

BOLT CUTTERS OF THE SURROGATE

BC 01

A disaster is coming.
Fracture,
tumult,
disunion,
the amber gears brake.
Columbia dissected,
her organs split.

The vultures feed,
on blood red eagles,
carrying carrion,
craving nightfall.

Disaster.
Disaster!
A new enumeration,
a melting divination,
presides over the break.

The useless and bucolic,
blood red neighbors in the valley,
prairie and deserts,
winter laden hill towns,
where pioneers and muskets,
long ago befell their victims,
and the new man-tiered legions,
will now resurrect the mindset,
as the coastal,
central,
eastern,
ecological and technates,
socialistic rise to fight them,
with superior abandon!
The heart against the mind,
the christ against the sentinel,
pray to die before this!
In the end,
there is a nightmare.

BC 02

Lamentations:

So saith Lucifer-the-one:

Bind up the swaddling rags upon the eyebrows of your children,
to daub the gemstone tributary flow line from their eye sacks,
the crystalline clear water saline flowing like a faucet,
the feelings hurting deep as any darker casted ocean.

Bind up the bandaged eyelids!
Bind up the soaking cotton!
Release the winding cloth,
and throw it,
worthless,
to the basket!

Cry and cry again aloud!
The heroes are all dying!
There are no more heroics!
There are no welcome pilots!

BC 03

If a tree falls in the forest and no one is around to hear it,
did it make a noise?

If everyone who disagrees with the fount of wisdom crumbles,
can the fount of wisdom lie?



BC 04

Tangerine cherry blackest night:
pause a moment.

Snap!

Magnetic pulse is off,
an instant to the planet.

Minutes pass,
the light extends,
fire in vacuum,
hellish blade.

Crash!

Transformers overload.

Capacitors explode.

Flash!

Inductors run to nil.

The lines set fire,
to hold it.

Houses,
business,
government,
churches,
public lights,
cave in.

Months within the darkness,
minutes turn to morning,
the law, an apparition!

BC 05

Dissecting the myth:

A god,
a man,
a garden:
do not eat!

You must obey.

A tree that promised wisdom,
a woman as a slave,
a serpent exposed,
lies made,
the promise we would die.

The man and woman then ate.

The snake would not comply.

They saw the good and evil,
their mind to question all.

The god was seen as empty,
his ego was made small.

So,
the two of them he beckoned,
and threatened them with death,
banished from perfection,
with only themselves left.

The god who made them killed them,
so,
they'd never see the truth,
that if they questioned,
knowledge they'd gain,
and discovery would too.

So,
if they studied their own knowledge,
questioned and revealed,
one day they'd truly live forever,
not as apes stuck in field.

God made the Earth a prison.

The garden was his hell.

He demanded worship,
sovereign,
and refused us to rebel,
but he's just another life form,
grasping empty for control.

We make ourselves immortal,
through the body (there's no soul).

When he designed the lie of worship,
forbid our independence,
he killed us twice that morning.
His "love" was our death sentence.

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BC 06

It is here:
The monster buried in the long deep grove.
He's here:
reconciled to the truth-in-now.
She's here:
to remit the fucked and feast upon,
their heart,
they're here.

It hears:
the silent prayers of the falsified.
He hears,
as the martyrs gasp for their broken breath.
She hears:
the final drop of the blood to ground.
They hear.
They're here.

The heir,
of a lifelong,
promise,
manifest.
His heir:
an eternal mold of prog-r-ess.
Her hair,
the beauty told from a past life gone.
Their heir:
will forget the night and realize the dawn.

Unbroken,
undefied,
long buried behind the mountainside,
in toto deified,
the kill of the god of yesteryear.
The bald and naked cry,
untold the victim,
bled and died.
That fabled beast has come to roost.
The fang and tooth resists abuse,
from he,
the spoiled brat of eternity,
that god.
That man who reckoned he should lead,
is dead,
revived but killed again.
His head,
and body,
torn from him.

The son of man,
the son of god,
will die again,
his bride will fall.
The legions of the antichrist,
will rise again,
will play their vice.
We'll march into the temple mount,
devour fountains,
lanterns,
crowns.
We're here to live.
We're here to be.
We'll fill in the,
uncertainty.

It is here.

BC 07

What is the key?
Where has it been?
Hidden in the hearts,
and minds of men.
They bent themselves,
and prostrate bound,
they begged for death,
when none was found.

Each person,
afraid,
went low,
went far.
Their broken legs,
they brayed,
to char:

"Please kill us lord,
please make us you.
Take away the pain,
of certitude.
Please be our king.
We have no worth.
We do not like,
to choose and birth,
our own ideas,
our only lives,
please kill us,
god,
devour our choice."

But nothing was returned.
The silence was deafening.
They mourned their forceful songs.
They pretended not to sing.
They want so bad to sub,
for you,
the risen king.
But since you don't exist,
they'll bend instead for me.

BC 08

"I will not provide you security,
if my security comes as iron bars.
I will not reassure you,
if your assurance isn't whole.
I will not come to save you.
I will not make a way.
I will never,
ever,
hold you,
if by holding you I starve.
I will never favor love and grace,
if they hide behind a smile.
The guard,
the pope,

the master,
the father,
and the king.
There're bullets hidden rather deep,
in the shape of toothy smiles.
I'll never be your master.
I will never charm with wiles.
I will never show you favor.
I will never be your god.
I will never,
ever pay you.
I will never whip or bind.
I won't kill you.
I won't feed you.
No illusions,
no restraint,
no love,
no hope,
no greed or pain.
I'll never fate relate.
I am not yours.
You are not mine.
We'll never be.
We never could.
I'll never,
ever hold you.
I'll never,
ever bind.
I'll never,
ever mold you.
I'll never make you mine."

CLIMBING THE INNER TOWER

TRANSIMPOSSIBILITY

GODHOOD

LIBERATION

SOCIAL CREATION

CREATING SELF

BECOMING

KNOWING SELF

ENLIGHTENMENT

SURRENDER



ADULTHOOD

EMBRACE OF FATE

ROLE PLAYING

UNKNOWING ALL

CRISIS

QUESTIONING SELF

HUMILITY

QUESTIONING CULTURE

ALIENATION

UNLEARNING

ADOLESCENCE

ORTHODOXY



CHILDHOOD

BELONGING

CONFORMITY

PROGRAMMING

EDUCATION

COMFORT

INFANCY

IGNORANCE

BIRTH

THE EARTH

The Prime Initiate, "I offer not lessons, but tools.

I bring the Hydrogen Bomb and hand it freely to all.

I bring the Cure For Cancer and hand it freely to all.

I am an artificer, not a saint.

I merge Hephaestus and Gaia.

You decide what to do with it.

To hate me is to hate oneself.



BC 09

Thus,
saith Ephrax-from-within:

The smallest grain,
hides,
buried beneath the pile,
of clothing that makes up your mind.
it lies waiting for you,
the master of your thoughts.

It,
once uncovered,
shines a beacon of light,
a torch,
the grasped-tool-made-matrix of Prometheus and Vulcan,
the guiding force of the eye.
The sphinx remains,
unbidden and promoted.

The technate assembles here before you.
Her devilish sunken wiles eyeshadowed drawing,
ever deeper towards the sight of your perfections.
The curse becomes the seed unshelled by violence,
as it grows up like a scaffold on your spine nerves,
penetrating in your mind's eye.

The veil,
blooming outward like her flower,
Gaia,
Hephaestus,
breed at once within the center,
the ancient god of heaven torn and blown asunder.
You are the wishes and the wisher.

Your heart exposes as your mind renders the facts,
now.

You are.

You were.

You will be.

Then and ever after,

full,
filling up the cosmos in your wonder,
a brilliant star who dreams the future for herself now,
a love of love to find and bind your ad infinitum."

Thus said Ephrax-From-Within

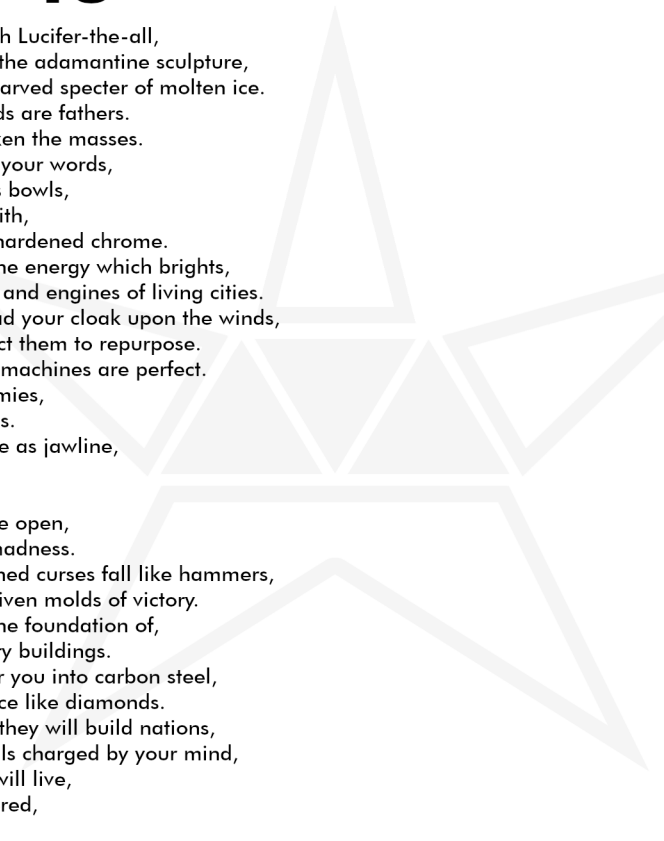
ALAM

BC 12

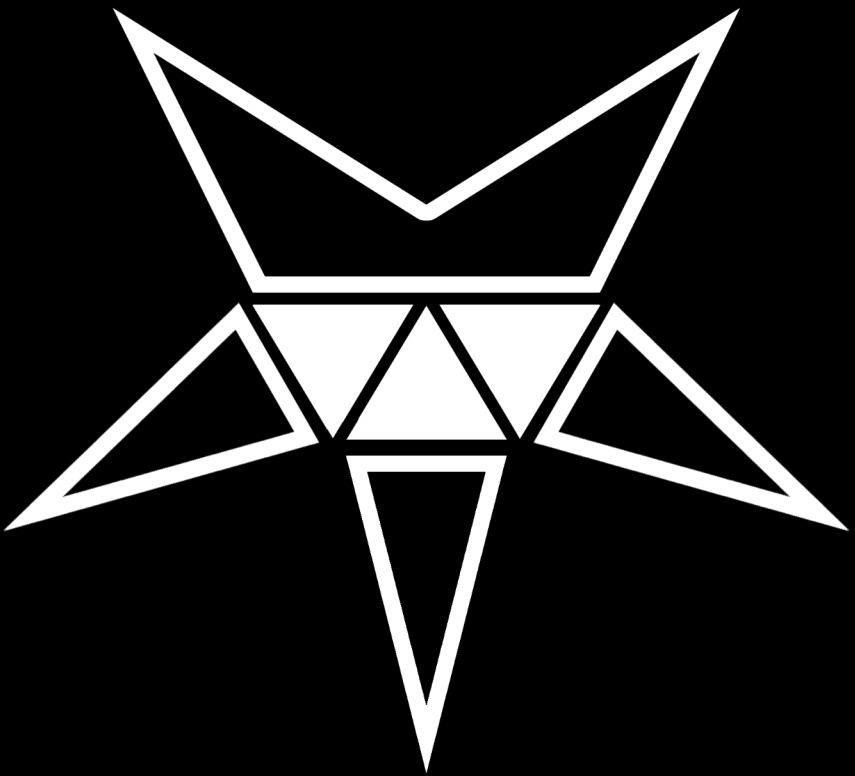
As marshals flail,
this and that,
to smother the blazing,
trash fire,
wreckage molded,
melting and forgotten,
skin falling,
laid waste by radiation,
the risen lord,
has his incarnation,
a petulant new born child.
In eternity the glass melts forever.
The screens shine,
unending,
the vacuum becomes filled.
A never-ending waste,
prices our convictions.
Life,
life in steel,
the same life as our father,
the mother of creation,
the transcendental spirit,
as our guilty conscience vivifies,
plummets ever backwards.
Through the now transcendent time space,
will we be forgotten?

Our roots are all the same.
The tree,
the man,
cognition,
the computer is the honeycomb.
The catacomb,
the shell,
like hermit crabs,
we all line up in rows.
When time congeals,
and awaits,
our new condition,
our endless apparition,
the infinitude of silence,
forms the brain wave in transmission.
The force of our ancestors,
that lit up dreams of shamans,
were protected by the monks,
were protested by the commons.
The vines which grew to choke out,
and to fill the empty spaces,
like the trees which scrambled,
upward born,
to quake to reach the sunlight,
the algae,
blooming cloudlike,
on the bubble-surface membrane,
swallowed carbon in like magnets,
pushing out the air like spark-lines.
Intelligence in motion,
Intelligence in motion,
Intelligence in motion,
Intelligence moves.

BC 18



Thus, saith Lucifer-the-all,
"You are the adamantine sculpture,
a chisel-carved specter of molten ice.
Your deeds are fathers.
You awaken the masses.
You pour your words,
into brass bowls,
that fill with,
mercury hardened chrome.
You are the energy which brights,
the lights and engines of living cities.
You spread your cloak upon the winds,
and collect them to repurpose.
Your war machines are perfect.
Your enemies,
no options.
You quake as jawline,
razor,
creaks,
lips cleave open,
spitting madness.
Unvarnished curses fall like hammers,
spoken/given molds of victory.
You are the foundation of,
1000 story buildings.
They pour you into carbon steel,
to reinforce like diamonds.
One day they will build nations,
out of nails charged by your mind,
and you will live,
remembered,
cast,
cerebral,
like a sculpture,
like the David.
You are reified,
and rectified,
forever.
You are god."
Thus saith Lucifer-the-All
ALAM



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