

1. The Angels of No-Man's-Land (Written August through October 2016)

From the streets of Aleppo
To the streets of Chicago
Guns and bombs make single moms
And take them too
In urban Sommes

When the guns were blazing
It was amazing
Brothers and sisters
Hand in hand
There to resist
And make their stand

To defy the guns
They would not run
They would not hide
They would not give
So brothers and sisters all could live

God is above
And rockets are too
One blocks the other
But God still gets through

2. Tao of Populist Wisdom (Late November or early December 2017)

Common sense
Is to tell it like it is
As one perceives it

As truthiness
As a lewd dude
Am I right?

One dreams it
There is no proof
Perspectives are objective
Subjective
Relative
Absolute

The women
The races
The men
The world
Gay, straight, and you

It's all simple
Ockham's Razor
Is amazingly clear
To you, right here
Rapists look alike
It's not that your racist

It is godhood
Idolatry
Not humility
Do not tell me
Common sense

3. The Grand Randian Man (August 10's-23rd 2017)

He is God
The man is God
Do you see him
It could be you

He is the master of his fate
You could be too
He has forsaken all other men
And is himself
For himself

The scripture he read
The sacrifices he made
To be free
To be mean
To be a deity among men

When he falls he will be strong
The Valkyries will place him in Elysium
Jerusalem will balk
Who is John Galt?

The life he drinks
Will poison him
Still, he will be strong
Not small
Never small
Compared to God

4. The Poem John 19:30 (July 21st 2017)

Mount Carmel
Her embers still warm
The ruins mighty and profound
The silence is loud
I feel the presence of Christ

I fell sick
Vomited profusely on the hallowed ground
I looked to the blue sky
The day is bright and reality is real
On the precipice of greatness

I looked around the ruined compound
There was nothing except the whole of everything
All meaning in all creation in that setting
I saw God
God saw me

I was alone
I was awake
For the first time in a long time
The painful haze of curse
Was gone from my brain

After a violent battle
A short battle to her end
Her grandeur was humbled
And she was gone
Just human
And dead

5. Soldier Porn (July 16th – 17th 2017, with tweaks later)

In the death of war
Many men want whores
I prefer poetry to gore
So I never join them
But watch in horror

The more the men are terrified
The more girls become objectified
At which I am horrified
The less human they become
Less human become women

Those men don't kiss, hug, or feel anything human
They are not human
They're hungry ghosts
Insatiable mongrels
Drones made by the devil of war

I see the chic black existentialist truth
The brilliance of fire and the eternity of death
The humanity of the inhumanity
The insanity

The sirens shriek from the gas
The feeble men crawl up the trench
To drink their communion
Of the eternal mass

Mindlessly they ooze
Into the field
And breathe their last
Satisfied
With nothing

Above them
Alive and awake
I hear nothing
But see everything
The truth
And with it I leave

6. The Break-Up Poem (July 20th 2017, with tweaks later)

Dear Lear,
Here, near me
There is nothing I have,
Anymore,
Be it all yours

Have I no lust
Except my honor
I, a fallen daughter,
Leave you with my all
Except my soul

Periphery be I
In thy eyes
And so am nothing

The world is nothing
It is the corona in a total eclipse
Not the true sun

And on my lips
Is the whole of creation
The beauty and awe
You never saw
So, my kiss I withdraw
And myself too

The world will rarely see me
It will always see thee
So have it thee
And I shall be for those who seek
I leave

7. The Little Prince (Written ~May 29th 2017)

In his royal bed
Fast asleep
His governess makes him breakfast
He is the conqueror of bread
In his royal bed

The queen kisses him on the head
And tells him sweetly she loves him
He is stuffed and sleepy
He is her baby

In their biodome Versailles
Under the Teletubby sun

As opulent as monarchy
As free as anarchy
As innocent and gentle as can be

Happy Protestant Jesus
Loves us much
And we pray every day
And thank God we're saved

This Tory life
Of toddler light
Is better than death
And better than life

8. Morning Show Sex (July 2nd 2018)

Sex

Sex

Sex

Sex

Wit and wine

Rejuvenate your life

On the wild side

Be an animal

Be a heretic

Yes

Pretend there is no

Mid-life crisis

You're doing this to be free

To be the "me"

They tell you to be

Paltrow

Paltry

Die young

From a preventable disease

That is a sign you are healthy

Uncorrupted

And pure

Are you sure

Your hours are waiting

When you pull that fatal string?

Are you sure this isn't just crazy

And you're flailing to be happy?

Look at me and tell me

Are you old or are you young?

For you're not bold and not a hippie

You're not yogi

You're just dumb

9. Parody of a Deep Poem (The Poopy Poem) (Written July 12th 2018)

Defecation

Elation

Creation from destruction

Of lunch

Such is taboo to touch

Violent end

Struggle and release

Then peace

And rest

It is the cycle of life

The circle of existence

The pretentious words I describe

Are the kind

It deserves

The returning to Earth

Of the dirt

From the girth

To the world

To the whirl

Into the abyss

With this

Magnificent end

It is sent

Like a kiss blown

To a fair maid

In haste,

It swims away

10. Scene of the Human Condition (July 28th 2018)

This city burning tonight

The bright light of heaven

And the dim firelight of hell

Converge on Earth every second

But they are most clear in times of darkness
Where light contrasts most strikingly
Out there, in what looks like hell
Is where angels and devils duel
For the rights of the souls of the citizens of this city
In a chic ballet they play and dance the night away
In their fight, in their game, their competition for men and women
This is where saints are made and plays are written
When the sins of humans are glaring; not hidden
This is the epic poem of the fall of man
And his rise through the grace he's been given

11. The Cult of Amerigo Vespucci (July 29th, 2018)

Like Koresh
Or some deranged guru
He wants you
He is the truth
To the millions

Americans
His religion
Armies and nukes
Songs and movies
All in the name of him

A Renaissance man
With plans for world domination
And immortality
He was a genius
Don't you see?

It's all clear
From sea to shining sea
This cartographer from Italy
He might have been Catholic
But he was his own idolatry

You and me
The ICBMs
This city on a hill
This Jerusalem
All hail el Duce
We are the entranced devotees
The cult of Amerigo Vespucci

12. Staring at a Squirrel (July 30th 2018)

I stared at a squirrel
He stared at me
We connected through time and space
And across species
I wondered, did me
What did the squirrel see?

It saw me
But what did it think?
It feared me
At that, I was dismayed
Unless it had rabies
Then I'm glad it stayed away

The squirrel had babies
Maybe he was a she
I could not see the organs that would tell me
It lived in the city
Alive and free
Happy that humans had planted its tree

Years ago
When natives were here
There were predators
That colonists forced extinct
So, the squirrel, today, has never known the fear of being prey
As it scavenges dumpsters
Eating and playing all day

Hey, you know it's glad
That my ancestors did that
And this squirrel will live in peace
And then our staring contest ceases
And we leave to our home species
To never see each other again

13. Stasis & Entropy (July 15th 2018)

Nothing changes
The world is stasis
As it erodes and falters and ages
No alarm can save it
No pain can make it move

The feeble creatures
Desperate to stay
Afraid to move
To do anything
Nothing happens
And it is content

Therefore time and wear
Do their work
The curse of aging
Takes its toll
Nothing rolls
It is and gets old

Decades of paralysis
The institutions remain
In stasis
Nothing can change them
Again and again and again and again
As they age and brake

The telomeres of society
Cannot rejuvenate
And I am clueless as to how long this can last
Until there is a past
And the stale air
Recycled we breathe
May be new
And this age may be through

14. Irreverent Youth (August 3rd-5th 2017)

Millennia of grandeur
Has been forgotten
Forsaken
All history, now, rubble
All that's left is illegible

The pantheon is gone
Forever
The rivers and trees
Are just rivers and trees
That's what the youth see

In olden times
The wise elders
Would sacrifice virgins
Now, the irreverent youth
With their Jew
Eschew all we knew

They threw the dagger
Into the Clyde
Young swagger
Young pride
Young radicals who believe lies

The dagger is gone
She was so fair
Her paradigm is gone forever
Cultures have risen and fallen

In a history remembered
It will die with us

15. Social Homeostasis (February 28, 2020)

Homeostasis
Stay this desperate
For the heroin
That makes one happy

Anything
Mindless
Monomaniacal and possessed
For societal blessings

Happy
Safe
Warm
Home

There are no honest men
No honest women
Nothing but this
Sweet, sweet, kiss

They will steal
Kill
Maim
And defame all opposition to their addiction

Of the homeostasis

Of the serotonin of the clique
One is in in
And is blameless to all but God if they win

Amen

Amen

Amen

Amen

16. The Harp of the Fairy (April 10th, 2019)

Hello, I am an angel
And I walk through the fallen halls
Of this grand mausoleum of souls, tadpoles, and rock & roll
The ghastly corridors where a war of warriors, glorious, and sure
Was born and died like a cyclical tide
For each generation of four years is a lifetime
A Dickensian dystopia of the rich and the poor.
All are mortal and in this eternal and everlasting kiss
Is epic and the men and women thrive and lisp
The eyes of the sinners feast on their prey
While the spirits of the helpless slowly decay
One day! They say. They'll fly away
Justice will be done
This hallowed ground where slaves were made and laid to rest
Who faded into dust beneath the lust and excess
Then the blue men, they came, and they burned it all down and atonement was made
For the dead in the ground
Maybe this school, will too, come around,
And the helpless and forgotten will not have died in vain.
And that damn field of cotton will rot and decay

For God haunts these halls and the desperate, they pray
One day. One day. One day.

17. The Lumpen of Wando (Written December 14th 2017)

The lumpen and the destitute
Of this school
The retarded and poor
In a war for life and love

Beneath the eyes
Everyone has their demise
We are but mortal
In this moment of Maya
Brief and fleeting

Seeing them in the periphery
Knowing they will die in the machine
They are not human
They are feeble and beasts
In the hungry eyes of the people

Unknown
Unloved
Alone
Who are they?
God's own

They are fodder
They are gone
May they be forever young

May they find love
May justice be done

18. The Honesty Poem (Written December 2016)

Being Cato
Is not seen as kindness
It is honesty
Defiance
And ultimately so

It is the soul of Gandhi
And the spirit of resistance
The resilience of truth
And her unending persistence

She is the mistress of the chaste
The doubter of the greats
Defender of love
In a wasteland of hate

She is a martyr in hell
In hell, she is a belle
And a bell
Like a siren in the Jordan
And the Holy in Gomorra

She is forever young
She is never done
Her soul is the light
When there is no sun
So she goes where there's darkness

And refuses to run
She is love

19. The Keynesian Times (July 20th – 22nd 2017, with tweaks later)

Between chivalry and feminism,
Feudalism and capitalism,
Were the Keynesian times
When rock and jock
Reigned the great white land

The proletarian was king
Fief of his lawn
In the great tradition, he hunted women for meat
Though, he defended his daughter as property
It was not hypocrisy
It was propriety and a test of strength

The religion was America
The pilgrimage was to Asia
To partake the communion of death
And the hymnal was porn
In the great war for greatness

Oil was blood
Blood was cheap
Land was vast and the jungle deep
Life was slow and fast and sweet
Boys were implored to cheat

The proletarian was Thor

Against whom he had made war
Blind to this truth
He worshipped Rand and Death
And himself
He loved hell

Paradise buffet of perfect Valhalla
Eternal rape and alcohol
The devil gets his due
Geckos eat roaches
Their fate approaches

The Gadsden flag of the Serpent
Flew through their lawn
The black dawn
To defend their lust,
Their blood, their cum

Posterity in undeath
In Darwinian competition
Living unto nothing
The victors reject them
And feast on their own forefathers
Who shall forever be slaves

Their greed to be king
Of their fief
Was their end
They bred the death
The Serpent that killed them

20. The Eschatology Poem (Written November 14th-16th 2016)

November Fourth
Nineteen Sixty-Six

She died
I saw her
She died

Such a bittersweet moment
In the continent
The continent's glory
The whores and the greats
Every romantic line
That was ultimately a lie

They offered me wine
I don't drink
I use every neuron to think
This is the end
It's not coming back
Save the pictures in your memory
They're not coming back

The gays
The plays
The days
Of Hays

The code that forbade love
But what fun is love if it is not forbidden

If the liberals win
There is no sin

That being human
As we knew it
In their luddite haze
They joined her fate
I ran away
Dazed and confused

Amazed
In wait
For what would be new
Watching as the nuclear rockets flew
To purge the Earth
As they always do

21. Afternoon Sidewalk Rescue (August 16th -17th 2018)

A worm squirming
Dying in the sun
Stupidly trying to cross a sidewalk
I walked by it to save it
It violently resisted
Yearning to be free
Unwitting of what that means

Struggling
Contorting its body
Trying to stay on the concrete

Failing but fighting valiantly
As I pin the creature to my palm
Cover it with my other hand
Until it's calm

Why does the worm fight me?
Why does it not like me?
I saved it and hydrated it from a stream
And placed it in mud when I was done
Out of love and affection
For that little one
Huh?

Ungrateful, it may be
At least, it's happy and free
Alive because of me
Much smarter than it could ever hope to be
For which reason it will never know
Why it still breathes and eats
I mean, it would have dried of its own accord

The unwise
May not surmise the plan of God
They might not like it
In the end,
They will find
They're alive
Unlike if they hadn't been taken
And remained

22. The Poor Escort (July 11th 2017)

She was limp
Dull and willing
Christian by culture and belief
But God is distant
In the deep factory

Acid queen of the dukes of the cathedrals of steel
No light reaches the lowest crevices of the jungle
A Dickensian playground of eternal children
Comfortable in their oppressed neverland

She knows little of the outside
Only the contours of the dorms and machines
My factory girl, my friend
I tried to rescue her
Fleetingly

I saw her as the classic stripper silhouette
An eclipse against the orange light of the fires of Plato's Cave
I cried while the prisoners cheered
This is not humanity
This is not poetry
It is an insult to sex

She is a slave
But she will never leave
For to be free is to leave neverland
She fears the light
She likes the safety of the womb
A dark and airless tomb

She is doomed

23. Tasting Starlight (March 4th, 2020)

In the wasteland of sand
Beneath the grand monument
To human might
Where he was poisoned into the eternal night
Where a thousand suns
Proclaimed their light
And not one was right
As Babel rose and fell
Arose Hell
That night
As his mistress shot into sky with lighting and thunder
The ring!
His king!
And then, like Jericho, she was on the ground
He paid the price for his drug
He got high and now he can't get up
He will die where he got high
The end is nigh
The end is nigh

24. The Alienation of a Nazi (Globalization and the Individual) (March 5th, 2020)

Alone
In a Rome
With no home
And nowhere to go

The world is one
The polis is gone
The Aristotelian town
Is now dilute and a ghost

The little mouse
Was a mighty household
In a town
That is now a suburb

The mouse has lost to Moksha
He is one in a blob
And wants to get out
To be wanted and stout

He has gone mad with lust
The devil tempts his tongue
He is weak and doth succumb
For the promise of love

25. Creepy Love Poem (March 11, 2020)

The perineal fear
Of women
Of all except the hot
A fear of time lost

Let me not be dissuaded
I may be hated
I'll make it

And make thee uncomfortable

Thy fairness is beyond compare

They eyes and thy hair

Is light so sweet I glare

Stay there

So rare

Is thy photonic ooze

That flows over me

And suffocates my air

I swear my undying love

I am aware you hate my guts

For I have dared defied my class

Alas, I don't care

Gorgeous

Regina George

Siren of the forlorn

Storied goddess of lore

Whom dresses like a princess

With the morals of warfare

It is a brilliance of the devil

He made you so fair

26. The Perpetual Ending (The Death Rattles of Liberalism) (March 11, 2020)

Every day

Is the last
The streets are silent
And the sky is green
As of the eve of a storm

Dusty is the scene
Clean and obscene
Violent and abandoned
On the eve
Of something

Yet, something never cometh
The chaos and looting
The fear and shooting is here
The riots and hiding is here
Yet, no storm is near

The world is ending
It, though, never ends
We are at peace with war
It is loud in pantomime and silent in sound
We're going down and there is no opponent

It is profound
It is nothing and everything
I am lost and found
There is calmness around
And every second is a machine gun round

It feels like pretend
Like a story's ending

Yet, there is no climax and no conclusion
There is no solution
No tragedy or happy ending, just fading away

27. The Gerontocracy (July 15th 2018)

The gerontocracy
To be forever young
To be beholden
To the olden
And never ever
Let your youth die

High school forever
Never grow
Never leave
Never see maturity
Never forgive, give, or belittle
Your clique's governance, hatreds, and fads

Never grow up
You're not supposed to grow up
The media screams
Scorn adulthood
Except for the "adult"
Grudges from fifteen last until fifty

Don't you see?
This doesn't work
This is a curse

Not a way to stay young

It's just dumb

Just run

And let it die behind you

When it tries to remind you

Ignore it and press forward

Like you're running from Gomorra

And don't look back

Don't

Don't

Don't

13. Hallway Urchin Life (December 23rd-24th 2017)

In the crevices and pathways

Hiding like resistance

The lumpen of the school

Fight the rest of society

The awkward and the poor

In the school every day is a war

Every day is the Somme

The hallways are filled with craters of bombs

Which we climb like children

Hiding from the vigilante mobs

Running like we're free

In the freedom of the bottom

Run and hide
But we are unarmed
We are martyred often
We are cheap to beat
We don't tattle and there is no price

Alone
In solidarity
Life like Thoreau in the street
Authority has never been our friend
Our friends are death and aether

We possess little
Save for ourselves
We are defiantly us
We are gypsies, we are rebels, we are punk
We are nothing
Or just above it

Endless warfare for us
There is no love
There is no kindness or mercy
You see above
Only brutality and austerity
Only blackness and death

12. The Autistic Resistance (written November 22nd 2016 with a modification later)

The Autistic Resistance
The love and fraternity
And sorority of love

Some together
And some not
Resisting for themselves
Resisting for each other

We are disobedience
Our life is a sin
So we have been told
Some will never be old
Some will never be young

A few will win
More than most
Because of their head's weirdness
Others will crash
Others still will subsist in the jungle
Of course, some will become normal
Traitors who feign

We are diverse
We are the same
We are insane
We are insane

33. The Poem of July 1st 1916 (January 2nd 2019)

Eternal day
The light of the cosmos shines upon thy breast

Death

The breath of millions
Gasp at thy mighty brawn
Drawn to a halt and turned to salt

Great learning of the truth
Of the stuff of youth
Fulfilled or wasted
Upon seeing the depth of that scene
Of the eternal and obscene

Turning men to sin or to virtue
The feebleness of humanity
On the cusp of insanity
To resist or give in
To you, my fair villainess

Take your prize, maiden
Mine eyes hath drunk thee
Thou art fine and daft
You and I laugh
For this day will pass
And you take them and not me

Lass, I leave you to lie
To sink in that sea
Thy hearth and home
To feast on thy own
While I roam
Alone
Alive

I survived thee

34. The Fields of Gas (July 15th 2017, with a tweak later)

They were alien
Insect-like creatures
In a poisonous atmosphere
In a labyrinthine jungle of dirt and ash

Many who descended into the jungle didn't emerge human
Some emerged with commotion, others lame, dumb, or ugly
One could not see many feet in front
What one did see was terrifying

I was barely human
I was disfigured and babbling
But saner than most of my compatriots
Desperate to prevent the monsters from crossing the strip
I summoned my reserves of health
And clutched the Maxim Gun in front of a hill of its former pilots

I could not see well through the gas
Only vague figures who I shot at
They weren't human
There was no idea of humanity
Just life and death like a game

Whenever I thought I would die
I would not
After years

There weren't many on the lines who still had their minds
I had mine

They were not human
They were zombies
Creepy and mad
In the grand wasteland of ash

Across the strip they were equally inhuman
With their brainwashed infantry
Of strange beliefs
Dark beliefs

Like Thermopile
Behind my single Maxim Gun
I rode the recoil like sex
And sent as many as I could to hell
As their quantity grew

The sky darkened
The black Valkyries flew like bats over my position
The light was doused in the land
Fascism and BDSM
I reloaded my gun and let out one last yell
Against the minions of hell

Alone with no competent men to defend my outpost
I deserted to save my life or humanity
Bleeding and exhausted, I saw the Nazis take Washington
Hyperventilating and amazed
Confused and dazed

This will be a story to rock the ages

35. Angel of the Flesh (December 17th – 18th 2017)

Mount Meru is Mount Denali

All Maya is nothing

And Elsa, you know

But, dear, I am Ishtar

I am life

Take my hand

Take the poison of your soul

For I assure you it is healthier than Nirvana

I love you

Because love necessitates existence

Which is pain

And is love worth pain?

Baby, just say yes

Unless, there is no happiness outside of death

But we could be happy outside of death

For there is happiness in sadness

Buddhists don't understand that

Pragma endures under duress

It isn't fleeting but is lasting

Based in spirit and is indefinite

That is love

That is a happy ending

That is survival and life

That is Earthly paganism for Buddhists
And is Christianity
So, come down with me to the land of the Tellytubby sun
And let's live happily ever after

36. The Clown Piper (April 16th 2020)

The clown
Doth rouse
The mouse
So small

The house is grand and tall
The mouse gawks
As it walks through it all
The mighty pillars of man

Sad and mad
It takes a stand
Against the hubris of human man
But it can't

Were sand rocks
And tears streams
The tardigrades would scream in fear
At the mouse but they're not

"Tear it down"
The mouslings sing
Be proud and loud and let freedom ring
A cloud of dust rises from the ground

The clown tore down the house
That protected the mouse
But made it feel small
Now the cats will feed but the mice will feel tall

37. Undeath at Molasses Creek (Written November 22nd 2016)

On a bittersweet day
In 2010
When the borders of the realm were
Unknown to the men
Or their harem of nymphs
The rubble of the war had never been cleared
It was a land of pretend
The gangs of the jungleland leech on the rocks here
God is unquestioned
Just quietly ignored
In Gomorra

The spartina cuts
My ankles and feet
Wading through the creek-side beach
To the psilocybin garden
Over the graves
Of the helpless freedmen
Who never saw freedom

God feels near
But his love is weak

I try to see
His Grace here
In ten years, it will be gentrified
And the children will scarcely remember
Those months from May to September
Of that Summer we spent here
In 2010

38. Martyr of a Truth-Teller (April 16th, 2020)

She read and read
And then became dead
In the head
And then the rest

Sandmen from the sky
Staged a coup and now own you
The world was well and went awry
But they haven't blinded you

The gurus online
Spin their lines of the truth
Somehow, for now, it's a limited hangout
The they could silence it at any time

A virus came to her virgin soil
Royalty of a kingdom of death
Invaded to take her breath
Her perfect health

The elders of the reptilians

Could not stand the resistance
They killed this women
For she was wise to their lies

It wasn't Rubella
That's what they want you to think
She was a truth-teller guilty of crime-think
She died free

38. The Line (April 16th 2020)

A fine day
In fair Caroline
To be rich and white
To be the right kind of guy

Above the lowly
The star of the show
The bully
And the night-time warrior

Before thee
Is the prize
The high
The line

Inspiration
Perspiration
Elation
Temporary vacation

A god among men
A god among women
In the sky
And then descend

Raise a glass
To the king
Of the city
My friends

Charleston's finest son
Bow before the sun
It will rise and set
But the demise is not here, yet

39. Romantic of Progress (April 16th, 2020)

Prophet of hope
Angel who cuts the rope
Of our dark fantasies
Of suicide

The philosopher of ideas
Of growing higher
Of becoming lighter
From whom I beg consolation

Hegel
My friend like whisky
In the blackness

My shot of numbness

Progress

Progress

Tell me thou art well

That thy rattles are but flutters and thou shalt wake upon the bell

I weep and plead

Be asleep and arouse

Lead me out like your child

Who fears the beasts of the wild

Thy face so fair

Thy hair

Thy skin

My forlorn heart is broken so please wake again

40. Liberalism's Genetic Death (April 17th, 2020)

Feeble people

Beneath the steeple

Of a grand Cathedral

Of creation

Built for them by idealists

Jerusalem dreamt by an Icarus

If they could forswear their sins

And live

Eden is an eternal tale

Of Babel building and human failing

The perineal tragedy

Of humanity's folly

They lust for kin

And their friends

And forget

Their commandments

Evolution

Made them

Love their own

And hate

Liberalism fell

As if humans could be friends

Its fiery end borne of sin

Was set fate

41. The Xenophobes Turned Refugees (April 17th, 2020)

In Calais and on the waves

The right and the right

Fight for their lives

To deny the other their kindness

If either were home

They would kill and rage

Against the end of the age of greatness

When their folks were great

The end of days
Of the west and the east
Apocalyptic dreams play out in the streets
Of the weak creeping around

The machine gun rounds
Hound the ears
And pound the shacks
And make the strongest men run back

On their principles
They run to see themselves
And find they aren't welcome
At the line to their hopeful abode

Alone and near the Somme
There's nowhere to go
They have reaped what their heart had sewn
Forever shall they moan

Forever
Forever
Forever
They've repaid their loan

42. Charleston Party Parable (April 17th, 2020)

Hazy daze
Days of cray
She lays on a boat
Sinking in slime

Time passes away
Memories fade and the world is wavy
She drinks herself to sleep
And is carried into the deep

The poison so sweet
This beauty of the Charleston scene
Ever weenie
Tiny in the city

The jungle deep
Creeps around her
Slowly but surely
She ekes through the swarthy

One with Moksha
Eternal and the universe
She is a girl
She is an amorphous thing

Fairies sing
Chimes ring
In the land of play and pretty
The dissolution of her identity

Awake, fair maid
Hither to me
Save thyself and be free
Or not and be nothing

43. The Rusalka Troll (Vampire Siren of the Internet) (April 17th, 2020)

Unseen

He is sneaky

Everywhere

The bear

His lair

Is in the air

And he is thy friend

And takes thee in

He agrees with thee

And gives thee drink

He has no soul and doesn't think

He is a troll

He wants your soul

To feast

He reads you and then he feeds you

He knows thy inner holes

He rolls anywhere and anytime

He lies about his name

He is thy bane and the cure to thy pain

The bear of the air

When he is done

He has won

He takes thee

And drinks thee

And you thought the devil was mean
He just tries to get you to be
He's sweet as can be
Can't you see?

You liked him
You tried him
He's heroin, now
Dare try to leave

44. The Egyptian Thrill (The Great Disillusionment of Political Youth) (April 18th, 2020)

In the square
Standing in loud prayer
Proud children innocent care
Citizens fair

Grand moment
Nothing can steal it, seemingly
A kiss of intensity
And the thrill of millions

The brilliant march
The young idealists' throbbing hearts
This is where universal love starts
And the fascists cannot halt our love

Above
Running

High and thundering
The drums of the angelic cavalry is coming

Here and there
Lurking around the ground
Is a little sound
Of the curse perineal

Of the real
That will steal
The breath from the blessed
And put to rest the spirits of the best

Hope rises and dies
Every time
Noble humans forget they are but feeble
They crash and cry and their spirits lie in silence

Benign arrogance
The belief they can defy this trend
Only to find in the end
They are not the exception

Again and again
Like sinners who crash
The dreams of the angels, too,
Turn to ash

Martyred at the lash
Defiant to their last
They gasp

And grasp the sad fact

There is no going back

There is no revolution, alas

The world is the world and that will not be surpassed

And there is no end to the past

My fair lass

My fair lass

My fair lass

Sweet grace, alas

45. Mercilessness and Mercy (Written on November 29th 2016)

Angels and hawks

Meet at the talks

The world rests her fate

In these feeble men and women

Some come to love

Some come to hate

Some come to gain

To see what they can take

Tied to the stake

Gaia waits

While the church fights

Wrong, indifferent, and right

Many are going to die tonight

Maybe less, maybe more
May be debt
Or maybe war
Supplied with ample whores

And glut
And gore
For what?
Once more?

46. Embellished Astronomy (April 18th, 2020)

An exoplanet discovered
In a dark tomb
Of a far school
By a dead student

Desperate to escape
Praying to make it
Spying a fantasy
Of a break

His death came yesterday
He is between his old and new awake
The day has been long
He is sane

Yet, the pain is insane
One day, he'll get away
He'll reawaken

And shake this fate

Seeing the screen
He dreams of the dot
And imagines he's there
Happily married to someone hot

On a lot
Farming microbes
For rich bioengineers
Living honestly and Godly living lives of pioneers

Like Lot, he'll run
To that far sun and one day it will be true
He'll defeat the demons of the dark
And make it past the moon

47. Egress of the Innocent: The Alternative Fall of Voluntary Emigration (Dec. 24th 2017)

Uncorrupted
Elected to exile
Beyond the garden
To see the weirdness

Slowly falling
Every inch is a poison
Creeping into the paradigm of lifelessness
Amazing magic nouns and verbs
Occur along this journey

They see an eternity
Of which, there are many
And they see life and death
It is a singularity
All is existence becomes mere

A universe
Within a multiverse
It is awing
And makes one wise
It is existentialist

Nothingness
Maya
What is the difference?
Nothing to one
And it is infinite
It is ultimate

Seeing it is seeing everything
It is amazing
It feels awake
And exciting
Truth
It is here
Do
Become it
Above it
And one with it

Men and women
Within sinning, losing, and winning
In Yemen
Their memories before the game are precious
The game of the forever war of the insane

Every day is the same
Competition and counting one's worth
There is no truce, it's win or lose
Clutching a gun and when one's won
There is another one to do

Ayn Rand-like thinking
Humanity sinking
Into the chasm of the depth
It's almost dead
The soul has been bled dry

The want not to die
The fight for life and against life
When are the same is a game that drains the mind
Conditioned by the paradigm of war
To only know gore and survival and with no hope of revival

Sore
Bored
Yours
Forevermore
Warlord

49. The Throne of God (April 21st, 2020)

The days of heat
In the mud of the creek
The males seek and reek
Their things of gore
They play a war for all to see
They mirror humanity
So that we may see what God sees
When we seethe with death
And abuse our breath
In horror we may gaze upon
The feebleness of us in them
The fiddler crabs battling for sex
From a dock that represents Heaven

50. The Administrator (April 21st 2020)

Makeup flaking
An authority bureaucrat
At the edge of her seat
Riots are in the streets

She is a robot
She's not hot
She's lacks thought
She can't think

Rodney King's defenders are afoot
And she's confused and uncool
She speaks to them like she's the vice principal of a school

And they scream and burn things

Inhuman thing

Has never seen the poor or their war

And makes everything more horrible

Everything she does makes it burn ever more

She gasps

She is aghast

She doesn't understand they're suffering

Or their suffering

She doesn't know they are her own children

They are something afar as far as she knows

Professionally she tries to read the script

But they are not listening

They're coming for the door

They want a war

She's not the king of this

Just a henchman

Yet, she is the overseer

And they're coming for their freedom

She's seething with fear

And she is King Lear

51. The Bunker at Versailles (April 21st, 2020)

Drinking heavily

Watching the horde

Eyes cracked and wide
Acid on the inside

The door is calm and the air is still
The sense is crawling on her skin
The air is vibrating subtly
Ever more shaking

Breath after breath
Counting every one
Every second is closer to death
The death of one's known

If there is an after it is after a disaster
After they blast her throne
And she's alone and homeless
In a slum apartment

Calmness, now
In the hour last
Gentle and with no sound
Every thought feels profound

There is nobody around
When she dies no one will hear a sound
And when she rises she will be another noun
One with no crown and one that lays on the ground

For now, she waits
She hates it
She holds it dearly

In this state of peace and fear

52. Hypatia's Last Stand (April 21st, 2020)

Two janitors
A Panther and a Nazi
Were across the aisle from me
On a Greyhound bound for Charlotte
On a highway through the forgotten
In May 2018

Talking conspiracies
And theories
They called me elite
For my PoliSci degree
Had brainwashed me
And made me believe lies

I was horrified
The plebs were woke
To my Illuminati conditioning
I reported to my dark lord on the phone
When I was listening to them
I work for CONINTELPRO

No, I was horrified because it was broke
And it couldn't be saved
My words were powerless against the insanity
Something went wrong and it all was depraved
It used to be they had Jesus and now they have Reptilians
And only the hippies did this

I thought to Plato's Cave
The chains are there but the light is not
Yet, they know feebly of the outside
They believe in Foucault-y Marx and I believe in God
Somebody told them the noble lie
And didn't show them the sky

53. Hegelian Eschatology (April 21st, 2020)

The virus
The apocalypse
The dying and the end
And the rising again

Like a wildfire
The land becomes fertile
And trees arise into the sky again
Every one a virgin

From nothing always rising a thing
A king
Shiva unto Brahma
And Jesus on resurrection

This ends with a kiss
A happy ending
And a kingdom
Built upon the ruins

Someone wins this
Kills and conquers
And walks to the top
Of the debris

Who is glorious
In the anarchy
And becomes born again
And shall forever be again

The birth of a new eternity
A paradigm of a new everything
Long live the baby king
The happy ending forever. Amen

54. Lady Justice of the Apocalypse (As She Ponders at Chicxulub) (April 22nd, 2020)

The lady, me, looked at the horizon
An angel descending and a demon breathing
It was unclear
Sweet justice and destruction
Death and resurrection

Forever
Forever would it alter
It was the wafer at the altar
The stuff of always and forever
Consumed by earth

From which is birthed
The afterlife

The greats will fall
The mice will rise
And become the new masters of the world

On the other side of this
Is the kiss between the characters
Of a happy ending
The light burns brightly coming down
That will burn everything except the small but strong

I will serenade it with a song
I cannot stay long
I must be on
And let it do
Adieu

55. Southern Hypocrisy Poem (April 22nd, 2020)

Words mean things
Sometimes
And they mean other things other times
This is known to be true
All the time
Through and through

So, a woman adorned a lie
Donned a habit and a switch
And told the children she was righteous
When she was an unholy bitch
They were all sinners
And she was the means by which

God
Yes, God spoke
She was David Koresh and with power and command
She established her throne and conquered the land
She was a sinner without equal at God's right hand
She had ten kilos of coke and twenty of porn but authority was ordained

By God
Through money
And domination
All the nations kiss his ass
He only loves the upper-class
Brandish it like him and that's gansta Jesus

God rewards the strong
And condemns the weak
He supports the best materially
Hypocrisy is strength
Spartans only cared if you got caught
That is the way of God

Honesty is weakness
So is meekness
Expecting differently of others is sign of power
Which God has infinitely
To be godlike is to be Christlike
God loves hypocrisy

Far into the depths
The stars smile nor frown
And Fortuna in her gown
Is not sought or bribed

Has she died?
At the hands of Fukuyama's promised land?
Is there yet nothing fair and only yet hot
I pray not!

Hey, this is a blot
On my heart
Reigns of glory
Of story and of art

Poetry
Poetry
Hath succumb to real reality
Which isn't really real

Reality is insanity
Without truth and without depth
Zombies are bodies without souls
The end of the inner is a living death

Dada and nada
Rawls and Derrida
They killed the soul
The Aristotle and the Rock & Roll

For which I live
That gives kisses power
And makes hours long like an acid trip
The bittersweet poison I'm desperate to sip

Nothingness
Is the horror of war
Including what those zombies crawl to fight
Thick love and her siblings written like this are the only life and spark of light

57. Hearth of the Bog (Written October & November 2016)

There was a Christian School
The flaws of the socially poor and awkward
The sins of the socially well
The virgins and the heroes
Of Grace and hell

The minister endlessly lauded the lives of the vandals and gluttons
And chuckled at their vices
In the dark hallways, the virgins bled onto paper
The minister took his paddle and made them bleed more
In an unspoken of war

Falwell anointing Trump
And damning the weak
Every week
Alexander the Sixth was Pope
And the Medici ran the school
There was no hope if you weren't cool

Take a rope
And grab a stool
At seventeen
Asked the adults for mercy
They said you were a welfare queen
And the popular kids agreed

But now you're freed
From the fear and greed
Of the Southern Gothic Jungleland
The angels will take you by the hand
Beyond unfair fair Gaza City
Is the Promised Land

58. The Tomb & The Cave (Written November 2016)

She knelt down and cried
Where her brother died
To whom she was a bride
There, she sang at his bedside

The poppy fields are bittersweet
She said
One day, boy,
We're bound to meet
We'll hug again, at last
In the Kingdom without sin
And then the past will be the past
The day that I meet you again

There only can we last,
No hatred
No class
No guns
No fight
No unending night
Just the light of the sun

I'll repent before my father
When I cross Jordan's water
Glory songs,
I will sing
I will sing
To my King

When Charon's ferry disembarks
When the light shall quell my dark
When I forswear my sinful lusts
When my dear flesh turns to dust
As it must
When all the medals of my life
Turn to rust

To be tested
To be rested
To attest to the best
Of my love

59. Sweet Discourses of Woes (April 26th, 2020)

Blood
My blood
Sigh do I
Lie I cannot

Lying below me
Is a time and a paradigm
Unknown to me
A mind I cannot fathom

Synapses fired desires and aspirations
I have never had and never will
He fought a war for them
For sin morbid he killed

He marched at fourteen at Chattanooga
With an Enfield and no pubs
For the cause of his estate and in the name of a third of the state of Kentucky
The bad third that joined the Confederacy

Here stands me, veteran of Black Lives Matter
And Bernie Sanders
Over him, a member of his religion, and someone alien to everything about him
I forgive him but that barely matters

But I raise a glass
To his sorry ass
I crack a smile and I look at the epitaph
And I laugh

Through time

Every crime
Becomes a punchline
Those of my own have, at last

60. Ode to Queen Bees (April 26th, 2020)

The mighty pyramid
The mound proudly towering
Fear of the grass and the sand
The tardigrades cower at its height

A universe conquered
By an army of ants
Trillions of citizens who prowl
The banshees howl every day

From the creek to the playground
Everyone knows who is king and queen
Mites of all kinds sing her praises
Her days are never known to end

Like Montezuma
She is ignorant of the yet mightier ants
Who wear skirts and pants
In a paradigm above

An apocalypse could fall anytime
Yet, in the minds of the empire
Everything is fine
So long as the mites are crying

The lightning strikes
The fire rises
The pounding of the hearts
And the bright light

The pounding of the forge
The Queen Regina George
The overlord
The roar

Hubris is an illusion
One moment you're Montezuma
And you've never seen a gun
And you believe you are the son of the sun

Then comes something
Horrid and gargantuan
The tributes you submitted with fear join him
And poetic justice has won, my dear, and your godhood is done

61. Psychosomatic Verdun (True Crime Obsession) (April 26th, 2020)

Lurking
Stalking
Preying
Everywhere

She watched The Bundy Tapes and became infatuated with the grimy crimes
This is a land of savage apes and she eats everything she can

Safety is ever less and she has to save herself
Chaffing in everlasting distress searching for more fear to learn

An addiction

She loves the heroin

That heroin makes her feel warm and safe

But the hangovers are painful

The rounds come over the top

Nothing will make it stop

The darling Kaiser sends the barrage

And the boogiemans are so large

When she sleeps

When she does anything

Creeps creep

With guns and knives

Her life is grief

She's going to make this brief

She committed suicide because she couldn't take it anymore

The unending war

Her fear for life

Took that life

Obsessed with death

Death won

62. Nascent Undeath (April 28th, 2020)

Gentle fairy

So fair
Leads me from despair
And kisses me through the air

Land vast
Deep, too
Creeping sweetly
Through and through

Dark realm of refined villainy and where light too gently be
Nothing to fear if you're me
The lark sings brightly
Simultaneously, while the nightingale whispers sweetly

The blue of day and the orange of night
Converge to become the realm to come
Trees tower and mansions litter
Wispy warm of eternal undeath

The temptress
The fairy
Brings me to her lair
She kisses my lips and caresses my hair

The magic, satin, and fantastical there
That I have come to make my here
Peace and war coexist here
Poisonous fairness of the eternal cheerleader

The death of fear
The death of fear

The death of fear

The death of fear

63. The File (April 28th, 2020)

Read

Hands shaking before the land

The words eternal and intense

The world learns of the sins

One by one

Like the rounds of a gun

Demons are slain and their deeds become

Exposed, known, and shown

Jaws drop

Hearts stop

Their religion is rocked

It is a lot

Apoptosis of the skin

That dies

The files on the inside

Have their veil eroded

The grossness and near fiction

Of the diction that is heard

Is absurd

This really happened

Yes, it did

The paradigm shifts
Grace overcomes the crowd
Angels sing loud

The smoke clears from the machine gun rounds
The corpses of the slain are on the ground
Whom the weakest of children may walk around
They are almost nothing now

The demons' lifeless corpses
Are curiosities
For all to see
What used to be obscene

A new world has begun
With the cessation of that gun
Justice has won
What haunted us is done

64. Baby New World (December 26th, 2018)

Above Kiev
An Angel flew
Disguised as a neutrino
Circling unnoticed
Through bellies and babies

The dogs of war were loose
Innocence was in her noose
And the acid queen of seeing was born anew
The law was dead

And people were peeing in the street

Through snow and sleet
Hurled by the mighty Black Sea
The folk saw everything
They saw the eternal and profound
Forgotten at the end of history
The survivors of the hypothermia lost their virginity

The time of great maybes
Was a baby again, destined to grow
The glory of story was their natural state
It was their home
With God and fairies and sex
The celibacy of modernity was dead

Certainty was led to her execution chamber
And doubt gave way to faith
In the streets of Kiev
Men were made saints and greats and women fair maids
The time of late is the time of hate and love
As we are watched upon by our neutrino above
Fair daughter of the God of love
Who wrought our souls and watches us play
Happy night and happy day

65. Staring at Los Alamos (April 28th, 2020)

Eyes wide
Head tilted down

Breathing slowly to the sound
Of a thousand suns

What have I created?
What have I done?
Rising above the land
The power of almighty man

The sand erupts as the earth bows before me
Suddenly I am king of the dirt
Seething poison infests me
It gets me high and also hurts

The desert is the plate
On which I eat whatever it is
She is the mistress with whom I share an eternal kiss
This is it, I'm it

I have deep awareness and profound ignorance
I am curious but I can scarcely know
Scared, I look above to the sky
To see the falling poison snow

I pray God lets me know what to do
This kingship is not my friend
I carry it in my palms with qualms
And dearly want it to end

Others dream of this heroin
Others hate and fear its addiction
I am the latter and my heart beats faster

But I cannot end this

It is my creation
My salvation and my damnation
It is my baby and my murderer
It is my student and my teacher

It is a fire
It is profound
It is my trial to see this through
To keep my soul alive and true

66. Yugoslavian Hate Orgy (The Efficacy of Fear Against Hatred) (April 28th, 2020)

Bubbling Below
Tito
A volcano
Was waiting to blow

He wrestled the cork
At the muzzle
As it rumbled
He ignored its disturbing truth

Arrogantly he saw himself stronger than the human soul
Through the gun and the camp
He steamrolled any deviance
Through the strength of his hands

Fear against hate
In love he lacked faith

“How could Grace defeat death?”

He muttered on his breath

The jackals were waiting

They had not been abated

They were afraid but not in Grace

Then the flood gates were breaking

The feeble flesh had fallen limp

Of the strongest of men of all Yugoslavians

His lesser men couldn't stop it

The walls caved in

Walls of norepinephrine

The children had never known love

They were animals who only knew death

And their hearts were sewn with dread

And death became them

Their souls maimed

The hate erupted again unphased

The devil never defeats his own when he reigns

67. The Europa Mermaid (April 29th, 2020)

Fairly and merrily

Being lazily carried

By the gentle giant

The planet

Tumbling through the water

A little daughter
In all her awesome power
Garbed in flowers and a white dress

She's never seen the sun
Her world is beneath the crust
Everything she has known
Her home and everywhere she can roam

The full range of emotions
Happy, sad, and everything in between
She has perceived within the sea and nothing more
Is it Plato's Cave, is it less, or is it more?

A universe without light
Except within the mind
And there is an eternity
Of infinite learning

When she emerges
She will learn even more
Forged by sea and the ceiling of ice
She sees what humans see but infinitely more

Introspection and pondering
Aimless wondering
Makes one wiser and kinder and a lot less boring
Like the mermaid in this poem on Europa

Like Thoreau alone
One becomes a light shone outward

By being one's own
In a whole world of one's own

68. Princess Fantasy (April 30th, 2020)

In a pink satin dress
My princess
Descends
To the end
To pretend

Elegance and pretension
Death
Death
Light
Light

Day and night
Happy and sad
The first and the last
The fantasy future, present, and past

Fated to marry me
Soothing and scary
Oozing with sparkle
And the fairest of them all

A paradigm of timelessness
Make-believe is true
If you're crazy and rich
All dreams can come true

Without inhibition
A fairy-tale without pain
It's okay to be insane
Let pretty reign
And may the world be gentle and sweet
Forever
Forever
Forever

69. Plato's Cave Poem (May 1st, 2020)

Deep within the cave
Major things cannot be seen
Nothing is gleaned
Things are things because of because

Lust and might
Conquer love and light
The meek lose their fight
And are too weak to stay alive

The swirling whims
Of girls and boys
And the pleasures lower than joy
Are the toys

Their religion is of conditioning
Not of love in their soul
Not surmised from philosophy
Not the Angels' Rock & Roll

It is learned and recited
And it may bet them excited
But it is taught words, not God's words
It is neural, not holy

Having never doubted
Having never thought beyond their abode
The sins of old are kept
They are death

Too feeble to conquer their demons
They are people with steeples that are ghosts
With no spark of life
And no sight

Blind
To their own minds
So they have no control
They will not be saved

In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave

70. A Girl Alone at Night (Junk Gory Click-Bait) (May 2nd, 2020)

Above the corpse
Of course,

Are hordes of flies
Eyes of the addicted

Unable to resist
They insist and persist like addicts
The oozing of the gore like the reporting from a war
Is their lord

For bleeding leads
They'll drop to their knees
To please the reaper of death
Deeper into the soulless abyss

Drinking poison sourly sweet
They become the things of horror
They eat from the tears and stolen years of the weak
To feed their ghastly pallets

Drifting into a nightmarish sleep
Where all they do is dream
A zombie subsisting on the screams of lifelessness
A hungry ghost without the spark of life

The light of life dims
The Victorian Gothic hymns of blackness
Drag them into exactly what they drink and eat
They become the husk of nothing from which the trees of mortality reap

The endless lust for blood
Leads to its lacking
It is a Vampire waiting for a snacking

On the other side of the screen

The obscene turns one obscene
Until one is no longer a being of full
But is a being of empty
Be wary and be light

Keep your eyes on love
For that is life
Not on none
Which is the way to die

71. The Piper of Los Alamos (Theme of a Bad-Boy Fetish) (May 3rd, 2020)

Blue music
From the runes of the labyrinth
The Sith within on his lyre
A classic creepy liar

A fire of pink and sweet and azure
The lure
Of the Ubermench
Whom you could be with so come forth

Look into his gaze
Become entranced at the end of days
Ladies and their babes be amazed
For the great hooray for the hero of the day

Raise a glass
To his brass

His confidence and common sense

His scent of power and rape

He is the definition of safe

Not the weak or the nerd

Not the God of meekness

But the god of earth

Blood, iron, and the monsters of Hell

Are the only sure ways to protect the Vestal belles

So date and elect and worship mighty brawn

The midnight sun that makes night-time into dawn

The hallow bullet of assurance

Into the barrel of eternity

To broadcast horror and terror

For all the world to see

Girls choose abusers because warriors feel safe

Yet, their fears reduce them to blood and wounds

Place faith in light and choose the sweeter

If not, your body you may keep but your soul you will lose

72. Synecdoche of War (May 3rd, 2020)

Youthful Houthis

And their enemies

Both stand

Pawns of “the man”

Animated faces curse and worse

Toward the sons of mothers
Their brothers they put in a hearse
On the orders of the Saudis or Iran

A synecdoche of humanity
Of the poor raging in war toward one another
For sides that don't send their sons to die
And deputize yet poorer men far away to be the henchmen for their sins

In Yemen,
With little water
The women, sons, and daughters dry and lie lifeless
Because of the disputed rights of the highest

A land of sand with callouses and want in their hands
With hunger and an ever younger life expectancy
With no plans to arise, bags in their eyes, and no way to climb
Out of the timeline where it is true

Despite that
The sociopathic lie and recruit
The poorest of the poor to shoot other poor
For the distant and far away's game of war

Two superpowers
Alike in dignity
Could fight directly but don't
Like in all of time the highest don't go

They kill the extras
Whom nobody cares for

Like Aktion T4

Like in all wars

73. Neurophobia (Media Fantasies of a World Without Us) (May 4th, 2020)

Neruo perfection

There is no detection of defection in our fantasies

On the screen is an Aryan world

Of merriness and fun

A Valhalla of light and sun

Cliques and intrigue

Mystique and sex

Without seeing the lowest and degenerates

A T4 of the eyes

The dreams of their demise

A world of no sacrifice

A lie we wish could be true

A soothing masturbation to a world that be not

For God hath given the world to sin

And cripples are the demons

Cast them

Anything

Nothing on TV or in film or anywhere

Keep them at bay

Far away

Make Gregor Samsa die

Please, we are trying to survive after a hard day

Have mercy on us and give them the showers
Or, if not, the next best thing
Let me see a world where that happened

74. The Forest is Burning (Armageddon begins December 17th, 2010) (May 5th, 2020)

Jumping and dancing
Tard happy
Laughs from the stands
Everyone understands
This is a small town's grand coliseum

The jocks walk through Elysium
Creeping behind is an enraged Jerusalem
They ignore Him and sing the hymns of the conquest of Gaul
Boiling beneath them is a lava of Plinian scale
Whistling through the cracks in the shale

In Mayberry
The merry hierarchy of Archie Bunker and the docile women
The hippies are few except the hippie Jew
Who will turn their Potemkin village into Yemen
Their sins are immense behind their veil of pretence

Simple lives and boyish sins
Jesus understands and doesn't condemn
He'd rather have them than the hippies of love
Or the comedians that burn their hypocrisy or expose their use of drugs
Our town of heritage, happiness, and traditionist chauvinism

The tards aren't happy, you motherfuckers!

The nerds don't see y'all as demigods

This town is going down
For the weak and the brown
Will light the streets on fire

This paradigm of frozen time
So sweet, I'm told
Because it feels old
Will be cold and blind and its survivors crying
When the rockets of hell begin to fly

The small town Southern Belle is beginning to die
Like a Vampire at the dawning light
Fighting for her life, she will slip into death
Whispering a pagan prayer to the Wiccan goddess Aradia on her last breath
And then she will die

Fair Tunisia
Now, alight
The slaves are beginning to fight
This may end tragically or not
But both sides will fight, survive one will not

75. The Holy Sling (The Order of the Clyde) (May 5th, 2020)

The Norse witch
E.L. James Bitch
Darling of *The Daily Stormer*
Her eyes on mine

My sword and her wand
My God and her pantheon
The Ubermensch stands like the Colossus of Rhodes
She is fair as an angel yet looks like a roach

I uttered defiantly
“This island is, has been, and shall forever be free!”
She screeched harrowingly
I rammed her and she rammed me

Clutched in an eternal embrace
Blood on our bodies
Hours and hours of struggle
She was magic and I was just a muggle

Yet, miracles are stronger than spells
Like Grace is stronger than Hell
An honest good-boy cowboy against a yuppie sophisticate
This is it

This muggle knight
Fighting honestly
Turned back the night
And wrought daylight

Toward the end of the fighting
Her eyes became wide with fright
And confusion
And light broke through the sky

This Household of Hamilton

Her crest and her pride
Her faith and her light
Her mighty kindness and truth and eternal youth

The Viking queen fell
Cast into Hell
The bloody blade raised in triumph
Over the lying thing

Grace and grit
Bring it
Light and love and freedom
Will not cower, motherfucker!

We will stand
We will be the last
And fight until we win
And the last kingdom will bring sunlight again

76. Robert Moses' Promised Land (May 7th, 2020)

Welcome to the grand
American dreamland
Fiefdoms of manly man
Where the stout proudly stand

Invictus and space
A richer Levittown
Their bitches
Their crowns

In their realms of hegemony
In their court of the HOA
They keep everything pretty and they keep the poor away
The kings of America

Kings are lonely
Their yards are their cells
They scream for more love
Ah, they have birthed their own Hell

Their wish for loneliness
To keep to their own
To owe no debts of love to siblings
To have a fence and a big home

Their lust for having no one
To be patriarch or the occasional matriarch
Of the few below them and owing no affection to anyone
Ends them

Drives them insane
The sweet poison becomes seething pain
They become deranged
They rage

They erupt with terror
And wage the end of days
Through suicide and homicide
And, failing that, beg to the mage for a highway out

Their kingdoms of freedom

Are their cages of serfdom
They need a way to be free
Yet, vindictive and with no means to be they curse the innocent to misery

Nationalism is a community
A sense of unity without the sacrifices of love
That they seek despite the genocide it wreaks
Yet, it shan't feed them and they will ever be weaker

Vampires drying
Trying to find
Losing their minds
They lash out one last time and then they die

77. The Retardation of Man (May 13, 2020)

Warm acid
Placidly still
In a still
Waiting to be artillery

The dogs of war
And the hawks of hell
Scream like stereotypes in a horror film
Mentally, before the rain of tomorrow

Hollow souls
And hallow bullets
Are dumb monsters waiting to go over the top
The ladies of the sea shall reap and shop

Husks of humans
Slaves of the black eternal
Hungry ghosts with nothing maternal
Thump... Thump... Thump...

Seething and foaming
Hordes of garish warriors
Brows low and spears high
The show of a thousand suns lights the sky

A brilliant choreography
A master calligraphy
Until the Mandala of the scene is lost to history
Its deepest truth forever a mystery

The light of the fire
And the dimness of her minions
Is a contrast so vast
It defies understanding

The showmanship of death
Takes the breath away
Armies of the undead
Are the dancers in an immense ballet

Listening and seeing
It beneath one
Is scary and profound
One is lost and found

The retardation of man
The lobotomy of the soul
He drinks sex and drugs and has no quality rock & roll
His edge is dulled and his wit is cold

Yet, in mosaic I see the fable old
Of Babel and Abel and the stable
The players unable to see
He doesn't see

He goes over to the road to Bataan
The road of old
The road for the old
That has been foretold and where you are forever old

78. Lost Cause Poem (The Universal Archetype of Nostalgia) (May 13th, 2020)

The genocide of a fantasy
Is a crime
Yonder want for another time
Bittersweet chimes of when times were fine

Ever faded
Fate is yet starker
Of late, the world is darker
No longer sweet anymore

Glorious wars
When girls were not whores
Except when they were with men
And everyone bent to the Lord

Then the acid Calvinist Puritans
Burned the rum, sodomy, and the lash
The fair world of vice and feigned virtue
Was nothing but ash

Garibaldi took Rome
And the Vestals and the whores went home
And there was nothing to do but moan
For our wholesome, Southern, mores

Our Mayberry!
Our Tortuga!
Farewell, my friend!
You deserve to be avenged!

The fantasyland of pretend
The blended memories of a misremembered age
That modernity is taking away
The age of the greats

79. A Confederacy of Dunces (May 15th, 2020)

Begging for sips
On his knees
Pleading for mercy
Infantile and ever senile

The rile of bile
On the road of the green mile

Burning the sharp into a lobotomy
Dumb after deafening screams

Again and again
The whip breaks him
He seethes with tears
Over his lost years to fear

Mumbling and stumbling
Around the bright toys and stereotypical childhood joys
No longer the edgy boy he used to be
No longer vivacious and free

The overseers of society have made him bend
They have brought his shining innocence to its end
As they do with many eccentrics guilty of no sins
In the bosom of Denali at Stampede Trail

He never went to prison
Yet, he always went to jail
The rounds came over the top again and again
The hounds found him hiding and brought him in

Withered from the unending fight
He slipped into a goodbye
Unable to die
He got fried and zombified

Like the saints of ancient times
And the heroes of nursery rhymes
He will rise and open his eyes

When the truth crushed to earth rises again