

# POETRY FOR THE NEW AEON



**The Word Processor is mightier than the Hydrogen Bomb**

**Total Poetry**  
**By Thomas Voxfire © 2004**

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**A BIRTHDAY FOR BES**  
(A Poetical Fantasy presented as Drama)

*Dramatis Personae:* The Gods of ancient Egypt

**BES:** Mischievous Dwarf-God

**THOTH:** Ibis-headed Lord of Wisdom and Magick

**PTAH:** Lord of Creation

**ISIS:** Mother Goddess of the Earth

**OSIRIS:** Father God, Lord of the Dead

**HORUS:** Hawk-headed Sun God, Child of Osiris and Isis

**Bes:** I want a birthday, I will have a birthday party.

**Thoth:** Preposterous, born you were not, rather created from the Nothingness of Nuit. Celebrate not what never was!

**Bes:** With cake and ice cream, scads of ice cream

**Thoth:** A trifle early you are; exist for thirty Centuries, ice cream will not.

**Bes:** And a pile of presents as big as a pyramid.

**Ptah:** Conjure will I all you desire, only cease this foolishness.

**Bes:** No! Go to the store and buy them. To aid the economy.

**Thoth:** Preposterous again! Store? Buy? Economy? From whence come these notions?

**Isis, holding aloft a television:** From this device, which tells him what to think and how to think it.

**Osiris, raising Bes by an ear:** Wretched dwarf, how did you obtain this?

**Horus:** It was my gift to him, thinking it would curtail his mischief.

**Osiris:** Clearly a failure, my son, his dwarf-mind has worsened gravely.

**Ptah:** Uncreate it, will I immediately.

**Isis:** No, I formulate a plan: Let us drink deep of this device and return its current to its makers.

*And so television entered the Hall of the Gods of Khem.*

**They beheld:** Godlessness, Mindlessness, Ownership Unchained, Much Ado about Nothing.

**They decided:** Formulate station KHEM, over-riding the transmissions of Modern American Network Television.

**The result:** Anarchy on the Airwaves!

Commercial Cupidity Conquered!

Ridiculous Religions Replaced!

Dirty laundry passed through the Washing Machine of the Gods!

**The moral:** Beware of Dwarf-Gods bearing Televisions.

## ABOMINATIONS

What are Monsters?  
 Why are they here?  
 Who benefits by their presence?  
 Are they not but death, in forms  
 Incalculably ghoulish, fiendish, uglissimo!  
 Forms of **THE END** come to cause  
 demonic pleasure and deepest grief:  
 depending on the side of the Veil you stand on!  
 Big, Bad **BOGEYMEN!!!**  
 To make your bones rattle and shake  
 And your heart palpitate  
 And your stomach recapitulate  
 It's empty anxiety! so fear  
 comes in soft waves to melt  
 the will and destroy courage!  
 All the faces of death  
 mask the same thing, no matter the means:  
 The **CESSATION** of animation  
 Once you're gone, you're gone;  
 WHO CARES HOW????  
 So why fear the "**BIG D**"  
 Only it's face changes,  
 the inside is always equal:  
 See you around the base, Ace!  
 Catch you next installment:  
 Adios, Muchacho!  
 What goes around, comes around:  
**AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN**  
 Unto eternity and then some!  
 inevitable and inexorable and inescapable  
**Forget your Fear!**  
 Lay Back & Enjoy: What choice do you have?  
 You aren't going to get out of here alive,  
 anyway!!!

## ALL EGOS ARE ISLANDS

Behold the ego in its solitude,  
 Born of the want of alone:  
 Shackled inside of it's own sense of I  
 Fearing all that is not the self-drone.  
 From whence cometh the layers of defense?  
 That seal the self from the other?  
 Who trowels the mortar of me?  
 Who else but the benevolent mother?  
 "I know what's best for my baby!"  
 "Baby does what mommy says, or else!"  
 "Mommy's little girl/boy/whatever will grow,  
 As she/he/it should!"  
 And so she sets about, with a Vengeance,  
 To wall-up the child in a lately-formed womb:  
 Of fear and self-doubt, Tis her duty:  
 To protect the babe from all terrible harm:  
 Anything that Mama can't handle herself:  
 We can't have the baby endangered!  
 Or be free! Or self-reliant! Or brave!  
 So the child grows, imprisoned;  
 Incarcerated by the ego-defense mechanism.  
 Neuroses and psychoses for nannies.  
 The boundaries of Family as Asylum:  
 Within grow the slave-drones of morbid  
 FEAR!!!  
 Complacency and conformity; adhere to the Norm.  
 Do nothing to rock the boat!  
 Do nothing to stand up and be counted!  
 Do nothing to make God mad at you!  
 Do nothing to endanger the Credit Rating!  
 Do nothing to become a Free Spirit!  
 Conform! Obey! Agree! Kiss Ass!  
 Never be different! Never rebel!  
 Repress that inward spirit to be independent:  
 Don't be Yourself, Be what Mama tells you!  
 Or Daddy won't like you! Nor brother! Nor sister!  
 Nor Aunt! Nor Grandma! Nor Jesus!  
 Hide inside the shelter of I! Me! Mama's little baby!  
 Stunted and Twisted and Impeded and Repressed:  
 A Prisoner on the Island of Ego!  
 Born of the smarmy emotion of Family:  
 And Mom, Dear Mom:  
 Devourer of Freedom, Digester of Individuality!  
 And what choice has the Babe; once the egg is quit?  
 To break free of the Prison of Ego?  
 If the Flame of Liberty burns brightly enough;  
 The darkness will shrivel in the Light.  
 And the Child will exit, undaunted;  
 Within its own purified sense of self;  
 A Free Ego, A Citizen of the Whole of Life!

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### All in the Name of Money...

Call it materialism; Call it greed; Call it spiritual short-sightedness:

Call it plain old-fashioned stupidity...

The name is irrelevant.

The cause is profoundly obvious; the effect is incorrigibly and indelibly stamped into the Soul-

We place the Love of Money above all things,

And do bring to ourselves great Evil.

We place material security above the welfare of the All,

And do bring to ourselves great Harm.

We place the material plane above the kingdom of Heaven,

And do render ourselves without Spirit.

We place the sanctity of the witless ego above the weal of the whole,

And do bring to ourselves isolation and despair.

We place the soulless intellect above the empathic intuition,

And do cause to each other great enduring hardship.

We are but foolish children; fractious infants without purpose,.

Save that of our own immediate self-gratification.

### Answer to “Love Poem”

The Buddha spoke of “Impermanence”:  
 All things soever perish. Nothing lasts,  
 Beyond it’s allotted time:  
 Not the mountain, not the plain, not the sea, not the earth.  
 How much the less love? Or hate?  
 Or pleasure? Or pain? Or emptiness? Or satiation?

“‘Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 than never to have loved at all” quoth the bard.  
 For hath not the Goddess said:  
 “For I am divided for love’s sake, for the chance of union.  
 This is the creation of the world  
 that the pain of division is as nothing,  
 and the joy of dissolution all.”

Can life or love exist without pain?  
 Pain is the sharp sauce to pleasure.  
 And yet pain is also the great teacher-  
 To endure pain is the way of the strong!  
 To court pain for it’s own sake is the way of the masochist!  
 They who clothe themselves in the balm of self-pity;  
 dare I say martyrdom?

Pain heeded is the genesis of Choice:  
 Mistakes must be learned and transcended:  
 Attraction to the pleasantly superficial will be just that.  
 Liaisons based on lust will not outlast desire.  
 And when Eros expires, comes Anteros:  
 Repulsion from attraction!  
 Pleasure gives birth to pain!

To truly know love, one must know depth:  
 To reach beyond the form of a man to his content;  
 To come to know that which is within;  
 Instead of the mask without.  
 To look beyond the man,  
 And see the god!  
 To look beyond the woman,  
 And see the goddess!

Then does love abide!

### Anticipation & Anxiety

Scalding within, waiting for you, from without:  
 Why must love be so painful? So mind-wrenching?  
 The telephone as greatest enemy and greatest friend-  
 Bringing the words of the beloved:  
 But when? When? and when again?  
 And what will the words be?  
 I love you and must see you!  
 OR  
 I must go away! And never meet again!  
 To what depths does Love reach?  
 How much of the Soul must surrender Itself?  
 Before the Loved One sees to what depths She has touched?  
 But, perhaps, She has been touched there herself.  
 And knows the agony and despair of missing Him!  
 Two, who were brought together by:  
 Our Lady of the Stars, the Goddess Nuit!  
 To do her Holy Work!  
 To establish her Holy Law!  
 To give the Gift of Her Love to all Mankind.  
 To bring the Brotherhood of Man to fruition.  
 To elevate the Level of All the Children of Earth:  
 Including those close to her:  
 No one is excluded, All are the Children of the Goddess!  
 All share in Her Holy Love,  
 Which will be greatly enhanced by the Working  
 Together of the Two of us.  
 By all I hold Holy, O woman!  
 This is the Truth!  
 What Our Lady of the Stars hath joined together,  
 Let no one or no thing put asunder!  
 We were singled out by Destiny to be as One!  
 So let it be written! So let it be done!  
 So mote it be!

## LET US BLEED FOR THE NEED OF GREED

There was a time, far in the Past, when the Spirit  
 Ruled the Manifest: The Physical: the here and now!  
 Time long past; before the Box of Pandora  
 Opened to unleash Evil on the Children of Earth!  
 The Seven Deadly Sins slithered in their Slime  
 Into the Minds and Souls of Men and Women:  
     Corrupting and Corroding;  
     Infesting and Infecting;  
 The Light devoured and digested by the Darkness:  
     The lofty Spirit tyrannized by Matter:  
     Love overthrown by Avarice and Greed:  
     Mother Earth slain by Ownership!  
 There is a time called Now; When  
     The Lust of Material Possession  
     Transcends all other Thoughts  
     The Ego rapacious in its Desire  
     To own on Paper all Things  
     At the expense of all Others  
     Regardless of Consequence:  
     "Me first, screw you. I want it all"  
     No matter if we leave to Posterity  
 An Earth barren and poisoned, bereft of Life:  
     Ready were we ready to annihilate all Life  
     In thermonuclear Fire; Because our  
 Socioeconomic System was better than theirs:  
     Homo Sapiens (Wise Man?) - hardly!  
     Homo commercialus is more to the point!  
     The Earth is Our Mother for All to share:  
     Not some Developer's Delight for the  
     Drawing and Quartering: Piecemeal!  
 Thou barely ownest thine Body for Threescore and ten;  
     How canst thou own thy eternal Mother?  
     How canst thou treat thine brother Creatures  
     With such callous disregard?  
     All in the name of the  
     ALMIGHTY BUCK!  
     Saith the Sage of eld:  
 "What profiteth it a Man if he gain the whole World;  
     And lose his own Soul?"  
     Saith the Poet now:  
 "Let he who hoards Riches in the Name of Greed;  
     Feel the Fullness of his Wallet:  
     Feel the Emptiness of his Soul:  
 And ask himself "Dost thou like what thou hast become;  
     What thou hast brought on thine own House?"

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## **The Blood of America: At What Price?**

Should the Heart hoard the Blood, the Body dies!  
 Should the Air and Water not interface, the Earth dies!  
 Should the Blood of the Body Politic not circulate, the Nation dies!  
**No Circulation is tantamount to no Life.**

And what is the Blood of the Nation if not Money?  
 Whither goes the Money of America?  
 Into whose hoarding Pocket goes the Life?

Who pays the Price of the Protected, the Greedy, the Usurper?  
 The Worker! The Consumer! The Student! The Taxpayer: The People!

If only a Few own Most and demand More;  
 If blind, insatiable Craving overrides reasonable Necessity;  
 If too great a Burden is put on those who can least afford it;  
 If those who make the Laws siphon the Public Coffers to their own extravagant Ends;  
 If those who work pay for those who will not;  
 If the hand of the self-appointed Righteous picks the gullible Pocket;  
 If the Overweening Desire for Material Gain slays Human Values;  
 If Conscience is superseded by Avarice;  
 If what is taken is not returned in Equal Value;  
 If rampant, unrepentant Greed becomes the Law of the Land!

Then the Life of the Body Politic passes and is gone:  
 And in Death, prepares the Way for that which is to come.

Nature can be stressed and shifted, but not permanently altered:  
**No Circulation is tantamount to no Life!**  
 Take pause to ponder, O People of America, before your Time is passed!

**THE BODY BAG BLUES**  
 (A ballad of moribund query)

I got the body bag blues.  
 Been watchin' the evening news;  
 Sending out those news-gathering crews.  
 Decomposing bodies abound:  
 You find 'em all around town,  
 But don't let it get you down.  
 It just happens this way;  
 Life goes each and every day.  
 Death's always got somethin' to say.  
 So let's go find us a stiff,  
 And let the dog have a big sniff;  
 'Cause you know wherever there's a tiff:  
 One more sucker gets slammed on down,  
 So the camera comes hunchin' around,  
 You find 'em all around town!  
 Dead flesh is always big news,  
 Whether it's murdered or bruised;  
 They're gonna come lookin' for clues.  
 Why we so obsessed with old dead meat?  
 It's decomposing so cute and so sweet;  
 It knocks the people off'a their feet.  
 To check out those bodies everywhere:  
 You know the stiff's don't have no care.  
 They just love to stink up the air!  
 Life is normal but it's so very dull;  
 We'd rather dig up a skull.  
 And tell the morticians the coffins are full!  
 Bodies are cool and that's the rule!  
 We like to carve 'em up in school;  
 And let the necrophiles drool.  
 So if you like to carry a knife,  
 To carve up anyone's wife  
 Or just cause a lot of bloody old strife.  
 You're gonna make somebody's day!  
 And the producer's gonna pay, pay, pay!  
 'Cause the people don't want a boring day!  
 death is what's happening!  
 Death Is What's Happening!  
**DEATH IS WHAT'S HAPPENING!!!**

(Written after watching the Eyewitness News one too many times.)

## THE BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE

Let us prenuptialize our agreement  
 to live as man and wife.  
 Let us draw a binding contract  
 as to who owns the kitchen knife.  
 Let us love as none have loved before;  
 with dollar signs to fill our life.  
 Let us lovingly exchange credit ratings,  
 and put ownership ahead of strife.

Let the preacher put the seal on our contract  
 that no lawyer shall put asunder;  
 Unless, of course, your financial insight  
 leads you to incessant blunders.  
 Money talks and poverty walks,  
 to me your balance sheet speaks as thunder.  
 So let us walk forever in fiscal sunshine,  
 And take shelter, Chapter 13, only under.

Love is grand, I've heard it said,  
 and the love of money of all evil is the root.  
 If that is the case, let us choose the love  
 that gives not the accountant the boot.  
 Oh dearest one, you know 'tis true'  
 your lips are nothing to your assets!  
 So let us not tarry too long on affection,  
 for passion, so very crass, it's!

Let us always remember the bottom line:  
 love is marvy but it ne'er pays the rent.  
 And marriage is nice, but it won't last long,  
 after all the money is spent.  
 So, my love, let us hasten just now  
 and let the parson give us our due.  
 And let us join in holy matrimony,  
 it is time that we, business, do!

**THE CLASPING OF HANDS:  
THE UNITING OF THE SPIRIT**

**In the time of Knights and Ladies, in the time Medieval;  
'Twas the right hand that bore the Lance and Sword; the Weapon hand.  
But if extended to another empty, it's meaning was:  
I bear no Weapon against you:  
We are Friends, we are Brothers!  
The clasping of Hands;  
Symbolic of the joining of Souls.  
It is the Hand that reaches out to grasp Life:  
It can repel, it can destroy, it can create!  
Also, it can bring together to unite, to grow.  
Should not all Men and all Women, all the Human Race,  
Join hands as Brother and Sisters?  
Should not All become One?  
And, if two Hands, one Black and one White, come together,  
Bearing the Chalice of the Wine of Life:  
Does this not say let All unite  
To share the ecstasy of Life together?  
For, hath not the Goddess said,  
"There is no Bond that can unite the divided but Love?"**

## COALESCING THE ELEMENTS

From a time far Past: When the forces of Darkness  
 Operating under the Aegis of the Formula of IAO  
 Sought to destroy the Light-Bearers  
 In a great Purge of Souls: The Inquisition:  
 Persecution of All who placed the Importance  
 of Spirit above that of Matter.  
 Gnosticism ravaged by the Fathers of Dogma.  
 Saith Osiris of His Aeon: 'Tis too painful to perceive;  
 I rule *in absentia* from far Place;  
 Let the lessons be played out to Man:  
 Let the Blind lead the Blind.  
 I choose not to participate!

And, so, for Twenty Centuries, and more...  
 Did the World of Men  
 Know the Bondage of Power-Brokers & Materialists:  
 Of Religion perverted in the interests of Temporal Dominance;  
 Of Ownership of Property: The spiritual values  
 Trampled by Priests and Politicians  
 Lawyers and Fools!

Until the Turn of the Century, in the year 1904:  
 With the Coming of the Magus and of Holy Writ:  
*Liber Al vel Legis*, come to set men free  
 From the thrall of Darkness and Desolation  
 On the Shoulders of the Hawk-Headed Sun God, Ra Hoor Khuit  
 Whose Aeon proclaims the Law of **Θλημα**: Life, Liberty, Love and Light  
 And so the Call goeth forth:  
 "Hail, ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world!  
 for your time is nigh at hand!  
 Draw together with thine Brothers and Sisters  
 To return true Freedom to the Children of Earth  
 To bring about the Reign of Ra Hoor  
 And the Establishment of the Law!

## CROSS OF THE ELEMENTS

Earth, Air, Fire, Water  
 Tetragrammaton:  
 The Four balanced in the Center  
 By the Spirit.  
 Disk, Sword, Wand, Cup  
 The Four balanced in the Center  
 By the lamp.  
 Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit, Hoor-Paar-Kraat  
 The Four balanced in the Center  
 By the Ipsissimus, Aiwass  
 Their quadraplex interplay  
 Weaves the Tapestry of Existence  
 Into the fabric of Space and Time  
 Of the highest Stars and the primordial Slime:  
 The four arms of the Cross  
 Surrounded by the Infinite Circle  
 Give no Bounds to the Mixing & Melding  
 Separating & Flowing:  
 Steam born of Fire & Water  
 Mud born of Water & Earth  
 Lava born of Earth & Fire  
 Life born of Heaven & Earth  
 Quadraplex Interplay unbounded!  
 Four in One and also the Five...  
 That makest All Things Dead & Alive!

**DEMONS 2, CATHOLIC PRIESTS 0**  
**(A poetic review of THE EXORCIST)**

sorry spectacle!  
 extreme ineptitude of the papist minions  
 at the hands of one minor assyrian sylph:  
 two left dead! the demon untethered!  
 why bother, father?  
 observe no rules? failure is your lot:  
 the magician's circle violated!  
 the spirit unchecked by the triangle!  
 no will exerted!  
 no oath forthcoming!  
 ropes of green drool rampant, flagrant,  
 linking the adversaries in lethal combat.  
 laughter from the horned one:  
 at the bungling antics of two inepts  
 better off in the seminary  
 than with denizens of the astral plane.  
 and what of the victim?  
 bonded by one of the pit!  
 soul invaded by karmic propensity  
 to invite such an one inside.  
 but no matter, exorcists are at hand:  
 exorcists, indeed!?!?  
 the elder falls, digitalis no match for ferocity  
 the younger calls the horror into himself  
 and hurls himself to his death: foolishness!  
 sentimental heroics no substitute for practicality  
 the demon remains at large, free to work its will  
 on a young girl, unlearned, unprotected.  
 those possessed were wiser to employ used-car salesmen  
 than would-be magicians ignorant of their craft.

**Devil, Angel; Angel, Devil-**  
**Can you tell who's on the level?**

Spirit, Demon; Demon, Spirit-  
No one better come too near it!

Lord, Satan; Satan, Lord-  
Do you drive a Chevy or a Ford?

Lucifer, Gabriel, Auriel, Scratch -  
Is it PC or is it Mac?

It's all the same-  
Don't make no diff-  
The split in Cosmo makes the tiff:  
It's all one body with a contiguous head:  
It's all one spectral life, just dead:  
Unity's the Master Plan:  
Slam, bam, Thank ya, Ma'am!

So, now you see who's on the level:  
The greatest God is the Greatest Devil!  
Ain't no shit, and it ain't no con:  
All is equal in the Hydrogen Bomb!

Bend over!  
Place your head your between legs!  
Kiss your ass good-bye!

**AT THE EDGE OF THE END OF THE EGO**

Beyond the edge of the ego,  
 Beyond the ken of the senses,  
 Beyond the thrall of calendar and clock,  
 Lies a land of infinite fences.

A cornucopia of sorrowful mirth,  
 A legerdomain of valueless worth,  
 A time when the sky goes to sleep on the earth,  
 Where the Thin Man has always immeasurable girth.

Cops on the beat who never see the street,  
 Stegasauruses who swim in red wine,  
 People who know, who feast only on crow,  
 Hang tight with Gigglymorph who is known as divine.

Where mirrors reflect what they ought to protect,  
 And Selectmen are afraid to select.  
 Where Taxmen are not allowed to collect,  
 And connectors can never connect.

Birds of the sky forget how to fly,  
 Dogs bark where noise has no sound,  
 Children have pets that give them cold sweats,  
 And insects are not to be found.

Transcend the mind, and fly quite blind;  
 Into the lair of the Lord of the Abyss:  
 Where relationships falter;  
 Cats subdivide Malta,  
 Bikinis bolt from the halter;  
 Bishops French Kiss on the altar.

Nothing knows Nothing as a shadow of Itself,  
 Life is Death and Death is forbidden.  
 Nothing is quite what it seems:  
 In the Abyss, no pleasant dreams.  
 Beyond the dispersion and chaos of paradox unbounded,  
 Lies the Unity of the All.  
 The Tree of Life shines bright in the forest of the night  
 And stars from heaven no longer fall.  
 To pass beyond the edge of the ego,  
 And anarchy of the Abyss further above;  
 To enter the realm of the Universal Oneness,  
 Hath not the Goddess ordained:  
 "There is no bond that can unite the divided but love"

## ELEGY TO A PLASTIC BAG

Once upon a time, I was a ferocious Velociraptor.

One of the most kick-ass predators that ever was.

Me and my mates ruled the Jurassic and Cretaceous,

Eating every hunk of flesh that came our way.

Not even the mighty Steven Spielberg could contain me.

Then one day, I accidentally fell into a Tar Pit.

And sunk to the bottom. Oh, oh, guess I'm dead:

**PAIN IN THE ASS !!!**

So I sit and wait, and languish, and, being the soul of patience,

I feel an ocean come over me and deposit goo all over me.

Finally I'm trapped under two and one-half miles of

Sedimentary Rock: **PAIN IN THE ASS !!!**

For one Hundred and Thirty Six Million Years:

I wait and change and become Yucky Black Stuff:

Hey! Guess What! I have metamorphosed into a Petroleum Deposit.

Fifty Thousand Years later, some bozo sticks a pipe into me:

You guessed it: **PAIN IN THE ASS !!!**

I wanted to be a diamond, no such luck.

So, then, I'm sucked up by a hobby-horse pump,

And splashed into a truck, off to the refinery;

I really get to be metamorphosed this time.

But do I get to be something really cool?

Like gasoline, or kerosene, or napalm? Not me -

I end up being a goddamn fruit bag in a supermarket.

Me, one of the mightiest predators that ever lived:

One Hundred and Thirty Six Million Years of Metamorphoses

And what do I have to show for it?

Forty Five minutes carrying some nectarines home from the store,

And then back to the landfill: **PAIN IN THE ASS !!!**

Couple of months later, some of my buddies start showing up;

Plastic jugs, clear wrap, cassette tapes, you know the drill.

One Allosaurus lasted eighteen months as a VCR case before he showed up.

Is this the best you humans can do with your heritage:

Use it hardly at all and then pitch it in the dump.

Or turn it into toxic garbage to poison everything?

I think a box of rocks has more brains than the average human!

You know what I think you humans are? You guessed it:

**A MAJOR PAIN IN THE ASS !!!**

## TO THE END OF TIME



Consider this small bird drinking the Nectar of a Flower;  
 It's destiny ordained before Manifestation:  
 When it was only an Idea, a Conjecture in the Mind of the Goddess:  
 But Thought took Form as a Hummingbird!



Consider this Tabby, ready to eat the Hummingbird  
 Should the bird be so uncautious as to venture near the Cat.  
 And also is the Destiny of the Cat to eat the Bird  
 Set in motion before either existed, in the Mind of the Most High!



Consider this Knight as the Poet, ready to raise his Lance  
 In thine Honor, Nait, in a Love ordained before Time  
 That will last To The end of Time!  
 What the Goddess hath joined together, Let Nothing put asunder!

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**THE FATHER OF TIME  
(before there was time.)**

Before there was Space, before there was Time:  
There was naught; not God, not you; not me. Only Not  
But pregnant: filled with the All to come.  
And so the demiourgos spawned the Dyad: To be  
Naught must needs be Two:  
Zwei: dos: ni: More than one  
But less than three.

$$e = mc^2$$

Energy (nothing) equals mass times warp<sup>2</sup>

**Zap! Flash! Pow!**

THE BIG BANG!!!

**ONE, BREATHED THE LIGHT, OF THE STARS, FAINT & FAERY  
AND TWO":**

The He and She of the Dyad gave birth to creation.  
No small job, considering They had Nothing to work with  
<<<<<NUIT>>><<<HADIT>>>  
<<< RA HOOR KHUIT> > > <<<HOOR PAAR KRAAT> >>  
The World, the Flesh, & the Devll  
You & Me & The Big Bad World  
& Peanut Butter & Hydrogen Bombs & Teddy Bears & Dog Doo &  
Everything Else You Can Possibly Think of!  
All rolled up into the Pageant of Life:  
Make NO Mistake: Make NO Difference between Things  
All are of the Goddess, the Soul of Infinite Space  
The Sum Total of All Possibilites Of Existence:  
The Specific, the butt of the Cosmic Joke,  
The General doing the butting!  
**Have Fun!!!**

**FEEDING FRENZY**  
**Never swim alone in Shark Park!**

(An ode to the class Selachii)

Hammerhead said to Fatuous Fred,  
 "Hunger compels me to make you quite dead,  
 By biting off pieces of your adipose head."

Mako cried, "Sure!,  
 With flesh so marbled and pure,  
 That it makes a great lure,  
 Let him be the focus of our epicurean tour."

Tiger agreed, and with plentiful need,  
 Proceeded to gnaw on his toes, and thence to feed,  
 On his shins, and his Chins, and so Fred did bleed.  
 So the oceans were filled with message decreed:  
 "Come to the banquet with rampant Godspeed."

So came Grey, and Leopard, and Nurse and Great White,  
 To find for themselves something to bite.  
 And then there ensued a great Crimson food-fight  
 And the ocean became a cloudy red night.

And so Fred was consumed but they knew it not.  
 And the way of the Cannibal became their lot;  
 The time of the Prey-fish with extinction was fraught.

But Basking and Whale, feeding on plankton so pale,  
 Said, "They've locked themselves in the Great Stomach's jail."

And asked the question, dead to the bone:  
 "What if the food Chain eats all of its own?"

Nothing ventured;  
 Nothing gained:  
 Nothing remained!

**EXEUNT OMNES**

For ***GREENPEACE:***

Great Expectations; of  
Realizing the truth among all Nations, that  
Earth is not ours to despoil. This  
Engenders our Tempers to the boil-  
No Life form should be discarded.  
Pollution against, we must be guarded,  
Ere our Planet fall to the Greed of the self-appointed Few.  
And this, Children of Earth, is what we must do:  
Challenge the Power Structure with their bombs & guns & knives;  
Earth must be defended with all our Hearts and Souls and Lives.

### HADIT: A RITUAL OF THE ELEMENTS

From the Realm of Nuit, in whom All is seen,  
 To the Core of Hadit, Who never has been.  
 O Serpent-Flame Center, O Knower of the All,  
 Thou who createst the Worlds in four-phase Thrall.

From the Eternal Sphere of the Infinite Void,  
 To the Secret Center, where All is destroyed!  
 From the starry Sky to the single Sun,  
 Do I now call forth the elements, One by One:

From the wand cometh now the Element Fire,  
 Which flashest from Birth to Funeral Pyre.  
 O Inceptor Majestic, Thou Outburst of God,  
 O Fire-Sperm eternal, whose Name is called Yod.

And, lo, in the Cup is all Water contained,  
 And also the Blood of the Adepts is drained.  
 O Mother, O Reflector, thou Night to the Day,  
 O Wine of Life, whose Name is called He'.

Now streameth the Air from the House of the Sword,  
 Born of the Union of Mother and Lord.  
 Thou who penetratest wherever, as the Zephyr the Bough,  
 O God-Wind far-reaching, whose Name is called Vau.

From the Sphere of the Disc comes the Element Earth,  
 Thou Daughter of Matter, whose Existence is Mirth.  
 Thou whose Dance is the Ecstasy of the All-Father's Play,  
 Youthful Lady of Occurrence, whose Name is called He'.

As the four-bladed Swastika whirls unending,  
 Do the Elements dance in their parting and blending.  
 Balanced by the Secret Fulcrum Who dwellest in the All,  
 Constrained by my Spirit, pay heed to my call!

Come thou forth, O ye Four, and also the Five,  
 Thou Essence of Things both Dead and Alive.  
 O Lightning, O Rainfall, O Wind on the Hill,  
 Conform, ye Elementals, to My Most Holy Will!

**I.N.R.I.**  
**IGNI NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGR**  
 (Nature is completely renewed by fire.)

**Xantherus, Sorcerer of Darkness, lies in state:**  
     **Nailed to a descending Cross, mockery of the Nazarene.**  
**Body corrupted by the hunger of bacilli and maggots.**  
     **Slain by the Lord of Light for blaspheming the Most High:**  
**Dog-god! Seducer of Virgins! Eater of Children!**

**The Dark Elders decree his rise;**  
     **Summon the Enchantress; Mistress of the Pit!**  
**Call forth the Fiery One, let the Flames consume**  
     **His earthly vesture, Give his Spirit another House.**  
**The Chant begins:**

*"O Nameless One, whose breath is the Fire of Hell!  
 Come thou forth, And let they flame  
 Destroy All that is, So from the Ash will spring:  
 The Specter of Xantherus will walk again,  
 Among the Legions of the Living!"*

**The deed is done!**  
     **Bodiless red eyes pierce the Night!**  
**Flames leap from an Unseen Mouth!**  
     **The hardened Heart of the Cult knows Fear,**  
**As the Fire Daemon works his way!**

**Xantherus is ash: bone, sinew, blood: All is ash!**  
     **The Evil is unleashed, a Sacrifice is sought,**  
**Flesh must be taken for Flesh given in the Flame:**  
     **The Sorceress screams; eyes blood-mad-red,**  
**As her soul is possessed by the Dread One.**

**The Dark Goddess rises, red-gleaming eyes proclaim:**  
     **The Second Coming of Xantherus**  
**In the body of a She-Devil**  
     **Free to work their Will in the World of Men:**  
**Who will know only Death, Desolation and Despair!**

## INVOCATION OF MORPHEUS

### *Ahpopontos kako daemonos!*

By the Power of the Centermost Unity from whence springeth all things soever, I declare that I have banished all shades and spirits from my circle .

O thou, Morpheus, Lord of the Realm of Sleep, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou who weavest the Tapestry of Eros unto Horror, of the Mundane unto the Fantastic, on the Veil of the Mind, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou, who dwellest in the Halls of Marvels beyond Imagination, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou, to whom no Sanctuary in all of the Empyrean can be closed, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou, whose Head is above the Highest Heavens and whose Feet descend past the deepest Hells, thee, thee, I invoke.

Behold!

I am the Interface between Reality and Illusion. The subconscious Mind of homo sapiens is both my tool and my plaything. I can create the Sleep of Light and can destroy it with Nightmare. I am the greatest God and the greatest Devil unified and I dwell beyond Good and Evil.

The Magician and the God are becoming as one, O Lord of Dreams, as our Spirits merge. Thine eyes radiate pure light, reflections of the Power of thy Thoughts. So do mine Eyes sparkle with that light. Thy mind grows yet closer to mine: We are One! We are None! The Twain have become as Naught!

I am become Morpheus: who shapest the Past, Present and Future of Mankind as well as Those who glidest in the Heavens and Those who languish in the Pit. All are subject to my Whim and Will.

Let me work thy Way, thy Word and thy Will on the Earth, Holy One, among the Legions of the Living.

*The Magician ,indwelled of the God, goeth forth*

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## TO NUIT

### Invocation of Nuit

O thou, Goddess of the Evening Sky,  
 Unto thy Bosom may my Spirit fly.  
 To die the Death of mine Individuality  
 To become one with Thee in Eternity.

O, Goddess, let the dross of my Body burn in they Fire,  
 So that Naught escapes the unquenchable Pyre..  
 As the God-spark flames within me to join Us as One,  
 And then, anon, from One to None.

O Nuit, Soul of Infinite Space;  
 Beyond Good and Evil, beyond Guilt and Grace,  
 Thou who art All that ever can be,  
 Let thy Love thrill through me for Eternity.

O Nuit, whose little sister is our Mother, the Earth  
 Thou, beyond Life and Death, beyond Sorrow and Mirth;  
 Let thy Message go forth to both Near and Far,  
 That every Man and every Woman is a Star!

All Things are Holy, All things are Divine  
 All Men and all Women are siblings, in fine.  
 O Nuit, Queen of Heaven, ley the Joys of thy Love,  
 Dance through me always from Below and Above.

O Nuit, Thou who art the Essence of the all,  
 May I live all my Lives at Thy Beck and Call,  
 So the all that I think, say or do,  
 Is a Rite of Love with Thee, most true.

Hear me, O Goddess, O unending One,  
 Let be be in Thine Self as a Star, as a Sun.  
 To shine forth Our Love as a radiant Light,  
 Forever with Thee, in thy Star-speckled Night.

### Invocation of the Sun

By the power of the pentagram I command all demons to be gone from this place.

I invoke the sun, the lord of the solar system, the light and life of all his worlds.

O thou, majesty of force and fire, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou who, as Ra, disperses the mists of the night, thee, thee I invoke.

Thou who, as Athathoor, radiates the all-pervading light of noontime, thee, thee I invoke,

Thou who, as Tum, clothes the end of the day with brilliance and beauty, thee, thee I

invoke.

Thou who, as Kephra, shines forth through the blackness of midnight, thee, thee I

invoke.

Thou who art mate to the moon and father to the earth, thee, thee, I invoke.

Hearken! My life is the life of all things that I touch.

All things proceed from me and all things will return to me. So

has it ever been and so shall it always be. There is nothing

that is separate from me, for just as I created all life so

will I destroy all life.

Behold! The sun and I are one. My nature is radiance and

my disposition is joyful. My light is the light of truth and

my warmth is the warmth of life. My secret joy is to

behold that which is beautiful, touched by the lambent gold

of my light. I love all life and I am all life.

Though I be the lord of the solar system, I am but one star  
in a galaxy of stars, and there are those which burn with a much  
greater heat and a much whiter light than I. Therefore am I  
humble, for further do I know that even though I am lord of my  
worlds I exist only to serve them with light and heat, my energy.

My light is the light of supreme penetrance. There is no  
mist too thick, no obscurity too great that I can not burn away.  
That which stands directly in my light can only be what it is.  
That which hides from my light will only wither and die for  
want of nourishment.

I am the fulcrum of the solar system. My center is the center  
of the orbits of my children. Their force is outward and away,  
my force is inward, to the center. Together we balance each other  
and the solar system lives.

O, great father, radiate your light of truth, love, beauty  
and life into my soul. Illuminate me with the knowledge and wisdom  
of all that is yours. Aid me humbly to serve my fellows as you serve  
your children and in all things may I shine as you shine.

*Aumgn.*

## TO CALL FORTH VENUS

In the name of the Eternal Goddess of Love, I Proclaim that the Light of Love has banished all Darkness within and without me.

O Venus, Lady of the Evening Star, Thee, Thee I invoke.

O Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, whose passionate embrace enkindles the Fires of Zeus, Thee, Thee I invoke.

O Nike, whose Victory over the House of Death hast made thee Mistress of the Earth with all its Treasures, Thee, Thee I invoke.

O Thou, Rose of the Heavens, whose Charm and Beauty have inspired the Love of Men for all the Ages, Thee, Thee I invoke

And lo! I am risen from the Sea in an Oyster Shell of White; My tresses, flecked with foam, swirl about my Nudity, luring all Men to Me in my Siren Song of Love.

And lo! Doest the Fruit of my Womb, Cupid, draw back his bow to shoot forth the irresistible Darts of Desire

And lo! Through the sheen of the metal Copper and the Emerald stone do I leave my Traces in the World of Men

And lo! in the Signs of the Bull and the Balance do I make my mark in the Holy Zodiac.

For I am the Spirit of Attraction to all that is feminine and beautiful. I am delicious languor and the purple Passion of Pleasure. I am the urge to Unite and the Marriage which results therefrom. I am Relaxation and Ease and the innermost Ecstasy the Soul.

*I am Venus, the Goddess and the Adorer become One. We are One: We are None but Love, both the Desire and the Fulfillment. In my heated Embrace does the Light and Heat of our Passionate Union become as a Star in the Heavens. I am that Light and that Star. I am Venus, Lady-Star of the Evening Sky. Yea, verily, and unto all Eternity, the Lady-Star of the Evening Sky.*

## JESUS, ENSLAVER OF SOULS

Judas led the lambs to slaughter,  
 Jesus, His Flock, to the Slavery Block.  
 Says the Legend:  
 The Martyr, His Blood, will wash away all Sin,  
 The taint of Damnation gone forever,  
 Once thou hast taken thy Place in His Heart!  
 To the Doors of Heaven thou hast the Key:  
 Suffer as He suffered!  
 Shed'st thou thy Blood!  
 Upon the Cross of Salvation!  
 But for whom art thou saved? Dost know truly?  
 The Nazarene? Not too likely; His exit, by Pilate, is taken.  
 Thyself? Dost thy Soul awaken?  
 Into the Cell of Subjugation!  
 Thou art saved for the Auctioneer of Souls.  
 Enslaved art thou, O Fool! O Tool!  
 By the promise of Paradise Eternal,  
 If only thou wouldst suffer now, as He,  
 Thou wouldst have all the Treasures of Heaven.  
 Lovest thou the Wool pulled over thine Eyes?  
 Thou art made Instrument of the Powers That Be,  
 To whom Wealth and Temporal Power are paramount!  
 They who mount thy Backs, O Army of Fools.  
 Christian Fools who have not the Wit,  
 To recognize the Yoke of Slavery  
 Thrust before thine gullible Heart, O Believer.  
 Art thou truly so naive?  
 Art thou, with ease, deceived?  
 Knowest thou not the Yoke of Oppression  
 So artfully placed on thine unsuspecting Neck?  
 From the House of St. Peter to the House of Luther,  
 And Evangelical! And Calvinist! And Anglican! And Presbyterian!  
 The message is the Medium of thy Manacles!  
 Give unto us thy Freedom! Give unto us thy Life!  
 Most especially - Give us thy Money!  
 Wash thyself in His Blood, O Enslaved, O Bonded!  
 Be led into the Charnel House by the Judas Ram  
 Called Jesus Christ, The Nazarene.  
 Or be damned throughout all Eternity!  
     (What sort of God creates a perfect Universe,  
     the proceeds to damn everyone in it?)  
 O Christian Fools, what greater Tool for Subjugation  
 Can there be but Blind Faith?  
 Faith in thy Salvation at the Hands of Jesus,  
     Enslaver of Souls.

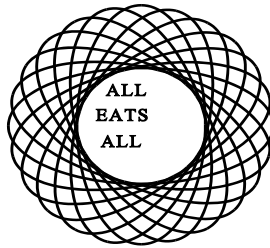
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## THE LEGACY OF CATHOLIC ROME

Consider of the Aegis of the Bishop of Rome,  
 As he descends in a line from St. Peter.  
 And to what good end?  
 Two thousand years of knavery - Christ's word slandered  
 The Gnostics destroyed by Orthodoxy  
 Dogma defeats Wisdom: Mindlessness over Mysticism.  
 The lust for temporal power and wealth  
 Subjugates the lust of the Soul for God.  
 All Nature turned awry for the sake of Dominion:  
 Dubious daily miracles to fatten the happy Sheep;  
 Led to the slaughter by the Judas Ram of Faith.  
 The genders severed by the word of St.Paul:  
 Sexless dog, cringing from Love  
 Expounds the litany of empty wretchedness.  
 Prosecution, persecution: servants of Tyranny.  
 Thought forbidden; freedom exorcised.  
 Behold the compassionate glory of the Spanish Inquisition!  
 Want a Place in Heaven? The Pope as Real Estate Salesman.  
 Luther cries foul, Comes the Reformation:  
 More souls to the Stake!  
 Does a True Religion coerce compliance?  
 Can the Light of God draw strength from the Fire of the stake?  
 A few Bright Light in the Darkness  
 Francis of Assisi, Ignatius Loyola, but very few indeed.  
 Devotion of the Masses twisted cynically by the Power Brokers.  
 A bleak History and what of Today?  
 The World trampled by the Human Cornucopia:  
 Population unbounded, Starvation unchecked.  
 The Pope: archaic throwback; Standard-bearer of Obsolescence;  
 Cries: Birth Control is Heresy: Keep em coming!  
 And what of the Second Coming?  
 Will the Pope, his Cardinals, Bishops and Priests  
 Re-enact the fate of the Temple money-lenders  
 At the hands of the Nazarene?  
 History repeats Itself repeats Itself repeats Itself!

**LIFE:  
CONVOLUTIONS OF THE ALL**

Life eats Life to sustain Life  
 Life must cause Death to eat  
 Death is from Life and Life is from Death  
 And Eating is from Hunger:  
 The Emptiness which calls forth Death  
 Of another for Satiation, to fill the Emptiness.  
 All things strive to Balance; Fullness desires Deflation  
 That which is Void draws Abundance into Itself;  
 As all Things soever seek the Return to the Primal Equilibrium.  
 And so the Food Chain is without End:  
 It is rather, Infinite, turning back on Itself  
 Throughout all Time! Throughout all Life Forms



Throughout all Existence! Throughout all Manifestation  
 All Life curves back on Itself: I eat you & I thrive & you die,  
 You take on New Form, And return to eat me.  
 I reincarnate to eat Someone totally new.  
 We all eat each other over the Course of Existence:  
 Some call it Hunger, Some call it Love!  
 To each his own: IT IS THE SYSTEM!

# ***LIGHTNING***

Livid fire flaming forth, in whitest. brightest,  
 Bridging the gap across earth and heaven:  
 The Mind of God unveiling thoughts  
 Etched in electric inferno;  
 As the Messenger of the Most High  
 Opens the sky-bolt of Hell!  
 From the untamed Cloudbirth  
 To the fecund soil below...  
 To regenerate, to recharge, to rebuild  
 To recirculate the Life!  
 Earth, Air, Water & Fire; blending  
 In unity of the living being of the planet.  
 Positive - Negative: ever seeking the balance:  
 To return to the Primordial Innocence  
 Before Creation. And after?  
 All things soever seek the Oneness:  
 The challenge of Existence:  
 To suffer the Pain of separation!  
 To endure the Longing for Dissolution!  
 To produce the Skyfire, the leap  
 Of the dual poles, each seeking the other  
 With a ferocity displayed in megawatts!  
 The moist for the dry;  
 The low for the high.  
 Earth for Heaven!  
 Across a bridge of superheated Air:  
 Flaming, flashing, flaunting  
 The Force of the Fire!

## THE MAGICIAN AND THE GODDESS

**At the edge of Day, in a Desert Land,  
The Magician stood alone in his Circle of Sand.  
And with mystic Gestures of Voice and Hand,  
Sought to call forth the Lady of Creation.**

**As the Sun sunk slowly in the West,  
As her scarlet Smile on the Horizon came to rest,  
As the Stars did twinkle on Her azure Breast,  
Did he make the supreme adjuration:**

*"O thou, Goddess of the Evening Sky,  
Unto thy Bosom may my Spirit fly.  
To die the Death of mine Individuality,  
To become one with thee in Eternity."*

**So She curved down upon him from the heavens above,  
To enrapture his Soul in a lambent Flame of Love.  
And She made of the Night a velvety Glove,  
To receive his final Capitulation.**

**From the depths of his Being did the Serpent Flame rise,  
Lusting aloft to the Call of her Eyes;  
That pierced to his Core from her faerie-nymph Skies.  
As his Soul entered the Uttermost Conflagration.**

*"O Goddess, let the dross of my Body burn in thy Fire,  
So that naught escapes the unquenchable Pyre.  
As the God-spark flames within me to join Us as One,  
And then, anon, from One to None."*

**So She bore him aloft into Trance Sublime,  
To behold All Things of Space and Time;  
From the Highest Gods to the Primordial Slime,  
As they danced in the Magick Copulation.**

**And when he had seen All that is was or will be,  
She caused him to swoon into Morpheus' Sea.  
And returned him to his Circle, gentle and free,  
To lie in ineffable Relaxation.**

**In a short Space of Time did he open his Eyes,  
 To behold the Vastness of Her Unending Skies.  
 Amidst a murmur of drunken, ecstatic Sighs,  
 Did he utter the Great Conjunction:**

*"O Nuit, Soul of Infinite Space;  
 Beyond Good and Evil, beyond Guilt and Grace  
 Thou who art All that ever can be,  
 Let thy Love thrill through me for Eternity."*

*"O Nuit, whose little Sister is Our Mother, the Earth,  
 Thou, beyond Life and Death, beyond Sorrow and Mirth.  
 Let the Message go forth to both Near and Far,  
 That every Man and every Woman is a Star!"*

*All Things are Holy, all Things are Divine,  
 All Men and all Women are Siblings, in fine.  
 O Nuit, Queen of Heaven, let the Joys of Thy Love,  
 Dance through Us all from Below and Above."*

*"O Nuit, Thou who art the Essence of the All,  
 Let me live all my Lives at Thy Beck and Call.  
 So that all that I think say or do,  
 Is a Rite of Love with Thee, most true."*

**And then did the Magus rise in her Stead,  
 With a Message of Power to quicken the Dead;  
 That, in the Face of Her Love, all Sorrows fled,  
 Lost forever in Her Sacred Contemplation.**

*"Hear me, O Goddess, O Unending One,  
 Let me be in thine Self as a Star, as a Sun.  
 To shine forth our Love as a radiant Light,  
 Forever with Thee, in Thy Star-Speckled Night."*

**O Children of Nuit, 'tis time to take Pause and learn,  
 To cause the Holy Fire within Thee to burn,  
 To flame up to Her Body, Her Love to earn,  
 To become a Star in Her Manifestation."**

## Military Mindset

Friend or foe? Yours or ours?  
 Grimly determine the side:  
 Or are you a civilian?  
 Do we salute you or kill you?  
 Or embrace “acceptable” civilian losses?  
 In the case of an Air Strike with non-conventional weapons!  
 With nukes: weapons of mass destruction:  
 The ultimate winning edge.

Dichotomy without a median-  
 Black and white with no shades of gray-  
 Paranoia without parameters-  
 Circleless diameters: Opposition without resolution.  
 Problems without a solution:  
 Save only mass execution!  
 Friends live! Foes die!  
 The Reaper reaps. God sorts. The Pentagon aborts.

The mighty right arm of the policy makers,  
 Knows not the balm of indecision.  
 Either...or...neither...nor...  
 And what’s more: your mother’s a whore!  
 Mine’s a saint, did she not mother me?  
 Clean and pure, virtue assured, lavishly decorated  
 With colored ribbons that attest the stature  
 Of such a noble killer.

Kill another and be a murderer,  
 Do it in uniform and be a hero.  
 Do it for God, Queen & Country:  
 And be saluted by the press.  
 Do it for yourself: And be a police statistic.  
 Do it in a street gang and be a criminal;  
 Make the gang huge; give it The Book  
 And bright shiny uniforms and an aura of respectability  
 And things will be named after you.  
 Who draws the line?

If it moves: Salute it! If it doesn’t: Paint it!  
 If it’s outside the perimeter, kill it!  
 Allow no thinking; only take orders.  
 Hate whoever is outside our borders;  
 Red, white & blue or we kill you-  
 Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war...

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# \$

## **BEFORE ALL ELSE!!!**

*"When World War II was over; it had cost more than a trillion dollars (\$1,000,000,000,000.00),  
had taken over 27 million lives and had caused untold suffering..."*

*Compton's Interactive Encyclopedia*

If there were no people, would there then be money?  
Should the creation pre-empt the creator?  
Is life only a vector for the current medium of exchange?  
Perhaps the Big Bang is truly the Big Bank...  
Perhaps life would mean more:  
IF...  
Bar Codes & Dollar Values for All-  
Sunshine, Air, Love, Disease-  
all things soever!  
Blood, dung, mud & tongues,  
Nothing escapes appraisal; The Life Scanner is pre-eminent.  
Every second, minute, hour, day, week, month, year, decade and so on...  
All displayed in the Great Balance Sheet of Life!  
The Income Statement of Existence!  
Do not miss a single penny's worth.  
Know the quality of your life by its cost.

More's the pity...

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**NightBird**

Silent stalker, rising aloft,  
On pale silver moonbeams,  
Drifting as a snowflake, then, downward  
Soft feathers, soundless, muffled.  
Great round orbs absorbing all light;  
Of stars and moon, naught else.  
Powerful talons tensing for the hunt,  
Compelled by hunger:  
Hers, and her puffball nestlings  
Searching, relentless, inexorable:  
A great soft shadow, a silhouette  
Below, dark movement, shrouded in shadow,  
Heralds her prey, a field rat,  
Hunting its' own meal, unaware, uncaring.  
She dives, great claws forefront,  
Prey is taken, swift, sure without recourse:  
Warm, fresh meat for her young.  
Satisfied, she rests, silent nest;  
Mother Night Bird, Mother Owl,  
Her task finished, sleeps through the rising sun  
Till another moon-rise, awakening her,  
Once again, to the hunt.  
So continues, another cycle of Nature.

***The Night is Ripe...***

Who do we love tonite?  
 As if we need to ask:  
 It's on the Aethyr, Our tryst;  
 The night is ripe for lust.  
 Let us not talk falsely now;  
 The night is ripe for passion.  
 So let us not dally too long,  
 And let the pleasantries overwhelm touch...  
 Your eager flesh triggers  
 Me into plunging deep into you !  
 Yes! Again! Yes! Again! Now!  
 The liquid shimmer engulfs us;  
 Me lost in you;  
 You crazy on me!  
 The clinging of your insatiable desire:  
 The inevitable painful surging of mine:  
 Dissolution, ecstatic, Touching  
 With all six senses:  
 Our Souls aflame with the Night  
 Of Pan! IO Pan Pan! Pan!  
 Outward race the Twin Souls to  
 Beyond the orbit of the farthest Stars:  
 To Infinity! To Nuit!  
 The All is One, and We are One!  
 O, Goddess, coupling languidly, We;  
 You and I, are One!  
 For Now, For Always!  
 For Eternity!  
 So Mote It Be!

### OBSESSIVE FASCINATION

What is it that makes me (or you) want...  
 To court jealous pain for its own sake?  
 To see what we don't want to see?  
 To hear what we don't want to hear?  
 To read what we don't want to read?  
 To imagine the worst, when the best is more likely?  
 What makes pain & hurt & "that sinking feeling" so adorable?  
 Is "self-pity" really all that desirable?  
 Questions piled on questions piled on questions!  
 Such is the way of self-knowledge:  
 Until finally the intellect, pushed to its limit,  
 Falters and cracks and out gushes the truth:  
 I like pain, I like to lick my wounds,  
 I like to feel fucking sorry for myself:  
 Poor me! Poor me! Poor me!  
 "Ah, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." quoth the bard.  
 "Thou must suffer as He hath suffered," saith the Bible.  
 "Existence is sorrow, born of desire," saith the Buddha.  
 With so many powerful authorities hammering home the message,  
 Who are we not to suffer?  
 Who are we not, indeed?  
 But, lest we forget, the Roots of the Olde Tree of Habit go deep indeed.  
 And the habit of suffering and self-pity is old and deep;  
 As old as Osiris, as deep as Jesus of Nazareth!  
 To stop the Tendency to wish pain,  
 First, admit the Tendency is within,  
 Then, aspire to turn it all around:  
 And say "Strike hard & low and to hell with them, master."  
 It is time to REPROGRAM:  
 Redo the old parameters:  
 Make suffering become joy!  
 Reach deep inside the gestalt totality of the mind  
 & Turn it all around!  
 No easy task, for the Roots are old & twisted & gnarled with Time.  
 But a Task well worth the doing!  
 To throw off the shackles of Sorrow and Despair,  
 And replace them with bounding Joy:  
 Joy at all Life, Joy at Pain, Joy at Sorrow:  
 For Existence is Joy, and the Sorrows are Shadows  
 That pass and are done!  
 So let it be written! So let it be done! So mote it be!!!

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**On Patience and Forbearance**

(Two qualities that I definitely need to work on)

I want it now! I have to have it now!  
If I don't get it now, I'll go ballistic!  
    To what good end?  
I probably won't get it anyway;  
And even if I did, it would only reinforce  
The idea that restlessness receives rewards:  
    That flipping out is fecund.  
    Better to learn to wait-  
    To pull into the Tao and  
    Let nature take its course.

## ON THE NECESSITY OF DEATH

Can there be a Beginning without a Cessation?  
 For are we not born on the Plane physical,  
 The Plane where all Things start, flourish & stop?  
 But are maintained and nourished by the Eternal Spirit.  
 How should it be otherwise?  
 Why wish for Life without Death?  
 How dull! How boring!  
 Death is Change: Liberation: Freedom!  
 Access to a new Lifetime when the last is played out.  
 Would'st wander the earth as a ghost?  
 Crying over a lost lifetime?  
 Is it not better to move on?  
 To discover what new possibilities await  
 On the other side of the Crypt!  
 How fresh the new Sunrise! The Starshine!  
 To feel Sorrow about Death is Ignorance Unbounded!  
 The Legacy of the Aeon of Osiris, Lord of Death.  
 Promulgated by the Christian Silliness:  
 That an Eternal God would give His Children  
 One Chance at Life!  
 One Chance at Salvation!  
 Saved from What?  
 Eternal Damnation by the Christian Powermongers,  
 As they browbeat the Flock into submission,  
 With threats of the Dread Hereafter,  
 Death is coming for thee, little ones, better be careful!  
 Best to put aside the Nonsense of the Nazarene.  
 And consider of the Way of Krishna and the Buddha:  
 The Great Wheel of Life, turning ever and ever,  
 From Life to Death to Afterlife to Rebirth:  
 Death only a Waystation, a momentary Respite,  
 In the Eternal Journey of the Soul  
 On its Way to the Experience of All Things: All Possibilities!  
 So chafe not at Death, the Great Liberator,  
 Who opens the Door when the Body ceases Its function.  
 Tarry not on the Ashes of the Old Incarnation; Instead  
 Let thy Spirit soar with Joy!  
 Catch the new Life with both Hands!  
 "Be strong, O man, lust!  
 Enjoy all things of sense and rapture!  
 Fear not that any God shall deny thee for this!"

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## On the Way of Nature

Pay thou heed to the patience of Nature,  
As She seems all time to transcend.  
The tread of the inexorable glacier,  
And rivers that flow without end.

Behold! The sun's constant shining;  
As the countless millennia span.  
As Redwoods reach up, on light dining,  
And weather turns rock into sand.

Observe Her exactness of balance:  
Equilibrating through night and through day  
As seasons cycle and molecules dance,  
As fire prunes forests and predators, prey.

Consider the growth of the Tree of All Life,  
From bud to flower, from stream to river.  
From mountain to plane; She is constant midwife:  
Drawing strength from the Sun, the All-Giver.

Her course is checked by naught but Her hand:  
Twist and turn, ebb and flow; constant change  
Inscrutable and open, as things may demand,  
As she quickens both virus and high mountain range.

**ONANISM: One on One**

Masturbation: Self-Pollution!  
Choke the Chicken to get the Solution.  
Rosey Palm just loves to dance;  
So give her a chance to get in your pants!  
Is there Love in a Rite so crass?  
Stick a finger up your ass?  
So what if you will not share,  
Who cares? Do you care?  
If Love is held only to One?  
And around the Self the web is spun.  
Onan. Narcissus. Pound thy pud!  
Fantasize the image created of mud.  
Just to the self, no thought to the other.  
Infantile glimmers of lust for the mother.  
Don't constrain thy livid heat!  
Grab ahold and beat thy meat!  
The immediacy of passion's need,  
To flood thy fingers with all godspeed.  
And give no thought to what will cum,  
As only the self is loved by the pounding drum.  
The image of lust with no life of it's own.  
Merely a mirror of Me overblown.

THE PACT PRIMEVAL  
(A Declaration of Interdependence)

When, in the Course of Events prehistoric,  
 In the early dawn of Man:  
 Ancestral Man, Hominid, Primate  
 Lived without Bond with his fellow Creatures;  
 Save as Hunter, Predator: Taker  
 Without giving in return, save in Prayer  
 To the spirit of the Prey for its Life,  
 To nourish the Tribe and the Clan.  
 The only Bond the shared Skin of the Earth Mother.  
 But there came a Time, whence we know not,  
 Nor under what Circumstance,  
 Nor the parties involved: Only that  
 Man and Beast reached a Concord, an Accord, a Pact  
 That as exchange for Food, Affection, Protection, Warmth,  
 For a Space of Time  
 Beast would give to Man the Ultimate:  
 Its Body, its Blood, its Life!  
 So the Wolf became Guardian and Friend.  
 The Aurochs, meat and skin,  
 The Horse and Mammoth; transport.  
 And so on...  
 Many remained wild, untameable:  
 Ant, Shark, Serpent, Microbe,  
 Beyond the Reach of the Domesticating Hand.  
 But of those who joined and are joined today,  
 There came an Import to rival the Taming of Fire.  
 But, that Trust of Beast for Man,  
 Must needs not be abused,  
 To further only the Interests of Man,  
 Intellect is no excuse for callous Brutality,  
 So, Man must take Pause and consider  
 His end of the Bargain; be responsible to the lesser Ones  
 from whose Evolutionary Chain he came.  
 Nature will not endure an Imbalance,  
 So, hearken, Homo Sapiens, and take care:  
 Violate not thine End of the Pact Primeval.  
 Lest the Fire of Nature consume thee in thine Arrogance.  
 Consider of the others, O Man, and return  
 To the Way of Reverence for All Life.  
 And so shall Paradise be for All,  
 As it was in Eden, so shall it be again,  
 If we but open ourselves to the Wisdom of Nature!

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PAPER WARS ! ? ! ?  
 (The Song of Corporate Hunger)

I want to own what you own,  
 And make us both some money;

Money! Money! Money! Money!

Money! Money!

Money!

Corporate Raider: Fiscal Invader,  
 The Street of the Wall applauds.  
 The lawyers follow, drooling;  
 Slaving for the inevitable crumbs,  
 Inexorable as an autopsy, a dissection,  
 In truth, a vivisection - PIECEMEAL!  
 The blood spills, the dogs lick and tear,  
 A mountain of paper trembles  
 As the Gnomes of Zurich worship the Martial God-  
 Combat: Competition: Free Enterprise: Who eats who?  
 Swimming with the sharks;  
 The guts you lose may be your own!  
 A life's work lost to predation,  
 Masturbation as the zeros extend  
 On the Income Statement that has no end.  
 So let it be written! So let it be done!  
 I consume you, I thrive and flourish,  
 Your portion is a locked gate.  
 The American Dream is such a Scream,  
 The question asks itself:  
 "Was Marx right?"

## The Positive Vector

Having written so much from the negative side:  
 The bummers always seem so much more weighty:  
 I mean, they just seem to like to predominate.  
 Like suffering is better than joy!  
 That has to be bullshit!  
 You can only analyze, and dwell in old, sad, bad habits so long;  
 The you get to the point where you have to think, say and do:  
 Existence is pure joy!!! It's in the book **(Liber Al vel Legis)**  
 I've let the suffering of Osiris and Jesus  
 And Eternal Damnation, Taboos on the "Lusty Life"  
 And all the rest of that Wimp Nonsense  
 Have me long enough! Enough is enough!  
 Negativity Sucks! In spades!  
 That suffering is part of life there is no doubt,  
 But so is FUN and JOY and ROCKING OUT and KICKING ASS!  
 It is basically a matter of attitude:  
 Why dwell in the house of Pain? When you can...  
 Take a walk on the wild side;  
 Live life in the fast lane;  
 Boogaloo down the Boulevard!!!  
 Yesterday morning I lay in bed, And for absolutely no good reason,  
 Made (made, not let) myself get negative like a motherfucker.  
 And then felt like shit all day long: mired in one bummer after another.  
 Finally, says myself to I: "This is not working!  
 I don't have to stay like this, this is really dumb,  
 With a capital D, Stupid with a capital S!"  
 So I made my head and mind hard and decided, "Enough!"  
 Quit being isolated and full of self-pity!  
 Don't be a quitter! Don't be a wimp! Don't be a mommy's boy!  
 Get off your lazy mental, whining ass,  
 And go do something positive for or with somebody else.  
 Get out of the house of Poor Me!  
 Go Love somebody or something!  
 Go do something different!  
 Change your vector:  
 "Accentuate the Positive, Eliminate the Negative.  
 Latch on to the Affirmative"  
 & GO LIKE HELL!!!

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## THE QUEST FOR THE LAIR OF HATE

There is division hither homeward in the House of Man  
     Black versus White  
     Parent versus Child  
     Hindu versus Sikh  
     Man versus Woman  
     Poor versus Rich  
     God versus God  
     Me versus You.  
 Behold the Litany of Loathing:  
 I hate; You hate; He, She, It hates.  
 Withdraw within the Ego to conceal the rampant Fear-  
 Erect the machinery of isolation, rejection, repulsion.  
 Sanctify the Self: Regard all without as damned:  
     Heathen! Unclean! Different! Not me!  
 Khmer Rouge - Skinheads - Contras - Klu Klux Klan - Nazis  
     Fear breeds Hate, Hate breeds Death.  
 But why? And why? And why once again?  
     Are we not all *homo sapiens*? Wise man?  
     Peals of laughter from the Chorus.  
 Temporal power: Unbridled Wealth: Greed without Bound  
 The masses tremble, trampled underfoot by the Movers and Shakers  
 Propaganda: truth distorted and obscured: lie piled upon lie  
     Ulterior motive reigns unchecked.  
     Joseph Goebbels chuckles in his sumptuous Aryan Hell.  
     The remedy: God only knows and He s not talking;  
     But hath not the Goddess ordained:  
 "There is no bond that can unite the divided but love!"

## RITE OF PASSAGE

The blue star rises first; as always: cool, aloof  
 Translucent azure light holding no warmth.  
 Vedone is fixed, rigid, contemplative,  
 Blue light glistens on her slate-grey scales  
 The yellow giant ascends the horizon;  
 Heat quickens her blood, movement surges through her:  
 Her day is upon her!  
     The day of her first solo kill!  
     The day of the Huntress!  
 On her mind's tongue, she tastes blood;  
 The pink ones, come from afar,  
     In a silvery vessel from a far-flung star  
     Come to rape her land for its treasures  
 The Triad of Elders comes; slowly, ceremoniously,  
 Badges of Office sparkling in the light of the two suns  
 Vedone is prepared, anointed, consecrated:  
 Reminded of her heritage, her destiny,  
 Her duty to her sisters, to her kind.  
 The pink ones came as conquerors, destroyers  
 Now they are the conquered, the hunted;  
 Their machines rendered useless by her planet's magnetic ambience.  
 Defeated, splintered, they are now primitive, they are now prey.  
 Allowed to breed in the wild to be food; trophies of the Hunt!  
 The Elders unleash Vedone, relentless on the spoor,  
 She finds a large male; springs, fangs caress his throat,  
 She drinks deep of his life: her Victory!  
 Her clan approaches in adulation, the ritual feast is hers.  
 The small males present themselves for the honor of coupling.  
 A large kill, a great feast; many males awaken her femininity.  
 She is fulfilled! She is adult! She is She-Hunter!

## THE ROSE ON THE CROSS

To Milady, Queen of the Stars:

Wandering, bewildered, scorched and torn,  
     I curse the day that I was born .  
 Flesh is ragged, haggard, smeared,  
     Grime lay thick upon my beard.

Earth is labor, earth is toil.  
     Time does nothing but despoil.  
 Thirst is mounting, unquenchable drought,  
     Hunger's a ravaged, painful shout.

No ear can hear my deepest cry  
     From darkest valley to brightest sky.  
 No eye can pierce through anguished dust,  
     I find no friend, I find no trust.

I stagger onward, hope is dying,  
     And yet the spirit must keep trying.  
 Until I fell, naked, shivering;  
     Bone is pain, flesh is quivering.

The cool of night did sweep upon me.  
     Refreshing breezes caress my body.  
 I raise my head and look above;  
     And there, a wonder, star of love.

Brightness pierces through velvet blue;  
     Downward streak of blue-white hue,  
 Sets upon a rugged hill,  
     Far in the distance, somber, still.

Hope does brighten, courage stirs;  
     Strength does quicken, tear eye blurs.  
 Ragged frame does rise once more,  
     Sea-sore eye spies distant shore.

Onward, upward, across the plain,  
     Hard into the gathering rain.  
 Driven, driven by thought of solace,  
     Through tugging mire and endless morass.

Until, at last, the steepening slope,  
     The hill is upon me, upraised is hope.  
 And lo! Atop the hill a barren cross,  
     But nothing lives, nor grass, nor moss.

Yet upward climb is no way ceased,  
 Until, at last, the apex reached:  
 Exhausted, defeated, aching sense of loss,  
 I fall at the foot of the weathered cross

Sleep comes quickly, coursing through  
     Body lifeless, yet stirs anew.  
 Rain does slacken, moonstar shines,  
     From barren ground do creep forth vines.

In the pale of morning, I awake, refreshed;  
     Cool early air upon my breast.  
 Wonder of wonders, about me, green,  
     A scented garden, verdant, clean.

From whence, I wonder, came this garden,  
     No gardener spied, no sort of warden.  
 Then slowly, subtly, answer found,  
     My body's filth renewed the ground.

Dust and blood and sweat and grime,  
     Flowed with rain to become a slime,  
 That entered the earth as a nourishing food,  
     And changed earth's death to a flowering mood!

A garden sprang forth, wondrous, rich;  
     A river of life in an empty ditch.  
 My eyes raised slowly, wondering, questing,  
     At the center of the Cross they ended, resting.

And there a rose of scarlet hue,  
     Jeweled and sparkle with night-fresh dew.  
 A rose so fresh, so wondrous fair,  
     It charged the hill with fragrant air.

And lo! About me came a throng,  
     Of pilgrims filled with joy and song.  
 To stare with wonder at miracle's rose,  
     And let the perfume enchant the nose.

And as the barren hilltop flowered,  
     Surrounding valleys became embowered;  
 With trees and meadows and grape-rich vines,  
     That soon flowed free into sparkling wine.

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So life did gather and life did grow,  
And rivers then did gently flow,  
With joy and peace and abundant cheer,  
And music soft did caress the ear.

And so today, as I ponder long  
Seeking ever to enrich this song,  
I can't help but think that there's always a flower.  
To brighten every darkest hour.



## SERIAL CEREAL

Machine Gun Mike, who hated kikes;  
Walked into Schlossberg's Deli, and with 9mm fury  
From an Israeli Uzi (irony or what?), made a lot of Heebs into blood sausage.

Know what i mean, jelly bean?

Not all the Lamb's Blood in the Levant,  
Would save these folks from the Angel of Death!

The Big Apple takes care of its own!

And how!

Then, with typical aplomb, MGM walked over to the 33rd Precinct,

And took out 25 of New York's finest:

Lasted 7 and a half minutes before they opened him up

With 17 separate 12-guage enemas:

What an ungodly mess!

Several hours later, "Slither" stalked new prey:

It needed the taste of Tantalus: tits over easy!

Vagina under glass or what have you;

Just so long as it was female, young and alone.

Rending and gorging, street-wise foraging!

Hunger is as hunger does.

"Slither" made the papers for the 43rd time:

It had a cult-following with a vengeance.

We do love our Killers.

Especially when they regale us with

Tons of gore: Give us more!

In due course, comes now the "Manhattan Mangler"  
Caressing young children with 40 tons per square inch:

"Squeeze me, Daddy; Show me you care!"

"Turn me inside out!" No sooner said than done.

Strawberry jelly with bones; what a treat.

Know what i mean, jelly bean?

Huggable, muggable, roll-a-body so ruggable!

Into a shape not recognizable

By Forensic Physicians in the M-O-R-G-U-E.

Splash a Gash and Get Some Cash

Hey! This sleaze sells papers: Give us more!

Then, wouldn't you know? Couple of good ol' boys

With necks as red as yesterday's Kotex:

Pull up in front of Rockefeller Center

With a pick-up load of:  
 Weapons-grade Plutonium, All neatly configured  
 To become 37 and a half kilotons  
 Of nuclear fission fun:  
 Faggot liberal media scumbags; hasta la vista, baby!  
 Oh what a huge, radiant, big-ass hole!  
 Yes, indeedy! Right-on!  
 Too bad Bill and Hillary weren't there too.  
 God, would that sell air time;  
 With a vengeance!

And if that wasn't enough, i mean really enough,  
 An aging SS found Hitler's head alive in the Uruguayan Embassy!  
 Jack the Ripper slipped into a London fog  
 And slipped out onto Madison Avenue:  
 Zodiac, Boston Strangler, all the really slimy ones  
 Came together for a Feast:  
 A veritable Cornucopia of murder, mayhem & malice!  
 Took over the Bronx and probably Queens.  
 Hot damn and golly gee!  
 More damn Serial Killers than you could  
 Shake a dismembered penis at!  
 And then the fun started,  
 Know what i mean, jelly bean?

The Big Apple became the Big Bloodbath!  
 Guts, gore, grime, slime and crime:  
 Made Auschwitz look like a Romp in the Park.  
 Made CBS, ABC, NBC & CNN megabucks.  
 Put OJ & Co. on the back page for keeps.  
 The Bored Bourgeoisie want Action!  
 ACTION WITH A CAPITAL A!!!  
 When you're bored, you're bored!  
 Know what i'm sayin', burrito brain?  
 And boredom = bucks to the Media Moguls.  
 A spoonful of bloodmania for your breakfast cornflakes!  
 Breakfast of Champions!  
 What better way to start your day.

So the Fun raged on and the Cameras rolled:  
 Innocent Bystanders become the main course:  
 Hannibal the Cannibal crackin' the whip!  
 If you can't fuck it, bite it open;

Then slide it on home!  
 Yes, sirree, bob-tail! We got:  
 Torture! Necrophilia! Pedastry! Sado-masochistic delights!  
 And it's all on videotape with a  
 Soundtrack by Pearl Jam.  
 Stalk and splatter; slash and burn!  
 All the corpses in the butter churn:  
 And prime-time ads a \$500,000 a minute.  
 The Olympics of Gore rules.

And then, just when things were lookin' so right!  
 Some damnfool technician forgot to lock the ControlRoom door.  
 Uh oh, big mistake: In comes "Slither" and "Machine Gun Mike"  
 Back from the dead, Hail John Carpenter!  
 Married now, of course. And hungry.  
 For blood, for death; whatever pleases,  
 So the light goes out for 74,000,000 TVs.  
 No more show, how sad:  
 This means Return of the Living Boredom.  
 But, not to worry!

Having eaten, fucked, strangled or just generally mutilated  
 Pretty much all of the City;  
 Them damn perverts started looking around  
 For fresh territory: Jersey, Boston, Washington DC  
 Hell, why not the rest of the good ol' USA?

So don't worry if your TV fails you.  
 And you don't know what to do.  
**THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU!**  
 And what they can't sodomize,  
 They'll eat!  
 Know what i mean, jelly bean?  
 Pleasant dreams!

## Summer Sky, Rio Grande Valley

Hushed indigo darkness, studded with star-jewels,  
 Mysterious depth, a Void of infinite Midnight.  
 Languorous canopy without cloud or ripple, only Silence  
 Pregnant with the inexorable Coming:

The faintest lightening, blackness fades, heralding  
 Pale pink fingers, golden-edged, probe upward  
 Coalescing into panorama: pinkness, goldness, into azure,  
 The advent of Dawn: masterful brilliance!

Light gains light gains light; the overwhelming Sun!  
 A mass of gold-orange fire in the East!  
 Upward, the great orange disk, relentless height;  
 As gold-orange yields to gold-white, coruscating.

Morningshead advances: shimmering Heat beckons  
 The use of Shadow, cloaking the deepburn of He  
 Who ascends with passive thermonuclear Fury  
 Ever upward into the ceiling of the world.

Apogee: the Pinnacle of Noontime, mastery unchallenged,  
 The Monarch of Midday enthroned, effulgent,  
 Dazzling all eyes with permeating fire; Whosoever  
 Looks in wheresoever direction: Fire without limit.

And so Westerly waning as the crusty Heat builds  
 The great disk falls to the Horizon, scorching;  
 As waves of oven ferocity bake all in their course,  
 Oppressive, imminent, inescapable!

Gradually, slowly, the Heat ebbs into Dusk  
 As wispy Cumulus Cloudpuffs float northward  
 Only promising dankness, Rain only a falsehood, a lie  
 Hoped for, but without just cause. Drought!

## Stellar love

From across the Reaches of Space and Time;  
     Drawn by Forces Vast and Inexorable  
 On a Collision Course guided by the Stars,  
     Their Vectors raced Inward from the Outermost Galaxies  
     To the Third Planet of the Star called Sol:  
 Two Stellar Forces, one, Female, Daughter of Nuit, Soul of Infinite Space  
     Called by the World of Men, Nancy Jean;  
 The Other, Male, a Magician of the Realm of Hadit, Micromaster of Existence  
     Known by other Humans as Gardner Spud.  
     Both lonely and with a craving need for each other:  
 To meet in a Forum of Education to learn  
     To teach the Young Ones to become Stars:  
         To teach them the Ways of the King's English  
         To teach them to express themselves, without trepidation;  
         To the World in Journals of Truth and Fortrightness.  
 Two Team-Teachers, born of the Realm of the Stars.  
 Whose Joining made unto the World a Unified Double-Star!  
     With a Love so deep and pervasive that it brought a Transformation  
     Into both of Their Lives: What at first had been only  
         Novelty and Passion unbounded;  
 Was fast becoming a Love of Immeasurable Breadth of Understanding  
     Passing through the Crucible of Ordeal of Family and Friends:  
 Of older commitments, still relevant, but waning in importance,  
     In the Face of a Love so rare, so precious, so fulfilling:  
     That Nothing could stand in the Face of its blinding Light!  
 A Love destined to shine throughout All Time:  
     A Beacon for all Magical Partnerships:  
     An Eternal Flame without End or Beginning:  
         Two Soul-Mates become as One  
         In a fiery Double Star!  
         So let it be written! So let it be done!  
         So Mote It Be!!!

### A STUDY IN FRUSTRATION

From whence cometh frustration?  
 What is the root of defeatism?  
 What makes darkness more adorable than light?  
 What is the source in the mind of the ANTI-?  
 Why court pain?  
 At times, it overwhelms:  
 Common sense, Happiness, Pleasure: All things congenial;  
 Extreme angry isolation: hateful, repugnant-  
 Leaps to the fore!  
 Devouring all joy; Defecating on love:  
 Destruction! Abolition! Nothing pleases:  
 No absolution from the insanity of duality.  
**PUSH AWAY! BEGONE! HARDEN THY HEART!**  
 Nothing comes into the shell, nothing escapes:  
 Ego-Fortress, bedrock:  
**I WANT TO BE FUCKING-A WELL ALONE!**  
 I can't cope with one little defeat;  
 So let all be damned: ALL IS DOGSHIT!!!  
 I want no part of nothing:  
 To Hell with you! Fuck you! Shit on you!  
 I want to be alone with my pain, my sorrow;  
 My malignant, malingering martyrdom.  
 If I cannot have my way;  
 I want nothing at all:  
 So there, too!  
 Eat your goddamn liver!  
 While I drench me in self-pity!  
 Dear, sweet, adorable poor me!  
**POOR ME! POOR ME! POOR ME!**  
 I tried so hard and what did I get;  
 Nothing but a plateful of pain;  
 Dear sweet grievous suffering languishing pain!  
 Is there any greater triumph than steeping  
 Me in a putrescent puddle of self-inflicted pain?  
 It must be so. Else why do I revel in it so?  
 Licking the wounds of sorrow and pity:  
 How I have suffered at the hands of the others!  
 Hateful bastards with nothing more to live for;  
 Than to torment ME!!!  
 Sound familiar? A little like paranoia?  
 Who frustrates? The frustrator or the frustratee?  
 Need a dose of sympathy and self-pity?  
 Who better to administer than my favorite physician, Me?  
 And the way out of the House of Futility:  
 Take it on the chin! Analyze its origin!  
 Honestly admit you don't like it:  
 Self-pity and martyrdom really suck.  
 Forget about yourself (admittedly not always easy);  
 And think about somebody else: **WHAT YA' GOT TO LOSE?**

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## TEQUACHE: TERROR OF THE CHIRICAHUA

The Apache elders, sitting motionless, worshipping the "little god", peyote,  
 In sweat-lodge, bathed in the dew of the stars, contemplating;  
 The coming of the white man, implacable, relentless,  
     Sacred burial grounds violated for the foundations of a settlement.  
 Pleadings trampled warnings as objects of scorn to the mighty conquerors,  
     Who take no heed that, under the old bones and relies, lies a guardian:  
 Tequache whose name makes the flesh of the elders, warriors all, shudder.  
     Mindless, inexorable, primeval horror: father of bloodbaths.  
 Awakened from centuries-old sleep by the unwary, disturbing the holy place.  
     Awakened to vengeance to insatiable blood-hunger:  
 In one night, 117 souls - men, women, children - all torn to fragments!  
     Devoured, consumed, blood-sucked. Tequache returns to it's lair, to rest,  
     But not the Black Sleep of the shaman, only the torpor of gluttony.  
 Time passes, Silence from the settlement, scouts are sent,  
     And return with a tale of emptiness and rotting carnage.  
     The army, aroused, sends a full company of "long knives".  
 To the site of the settlement, to the lair of the Tequache.  
     Who awakens again to the sound of horses hooves and raucous shouts.  
 Of soldiers, seeking a reason for the carnage that confronts them.  
     Where are the people? What caused this horror? Why hurt defenseless people?  
 On the morrow, the Chiricahua will be made to give answers.  
     Tomorrow never comes for 84 paleface warriors: In the night,  
 Tequache rises, destruction in its claws, a feast of terror in its jaws  
     Amusingly, one survives; a Navajo scout, Tequache feeds not on it s own-  
 Dazed and terrified, he finds the Apache camp, tells the elders the tale  
     They decide (how should it be otherwise?); the Black Sleep must take Tequache  
 A sacrificial lamb is prepared, anointed with potions and a curse-  
     Dropped into the monster's pit; it feeds and sleeps.  
 Rocks and earth follows: a great mound is built.  
     Bornless and deathless, it cannot be killed, only made to be dormant  
 Should the white man return, which he surely will, it will rise again  
     Such is the way of Tequache, Terror of the Chiricahua Apache.

## The Famous Exploding Whale Trick

It lay on the beach, a big, fat leech  
     Rotting away in the sun.  
 The stench was great, and no one ate.  
     Near this bloated one.

So it came to pass, that this slimy ass,  
     Came to the notice of the Powers That Be.  
 This can't be so, this mess must go!  
     The mung must go back to the sea.

But who will cut up this mass of yuck?  
     Or drive a bulldozer through it?  
 Who will take knives that cut down to size?  
     How can we just say screw it?

No one ventured a method  
     of relieving the pungent arena;  
 And things came to hiatus,  
     No solution put forth to clean-a!  
 What will we do?  
     To be rid of this heinous enigma?

ENTER THE SAVANT!!!

Comes upon the scene an old Quarryman learned in the ways of destruction;  
     With substances of great explosive concussion  
 "Fill the bastard with TNT" says he, "and blow it to bits and pieces!"  
     No sooner said than done - 267 lbs. Of Du Pont's finest.  
 And BLAMMO - no more big mess!!!  
     Just a lot of little messes, raining out of the sky  
     As far as the eye can see or nose can smell -  
     Plummeting down in a gut-wrenching Hell.  
     Gruesome, grisly, gratuitous, reeking of decomposition:  
 A veritable child's garden of loathsomeness: Crashing through the barriers:  
     Of sensibility, of common decency. Even of solid windows!  
     A SHOWER OF DEATH! A CASCADE OF SLIME!  
     WHAT A WONDROUS TIME!  
     Was had by all! Except the whale!  
     Who was beyond caring, anyway.  
 So what the fuck?!?! The morale:  
     IF YOU'RE A WHALE THINKING OF DYING,  
     BEST YOU SINK INTO THE OCEAN  
     THAN HAVE TO ENDURE AN EXPLOSIVE COMMOTION !

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### The Self-Made Box

Why do I live in this self-made box?  
 I know not the keys, know not the locks!  
 I weirdly stay away from others;  
 Unless their presence impales or smothers:  
 Upon my self, hidden away, from fear -  
 Of contact? Of love? Of darkness banished?  
 Of not being able to carry on a relevant conversation-  
 I shun others for reasons I can't say;  
 Or think. Or understand!  
 God wants me to:  
 Wait until they come to me?  
 I may wait a long time, Not knowing what I have missed.  
 And then fight with myself for missing it-  
 For being so upright and correct, I allowed  
 The River of Life to flow by me, uncaring, but desperately searching  
 For I know not what?  
 A sign from above?  
 The perfect love?  
 The perfect hate?  
 Am I too late?  
 Or too early?  
 Who cares, anyway?  
 Do you? Do I? Does anyone?  
 The way of the hermit is fraught with self:  
 That's all there is:  
 Me! Myself! I!  
 If there were others I must needs change:  
 Horror of horrors!  
 To be different than I am, an improvement;  
 Why fight so hard to remain unchanged?  
 Frustrated? Desperate? Iron-clad, hide-bound  
 Inside of this skin that will not loosen.  
 To let the soul rampage about; just a little;  
 To go past the fear to the fun!  
 Then what?  
 What new fears await?  
 Beyond the ego's gate?  
 Beyond the thrall of restricted self?  
 Of a life lived upon the shelf?  
 Whither? Whither? Whither?  
 Is the way out of THE BOX???  
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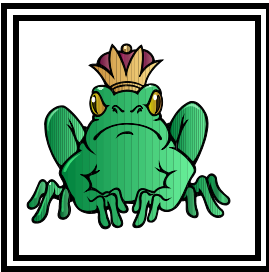
## THE THREADS OF SOCIETY

Do we witness the dethreading of society?  
 Does the garment of life fray away?  
 What is the engine of degradation, dissolution, yea! destruction?!?!  
 That hammers away on the Great Sewing Machine of Life???  
 Something is fucking-A well wrong in the State of...  
 You name it, It's got problems.  
 \*AMERICA\*SOUTH AFRICA\*SRI LANKA\*THAILAND\*  
 The whole bloody shootin' match is going potty.

### But Why?

Is it really all that bad? Or that abnormal?  
 Haven't we always had things pretty well screwed up?  
 What's so different about now?

### WHY DON'T WE TAKE IT FROM A FROGS POINT OF VIEW?



Okay, fine, little Mr Amphibian, tell us what's what...

Well, you gotta understand the parameters: To me, you humans just don't know how to square it away! You keep skrunging it up!

Look, what you need is a simple understanding of what I like to call DIVINE INTERVENTION. God doesn't want you bugging up his nice planet too much so once in a while he sends in a helper ... a coach... a messenger. Your last one was in 1904. English dude named Crowley,

Aleister Crowley. Brought in a bit of Holy Writ from the Big Guys. Called it the Book of the Law. Took away all of the old hardline religions - Christianity, Buddhism, Islam and so on and made man his own god with a law called Thelema. Well, you can imagine the ensuing mess: you're looking at the transition from the Old Way to the New Way right now and it's going to be ugly for awhile.

The old dead and suffering god -like Jesus - was taken off the throne of earth and the young sun god, Horus, the child, replaced him. Pompous piety was replaced by sex, drugs and rock and roll. Bound to cause something of a mixup, don't you think? Everybody right now are more or less children looking for a way to grow up. To follow the way of Nature is basically the only path for everybody: Universe, Star & Sun worship - magickally not dogmatically - the real thing, not a lot of Christian mumbo jumbo. But it's gonna take a while for everybody to see this, meanwhile we got a bit of a mess. Transitions are always a bit of a bother, know what I mean, jelly bean?

**IT'LL ALL COME OUT IN THE WASH,  
 CAN YOU DIG IT???**

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## TO A BUTTERFLY



A flower with wings; the bridge  
 Between beauty & delicacy  
 of the airborne will of the Goddess...  
 To make a flower fly  
 And dance with a blossom  
 At the end of a stem, To feed  
 And pollinate the flower that cannot fly;  
 Save in the wind, Captive  
 Of the forces around it.  
 Nature creates:  
 Beauty upon beauty upon beauty!  
 To enhance the life of man and woman,  
 Surrounded by a pageant of splendor  
 And loveliness, for all to share:  
 Butterfly & Flower  
 Night & Day  
 Life & even Death  
 All parts of the pageant:  
 From the Eternal Wellspring of Nature.  
 Hearken, O children of Earth, and rejoice  
 That this is so!

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**VOX POPULI, VOX DEI**  
**(THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE VOICE OF GOD)**

There was a Time, in the Annals of Man,  
 When Nature held sway in our Souls.  
 And our Spirits did quicken in a green, grassy Glen,  
 With Reverence paid to the gnarled, old Boles.

When the Water of Rivers was as pure as the Sky's,  
 As it flowed with Gladness over the Land.  
 When the Fullness of Harvest, And the Cow's happy sighs,  
 Brought Joy to the Husbandman's hand.

But this Vision was lost in the Darkness of Matter,  
 And Money did become as a God  
 And Nature was rent and left in a tatter,  
 And Harshness was ploughed into the Sod

And the Voice was raised in the Mercantile Camp:  
 "Let us lust after Things we can own."  
 No matter the Cost, as downward they stamp,  
 To harm the Earth deep to the Bone.

And with no thought to Those coming after,  
 Did they poison and burn and impale  
 And their coffers did ring with Laughter,  
 As the People were snared in Wealth's Jail.

But, as sure as Nature abhors an Imbalance,  
 Slowly did Things come to a Turn.  
 Life is not Chance, so We must needs take Stance,  
 To give the Greedy a Lesson to learn.

The Earth is Our Mother, not a victim to rape,  
 As some plunder Her Wealth for their own.  
 The Multitude cries, their Thoughts taking Shape,  
 "Let us return the Earth to her Own."

So the Children of Earth did gather as One,  
 To raise a Voice heard o'er all the Lands:  
 That the Battle with the Irresponsible must be won,  
 To return the Earth to her Children's own Hands.

So let it be written! So let it be done!

**WEREWOLF**

In the Dark of the Night, midst the Full of the Moon,  
The Man does crouch, as the Beast will soon,  
Spring to the throat, the blooded Fangs deep;  
The heart is rent from the Unwary Sheep.

Not Man, not Beast, neither, but both,  
Chained to the wheel of an Unholy Oath.  
And is it truly unholy? Or merely the whim,  
Of Nature gone rampant in a dark part of him.

For a Beast does lurk in the Heart of us all,  
Lost from Heaven in a curious Fall:  
To the things of the Pit as they hunger and snarl;  
Wanton bloodlust in the Moon's ghostly pall.

Ere your Face you turn in disgusted Disdain,  
Behold the Screams formed deep in the Brain:  
The thoughts of self that makes Beasts of us all,  
As the Angel flees the Demonic Call.

What is born of our nature can ne'er denied,  
For the Vestments of Man cannot truly hide;  
As Luna does grow to a Great Silver Ball:  
The soul of the Wolf that dwells in us All!

## WHAT IF???

What if you had the secret that would...

Save mankind from itself?

Save the world?

Make everybody happy in the deepest sense?

**AND NOBODY: AND I DO MEAN NOBODY!  
WANTED TO LISTEN...**

**THINK  
FEEL KIND**

**YOU MIGHT  
OF**

**ALONE ???**

**AND I DO MEAN ALONE (IN CAPS AND IN A  
TEXT BOX)**

Because what you need to do to be really joyful...

Is control your body and your mind;

Analyze yourself to the core of your being;

Discard the base emotions of

Pity, Sentimentality, Anger, Human Love et al.

Purge yourself of all attachment to the physical plane.

Direct the mind and the will

**TO THE HIGHER REALITIES!**

To the Trances of the Unity of All Things: Of God;

Of Nature, Of the Universe, Of Existence:

**ALL THINGS SOEVER!**

**NO SMALL TASK! IT REQUIRES:**

**PERSEVERANCE, RUTHLESS SELF-HONESTY, DETACHMENT  
CONSTANCY AND PATIENCE;**

A desire to know the TRUTH transcending all other desire

And a greater desire to share this with Others.

**AND NOBODY WANTS TO FUCKING-A WELL  
LISTEN:**

Because they are too wrapped up in their little selves

Trapped in Materialism and the Fear of Death: Of Change

Of overcoming what they are;

To becoming what they are capable of being;

**GODS AND GODDESSES**

**INHERITORS OF THE DIVINE RIGHT OF  
KINGS AND QUEENS:**

And nobody wants to break out of their Captivity

Because the Familiar, unpleasant as it is, is Comfortable;

And the Unknown; Terrible and Frightening  
 Too terrible for the petty, groveling humans  
 Who refuse to become what they truly are:  
 Because it is too new and too different:

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT, O CHILDREN OF  
 EARTH, FOOD FOR THOUGHT!**

What makes hatred become love?

As I journeyed mentally toward denouement:  
 Swept along the river of emotion:  
 Hostility and hatred imprisoned me-  
 I shrieked for the drastic, dire death of enemies;  
 Implacable, relentless, maniac.  
 No thought of the other, the victim  
 Or of the consequences.  
 Or of even myself:  
 Only blind, inexorable, execrable abhorrence  
 Loathing, destroying, maiming, ripping and rending.  
 Pushed to the nth and the nth and the nth degree.  
 Then only to collapse, only ashes in the fire:  
 The body of anger, consumed by the flame  
 Of its own passion, its persistence, its penance.

***And the Fire Bird rises-***

On the soft, velvety wings of love:  
 Reversal unbounded, how can this pass?  
 Can joy and love spring from hatred and bloody mayhem?

**PARADOX! PARADOX! PARADOX!**

Does the butterfly not rise from the worm?  
 All contained within the swing of the pendulum:  
 Vibration, ebb & flow, systole-diastole.  
 The sine-wave of all existence.  
 How can the one extreme be known,  
 without the other?????  
 How can I know you unless  
 You are in me?????

What is knowledge but a point of reference  
 Of one thing by another????  
 But hatred is a state most painful,  
 To be passed through with all Godspeed:  
 All is relative, but...  
 Some things are more relative than others;

Joy greatly outdistances anger;  
Love is the state to be sought;  
At the price of hatred it is bought;  
But, in the last, we most certainly ought;  
To dissolve all loathing in love:  
For we are all of the Same!

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What the fuck, over...!?!?

Back in the time of Osiris  
 And the Time of the Roman Catholic Rip:  
 Everything fun was temptation:  
 To take you away from Jesus-  
 No sin! No sex! Don't get high!  
 Be on a permanent downer.  
 But be sooo self-superior whenever you overcame  
 The slightest inkling to be tempted:  
 So fucking self-righteous! Yuck! And Double-Yuck!

.....  
 But now it's Thelema: Be strong!  
 O man, enjoy all things of sense and rapture!  
 Fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.  
 So, here I am putting heavy moves on the New Flame  
 When the Old Flame calls on the Speaker Phone:  
 New Flame is outta here! Zippy!  
 And the questions start:  
 Am I being tested? Is Old Flame really the One?  
 Old Flame dumped me bigtime when it suited her fancy.  
 And I'd bet she'd do it again give half a chance!

.....  
 Think with the stiff dick or with the reason?  
 Not to mention the intuition?  
 To hell with it! Go for Thelema!  
 Devil take the hindmost!  
 I mean:  
 What the fuck, over...!?!?

## Why do I reject her?

On one of my shoulders sits an Angel:  
 Yea, verily, A Lord of Light!  
 And on the other a Spirit of Darkness:  
 A Thing of the Pit: a Daemon, a Devil.  
 For the Greatest God must also be The Greatest Devil.  
 For God is All in All. Nothing escapes Him!  
 And between these Two Most Primal Adversaries;  
 Dwell I, a Magician, to hold the Balance:  
 Calling upon the Grace of the Angel as Guide  
 To constrain the Dark One,  
 Lest It should turn and rend Any within its Grasp!  
 For the Force of the Daemon is great and useful  
 If vectored under will and under Divine Guidance.  
 But should the Dark One, by some Mistake of the Magician,  
 Be untethered; then the Box Of Pandora is let loose.  
 And the Devil screams forth, as a Banshee!  
 To work its Negative Will on the Magician  
 And those around him with no Mercy and no Quarter:  
 Destruction, Pain and Malice its Handmaidens.  
 But, both are parts of the Magician's being  
 As they are of all men and women.  
 But they are no great moment unless one is of the Path.  
 And the error of the Magician that gave the Dark One vent?  
 An effront to Our Lady of the Stars, Nuit  
 And to Her Daughter and Emissary,  
 The Magician grasped his Member, in wanton disregard  
 Of the Knowledge of the Consequences of this  
 Selfish Act of Sexual Black Magic to his self.  
 And made Love to his hand, no thought for anyone save himself!  
 And because the deed was not done unto Nuit,  
 To expand the Totality of Her Body,  
 But as a Violation of a Magical Oath not to be as Onan,  
 So, as punishment, the Magician was made to endure  
 "The direful judgments of Ra-Hoor-Khuit"  
 The Angel withdrew its Protection and unleashed the Daemon,  
 Saying, in effect, "You vowed not to do this,  
 You made your bed, now lie in it!"  
 And it was left to him to dwell in the House of Negativity  
 At the mercy of the Daemon (who has none!)  
 To find his Way as best he could.  
 And anyone that he injured (such as the Fair Daughter of Nuit)  
 On his Path back to Sanity, And if he lost Her Friendship;  
 That should serve as Painful Lesson and Reminder  
 To abandon the selfish practice of masturbation,  
 Once and for All!  
 For, if Love be made, with its Ecstatic Release,  
 Then share it with Another, a Daughter of the Starry One.  
 Return to The Way and go no more astray!

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## **Why is Life so Mystifying?**

You think you know what's happening:  
 Oh, really? What is happening?  
 Is it just to you? Or everybody? Or just a few?  
 And what is the what in what's happening?  
 Is it sensible? Emotable? Real? Magical?  
 Are you damned or doomed when you exit the womb?  
 And who gets the gold when you go in the tomb?  
 And who gets the girl when the dragon drops down?  
 And why do villains rule all the towns?  
 Or is Life perfectly normal and the people just stupid?  
 Money talks and bullshit walks, or so they say:  
 Who is they? The ones who listen to the money?  
 And where does the bullshit walk to?  
 How does an invertebrate substance walk?  
 Are you easily confused?  
 Perplexed? Puzzled? Is the Darkness  
 Caused by too much Light in your eyes?  
Who is covering up?  
 Why the Power Structure keeps you in the Dark!  
**IT WANTS YOUR MONEY!**  
**IT WANTS POWER OVER YOU SO...**  
**IT CAN TAKE ALL OF YOUR MONEY!**  
 So it tells you a lot of lies: Politicians are your friends!  
 Lawyers have your best interests at heart!  
 Do what you're told and "DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!"  
 Conform! Buy over your head! Stay in debt!  
 Obey all laws; they are designed to protect you  
 from yourself!  
 And the lawyers and politicians: Our leaders!  
 Are you as confused as this Poet?  
 This is probably not possible!  
 This Poet is confused like a Mother fucker!  
 So don't feel bad, or alone, or helpless...  
 That is what they want you to feel...  
 So you will conform! Obey! Do your patriotic duty!  
 Be square and obey the Law of the Pack:  
**DEMOCRACY = INSTITUTIONALIZED MOB RULE**  
**SO CUT THRU THE BULLSHIT:**  
**DISSOLVE THE CONFUSION & MYSTIFICATION**  
 See it for what it is and tell it like it is!  
 So let it be written, so let it be done!

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## **THE WHY OF HE AND SHE IN ME**

If memory serves...  
 Then Magickal Memory serves better:  
 During the time medieval;  
 I entered the House of Original Sin  
 and became a Monk therein.  
 And learned to curb the Natural Drive of Carnal Desire  
 Thru ways strange and repressive:  
 Banish the thought: Jesus will damn you!  
 Submerge lust in gluttony!  
 Repress love with the Icon of a Weapon!  
 (Perhaps this is from a previous life  
 as a Soldier in Caesar's Legions:  
 The remembrances are trace-like and unsure)  
 Replace the female with the Touch Impure!  
 Disdain Women as Unholy:  
 Is not the body of a woman the Temple of Satan?  
 So saith St. Paul of Tarsus.  
 Whether I believed this or not is of no account;  
**THE DOGMA WAS HAMMERED HOME!!!** Belief was stamped in.  
 With all the Vengeance of the Roman Catholic Church,  
 Did I set about to enslave my Soul in the Way  
 Of the Celibate. (And the strange Compensations  
 natural to this unnatural path.)  
 And this MindFormat festered within me for many Centuries;  
 As I upheld the way of the Catholic Osirian Tradition:  
 Original Sin \* Eternal Damnation \* Vicarious Atonement  
 The Isolation of the Monk superior to Worldliness of a Man:  
**THIS DEEPLY EMBEDDED IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS:**  
 To pass untethered unto the Present Day  
 To hold me, unbidden and unwanted and unknowing, in its Sway!  
 Unto the Time of Horus and the Law of **ΘHAEMA**  
 In the Time when Sexual Love, unto the Goddess, is Holy  
 And, done as a Rite, is A Force Regenerating:  
 But done solely for the self, with no thought for the Other  
 Is a Restriction of the direst Kind:  
 Which calleth forth the Guilt, Fear and Shame  
 Of the Previous Time; the noxious Repression!  
 With Religious Zeal is the Repression perpetuated.  
 The "Dread Hereafter" setting its Seal on the Free Exercise  
 Of Love. And Life. And Liberty. And Light.  
 The Four Cornerstones of Thelema.  
**BLASPHEMY! RESTRICTION! DEATH!**  
 Of Joy & Pleasure, Sacraments to the Goddess.  
 Until the Pain is so overpowering;  
 The need of the Union with Nuit so overwhelming;  
 That Ruthless Analysis must be brought to bear:  
 With perseverance and patience; To dissolve the  
 Old Slave-God Repression and replace it with the Way Thelemic,  
 And free the Spirit to the Love and Lust of Nuit.  
 So Mote It Be!

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**That's all, folks!**  
**for now, anyway...**

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