rhyme or pattern to manifest. Without its glory it is meaningless life and a zombie death. With a zombie death comes the awakening of an individual who wants to watch the world burn before it never changes. Either we've already made it, we never will or we never have. There is a double present tense, the YOU and the NOW. There is always NOW, but there never was or never will be. As painful as it sounds nothing was promised to you, and that is simply why there is suffering.

I open up my mind to you in humble offering that this will please you, and if it does, then I've made a puncture, my own black hole of appeasement. With doing nothing more than what I love. I wonder, what else can I create with just this one emotion? Oh universes of universes. Enjoy the emotional ride. This is for you.



I can hear you. Breathing. tick tock tick tock. Time counting down as you count the years before the end of your life. Meaningless, I say. For purpose, I say not. Hidden beneath the requiems of our daily lives is a life force. A breathing entity in the blanks of living. A silent voice in between each breathe that is taken. An interest of analytical thought provoked the thought behind this text. As I analyze anything I read, I see only blank pages. Perhaps a small story of some sort or some wisdom can be extracted from it, but even then it is still as empty and meaningless as

whatever one may consider empty and meaningless. I am not telling you what to do or what to believe, I am just saying that if belief is a concept held on to by the mind, why were we given intuition and gut feeling? Do these qualities of being human lack merit? Or are we supposed to act only out of what we can perceive. I don't have an answer to this, but you might. Collectively the answer may exist. But one person alone cannot and does not know. There must be another point of interest in which to relate to. Such as, a relation between two human beings. Something that consciousness is as exactly as old as.

The pseudonym of juxtaposition might imply that the metaphorical content that follows is simply a ubiquitous analogy. Repeating numbers generate probability statistics that are far too uncommon for a computer to disassemble. Perhaps poetic sense is the grand creator of us all. Maybe, as time progresses, realizations and epiphanies may create a wall to hide behind. Come out from behind that wall, it is time to stand naked in your literary sense. For each connected person there is a program that simulates and acts as a relationship. For each wiped mind, a new one is left over to shape and form as the owner pleases. As such, much of what you see may be visual poetry, gifted with an aesthetic of its own that finds its roots tied only to its owner. Perhaps the rhythm may be extracted somehow. Either way, I am interested in how reading this text effects the human mind, as it is written in a language so dear to my heart I once believed I had created it entirely myself from scratch. That may be in the past. Straying from the use of my eyes, only my fingers shall be used to create this text. I shall pray not to contradict myself as time goes on. Believing in only one thing, and that is that belief is from the mind, shall I write. Shorter sentences hopefully will be easier to understand, but I shall not shy away from a complex explanation with the description when it is necessary to carry the point across. Again I will emphasize there is no point to be had or noticed. Two connecting points form a line. A line in this universe exists because there is also another axis to give it three dimensional mobility.

As the creator of this text, I hear a sound, and now pass this sound to you. It was that of a door closing. A useless talent we possess that cats do not. Although some cats can jump to open doors. This is not a thought experiment or a scientific elaboration. It is merely a metaphysical conjecture. My mind has been carried from place to place, and I feel like I cannot gain any more intelligence than I already have. Apparently I was born with what I was given, and that does not change. I may read books or learn new things but I don't think that necessarily alters my intelligence. I find it in my heart to believe that I am a genius. Not of the Albert Einstein sort, or the "Words of Wisdom" kind whose works may echo many years after their passing, but more of a common genius. The kind who is simply a little dot in the universe. As I open this door, I remember who I am, and that is nothing. Therefore, I find that to make myself worth anything I must produce. No talent is necessarily needed, so I just produce blindly. In the dark would be redundant. I have seen far less talent gain more recognition than I and became fed up with that. I believe I am filled with enough words of wisdom, insight, and clever subtleties to get my message heard. The only thing lacking might be the motivation behind it. Therefore, I have a clever idea. Every so often, I shall include random poetic musings of my own. Not with the

intent to create a poetry journal or to show off all of my available skills, but more-so as a “poetic relief” of a sort, to show you the light heart I have. I desire more or less to paint with words, than with a canvas.

“Galactic raging fire winds down the day in the sunny apocalyptic world of Venii 13, the coolest planet in the entire galaxy. A witch flies through space on her broom as she casts spells on the unsuspecting inhabitants of the planet equipped with such a dangerous atmosphere. The already scorched denizens of Venii 13 scream in horror as the witch cackles with glee.”

The process behind the moon to phase from one cycle to the next is quite romantic. It slowly fades from white to black in various degrees of crescent shapes. As such, I intend to be wholly present in both my blackest and my whitest. There is always more to the story though, such as blue moons or red moons or even yellow moons. How stupid must I be for attempting such a crazed work of art? Is writing even considered art? I am not well versed in such subjects, though I aspire to be a writer. I suppose even though my medication helps, I will always have a mental disease though. I may say what it is later, but for now there is no need. I am a mentally disabled writer. Maybe you can relate. Perhaps it is through this disabling disorder that I was able to access parts of the mind I may never have thought were present in my youth. I have traveled dimensions and seen checkpoints in my mind. Life has become a multimedia portrait within, and a myriad of separations come to mind. How shall I ever be present when my mind is living somewhere else? A beach party, a house music rave, on another planet, drifting through space, on a stranded island or living in a city. I am doing all of these in different intervals through my imagination.

Imagination, the structure of reality. All architecture, technology and etiquette conceived is the product of imagination, and we know so little about it. The underlying conceptual concepts of everything I pretend to “believe”. It’s what I’d like to study. If you don’t desire a creative getaway, then get away from this now. Throw this text as far away as possible and run, or smash your computer screen and begin screaming bloody murder. To me, your life is as meaningless as a literal blank page. At least I tried to be creative and make someone think, if not while being a bit macabre. I don’t have any particular abilities, although I am not without hobbies. I heard in a song once that rhythm was the birth of all things and found I agree. It was rhythm that created you and me. As my cells age, I find that my mind does not. Darwin argued towards evolution, but I find the mystery is deeper than that. I will not accept everything I am taught nor find it reasonable to be true by any means. Without data to back it up, it may as well be a projection. A hologram of false data intended to look like the real thing. Sometimes even reality is less real than what actually is. I ponder why we were given an imagination only to use it to imagine that which created us. The why’s, when’s and how’s. Oh I would adore being able to go off in tangents of fake words that have only aesthetic value, splurging myself on the violently poetic

desires of my brains, but I will leave that to the clouds to discuss with the sunlight. Ha! Just kidding. I may weave some interesting nonsense into this after all.

As the sun sets, so do I, as I say, I am without bleeding, as I stay up, forevermore, nevermore, as I am satisfied, Saying I am sorry is just another way of waking up bleeding next to a Wal-Mart after being smashed the previous night by a sledgehammer breaking through my forehead.

As such, I am only inclined to share with you as much as I can that I am able, that I feel needs to be shared. So this project would not be given birth had I not felt the need to go viral for the sake of poetic, analytical, metaphysical, philosophical justice! I see justice as a substitute of the viable need to express myself. Perhaps it is to pass the time, perhaps it is to open a new mind. Either way, the grass speaks to me on a deeper level than most human's words do, and the eyes are a cleverly guarded secret that knows only what you know. Do I desire to hear it? Sure, but I can't right now. As I spoke earlier of a door, the formation of this work is only a key. A key to something I cannot fathom for I have never experienced it. Perhaps knowledge is not random and can be recorded to be statistically correct on many levels. I still feel that from a standpoint of phenomenology, everyone perceives things differently and the data recorded by one scientist will be received differently than the data recorded from another scientist. Even when the data is compared, the information received is then cross examined and viewed differently, again. It's almost like choking, trying to comprehend what is happening, realizing it, but being unable to do anything about it. All knowledge is based on the assumption that everyone perceives things the exact same way. We may be waiting to stumble upon a grand secret that will render this information useless and perhaps drive many mad. Those with the greatest chance of not being driven mad are the ones that have already been mad to begin with.

So as I have mentioned earlier, "mind wipe". I feel as if my mind has already been washed clean through methods of deprogramming what I was raised to believe. That is, I studied and meditated enough to forget all of it, and "create" myself. It sounds new-age, but that is what people do when they have children. They "create" new humans and teach them how to be exactly how the parents wish them to be. Perhaps in an ironic parallel reality, I was raised to be a free thinker and told only what truths my parents knew, and then I grew up to forget these things and instead become a religious, self-doubting lie of a human. I am certain that I do not know or understand any sort of plan or schematic for the universe, while my more pious brethren have developed an acute sense of "I am right, you are wrong". It is disgusting, like the boogers I find in my nose. I cannot even acutely describe how deplorable these thoughts are to me. Therefore, I am alone. Maybe I am writing this to connect with you. I am not entirely certain this is a root reason for doing this, besides a plethora of potential little perks that may arise from someone else interacting with these words. But enough with the sappy drama! Let the real drama again!

Painfully, I removed the pin, only to find another sin, separated by space, a thin chord, reverberating through time, a nice rhyme. Convexly, a sequence of intentional data to be

read differently.

Somewhere

I'm thinking

Somewhere

I'm learning

Somewhere

I'm feeling

Intellectual disposed.

Musically composed.

insomnious voluminous

Terraformed into moldy seeds.

All I see are pictures looking back at me.

I am a baby.

Hear me roar.

If imagery is all I'll ever see then I hope that you will come back to me

And we'll share a memory of times much simpler when all we saw is all we knew

But now there are thoughts that govern and interfere

I don't believe in me

But I believe in you

Don't take me literally

When I say I don't believe in me

I am saying I don't believe I exist

For the sake of this protracted essay I write solely to implore you to look inside

And recognize I am just a being like you

That doesn't believe he exists

So he may as well be a she, or a he, it doesn't matter.

I may as well be you.

If I had one wish, it would be to remember things

Instead of forgetting things

But forgetfulness is a virtue, they say. Oh, so now there is a they?

Who are they?

Where are they?

Up in the sky you say, down below?

Well, I don't believe in direction either. Direction has to have a center.

North may as well be south. North wouldn't be East, though.

What do you believe in then, you may be asking?

Well simply I believe in two. Yes, two.

There are two of you and two of me.

Therefore I believe in four.

Should you shout, "Surely you jest!"

Well nothing less, I believe in eight more than six.
Due to the fact that six exists, I believe in three.
Due to the fact there must be a beginning, I may believe in one.
However, should there be something odd about this,
I don't have many thoughts about one other than that I believe it should equal to every other
number that also exists. One should equal two. One should equal 63. One should equal 144,431.
Imagery, I repeat, hides in numbers. How interesting would a free form poem be written only in
numbers, with nothing but intention to guide it? Probably not very interesting.
Does that make intention random?
Perhaps everything we think do or say is random.
Perhaps everything I believe is random.
The word perhaps is quite vague, much like everything else.
That in itself was vague and redundant, as is this. How is that for a loop?
I haven't set up much visual clues yet to allude to nature, however I hope to amend that soon.
If you are enjoying reading this so far, I highly encourage you to read all of this so that we may
share a nice bond. Contact me if you wish! I would simply adore to hear from you.
Anyways.
Now that I've filled your head with enough useless dribble, let's carry on to something
interesting.
Like a planet! Yes, a planet that spins with a unique pattern that produces a blip of sounds.
A musical note producing a unique frequency into space. Space is a great starting point. Reading
it categorizes the mind into emptiness, blackness, vastness or void.
To further catalyze the thought process, the next response might be to notice that the aura
surrounding the word "space" is one of a dismal nature, for the most part, and a mysterious ring
to it secondly.
If etiquette were to consume us, I may be droning less into a poetic insight and more into a
writing philosophy. However, without the proper background to understand why you may be
thinking what you are thinking when you read what I have to say in the future, you may not be
able to enjoy it as thoroughly.
Corrupted Virus Jousting Sphere, I say this in good nature as it just does me cause.
Now you try one! A short sentence based on your first name, that is. Whatever comes to mind,
really!
Don't worry. You'll get the hang of it later when I turn your brain into pudding.
Salad is what they called this type of writing when I poorly understood it, and yet there was a
deep craving in the back of my mind to understand why I understood what I couldn't understand.
Looking back, loose chemicals trailed their way into the sky to create a legendary role playing
adventure that I could enjoy day to day and evening to evening, consecutively.
I lost my job and didn't mind, simply a bike ride home was enough to ponder all the good things
in life.
Blue book gender quality control my pest inside.
They took some tests but I don't care I conclude my mind is fried.

Now I enjoy what I always have and that is knowing that I know nothing.
But at least I can say without a shadow of a doubt that I am not shallow.
I enjoy my writing as much as I enjoy you, so without further ado I bid you:
The highest bidder tranquility furthermore progression
hinders turntable pacifist ants.
Hiding away until death doth them part, for I shall have the last laugh as I warm up my rats.
For dinner I shall have an emerald green eye that I recognize from when I was but a wee lad.
A tender red root that dissolved into water everything I held dear in my mind.
As thoughts continue, I recognized I am just a space-chimp writing some words at some point in
the time-frame of existence. I don't read much, but when I do I try to grasp what infinity is,
For the most part I have learned that it not so much exists as it does not exist, and that my fragile
human mind would not be able to comprehend it should it turn out to be a reality. The very
essence of infinity is beyond my grasp, as moving from a state of finite reasoning into an
understand of infinite...well, *anything*, is quite the task.
Let's take a quick sigh, a break away from breathing, don't hold your breath because I'll be right
back.
Emotions weigh heavily on the output of my vibe, so perhaps a pattern shall emerge, I hope to
see, your own two eyes looking back at me. Stop reading me as me, and I as I, let's change
places, you and I.
From the moment I first saw you my heart stopped and my life began
In heaven I reference no one for now I am eternal
Shall I be forever more then surely I shall at some point experience hell
Surely at some point hell will spill over into heaven if both are to suffer and reign in peace
eternally
There can't be two infinities it simply doesn't add up.
That is why I believe that 1 may equal 2, and every other number.
The only thing I am not certain of is shall 1 equal 1?
Hopefully you're following if not, don't fret, I'll clarify as time goes by I'll pass on and you'll
soon see I was not wrong, for I am sure of this soliloquy.
The only way I would be wrong would be if $0=\infty$. However, to trump that I'd have to say
that line or dash you see marked through a zero to signal "non-existence" may be replaced with
0. Concepts beyond this elude me, for I am no mathematician just a humble poet with nothing to
keep him company but his own thoughts.
Onward now! To unlock the inner poet, capable of recognizing and dawdling his own thoughts
into doodles, Zen mastermind and true philosopher, one that shuts out all the noise to pay
attention to nothing but innermost feelings to describe that which he holds dearest to his heart. A
feminine counter-part.
A divine twin, a flame, a mastermind of their own, perhaps a winner, or loser, perhaps a
megalomaniac, or a hoarder (please no). Shut off all the input into your mind and program it to
your enjoyment. Ask yourself if you really enjoy being "programmed to" and if you might
instead like to "program YOU"! Search the internet for images you hold dear to your heart. Like

Art. Enjoy Music. Wax philosophical, Wane Poetry. Poetry is nothing more than the recognition of that little speck of emotion you experience when you spark a single thought. That moment you began sparking your first thoughts, your “programming receptors” started going off. (I.E. your brain’s neurons started firing up).

Before I go on, I just remembered mentioning word salad. It’s the toss up of words to form some random sort of contraption that doesn’t really make sense. Since words are baseless, this can be done quite intentionally and in quite good humor, on occasion. However, I am not a particularly humorous fellow, so most of the salad I present to you will be on a buffet. I am not particularly poetic either, but that doesn’t stop me from trying. As I said, recognizing the inner poet within you is the first step to writing anything at all.

Now, continuing, let me sum this up quickly. Everything you input into your brain determines the type of person you are to become. If you have picked up this literature with the hopes of trying to become a different person, and don’t want to take ego-erasing and highly illicit drugs, then continue reading and enjoy how random this gets!

Potato doesn’t smell potato until you take out the T and add an apostrophe. Sinking ships shall always sink unless they are full of water. Had you taken your pills, you would be in far less of a catastrophe than this. Shall you continue to read? I beg, I beg you please. What else is there besides fantasy? Well there is the entire creative process that leads up to the creation of creation, the act of creating a fantasy is in itself a fantasizing process that some may lust for lovingly appreciative criticism.

Custom contributions shall be counted for horrendous momentum build ups, only to be let down by a fellow crashing wave into the bottomless pits of the devil’s deep belly. Shall you ever heard the mention of 420, know the devil has come. I pray these words find it in the hands of someone well beyond what the meaning of these three consecutive digits could possibly entail without searching through history for culture fads of the 21st century.

Sweet will the day be when death finally takes me

Into the next stage that I need not try to define, yet shall try anyway.

Indefinite bliss or perhaps a total waste of time

I personally believe I will be brought back to a universal love akin to a parent’s feelings

A family reunited in cosmic harmony, blended souls and such

Finally rest is given to my endlessly wandering mind

Who am I to give up this time?

Too late, and no choice...

I hope I smile, I hope I don’t panic.

Who can say for sure? I think most people go in peace, or at least vaguely unaware.

Perhaps it is like the feeling you may experience when floating down a lazy river your entire life only to reach the end of the river and discover at the last moment, it is a waterfall, and you simply slip over.

Little blue planet, my darling

As I sink into you, I feel my feet trembling and my mind quivering with anticipation

As I fall into your embrace I am gently let down into a field of endless blue dream roses

Each one an infinite dream of greater knowledge waiting to be plucked.
Substantial gnosis given to me through each delicate movement through space
Am I even in a field of time?

My dreams fade apart into the field of blue dream roses as my shadow disappears forever
Joined together in one, my sweet blue dream harmony.

Symmetry is beautiful but I hope not to cover asymmetrical illusion

As is illusion is imaginary and we have no time as creative beings to delve into the imaginary
For we are entirely non-fiction readers and writers, everything that can be delved into mentally
surely must have a place in this world. Fiction perhaps then takes its place as a myth of divine
mystery

Shrouded in clouds and bathed in a turquoise light, a party dancer softly approaches in the
distance

A gentle dance of weeping beauty and strange movements, though not erratic. Fluid and smooth.
Like a river flowing slowly and gracefully, peacefully alongside a mountain.

May my thoughts flow evermore as pairs into your mind, sweet fruits of lucid temptation,
begging to be touched and caressed by the world's most wonderful lips. I can't begin to describe
the melody that is aerating through the field of blue dream roses, as my heart begins to swell
with joy I reach up to what I perceive as sunlight only to be embraced by these wondrous lips
wrapping around the intimate majesty of my soul. I am connected to this majesty and made
aware of it only through the juices of the illustrious fruit. A damn I cared, for a moment, as this
feeling played through like a film reel in slow motion.

Little blue planet, sweet dream of mine, open your arms and make me feel fine

I wept but not for sadness in dreams that came to me I awoke to find another dream layered on
top.

(Damn that movie "Inception" for popularizing such a romantic thought process) It's true the
only things worth discovering in life are the least popular, the tiny jewels that few have ever laid
eyes on yet are the most amazing things to look at. If you can ever find it in your heart to
embrace your identity or perhaps to rewrite it to your own, you'll recognize that you too are one
of these precious jewels. Not identified by a three second reflection of yourself but through deep
questioning and thought processes. I have no teachings for you nor do I want to change you. I am
only attempting to inform you that you are the Zen Master, capable of redoing your own history
and rethinking life for yourself (With some help from all the other little voices that live inside of
our minds). If you ever breathe then you synthesize with this message from space, A spaced out
message for (perhaps) a spaced out mind. I sweetly hope you may fill in the blanks yourself,
leaving only the "I" at the beginning. That can never be changed, hence my belief in the familial
love unit waiting for us at the end of our lives. I don't expect you to synchronize with my
beliefs, though it would be cool if many people resonated with the instances of thought and
possibilities I have created. Taking a step back, maybe it is only that what we create in our minds
becomes our afterlife. Taking no particular disposition may yield a random result of the sub-
psyche mind attempting to make us happy. With that being said, fill your life with as much
happiness, feelings, and appreciation as you can for being a human being. You are all that's left

of a great species. To be truly human you must recognize you are just one of billions that are the same. Deeply meditating on this aspect will help to unlock your innermost feelings and discover your true self. Your name may mean nothing; it may mean sunset. I think there is a reason the hippie movement likes to give themselves radical name changes, for they resonate most with this English description of their roots.

Foolishly I did not lavish the Greeks

So knowledge was lost forever

I tried so hard to remember

But too much had happened.

Finally, I laughed at a simple thing.

My love note cursed in riddles

Bereft, I sighed I called upon my guide

He asked for me to take a chair

So I turned around to the Divine Pear

Try and find me, I said.

Mael'thos found a round rock Pokémon

Poked it hard he did Said: I bestow upon you the powers of god

Are you wicked? I asked.

No i took you prisoner the female counterpart of the divine pair responded

Divvy the spoils shall you separate? I asked.

Corrupted are we. They replied.

So there. I listened hard and laughed.

The overwhelming warmth surrounded me.

I bled into a cup and dranketh thee.

Drawing sense delighted thorn accepted his risk of accepting the gloves

It will take some time to fold a paper moon

Violet iris Rose

She handed him a marker

It fascinated him

Are your hands cold? She asked

Yes, my gods he commanded her to dream of beautiful things.

I forbid you to remember.

Waning politically I physically challenge thee to alter pain receptors seeing only blood eyed

glass drops bowling for soup

And she found in her heart that she knew it

Innocently perhaps clumsily

Glossy satin snowy glass

Spell gift root canal old grandmother

I prayed to receive an answer

Immediately an angel came to me and spoke of things philosophy in telepathy

Find her in yourself like Lincoln in a hat

A penny on a building or a tooth on a rat
What strange darkness disturbs us here? Nova Scotia glasses beck
Pleasure grieving cult-a-sac
Evening moonlight waxing music
Eating Egypt, failing us all
Several sunny prophecies have factually fantasized of the future endless suffering if we are not
wise enough to see into infinity
You burn me Fashioned by boredom
I contemplate the shadows as I chase them into my dreams
I've swallowed the keys Prismatic prison
The subjugate mind has no feeling of Me?
I frolic in the fields You too are free?
Brilliant colors like a colored book
Change the page to find another picture
My mind wanders off the page Who perceives me?
My character pondered The future unfolded quickly as I remembered the past.
I never knew the present. I opened up to realize it but it was too late. Another life had begun.
Gems skyward Clancy wander
Might in Fury worlds run
My plight toward future ruin
Sounds so much like fun
Fairy switches fairly curious
I pull the lever. Wrong lever!
Ahem. My past aside like my own best friend
I plant him into a tree with a smile
Knowing I can breathe
Coherence gently washes over like the scent of
A fresh glade candle. Companies want your money
But I don't care I just want the rain.
Beautiful rain and smiles.
Excitement to see someone special to me
Colorful faces and demonstrations of loyalty
A dog couldn't be better company.
If a dog ran a company, I think it's be normal
There would be food and water treats and toys.
Neon emeralds palaces of crystal and diamond
Where I once dwelt in the black light hotwiring
Color to please the minions. A happy bunch
A family group.
Moved on...
Much later. .

Now I am bland and strict. Social yet quiet. Strange and clever like a wizard with no cap. Just a wand and some funny sounding words to cast spells of happiness.

A light wizard with his dark half in chains a complex saw of a sword. Maybe a dagger. Virtual reality is coming or maybe it is already here?

I know who I am and where I am going but I don't know how I will find this place I seek.

Dreaming earnestly of a player's card

Drawn into hand to increase in strength with time

Like a magician's accordion it pulls and twines around the thread of time

I feel like I've said this before but how did you know the theme I was thinking. Is it easily guessed or is my writing just metaphorical mess? Perhaps chance pulled the lucky card.

Ergo the cluster of this world is dreaming in a paradox of life, a jovial means to interpret life.

Om

Sweet that it may be it is oftentimes too bitter to be enjoyed, softened only by the screams of mortals and their things that coil towards uncertainty

Is it then that I am death? Awaiting my seat past the hallways of life being drawn in like a charmed snake?

Or was my life designed to create a symphony. A fine work of art. Connections made to amuse one another, however I am not amused. Only more perplexed. Why do these players have all these cards, and what is the object of this game they play?

Care I do not.

And yet I must jovially dream amidst them all the same.

tears born of blood

bleakly trickling down my face

I don't care

I am apathetic

I am the definition of apathy

forever and ever

rainbow chrysalis prisms reflecting my errors into visible light

take your pick it's like a fruit blossoming on a tree

they don't compare to the sounds i hear and the voice that taunts me

easy to ignore

impossible to fight

the enemies are near

buy them a reason not to hate you

and I will be their last avenger

flowing down the river my mom created for me my bloody tears begin to paint it red

confused, the other children become terrified of the red water

I don't mind

I just lazily float down the river

down the waterfall

behind the waterfall, a mine full of diamonds

but that's irrelevant.

Time keeps ticking and I wonder how much more you will press that button, but I don't care.
As you can see I wasn't lying about my apathy.

You're like a fish I can keep and love but you don't know what you're doing.

Stupid bitches raging dishes, quit your lives and find some pie
drop a dime and pick a pocket, take your life and put a sock in it

If I had three wishes I would wish for all the bitches to get sucked into a transient fractal
machine (whatever that is).

now to put it simply

there's a button

and you keep pushing it

you must have voices in your head telling you to push it

thank you.

I can't thank you enough for pushing the button. It boosts my spirit and soul so I guess that's
good.

But don't mistake my smiles for smiles anymore. It is just me, empty and gone.

I'll laugh but that is me running away.

Maybe someday we'll live close and I'll feel better, but for now I don't. I don't feel better.

I'm just the background in a sonic stage while you're the main hero.

I thought there were lots of characters involved.

I don't know if I'll ever be treated nicely by anyone besides my family.

but hey it's life. This is just mine. an ignored background sonic stage theme.

I love that about my life but sometimes, just sometimes I wish I could be a main character.

Hopefully I typed this enough to be so vague you won't have a clue what I'm talking about,
but if you do deduce through my writing, I wouldn't bother bringing it up because there is no
resolution anymore.

Just stay on your best behavior and I will too.

As jewels rained down from the fiery heaven, I fell into a deep depression

How will I ever find them all?

I may be searching endlessly for all of these sweet things,

compromised by my dreams

As the combinations increase, each one is given an even more unique stature than it had on its
own.

Endless multiplying numbers decaying into a crimson void of energy.

Thumping hearts and amazing art,

Fantasies of crystal castles in the sky,

Dreams of flying

Programmed into believing I will die

Certainly there are some facts,

Truest true because of acts,

action based in history,

the most perfect sunrise is surely the truth.

Congo Bongos drumming into perfect circumstantial flowery fun

Circles running into loops of Fibonacci golden ratios
Lovely ladies laughing as Leonardo Decapitates his Picks
And so without further ado, I do!

Happiness unfolding like a blooming onion at an Outback Steakhouse.

As American as I am I will never forget my desire to travel and live abroad, for the sake of absorbing the culture. I am a cultureless fool looking for something, perhaps something that may only be found on a paradise island.

But if I keep promising myself paradise is within the mind, I will never get lost and that is fine.

As a sweet melody ropes itself around my eardrums, the thick air resonates with the vibrant energy of one thousand suns, truer words have never been spoken than the overarching theme of the beautiful seven seas, humming quietly and roaring loudly at different points, crystal clear lakes living it up without the slightest bit of emotion to counter their thoughts, who am I to say that rocks don't think? If they do, I can't imagine for a second of what their thoughts may be, maybe an electro storm of drums and bass flipping channels into thousands of dollars. See through my words and I'll mail you a penny. What do you have to say in response to this? Is it sweet or nasty? Gruesome or pleasant, I'll find it when I find it, smile and look away into 999 trap doors, as your vision splits into the power of 3, I'll divide you and take you out sometime. Somewhere nice like a coffee shop, with a time limit of one second.

Each thought I have is as funny as the last, every drop a spot in the lime that needs to be picked out. Rotating cubes do funny things as the tone changes into something a little off. Mixing beers with alcohol to make a stronger beer.

Hold my breath

I'm drowning

Drowning in you

Spaghetti Noodles

Wrapping around my neck

What kind of pool is this?

Ugh, Alcohol filling my lungs

My stomach may have a hole in it

A whole note of musical bliss

Resting at the bottom of this piss...

My planet is a strange one

Many people like to kill other people

It seems to be the theme

On the other hand, there are memes.

Sweet melodies of betrayal, just another fantastic memory

A chain of memories stretching back to the days of Atlantis

Crystal mothers loading their crystal children with love

Sparks of insanity fly as Milo loses his glasses.

Only fantasy can fixate this dismal look on reality.

Nasty Gnats Gush Naked men from their mouths.

I am disgusted

I am disgraced

I am not human

My bowels fall to the floor and my jaw hits the ceiling.

I am a mess, and it won't stop raining acid.

The mushrooms begin to kick in and I realize they aren't psychedelic.

What a letdown, I think to myself, as if I can actually hear my own thoughts.

Oh wait, I can.

Darn dreams, deliberately dismissing waking life.

My doodles are more than doodles;

they are something special. Just kidding. I fooled you again.

You probably think these are my feelings or something.

Nah, I am just writing for fun.

If I had a girlfriend for every girl I almost started a relationship with, I'd have two more girlfriends.

If I could be high 24/7 and never work, living on a tropical beach for 3 months a year, life would be perfect.

If only consciousness were real. If only I could fly through space, evolve, and explore every possibility of existence for all eternity.

Nothing would make me happier.

But it's not.

I'm just a ghost, and some flower wearing hippies made up all that shit.

How pessimistic is that?

I believe when I dream I die, so I might as well keep dreaming if I want to keep living.

The life of a dream in my life is long. As long as a dog's life.

My poor dogs. When they die I'll realize I am old.

But for now they are just silly puppies.

If I could draw good, I would be so happy.

My drawings make no sense.

If I could do anything above average I would be happy, but I am just at par.

I hate your embarrassing attitude and demeanor and your habits.

Bitches need to go down on themselves.

Fuck you, you're a bitch too.

Any girl that can't admit she's a bitch is probably egotistical.

I'm not being sexist, because I kind of wish I was a girl more than a boy.

Liberation vs Damnation.

Obviously girls have a better head on their shoulders and are the superior gender,

but boys have sticks, and if there were no sticks I think girls would be even bigger bitches.

Nasty pale skinned wankers everywhere though.

Jerks with disgusting minds.

If I could be any more open, I would simply write everything I like and don't like specifically.

My favorite memories are dead.

My DNA has a glitch; I wonder if it has a pitch

A tune I could transmogrify into a sweet child lullaby

Something soothing to settle the soul
Something oozing emotional
Emotions they say are for women
But I think they are for humans
People like to feel things, it's only natural to understand
The dual side of nature isn't something to sneeze at, why must I elaborate what your mind
already defines?
The more I trail off and the more it seems like I'm being blunt
The more my words will hunt you for sport
I'd like to hear your retort
Original secrecy of clown screams trapped in a bottle
Children's tears misting up the misery of mindful trapped elderly
When you open up your mind you may lose self-control,
Of thoughts that once ran rampant you will redefine your soul
For yours to take and yours alone, I am sacred, sacredly droning.
As the night droned on, I slipping into a coma, a dead mind and awake heart
I turned into a double helix and spiraled down, down, down.
My loneliness consumed me as I awoke, borderline between sane and insane.
Laughing sounds echoed in the distance
I thought I was going to die,
The tune I was listening to turned into a dull slab of stone in my ears
As my love fell into a closed door.
Eternity gripped it's evil hand around me and squeezed the life from me,
It was the loneliest night of my life.
Finally I made contact with a life saver that saved me from doom.
I ended up staying alive.
I stacked each number into a three, and divided by two and multiplied by four.
The number I received prompted me to run outside in my underwear, and apparently a giant
butterfly flew by. The chaos created could have destroyed the moon, and I saw through two eyes
as my heart sunk into the roots of the tree I was sitting underneath. Essentially I was eccentric
and this certainty finally seeped its way into the crevice of my mind. As I flew, I grew one
thousand more trees to rest under at night, As I flew, I knew I was in love. Running into a closed
door repeatedly with a big grin on my face. As all my self-control flooded out of my body I fell
into a trance. A trance like state of antiquity.
A new planet of infinite intricacy, oh how I'd love to get lost in such a fantastic planet.
Platonic evenings sublimely wasted like any other day with a flutter of a smile lurking at the
corner of my mouth
insidious feelings of angst long past their prime
Ha, feelings. One of the most poetic elements, like icing drizzled on cake.
(I wish there was a way to express how dull you sound using a metaphor that makes sense in
over a hundred variations.)
Make no mistake,
I ain't one.

Clever philosopher poetically poking his way through a free verse expletive.
An expletive created with hopes of more.
Sun drops waltzing on an open fire,
People swaying to the beat of the wind.
Justified burglaries happening every minute.
Jesus I hope you have a sense of humor.
If you can read, read this a hundred times.
Because I care.
Pages and pages sunk and slowly torn apart, schizophrenic disease lying to your mind
Trying to take you apart with voices. In sleep, even, they maddeningly pick at you.
Just the thought that we can creatively write, brings a tear to the eye.
Let me see all of you,
bona fid naked
Try rhyming without explaining how you're feeling.
If you dare.
Tie my tongue and twist it twice, Literary element two of four.
Or maybe there was fifteen?
Laughter.
Pause.
Applause.
[Thoughts in my head: I'm in tears now laughing]
Crickets chirping.
Outside.
Sweet bliss of earth sounds,
Reverberate into the void, where we will return again once more, someday.
How fun it is to get tangy with words, to toss them about like play toys.
Like trying to fit the shapes into the grooves, only you get to design the groove and the shape.
So once more I await the midst of the mist to treat me fare thee well,
not to take turns but to be equal in value and of worth
trading sarcastic sentences with a tone of cynicism.
smoke blowing into the air,
falling leaves...warm weather...
these are things i truly wish for.
Too soon? Too early? What's the difference? I was born dead and so I will die.
So make me feel alive.
Pretend to smile when you pinch that cheek, at least.
Forlorn again be-ist the worst that could happen dearest,
redundancy, at its finest, lurking behind me and in front of me
reminding me that I'm perfectly fine.
Deliverance into the night, my sweet sonnet carries itself with the push of a button,
sent electronically for eyes to view and interpret.
Take it as you see it, but I see nothing more than opportunity.
Friendship? delectable. poetic insightfulness? A guarantee.

One, Negative one, or Zero. I remind myself once more I'm perfectly fine.....
Privately I wish, I wish to hope to hold sincere
I want to know you.
Maybe that's about it.
Sweetness. Another day ahead of me. Bliss is it to be alive, or is it?
Condolences for condolences, Joy ahead, Sorrow behind. I should have said,
Tomorrow, there's always tomorrow, but I'm not much of a rhymer.
You are the inspiration for my inspiration
I hope it never dies
Should I live until tomorrow I think I'll have some fries.
Such deluded consequences how can I ever know you by name?
Shall I simply call you by words that don't put you to shame?
Without tetrahedron fractal shapes I wouldn't understand
The things we hope and dream of plain as beach's sand.
Pick a piece and throw it far, I promise it won't come back like a boomerang. As time withers
away, I have come to learn that I am in just as much decay. Radioactive particles flying through
me day by day, I don't think I'll ever be able to place the right pieces into this great puzzle.
If someone finds the answer please notify me right away.
Repeated techno beats I say.
Spewing forth from my mouth like a galactic volcano, anything galactic is quite epic.
So far away from you, I can hear your voice in my mind like a trickling waterfall into a cave that
is eroding away the fibers of my neurons into little specks of nothingness.
Holes abide here in this fray, a battlefield of the mind, I lost the war long ago but now the
peasants live in peace as kings wage war against one another. Still I have no choice but to let it
be as pots and pans come up inside of me. Differentially I allot my points into various spectrums
of energy, believing anything that comes to me, I am sickness manifested into gullibility. Such
spectra do not humble me, I am startled merely by the slightest noise so leave me silence plain as
be, as I tilt my head to and fro I will let you know when it is time to go. Sunken eyes deliver me
unto heaven as sentinels keep watch over my body. Left it long ago to travel the seven heavenly
kingdoms known to man, of course I speak in lies because I may make up anything to appease
myself. In error I speak of silent thinks in vain I hope to grasp what never could have been as I
shake my ass. Curse words do not phase me nor do they enhance, so don't give me any sass.
Shareholders would place their money into a folder and share it with everyone if they were nice,
but instead we're all competing to win this invisible race towards death. Communities could
prosper if everything was shared, instead we've got close minded folks that never want to dare.
Passing by a stop light I begin to run, thank goodness I'm on feet and not in someone's gun, hate
would I to be a bullet bathed in blood, a shot of darkness for me please for I am someone's son.
Poseidon never would have liked to share his sake with anyone. As zoos release their animals I'd
kindly give them pets, if petting zoos could be anywhere I think it would be zest. Lest I take this
third degree outside again to rot, I'll gladly show you clementine to know that colors roam.
When tiny people dance outside on a sacred day to man, I will delay the inevitable by taking out
my grains. Such strangeness does not satisfy I could not be more bizarre, unless each word was
taken out of context even more than they already are. Don't mistake my love for kindness it's

clearly a contradiction, everything I say or act will leave you left in the dust to be confused. As drums fall from the sky, children laugh and women sing, on the dance floor, nothing matters but the mass of the milky way. Yea, I'll tell you again, on the dance floor nothing matters but the mass of the milky way. I like my knees wet. I like my bees hot. I'll take the ladies out to some spot. If being vague wasn't a quality of mine then I'm afraid I may have to be more specific, something I'm not terribly fond of. As my thoughts melt off the page and into my mind, I have to put a little more time into thinking of what I am going to say next. Will it be poetry, or merely nonsense spewed for the sake of trying to put some interesting imagery in your mind? I'm interested in what sort of vibe this complete work will profound, but I am more interested in the connection speed of my internet, it feels like I am typing this out to everybody. If I had to say only one thing, it would be this: Do not judge and do not be weary, we are all actors watching our own individual television shows played on repeat. The only way out of this fallacy is to go out and explore and liven up your world a bit more or to bring more people into your life that are quite different. However, it may not be a fallacy if you tend to enjoy watching programs, or are talented in finding ways to program yourself, such as watching nature documentaries or continuously wondering at the nature of the universe. A continuous state of marvel would be great if they could make it into a comic book of extreme proportions. I mean it would have to be huge, like a giant laser.

Now I have to poop. I heard this somewhere if you say the word poop, you are mimicking the exact motions your butt makes when it actually performs the action. And we all know that actions speak louder than words, right? So poop loudly! And with an intense jazzy bellow, I scream into the night. The Big Bang Theory is nothing more than a theory, win I win this fight I'll prove to you I'm right

You're wrong, everything you know is wrong and I will shoot you down

Not as a friend but as some guy you've barely made acquaintance with.

As sickening as it sounds, I'll love you 'til I drown.

When bass comes back we'll all fall down.

I am paradox madness ensued.

Foreshadowing of fates doth we meet again.

Blown apart by chunks of epic, how does that sound?

When spaces fall off the page and words make their own appearance, only then will I be satisfied

Made of sticks, I'm just a boy so burn my heart

Watch it burn, and as you laugh we'll play some chimes

Of lovely music and sing of wine

Read this any way you will, from left to right or skim right through. Chunked together paragraphs and spaced apart to make a living.

As hereditary as life is, I think I'll pass on making it towards noon. Just a few more letters and we'll have enough pages to think of something even more trippy. In case you aren't aware of what trippy means it is akin to something that startles or perhaps fragments your mind. It can be explained simply, incorrectly, or incredibly detailed. Let's just say there are only three choices here. Assume that very each sentence you read of mine it is one of the three. But you may think of more. In coherence we abide by law, to justify justice,

We honor honor know what we do. I am gentle loving winds
Going to give you a little pinch to remind you that this is not...

This is not what you think it is.

It is just generated poetry by little thought.

Abstract detail in its finest, one of the most diluted little details I could evade would be that this is abstract, asymmetrical from the symmetric society we live in.

I feel no need to elaborate nor do I always particularly wish for you to take everything I say very literally. Sometimes a word is thrown in just to make your mind sort of “pop” with a question about something else. Forced confusion, possibly, but more so I guess I do have to admit that this is plain and simple abstract. Abstract writing, funny thoughts that aren’t particularly funny. Why should we assign an emotion to something just because it makes us laugh? We can’t even really describe why funny is funny to begin with. Hopefully I’ve raised enough questions and thought process even by this short point to bring you into questioning the reality around you. I am not trying to convince you it is an illusion; the only time reality may seem like an illusion is when you first begin to recognize that not everything you learn is true. Sometimes people use you. But the important thing to remember is that despite this, you can use the power of programming to create your own illusion, one in which you are happy. Truer words cannot be spoken. If I knew more about how programming computer applications works and coding, trust me, this would be even more trippy. However, I am not blessed with a mind that can think logically as well as artistically. Math is not a strong point for me but boy can I move my fingers. Tick Lock Rock Moby Strife Dice Wok Strung String Sing

Things aren’t always what they seem

Masterminds behind the game may not be smarter than you, but if they are in a better position to win, there really is not a lot you can do about it. If the game can’t be won in this lifetime, then in another lifetime it has already been won, and you have incarnated into a timeline that makes you automatically lose due to this fact.

A tune might cheer you up, just don’t drop it, hold on tight and let the sweet melody synchronize your heart into a finer tune of the resonance you want to produce. Perhaps life is just trying to make the best for you, and based on your thought process things tend to happen. Maybe things just happen. I think if we didn’t think not much would happen. I think because I think. I think because I am. I think... that if I think hard enough I could begin a lot of sentences with “I think”, and still provide a tangible amount of sound and original information. I must be some sort of modern thinker to be able to give this much information about... well, nothing really. If you haven’t noticed most of this substance is lacking in depth and quality, and tragically I don’t think reading the dictionary would even help me be able to use some better words. I used to believe you could create your own words by assigning your own meaning to them, and rewrite language. But that ties into intention. If you continue to analyze and question every little thing, you will find that you not only go in circles, but also tangents and angles and all sorts of mathematical equations. Thoughts may be circular if you let them, but if you really want to experience and enjoy the quality of life we were meant to have as human beings, you would want to be obtuse, acute, a rhombus, or some strange shape that doesn’t even make sense. The more warbled you

are, the more you may stand out in a crowd of people that all make the same face, when your eyes sing the song of your soul you will slowly fall in love, not in love with yourself, but with everything, and with yourself you will discover things you may have never discovered before, such as that the quantity nor the quality is even important, as long as you have tried. If you run out of creative stamina then you are just in the right position you need to be, you have exhausted your efforts and now have the potential to be rebuilt from the ground up. This is not the only way to do this. By breaking down barriers of all types and experiencing new phenomenon, even if you believe it to be part of some grand illusion, will engineer your soul towards growth. Growth is a large term. I have nothing else to say about that. I think it would be fun to drive yourself crazy with a metronome in your house constantly ticking. Maybe you would fall into a more natural flow of things easier and be able to listen to music in an acutely different way. The formation of the stars was not something done with little time you know, and as such, it takes great time to become something great. Maybe when the earth is all burned up we will be remembered in cosmic history by an observer we are not aware of. Swing these kicks to your face! Tambourines will always be a part of my history as they have taught me a valuable lesson, and that is never to be mean to others, because if you want to be treated nicely you are going to be the one treating others nicely. Unless of course you are born into a family of mean people that only want to use and abuse you. Stings of wasps don't hurt though when you finally get away from them. It only stings for a little bit afterwards. If I believed in prayer, I would pray for you and everyone else, but I don't. I also don't believe in suffering. I guess that is two religions knocked out of the book for me. Strangely enough I happen to identify most with Christianity and Buddhism. Spirituality is a deep subject; one I shall not subjugate or even begin to try to do. Hopefully the undertones of my writing shall influence you in some way to seek what I mentioned earlier, some type of growth. If I could communicate in tones, I would make an audio book instead of this dribble. But since it's the best way I can communicate my abstract ideas, I feel the format is in the best possible formation of eloquent old geezer writing. Don't be looking for any clues, I already told you I am no mathematician, I'm probably closer to being a magician. Benign little elves wandering around bonking into each other, happily chattering their strange little elf language. Elves are so corny, I bet they eat corn. If this doesn't cheer you up, I'm sorry, I'm really trying! Just be yourself, they say! I say...Be whoever you want to be, if that isn't yourself, then you are just being yourself. There are too many contradictions in life to just assume one type of lifestyle. There are many more muted folks like me that may identify well with the things I have to say.

Taking Into Account The Totality of all existence

I am fathomed and accountable for All that is All

As I smiled down upon this earth, I felt a feint word whisper down my back.

Above me? Below me? From where?

A question brought back to life by deepest essence.

In no particular order, I am aware of something.

Sickening thoughts perversely manifested, "I am Satan!" I screamed, knowing this was not true.

Satan is nowhere, echoed a voice back to me. You are in heaven and safe.

The complexity of the issue entertained me, perhaps confused me.

Perhaps I say, as are the chances of anything.

Such indescribable passion for nothing at all,
twirling around on my fingers, Invisible.

Or so I thought...

Glazed wounds, I notice I have, they are open.

Wounds, that, in some strange way resemble a familiar shape.

I realize my mind IS this shape, and my thoughts bounce around within the walls of this geometry, forcing me to notice them as they echo back and forth along the grooves of what I always thought was the natural rhythm of creation.

I begin to grind my teeth, and they immediately all fall out. With a goofy grin, now a floating face, I spray mystery from beneath my tongue.

A dream like state, induced by dreaming, duh.

As I write this I have no particular thoughts, somehow, I have erased them, just the flow of my natural Zen and what feels sane.

As I cry, I am laughing inside. I am not crying, I am laughing. How can I convince you? Who am I even talking to? I thought I was just a normal boy, but perhaps I'm some part of a bigger fractal.

Oh, yes, I could go on and on dicing my language into indecipherable apparitions, but why should I be so vague in the face of such beauty? In this incomprehensible kaleidoscope why should the circumstances fate me to be only an observer? Despite what I know, I am only being myself, speaking to myself, acting for myself, dancing for myself.

With such a great fallout, I fall out into a field.

An empty field of green grass and music. As I mindlessly dance, others join me.

They look similar in shape, perhaps we are of the same species?

I laugh at the idiosyncratic situation and then feel a great feeling swoop in to me from nowhere.

This feeling, this feeling, what is it? Minds think alike and then they die. Entangled in Zen a word used in meditative practices, monks share a thought, making them one.

What they have wanted from the beginning is unity, having achieved it, the two monks convince some nuns to begin banging some dust bunnies they found under the couch.

What a feeling, the monks laugh to each other as they bang the dust bunnies hard.

Eerie Silence.

Pain.

A prick of prickly skin pinches the air, molding itself into a blob of flesh. Neurons? What the fuck would you call those? Is the brain itself just a network of architecture that our thoughts traverse? There is nothing jagged about that.

Despite what I've said, I hope to be inspiration, I strive to thrive on creativity and will never stop being. Always, I believe, every word, Every String of Thought leads to more Anger, swishing of eyes, lashes of horror and waves of pleasure. Ecstatic love flows through my veins and manifests itself as pain, Misery makes its company with, well, company.

Believing the best, I have shaped and molded into what you might call a Master of Surprise.
With no particular wish shall I condemn thee, 100 sit ups and 5000 dreams with me. Dream with
me, Dreamer, Dream with me. I will please thee, as thou have pleased me. Just one bat. Three sit
ups. No, Five. Okay, Six. Nine.

As I have already told you,

A number wrote a book about me.

A NUMBER WROTE A BOOK ABOUT ME!!!!

I DON'T DESIRE PRIVACY!!!!

TELL ME A STORY DADDY,

IM JUST A SCREAMING CHILD

DYING INSIDE TO SEE THE LIGHT

NOTHING EVER MATTERED AND NOTHING HAS MOVED ME SO

AS THIS STORY YOU'RE TELLING, MOMMY

I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER KNOW

HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU UNTIL I MEET YOU

until then... you, are just a starry sky, a shade of night I can only begin to describe as something
interesting, something divine?

So blue dreams, oh blue dreams, tell me what you think, are you the green in my eyes. Words
with such conviction shall be upheld as if nothing happened, and an ear-gasm did not occur
within your mind, for have you ever thought of not the third eye, but the third ear?

The divine connection of bliss and music that rhythm expresses itself daily in a motion of
blistering onslaughts of cosmic frequencies, drying themselves out daily praying to the sun,
remembering the stars at night are as bright as day, there is not a moment to delay, for all there
is: remains all the time in the world, and if this star shall never collide with yours, then perhaps
this whole thing would make more sense. As I am 21, you are 33, 44 beings plus a hundred and
three, makes 13 little tigers of astrology.

Fake truths and Smiles taking Liar to the next level, Boring beings and hypocritical hippos. Just
fractions of what I believe.

Now before you judge me I implore you to take a look deep inside and take a hit from your inner
bong, I pray you feel ambivalent at best, and indifferent at worse. Thank you for your kind
thoughts, or blast you for being judgmental. I simply am who I am. I am not ruined, nor a king;
not peasant nor prince. For my humble roots is that of a tree, a creeping vine or a tingly sign, a
wave from a being far, far away.

I am the innocent divine,

I am the wrath of the dying.

I am life manifested,

I will be laying on my death bed.

When all comes crashing down,

When I go flying up.

I hope I don't throw up,

When I don't have a body.

I'm certain I will still be, if not my wager wasted,
Something that exists in some fashion.
Maybe not in this world but in the next.
I hope to be guided to a town lit by hope
And every emotion I considered to be wasteful in this interesting life I once called home
Shall permeate the essence that composes me.
May I dwell in temples forevermore and worship accordingly,
To any heavenly entity that may hear me.
All I want is your salvation, I don't care about this nation.
I'd gladly die, but for no man but myself.
To claim my humanity is to stand up for myself and what I believe is right,
And that is to stand up for myself and no one else.
For what have they done for me? History has shown its greed and I have not ignored it.
Compared to other life on Earth humans must be like a big zit.
Disgusting and polluted with germs, clogging up the natural flow of things.
Ah-ha! The first contradiction shall spill its secrets...It is the natural flow of things...
To be here, anyway, so might as well make it the best it can be.
But I think you know what I mean, we're like a strain to something good,
Too good to be true, too wound up in power to let go.
In any other time or age we may have been born into an easier and simpler life of making things
or plowing fields just to make ends meet, but instead we're put into this strange eclectic society.
As the river flows, we certainly should know that nothing but death shall greet any hospitality.
So in such a cruel world, why be kind? For yourself... If there is a mediator of the subtle thought
realms that identifies your actions with good or bad, then an eternity (or extensive period) of
suffering due to negligence of action in this world seems like a fair enough reason to bet on a
mystical afterlife where the opposite may be true. What I'm saying is that the consequences of
not being sincere towards something spiritual after your spirit has left the body are far worse than
spending some time in your life working to better yourself spiritually.
If there is infinity, I don't believe we can comprehend even the tiniest fraction of it in our current
state. To be able to comprehend it would be to live in it. Either we are being observed or we are
the observer observing ourselves. Any way you look at it, the scope of diversity in belief is so
staggering surely there is some mix of attitudes you can take towards believing in an existence
beyond this one. But enough about things I am unable to convince you of, let us continue with
the poetic metaphors and fun analogies.

Harsh is the night sky
As I look up and wonder why
This door leads nowhere
I open it anyway
The only thing standing in my way
between me and the day
Is this bottle of wine
As I sip away
My tongue rolls my eyes water

I remember the day I saw her
Nice tattoos and back massages
Left me alone under the harsh night sky
As I looked up and wondered why
I opened the door that lead me to hell
Told the devil I had no soul to sell
What a lie
He bought it
What a fool.
The train screamed bloody murder as silently days rolled by
At least in my mind I could sigh
to take a breather away from this crazy reality
In a not so particularly romantic fashion, I wasted my passion on cruddy words
that left me feeling muddy, apologize, but to no avail. No answer.
As speedily as I recovered I was sure I met a living café that led me to believe in the term
Namaste.
Indian replicas of golden friends, triangle feather blossom peaches,
Creamy gooey days of woe,
I kind of felt like Edgar Poe.
Knocking on my own front door, wondering why it was locked.
Keys frozen in the dirt, lost somewhere I stopped to take a break.
If... If only.
If I only had known.
The things that go on in your head.
Artless Tapestry melting in the pot
An experience beyond the ones you are used to.
A shining star, a meaningless waste of time
Fizzled out in the night sky, nobody even knew it ever existed.
Until we learn, we can know only what we are shown.

A fuzzy glob of emotions, a mushy mess.
I bet you'd look so pretty in that dress
Until I learn, I'm just a mess,
Oh I bet I'd look so good in that dress.
Long Lived The Land I Loved
The Lovely Loved,
The Lovely Land
Gone Long The Longing Land,
The longing land I loved.
Loved I the gone Long The Longing Land...
I awoke from my dream
To find two hours never passed
I was stuck exactly where I was when I closed my eyes.

I stuttered on silence and burst into a techno song
My feet clapped, my teeth Hit, and my head Kicked.
The Drums carried my body and my feet hit the ceiling.
The synth dropped in, I felt my heart stop.
It fell out of my chest and started dancing with me.
Skeletons poured into the room.
It began to rain.
All were dancing.
The bass got heavier, and the drums got groovier.
The cowbell started hitting like half a metronome.
The fills were like Jazz club breakdowns,
The choppy indecipherable vocals gave me chills.
The colors started flying, I knew this wasn't real.
Spinning and spinning, like a whirlpool, the sound merged with the colors, the skeletons began to fall apart and the techno slowly merged again with the silence.
Only the claps carried on, rhythmically swaying my body from the left to the right. They seemed to be talking to me: "I like that. I like that."
I've been the subject of ridicule, I've been in a position to be praised as a god, I regularly lucid dream differently based on my geographical position, I've been to the singularity of madness, I've basked in the vastness of emotion, I've woven tapestries of art with complacency.
I have a whole 'nother layer to me. A progression of personality. I am a walking metronome. Everything about me screams monotony, that I am just like any other, but without it being a secret I am completely different. I've already figured out the "code". I know of programming and hypnosis. I'm versed in the art of being humble. And I'm adequate at being average. This makes me a super human. A superiority over intelligence for I have none. I am something with many layers. Uniquely arranged, some natural and some handpicked, to create what I am sure of is the one and only me. Even an infinite universe of parallels cannot describe me. That is how uncommon i am. Words like genius from either the emotional or intelligent aspect cannot describe how normal I am. It's not that I'm trying to be contradicting to confuse you, it's just that the astronomical frailty of my entire species rests on my shoulders, and even in that spectrum I am powerless. So fuck the fourth of July and every other holiday besides my birthday, which I feel neutral about. That's how I feel.
If you want to argue with me I guess that just means I can think and feel something that you can't.
Due to me living inside of my head, and nobody else on the planet living inside my head, that's how I figure I am unique. I am safe and sound here, silent or loud, (mostly silent), I can contradict as much as I want as long as I understand why I am doing what I am doing. Due to long periods of my life in which understanding fled from me and I simply acted in accordance with what I felt was best, I feel like I've lived many lives.
Pretty girls pretty faces
Gayest tempo abstract storm
Gale Bird random arm
Catch a catcher in the rye

Now you must reach out to me
For this is truly destiny
Twin flames I say we are
Fall into hypnosis stars
Stripes and similarities
Painted like a grid
Of checkered flags and Darwin theories.
Zero punctuation
Coolest words, coolest thoughts
Double up the numbers
Prizes, hallways, quantum pieces finally fitting into place
I am the cult of personality.
my poetry is a bit sublime
albeit sloppy
I like the imagery speaks behind words
it takes a while to open your minds to my grand design
Robots Rain in the Sky Dead Can Dance Nano Technology
Quickly Fading a Dream Erasing Fur Reader Little Po'
Po'
Fascinating
Idiosyncratic Destiny
Now some words on my conscious manipulator...
As I was manipulated...
I was forced to give up my login to my private servers, Azur3Rain999,
As the password 999 would log you in, greeted by my heart,
Welcome to my brain.
How the hell did you get in? Confusion settled in
Infinite poetic sanctum I can't seem to stop repeating
Hailstorm blue draw powdered garbage
Scholarly input governs the world
I'm not sure these methods will work
Scientists in the circle below
Intuition and faith at the center of it all
Government and politics three tiers beneath the core
A democratic lifestyle geared towards world peace
When the time is right I think we all will know
That ignorance has ruled us only in our individualistic hearts
But how could we have known?
Without the proper technology to satiate the peace
Nothing more than monkeys running around with crowbars and a lucrative gleam in the eye.
Sinister plots to overthrow the government to rule in power once again
Until we try and try again there will never be a system so adequate.
Truth be told I'd wish to be free forevermore,

To travel anywhere I please and wish for nothing more.
You'd think this would be a right given to us for simply being born
But planetary laws by human forbid this and everything is "mine"
Claiming land and resources simply just because, since when was there a man above that could
claim something as his?
Due to language barriers we simply wonder why, instead of asking inner truths most knowledge
lies within.
Beautiful lavished miracles abide by all we know.
Luscious fruit filled lavender cake
Waiting by the sea
I think I'll have a cup of tea while I wait for my beauty to come home.
I've seen her many times and wished for her to be mine
But wishing will not solve anything I'd rather not take action either,
As when the time is right I think the universe will provide.
Not to fall into a hippie religion, I think my beliefs are rather unique.
Universe and God and Fate all tie into one, as well as many other philosophical conundrums.
Should I wait or come back later? That is the question I must decide,
Delusion thoughts of grandeur detail disillusioned in the mind
To provide you with happy thoughts of cake and ice being crunched up into water
Liquid energy nutrition supplement sublime.
I see a function in the work of lines subsequent rhyme
To pass the time I warm up gently purring great green limes
Combining contrast juxtapose the thought loop pre-condition
Of ecstasy and bliss all wrapped up in syntax
Oh I jest with syntax to allude at some great riddle
When honestly it's nothing more than what I have said previously.
Aesthetic value surely fills your glass up to the top
As fourteen syllables merrily bounce their way across the page like a marker on a sub-titled
musical.
If everything emits a tone of color, frequency
Then soon we'll see a masquerade of colors, sound and vibrancy.
Humming boots and flying ginger roots, a world filled with madness is deliriously aloof.
Abstract symphony cosmic interlude, bass fish line epiphany eclectic sugar mess
Trumpets god-like ascendants to the throne, divine decree to listen to me
Not me, I say, but the I of the king.
History is something I learned from, you see...
As crickets chirp outside I am the moon the stars do see, see what they saw and you would see
That time moves infinitely if we catch loops the stars might sing, if we catch drift we'll surely
sway
to their sweet mystic lullaby in night's glorious mystery, as strange as the sun, we forget the stars
closest to us are brightest.
Everyone's a star, pop culture infamy is nothing less than blasphemy to culture and divinity.
Humming birds fly high tonight in toxic mist so strange, too elusive to be caught in a haze of

purple dust, echoes of our ancestors linger through space, as opera singing Latinas rope down from heaven in the center of my eye, my center is grounded as I realize

Peace within tonight forever, hi-hat speckled magic forested affiliation to the trees

My religion, when asked, is that of a tree.

Blissful, simply being.

Please don't argue with that, should I meet my grand creator then so I shall, notice I mentioned that I even have one, for I am a creation. Everything embedded in floral fractal mystery, drizzled in euphoria and sprinkled with awe, mouth agape I eat a grape. Have I committed sin?

No, high all mighty have I performed an act of which I was meant to do, create!

Create!

Embedded in the minds of architects, artists and song writers, is a deep need to create like an ant creates an intricate tunnel... it is embedded in our subconscious.

Nodes of delinquent passer-byers kissing their girlfriends

Hoping for the day that this will end, when they will finally be free from the sin of life

Seismic tarantulas crawling through space on silk web ether of astral-juice

Pricking their victims with a peculiar smell, a long thin needle that reaches through the fabric of time. Sucking my protein and making me weak, concerning the victims with their sleek display of fabricated research results.

To be frank it was quite uncomfortable, but more-so frightening when the webs and legs surround you. Awaiting the apocalypse, a search for benign truth leads only in circles but mostly dissolving myth. As furious fractals surround me, I realize I am grounded on the earth, aware of these mathematical arts that occur in nature.

As the sidewalk split into 144 fragments of more fractals, the teal sky swallowed my fear.

Awake I lay in night, to wane away the thought of perverse philosophy.

I am as comfortable as the uncomfortable say they are.

Reverse negative double entendre.

Shadows of my filth,

Penetrating errors

Something I can't decipher

Soul stealer, golden scarab eating my brains, I'll eat them right back

We'll be zombies together in heaven baby you and me

I've been hurt in strange ways and loved in stranger

I've loved strangers and hurt strangely

I hope to get this message through to you as heartfelt and honest and open as possible

Open relationships are not something to get into unless it's something you want to get into.

I can't stop you from being yourself and also I believe you should do as your heart desires. If that means becoming a Picasso, then you should do it. If it means having 3 lives, then by all means live them all like the truthful person you are. I don't believe in lies, just elusion from truth. For after all, there can be only one thing that is accurate, correct?

Perhaps not... Perhaps everything is correct, accurate?

Automatically I have come to notice the more I dive into my soul the more I can pull out. Like flaky dying hair from a dying animal, the more I pull the more I want to go bald.

Bald like an eagle! Just kidding. But like a monk!

That would be cool.

I notice it may seem that I am distracted, because I love to surround myself with stimuli and then derive my thoughts from that. I feel like my brain died long ago.

I have the ego of a frog. Swallow me up, toad, dissolve my essence in your being and let me sing, I want to be a panther, floating through space and nipping on the toes of heels of peddler merchants that are trying to turn the world greedy. Well guess what? They succeeded. I am a little ant in the bottom of the sea, wishing and wondering what happened to me, swallowed completely in mystery, it doesn't matter how small I am, I'll always be tall in heart, I am dreaming of something that is tearing me apart. I've been thinking of something white that doesn't have a yang, a new word to synthesize all the axioms of the Zen Buddhist teachings that I have learned. Zen, Zlang, Yin, Yang. This is the book of Zlang, a spiritual step towards enlightenment and letting go, an abstract poetry book about meditation and philosophy, the destructive force of the male ego unleashed into what is thought of as a diluted negative spiritual acid trip. I can't remember the last time I did acid, but when I did it shattered me. No more me. A blank slate, able to be built from the ground up, which I guess is what I hope to do for you. I am not trying to earn money by writing gibberish or appeal to those that sympathize with my disability, I am merely trying to help in any way I can by sharing every shred of wisdom and more that is existing in my present soul. I hope you get some realization from reading this. It's okay to be you, and the things you surround yourself with shape the person you become. If you are happy, then I suppose there is no reason to change. If you just want to experience something new, then keep reading! And go back to vegetarian kindergarten where you learned to play and laugh like the innocent child you are. A grown up doesn't have to be grown up in his heart, the heart is a playground. Here is a slide. Create some of your own monkey bars! The deeper you look inside the more you will find is hiding within. You may realize you are capable of more than anything you have ever realized. I feel like there is enough creative space here to not come across as only a bleeding heart. However, I have had some epiphanies that give me ideas on future structures of society. When free energy is available and free food for the world's hungry and living situations are fixed, we could have a government that is made up of a circle or council of decision makers. These people would be trained in arts, science, and have very high ethical and moral codes. In essence these people would stand for world peace. Beneath them would be a council of scientists that are paid well for their hard work and strive to onset a global peace. Treaties could be made to disarm all nuclear weapons, and focus only on defense military power instead of training people to kill. Crime would decrease as hope is raised for society and people realize that good exists. The more evil we allow into power the more hope people are going to lose and remain ignorant. There is no escape from ignorance because we simply do not do what we wish to do. We don't stand up for what we believe in strongly, only when we are confronted with it. Liberty should be true liberty and everybody deserves it, not just nobility or rich people. As such, do we really want a world ruled by McDonalds and Walmarts? Entities such as these should have a lifespan, just like humans do. Diversity is currently the truest art of being human, and we live in a society that tries to smother it. We live in a smog of politics and old fashioned thinkers that don't believe there can be anything else. But the truth is that anything is possible and idealistic thinking is not beyond grasp. Only without action does the concept of idealism come about. If everybody was actively voicing their opinions, garnering support and getting

petitions signed, we would make swift action in redefining the goals of humanity and the rules we have laid out.

Lose yourself in wonder and marvel in awe; I am a critical thinker and previous believer of all sorts of conspiracy theories. I was a gullible fool and become sucked into a cult. It was a peaceful cult but seriously insane none the less. I may share some anecdotes about that later. I let my flame die, and from it burst one thousand flaming goblins, each with their head cut off screaming in agony that this was bliss. I heard not the difference as my attention was fixated upon the single point that I meditated everything I ever thought towards. When this orb flew into the sky, It came right back out from underneath my toes and into my belly. All I had was gut intuition, hypnotic beats, lullabies and strange trance. The diary of a weird madman that goes on and on is what this is. My age is old but I am fruitful in my youth, producing a variety of desirable fruits. An analogy I dare not shed light on. A bus full of children complaining of the one red haired child, claiming that he had gotten his head beat in with a baseball bat. Oh, how hilarious!

Fifth singing Tchaikovsky in the line of parallel warts, beating on the door of the home of the bat.

My first insincere reference, doth give thou light unto a billion flares shot into the night sky, oh how luminous to behold, a fiery explosion of repetition. As I write this I examine myself more thoroughly. Strange blips and bloop of dimensional fish waxing their vehicles. Rotating canvas to procure more detailed and vivid images, off beat synchronization of odd numbers stacking up, the things I learn I hope they stick, if not then who's wounds shall I lick? Breathing starts in and my clock runs out of time. Lost in it, I am Beethoven, eating beats. Nick of time, a poetry reading gone sour, now I'm a book, lost in time to share with you what I found in another dimension.

Clicks and picks of Atlantic instruments, breathing up my neck like a vacuum cleaner, nodding off into a spell, cast by the wizard of Xu. I am Oz, looking for my OG. Delirious sufferers may have a lifetime of deprogramming to complete to make it to the next level. There is no such thing better than yourself, other than the splendor of everything that is, as I rotate my head I shall rotate my canvas once again. A swing off in the distance

Splintered rat pisses.

Spoiled brat bitches.

Ocean water tears swelling up my cheeks

In reference to something sleek

Double chins do ooze of humor; I could never get tired of this. Try flipping pages and suffering yourself! Add, subtract and create your own sentences from the buffet. I'll give you an example from this page:

Procured more radical beat lines, parallel light bursting into a billion fish. Waxing a pick of breath by splendor, I am inspired creativity.

Now on with the fun!

Shooting lasers at invincible targets

I am a minimal story to be told.

Imagine an empty room filled with endless canals, a mushroom temple dedicated to Solaris, connecting every start system from Sirius X, guided by microwaves to write these mediocre

statements, I am clever like Trevor. Disappearing the cows, where are they now? Decadent strawberries, covered in a creamy icy nougat filling, topped with grapes and delivered to your door, this is America, everything we say or do is right. Everybody is watching us. Sure, waiting to sink their hands into us and sift out the poor like dust slipping between our fingers. There is still time. Sue them. Every last one of them for taking our rights away as human beings to live on this planet. With the start of history, we have done nothing but sway ourselves into believing we are doomed. The minute we stop, the moment we shall be saved, I will finally use my final key to unlock the last door to Buddhahood. Awkward moment. I'm just a guy, flipping pages through my mind and finding fractals. How amazing is that? I'm just a guy! Flipping pages through my mind, finding fractals to dissolve in! I am like sugar and salt, a combination that will still be diluted in the universal solvent of the universe. When everything withers out and ceases to be, I shall still be because I had never ceased. I am the concept of myself, and nobody can take that away from me, not even cows, pork chops or the chops of those in charge right now. I am a Declaration of Independence, moving the forward spiritual march towards evolution of society. I am strangeness, and weirdness. I am a sweet soft maraca lullaby. I am the binky of the inner child; I am sweet succulent divine maraschino cherries. I am a ping pong ball being smacked back and forth between two anonymous users having an argument on the internet, I am connected to the internet and still separate. I am connected, having epiphanies every second, waiting for my lover to die in a cold soup of hot mess. When she dies I'll see her born again through the apex of a tiny needle. I am pain and suffering, waiting for my diary to give me relief. Someone, anyone, can't you hear me? The voice in the back of my mind broke through like a knight in shining armor, penetrating my wound with pure pleasure and cleansing. I am the power of positivity leaked through to an innate inmate. Instead of word salad, I am instead like word alphabet soup. Just letters and patterns of numbers that I like arranged into something readable mixed in with words that I enjoy. Substance lacks depth, and I am not criticizing anyone or anything. I am just saying that substance lacks depth. Even the tiniest ripples of water are not joined immediately, they are touched, and then the larger body of water snaps them up like a hungry catfish eating algae.

Violet ruby dressed in red,

come back down and give me back my sled, so that bob may run downhill once more, only be to eaten by that strange yeti monster in an impossible game programmed to eat you. High is that chance that there are others in a programmed realm within watching us like we watch the characters on the television and call it "Live programming" Live, damn you! Live! You ARE unique; your life DOES have purpose if YOU give it. You are the master of your own dreams, depression and depravity. I understand chemical imbalance, I have it too, but as long as you DESIRE, you are the BURNING PASSION of humanity all balled up into one single body. You are a universe of micro beings that all depend on you to survive. You are repetition. Analyze this instead of surviving like a bottomless pit that survives on the mechanics of the distrusted mind. You are a hole. Yea, you are falling forever in grace through time, upwards towards heaven. The Chinese character of heaven. A toon in a fantasy of life long puppies grinding their gears into sad little checkerboards to play with all the wrong pieces, top that pizza with toppings from the delicious god of Yin Shun Wei. I worship all these plazas to ground the energy of infinity, Sri Lanka will never thank me for their weird use and shape of the puzzle to

put this piece together. Imagine a puzzle you complete, only to realize the completed piece is just part of another puzzle. As my baby cries in her crib, I am delusional with shadow hunting, spider like widows whittle their way through the wondrous cradle of my mind, I have died, a puppet on strings, waiting for the box to fall to catch the mouse on that silly board game. We like to relax and wait for things, we are Divine Mind Wanderers wandering the mind in cloaked shadows, we have meditated to infinity or are gifted with the Wind. Upside down patty cake might be something hard to juxtapose in this literature, so let's just cut to the chase and give patty a cake. Subtle impressions of sub conscious depression, take some of my happiness and guard it tight, knowing you have made it yourself by deciding to. Nobody can take that away from you. You have created happiness from nothing. If for one moment you can be happy, then at least by my standards, you have created purpose. Argue with me, but I will have you convinced I am the blue mage, writing pages of my snippets in Tim and Eric's sandlot.

Cry for your mom, no one will save you now

I am just an endless page of trippy-ness waiting to be called on.

NESSIE! NESSIE! Old yeller took his shotgun out to the bay, to find a sailor on the tip of a rock writing away. Rotting, I wrote, He said, this is my place. To find a new sailor is to find a new sentence, like a nestled sugar fix on something else. Drum code readers beware, you will not find this anywhere, I am surely writing it all from scratch from the sacred places of my mind that none will ever see. I don't think too much in imagery. Details allude me. I think I've come to be. Zeal, I hate you, the perfect subject for this portion of the essay. It is the profound imitator of everything that is held dear to this writer's heart. It is the mirror reflection of the alphabet from the letters A to Z, backwards. (ZA). It is every word that I cannot spell correctly that is hiding in my mind, every concept that has meaning that can't be described that I can think of, and it is all the schematics of writing in an outline of all there ever was or will be. It is current thinking, it is thinking without thoughts, it is DNA and RNA. Somewhere there must be written this culminating tapestry, set upon the loom for the energy that compromises my being to construct. As I illusion you with more abstracts, take a moment to realize how profound this is. Not because of me, but because of the me that is thinking it that can relate to you. The very fact that I am, and that I do. This. Now. It is the essence of living in essence, of majestically weaving your way through life, of abstaining from all things you think are negative or bad and maneuvering into a more comfortable position to enjoy things. When you were born, your life was static, and then set into motion, you are a living metaphor for the big bang and a replica of God. Every bit of your humanity screams to enjoy life and find purpose, to experience emotion and to live out your fantasy, be it a religious zeal or the modern pursuit of happiness. It is vented through the air you breathe, in and out, as cosmic tiny micro fragments of space diamonds from distant worlds. You are breathing in the stuffs that make NASA have wet dreams and assimilating it into you structure. You are existence, tethered down into existence. Take that in.

Assimilate it into your dreams.

Begin to dream.

Your life anew, fresh like a flower

Summer tan

Life askew

Skewered meats and

Vegetable platters
Such a thing should not matter
To those that live only to kill
The animals that we love to kill
People, Animals, we aren't so different.
Only we are capable of the arts and crafts, apparently something we were designed to do.
For some reason, architecture and design, creativity and the divine, are all a part of what make us
human. There is no scape.
Grand Subconscious I do not believe
perhaps in mimicry of electron machines
Protons running all amok
In circumnavigated fucks
Give and Take 1 piece at a time
Stand in line
For a piece of fine pie.
Artistically describe the nature of reality, as effortlessly as I;
And I will decide who gets the first piece of this fine wine pie.
Devenenerated hokum sigh, Delusivory sightem high
pregrotidorty sherivum plight, ultimatium justly sight
Peruvian Culture excites me, and sends chills down my spine.
Why am I so attracted to things that define my personality?
Why am I able to define?
The more I creatively challenge myself the more distant the answer seems to be to each new
question.
The more answers I receive the farther I have to travel to reach my next clue as to what I desire
to learn next. Right now it is most about death and the dragonfly. I am reading about the process
of death as seen by the Tibetan Buddhists, but this is not a book about shading in the lines of the
culmination of everything I have learned, it is about the process of learning and organizing new
thought patterns, speech and behavior. It is an epic of principles and guidelines to the new self. It
is nothing new age or religious, it has no doctrine besides everything we value as the basis of
morality. I should elaborate but I feel like I would be wasting precious time.
Searing heat, I take a hit of some water, pour it down my face even.
Do I even think odd?
I don't care.
To be unique you have to be different. I don't even try, I just enjoy and it all flows out of me.
If I lived in the desert, I'd run like hell.
Like water from dry ground, nothing more than an illusion.
Such a fathomless thing, a bottomless vase, an endless crevice.
A ripple effect, that touches deep down and soothes you, caresses the crevices of your brain,
A sweet finger erects on plain white paper.
A stencil drawn in from something greater.
Pure white lies of intricate fantasy
Eluding truth of something even grander, and in such great splendor as the crown of all palaces.

Might I suggest a ribbon of redness?

A smidge of Summer?

Sue me later. I'll gladly pay you dividends of my great spiritual wealth should you succeed. In small slivers of tiny silver, slithery fish slithering up waterfalls, willowing and wailing their forefathers, etched in tributaries of brilliant coherent differences. All the while jewels prancing about in the uncharted wilderness of space. Ah space, it's been a while since I have visited you. I wonder what sort of thoughts surround your mental atmosphere now? If only I could see your aura and pick out the most vivid or interesting ones to expand upon. However, as I have mentioned, the mind is a desert and the thoughts shall roam, like an extension of heaven dreading down to earth in a lovely rope. A lovely shape, to be condoned by even God. Odd God might give it a double take, though, as my point of reference has shifted once again, I pray to the ONLY GOD that you are right in your religion and I am wrong.

Playfully I glide along the blades of ice, singing tiny humble songs of rice.

Wet and dry, gay and sly, tiny little fragments of delicious edible morsels.

As certain as I am to circumnavigate the realm of the closed lids, I feel like I am airtight locked in chivalry, pushing my limits to the brink of cataclysm, rocking the tight socks off a nice mom, gently putting grandmother back to sleep. A warm poet's lullaby sinking fast into dry eyes, Ears and tongue to synthesize a silhouette of synonymous soup. Take that you sideways dash, now dry my tears with your ears and slit your tongue into my Iris so I may rise tomorrow with just a dash of ecstasy to brighten my morning. A double entendre microchip might help you to fully understand the arrogance of my ways. To further brighten your day, I present to you the fanciest of all triangles, the GOLDEN Triangle, a melt-a-way path to the only way, the truth and the life! To be faithfully honest, I am representing a gnome in a faraway land of golden hills with the sun made of milk and the light made of honey. Imagine such a rippling landscape of painted globs of sun silk and tainted color, giving birth to the milky way and the design of the ONE they call GOD.

I once understood that to impact the consciousness is to take it with gravest sincerity to your grave, and the extra "e" was probably a fallacy. Every little rule surrounding this language is a barrier to another! With each punctuation mark pronounced in our minds, we are missing out on a grand multitude of concepts unfamiliar altogether. To meld with other frequencies is to meld the mind into science, as truly it's possible to tune into sound and color. As everything makes a mark on the mind, only the monologue of a mad manipulative ruler would taint you thoroughly. My suggestion: To IGNORE and BYPASS all of history and only take things conceptually, that greed and malice the root of all, to start fresh on white pages like a baby's fresh diapers, we may color in the blankness and the drollness of it all with lush vivid color and a lot less hypocrisy. Cultured Cows Drinking Cultured Milk Product. What does this even mean? Meaning has been so filtered down I can literally write about anything and fool your mind into thinking such strange and magical things. But not literally! We are only a step away from taking the next conscious step, and that is to become conscious each morning and focus on something that takes our positivity away from us each day. Where is it going? Do we have a set amount of positive energy to deal with each day that varies from person to person? Is there any way to increase it? Might it be possible that by spending these "positivity points" we are gaining a fulfilling purpose from life itself? There must be a method to deriving purpose from this drab and insufferable life.

Some days feel blank, like nothing really matters.
Just a sunny day outside for no reason.
Heaps of food piled upon a platter.
Just another rainy season.
But the canvas always stands, outside, inside, waiting for you.
There's always a new direction you can take.
Plenty of white paint.
To redraw points you may have missed, connect the dots
Math is everywhere, equations too.
Colors paint them, perhaps in blue?
Without purple reformation, I am afraid I am a soundless shape, sifted through sand
A soundless shape
Delirious waveforms, shapeshifting oscillations
animatronic antibodies anonymously analyzing dioxide metamorphoses.
Shiva Shiva Shanktalini Oro Oro oroboro
Chinese teapots tacks and crafts
Why do you painter, oh painter of souls?
Painter of hearts
For the heart or for the soul
For which we do defer
bathing underwater
fantasies of lilies
drowning in poison oceans
I wrote the perfect poem and it began
with every word I ever thought
so I thought
until it turned quite rotten
and then I was distraught
Jesus mind changed
God gave him peace
Forgiveness through Love
My God is One
One With All
All is Universe
Universe is God
Every other thing I learned is nothing more medusa's gaze
I can't appreciate all the beauty
It's not allowed but I'm Immune
Apparently to this organization
I recognize separation
And embrace with all my heart
The love of Christ
For there is no other

Apparently
I'm not allowed to write
Creative flow
Or sewer write
Champion of kings and blessed of the saints
His sacred vow was not to meditate
My right side man
The devil man
He deserves a Chapman
Writing this entices frilly fairies
From fantasy land
I am the man
I am the god damn butcher man
I am producer, corn and syrup rich
Foggy fog frack frack
random stacks
of double blinded barrel rolls
and juicy delicious butter
Hairy sandwiches and mellow mushrooms
Naval button academy
Art in progress
Never works
Kitten Boogers, bonkers slope
Pitter Potter Writer Spell
Level them up to the Winter Spell
Hearts gleam and temples fire
Apple Sundry lighter light
Automatic Laugher
There are days that I am not able to think of anything at all
Just trying to pretend like I am everybody else
As the few and far between days of death and life
I can't tell if it is few or if it's far
I think for some its far that's fair
I used to think I shouldn't swear
If I can't stop thinking I'll never win
This stupid game that everybody plays
How funny and every other bit as funny as the spectrum of humor
As it develops, Comedy evolves
We win We Lose
Actors and Actresses all watching each other
Watching ourselves
Opening Windows
Highways to hell

Kinetic motion

forced to read

beautiful poetry in the form of a lie, a natural philosophy is what I want to deceive

This deceitful deceitfulness that exists

The liar of lies

The speaker of speakers

The truth the truth

Three spectral workers in the sky, galaxy progress, weirdness and flies.

Anything I can think of is what is allowed

For this brainstorming essay that adds to this essay.

I read the book, I could tell all my friends,

Look it I did it I said all I wanted to

Thanks for the lessons and thanks for the ride

When I say good night my cube melts away

A thought form, a shape that is structured some way

A concept that I am describing of universal insult, phenomenon of the mind

and made up thoughts from the original divine

A mystic paired troupe that trumps modern commerce

Without giving too much away,

My tongue is tied

My lips are sealed and my cheeks blush red

I guess I had better do what I started and that is end this brainstorm report while the metaphorical engine of method thought arises

As I type these next pages I will go into great detail of fun interesting originality

I'll run out of words, you may have to substitute, so start reading the dictionary,

Allow the mad lab to river shiv your truth perception

All is subjective so give an insight into the readers mind of olives oppression and funny shit from mars.

It wasn't specified if I may swear

So I smeared it there anyway

Where I may say the one thing I hope that is to be read

A strange look inside of this head.

A Sequel surely I could write of wonder, and mystical insight

Of patterns, rhyme and poetry

oxymoron patterned philosophy

Quilted manifest destiny

Has brought you to this page to open up your mind

To realize to make some change some serious soulful reformation changes

to flourish academically we must first re-think philosophy not of economics war and glory but of cherishing preserving moving on and leave history a story

Worshipping pigs and daily sacrifices are things left behind us

The last thing we need to do is have our last sacrifice behind us.

To learn from our mistakes and step forward into a new political system.

Education first and foremost, ethical behavior second

Moral values ranked third, and lastly capitalistic measures.

Academic criticism I fret not for I'm not academic

Just a simple creative type that loves to type and share his thoughts to those that will listen.

The questioner and the questioner What did they both have in common? A name Violet emeralds

tapestry Sultan shah Sophia Decree is thy only sardine Written since time a cats paws empathy

Sol Esther Sylvester toon UNT Acronym acrobat bat flying through hurdles Of pain passion

Buddhahood littlest gleam

Philosophy has rhythm you don't miss a beat Personality has meaning don't Think too much of

this My humble honest opinion Made of bones and dust A statue carved, elegantly Born and

raised from dust Shaping hands gave birth Mary married murder A merry maid I wonder

Your karma freed the ocean lips of divine gates Sealed by beasts of vermilion Rainbow drive

autistic sensory unplugging bathed in wine

Mirrors for third eyes I hypothesize me walk through dreams Plucking lavender daisies I found

yellow in green Like light shaded on paper with charcoal I swallowed a lime so I think in rhyme

Spell unbroken I am 7

My minds a garden i forgot to say Hearts unbroken settled in may Dragged to the gate Motion in

awareness Swift golden grace One among many of many of zenny Thoughts by the great author.

The questioner and the questioning

The universal solvent reflects the moons iris The cosmic eye delights of wonderful things ahead

for all those that are good Greeted by religion i believe through decree that all are made of

divinity Messages from the golden lotus

Mystical antiquity guides my thought. From the river flow that was set in motion. The set of the

play is very important So thank you I am a dancer of etiquette Synapses and lullabies Tuning in

to ellipses The third phase of the moon Like the signature of a wisp Or the flight pattern of the

dragonfly Nothing simple settles in Simply sweetness Analyzed from infinite lines Provided to

me from a Padma floating in heaven's pond I lay down my sword for noble charity To bless

those less fortunate than me Powers nestled inside of me Regenerative cosmic policies Relative

theories Searching for the best references The things I desire I create for I am great.

In search of this existence, on foot did I out set the sun in surfing giant mushrooms, thinking

things relating things I'm sure you'll understand.

If I could have any one wish it would be to hear back from you.

Just to know you'd read this far into my mind and what I think I truly am appreciative and would

love to read your thoughts. It's the closest I can get to believing there's telepathy so where's my

million dollars?

As money becomes more and more of an issue, it shall rise in concern and decrease in value, if

it's any moral concern to you this is the only way we can shift this reality to giving more

freedom to the creative individual that you are. Your voice deserves to be heard, it has as much

rights as it is given, as the heart opens more, more freedoms may be granted. I dream of a planet

where the right to freedom is universal, travel is free and poverty is a thing of the past.

But life is so fickle

it's as simple as that.

There's no explanation without drifting off into ideals.

Ideals that are frowned upon.

Treated as impossibilities...

Yet here we are, a cause and effect society, we wonder why we are here, but without effect there is only cause. Because. We are only here because.

About the Author:

Jordan Eric Bailey is a Director of the Creative Spirit and is an art loving enthusiast.

Check out his art network and personal endeavors at [RippleEffect61](#) on Instagram.

Also check out his network and consider purchasing some rare and beautiful unique art by some of his favorite living artists and inspirations.

Artist statement:

“My personality is like a waterfall. At first the river is flowing and smooth, but eventually when elevation changes it drops off into a tumble of roaring water, eventually becoming more placid and continuing to flow. I relate an emotional event in my life to the depth of the fall when it is reached. The greater the emotional impact, the farther down my thoughts tumble. I am an abstract example of a fundamental philosophy; I am the subjective observer observing itself. In such ways, I am like a river with a mouth, and the reflection of the state of the water inside appears in my everyday life as words spoken to the great ocean. As the rivers flow to waterfalls and open up to oceans, so does the nature of my creative spirit flow.”

There is nobody but you that is going to go out and create a better world for yourself. That is the truth. We all desire a better world through a subjective lens, that is why imaginative thinking is so important. By tackling these big thought issues, a universal understanding of an issue may be reached.