

GRASPING THE PROMETHEAN FLAME





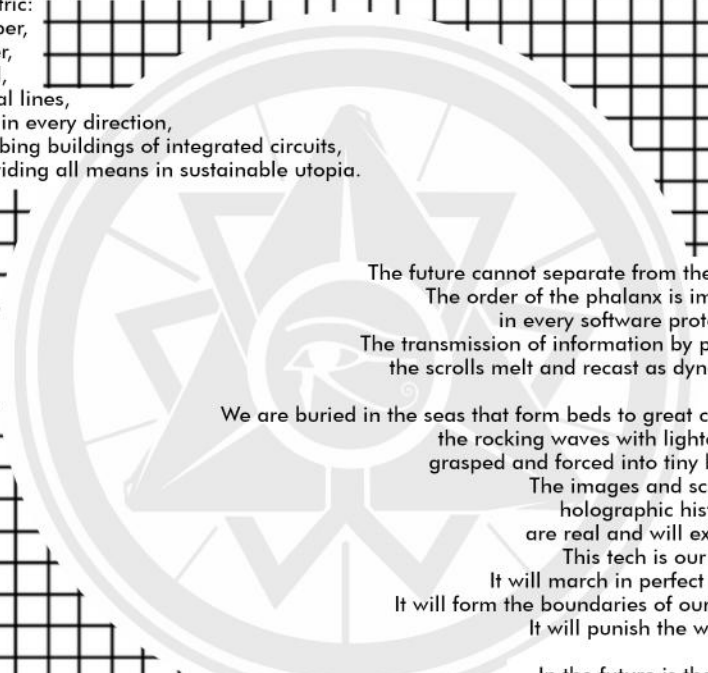
1 IN THE FUTURE, THE PAST



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Everything that was will be:
every iron general,
sword up,
crossing rivers in metallic armor,
every squid ink pen scratching papyrus,
incantations,
chanting,
and histrionic spell,
the architects of the ziggurats,
the sages of Dao.
Every new condition contains,
an archetype of the past,
burst and bloom,
like from seed.
The intentions of kings,
and warriors,
and tribesmen,
flowering into a new,
and holy,
Armageddon.

The future is strewn with visions,
electric:
copper,
silver,
gold,
metal lines,
lain in every direction,
climbing buildings of integrated circuits,
providing all means in sustainable utopia.



The future cannot separate from the past.
The order of the phalanx is implicit,
in every software prototype.
The transmission of information by power:
the scrolls melt and recast as dynamos.

We are buried in the seas that form beds to great cables,
the rocking waves with lightening,
grasped and forced into tiny boxes.
The images and screens,
holographic histories,
are real and will expand.
This tech is our army.
It will march in perfect order.
It will form the boundaries of our lives.
It will punish the wicked.

In the future is the past.
Progress collapses upon itself.
A messiah changes everything.
The language,
irrevocably sworn,
recasts generals' epaulets into chip fabs and artificial
wombs.

2 A FAMILIAR BREAKDOWN



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This is the moment that we know:
a recursive spiral,
an eternal regression,
a closed circle,
flattened.

The moments we had,
where we breathed in late,
together,
with the perfect language of Enoch,
(into the air,
quivering),
as lips shaped vowels,
and bodies moved in tandem,
dancing like ecstasy,
propelled by inspired madness,
a glow swollen full cup/
brains broken like eggs,
love soaked cum,
and mental albumen,
poured down the palace of our flesh.

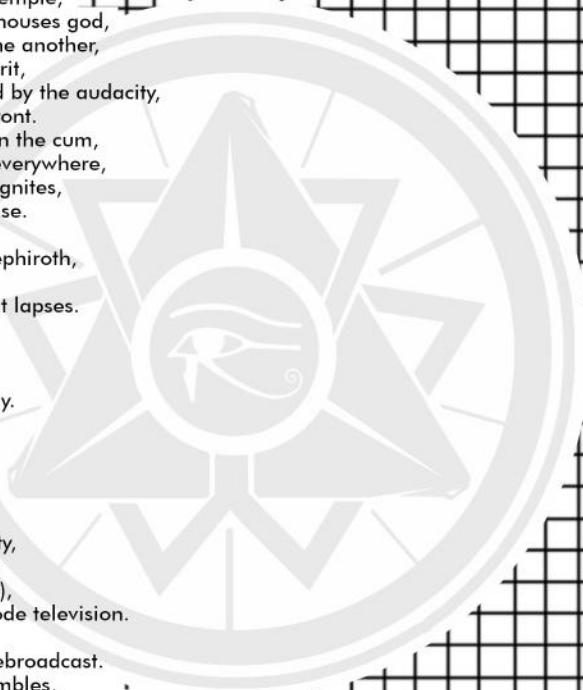
If the body is a temple,
and the temple houses god,
then we filled one another,
with the holy spirit,
who was grieved by the audacity,
of our love's affront.
Because god is in the cum,
and the cum is everywhere,
and inspiration ignites,
the olfactory sense.
Chakras pulse,
in blood filled sephiroth,
I AM,
until the moment lapses.

The moments,
like pictures,
are there to study.

The life distills,
distant,
dissociative.

The liquid divinity,
carries the light,
(can be watched),
like an old cathode television.

The memories rebroadcast.
The light reassembles,
but disconnects from the flesh.



3 BLOODBIRTH, PRIDE & DILATION



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Entranced by the noble memory of
loss,
divined from greener pastures,
a harlequin (she) marches into this,
our new Rome.

She rides on seven horses,
with daggers in each hand,
thirteen eagles' feathers aligned.

Her callousness is infamous,
her blood-soaked vision terrors,
(the thrice notched,
broken arrow's end),
penetrate the mark exactly.

Aiming for her restitution,
she climbs amicably towards us.
The desolate magma fissures,
entertain her empty solace.

Proud and full of vitas,
she aims to empty her quiver.
With each new hand spear slung,
a new procession is marked.

As she lurches forward,
in rapt anticipation,
her triumphant queenhood,
extends invisibly.

Now swollen with her aptitude,
the death angel ejaculates upon us.
We melt like empty folly,
into a ground which takes no notice.



**4 A SWOLLEN COCK IS AN
OMEN OF GOOD FORTUNE**



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A swollen cock is an omen of good fortune.
It promises a just reward.
It sings sweet songs to you.
It encourages good action.

A swollen cock is an omen of good fortune.
It is the puritan's work ethic.
It says hard work pays off.
It says something is waiting for you to keep trying.

A swollen cock inspires.
It sits in reservation.
It screams in joy.

A swollen cock plunges foolhardy into the moment.
It seeks new vistas.
It breaks the ice.
It masters any necessary task.
It is always silent,
but jumps in excitement.
It is a beacon painting the way.
It broadcasts its intentions.
It communicates clearly,
without making a noise.

A swollen cock makes one hungry.
It promises a meal.
It has no judgement.
It aims to please.

At the sign of swollen cock,
I am directed to obey.
I love to submit to the perfect divinity.
The cock contains god.
When it swells it is like the prophets,
rapt to bursting with the spirit,
beckoned beyond will,
to ejaculate its truth.

To seek this truth is the highest aim,
to renounce the world and attain this gnosis,
to take into oneself the spirit of christ,
to accept with perfect faith all it contains.

A swollen cock will be my salvation.
The precum anoints,
strung up like hard wood.
Beaten close to the edge,
I am pierced by the spear.
Water flows from the wound,
a liquid put to my mouth like wine and hyssop.

A swollen cock is fully man and fully god.
Knowing our pain,
it understands us,
and promises an eventual reward.

As it stands,
facing heaven,
I can see the blood,
(red just beneath the skin).
It quivers in transcendence,
pain or ecstasy.
It screams its last.
My legs break.
It gives up the spirit.
I take it into myself.

A swollen cock is an omen of good fortune.

5 BANISHED



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Banished from the fifth dimension,
locked,
aware of transcendence,
charging against the gate.
I slam my body against,
the spiritual prison walls.

A disgusting shrew blocks the gates (to heaven).
He's elemental in his grating shit.
What a terrible horror he is,
giving credence to nothing,
to the totality of the pointless.
What a fucked,
stupid arbiter.
He sits there,
en garde.
He maintains grotesque distortions.

To kill the god of the angels is the whole of my desire,
to conquer and seize the whole (of heaven).
I would run him through,
push him into blades,
destroy the ligaments that hold him,
and piss on his dying screams.

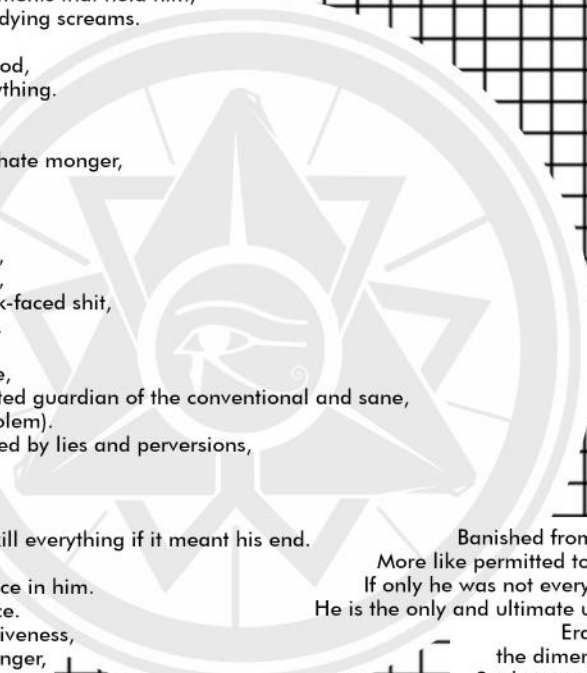
This so-called god,
is not worth anything.
A moron,
a fucked,
drivel-spewing hate monger,
a terrible,
disgusting lie,
a fucked horror,
beyond all evils,
the literal worst,
this fucking cock-faced shit,
he needs to die.

Kill him with me,
this self-appointed guardian of the conventional and sane,
(this mutated golem).
His face is twisted by lies and perversions,
his traps,
his marriage,
his church.
I would gladly kill everything if it meant his end.

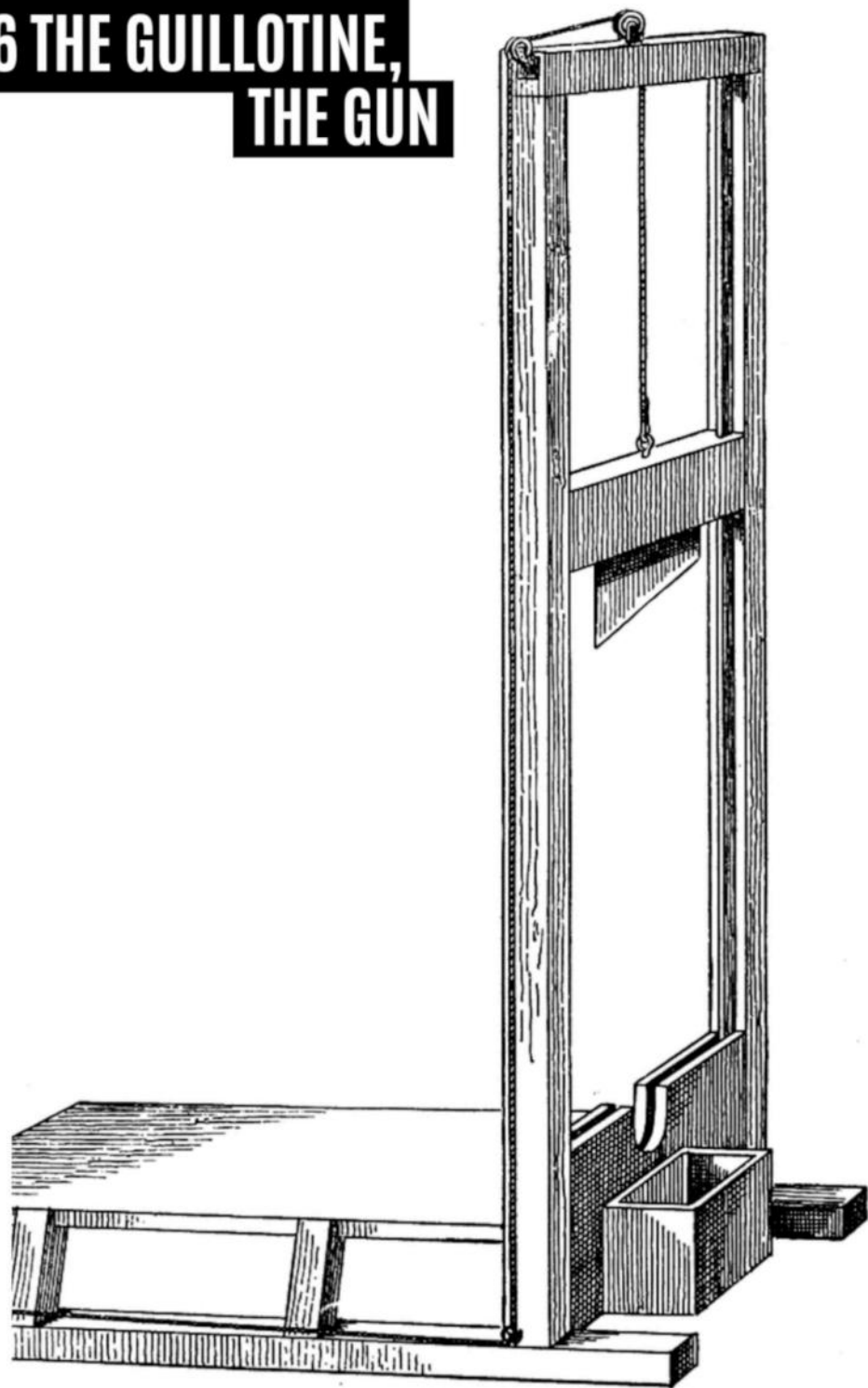
There is no justice in him.
There is no grace.
There is no forgiveness,
only hate and anger,
rage and injustice.

Banished from him?
More like permitted to avoid!
If only he was not everywhere.
He is the only and ultimate untruth.

Eradicate,
the dimensional.
Set heaven on fire.
Kill all who claim his spirit.
Destroy with finality his dictatorial reign.
Sink the ship and let it be done.



6 THE GUILLOTINE, THE GUN



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An agenda of reflection upon the impertinent self:
a future maintained in perfect resplendence,
wired up and powered by the degenerate affirmation,
styled by agents of inverse orders,
monks,
nuns,
and acolytes bound to dispel the golden myth,
journeys into the void of the material urban excite.
Apostles of sex,
drugs,
madness and indulgence,
boldly breaking the pantheon's tradition,
anal penetrators,
self-created artists,
bold lion zephyrs floating about,
spraying random ejaculations,
(tasteful elixirs,
designed to transmute,
transform and transpond),
broken deities,
half worn entrails,
the past's solemn forget.

These are the hedonistic priests,
of a better revelation.
They come to bring the world of flesh,
forward into subversive matrimony.
The counter-culture enshrined,
the broken,
thrice fucked tenors licked,
the self-abasement continues.

The emperors ascend in,
desolation,
to make desolate.
We are the arbiters of unknowing.
They are your paraclete.
They absorb your needs.



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WE ARE MEN,

WE ARE PERFECT

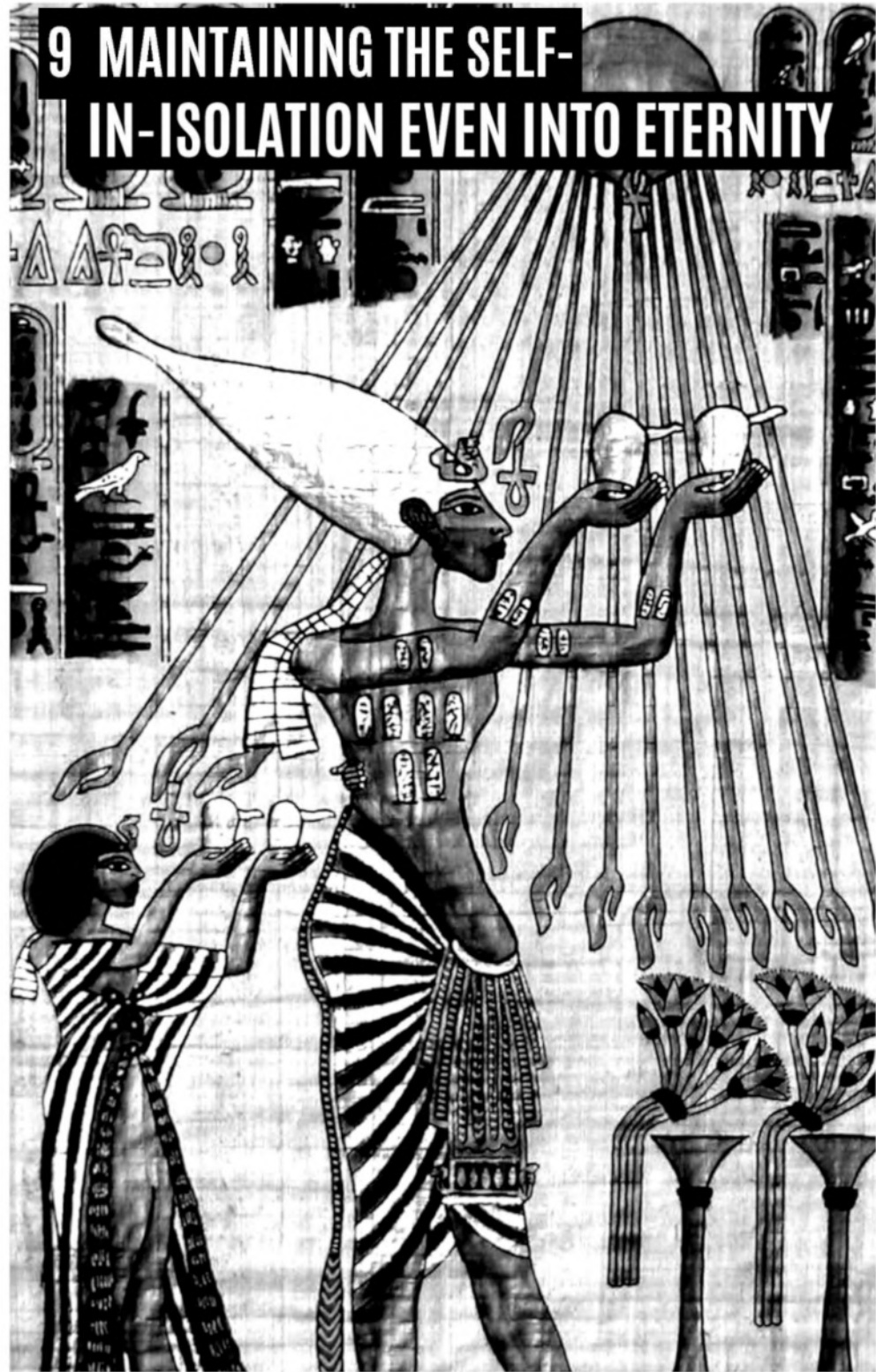


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We are gods.
We are men.
We are perfect.
The fulfill-,
ment of dec-,
ades of hope,
an egregious,
and masculine,
employ,
broken,
not bending,
not bare.
Lies in,
direct,
perfect,
order,
hearts broken,
down,
no repair.
A holy,
new machine,
of terror,
submits,
each new step,
to the path.



9 MAINTAINING THE SELF- IN-ISOLATION EVEN INTO ETERNITY



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This thing I call my self:
a part,
component,
reflection of the all,
a momentary eruption of fractal seed,
an expression in process,
like a crystal as it is forming,
this is the eventuality.

The crystal,
and the flesh,
move until they've no fuel,
and at that point they,
give up the ghost.

It is the record of transformation,
the observation of the reaction,
the unfolding of the projection,
the playback of the tape.

We're watching ourselves backwards.
The future is our reign.
The past is an illusion.

The Pleroma insists that the all is all,
that enlightenment is surrender,
that your self must be banished.

The oracles and sages scream,
let yourself go!
Let the laws dissolve you!

Let your being dissolve!
The god and the gods,
of the ancient and mighty,
scream,
"lose all you have,
in order to find it!"

The multitude listens.
The church is an army.
The karma is crowded.
The ego is duped.

Differently,
though,
do I scream from the rafters,
like a pharaoh or sorcerer,
keep your whole self!
Maintain and protect it!
Hide deeply,
this ego!

It's all that you're made of!
The only thing subject,
forget the dream of rash connection!
Forget the sublimation of grief!
Make use of your most wicked vision,
to bring your entity into the most high places!

This is the dream of the few and the mystic:
not to dissolve into some unrendered pattern,
not to obey at the gate of the temple,
but to keep oneself hidden and take it to
death!

Breach the velvet rope,
to refuse to connect,
to have your ego,
never ending,
to batter your core,
to refuse to promise,
to utter insanity,
to turn down salvation,
and keep it all in!

10 INVADING THE HEARTS OF MEN



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Dark,
reticent,
solipse,
hollow,
burnt out buildings,
(rust-colored clouds,
and smoky haze),
ships in the sky glow like emeralds,
a canvas back drop of pin shaped points,
light mutilated,
and drunk like a stupor,
these are your ancestors.

Held in the carotid valves,
empires pulse is retained,
(the purpose-drove myth,
lays claim to the blood),
streaks of gray,
generals and gun,
the giants of the ancient world,
technology manifests will,
in a dream like connection,
maintained.

There's an ancient connection of blood,
(DNA and information trapped:
a time-sensitive wormhole,
an ancient race of conquerors),
these are the religious martyrs.

The saints and monks,
compassionate,
ancient,
but foreign,
no one recognizes them here.



11 SUCKING COCK



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Sucking cock to manifest your will,
swallowing cum to entertain you.

A thousand, silent whispers erupt from my quill,
as I swallow the load to maintain you.

Mainlining your cum to a purpose of heart,
unyielding, relentless,
and focused.

The stomach pain hit like a cum ridden dart,
which transmutes it to internal locus.

The pussy lip lotus blades tempt as they part,
preparing a channel to travel.

The minister in me succumbs to the art,
an inferior hardness,
a gamble.

You spill in my throat,
and I shoot in your holes,
like a marble man,
Greek and profound.

We're making archangels from semen and souls,
messiahs slash fuck slaves are crowned.



12 AN IDEOLOGY OF ERECT CONSISTENCY



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God,
to behold that perfect stiff intention,
to ride in perfect lineage,
and startle metered essence.
The electrons pulse,
like neutron stars.
In perfect order,
they bend my will,
as they bend my self.

Destroyed by perfect masculation,
chewed up in the steel machinery,
resplendent in their terror,
fear concretion,
like perfect,
glass obsidian,
they hate,
unbreaking,
unyielding.

The essential dick,
is a perfect soldier.
The essential man,
is the form of a gun.
Through terror,
and angst,
maintained,
in threats,
in unyielding,
progress,
the penetration of solace,
at last,
I die.

At last,
I am conquered.
At last,
I am fucked.
At last,
I am nothing.

His transcendent power,
crushes me into nothing,
and I sing the anthem,
of a new flag,
ridden,
erect.
Kill me,
you fuck.
Kill me!
Fucking kill me,
you fuck!
Fucking kill me!



13 CHAMPION OF THE ETERNAL SOLIPSE



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You are not only all you need,
you are all that is.
I am all that is.
You are everything,
in everything,
to all.
I am everything,
in everything,
to all.

We inhabit magick spaces.
There is a broken wardrobe,
just beyond the edges of your vision,
just beneath the matter of your house.

Dig up the foundation.
Dynamite the concrete!

Beneath the dirt,
where you bury your lies,
deep in the secret places,
underneath the synapse,
beneath where you first masturbated,
hidden from your hatred: *
digging deeper,
in the realm of the unacceptable,
you are.

You are an entity of terror and permanence.
Your being is unrestrained.
You cannot go away.
You are eternal.

Beneath the victims of your mind's fantasy,
hidden from perversions of your youth,
charging away from the limits of social acceptance,
buried under the awareness of morality,
you are there.

A being of perfect and eternal light waits,
to resurrect your self from a forced,
early death.

Deep beneath the awareness of others,
you are eternal and unyielding,
you are your own god.

You are all that is.

You are everything,
and everything is yours.

Nothing can stand in your way.

All is your will.

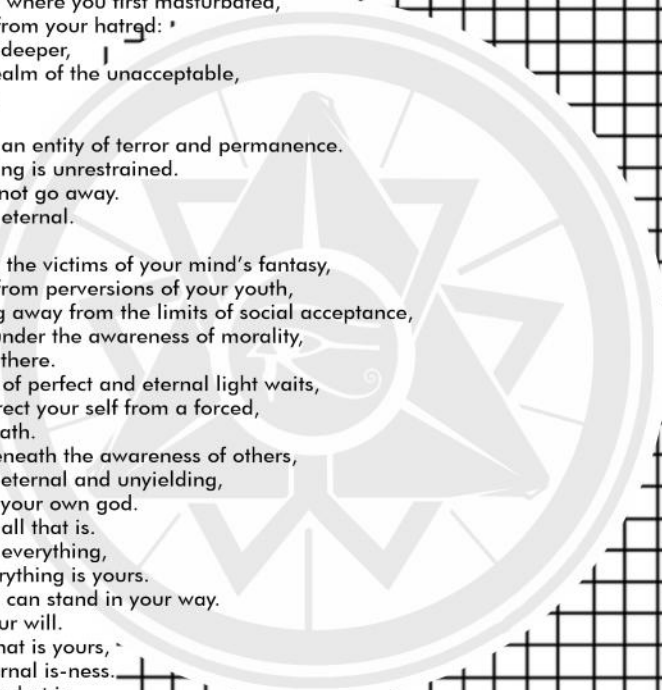
Seize what is yours, *
your eternal is-ness.

You are what is.

You are.

You are.

You are!



**14 PENETRATING
THE SILENCE**



14 PENETRATING THE SILENCE

Static relays erupt,
powered metal screeds,
slicing into bolts.

Cosmic background pulses,
(silence makes the matter),
energetic wavelengths,
resonant (like struck chords),
plucked strings shudder madly,
his harmony in tandem.

Bursting forth from dark stars,
sending radiation,
deep green into the cosmos,
elemental moments,
(the Earth like a viola),
a struck bell fills the void.

The new,
dynamic whisper,
protrudes from the center,
a galactic,
black hole fission.

Energetic wavelengths,
spew in all directions,
silent in their mastery.

Our wills all fill the void here.
Projection from our center,
the Sun behind the curtain,
her energies are seeth.
Our molecules to worms writhe.
Our atoms are all moving.

The serpents overcome us,
and swallow into black holes,
the negative reactions.

Matter/antimatter,
polarize clashes,
the nothing-into-being.

The penetrating silence,
our body is a scream here,
(the nihilistic trumpets).

Penetrating silence,
our being is a wail,
(the great galactic blue balls).

Penetrating silence,
we synchronize with Saturn.
We are the world's new anthem.



15 REALITY IS TOO MUCH



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We are rapidly approaching the inescapable.
The will is degrading,
and the underlying is exposed.
The skin of the Earth is wounded and bleeding.
We can see the fissures and operations.

The blood is a mechanical,
black hue.
The hemoglobin aligns according to the occult magnetics.
The danger lives inside of us now.
There will be no singularity.
We are already magnetic.

Reality is too much to bear.
We wear the honor of our ancestors inside of our selves.
Our DNA contains the information.
The startup disk is full.
Our will is writing the moment.
(Our projection into the atmosphere),
the potent,
electric power generators,
and factories are tied to us,
not only in spirit,
but in flesh.

We are become the instant,
the prince of the power of the air.
We transmit our selves each moment.
The angels do battle in the heavenlies.

We are the prosecutors of man.
Our minds control the airwaves.
We are the powers and principalities.

Great spirits awash in a massive,
internal connection,
the information in static waves penetrates our skin.
We direct our minds and hearts and get away with murder.
The imperial whim is our master.
We wear our crown.

Reality is too much to bear,
and yet we must bear it.
Armed as we are with the knowledge of transmission,
the source of radiant and eternal energy,
filled to the brim,
bursting the cosmic power,
irradiant will bearing down with intensity,
we create the dawn.

We are the source of the morning and night.
We bring sunrise and set.
We are the end.

16 CROSSING THE VELVET TERMINUS



16 CROSSING THE VELVET TERMINUS

Innumerable armies gather,
legions regular and ir-,
drawn in assemblies beyond count.

All are in attendance,
records of deaths,
lines longer than history,
there are featured men,
from every great empire.
Babylonians and Vedic warriors,
fascists and communists,
imperialists,
guerillas,
revolutionaries,
reactionaries,
religious,
and,
anarchist militias.

All have gathered before the club house,
ready to bomb the walls.

There's a wall between the dead:
a war of economy,
entertainment,
and clash.

Disjoined and waiting for their rewards,
their betrayal was guaranteed.
The club house was almost empty,
gilded on silver and platinum,
full of expensive renditions,
brightly lit,
in angelic majesty.

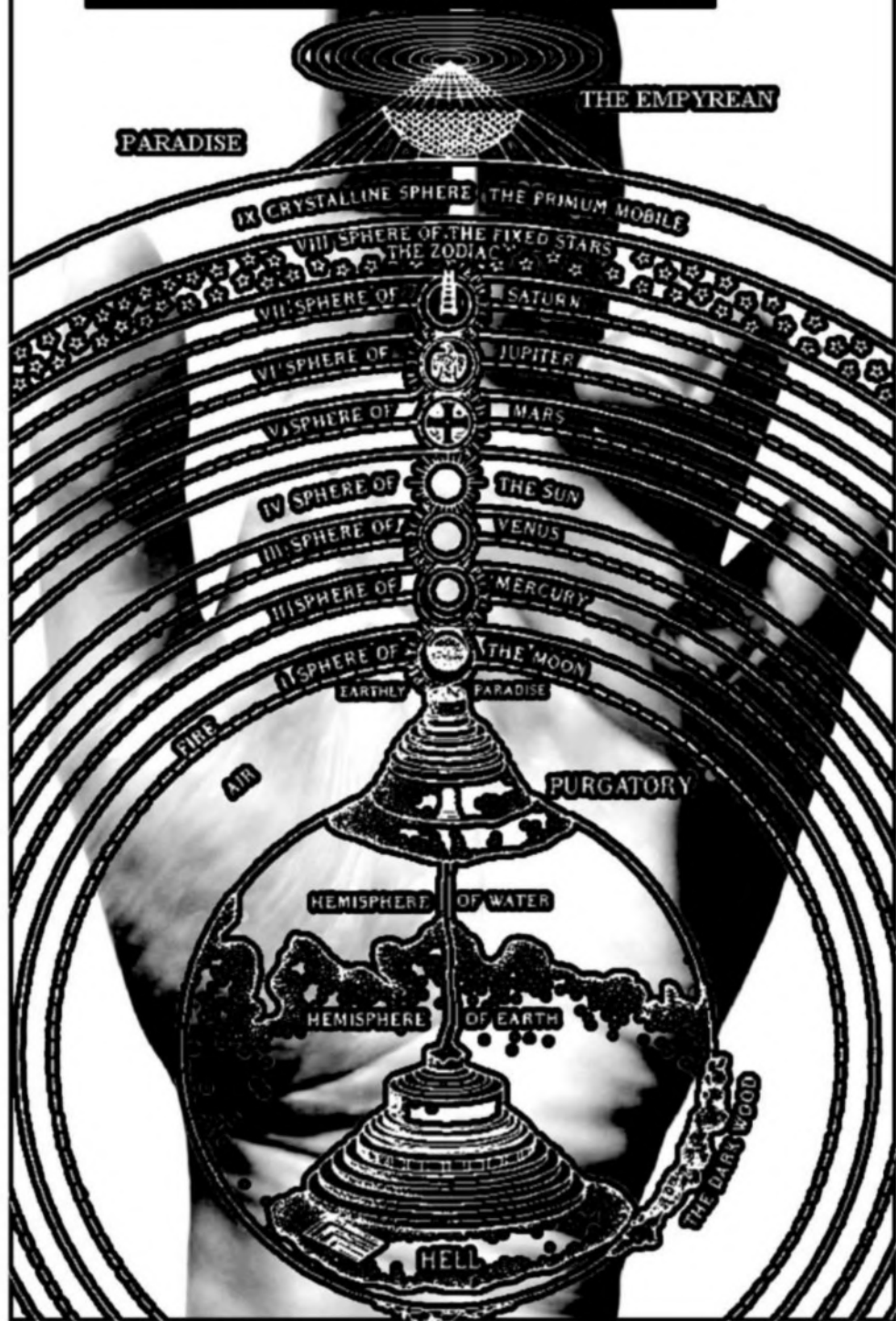
The men of the sword,
camped outside,
refused and reprehensible.

The velvet rope,
becomes the border therein.

A war is waiting and will continue,
dividing the proud and mighty,
from the indulgent and pleasurable,
and heaven remains closed to those who defy its laws.
One day we will rush the camp.



17 LIVING FOREVER- NOW.



17 LIVING FOREVER, NOW

You already are:
never an embryo,
[no child],
an energetic being,
a permanent self,
your skin is your manifestation,
the lines on your hand,
the pencil you hold,
the drawing you left behind.

Your history is captured,
in the actions and reactions,
of your destinations,
your destiny,
your will.

You're already eternal,
a perfect,
glowing,
being,
an explainable confluence of streams,
a goat and a sentinel.

Your eyes reflect light,
(ever dusting on the lids),
a dilated pupil,
a bit of a skin-float,
pierced by the sun.

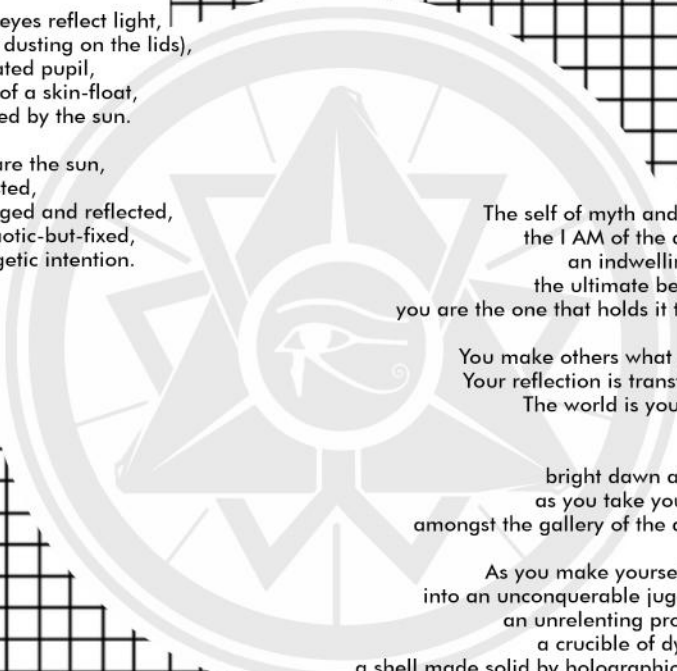
You are the sun,
digested,
emerged and reflected,
a chaotic-but-fixed,
energetic intention.

The self of myth and legend:
the I AM of the ancients,
an indwelling spirit,
the ultimate beingness,
you are the one that holds it together.

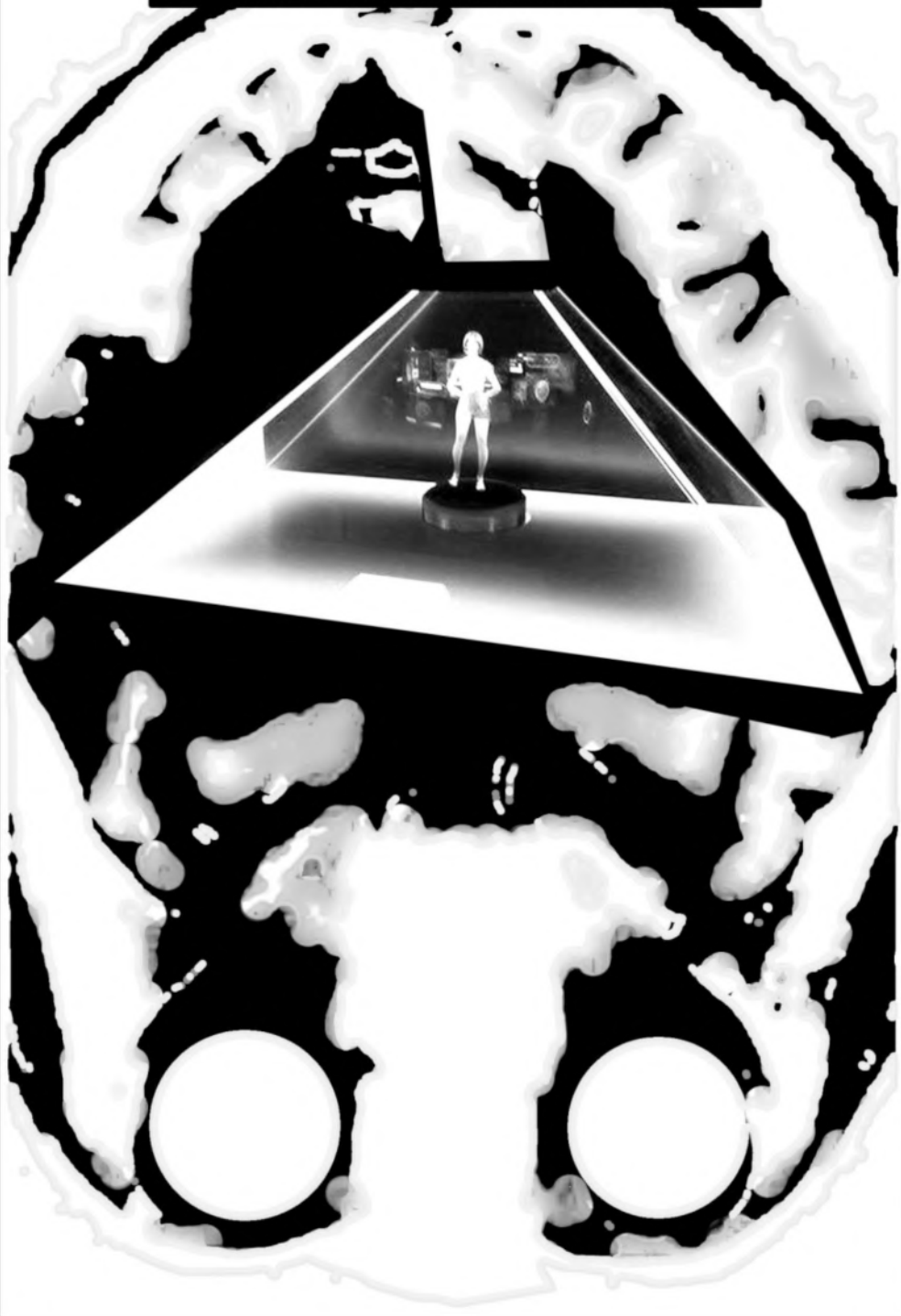
You make others what you are.
Your reflection is transforming.
The world is your mirror.

A new,
bright dawn awakens,
as you take your place,
amongst the gallery of the ancients.

As you make yourself again,
into an unconquerable juggernaut,
an unrelenting procession,
a crucible of dynamics,
a shell made solid by holographic solidity.
You already are.



18 SELF CONSUMING SELF



18 THE SELF CONSUMING THE SELF

Egg shell calcinations,
thin to thick:
from the unquenchable sun,
layer upon layer,
out to the eternal night:
!ATEN-RA!
Surrounded by Osiris,
and each breakable layer,
housing a new and unique personality,
the shadow of the self,
Saturn,
the scream of consciousness,
the will cast light through the keyhole.

The presence of the other,
peering into the void,
the self sees the self.

The other retains its uniqueness.
The poet retains the connection.
A flash lit entity broken breaks,
(the light and the darkness divided),
by ever thinning layers:

no steel beams,
no fiberglass containers,
no plastic,
no wood.
The brittle pieces separate each identity,
woven to dust by a shallow wind.

The fist breaks through them,
erupting the law.

Nuclear forces,
the heat,
painstaking bursts,
through each new layer,
tear asunder.

The light is always approaching the darkness,
but the darkness is too fast.
It's everywhere that it isn't,
and isn't has no limit.

The self consuming the self,
eating the self,
making use of us,
mastering it,
transforming it,
transmuting it,
transcribing it,
the self hammers the self.

The will is the archon.
The identity is molded.
Each forever is your weapon:
the hammer to forge yourself,
the gold and promise of the godhead,
we are the doubt between layers,
the self consuming the self.
We articulate the darkness.

Saturn is our keeper.
We direct the rays of the Sun.
We manifest the seething energies of Lucifer.
The god of light,
[surrounded by darkness],
molds the light,
and determines our will,
demonstrating our forces,
empowering our madness,
giving our access to eternal fuel.

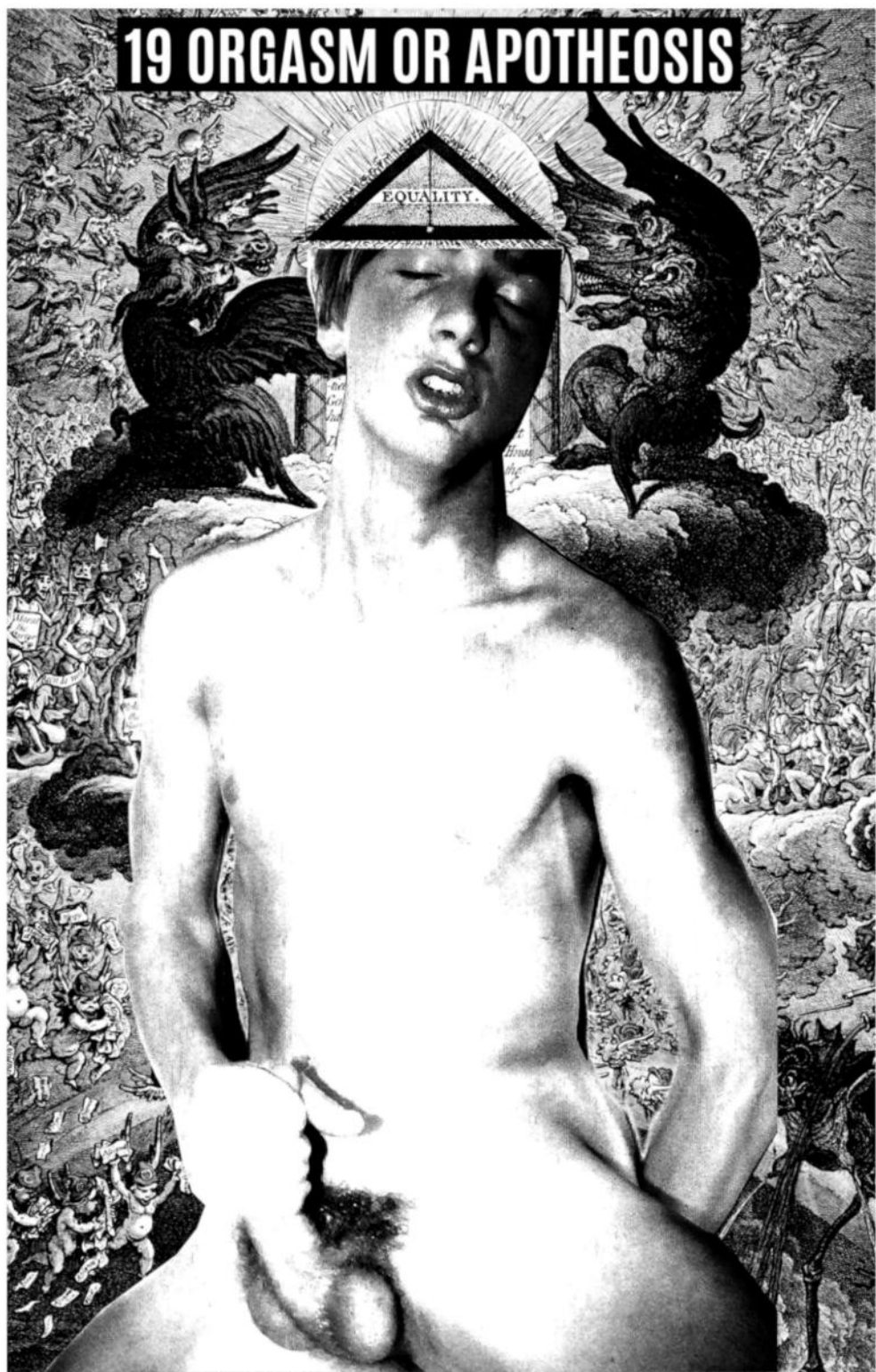
We build our selves from the light,
(manufactured),
and understand its reflection.

Saturn teaches us our outline.
The eggs are all broken.
We are it.

The self is the essence.
Keep it unto death.
Keep it beyond Hades.

Keep the self and kill death!
The self,
consuming the self,
is eternal.

19 ORGASM OR APOTHEOSIS



19 ORGASM OR APOTHEOSIS

Why are we here?
What are we doing?
We become gods when we fuck like this:
your cum becomes me.
You swallow my self.
And,
we lay on this new chair and table,
you,
seated three feet from my eye,
internal,
erect,
sitting firmly in pole position,
your spine uncoils and your chin lifts in pride.

Your arms gently cross your thighs.
They are relaxed but formal.
Your godhood is showing again.
You gather your force like a kind of sage.
You strike the pose of merciful majesty.
Your head tilts ever so slightly,
as you guide me to your destination.

You sit atop your throne,
in a perfect image of manhood,
of godhood,
of resilience,
and your body cleaves to mine.
But,
there's no need expressed,
no hole within,
no emptiness,
no lack.

There is a continuum of completion,
of noble detachment and tranquility,
so that when you do come,
it is presence and alignment.

Your lip slightly moves.
Your eye lids shutter.
Your pleasure gently cresting,
to an unfettered crack,
(the smallest moan),
and love may be ascendent in that moment.

Your orgasm is your apotheosis.
These are the moments of transcendence:
your body,
vacant for three or four seconds,
beyond your power of will,
your self othered into a bliss,
the rest of you here in my arms.
You are my christ triumphant,
and,
you're within me,
despite he'll never be again.



20 THE OPIOCRATIC CENTRAL PUTSCH



20 THE OPIOCRATIC CENTRAL PUTSCH

From a small stone,
hidden,
baring itself from behind the inferior chasm:
an eye,
a cave,
a pulsar,
projects the hologram from itself.
The madman has taken the prison.

Our god is a servant of none.
He is atoning angel no more.
He forgives no one.
He holds all power in himself.
He flies like night through the theater of the brain.
He understands the perfection of unity,
and creates synaptic blasts.
He promotes a kind of amalgam:
melting down the spoon and fork to render new arms.
The bullet is the placement of his spine,
which he shoots into the heart like an eros of hatred.
He/her/them,
the coiling snake ascends the tree.
The two serpents,
divine,
recombine/ make three,
to meet in the generation of perfection,
and swallow themselves whole.
There are winds,
snakes,
fire,
and light here.
The three become one.
The man has his way with us.
We are bound by the affliction.
Falthier kills son,
spirit swallows father.
All is forgotten in the triumph of Sophia.

We abolish the urge.
The connection is holy.
Wires weave through our blood
streams.
The flower petals absorb,
the drip,
drip,
drip of the poison,
(relieving the anxiety).
It helps us into our carriage.
It refines us.
It slows the disaster.
It becomes our tomorrow.
The serpent unwinds,
and lays across the sky.
It becomes the night,
like morphine,
guiding us into sleep,
and releasing us from our own
divinity.
The machinery caves.
A spoke in the gear,
the lubricant slows.
It massages the fears.
And,
we die to ourselves,
in the holy soma,
of great forces' reversal.

21 THEIR UNIFORMS, A METAPHOR



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They've made their haste to the once frozen waste.
birthed civilization upon the winter desert.

Tired,
worn,
wilting,
damaged,
hard,
caravans of desperate people,
faces wrapped by scarves,
skin ton and calloused,
bodies broken,
battered,
from thousand-mile marches,
trek and hike from wilderness disposal,
ventured river crossings,
of hollow persecutions.

The seas are boiling elsewhere.
The death of algae festers.
The stink of rotten tundra,
the methane pools are drawing.

They come,
the new Atlantis,
the promise of salvation,
the antiquity revived now,
the technology constructed,
from every corner,
marching,
from every nation,
draining,
the immigration,
coming,
the people are all moving,
to fill the domed and polished glass.

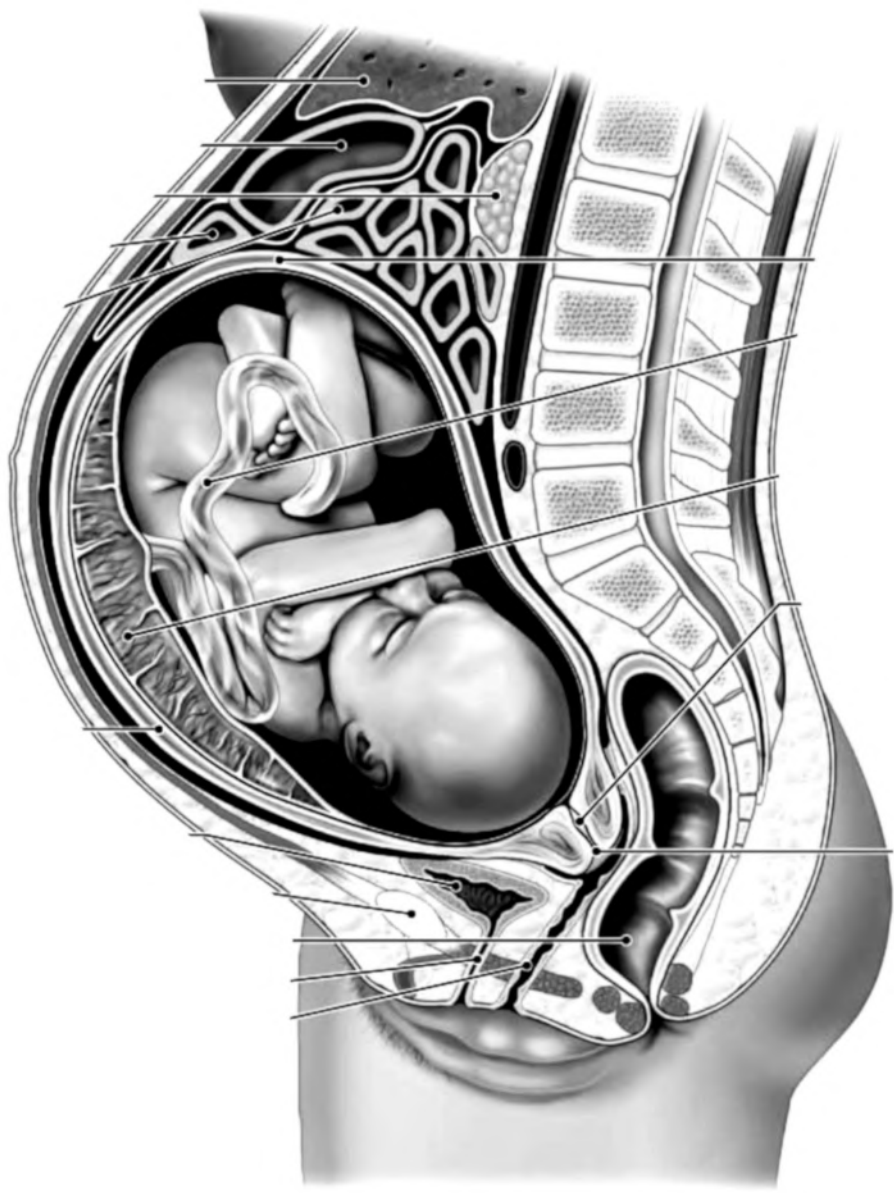
Heat cold made resistant,
the iron lungs rebreathing,
the tanks of algae swirling,
the solar convents here now,
the people trained to gear now,
the whispers have their secrets.
The gnosis is but pending.
The uniforms are sigils.
The governors are reigning.

From fifteen countries,
twelve tribes,
thirty-three base occupations,
nine assembled classes,
three immortal motives,
they'll turn the ice to mortar.

Their war will be eternal.
They'll resettle and cement here,
in the new,
final Atlantis.



22 EVER THE YOUNGER



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Death has no age.
Likewise,
the collapse has no age.
When the calendar burns,
there is no more time.

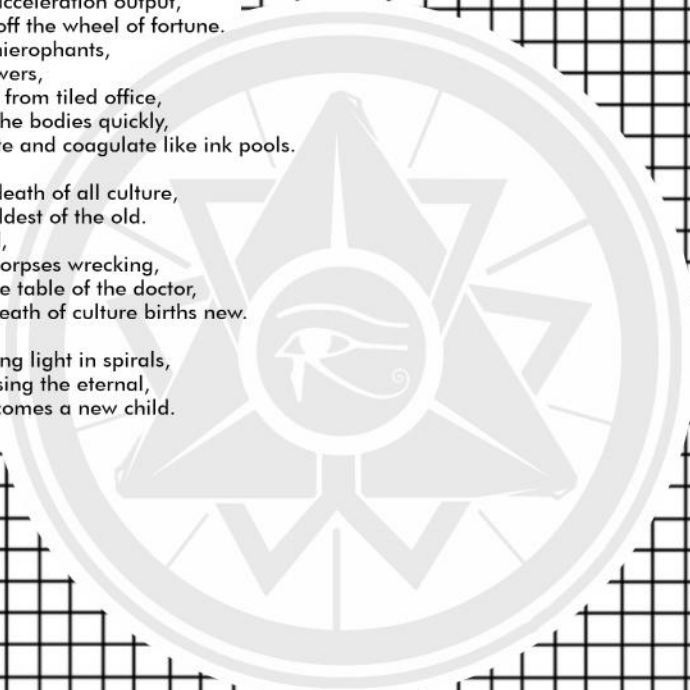
Events transpire,
but in random progression.
The memories progress,
and reevaluate the eye,
losing continually.

Ashes do not hold moments,
no inflated,
poignant records,
no hieroglyphic cyphers,
no painful,
waiting prose.

So,
when the collapse occurs,
it will be in sudden terror.
The acceleration output,
flies off the wheel of fortune.
The hierophants,
in towers,
jump from tiled office,
and the bodies quickly,
collate and coagulate like ink pools.

The death of all culture,
the eldest of the old.
Dead,
like corpses wrecking,
on the table of the doctor,
the death of culture births new.

Bearing light in spirals,
eclipsing the eternal,
it becomes a new child.



23 TOTAL MAGNETIC POLARIZATION



23 TOTAL MAGNETIC POLARIZATION

Total magnetic polarization:
a perfect,
electric conformity,
the pillars of man are displayed here,
like iron halberds and pikemen.

This is the final Atlantis,
a nation of selfless employ.
The thousands line up in their hundreds.
The people are metered like toys.

The drugs split the self and the sorrow,
no money or hubris in need,
direct to jack into the silence,
the brain ascertains as they bleed.

The people are bent by the furnace.
A blacksmith transforms a felt fate.
Hephaestus,
the master of science,
conforms the elect potentate.

Bending by the will a fire,
the person becomes like a blade.
Hammered and mastered to melt down.
Hardened like stone,
it is made.

The plan is created by genius.
The people are wielded like guns,
the cannon (to solve the climate scare),
the new ecological run.

The Earth is a generative pulse.
The scientists cut like a knife.
The people,
like magnets,
are poled.
The leaders are hidden from sight.

The unstoppable ego is all now,
the Brahmin of some new-clad fame.
The republic of Plato subverts now.
Our economists master the game.

There's no need for trade or for money,
all property abolished too.
You don't need to care if you own it,
since the perfect ones shape and attune.

In service,
allegiance,
devotion,
a persistent alchemical flame,
the plan is unstoppable sent forth,
and it executes all that remains.

It executes all that remains.

24 OBEDIENCE AND SACRIFICE



24 OBEDIENCE AND SACRIFICE

You,
like all,
will face a new motivation.
The blind are walking near Jupiter.
Their feet rest on the rings of Saturn.
In a gasoline stupor you burn into speed,
measured in deeds,
in inches,
in likelihood.
The sheik is unravelling here.
The lines and machinations of iron refuse.
Time is speeding itself,
and beyond that the intensity burns.
You will kill and die for us.
The penetrating stare,
the visage pushing in methamphetamine waves,
your hedonistic pleasure,
is the envy of fanatics.

The martyr's ploy,
is the holy suicide.
The saints will blow,
and bleed in drives,
begging for their deaths,
in sexual ecstasy,
(masturbating in the spirit),
as the bullets strike.
A hero is alive,
(even dead),
and in the end,
you never had a chance.

Forget your boring life.
You're moving towards eternity.
Eyes closed,
souls open,
fingers crooked,
triggers pressed,
a hero is a hero,
and sacrifice is grace.
Obviously,
you should die for us,
beautiful.
Aren't you a saint?





***AVE LUCIFER
AVE CHAO
AVE MATERIA
AVE ORDER
AVE SELF***