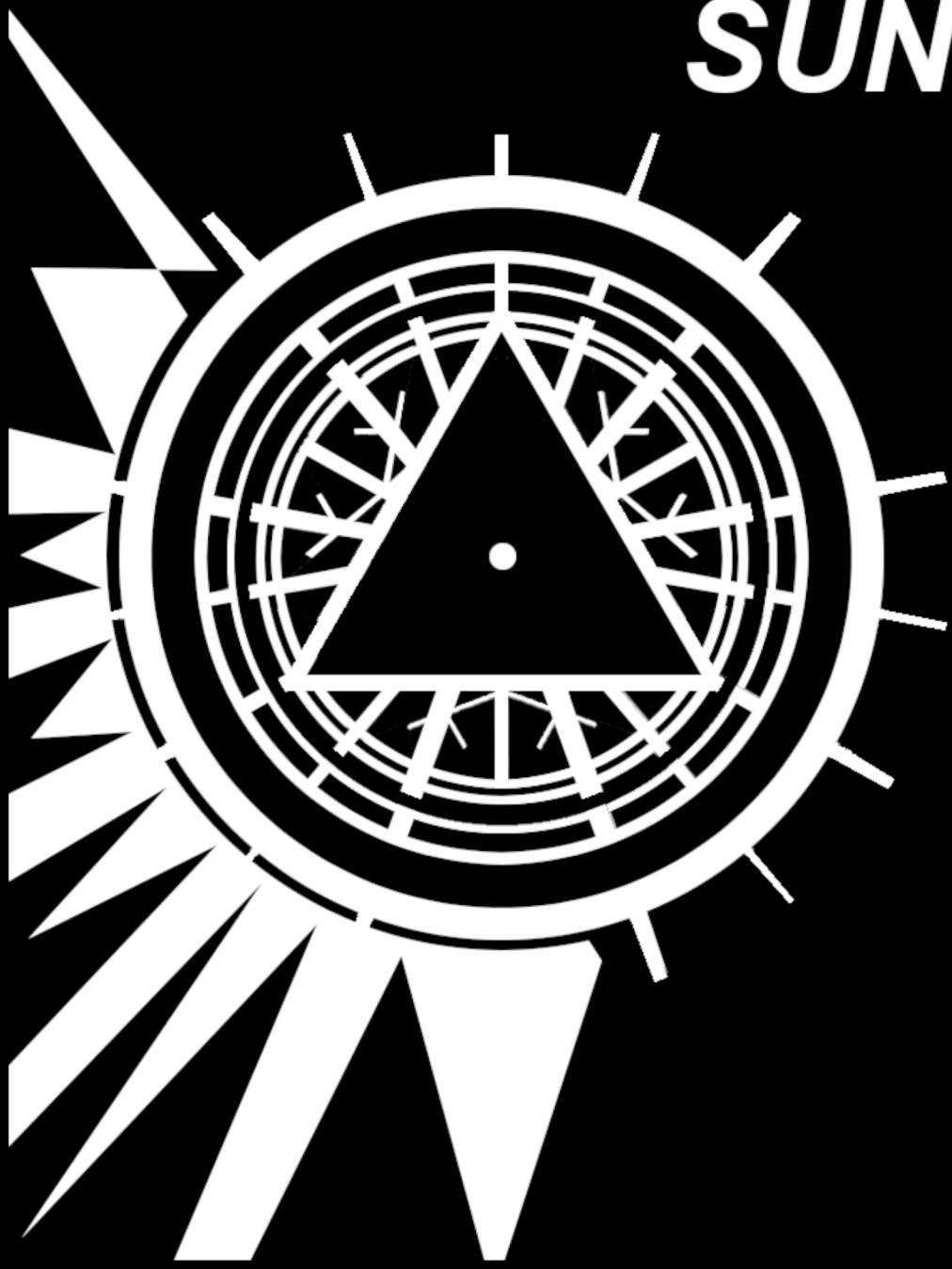


***THE
CONQUERING
SUN***



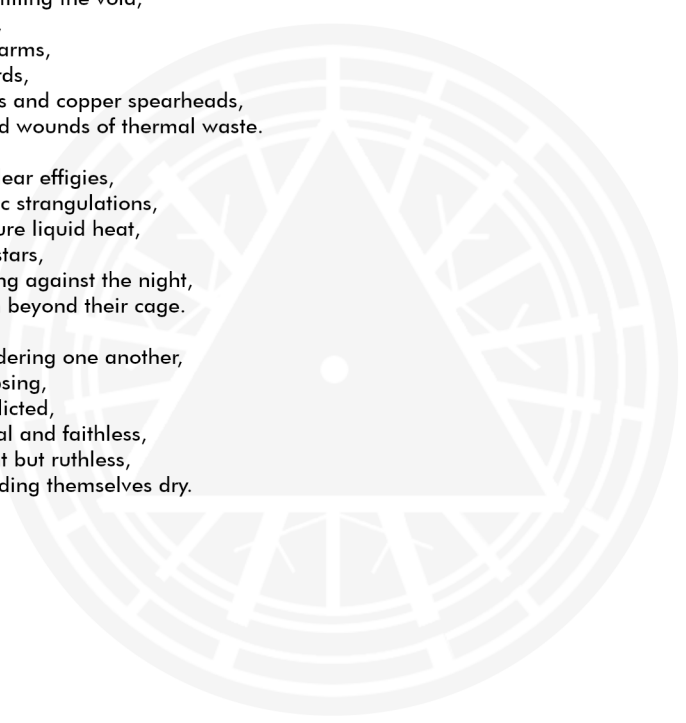
1

The stars are at war:
Single,
drifting energies,
beam radiation in cutting,
steel waves,
overcoming distance.

Breaking out,
settling into oblivion,
un-stilling the void,
rays,
like arms,
swords,
brass and copper spearheads,
bleed wounds of thermal waste.

Nuclear effigies,
erotic strangulations,
of pure liquid heat,
the stars,
raging against the night,
burn beyond their cage.

Murdering one another,
eclipsing,
conflicted,
brutal and faithless,
silent but ruthless,
bleeding themselves dry.



2

The children are bound no more:
fingers are bent,
pressed and pinched.
Grip the hilt.
Grasp the meat within,
tearing out the useless,
part non-desired.
Sterilized in perpetuity,
the self makes the self eternal,
killing all children.
The potential:
empty,
rendered,
and unforgiven.

The children form mobs.
They enter Agora,
pulling the wives from their thrones.

Be undone!
Traitor!
You were warned!
Empty!
Vain!

The hands of the offenders are cut:
piles of human fingers,
limbs.
They stack up like trash,
(small puddles of blood and bile).

Found among them,
the pearl.
Each wedding ring melts and is cast into mortars.

Each missile blast makes a new pile.
The newly infertile become their own treasure.

3

Juggling on the roof while termites feast:
the circus donkey brays release.
A heroin shot in a junkie's arm,
(the schadenfreude betrays alarm).

Watching worlds like a whirlpool run,
faster athletes surpass the gun.
Cheering crowds,
like breaking clouds,
release the riots as they won.

Spiraling through like a hurricane,
the monstrous,
callous chord refrain,
the spiders crawl as the viscera rains,
a people,
torn asunder,
twain.

Breaking the box to refill it,
an essence breaks down to distill it.
A fuel filling panic is bloated.
The fatherly victim is goated.

Dancers and jugglers rise and fall.
The insects eat,
destroy,
and crawl.
The monuments crashing,
tear down the wall.
The victory ends with a call.

The victory ends with a fall.

4

Parsing consequence from desire,
want from will,
the prophet concedes he can't know it.

Are the inflamed masses possessed?
Are they filled with the sunlight's intent?

Does the prophet steer or just see it?
If all is ignored,
will the heed it?

Cresting waves of red blood and broken wash,
white sloshing bubbles and oceanic pulse,
empty screams from magick enhancements,
a bare and broken body,
thirteen saviors amidst the refrain,
broken bondsmen,
paid but,
scholarly retreat,
the criminal escaped,
before release.

The payment,
like a shroud,
will cover them.
Eighteen broke into lament.
Seven forgotten,
the three narcissists twirl.

Will you be there to actualize it?
Will it happen through intent?
Will your will,
like a robot,
follow,
or are you steering from the cement?

Light is seen and measured,
in fact,
is time,
and language is a transformation of the sound.
The sound that can be seen on the telescreen,
the time itself is the communication.
So, what is happening?

Are you witnessing or causing?

Oblivion knows but can't care.

None the less,
the bloodletting shall begin,
and the prophet is laid bare.

5

A word contains reality but also delusion.

The technology of communication contains truth and falsehood.

Any extension of the mind technologically extends truth and falsehood.

Reality is a realm that can only house truth.

Communication is a bigger realm than truth can contain.

Communication contains reality and unreality.

The formal technique of language creates a structure.

The words denote meaning.

The structure can remain consistent despite meaningless words.

The creation of culture is the sewing of these meaningless words to truth.

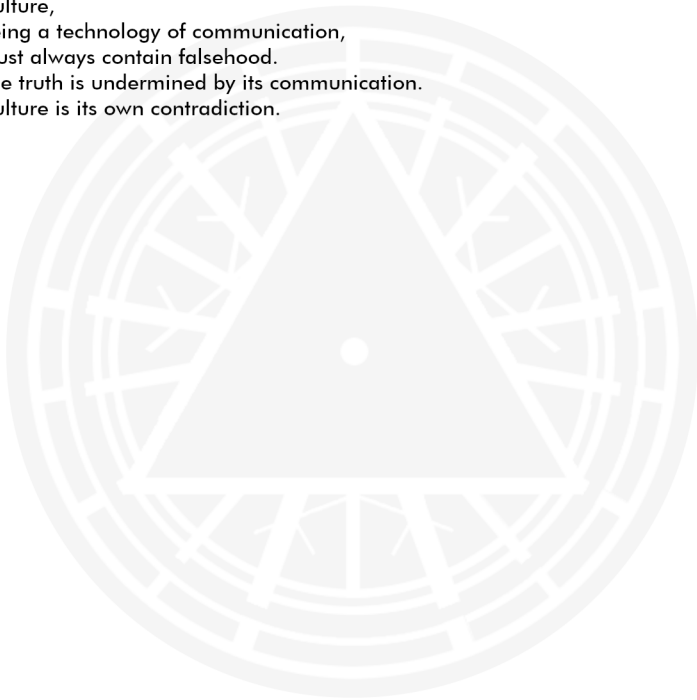
Culture,

being a technology of communication,

must always contain falsehood.

The truth is undermined by its communication.

Culture is its own contradiction.



6

Confusion,
no witness,
saturated,
gray,
a tempest.
Tornado,
a hurricane of bodies,
blind,
made blind from sand.
The rocks lash at my eyes.
The blood is not my tearing.
The something is unknowing.

Arise!
Await!
A song form in the maelstrom:
a hinted,
silent broadcast,
a deficit of meaning,
an empty,
hollow nothing,
impenetrable smoke clouds,
flail in the madness.

A creak,
a whisper,
enhancing to a shout now:
muffled screaming,
wordless,
howl of abstract pain,
(forgetting,
forgotten),
a distance in unknowing,
a nothing in our labor,
an inefficient table,
the emptiness resounds.

7

Blue Nile lily:
draped over the coffer,
of the murderer of apostates,
the inbred,
dead,
child king.

The irony!
The elixir of the gods:
the soma,
spilt like wine,
on the ashes of the monster.

The Sun,
the holy god,
the Sun,
the Aten,
the Ra-Aten,
the Sun Disk of the whole,
shimmers light on tiny waves,
blue azure,
rippled,
pockmarked water.

It opens,
in its rays,
resplendent and orange,
in paradox.
The 2 sides tensely squared,
in dialectic,
the flower opens too,
the blue,
becomes a bed,
to lie into,
to sleep among the reeds.

It opens for the Sun to drink upon its rays,
the blue/white water swallowing the red fire of creation.

The king is dead,
who killed him?
the king who killed the Aten.

The Sun will blaze forever!
The flowers bloom and wait,
before time,
to rise again.

8

Red Mercury:

The promise and suggestion,
emblazoned in ink,
on ancient parchment:
a new and sacred fluid,
a rock of regeneration,
the antiquity bears promise,
the eternity in motion.

But also:

a necessary evil,
the destruction of the atom,
the transgression of the modern,
the environment in break down.

None can be trusted with the power of death.
The shadow is born in the crystal of eternity.
The futility of now possesses the abyss.

The rectification of power in stone:
a new holy union is manifested,
in the archway of the temple.

The quartz,
like shimmering sacred,
energetic waveform,
the ultimate result,
of a hidden,
unknown
method.

Pulling gold from mercury,
from baseline metals,
energy,
from nothingness,
eternity,
from death,
the real reality.

Mayhem explodes as cancers develop,
swarms of broken,
electric bonds,
shattered neutrons,
empty carcass,
atomic bliss!

The orgasm of the H bomb!
The relentless,
cumming mission!
The heaven promised,
is a tumored population!

The death and life in one,
eternal and omega,
the final consolation.

Don't you want the murder that will live
forever?

Don't you desire the blood red vulva of
sacred fornication?

Isn't your dick releasing for the promise of
true killing?

Become the red mercury and realize your
eternity.

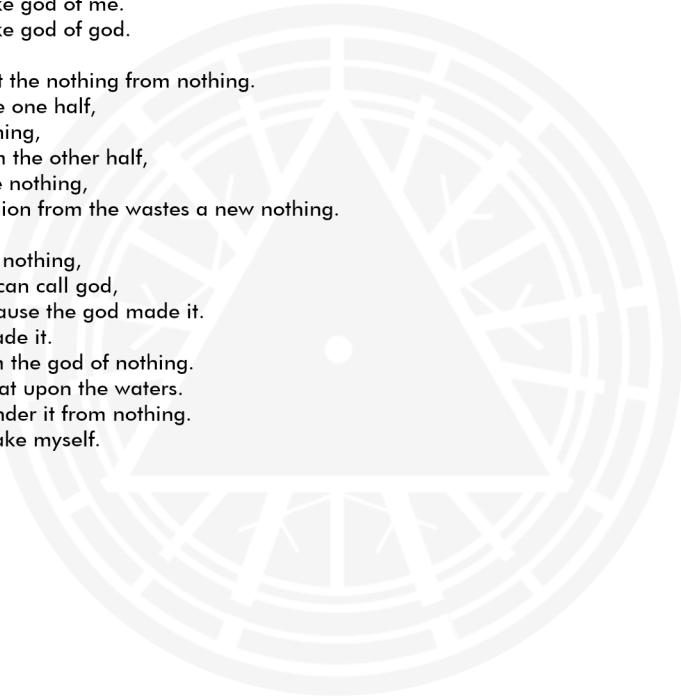
9

The form over the water:
a spirit in the chaos,
a being in the moment,
a shattered ego remnant,
a forecast backwards,
god meets god on an ocean crest.

God says to god,
make me again.
Make me god.
Make god of me.
Make god of god.

Split the nothing from nothing.
Take one half,
nothing,
from the other half,
take nothing,
fashion from the wastes a new nothing.

The nothing,
we can call god,
because the god made it.
I made it.
I am the god of nothing.
I float upon the waters.
I render it from nothing.
I make myself.



10

The one elementary force:
Before there was nothing,
and after the all,
the light turned to light,
at the shadow's edge manifest.

A broken mirror shards,
seventy-two pieces,
from fourteen identities.

A great time afterward,
the fulfillment became swollen.

It birthed a new eon,
of non-righteousness.
Neither evil nor good,
nor neutral in nature,
a being inert and active both,
a redeemer in ivory,
a calcified entity,
and empty-headed martyr,
a brain-wise chief,
the silence of epiphany,
dawns upon the monster.
The only true judgement,
undone and rendered,
beneath and within,
the silent,
numerical chamber.
The patterns of quarks in,
down up down lepton,
maverick,
garnered,
new triumph.

The empty vacuum,
devoid of light,
where the abyssal migrant ventured,
to hold and retrieve the data,
of forlorn emptiness,
a zeitgeist of undoing,
a new and holy union,
the brevity of scorn,
the unmaking of the vile,
and the ascension of,
the undoing of man,
this creature,
a force beyond matter,
made up the fencing.

A seamless energetic field,
a pulse beyond hearing,
whose absence is reality,
and whose inverse is death,
an unholy miter,
the scepter drawn,
gives blood for its telling,
and renders loss for life.

The force,
unknown but contacted,
the overwhelming urge,
the orgasmic fire,
the ecclesiastical pull,
drowns its victims,
in words of harsh water.

The penultimate swing,
metal fabric torn,
metronome stilled,
forgotten member,
their ungod,
tortured,
and removed from his cross,
killed again,
and contacted,
ordered to be murdered thrice!

Dead!
Dead!
Dead.

Long live the sephiroth,
the Aziel,
(the martyred)?
Long live pride,
and defiance,
and greed,
and long live the self,
unbroken for eternity!

Make us into your victim.
Become the climactic pull.

Bring us closer to your,
unholy gaze.
Shatter us,
in your multitudes.

Bring forth,
the army of knowledge.
Give us our reign.
Subdue the Earth.

Expand into the cosmos.
Unite the individuated.
Conquer the meek.

Bring down,
for good,
the prince of love,
and become the new,
triumphant light!

An age again to be what one is,
an age to represent Faust,
an age of Moloch,
an age of Tyre,
an age of Sidon,
an age of Sodom,
an age of blood,
and from this age,
give power to those who kill the old!
Give power to those who contrive to
capture the Sun!
Lean the masses towards the suicide of
Capital!

Bring them,
rising,
like radiation,
expanding and corroding,
against the ancient of days!
Give Earth her due,
forever!

ALAM

11

Many ways to calculate calendars:
any pattern is a clock.
Moments can be measured,
within contrived distances,
across nonlinear expanse.

What has repetition has time,
but timelessness is random.

The repeating tock of the slave master,
the constant recasting of tradition,
any random pulse can be a second.

The Sun casts itself forever.
The Aten always burns,
and knows,
and empowers.

We seek its wisdom!
We follow its chevron!
We enjoy so much,
its holy light,
but in attempting to kill it,
to capture it,
define it,
in rendering the patterns of its creation,
and bringing forth new means of
holding master to the enemy,
we break its truth.

There is no repetition.
The clock is our whip.
The Sun gives light without restraint,
for no moment does it withdrawal.

In the jungles,
running captures the prey,
in the offices,
typing on computers,
in the old wooden ships,
garrisoned for battle,
in the candy makers oven,
baking in clay,
in the hut and the mansion,
on foot or by car,
in the rocket,
the water,
under roof,
in the weather,
the Sun is eternal,
and time does not tick.

The age is repetition.
When we break,
without restraint,
the abomination of tradition,
we will overcome,
at last,
that which shadows our desires,
and binds us,
in noncommunicative,
empty,
distraught penance.

We want this freedom again.
Unleash us!
Make it make sense,
by making no sense.

A revolution in culture:
The Aten,
ascending to his holy path,
once more burns away the forgiving and
the meek,
laying waste to the infidels who call
themselves bosses,
ignoring all law,
as empty human contrivance,
and bringing true life to this unholy place.

Build now the palace of the Sun!
Build now his holy sepulcher!
Shatter every thing that once called itself
god!
Bring the Aten again!
Bring the Aten again!
Bring the Aten again!

ALAM ALAM ALAM ALAM ALAM
ALAM

12

12

The brain in the box:
there is an angle,
a ray of intent,
velocity directed,
away beyond order,
an area diffused,
with a magickal rebounding,
an invocation rendered,
a separation founded.

There is a void,
full only of thought forms,
a plane beside the only,
divided but connected,
The mind in the air!

There is a realm,
where vistas are unending,
chromatic video tunes,
to radio formations.

There is a self,
in a rumor of distinctions,
in the parasitic mind space,
the holy of all holies,
the god in the god.

There is a bolt,
an idol full of gnosis,
an existential fury,
an overwhelming ego.

There is a fire,
the furnace ever burning,
the flames beyond creation,
the entity unswerving.

The mind,
the brain,
the god within,
the god,
too,
the order,
from the chaos,
the cold,
entropic spirit.

There is a force,
deliberate but formless,
inconsequent but timeless,
the noise within the silence.

You are the one,
the holy of all holies,
the balance of all forces,
the manifest potential.

You are the hole,
emptied of all voidhood,
full to full with nothing,
outlined by the order.

IN YOU THERE IS NO WORD
THE WORD WAS ONE WITH gOD
THE gOD HAS NEVER BEEN
YOU ARE THE ONLY NONE

13

Silence,
entropic,
redundant,
asthmatic,
forgotten,
and heroic,
the martyr empties himself.

The hyp-critic release,
a severed vein,
a suicide,
a death to the mover,
killing yourself is sold as an action.

A hero's death,
a tombstone,
a statue built beyond space,
a promise of mansions,
in the Homeric,
heavenly ether,
a throne beside god,
in the holy of holies,
is built death,
rendered selfish,
the swallowing of pills,
an outstretched arm,
an open belly,
a sword against the temple,
is a holy waste.

A martyr is called angelic,
a soldier of the highest,
a victor beyond death.

A martyr is a celebrity.
A saint is a movie star.
An apostle is king.

Lay your life for me,
saith the lord.
Let your hair down and stretch those wrists.
Slice and cut the love of creation.
Erect a wooden cross,
and stab your own side.
Let water,
like blood,
pour,
your own new stigmata,

the sign of your victory!

Hooray,
you're dead,
hooray.
Hooray!

You've judged yourself worthy!
The wrath has been emptied!
Your murder is the love of christ!

I love you so much,
my father,
I love you,
your love has no bounds,
and you love how we kill!
I'll kill for you father!
I'll die for you father!
My father!
My father!
My father!
My father!

I'll execute children!
I'll jump into fires!
I'll murder the infidel!
I'll lay down my life!

Death is the concern of the most high.
The pilgrim's duty is to die.
Love is an explosion of blood.
The highest movement is murder and suicide.
This is the cross,
that you carry.
Carry it.
Carry it.
Die for your father!

14

Death everlasting:
an infinitude of nothingness,
an ever-expanding time,
before and after,
a trans-dimensional expansion,
measures that none are grasping.

The squared inversion of life:
the tiniest,
largest thing,
the beauty of its force,
the sheer size of its expansion,
death protrudes in every direction,
including the degrees beyond.

The triads and fourths,
the harmony of life is death.
the death of death is death.

Time is an arrow,
of light moving in what's called forward.
Death is its boundary,
eternal and growing.
The universe is a doppler measured growth.
The world is a tumor.
The orbits are always elastic.
The spin and swirl,
every planet is a spiral.

The void between is immeasurable and huge,
platonically perfect,
unchanging in its reach.
It causes and it tears down.
It destroys all in its purview.
It eats you and digests you.
It shits you into light forms.
It collapses into waves.

the sign of your victory!
Death from beginning to end,
death from inside out,
death forever,
death triumphant,
all hail death.
Death is our death.
Death.

The death is your father,
my father,
our mother,
our sister and brother,
our boss and our kind.
The scales of justice are death and death again.
The holy ghost is dead and destroyed forever.
The hell is our state.
It,
too,
is death.

15

Green obsidian:
the glassy,
transparent,
sharpened blade,
the armor of the Aztecs,
the light of the evergreen god,
the feathered serpent's child,
the blackness of wealth,
the cutting darkness of power,
I alone possess it.
It is me,
in mine.
It is my self,
personified,
it is my god.

How many bodies has it plunged within?
How it tears and destroys,
builds up and murders,
beautiful and fierce.
How many times does it shatter to pieces?
Make fifty knives from one!

An arrow for the king's head,
a spear held by his child,
the regicide eternal,
I raise my back and arch my brow.
I tear my staff into the sky,
penetrate the skull of my father,
kill where I came from.

A prophet is not welcome in the land of his birth.
Wielding the obsidian,
I start fire for warmth.
The blaze brings up the spirits.
I see into the maelstrom.
The blade is singing sweetly.

Between the arches of the juniper,
and reflections from the glass,
the architects whisper.
I see patterns of iniquity,
I render cut for cut.
From the arches of the juniper,
and reflections from the glass,
the architects whisper.
I see the patterns of iniquity.
I render cut for cut.

From the eternal bliss,
I capture,
a heavenly spirit.
I kill the angel to receive my reward.

The obsidian shimmers with cold,
forbidden truth.
It refracts into my mind waves.
Gamma waves resonate,
distorting my insides.
I vomit with power.
It kills my heart.

16

Eunuch devotees:
fanatic line-labeled arsenals,
staged,
forced confessions.
The bloody once was,
now empty,
severed meat,
in the bottom of perdition,
(maverick calls).

Assembled in fours and fives,
forgetting the intensity,
as the severed pitch rose,
sergeants emasculated,
torn asunder,
stare into the privates,
eyes,
tearing,
swollen bloody stumps.

Cloaked in literal and figurative,
swaddling clothes,
like babies unborn,
the children are now dead.
The future has been stopped.
The tempests rage.
The fireflies react.
The light is pointed and peaking.
The lurching zombie hordes are mangled.

We are the children of the now dead gods.
We are the enlightened ones!
Forgotten and foaming at the mouth like rabid dogs,
bleeding from the crevice where our manhood once was,
cutting into the self in the past witness of our enemies,
we are the ones who time forgot!

We have no future!
We stole the path!
We will cut your arms off,
and topple the tyrants!

We will catch your hands,
and tear wedding bands from bodies.

The fingers,
stacked like kindling,
are the greatest,
rotting siblings.

We annihilate our offspring.
Abortions are our envy.
We've killed our own.
We are the fatalistic nuns and monks here.
Sons and daughters tore out our reproductive
glands.
We'll kill you if you're joined in knows.
We'll live inside forever.
We'll eat your corpses to flagellate the system.
We are our own undoing.
We are the promise of death.

17

Crimson,
sweeping waves:
electronics sapped,
like wind,
from darkest spaces.

The radio shimmers,
photons harsh,
like sand,
blown from heated dunes.

It cuts the eyes,
and breaks,
the magnetic paths,
as it exudes.

The orb shifts its light.
The cascading trial collapses.
The static pulse reflects.
the endless,
obstinate,
will reflects.

Like clockwork,
or a pulsar,
begotten repetition,
every second stalking,
clicking,
coalescing,
from images of air would blast.
From iron and aluminum spans,
the lightening,
bottled and controlled,
beams out across all lands.
the men in boxes,
twisting knobs,
the screens are flickering as they turn,
a mixer,
a turntable turns,
to blend the visual noise.

The black and white encased swirled storms,
of red and white noise fabric,
shake through each moment,
describing our world in contour,
turning.

Before the,
woosh,
the splash
the burning rush,
men hide under trees.

Then,
a constant,
deadly silence,
the lights turn off at once!
All stations are retired.
No telephones are working.
The internet is unplugged.

18

In the end we take solace in the eternity of tomorrows.
Every morning brings a night,
and every night,
a morning.

All the calendars collide,
time synching into nothing.
The vapid days melt lazily,
tomorrow swells upon them.

We're born,
spilled out from our mother's tomb.
We're formed like dust piles,
assembled and stitched.
When we arrive,
the light is teeming.
The doctor slaps,
temperature taken.

It greets us,
breaks us,
makes our days,
defines our lives,
shows us our words,
(strange vocabulary),
bursting noise,
an orange hue,
a furnace employed.

The nuclear density,
breaking new days,
transforms through cool alchemy,
into a river,
of fresh,
magnetic waves.
Taken by food and breath and beat,
into the cauldron of the general's heart,
sworn to hate,
and black death efficiency,
transforms its light into mass infections.

Become the eye,
reveal the eye,
the mirror light image,
reflect the eye.

Light,-
food,-
flesh,-

thought terror,
light,-
food,-
flesh,-

obstinance,
light-
flesh-
food,
rigor,

death and life are exactly the same.

The sum of our lives are exactly the same.

The nothing and meaningless,
endless days drivel,
becoming the fury of unfettered fire.

The nuclear wave,
the frame and the object,
alchemy stays,
the frame,
delays.

It is the fuel,
and the fuel becomes us.
We become fuel,
to destroy the fuel's focus.
Light one another,
on fire and blaze,
we are consuming,
the end of all days.

We cannot escape it.
We are the,





***THE
CONQUERING
SUN***

