

Poetry Up to February 14, 2021

Poetry

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 the sky with lightning 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

Thy 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

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 sown
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

48. Game Theory Soul (April 19th 2020)

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 febleness 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

56. The Poetry Poem (Postmodernism and Art) (April 25th, 2020)

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 pubes

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 boogiemán is 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 Übermensch

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 Ubermench 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 rife 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

80. The Sorority Bunny (June 9th 2020)

Thy assets

Shall serve thee well, my belle

Thy telomeres are yet long

Thy bet is with the devil

Thy debt shall be yet called

Enjoy, maiden, these fleeting nights of feasts and mead and balls

What thou can't see

Is blind to thee

Deniability is the song

When pastures turn to wastelands

And Versailles

To The Somme

Kindly

Thou seems

Thy face of dreams

Polite and blameless

Thou art

Far from the PR that would thy fears endart

A veil of white

Of the moon's false light

Hides a blackened and rotten heart

That shall ever hear the bats

And never the lark

And thou wilt see

The inverted scenes

Of the 23rd Psalm

When the daylight in the night

Turns out to be a nuclear bomb

And the upright Pharisees

Turn out to be wrong

The power of Bikini Atoll

Is tiny compared to God

You are not a superpower

You have an hour and are the queen of a parking lot

Thy charm is weak and nothing lasting hast thou wrought

Thy collagen shall rot
And thy soul shall seep through
Ever threadbare thy skin
It will be the end of you
Your pretending will fail
And you won't make bail
And the devil shall take
His due

81. Fukuyama's Babel (June 13th, 2020)

A race of gods
Unbound by the laws
Of fable
Stronger than the road

The spirits around them rhyme
The sights are surreal
They deny that any of it is real
The skies and earth dance neatly keeping time

Beating nature's syntax

Through pure facts

Hubris is their poison

They will cower at her might

Fearless positivist philosophy

Nothing can instill fear

Everything seen is all that is here

Eeriness arises and the night envelops the sky

Finally, the spirits climb into their abodes

Into their homes

The men fight and almost die

Until Godly fairies nobly fight through the night bring forth light

The men are alright, now, and safe

They were wrong but that's okay

Forever, though, will they remember

Their days as gods and how they got gone

The flowers of a thousand years

Flow through me

As the tea gropes my throat

As I pen my testament

Nourished in body and mind

The gramophone cries as the sun rises

A battery of guns smashed the native runts,

Whenever they arose against the rose

Poor at home, I am Rome to the Gauls here

The jungles and the waterfalls grovel in fear

The coolies shovel the rubble of their homes

For them life is fast and for me life is slow

Ten years before, this was a forest floor

The temple to the local gods still stands

The land's ghosts are at large and whisper in their slow death

And awaken me in gasping breath

Gentrified and collegiate

I am a lighthouse and an eyestalk

I am a lackey of John Galt and I am Jonas Salk

I have never loved a woman and have no incentive to stalk

I am too gentle and rational to sink to such depths

Such death

I am the angel among the dark

I am the lark that slays the night

In my bright, baroque, house

I am a mouse among mites

Among the reeds and diseases of the colony

I am free and they are coolies at the end of a gun

Among the rich partiers and poor projects

Of this city,

Bombay,

The City of Grace

83. The Ballad Social Eschatology (July 10th, 2020)

The city alight with flame

Of the heroes and heroines

Reduced to zero

And therein forgiven for their sins

Atonement and purgatory

Are cyclical story

Of glory fleeting

Screaming of the mortality of unholy things like vanity

Symmetry becomes insanity

The world of lore is forlorn

For a new morn

And birth anew arises from the ashes of mourning

Disparate bricks fallen reconfigure

New figures are born

Not yet forlorn by the telomeres of slow dying

Their pride is unfazed

Amazingly again, they are burned

As men and women never learn

As each new revelation from the metaphorical Lord turns the icons into idols

And the war goes on with every new theology of the metaphorical Bible

84. Rapper Trump Fantasy (July 11, 2020)

The rappers' dream

The American dream

To fight to the top to be mean

To deck gold like a tacky king

Pickers beneath them

Where they once were

The oppressed becoming the oppressor

Is the song heard from the gutter

Rhymes of conquest

Of lies and sex

And hexes cast by masters of the earth

And a girth

“Won't Get Fooled Again”

Is the song of the perineal temptation

Of the poor waging a war to be rich

And then making their ex-soldiers' their bitch

Soldiers who sing the songs

The fantasies of domination

Who long to own the metaphorical gun

In the day they have misery and in their daydreams they have fun

Forever the sun rises and sets

And they always forget

They seldom win their sins

They just get dead without a life prior

85. The Poem of Metaphorical Youth (July 11th, 2020)

Fairies sparkle in the night

Drinking light and peeing lightning

Neon lines of brightness streak across the sky

An age is born from the night

Built is a new world

Of boys and girls

Joys and wonders unknown before

In the paradigm the lines of light drew

It's like that hippie Jew

Or when the sky first was blue

Everything was uncanny draped in the new hue

The ruse of the youth who overthrew the old

Bold they are

They made new stars that outshone all before

This is a war

Of newfangled flappers against Victorian whores

The brilliance of metaphorical collagen

Glowed like a maiden intensely fair

The burning radiance of freshness

All the world would glare

Is there burning the phony

And defending the true

The revolutionary love of every age

Metaphorical youth

86. Cocaine Thoughts: The Adults of Mount Pleasant, SC (July 19, 2020)

Raisins are lazy

Their days are long

They say things without realizing the truth of their song

They hog and believe they are generous

They hiss at the poor

They piss on their labor

And raise their sticks and whip them into terror

While they pretend to care

Drying in the sun

Souls old who prey on souls young

They roll and roll and roll

Until their rolling is done

They believe themselves full

When they are drying

They are gluttons of air without surmising

There is nothing there

They are less
They are more
They are the gentle generals
Of a private-fought war

They yell they expect more
They have given none
They are forgiven
But they will die in the sun

87. The Sucklings of Mother Beelzebub (Sirens of the Orange Orc) (July 20th, 2020)

Contorting
Horror
The scene is gothic
The creature is mad with loss

Sweet morphine caresses it
It spits stupidly, no longer pleased by his addiction
It sees its reflection
It is so far away from the daylight

Unable to fight

His dark knight

The orc of the dying

Roars above his cowering possession

He, here, is not a man, anymore

He is a pet

He is a slave

A beast of burden for an idol depraved

His muscles bound by reins

His eyes unable to turn away

His silent cries for freedom

From a cage of his own device

There is no rising for the thing once man

His eyes water for the earth again

Thirsting for the human

To be a creature of light

The orange orc

The behemoth

The eyesore

The lion of the gore

The lord of him

His master

His father

His end

Whisp

Speak sweetly on the lips

As the helpless minion fails to resist

The eternal opposite of bliss

88. Master of Universes: The Grand Illusionist (July 20th, 2020)

Serpentine Venom

The rhythm of the night

The piper of fright

The stalker of feigned light

The godfather of death

Who stabs your back and takes your breath

The horror monster of human relations
Eternal gremlin, invisible to men and women

The darkest arts of human affairs
The lairs of prayers to Rand and Levay
To make what is night appear as day
Slender Man is Billy Graham Nancy Grace says

The phantom of the opera

The mastermind of the gawk

The lure

Lee Atwater

Illusionist turning heroes into pedophiles

And raising vampires into the sky

The occultist spelbinder

The demigod of the lie

Bleeding leads

Fear and lust

Rust souls

With sex, drugs, and rock & roll

Master of universes
Leading mobs to lynch the innocent
And Buffalo soldiers off to war
Making war look like peace

And of it all
You will be sure
You are right and they are wrong
Hypnotized by the piper's song

89. Cyclical Adulthoods (The Poem of Generations) (July 21, 2020)

Little people around the ashes of a steeple
The towering universe that fell in the night
Its bells alien and its lore unknown
It was once Tenotechlan and Rome

From river to river
And sea to sea
It tied the people into a family
And now the jungle has its feast

A paradigm and canon
Of times and cliched lines
Of nursery rhymes
And magic

Exploded that night
A Hippocampus erased
A metaphorical war that razed an entire race
Like Alexandria and Baghdad each becoming ash and sand

The romances and nostalgia
Reduce to Nirvana
To be reincarnated with no memory
Just the inheritor of past lives

The children scour the ruins
And play pretend again
To reify their playground
And birth an adulthood again

90. From Verdun to Versailles (July 22, 2020)

Roaming through the wood

The groans radiate and shake the leaves

Side to side, he almost died

He stumbles toward his firelight

He will get there by tonight

Drunk with fears and tears

Young and old in his years

He barely won a war

His wounds still freshly sore

The critters shiver at the eyesore in the wood

Hordes of these men

Ghostly figures made by ghastly sin

Shuffle through the wilderness

Soft zombies with lifeless faces

Yearning for worldliness

They were never children

Those memories erased in combat

Born were they of fire and death

Animals of the dump they are
Neither the grace of God nor the symmetry of stars

They're coming home to be born again

To be made human by their wife's kiss

To be a child and to be human

To live outside of death

To take anew their first breath

91. Jerry Falwell's Coke Party (July 24, 2020)

Violence and lust

Terrorize and lure

The gluttons who want quietude and yelp for war

Who feign decency and want Jinnah and its houris

The middle-Americans of every religion

Cowering over the weak and hunting the meek

To seek a lie that they are right

That they may stand tall before God

They know they will not

Still, they can pretend

Grandstanding over the hipsters and the rappers

Long ago they did the same to flappers

Defending the heritage of gentlemen in the ghetto looking for malnourished preteens to buy

They are trying to build a facade where they are what they are not

Their crusade is a farce

The metaphorical lard

Of the decrepit fallen

Ugly except in their photoshopped publications

Living vicariously through their avatars

Worshipping the idolatrous stars

92. Decade of War (July 24, 2020)

Raised in a razing

Knowing only war

The poor children

Sleep past shells

Bells screech red

Hell bleeding out

Seething without
Light or sound or

Nothing, there is
No way out, but
But to fight dark
To burn light out

Every vice is out
Sunlight sees its
Truth now and it
Lies dying there

Everything's veil
"Potemkin" tales
Muffled wails of
Rape and death

Breathe burning
Breaths of acids
To feel a new air
And awake anew

This is a war now

We are a burning

The world is alight

Metonymic youth

93. Acid Trip to Jinnah (July 25, 2020)

Angels above

Moles below

The vultures in between

Say "Hello"

The lord of more

Comes to thy door

She is a maiden of virtue

The virtues of a whore and warfare

She pours stevia and cyanide

Into thy gullet

And clasps thy hands

And runs thee off, so fair

The sparkle of city lights

The marvel of dopamine highs

A carnival of pretty lies

A paradigm made of the mind's eye

Houris and rivers of blood and wine

This is the life of white lines and gentle sighs

Everything is the right size

The Valkyries shine to all sides

Power and wonder

Pounds like thunder

Takes thee under

To a place to lie

To die

To contemplate thy time

The slip into the wine

And blackout in the seeming high

94. Whovian Social Resurrection (July 25, 2020)

Like the oil of a menorah

The fires rage on

Ages turn and burn and the fairies whistle songs

Squealing on thistles as the folks march on

Like a train in the old west

Howling industrial progress

To the whites and reds fighting an asinine war

They hear the sounds of the rounds of the empire

The maxim guns trumpet

For the Dalits and the slaves

Whatever joys and sorrows come

It will never be the same

The flames burn and birth

From the metaphorical hydrochloric acid

A new Earth is regurgitated

Former haters embrace and new foes are created

But the sins are gone
And the virtues may be remade
The land is virgin once more
Let us make pure amour

95. The Taiga Burning (July 27, 2020)

Through the pagan wild
Child me freely wandered to see
The magnificence of the mountains and the trees
Creeks urchins and eccentric people saw me
Goths and jocks and the tribes of the rocks

From sea to sea
Silence and sorcery
Draped the great topography
Unseen by the eyes of society
The masked truths of people could be

Magic and madness
The romance of danger
The throbs of adventure

The world before the manger
Lore was true underneath the endless blue sky

Gropes, chokes, and the dark lives of folks
Went veiled and few went to jail
Things of horror and sorrow were native to the vast Taiga
For beyond the reach of Rome
What is home is home, they said

Civilization encroached like a swarm of angelic roaches
Or locusts
Eating the gangrene
Turning the green to stone
Bringing the heathens under Justinian's Rome

Sunlight shall reach every home
The streets are hourly combed
There is no alone anymore
The phone is wiretapped and the streets are safe
The world is a compound of warfare and grace

96. The Boulder (Political Inertia Poem) (Aug 7, 2020)

The boulder of the manor lord
The reward of years before
Stoutly defies the orders of its keepers
Sleeping in obtrusive nuisance
Roars and patience are wasted
It stays there
The law of the manor is old
And the lord is too moldy to know anything

The folk glare at it
It was once rare and awing
Now a facet of life
Watching the locals live and die
In the road and blocking a spring
Long ago, the elders say
People would drink from below its lobe
Without a brain yet an eternal foe
One day the law will change

And the spring will cry anew
When a revolt gives way or the lord is new
For now, the boulder commands its brainless rule

97. Moral Yin & Yang (August 9th, 2020)

Haitian luck
From darkness to light
Tearing down the devil
Winning all despite

The odds and the gods
And Justice was wrought
No good deed goes unpunished
No one freed gets it easy

At the door of Plato's Cave
The big man was aghast
He begged the stars for the romantic past back
He vowed revenge and got half

Stalking his abused ex

He cast a hex

And gave blood to Odin

And became blessed

The world and its masters

Grew wary

Of the light

Might would be right and then to all a good night

The febleness of men in both sides

As each's visions of life

Withered and died

The light took her dark bride

Yin and yang

Sang and rang bells

The eternal balance of the forces meant all was well

Well, if this was art and not a living hell

The slaves were not free

And the masters lacked slaves

Black and white did succumb to fate

That is the eternal grey

98. Dopamine Time Dilation (August 19th, 2020)

Upon the throne

Of ten thousand follicle mites

Knights and dames

Immortal fame

Rains of sepia gold from the sun and a reign of the fun of power

A fleeting hour

Like LSD lasts for so long

The seductive song

A mountain high

A valley low

Dopamine and a burning pleasure

Beyond measure

Hexes and the perplexing condition of control

Holding a staff

Having a staff

What looks for a moment an eternity of warped perception

Is shockingly transient and it comes landing

The mites in the skin are the kingdom's extent

The men and women forget it

Beyond their horizon

Is the sun's or God's and they shall be Icarus if they run toward it

99. Turtleneck Poem (Charleston, 1979) (August 19, 2020)

The turtleneck

On the neck of my city

White and pretty

In 1979

At night

The spring of art

How great thou art

Roses and farts

Abs and lard

We'd come far

The plantation bloodlines were dying

The mystique was rising

A ghost town whose day was dawning

The princess was yawning in her tower penthouse

The swamp was burning and the prairie was stunningly gorgeous

The nobles and whores and the civil war was over

Looking like Nancy Drew

Listening to The Who

Lead Belly was gone

The sweet smell of a recently finished forest fire

A Pinto named Ralph killed a streetcar named desire

What was left was a land of babies and death

A magical time of smallness before the world came

And after the reign of the wretches ended

The girl in the turtleneck tread through the ghetto

Over the ghostly death of the ethereal meadow

100. The Perestroika Poem (July 19th-20th 2017)

The light of

1964

The beginning of the end of the war

Perestroika of the South

The day the freedom came

When the roads were paved

I was a lad of sixteen

With the mission teachers

Prep and clean

Penetrating through the jungle

Bringing forth her death

Learning and money

Evolution and feminism

We gentrified them

We burned the paddle

They learned our ways

God is dead

Kant is risen

The tattoos are gone

It had to be done

We burned their gods

Like Livingstone before

Centuries of tradition and lore

Burned to ash and crushed to rubble

It is a distant memory

When we murdered the goddess

We saw her last

Her beauty and horror

Her unconquered virginity

We built London from her ash

Charleston calling!

Charleston calling!

Your dialect is ours

Burn the crossed-stars

Perestroika!

Perestroika!

Welcome to the empire!

101. Prince of Rockville (September 24th-25th 2017)

Come love

Leave

This world of vice and death

These frat boys are adults

I'll never be

I can take you anywhere

But not there

Never hit latency

Much less puberty

Stay four forevermore

I've got the key to the wardrobe

And a fiefdom on the other side, my lady

You can be a muggle or a princess

Come or stay

But I'm leaving today

I pray you join me

To escape into the endless taiga

A paradigm of timelessness

And everlasting innocence

And magic

An embellished existence

Which cannot exist outside

With angels and demons

But nothing muggle or secular

All white, black, and green

It is the true world

The world of adults is an illusion

Thy puerile mind might think otherwise

It seems mature and sophisticated

It is anything but

I'm a good boy

Stay a good girl

Let's be a royal couple of light

Come to the taiga with me

Never return to your world

Burn it behind you

Never look back

102. Non-Metaphorical Environmental Poem (August 19, 2020)

Eyes open

As the land rumbles

The memories tumble

Alarms fire in succession

Running so fast pants rip

A mudslide roars

The carbon kills

Time stands still

Again and again

The lashes keep on

Fast and thrashing

Trash surfs it

The fungi shall suck on its tit

This is it

Our karmic punishment

Subtly lying in wait

It eats as we patiently wait

At some point, somebody would do something

Yet, nothing

And the dust cloud rises as the stampede of mud rolls on

More injured each time

We believe our survival is assured

We haven't died, yet

What is death, though?

Merely a lack of breath?

Misery is death

It sucks our life like a vampire

We are told by the carbon lobby every hurricane

The waterboarding is worth the jobs

I think not

103. Angels or Aliens? (August 19, 2020)

Born on Ceres

Delicate and sleeping

Unknown to the world and of the world knows not

A daughter or a son

Not a drop of exposure

Offspring of a rare earth metal miner

Has only known a dim sun and a light land

Cannot fight and can barely stand

Yet, stands tall in their little world

An enclave, a cave, a nave of a cathedral

Drinking meltwater

Eating biofilms farmed on Europa

The seaweed of the hipsters of the distant peoples

Who live under the steeples of an immense God

Under a dome of eternity

Looking strange

Being strange

They are amazing to us and we are amazing to them

We want different things

And are ruled by different kings

Airy and airless

Careful and careless

They are brittle and gentle

They would die on Earth

Too thinly soft for our metaphorical sin

Are they angels of lightness?

Of are they merely alien

Peaceful or merely weak?

We will not know anytime soon

The belter children

104. Ribbons of the South (August 19, 2020)

A road into the abyss

I was seventeen

Between the ghosts of the Old South

A ribbon forever forward and back

Tribes on the side of the road

Tom Joad rode like this

Clouds of dust in the distance

The sounds war with the silence

And win

My exploration had to end

From cortisol to the politics of Drayton and Ashley Hall

All happened like a silent film in episodes

And then one would run into the nothingness

Into the forest where like a maroon runaway one was free

The eternally unknown and vast world

Meditative and contemplative

The world was wide

Lost in agnosticism

The mind and the body wandered alike

Wanderlust was my alcohol

The pollution paved the dirt grey

And the poor suburbs made their way outward

There was no getting away

There was no haze of days of maze

There was only tats and gays every which way

Sound vanquished silence

My side of the war was the sound and I kind of like this

Yet, also not

I am lost in the world but tracked by GPS

Not truly lost and therefore truly found

I will run away again

Into another abyss

Like McCandless before me

To a world unseen

You'll all see

105. The Hipster Sunrise (August 20, 2020)

Swiftness and deftness

Left us, the socialists,

With an inheritance

We had never had

With which we were clueless

Power is alien

To the always powerless

We tasted it

It was strange

The world was wavy

We killed our enemies

And survived the duels

We'd graduated from a life school

And came to rule

We were cool

We felt the poison and the medicine

The joy and the high

The world was a curse and a toy

Winning

Brimming with different things

A class of badasses

We didn't know how long this would last

We worked fast

Surely, it would be fleeting

We were not waiting

The future was unknown

We'd never had a throne

We'd never rocked like Rome

Corrupted or honest

God, time, and fate shall write that

We fear us

This year is

Weird

The alien is ever near

We shall persevere

106. Politics & Virginit (August 20, 2020)

Cold and virginal

Wise and rising

From the tundra

And the bourgeois poor

An orphan knowing no family or friends

The burning cold is his kin

The wilderness is his kiss

There is no difference between misery and bliss

A war-torn

Warlike

Fighter

A righteous indignant

Impossible

Unrelenting

From a world of want

And perpetual opinion

No warmth or relaxation

Icy Caucasian skin

Violent disposition

Screaming one's position

Everything is religion

Morality is saturating

Everlasting youth

Is the result

Fasting

Practicing swordplay

Following the way

Every day I pray in prayer

Political life

Breathing politics

It becomes the only thing

The only thing that matters is who is king

The genitals wither and die

The game becomes life

My life

And I like it that way

Life for God

For the poor and the war against the war

Is an opioid drug

It is every form of love

107. The Hunky Dark Prince (August 21st, 2020)

The spotlight of providence

High upon the mount

The oozing gawkers stalk it about

Mesmerized

A god of hope or desire

It is unknown to most which has dawned the fire

It has been rumored, Yahweh, the real god, says this one is a liar

That doesn't matter, he is also rumored to be busy and far away

Like the midnight sun of a nuclear explosion that assured

Safety from Stalin, hippies, and the unpatriotic unseemly

The midnight light had everything, it was a light that was philosophized as good

By the wise warlocks of the woods who sold cunning potions

The onlookers danced in unison

They become one

The charlatans had won

They could stage a Jonestown or Waco or the Tea Party Patriots

Strongmen are wanted for their safety

If they are abusive husbands, the children are safe

The metrosexual nerds are creeps

So say the daydreaming girls of the cubicles

Their bruises, those girls and some boys, increase in number

The nerds, rejected and ostracized for nothing, walk away to let them be raped

Liberalism, that hero, dies a martyr at the hand of Diocletian

And the jock, Odin, regains his throne

The dancers around the mount

Are too many to count

They are trapped in a trance

And will never get out

108. Armies of the Night (August 21, 2020)

The article of mass

The Boson Higgs

Curses the figs like Jesus and commands the universe

The power of the mighty quark

Horses and torches

Morsels of roaches

Strike in the night

With a Mongol-like stampede

Nomads disparate

Coalesce and move

A force of glacial-like oozing

From iotas so small

The horror of a zombie horde

The knights with their swords arise

And fight with valor to kill the sour marauders

But the knights cower and run

Only the sun can vanquish the night

As it rises, the abyssal black cloud disintegrates

The townsfolk are amazed and rejoice

The morsels are dead

The unkempt scary
Are nary returning
So long as the sun keeps burning
And the world doesn't turn

109. Downtown Empire (August 21, 2020)

The empire of the trees
The pleasing of the birds and squirrels
The upscale world of creatures
Jaded by murder

It was a daily thing in their lives
The streets were trashed and they lapped it up
Living larger than their wild counterparts
Yet, that failed to soften their hearts

Gangs of savages
Animals of the trash cans
Surround little mice and insects
And bring them to their deaths

Urbane, they are
Sophisticates in hourly sight of fine arts
Irreverently fart when they please
They are the kings of these streets

They look at you
And you look at them
The squirrels and birds of Gotham
Don't cross them if you have six feet

Unbound by human law
Their guns are their jaws
And they eat live prey in the sight of their children
They are the worst but the best of all murderers

They are the ultimate CEOs and mobsters
They are monsters to dine with
They are friends to die with
They are the chicest scene of the gentle obscene

110. Regina Scarlet's Last Memory (The Queen's Alzheimer's) (August 21, 2020)

Rains of sunbeams

Gleam down on a town

Cursed by the worst of the occult

Republican debutantes snorting cocaine and practicing witchcraft

In the deepest crevices of the Old South

Looking semi-sentient and possessed

Looking malnourished in a vintage prairie dress

A Southern Belle is a shell of her former self

She'd made a Faustian Bargain

And she was minion slave of a yuppie demon

The ruins of her stomping grounds

Where she was queen bee twenty years ago

Are ghostly and the abode of hipsters who know nothing of her reign

She traded life for senile insanity for a cheerleader-status

Her eternity for a single week

Her saga is coming out

It is ugly and terrifying

Unseemly and strange

There was a great state and an immense empress

Forgotten now except by the few victims who come back for closure

Its last vestiges evaporating in the sun

From the Santee to the Edisto

A universe has been but fully undone

The Kingdom of the future has come

The pagan moon is setting

The losing gambler stares into the breaking dawn

Memories of her soul are almost gone

But not yet

She tries not to forget

Tries and then the last of her soul dies

Melancholy and a single tear

For her yesteryear

Her dominance and instilling fear

Do not mourn the loss, my dying dear

Remember your strongness

The sex, drugs, family values, and blatant hypocrisy

Were glory days unsurpassed that I never had

Wither into nothingness glad

You were good at being bad

Just bad at signing contracts

Farewell, lass

Let the past be grand for both of us

My martyrdom and your crown

I'm glad we were enemies

I blow you a kiss and I will miss you

111. Seduction by Valkyries (August 21, 2020)

The floral wars

The glorious lore

Lacking whores, gore, and horrors

The romance and dance of the Satanic trance

That men fancy

Valorous hours of embellishment

To the sound of church bells

Euphemizing pure hell

As almost Heaven

Painting death as if it were life

Coping with adultery by imagining her as your wife

Pleasantly living in sin

Everyone gives in to the grand pretending

Every tragedy is a glamorized happy ending

There is nothing wrong with society

The Matrix capsules of the pages of chivalrous dramas

Of sticking steel in peasants

And calling it noble

Endlessly deniable

No one is then liable

The ugly truth

Of sending youth to kill and die

Is drunk as a lie

The lie that angels are Valkyries

And paintings are realistic

They glimpse the photographs and beg for the paintings back

Slowly, they return home, at last
To where their fantasies aren't monstrous
They end where they begin
Telling stories of righteous sin

112. The Fate of Stars (July 15th 2017)

The stars
The gentle stars
Happy pagans
In Elysium

Lost in their endless haze
Their days of nothingness
Some try to escape to something
Some do and some fail

An Etonian prison
Of Gomorra
Of being adored and more
Of slavery to Gaia

The religion of the masses
Too poor to have any other hope
Except a fleeting and distant American Dream
Of me

Some fight the demons
Others succumb to them
The power of godhood
Over devotees and the weak
And over oneself

My existence is before me
The whole world in a moment
I see the tree of life
Give me communion
Give me life

113. The Vanguard Poem (July 20th 2017, with tweaks later)

Hitler came before Odin
In Berlin, in the end
And pleaded for the Americans and British
Anyone but Stalin

The Gospels, not the Torah!

He cried

There is no light

In the twilight of the Reich

It was either life or not

The liberals would give him life

The vanguard won't

Odin abandoned him

The Americans gave him to Stalin

He threw a virgin on an altar

His own daughter

The fires of the stake

Are brighter

As they come nearer

And grow warmer

The blood he gave

Was in vain

No mercy, anymore

The war is war
Not a step to more
Humanity
Beyond the veil
Is hell

It's through
It's doom,
Truth,
Who?

114. The Road to Champaign (Set in the May 1917 Mutinies) (July-August 2017)

The wars of old
Haunt these roads
With the ghosts of many
Tadpoles and toads

A maiden may find one
To whom all will bow
How does she choose?
He will live

They will lose

Clouds of gas

Cleansed the men of sin and flesh

They had sex with death

And slept with a former celebrity

Desperate to restore her name

She was the acid queen of lobotomy

The men received her sacrament

And kept eating it

Until they were dead

I walked down the road through ruins

To the City of Champagne

Blackness and char everywhere one could see

Profound truth was written in the obscene

Rotting young men clutching guns

I had deserted

I deserved this

I learned this amazing bliss

A holy kiss
Of peace among war

Before me
Was an inheritance
Grand and tall
The city skyline
Immense expense
I accepted it
With reluctance
And was reborn

115. Lore of My Street (Summer of 1877) (August 22, 2020)

Bukra Mother
Summer of 1877
Gaslight pollution obscuring the stars
Mopping the frat party of Mars
Literates and bohemian critters
Peer and creep around her novelty

She wants to be safe and happy
With grace and her family and her pride to be free

Her on Huger Street
Using the less fortunate neighbors
She calls the N-word
For her worse chores but she feels no remorse

Her husband died so they wouldn't be free
Fifteen years before and she lauds her little money over them
She has almost nothing except pride and bullying
Queen of the block and pauper of the city

The prettiest girl of a leper colony
She is mean and lean and all the things in relativity
A faux crown is fun except when it is sad
When it is used to be bad

Her imagined world crashed
The buppies told her off
The aristocrats abandoned her
Her life burned into ash

She cried to the universe and the God who had forsaken her

Why a woman like her was cursed?

She was light and poor

The right kind of poor

She could not raise a puddle

And say it was an ocean

Her emotions drowned her

She went on and became another man's wife and carried on with her life

Her pride was broken

Her life wasn't stout anymore

She said that she was the last deluded holdout

The last devout of the Civil War

The toy kingdom of Huger

Rose and fell

This street knows that well

A mighty city made that jealous woman very unwell

Oh well!

Raise a glass to her!

Crack a smile and a snarky joke!

Hallelujah to my city and my street!

116. Contemplations on Huger Street (August 22, 2020)

Weirdos in the bushes

Lifetimes whole

Souls around me

Narrated by tragic rock and roll

The magic of life can be found there

Listening to Taylor Swift

Sipping black tea

I think to down Huger Street from me

Where the unfairness is unbearable

I stare into the overpass out my window

There is a sea of thousands of miles

My mind flies above

Meditating and escaping

Reaching the highest echelons

Becoming an eon of a person

Returning to this abode every morning

Where Christ is burning every minute

It is impossible to not see it

The Nazis and the Klan actively seek it

Yet, it takes less to be it

I drink it

I think about it

I write poetry about it

I am moving it

If ever slightly

A world of profound universes

All on this strip of asphalt

The truly mean and sweet place to reside

Huger Street, where empires rise and die

Come down sometime, won't you?

117. Princess of Kraken Mare (August 22, 2020)

Sweet poison

Take me down

Come in thy gown

Into a gentle sleep

Elegant and refined

Erudite and cultured

She was a vulture

She was a vampire and an Episcopal priestess

Vindictive toward atheists

She spread malicious gossip about every one she could find

She was intent on a life of beauty

Nothing grey or mundane

Her palace adorned with iconography

Her body as chiseled as a yuppie

She commanded everywhere she went

And demanded everyone observe Lent

She was a villain, no doubt

Yet, one with tastes very loudly stated

She took my hand

Her grace was quite grand

Across from me

At a coffee shop overlooking the hydrocarbon sea

She whispered that I was naïve

And she wanted me that way

Her henchmen slit the throats of fifty cops

She bought Gucci and the like from a hundred shops

She wanted a world with everything nice and nothing kinky

No laws and no fears as the bribed rainbows shone from the sky

Yes, she sprayed methane fountains

Quite dearly paid for and obviously also a metaphor

Where the rainbows were every day

Above the classical statues and hedgerow mazes

She was a Banana Republic debutante

Daughter of a coup general

She loved me dearly

She kept me and the years went by

Eternally my friend

She bailed me out of every scandal

We danced to Bach and Handel

She acted as my guardian angel

I am a good prince in the domain of a deranged princess

Who only wears pretty dresses

Her Gautama Prince except who she successfully never allows to see outside

Forever cursed to philosophize and never touch the world

Endless everything

Except freedom

Accept fate

And run with it

118. Silent Time Island of the Mind (August 22, 2020)

Daring Dawning

Bookworm yawning

She was an urban Secular Jew

The year is 1992

The world was filled with freshness and dew

Juice flushing coffee

As sunlight rushes the dank streets

She rises in a river of poetry

Spoken like jazz from her CDs

Silence and eternity

An enclave between the small town and the internet future

In a time and place where one may be unknown

Everyone beneath the B-list is a ghost

Guns, drugs, and crack give a hunter-gatherer chic

To the rainforest of streets

Meditation among strangers and strangeness

True peace to attain nirvana

The white noise of life is gone and not soon to come

There is no family and there is no love

The ideal abode for intellectual wanderlust

She believes she can make eudemonia in a year or two

Fulfill the deep and fundamental human quests

Fukuyama's lull between the future and the past

Eudemonia shall never come to pass

She is in the eye of a storm soon to pass

The maturity of this species

Is illusory

It is a sweet feeling yet must surely be fleeting

Juice is too sugary and bitter must balance sweet

Philosophizing in an apartment suite will be rocked

Islands are transient

Seas rise and set

And hurricanes make land wet

Open thy eyes on the parapet

Tranquility is never let by fate

The trumpets of the old empires

The hormones of ancient desires

Shall turn any tower into a trench

And any fun into Verdun

Poetry is made, my darling one, by fugitives on the run

The mind's wanderlust must
Taste the existential
The positivist wars of flesh
All shall bear lessons to learn
When the silence and veils of blindness burn

Like they're saying in L.A.

Burn

Burn

Burn

Like the a procreative chamber of motherhood

119. The Ballad of the Fruit Farmers (The Making of Haters from Babies) (August 23, 2020)

In flashbacks on the calm beach of my maturity

In the dimmer reaches of my mind

Scenes of fire, desire, monsters, and liars

Erupt for a while and fester so dire

My dear, it's taxing

Let me take you back

To the deep drawl of my first aromatic memories

Where laws and fairies were variable

Scary and nary mundane

They are stories to drink to and I tell them to you today

The knights of the night

Ghosts in flight

My childhood's frights

Flashes of light would briefly appear

And vanish

In the pagan wood and vastness

Strange and odd gods and nomads

Were common throughout the ethereal cartography

The crevices fractal and infinite

Yet, there were patterns in the human geography

I was a lad of thirteen

The queen of the ghouls

Tread in red and stalked schools like a pedophile

Undead and scarlet in more ways than one

Behind her was her strict father with a shotgun

She asked to be left alone

She took innocents to her home

And danced erotically for them

Taking them to Elysium

They returned burned by worldly acid

They went down one by one

Until a monolith emerged and became

What Oppenheimer described as the mighty one

The midnight sun and a medieval knight losing his virginity to a gun

I saw it through the trees in the night as Golgotha lit the sky

The helpless babies sucked the tit of the queen

They were zombies who bowed to her ostensible grace

Their minds were erased

Their souls bought for cheap

Their childhood magic put forever to sleep

An army of creeps

Who are nothing more

Than semi-sentient drones

Sent to fight an evil sophisticate's war

Paid for in beer and whores

Forevermore

We were on different roads

I walked a thousand miles to freedom

And like Andy Dufrene

Kissed the sand by the sea by the place with no memory

Their souls, their memory, was waning

I was remaking everything they took from me

Reborn into a life without the scars of that town and that time

Reincarnated like Jean Valjean

Still, sometimes, I see the light of that bomb but I move on

120. Trolls, Tribes, Truth, and Lies (August 25, 2020)

Whispers from the rubble

Bubble through the Marianas Trench

To the surface war in the trenches

Spooks and hoots come from the gnarly and unhuman creatures

Of the reaches of the deep

The monster we see across the strip of fire and death

With his Maxim Guns and nationalism

Feeds from the bloodsucking minions of the world below the Twilight Zone

Tribes alone and interconnected

In the Dantean Gehenna of the liquid tundra

Angels of the sun and stalkers of the hydrothermal vents

Arising from light or chemicals

From white air or red magma

The alive and the undead

Meet in the sky above the earth and the earth beneath the sky

Conspiracies and tabloids scream for execution

The sober cry for mercy and reason

One screams treason and the other dares the gallows

Cato will die for righteousness and Alex Jones will lie for something else

It is on lies that honest men rise, die, and rise again

To be defeated by hell and then to conquer that very sin

To slay the slaveholder of Plato's Cave
To bring forth the light of day and briefly win
Yet, however, brief, irreversible
Always incomplete but still inches are taken

This is the story of women and men
Of minions in deep caves and their masters all depraved
And lies and disingenuousness from the moment of metaphorical Genesis
To the end
It is amazing, bloody, terrifying, but we, the angels, always win

121. The Collapse of the Pillars (August 26, 2020)

Scribbles on the pavement
Ripple across the internet
From a basement
Alone and with amazement
It commits a holocaust

Lost in the waves of fast days
A haze of smog erupts from the farts of dogs
Hiccups from an army of zombies

In unison

Eerily haunt the night

Wanting and fraught

With the confusing machines humankind wrought

They fell into a hell of terror

And were saved by a charlatan

They felt safe again

He made the world small

He was the magician who defied the grand hall

He spoke truth to power

And made cower the scoundrels

He was the bountiful man of the land

From a complex science

To a simple truth

Fears become understandable

And small

John Rawls and McDonald's replace the grand halls of the Western Canon

The villages secede at their charlatan's call

The peasants declare their freedom

They declare “You have no right to dictate us!

Or tell us how to raise our children!”

The scientists aghast watch the peasants return to the past

Brave new world

Afraid of *Brave New World*

The children, the boys and girls

Build their pretend societies

Eschewing the intellectual Jews, as they say

Dying in droves

Corpses by the roads

I see the pillars of giants

Lying like the fallen Colossus of Rhodes

The bitter mothers with pitchforks in their abodes

They raise the flag of freedom

They spit at their imagined oppressors

Foucault masturbates to their dying children

This is the end of the end of history

History was a virus and became a literal and metaphorical plague

Days of rage

The sane watch in terror

There, let by God

It is unfair to all

The fall of the pillars

122. Black Paltrow Poem (August 27, 2020)

Ghetto mother

Her eyes full of fright

Her day full of night

The world has been conquered by the Knights

So say the forbidden wise

Farrakhan and the god of Jones

Explode

And make explosions everywhere

The world of the mundane becomes a storybook of juice

Of earthquakes and outlaws on the loose

Glued to the untrue true crime

His hand reaches through the screen
And sucks her life through the LEDs
Mesmerized and enthralled
She becomes a thrall to a Viking master

Monsters and stalkers
Fear is an opioid
The world slips and the ship sails away
Ahoy, fair island of cray!
Bring me hither to thy bosom to forever stay

Dazzle and orgies
Dark lords and deep fjords
Mountains of poop and gnarly spooks
Owl hoots and garbage chutes
Shootouts by the town square
Flares are better than cold
Young minds quickly turn old
The serpent of deceit turns white and grey matter to mold
A zombie has been made from the ghetto mother
Now, unable to muster political power to rise

Within the confines of the People's Temple
Where the world is simple and daddy is thy nipple
Bedtime lore of a war at the border
Is tantamount to Alex Jones
And we all know how that story goes and there will be no swift intervention

In her awakening
She was wasted
Eternally made into a thing a slave to amazement
Chained to her own basement
She will never be free and she will never break it

The very freedom
For which she thought for
Which her grandfather fought for
She cannot be there for and therefore
Is a rotting zombie for a bourgeois overlord forevermore

123. The Saga of Dualistic Mass (August 28, 2020)

Axions vulture

Lightning strikes with immense thunder

The engines of the chic black expanse fire

And the hum and rumble of power rise into the sky

Like the midnight sun of a nuclear bomb

But dumber

Dementors in flight

Ruffle the breeze in the night

Too high to see

They are like a sea of slight things in the sky

Pretty to the unwise

Rapturing easy maidens and men of sinful inclination

They promise vacation when no one is around

Yet, their sound to the mind's eye is like ten thousand machine gun rounds

Rousing into demigods all who be proud

Into a whirlwind of meow

Unseen to all and seen to all

Clean to the authorities and obscene to the angels

Mean to the weak and sweet to the well

They are the tuxedoed doormen of Gehenna

The lords of all men

Weakly interacting massive particles

The dark mass of horror

That punish good deeds and terrorize their doers

The discrete ruse of dangling maybes to adult babies

Those who choose and lose and win

See the fire of fire and not of the sun

The thrill of firing a gun

The dementors whisper to everyone

Tasting the love of acidic cum

The poison of the soul

Masters of galaxies

Yet, not of the multiverse

They own the town but not the land

They are the eternal bad

They are dark matter

124. The Sequel to Hope (August 30, 2020)

The fickle joy of fate

Gate to the meadows of Cackanye

The birthday party of the naive

Announces herself with whirls of pastel maids at Mayday

The world was ever gay

A stout, noble, lad was I

Whose eyes witnessed 2008

The magic of Iowan villagers

The hipster eccentrics beneath them

All would join in Joyous Jerusalem

Fortuna dabbles in Schadenfreude

She is annoying like that

She giggles like Regina George

And gorges on the metaphorical fat

She is an impossible brat

Glistening dew

Was pervasive through the late night

It tickled our eyes with predictions of dawn

Alas, the light was false

Overcast was the day

Not black

Not white

Yet, the eternal way

The melancholy and the gay

The everlasting grey

125. Ode to William Buckley (On the GOP's Return Home after Trump)

(August 30, 2020)

Crusted wonk of the Elysian Era

The American Rembrandt

The self-deluded Immanuel Kant

The oafish clown in a Tuxedo

As eloquent as Romeo

And with the same end of a week

Arguing tirelessly against the weak

A giant of speaking

As he lost history

He reincarnated again and again

Purging his face of sin

Political death is no match for crafted breath

The breadth of a mighty river

The shameless feigned morals of an unrepentant sinner

He stood like a pillar

Everyone pretended he was serious

He did too

He was a fifth-grade class president

As were all of his groupies

Yuppies in ties spilling “I didn’t do it”-maturity lies

Wise enough to outwit the unwise

He was the best you had!

There is no back to return to!

Let it burn behind you!

Let your past and madness cross the Jordan in either direction

And we shall ensure your political resurrection

126. Curse of the Angels (August 31, 2020)

Demons in legions

Sweep across the sky

As the plebs lie

And the volcanic gasses of earth rise

Awing and tall, entrancing and dancing

The awoken adorned in roses

Warn the laying rows of folks

The folks turn their heads weary

Cranky, they turn them back

Pleasantly in REM

We, the standing, see the beast feast

Their human prey complacently waving

We are powerless as the sepia flowers

Spend their final hours floundering in stasis

It is a horrific amazement

Old memories of the old world

Of a small town of boys and girls

Gone now

All that was human blew away

And the survivors are busy and far away

Praying and slaying

The minions and the hedgerows of the maze

Until we see Beelzebub's haze

And raise our stake above its chest

And put the fire to rest

We are cursed to be awake and also blessed

We are drained of life and nearly dead

Yet, our flame of life is all that's left

Between the plebs and everlasting death

Our blazed trail is an ocean of red

We are the angels

No one understands us

We are the unpopular and loathed

Guardians of love

We stand up against the cries supporting the beast

We are the sweetness in the blistering heat

Join us in eternity

See the light

Endure the pain to inherit the right

Let wrath smite the ghastly Norse

And lead the world into amour

127. Parties of the Damned (September 5, 2020)

The fireworks show

Of the low countries

Ignoring the dykes about to burst

The thirst of the land

The triumph of mankind

That man is blind

His hubris making him miss the alarm lights

As the gears of nightmarish fear turn

And the beginning of the end begins to burn

The creaks of failing fail to get further than the eardrums

Hums buzz and omens fly

Amsterdam is dry yet
Benvolio is running to Romeo
But he hasn't gotten there yet
The fairest of times is being let

It is a sunset
A beautiful death
A sweet last breath
No one turns away from the piper's lead
As the countryside's crevices begin to bleed

As the gales wail at Dover's Strait
The line goes from early enough to too late
The silly Dutch have signed a contract with fate
The end is amazing and just plain wavy
A Biblical end for a bunch of babies

The living swim to the shore
And then go on to pretend
Their sins didn't lead to the gore
They keep on partying
Tempting fate once more

128. Pantheon of Demigods (September 6, 2020)

Demigods

Of the parking lots

Skating and mating

And hating their fellow tribes

Bribes made in wives

Lives made and destroyed

As rage and lust and the ravages of rust

Play as Fortuna's minions

Cliques rise and fall

Lore and mythic lies do likewise

Shamen get high

And women are playthings for the kings

The way of ways

Of fair days

A teenage wasteland of 1999

Watching Columbine on AOL

Gentle knights and the softest belles

Tread upon the serpents of Hell

And submit to them, as well

White kids in a suburban cell

A world between times

Between the rise of sex and its demise

When “hot girls” were a respectable way to describe fair maids

There is a chic and retro romance to all of that

Carefree days and careless men

A world to be blazed for shameless sin

When the feminists and hipsters gentrify their town

There is a romance, too, to how it all went down

Empires dominate and wither

Barbarian nomads emerge and fade

Boethius wrote of the wheel

And I watch the players play

Day and night

Darkness and light

Spar and take turns

For all the world is birth and burn

129. Creepy Platonic Poem (To The Regina George of my History Class) (September 9, 2020)

Ionic columns flank the cave

She sees a hunchback and is afraid

He has spent his years upside down

And the first face he sees is a frown

Elysium loves no cretins

Shrieks of terror erupt

The vestal virgins are implored

And from afar is King David's Lord

He lends his hand

She cries for the UDC

The Grand Imperial Knights of the unday

Please gods make me feel okay

The fires of 1967

Concentric circles of unheaven*

In undead salvation rescue the maidens

Suburbia save her soul

Elvis made gold from coal

Blues into rock & roll

A poodle from a mole

An armistice from a foxhole

Horror and martyrs for valor

Bring me my First Bull Run

Let me stay in Apollo's sun

Fend off the Hun

Come Verdun

Come Verdun

Come Verdun

Come Verdun

*unheaven is the dimension of Hell, arguably the primary one, where one lives materially well as the soul dies. Where one pretends it is Heaven and where it is superficially nice. In this particular example, it alludes to white flight in concentric circles around an urban core. They want a veil of morality in a

pleasant suburban community while ultimately building their family values Mayberry on both overt social sins and vice-ridden hypocrisies. This is one of the few times I spell out what was meant to be analyzed.

130. The Mighty Grey Sky (Crisis of the 3rd Century) (September 12, 2020)

Yonder ponders me

As the morning doth come

The sun beneath the rim

It was cracking and the paradigm was about to begin

Four Thirty AM

For some, this is when

The counting begins

Diocletian had wrestled and did rend it

It, the empire fleeting and ill

Gaul and Palmyra had balked at it

Armenia was lighting the torch of the morn

From which was heard the burning future horn

Roars of stomachs

Rumbled in the dark

Fearful hearts beg for a hastened lark

Eyes glued east for the safety to start

Mars and his horror

Stalked every nook

The acid sand of Stalingrad was plastered across the land

The birds and fairies had gone raving mad

Only a tyrant, it was said could keep the night peaceful

It is a lie all strongmen sell

To tell you only a felon can stop a war criminal

And the lesser evil still leads you to hell

All will fall

Little will rise

The wisest man from Hippo

Carefully did write

All will die in the night

Place no faith in the race ending tonight

He won the crisis of the century

It was a playground rumble and he won the fight

Comes a light as the sky is now grey
That will burn the earth into a brilliant day
Steadfast forever, come what may
Many kings have claimed they have the power to stay

All have given way
Gold is shiny flesh
Photons don't decay
One is false light and the other is the day

131. Biotech Gods (The Streets of New Santiago) (September 13, 2020)

Yuppies with purse puppies
Navigate the penitente
A master race of arrogance and NPD
Movies and TV and shares
Glared at them

Cocaine floating Elysium
The streets of New Santiago
The white labs of Hellenistic stone
The iridescent creatures that built this new Rome

The perinneal throne of all silly men

The black boils of the deep

Where the creeper creatures seep

The feast of the tractor beam aliens

Who invaded to be made immortal

Lords of their kind

Fermented infrared algae of the fair European tropics

Make a nasty night of white flashes and violent highs

In the midst of their roller-coaster ride

They became alive and they die at the same time

They zombify

The tycoons of Europa

Like all pioneers who had found virgin oil

Boiled in the endlessness

They had surrendered to the deep siren's kiss

Conquistadors freezing in their awe

The valley girls in an eternal mall

Always get lost in their dazzled walk

They forget their lives
They stomp forever staring and mute
Ever pale ghosts in ever worn shoes

132. Dear Pestilence (September 23, 2020)

My love of ages
Forlorn and despised
From which the Decameron rose
Poison rose
Holes in rows
Misunderstood woman
Like witches made to burn
Thy life is sweet and replete with kind murder
The spoiled lads and lasses forgot the lashes
Thy cry loudly as they turn to ash
History forgotten shall revive
And as the zombies arise again
The lies of pseudoscience cower before the roar

Of Gaia mighty

And are stuck down by lightning

The metaphorical and literal Jews of modern science

Brought mother nature to her knees

Sayeth the seers of the reeds

We need return to the Earth with humility

And not dominate her

Democracy is new

Chemicals are, too

The simple folk blame the sophisticate few

The literal and metaphorical Jews

And metaphorical Egypt shall be plagued anew

Frogs and blood and tsunamis come

And January 27 breaks dawn while the weak run free

And the sun makes the bloody lawn bright red

All of the Illuminati Resistance cells are dead alongside their victims

Measles planted her sword and placed a crown on her own head

Fine queen of the undead

Titania of a winter realm

Plato's feeble captain at the helm of what was The Carpathia

America

And beyond

133. Choosie Susie (September 27, 2020)

Society, in her finest metaphorical corset,
Sought a (chuckle) dashing lad of soutness

Proud and loud and soft and meek

Dominant and weak

She poured through the magazines week after week

Forlorn and distraught

She ideated a fate

She would date a philosophical concept

She poured again, this time through textbooks

For her Platonist ideal

The power of the pen

She wrote her revenge against a world that had denied her

By making alive an incorporeal (cough) gentlemen

Of perfectness and perfection

Like Jesus except a bad boy

He went from a dream of a girl to a dream of a world

She demanded he be real and that she had a right to feel

Raptured by a dark prince, safe and slightly afraid of a beautiful man

Like utopian socialists, she, possessed, rioted for his existence

Ten thousand women gathered at Trafalgar Square to masturbate to a mere idea

Empires fell and legislatures burned
Civilization went down as the girls wouldn't learn
Love from want and lust from storge
They kept getting hurt but were incapable of grasping
Pavlov's lessons of the past

Hungry ghosts forever
The is no end in sight
Their eyes are filled with hunger
The sky is filled with night
This is the future and there is no dawning light

Porn is everywhere
All is hot and nothing is fair
Dr. Frankenfurter makes toys of boys
And the girls have all fun and have no memory of joy
The dildos conquered the candelabras and Isabella lost Alhambra

The quest for death
When nothing is rare
A billion flickers of light
And not a single one doth dare
Everything is unfair

134. The Reification of Poetry (September 27, 2020)

Burning excrement from the Oort cloud
The sight of cocaine snorting in the sky
Rises the peasants and princes alike

It makes the townsfolk lively
And the dirt roads razed with metaphorical fire

Psychosomatic yet true
Stampedes and bleeding like a Mongol Horde
It may as well be the second coming of the Lord
The land roars and revolutions ensue
Can anything not be more true?

Magic begins as fiction and becomes flesh
By virtue of people's wrecks for lives
In the mess they see order and in order to survive
They write poetry
And the poetry is true

The human condition is a fiction that arose from ether
On the plains of Africa
It went from zero to one
Nothing to eternity
In a handful of babies
The madness of rabies

The realm of mystery and maybes
Pantheons of sex and virginity
Our species is imaginary and a mere fairy tale dream
Of innocent and terrified and orgasmic screams

Like a corporate sole
The soul is borne of no
Yet, lives a full existence
Myth stays not fake
Fate, lore, and more all our story make

135. The Death of a 1990's Classical Maestro (October 14, 2020)

Rivers of serpents
Coil through trees
Seething as the eerie eels of the countryside
Spooky and frightening
Lightning hits
One, two, three
Fires ignite and dogs hide in fright

Where are the noble knights of our lives?

Clouds tower high like Babel

And like Babel they fall

And through all of the gore and war I see

Of the collapsed empire of Rawls

It was said long ago the future would have concerts of grandness for all

Knowledge would be awesome every day

Tea and chess and gentleness and the band *Yes*

Yes!

History slept

Captain Piccard was left

Plays, Gays, Debates, and Amazingness

Hubris is always unwise, my friend

These trees were once buildings and serpents once streets

The jungle retook this nook after everything became senile

And after a while everything became mean

I am screaming

This city was the imperial seat

London or Rome or Peking

Clean and shining

It died one night and never returned like all greatness, it burned

Democracy and science

We stood on the shoulders of giants

Centuries behind us and blazing ahead

Now, ahead is dead and the giants fell like the Colossus of Rhodes

Roads of highways of thought

Slipped into rot as humans attempted godhood

To become parking lots and metaphorical malls

The questions of men and women had not been truly resolved

Fukuyama

Sagan

The future

The future was amazing

We had slain the monsters of darkness and feebleness

They revisited us and this time they came to win

They became the strippers that drew men and women to sin
Sweetly gave us the sweet poison with which we ended like Eden again

Dancing and prancing

Fancily rousing and arousing

Dull acid through the witchcraft of the motel

Made a cigarette butt hell from a once stout man

He felt the light of fire be brilliant

And in the brilliance became dumb

The young skin and youngness of the slut whore

He was reduced to another drunk soldier who fucked her like the millions in the war

The future of chrome sank into a deep despair

Mold and rust and the corrosive fires of the worst human lusts

Of rage and hatred aged it and the maid of our age was a waning high of cocaine

She was no longer fair

Groaning anemically as he weakly went down, the giant did

The fair reaping angel in her white gown

Gently unveiled his funeral shroud

And led him into eternity, quietly, and softly forever

Giants die and rise

The wise know they are but mortals

And surmise from a more ethereal truth

And that dies not and is the stuff of eternal youth

136. National Mistress Poem (October 27, 2020)

Eyes closed and in formal clothes

Her hands clutching a voluminous rose

Crisp and young laying between the columns of mighty Rome

Her home and her abode

Her altar at which she goes

Gentle and little whilst intense and gargantuan

An angel guarded by an electric fence which the boys try to scale

Most will fail but the few who glimpse see the immense sense of it

A religion of one defended by guns

A national myth of romance and a deified sun

She was sweet in life but in death she is loud

She says more from her crypt than her lips ever could

She says what her masters ventriloquize and takes on another life

The metaphorical wife of the nation's god

She's really fucking hot

Her ghost is meant to be stalked

To draw men into killing and dying at her altar

Trapped by her beauty and enslaved to her grace

The power of a still and lifeless face

She is the mistress and the master of humanity's races

Hate and love
Mix and swirl above her
Burning lust and rusting souls
Gothic opera and rock & roll
The warmth of a friendly embrace of a fair maid whose body is deathly cold

Lie with her
Live with her
Die with her
Rise with her
Join her in sweet undeath

137. Line of Wildfire (October 25, 2020)

Poisoned by nostalgia sweet and stinging
Stout and proud beneath the ever grey and pale clouds
Loudly belching the anthems serenading their approaching vampires of doom
Their Jerusalem is being encased in the embrace of an earthen womb

The faith of the old deities is made undead
Before the warriors of gold who bow their heads
Still young but whose eyes see the encroaching mold
And whose rose is crying but in death shall remain bold

The act of dying is violent and silent
It roars with emotion and whispers like sweet foreplay
It cuddles like the night and burns bright like the day
It is a grand march through a magnificent arch

Trumpets herald the entrance
Of great men into a mere trance
From reality into romance

It is tragic and magic and ecstatic and fantastic

It is the nightingale and the lark
As men become legend
Yet, become disbelieved in
Jupiter and Odin become art yet are dead still

Dressed in their best
Ghosts in the finest attire
Poetry of the dead in their transition to metaphor
Forever white with an imperial laurel on their head

As the ancient generals wished for immortality
The fickle fates chuckled and gave them their reward
Behind the gates of an Elysium where they are stone
Frozen like Pompeii lies the might of Rome

Tears and breaths of power
Are let and drawn in this sacred hour
As the sanguine life is devoured
And from the ashes shall arise a flower

A flower from the compost of muscle, heart, and brain
Nursed by the gentle rain and swaying softly
A testament to the once mighty reign that yells to the stars
Away, my love! Away!

138. City of the Damned: Homage to Shackleton (December 6, 2020)

The rolling hills of the asphalt grey
Jerusalem's beacon from the virgin soil
Tempting boys with her charm and fairness
Like drooling dogs, they toil and toil

They build their wives from wires and polymers
The fire of their burning desires to be the conquerors of Mount Doom

The heroes of men and women
All but children whom prey for their seeds to bloom

Kowloon Walled City is a canvass for the mind
Create whatever world you see fit, be it greedy or be it kind
The moon is for the daring, for the caring, for the very fair, for the maligned
Hippies and yuppies shall compete for the prize

Shackleton City is the Wild West
A Vegas for the best of the worst
For runaways and fugitives and outcasts
It is an asylum for the damned and a land where visionaries make their stand

The eccentrics and the broken thieves
Living by what they believe
The veterans of the vigilantes
Reading the Lazarus Poem and leaving for their messiah

I arrived here in my youth
To find my own and the universal truth
I am couth and uncouth
For the dreamers and the condemned, I live

Hallelujah! For the refugees!
Hallelujah! For the criminals!
Hallelujah! For the runaways!
Hallelujah! For the city of the damned!

139. Diary of Sinus Roris (December 12, 2020)

Riding her ATV

In the sea of whiteish grey

No one around

No sound to dissuade my meditations or hers

This is the new Earth

The endless pines and prairies of my childhood

Died in my adolescence

I kissed them goodbye and swore to see them again

Here I am born again

In my New Jerusalem

Fears of rape and murder

Trashy suburban sprawl

The dirt had died and become fried

Between formaldehyde and a shopping mall

Nothing was sweet, bittersweet, or romantic at all

I wanted nothing more but to see her again

My innocence and my silence

Where the screaming faded to sleeping

And fairies slew the alarms of fear

Where I could fall into the arms of a dear friend without hesitation

The open regolith without monsters or ghouls

Nothing but how God built it

And no one's a loser and no one is cool

On the kissing abyss of Sinus Roris

Silence roars and dust whisps

The fair maiden riding her stallion

Through a world unknown

We have built new Jerusalem

We have conquered Rome

We are home

Along with our emotions

And nothing to raise our hairs

Writing poetry under the eternal and infinite black

Sinking and slipping into the fair

Nebulous expanse of the new and unpolluted

In the fair bay of dew

The lair of the rueful

The abode of the truth
To be alone with one another
In a state of eternal youth

140. Humans at The Sepulcher (January 31, 2021)

Two holy men
Brimming with sin from their eyes
Who shame women for their hemlines
Boil with anger

Not far from the manger
Treading closer to danger
Their fists rise
They spit and throw fits

Over a ladder
A rotting shard of wood
The idolatry at which children's blood is spilled
And for whom the nationalities' idols have their gullets filled

Monks throw hits
Blood splats
Nations' fires rises into the sky
The arena of retarded frat guys having a fight

Have they forgotten?
I believe they did
Do they believe God truly wants one guy to win?
After one falls and the other barely stands

Those around sigh

They are hypocrites
They curse a pilgrim for her hemline
As I'd expect at this putrid cesspit

Long beards defend a dead tradition
The living God is an abstraction
The nation feels more alive
The lines of mortal sin are drawn and fought for

By holy men.
By holy men.
By holy men.
By holy men.

141. Supplicants of the Borg (February 6, 2021)

Red, blue, green
Mosaics eternal pour pseudo-maternal affection
Through the screens
Sirens of the deep piping seductive tunes to induce sleep
The runes surround the altar of the TV and the devices
You and eternity meet there, so innocent seems such an mundane vice
Myopia infects thee and thou art bound to stare
Thy soul seeps through the screen and into the devil's lair
There, there, now

The couch is a mighty altar
Upon which the goddess's feast lies
The soul through the eyes into the wires dies

Arises a zombie

Nay...

A vampire

Beneath the spell of a hellish bitch

Suckling of the borg

The Zuckerberg

The learned and the ignorant

Become the devotes of the great goat

No life

No light

Just fire and char

And an altar slab for its gullet

In the forests of Mississippi

I saw the ghosts of the laptop and the TV long before they were there

I never thought I would see them again

Alas, the undead have arisen anew

Inhumanity is a body without a soul

It is hardcore pornography and not whole

It is forged by those born in Plato's cave

And not the cathedral of the multiverse, the grandest nave

That altar of undeath is the cave

The screen and the screams is the shadowy wall

The world of no dreams and nothing but meanness

The mother of the obscene and all that is unclean

1. The Strand A Year On

(May 27, 2020)

Oft do I, on mornings brisk. Whisk my legs and pull them along. To the songs of the sirens and the gulls sweetly serenading the Firth of Clyde. Where the pride of my household and the light of my God were defended on the line by the sea. Richard Spencer and his Odinist army, rose with masts with the curses of our pasts to reclaim the land for nastiness. Clashes of steel and iron of Angels and Valkyries, warriors for the love of peace against warriors for the love of war, roared into the sky as thunders heard from Forth to Skye. Cries of babes on hillsides, abandoned by their mothers, were stolen by us and baptized. Raised to avenge their near demise, the sparkle of life shining from their eyes. Shouts of joy and wonder arise from them.

Spencer and his men climbed the glen again and again and almost did they win. A sun dog appeared, like at Milvian Bridge, and the tide of the scene turned. The might of brawn and the brawny gods outdone by the meek and the seemingly weak. A full week of exhausted fighting as the sun rose and set on the river.

The fairies chimed every time one of the valiant of the other side slipped into the Clyde and died. Spencer saw the verdict and was left to fight, his gods saw him as lightweight as he couldn't force fate against grace. The stars of Mars would lose to ours and Fortuna was outwitted. The Völvas cast empty spells in a last effort to avert the coming bell.

The rains of Hell set forth like the plagues of critters and blood. Omens of the things to come. Spencer lifted his sword, too proud to stand down, he deserted and left us to contend with his flock. We sent them with him and said that we did win and if he wanted the Lowlands, he'd better think again. I walked where it happened and felt safe in the womb of this household and land, where love made her stand and arose in grand triumph over those who would not have her. This sweet beach on the Firth of Clyde, where life was defended and death was held back. Love is sweet but it can attack.

2. The Maiden on The Strand

(June 13, 2020)

Maiden, lay thee on pebble beach as the sky cries and the sea dreams. The night has died and the stars go to sleep. Seeping and creeping is the light from the deep. Limp and weak art thou now, for granted taketh thee this peace. A war was wrought, for years was fought, the tears of mothers and wives for the lives of their lovers dropped here. Now, all of that is asleep and thou art sleepily awake. The breeze whistles and the thistles sting and all things placid so much that one may hear the distant angels sing. The howls and moans of times gone are etched into the archeology, they may be deciphered and their story may be told.

Wounded and dying groaning like toads, a symphony that Lucifer, himself, drank with glee. Are still whispers but are but whispers in this abode by the sea.

3. The First Day After

(August 25, 2020)

In the praise-house, yonder miles on. Marion County South Carolina. The empire of Rome, where hedgerows made property lines, propriety was gentle and evil, and things were nice in the ways of ways. Arose a gay. No world would save him. It was the Summer of 1995. His lover clandestine. They would meet in the midst of the night. Shielded from the eyes of society by a whitewashed wooden wall. Abandoned at the fall of Dixie. Where the freedmen were first free before migration took them to the

cities. Rotting wood. Bumps in the night would knife them in this backwoods country. Silence and deftness let them do this. In the praise-house by the creek. Preachers suspected. They would look. Death stalked the nook. Hour and hour and hour and hour would flounder in an ocean of dread above their heads. If the future would come soon, if their noon would not be midnight, then all would be alright. Time is an unkind mistress. She knows the future and doesn't let us taste it. The first steps of emancipation are never the last and those who take them live in the past. They took the step like the freedmen before, they have yet to see LBJ. Today is the first day after the Civil War. Confident their descendants will see light, they huddle tonight, society has made it barely alright, and far in the sky coming down ever slightly is the time when their people will have more.

4. The Ghost of Westmoreland Bridge

(August 25, 2020)

The ghostly Victorian maiden remained in the mansion overlooking the Ashley River. The stars gathered, the cars passed her, they glanced at her. Withering ever more. Once a mighty queen at whose feet mercy was begged. Her empire forgotten. After her queendom was a large martyrdom and she was a saint and a legend. Today, she is a vice. Nicely, she greets her now equals. Feebly wishing for a middle-class life and a normal apartment but she will never have it. The descendants of the bukra and the pickers piss at her grave when they remember. They ask for her wifi password when they don't. Beaten into submission. Her ghostly amygdala lashed into acidic mush. Her body is a dog being mused. Weakly, her voice is pleasantly making conversation, hiding her past, but if she ever got the chance, she'd retake France from the Jacobin. Ergo, forever will she seek pity for God will not grant her mercy. Nostalgia and pride are her capital and as they die so she becomes a pathetic thing, like a hungry ghost, eternally seeking that thing of which she is enslaved to. She was killed by lead, risen from the dead by the UDC, and brought to her ultimate end by nonchalance. There was a little rage but mostly forgetting and rot.

5. Liberal Angel of the White South (August 27, 2020)

One the eve of the revolution, in the year 2010, as the arches of civilization just began to cave in. The

cheer captain for the Fighting Hippos doubles as a barista, telling stories to her adorers. The customers trickle in and listen to her words. They are enthralled by her gorgeous glisten and spellbound by her curse. Her words flow like a mighty river and a gentle stream. Softly she speaks with eminence and immensity. Worlds unravel and eternal judges pound their gavel as she pounds their hearts. Neural trees shade the hamlet into dark in the Southern Gothic wood. She is the guardian angel of all that is good. Always relating the folkloric Arabian Nights of Americana. "This campus" she says "has philosophers and believers in flying saucers and aficionados of Julia Childs, Nirvana, and Chaucer. Gansta rappers and police officers. I am the friend to all and I rend Saul into Paul. Come hither, and I shall do this to you all" Ethereal and enigmatic, she is the light in a dark attic. The hippocampus, the College of Hippos, has won eight games this season. Their cheerleading squad is the top of their game. The captain revels in her fame.

As the thalamus goes insane, the dams break, and the hurricane rages. Anyway, her queendom is a kingdom of light. Her sword is bright among the uncanny frights of the sidelines. Like the ladies of the night and the horrifying seeping from the deep pines. Between the pellagra and the Jim Crow, there is only stale air. A sweet setting for a story and a horrid place to dare be. She is among the last heroes of the old and the first of the new. The last of the grey and the first of the blue. As the decade of grace and wrath rends a fire the likes of which are yet unseen. The wildfires will burn the chic of the neural trees and douse the magic therein. The lore keepers and vintage cheerleaders that manage to survive will revive the seeds again. For all of the beauty devoid of any of the death. All of the spooky with none of the horror. It will come on a soon tomorrow. The universal friend, the eternal angel. Raise a glass to the impossible lass. The best of the future and the best of the past.

6. Joan of Bordeaux (August 28, 2020)

Frightened in the backstreets of Bordeaux. With nowhere to go. The soccer mom drinks merlot. She screams at hallucinations of the moors. Whores and wine will not be outdone by houris and hashish.

This proud nation's sins will remain godless and French. Who is worse or better, she knows not. She doesn't believe in God and she has just abandoned Foucault. For in the backstreets of Bordeaux, that's how bitter mothers roll. Everything was libertine until the metaphorical teenagers came. That's when the metaphorical adults hid their cocaine and pretended to be ladies and gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen, that is the definition of class! Bravo! Then, they formed the WCCs and talked about their family values and this rhymed eerily with what used to be said about the Jews. Ah, but who cares if they look like the Vichy. Bitches are best and Marine le Pen bitches better than the rest. If the pussies and betas can't take it,

they can rest while we are their Joan of Arc. Their knight in shining armor. We'll save them, we'll wage our Reconquista against the vile Saracen, and build, stone by stone, a New Rome and New Jerusalem. Robespierre's Republic of Virtue. That's how the hallucinations end. With a happy ending. The screaming turns to dreaming of a bright, white, future! Of nurturing the new youth! Hallelujah! That is the story of Marianne's sow. Told in baritone in the backstreets of Bordeaux.

7. Ghosts of Our Religion (August 28, 2020)

Today where the bodies lay, was an ancient hooray for love. Now, here near Srebrenica were two youths of local historiography. Long ago, in the sixth century, freely running abstinent but romantic. It was fantastic. In the shadow of the mightiest Black Sea. Justinian was king and all the land with Roman bells rang with singing. Yet, monastics could not resist the pull of the world. Some things are more poisonous than girls. Of one substance or two. Everyone agrees there are three persons. Is this a personality difference? Miss congeniality. Cher Horowitz. Dear God! How was this a thing? Anyway, two groupies of the J man had a knife fight debating which shade the superstar was of tan. Many people died and it got really bad. That would be an understatement. Did anyone think he cared? I mean he talked about straining out a gnat. Any-who, in the slew of nuclear war an escaped serf and a washerwoman oft mistaken for a whore defied the war. Each barely literate and not enough to know the difference between the theologians, they relaxed and watched old shows of the Byzantine Nickelodeon. Until they were discovered under the covers of reeds. They lied and said they couldn't read. The priests were enraged and each said the other was depraved and God would make the other pay. Miaphysite and Chalcedonian. Two briar roses and a Jewish nose on a gentile. The couple was gentle and the fire was wild. Each priest stunk of black bile, yellow bile, phlegm, and blood. Their humors erupted. Emotions must be moderate for imbalance kills. In the wake of the churchmen dying, the couple ran for the hills. To this day it is unknown how they lived but that they died sixty years later. Their epitaph read this story. To the glory of God and those who keep him. May the sophistic charlatans posing as holy men be cursed with eternal flatulence.

8. South Spruill Avenue (September 13, 2020)

In the forlorn concrete of south Spruill Avenue, Fallujah appears and disappears in blood red hues. Obese and stalked by the police. Angry and afraid. There is no mercy for the hated or the insane. He prays and hears no reply. He grabs a wire and wants to die. He lies wherever he treads, he is trying to get ahead. Yet, at every direction is a wall. A box on a form. Scars from a war. Literal and metaphorical. The kinky goons of the white men find him and take him in again. He screams and fights them. He loses and cries. Society wants him to die. He is Gregor Samsa. Let merciful humanists euthanize. Is the line he reads in the sky. That is the life of the average dude, if you're not white, in the deserts and steppes of south Spruill Avenue.

9. The Revenge of Massive Resistance (September 18, 2020)

Roars of the poor pour from the creaks in the marble. The garbled fears and tears of the weary and burdened aristocracy about their inconvenience and discomfort. As the unseemly things and melanin men smell the stench of pure ladies and seep like the rising ocean into the boulevards of the bright utopia Mayberry. "They are glory holes!" say the queens of the city, the ethereal and enlightened beings of the UDC, alluding to the even more metaphorical queens of the city. "They are freakish and obscene and we must clean the streets!" Drinking wine and rising on a wave of cocaine, they will either have quaintness and tranquility or they swear they will go insane. Tranquility is found in the dreams borne of cocaine. These things are defined by what causes them pain, not anything objective. The vices of the Bullingdon Club are not the same as the Bloods and the Crips or the bloodied and the crippled. They are good and godly men and if they sin, it is just the initiation of all young men. Relative truth of the stories of two groups of youth. The grimy and squalid alleys where their sons slither, Essie Mae never existed and Roy Cohn was definitely not gay. This is why they hired Derrida as their lawyer. They wish to burn the pillars of science and reality, leaving fire and ash in their wake, just to stay ahead. They trashed and wrecked the institutions before the wildfires of sunlight could disinfect their lies, their lives, and poison their bloodlines. When the truth is alight with flame, the only way to get away is to claim the reign of the Discordian deity and wait for Alexandria to crack and thunder in the immense avalanche of her pillars and let the jungle reclaim her. They are too late to save themselves but they'll go down in a murder-suicide. If they can't then no one can! Just you wait!

10. The Martyrdom of Cato (Arab and Occupy Youth of 2011) (January 2, 2021)

In the Autumn of 2011, a young and sweaty maiden, ever seduced by the passions of youth was confident in her knowledge of eternal truth. Under the nave of the sky to which souls fly when they die she prayed and in her lips she whispered her faith that all of the assumptions of this city's life were lies and deeply depraved. Cato was she. Platonic geometry. Cleanliness and virtue. The city on a hill. As the sun at Gideon and love's God at Milvian Bridge, they would build Jerusalem and make time stand still. Armed with Christ and facing the lions, she would rise to meet the beasts of Gehenna and lie lifeless at its altar as her breath was atrophied ever milder and then nothing. As she rose undead. Her sleepy head. Her tears fallen for her youth was dead. The lions strut, the great slut of the antichrist, stood dominant above the broken angel. The world, as it always had and always will, destroyed the light of the sun in the hearts of crusading children when they made Earth stand still.

11. Revenge Against Mediocrity (January 23, 2021)

Luddites and Judas. We're moving. Let's do this, Choose your arena. Let's kiss and die. I'd like to stage a poetry slam to rock the world and her dull. The rocks of earth screech as the banshees of the old world against the once mighty steel hull. The sky is green. Let's set the scene. Let's descend into surreality. The world, the jungle, uncanny, alien, and full of religion that's withering at the frontier of the internet. We're going down to avenge our forlorn love for one another like Romeo and Juliet. We shall not see the morning so let's make this kiss grand and everlasting. We've lost the war and there is no way out but, at least, unlike their lame asses without class, we can win the ending. Life is nothing lest it be rhyme and art. Posterity, weeping in their loss, will cry to our statues "How Great Thou Art!"

12. The Eternal Rude (January 23, 2020)

A gosling fell from the sky above the reactor glow and it died. Mesmerized and dazzled, the siren drew it close. A gorgeous girl with a maternal Angelino accent, whose darkness eked from beneath her nose. Step by step the event horizon reeled its feast in. Behind the little bird stood a cold Southern liberal warning it that that way lies sin and behind the bird lies virtue, all the good can do is scream and the rest is up to you. The farts of Fukushima proclaimed their eternity. The gates of Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and Nirvana.

Stand before the bird at the frontier of the cerebral and the earth. It saw the magnificent stoop of the courts of the beasts and the heroes who slay them. Alas, the former promised glitter for nothing and the latter digging shit for some abstract notion and eventual exhausting collapse subsequent to a vindication. What is that worth the bird pondered and the bird fell into the reactor to join the ash and become one with the earth.

13. Trumpland (January 23, 2020)

Fair maids flow through the spaces, countless like the rivers of wine of Jinnah. Mindless minions, millions upon millions. Photons so bright yet not a phonon of sound. The hair of a thousand princesses and no neuron to be found. The murmur rappers speak in inaudible tongues unable to be deciphered whilst the endangered species of poets are likewise undeciphered by the houris of the wasteland. Charlatans sell images of the world of success. Ditch the bud light for real cocaine. Just say “Yes!” Welcome to the afterscape of liberalism. Outside of the chemical paradise was a land of impoverished vice. As opposed to the affluent vice of earlier sentences. I sat watching both, pretentious as I am, recording the tower of Babel in its hour of death in sonnet and verse. Only the deepest art can abate my pain in this realm of ubiquitous curses. Billionaires swim in liquid gold dazzling metaphorical crackheads with MLM schemes. Masturbating plebians prostrating themselves at the altars of their idols of undeath who drink their blood. Both sides are guilty seeking their opioid ride. Riding the dragon to Valhalla with bitches and bitcoin. The gangster playboy mansion owned by Donald Trump. Listening to the 1990’s Nickelodeon in the background as the Valkyries of the Nazis blaze like brilliant rockets in the red sky. Taylor Swift, dressed like an angel, serenades Satan with the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” but it was too little and too late. She tried to usurp the barbiturates from my palm, with roaring tears in her eyes, but I took back my wine. Weeping choirs of angels shriek at the acidic dawning light. She mourned “Good night, sweet paramour! A thousand times good night!”

