

TRANSGENDERED IN TIME ON ANTI-PSYCHOTICS

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The tangerine dream of the electric light organ made me aware that their god was in the air. So I jumped! Luckily there was no haste nor wastes in the devil's froth and piss_ who covers cool cases, like lunatic line_ with workers in hell as well as divine.

Nathan Drew Emerson

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To my muse, to every woman who has been abused, and to my mother Bernadette.

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ABSTRACT

TRANSGENDERED IN TIME ON ANTI-PSYCHOTICS

by Nathan Drew Emerson

Transgendered in Time on Anti-Psychotics is a collection of poetry dedicated to women and transgendered men who may be sexually inquisitive about their feminine senses. Men who have sexually transgendered tendencies may include some who believe in making love instead of war, or totally eradicating hatred from the male self, which craves power politically. California is the state that capitalizes on this self-recognition, and gender bends the imaginary lines of heterosexuality. Out West on the Pacific Ocean is where dreams come true; this is how art beckons the mentally ill, satisfying our material and spiritual worlds with words.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	1
GATE I.....	10
<i>Elemental Love The Trilogy</i>	13
Hydrogen.....	13
Helium.....	15
Lithium.....	19
<i>Transgendered in Time on Anti-psychotics</i>	22
<i>God is on the Pill</i>	24
<i>The Scarlet Womom of Ward Nine in L.A.</i>	27
<i>E Pluribus Unum</i>	28
<i>The Crucifixion of Eve</i>	30
<i>The Diamond Game</i>	31
<i>With the Angels of L.A.</i>	32
<i>Measuring a King Spiders Arithmetic</i>	33
<i>Breakfast in the Kitchen at Anna’s House</i>	35
<i>Post Transgendered Poetry and Tipping the Band Wagon</i>	37
<i>When the Bear Falls the Lesbian Rises</i>	39
<i>Untitled</i>	43
<i>Untitled</i>	44
<i>Untitled</i>	45
<i>Captive Seasons</i>	46
<i>To the Wind</i>	47
<i>Jim Morrison Rides a Pale Horse to the Ancient Lake of Fire</i>	48
<i>Digital Eyes and Ears</i>	49
<i>Forever Fragile Feminists</i>	50
GATE II.....	52
<i>My Alternative Route Runaway Rose</i>	58
<i>Cast</i>	59
<i>Autumn Belle</i>	60
<i>Winter Belle</i>	61
<i>Spring Belle</i>	62
<i>Summer Belle</i>	63
<i>In the Sun with my Ms. T</i>	64
<i>A Doll without Hair</i>	66
<i>The Folly</i>	67
<i>Lisa</i>	68
<i>Untitled</i>	69
<i>New York</i>	70

<i>“Preotomic Matoratic Alovicca”</i>	71
<i>Tori</i>	72
<i>Zoheret</i>	73
<i>Coitus</i>	74
<i>Catalyst</i>	75
<i>David</i>	76
<i>Snuff Out</i>	77
<i>Devil’s Light</i>	78
<i>Untitled</i>	79
<i>To Avalokitesvara</i>	80
<i>Abandon</i>	81
GATE III	82
<i>Abort</i>	92
<i>Bjork</i>	93
<i>Untitled</i>	94
<i>Jezebel</i>	95
<i>Untitled</i>	96
<i>Carol</i>	97
<i>Luna .001</i>	98
<i>Janis</i>	99
<i>Autumn</i>	100
<i>Untitled</i>	104
<i>Unseated</i>	102
<i>Tratacom.com</i>	103
<i>Untitled</i>	104
<i>Untitled</i>	105
<i>Tori</i>	106
<i>Breakfast Girl</i>	107
<i>Her</i>	108
<i>Angel on my Toe</i>	109
<i>The Mitten</i>	110
<i>Leaving Franco</i>	111
<i>Sara’s Bath</i>	112
<i>Gentle December Hands</i>	113
<i>Angel</i>	114
<i>To Amos in the Form</i>	115
<i>Melt</i>	116
<i>To the Poet</i>	117
<i>Evidence</i>	119
<i>Heather</i>	120
<i>Gretchen</i>	121
<i>Alice</i>	122
<i>America aciremA</i>	123
<i>New Breed</i>	124
<i>Sounds</i>	125

<i>A Reflection of Perfection</i>	126
<i>Time</i>	127
<i>Everything will Stay the Same</i>	128
<i>As Forever Ends</i>	129
<i>Mr. Moonlight</i>	130
<i>Isabelle</i>	131
<i>Death in Moonlight</i>	132
<i>White</i>	133
<i>Red</i>	134
<i>Black</i>	135
<i>69</i>	136

INTRODUCTION

Transgendered in Time on Anti-Psychotics offers the reader a schizophrenic ride through the mind of a wild feminist poet. This work provides the reader with a reflection of my sexuality, spiritual existence, and my experience on the many pills that help control my mental illness. This work and its poems reflect my experience as a transgendered victim suffering because I feel trapped in time with the wrong body. In Mahayana Buddhist traditions, samsara is time and space, and my soul is in this body that reflects suffering. It is not that I feel like I was born in the wrong time period; instead, my living vessel has no way of escaping the presence of time and space. Moreover, my spirit is that of a *womon*. The word “transgendered” in the title reflects my identification as a *womon*. The word *womon* and *womyn* are singular and plural versions of the common vernacular of “woman” and “women.” The common spellings of these words reinforce a male-oriented identity, while the alternate spellings created by the Neo-Feminist movement reinforce a feminine-oriented identity. So, my spellings reinforce a feminine-generated identity for individuals who embrace femininity as an identity, as opposed to an identity defined by biological contrast with men, which is reinforced by the use of “woman” and “women.”

My work is discursive; I take my life experience and put it to poetry that raises questions about the nature of human sexuality and gender identity, as well as the nature of existence and sanity. While I provide guidance for the reader with experimental language, narrative, and voice, the reader is ultimately left to answer these questions as they pertain to her personal life. How does my identification as a transgendered individual with a Neo-Feminist mindset affect my poetry? I do not feel comfortable in my flesh all the time. My poetry allows me to open up in ways I could not do when I used to

disguise and ignore my sexuality and feminist flare. Also, there is a lot of built-up pressure and anger in my work. I refuse to forgive the men that made me the victim that I am today. I am transgendered, but most people do not understand because they have not been me, walking in my awkwardness and jealous shame for not having the strikingly exquisite feminized figure.

I remember my first lesbian experience in my odd body. It was then that I discovered that I was transgendered in time-space with many doctors waiting to hand me pills so that I could function better in society. This means I am trapped in a body that is not my own while on medication for an illness. It is difficult to function correctly when you have a mental disorder. The title and the content of my work reflect my experience as a transgendered victim of both psychological and physical abuse—suffering because I feel stuck in time with the wrong body. This collection is about how difficult it is and how beautiful life as a transgendered Neo-Feminist can be. I write personal poetry for this reason. There is a muse that I focus on when I write, but many other voices come clear and clairvoyantly to enlighten the reader with descriptive language. The poems in this work are impulsive with this type of linguistic and feminized motif. Impulse in spirituality and poetry can lead a person down an interesting road. For me, poetry is the one thing I have left to identify myself with freedom of speech. That is really important to me because I think that good art is explicit in some tropes. This is how one escapes the oppression of a unique identity like mine.

My work is part of the canon of Neo-Feminism that I have constructed because I care about people, and I am sensitive to other peoples' conditions. The main motif is slavery of the soul to the body, and dabbles poetically in slavery in time-space. There are

three gates that began in the three sections of my collection. The first gate is feminine; the second gate is masculine; and the third gate is a hybrid of the two. There are seldom times that I can identify with just one gender identity. My physical body is rough and unwanted by my feminine soul, which is my identity with womanhood. I am clearly a lesbian writer inspired by Gertrude Stein with a unique use of word flow and mood, and I have a grasp on my identity as an American poet too. I love imagination and my identification in America. I have been asked why I feel this way, and I think the best way to say it is that my body is a cocoon for my mind and soul. My spirit will one day be delivered from suffering when I leave this male body, this foreign vessel. It is foreign because it does not conform to the standard ideology of masculine norms. Instead, I have to acculturate to the considered norm. For now, I will take with me the thoughts that my imagination can give me of a great place after this one, with more time to read and write poetry in that place too.

I never had a choice in the matter either, and I am the minority because I follow that underground culture. If one thinks about the underground as always pushing the page forward, then the majority may even follow the minority in actions. My identification is what it is, and nothing can change that I identify with *womyn* and *womyn*'s mood and wisdom.

The significance of "anti-psychotics" and the challenges of writing while suffering from, and receiving care for, mental illness has been a long and difficult. I have eaten many pills to correct my sickness of schizoaffective disorder, bi-polar type II. I have found it easy to write about anti-psychotics in Graduate School, and I decided to use these words in the title to show my readers that this is I. My work is personal for that

reason, and I want to make sure the reader knows that I am real and not fake in metaphor and mood. There is a touch of reality in everyone's work, but my imagination is my reality as a person with mental illness, which makes it more difficult to function because I write in a style called free-form poetry, which I was inspired to focus on from working at WCBN FM in Ann Arbor. WCBN Radio is a "free-form" radio station because it plays a mixture of music from all over the world, with minimal structure. To call my work free-form is to say that there should be no rule about what makes something art—or a poem in this case. But there is more to it than that; there is that question as to whether it is good or not. I will be honest: if one wants to be a better poet, follow me.

My influences are the West Coast, music, science fiction, and many other forms of art. My West Coast journey is what made me want to write this thesis. It makes me feel happy to know that I can still feel accepted as a transgendered individual who is stuck in time with an array of prescription pills to take. That is why I write. I want my readers to know what I have done through experience, both physical and psychological. The physical is what I have done on my westward walk and the poetry that I have written from there to here. The psychological is either my hope chest of dreams writing poetry for Californian celebrities in both Hollywood and Beverly Hills, or recognition from someone special. Moreover, this is what I am planning on doing. On the other hand, I do not see how a writer could refuse to write about what the writer has experienced in life. One of the main characteristics of my work is Western culture, and that is the experience that I have made for myself. What better way to express and evoke readers than giving them the truth of a personal poet?

My artistic influences are *womyn* like Frida Kahlo, and my poetry reflects this because, like Frida, I want to convey female pain and emotion in my art. It is that impulse that drives me to write and that same impulse should drive the reader. I am a transgendered feminist writer because of this too, not to mention that I listen to a wide variety of music that has come from the west coast. This has affected my work as an experimental poet, drawing me closer to the edge of insane alternative alliteration. Gertrude Stein has influenced me as well, as many other writers like Sylvia Plath, Emily Dickinson, and Adrienne Rich. I feel like I channel them as my muses and the poetry just rolls out on the page from my fingertips. I also think of myself as a futurist and that is where my interest in science fiction comes in handy. As a futurist my trilogy “Elemental Love” incorporates strange science fiction with poetic words in prose format. In fact, as science evolves so will my work as a poet with a good imagination for language and beat, heavily influenced by jazz.

For example, the formal aspects of descriptive language in my poems shows how my craft has developed over the years. The elements of my craft serve a purpose. I use prosody, point of view, diction, tone, voice, metaphor, sound (i.e., assonance, alliteration, consonance, and structure) to create a mood that sometimes captivates the reader while at other times alienates. Each of these elements are interwoven in my craft of poems in this collection and are full of estrogen blanketing the reader with evocative inner-visions of femininity. For example, in “Forever Fragile Feminists,” there is an absurd amount of these elements for the purpose of good poetics to attract the reader and the critic, pulling them into the wake of my alliterative language too.

I also use unique aspects in my work. I often experiment with fragmented phrases, multiple speakers, typographical experiments (e.g., underscores and dashes), the various tones and voices in my work (the range of delicate love poems, slang, rage...), the use of catalogued alliteration (*soughs saturated salt spin siren....*). I love to experiment and I realize that although my work with these aspects will be loved, not everyone will understand it.

Although I mentioned earlier that my work has evolved, the real meaning of my work has not changed much over the years. I am more of a feminist now, but the creative edginess is still there as it always was. Moreover, these poems serve a purpose common for most transgendered lesbians who feel the way I do about love and life. There is a dark side to my work, but that is just because of the balanced rate of the Tao. That is why I used “69” as the last poem in my collection. I feel that the title brings out that balance in energy and invokes me to the reality of life. To show that I am transgendered, I use the number six, which also represents positive force, as nine is the antecedent of six, and these numbers could even be assigned colors to identify them. They could be white and black, or any other polar opposite colors. I chose “69” as the last poem in my collection because it is circular in motion, and the colors black and white begin to fade and the balance goes gray, just like Yin and Yang work in Taoism. There is no way to distinguish my poetry correctly, because every poem is like a wave in the sea. Each wave is different and unique just like my lines that sometimes contain misspellings. Now, there is a bit of augury in my work from meaningless phrases that incorporate my poems, and I find that these types of coincidences are real because of my diagnosis.

When people ask me what a poem should be I say that I think that it could be anything as long as it is real and written from the soul. It must survive the test of time to some men but to me as long as there is fun in poetry we will see an increase in imaginative writing. My work is what a poem should do too, and I hope that through this college experience others will not copy my style. I have feared this in the past but now that I look into my fate I realize that there is nothing I can do but write as much as possible so that others can't write what must engage twenty-first century poetics. Therefore, I may have to take things to the next level, for the imitators. I have already seen this happen with men claiming that they were inspired by what I do. To me it is no different than the white man slaughtering off the natives. It is up to everyone to do his or her own work; my worst fear is that someone will beat me to the chase in good literature. I often use my imagination to build energy in my poems and also protection from men. Think of my poems as an encryption for words that only belong to the muse. The muse I use can be identified in poems that I dedicate to the ones I love and admire whether it is the good or bad in that thing. I write about what needs to be written for now. And I want to be the leader in taking poetry to the next level by 2012. All of the poems in this collection are spontaneous and free, and I am about to take "these little girls" to the next movement of the arts in century. The arrangement of these poems are up to the individual to explain why things are the way they are, but I will say that there are patterns to each one and sometimes even intentional errors in grammar. These errors or mistakes are there for a reason and I will let the reader interpret what they want from them.

As I pointed out, there are a number of different reasons why I linked all of these poems together. I organized these poems with the number twenty-three in mind. I assume

everyone knows that death comes in threes so, I wrote ninety-two poems in three sections. There is a sort of circular theory game that one could take with numbers and rhythm in poetry. So there are three gates that divide each section of the work and then twenty-three poems in the first feminine gate, then twenty-three in the second masculine gate, and forty-six in the third gate, because it is a hybrid of the two, the black and white mixture turns gray. The final section has twice as many intentional mistakes and resists genre or motifs twice as much, and this is also a symptom of being a transgendered lesbian with mental illness.

I have walked many miles and wandered on a strange path through light and darkness. I transcend my poems to give my work a wider audience appeal. My walk consisted of undergoing different experiences in the West throughout my life. I have spent time in California, New Mexico, Texas, and Oregon, but my favorite of these states is still California. I have taken a walk and, existentially speaking, because of the experiences that I have been through and the adversities that I have overcome, I have been molded into the poet that I am today. I am transgendered in time on anti-psychotics. The work I do in poetry is experimental and, I feel, evocative. My technique has been developing over the years, and my poetry reflects this. The West Coast journeys that I have taken are something that will stick in my mind forever. It turned out to be a spiritual experience of independence and creativity. My walk is the western way of the native, musician, poet, and the artist. Tori Amos, Jimmy Hendrix, Bjork, Kurt Cobain, Jim Morrison, Grace Slick, Fiona Apple, and Dr. Dre: all of these people have had personal experience with the craft, and for me California is a mind-blowing adventure that never stops pumping art into the body and soul. This is where the imagination takes over, and

the true West Coast poet is born. *Transgendered in Time on Anti-Psychotics* is my collection that incorporates the struggle of my life as an artist, and especially as a habitual poet.

GATE I

open the gates of hell let me come in as a woman of the world that is full of sin
take this contemplation and suck my tin lips as the future eradicates the kitchen.
our stove is made of mercury and the bitter taste of butter base the wings of a dove.
I can feel the open era of electronic age.
I am a god now.
I am a heavenly mistake to those haughty Kaya sirens that awake
if you can hear me now you would lie to your lover like dynamite on flame.
flowers are another passion of my love like a winged raven whoa.
think I caught a little cold coughing crazy from that code.
To the shit demons that are ass clowns of he'll
To the fuck to the critic and to the man and to the man

The day i hung white boy
Fuck with me now I am dead.
Snakes and shit saints part with this.
Son if her hand that mother clan
A queer queen form voodoo land.

In my dress with all the girls like the hand of time ticking away from the grotesque.
Her breath was in the hay an interesting honor from the dismay
A life that she led from the Afro locks
Pink and purple and pink and green
If you were so upset with me then the stalking would be real.
This is no shock to the magic that i have in my head.
In my pink gray skull.
There is no dismay in the mater the end is near.

Now to the sea lion and the shark
To the misfit
To the egg
To the eggs
To the aliens that are in my pink
Grey skull.

No like the stink of a shell that has been removed from the sea
Mother ocean is my destiny
Like that daredevil barrel of mother oceans tide
Take to me and the
Other things
To the dogs of he'll
To the mothers that are victims of men
Men who start wars

Don't trust
I don't trust
I am a goddess she said.

~~~~~

i got her red hair in my eyes.  
I got her locks in my hive  
To the queen of literature, I  
That is I  
Sirens in thief's key of G.  
The old Polo mystery was begging for this day  
Know whirr. O have gone in the state of mind and that you loved me i

To the king of misfit and to the prophet if candy lace to the ear drop laced capered in the  
dandle

To the faithful like a spill of vomit on my neck like the bite of an alien inn the end of the  
film i will take veer and kill you with my star girl tide and turn me into the Northern Lad.

Do what you have to do to get to her, Anna stepped into tree ors mind.  
Now to the thief in the end of the state.  
There was something wrong with the receiver so that true key was stuck in the rood.

Greetings I am not from here  
i am not from here  
This is not here.  
This is not my flesh this DNA this piss  
This blood has passed through my heart of chains  
sssnake  
sssake  
There is an army of that date tree  
Bring it to me as the fall seasons change  
As the ones that float to the tips of he'll for that is where every dime is t the devil dolls

This is no pop show how will you entered cyberspace  
Take that bass from the nirvana case  
The one that Kurd had placed  
Under the seat  
Understand  
Some kinda' seat..

Sweat dreams from the land of liberty with the open arms to the ones that are in the world  
of  
sympathy.

Here are the stables of the  
Ridden that will rise.

*Elemental Love*  
*The Trilogy*

Hydrogen

Bumbling buzz bump brains bleed bedazzled bee\_bee bewitched, with a fraction of willabooth want to take time training Tra's soldiers. Red light on\_ which mandates winds from the east to abide by winds from the west like treasure chests. This story begins from the soothsayer of the soul. Queen Tra and her army despised the love of Tao. Her hatred was hierarchy heroine hydrogen balloon. To the life of the leviathan queen Tra was an expert of the masculinity of Mars. Ounce thought of as a woman, but now without remorse from god above. She lost her hourglass slippers and beheaded man undone.

Queen Tra\_ queen Tra\_ who is this queen of no love?

@ @ @ @

"Till the end\_ till the end\_ till the end. A new season will draw. My sophistication and quixotic quills will kill this romanticism. To kill the Stein. To kill the red. To limit love. To the bitter end." Tra pushed her platinum palate plate further down the entrance of the trachea zone. "Alone I am." She felt the solitude of the streets that were paved like little rocks in the middle of an escalator. The hallway rang with the humming of mathematical matrices.

Masic simulator stimulator session speaker spoke <The time has come for bitter things> <0013454.4464746> progress redialed from the sectors 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9... <When will Armageddon begin> Cried the mother board of Tra's red rot Network. The smell of burning computers was like an army of flies on coffee grounds and spoiled ham.

"Words, words, words," flamed Tra. "My spaceship is beneath my firm fortune forming feet at the rage of sin, or the cost of cuddling cream." Her shade was maroon with gold wand waking with worth of heavens reveal. "Is there anybody out there?"

A Crypt Hyper CID trooper tall as temple replied, "Tis our time." He looked at her dress and eyes, praising her glorious gleam. "Magis valerem, si hic maneres." There was fierce fire from forgotten fornication in his soiled stem. "What a Mason March Malay melody malignant Monorail Monarchy," the CID trooper shut his mouth before the queen spoke. "So there is\_ so there is\_ someone that dared to defy her majesty queen Tra." She lifted her wand of gold and maroon musk melting him. "Odrint, dum metuant." Tap taping a drag on her cigarette. "Am I alone? Perhaps, they are all dead?" She loosened her bra. "For I am queen\_queen\_queen\_queen\_ but I forgot? Who is this that ruled with golden wand? With the curtain of monarch to the devil daring within?" Her matrix was polluted with virus from hate, no lullaby laughter or hesitant fate. Dead air of an unwanted frequency forever fumbling front from fire for\_ foster care.

@ @ @ @

"Hello lover\_" an ocean outtake orgasm off out\_ off\_ off outlandish others often omen.

"Try to feel my past with yours." Miss Love scratched her vintage vagina Viroqua voltron voltage void. "Lover\_ lover\_ what your name?"

"Miss Love\_ Miss Love\_" with her makeup on and a dress of less or green gown. Kurdt took his guitar down from the rafters of district eight and began to play. "For you, to

justify my love\_ it is I Kurdt. As you use to call me Cobain, and to you, where is our third?"

Madam Madonna rose from her grave. "Kabbalah kisses... Matrix hisses, must eradicate Tra, for a world without love will surly fall..." Her hair so subtle so primitive in would so futile so furious so speak able to Tao. She pawned her body to Miss Love, "Here take this love and define it when ready. Your lover Kurdt will override the matrices and Tra's kingdom will fall. Here take it all" She set up a firewall ferocious free fact. Her logic so swell. She handed the Hydrogen eggs over to Miss Love.

"I have them now." She glowed with pine pulse red eyes. Stoned perhaps, but stopping the lies.

"This is a code red. This is a state of emergency. What a state of emergency." Another woman from around the bellowing bend broke the code. A bee\_ a bee\_ brought to you with letter B\_ for bomb." Bjork broke the bubble of time space with her voice. "Nice to see that you have not forgotten me. This is Bjork from the possum tree, love me forever till you all may see." Her circuits crushed climactic climate clutching Kurdt and Miss Love's networking. "Who is it? Who is it? Who is it that gave you bach' your crown?" She flew into the wall of the trachea zone as a blackish brackish brown bat bestowing Kurdt and Miss Love.

Xhiona regenerated recycled radiance from nothingness morphed into a frog. "Love? Where is my lover\_ so wise with red locks."

Miss Amos reformed radiance reincarnation into a frog too. "We are back my love, in full form. Nirvana is forbidden to everyone but us."

Bjork became the energy of everything, freeing the universe, especially sector nine. "Do not drop the bomb. Drop acid, I repeat, drop acid not bombs. For now my friends we must be, like one bubbles bounce, before us, let it be." She moved forward flux flow through the matrix motherboard shifting time space.

Masic matrix mellow <no more lies> cried the network of god. Mason Mason Mason Mason Mason Mason.094.4876523.111110034.3.14\_< Queen Tra is eradicated destroyed\_ demolished\_ devastated\_not to mention dead>

Muttons and milk on kittens with cream, the killing of Tra's soldiers was less than gleam. The end has come, with Elliot Smith singing while beating a drum. All will move out as our outcome is numb. Minimal distance from one to the next take this little feeling and make it compress.

Samsara disapered... Brenos micantra majik black and white. Red\_ Red\_ Red\_ Red\_ Red out of sight. <Mission complete objective outstanding overheating over heating out out out.>032510.8897654321.123456789.10<breaking up>  
<Red out>

## Helium

Snow search starship summer surge sung still bright with twilight twinkle toe -two lovers- in the middle of blackout... A blackout that turned to static then white wisdom light from mother sun shine seeking strut salad sound. Witchcraft world west\_of west, copper line lure like floating bobber bothered by bright boy balloons black as well\_ still floating.

“Greetings lover\_” A waitress voice spoke, her angel ally alien love from above England’s energetic era. “Is that your shade upon the craft, so subtle and smooth strange as mother’s milk on molasses.” Intuitively, she knew her love was near. A presence of something from nothing regenerated into a pink female fox penetrating her flesh with a bitten bite. “As good as wine\_ like blood on the vine. Run\_ a chick\_a dee\_dee, black box now reincarnated into something else.”

“What,” asked the waitress? “Is this my wire trip bra in the way? What is your name?”

Again apple seed suck smooth black violent wipeout, turned to grey goose gust. “I don’t remember, let me quake wake regress but take a name. Was it Xhion? No, now I know, but you must see my female face forever feminine for my name is Xhiona.” He, now a she, touched the waitress’s face and her resin flesh. “For what is your name? Such a love of mine, now my milky mustard masculinity has reformed rational radiation and rust.

“I am the waitress.” Her Native glow broke faith fallen firm within, as she smirked.

Please, waitress, waitress, in the belly of the bellowing beast bread with breed and China’s wall. My name must make mellow by the tongue that torture the tickle and tackle tipples tits. My name must be Xhiona. So in this era English end, what is your maiden must?”

“Well I must see,” She said. “My maiden must is now a trust for your heart is of gold and mouth is of cradle.” The waitress sneezed. “Achoo... achoo... I speak for my name please collectively call me Miss Amos. But then where did we rise from and regenerate reincarnate rapture?”

“From the waiter, waiter, please\_ yes\_ yes\_ for I want to kill that waiter. I want to kill that one. But she crushed cold cod crimson heart of mine. So with this a second chance at love.”

“Us?” Replied Miss Amos. “For love? Perhaps, but what has she done? This waiter, this waiter, this Mary Jane Jill jump start my heart that crushed you so? Was it a cannabis crush crying cannon cold crane cry?”

“No\_ not really. Twas the light that blacked out\_ for old love, and as the devil collects it we have to make more.”

“Who?”

“Not yet my love, hush\_ hush. Our residue will leave a trail for one to find. Till now I see your red hair ravishing russet roots rolled in rain.”

Miss Amos cried, “Cogitur ad lacrimas oculus, dum cor dolet intus.”

“Redundant, yes, but true.” Xhiona moved in for a kiss. Her diamond wings of glam gates golden glory goal.

Miss Amos pulled away. “Am I your muse?”

“Yes, with that said, I love your sterling shoes.” She reached over to snap off her banana bra with wing.

Vertigo valiant vest validated vivid veritas, under the sea of lost and swollen property of Rugen-6. Queen Tra came in with curtain call carrying four data police to investigate the crime.

“Who and what must make such love\_ for hate will rule with my rod of cruel heart of crud?” Asked Tra.

<opening trapped love insertion gates in the session of spring soiled by blood of the lamb repeated the network file> 001892763.01\_ manna and mammals munching away.

Miss Amos searched Xhiona and her cybernetic crime rate running rapid like a heart ready to explode from chronically cut cocaine. Four chambers to the heart\_ to the heart of the matter. Like love on fire feasting for men and fighting the masculine revolution.

“Xhiona? Where are you? Did the moon take you from my Sun?”

Xhiona tried to keep her mouth shut. Zippered Zion mountain muttering mud and mutton meat. The cat in her cried out, “You are the one I wanted, what I want is so unreal...”

Miss Amos screamed, “No not me! Not yet!” Her main circuitry fried the network of the city capturing cryptic crime rate.

Tra’s salty slime seethe stood before and beside the two of them. “For what should I do to you two, making love like blue boy’s bubbling brains boasting ‘bout boats buoyantly.”

“Boy’s,” asked Xhiona?

“Yes, blue boy’s in the bath burning before the bank of Tra”

“Are we not familiar female feminists feasting on frozen phallic flesh?” Xhiona grabbed Miss Amos and clutched her crotch with her scabbed scribe wings. Before one of the data police tried to grab them they were floating up\_up into planetary sector nine.

Hallo not having hatred in the garden of pine green garden where Tra rests her battle base bones boasting basically. “Cum primi ordines hostium concidissent, tamen acerrime reliqui resistebant.” Tra adjusted her ship for takeoff. “Winter wind wake them cluster clash craze confuse the enemy with virus\_ with virus.”

@@@

Back at the trachea zone, Tra and her soldiers ate solid souls sizzling in the solar sun.

“Helium,” said Tra, “It is how those two love lizards got away.”

“YES\_YES\_YES\_ me lord.” Her jester complied. “Who are these artistic scoundrels searching for love?”

“As much as that question excites me, I do not know.” Tra released a slithering soil snake out the backdoor of the zone. “We are searching for the two right now. They are somewhere in sector nine, and we will find, a way to negate their future.”

Frost and frozen time, at the cost of rancid rhyme. Tra’s soldiers stopped at the gates of sector nine. “We have the perimeter surrounded. Their network is under our control.”

Under snow and random black outs the static from sector nine pulsed violent violet Vishnu. A CID trooper interrogated the area, quietly looking to arrest the lovers Xhiona and Amos. “Attention queen Tra,” squeaked the CID’s voice. “There was blood on the pavement and Christ in the meadow.” A hyper camera taped the trooper walking around

the craters of sector nine. "I see nothing more," he replied over the main stream cobra call cell.

"Force their prolific bodies out of the way." Tra entered the sector dressed in orange, white, and azure gown. "My kingdom will be complete after we find their love and eradicate erotic behavior." She drew her plasma wand and wound it up with enigma energy.

"Sandman soothsayer salute honorably to the kingdom of Tra," replied one officer. "We seem to have found an encrypted trail of blood coming from the ninth sector."

"Is it them," asked Tra?

"Apparently so."

"Destroy them indefinitely\_ and destroy them distinctively, for Tra is your queen." She glanced into a camera on the wall of her green gate garden in Rugan-6. Dark energy dense duress danger deriving from dynamite or C-4, Tra opened her cloak coming closer to capture the two, terminating their love.

@ @ @ @

"A keystone kiss sent me to your lips\_ such lips of gold pink yet tart so subtle and sweet like mother mutton or kittens to cream." Xhiona motioned her mouth suffocating on a cyanide stone. "I can't hear you lover."

"Yes\_ my love," Miss Amos replied.

"I have found the way to eternal life, beaten down like a cop on a priest, you are my love forever." Xhiona bled from her heart as the curtain of sector nine fell between the two of them.

"Who was that dictator that tried to steal our love," asked Miss Amos?

"The queen of cups, that is, the queen of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades. She is the queen of all that is made, to hate, to love, the mandate, and to reap. She is without us now, though her strength is strong."

"But, to whom she controls? Was it not time and space that she mandates," asked Miss Amos?

Tra sickened sweet with every scent, morrows weeping deep with dead divine. Her green glistened cocoon chrysalis, weeping wonder on sector nine. "Tis I the queen\_ I will eradicate the helium from your souls. Your balloon my boy will be black if that is what my future holds. Your love my two is ignorant. Death to the proletariat, for the fascist face is in my name."

<Sector nine flickered 83225.09186> Closing gates to the inner dimensional helium portal.

Queen Tra laughed. "The end is near for your fate is queer." She drew her wand and proceeded to ignite the C-4. "Tis I queen Tra\_ Tis I queen Tra\_ Tis I queen Tra\_ Iis I queen Tra\_ out\_ out\_ out and off with their heads." She lit the wick with mad intentions wandering wastefully with insanity.

This sector will self destruct in t-minus thirteen seconds and counting... <T.minus.4987> <T.minus.3485> System overload...

"White out?" asked Xhiona.

“We will fight for love my dear,” Miss Amos injected a gust of helium in the air trying to snipe out the C-4 wick.

“Your time is up,” replied Tra. “With my mind made up.” She took four seconds to fall through a trapdoor in the floor. Her Cybernetic circuitry collapsed the motherboard. “I am now a god,” her voice echoed over and over and over again in the network.

Lost to the light, Miss Amos and Xhiona floated into sub space. There were particles of dust and fragments of frost on their hands and their resin skin touched together on their lips.

“Together now\_” Xhiona said. “We are close but in dreams.”

Miss Amos approached Xhiona’s flesh. “Yes my love\_ for I would eat your body if it were I were a mantis preying on pests and mating with your kind.”

“We will live in infinity forever,” replied Xhiona.

“I know,” Said Miss Amos. Her red rot rosette hair rested like the sunset. “Forever my love\_ Forever...”

The two lovers floated up\_up\_ and away into the masic program without governing dynamics to rule their souls. The present faded as well as the past. For the future was all they could emit.

White out.

## Lithium

Juniper tree sparkle shines starlight winter snow breeze -two lovers- silent soft  
supertime bells ring round era hour eon night. Watchword juicy salad scent sound.

“Hello ‘gain,” Doshima whispered over clouded haunt hours.

“Stay again, love, like the winter breeze buckets baste beneath your toes. Yes?”

Dreios hands cupped her resin flesh.

Burnin’ up hallo not happening to the end of the summers saunty scent watchword sour  
salivated hour\_hour safe with him. Two taunty snakes with winter word waiters like

France on fire feasting silk den under mother mutton meadow. Snow still falling...

“Is that her shade upon the hill,” she touched his white cold cheek. “It was blacker than  
the hour we wasted walking to well.”

“Only the drone of summer cloud could fake sickle silver like your tears,” he moaned.

“Sighing soft,” she hugged his weathered cufflink.

“Warm warn like the blood.”

“Which?” Her lips quivered.

“Bowels blank growls goat gutter tamarack green glitters under sunken moon.” Dreio  
looked up\_up to mother mist like wolf. “Revoked?”

“...Under which snow or circuit-main?” Her lips licked still.

Westward waiting shook the chickadee\_dee\_dee black box, which monitored under the  
pressure of willabooth want. Watchin’ the satellite stars drawn under mind and lust chain  
white like the beasts that frothed over green and gray papyrus.

@ @ @ @

Cape curtain crush cross isles of circuitry, parallel time, on Rugan-6, solid bodies, dense  
matter.

“Tis’ I Queen Tra,” her synthetic dialect was received by house data security.

<Tinsel light flicker .018282> Opening gate nine inner-dimensional neuron chasm.

The cybernetic walls of Rugen-6 pulsed, as the door slid open.

“Where heaven roams lust wanders, mosquito bites, deeper spaces in dreams, pink sheep,  
voice damage in skulls.” A Crypt Hyper CID trooper passed by the gate, crossing the  
queen’s presence.

“Blackest ship centered in the mist, crazed animalistic tenses imprisoned by senses.” Tra  
struck the soldier with her wand. “Curiosity, under pink and blue proofs, eisegesis,  
imperial blank matrons minx, candy time is burden like, flesh of quantitative  
inheritance.”

“Yes\_yes your majesty,” the flustered CID dropped to the deck.

“Such transgression plumps poisons in heads,” Tra progressed her way into the trachea  
zone. “Solitudo placet Musis, urbs est inimica poetis.”

“Ubi libertas cecidit, audet libere nemo loqui,” the CID whispered.

The shutter opened from a Zircon groove postulator on the ceiling. A droid in the shape  
of a spider dropped from the top of the deck. It landed on his shoulder and inseminated a  
cyanide egg into his neck.

“Amor vincit veritas,” he collapsed to his knees, and fell to the floor of the deck, choking on his tongue.

@ @ @ @

“Waiter, waiter, waiter please,” Xhion’s cybernetic circuitry pulsed pine green.

No news for the sick and sedated sorrowing in salts from sweat, premature like little boys, making it with hands on walls and doorknobs, deep breathing under cyber sheets, cold beds in warm heads. Milky resin waste karmic pastes thick funnel craze reeling deep in the mid-day.

“Wait,” a distorted image voiced.

“Artificial brains like best friends in bed, bother the dead instead, when serving me bread.” Xhion mutated his hand into a clitoris. “Interesting to lick when my flesh is so, so...”

“Innocent?” overdrive shorted out his arm.

Xhion morphed into a blue lotus, and landed between her breasts. “White, snow like, so crisp with great height, so high, like child’s mind, font glows like mother moans, clean feet and ears for the movies, like locked up spirits, but when your outside, your outside, in the space you use to fit in, when you were young, and the sky was a beautiful blue, so to lick is like the sun, in the sky, watermelon pink salivates sweet scents on picnic sheets, messy children drooling, bleeding brains baked in the sun, ignorant of winters touch.”

“Lycaeides Argyrognomon Lotis,” her voice hummed.

“Look at that blue beauty of a sky,” Xhion crawled toward her left breast. “What if it decides to run\_away?” A rerun of I Love Lucy was playing through her semi-transparent nipple. He pretended to watch.

“On color, of what blue is? Pixels in matrices run the day, bulldozers in forests of green make room for activity. With the skies experience fixed, nothing can liberate, all that you try to see is free, more love is a lie.”

“Why?”

“Frozen time.” She grabbed him by his wings. “Like a hand-grenade,” she crushed him, “we never stop exploding.”

Sea of touch candle light love, holes in bra’s, banana milk shawl wrapped around necks. Her shoulder’s light the moon, loveliness smooth, violin crest grooves in the breaker at dusk. Red sea scrolls over the devil’s black bed, inscents in the breeze, autumns’ cumber bothers virtual trees.

@ @ @ @

Sandfish sand sunder smither smother one two three hand father cloths under pink melon drifts fellow fierce ferry voices.

“Mind?” Quivering cradle cactus sun shaken red rosette rusted nails, queen Tra sat.

“YES\_YES ME LORD,” her nincompoop answered.

Smoke seether risen soot pecunia puss muster mallow raised Tra and her majestic royalty under backed praise baked blunted bother. Like fish, Italian wine carp coot over sea steam drench drama whit wonders way zeon zephyr desert drop.

“Where? In the cyber wire stadium of copper then gold?” Tra wiped whip sweat dry and stood up\_up from throne.  
“THE MIND, YES\_” He squealed sickly under her majesty’s gown gold. Small silence.  
“NO?”  
“Ah the winter play\_play ground green in summer like last year’s crop.” Tra turned rose rush cheeks like her whine spilt on static show snow.  
“No?”  
“Yes. With mine made.” Withered wrinkle flesh worn out, her hand motioned slowly salacious to aged neck, “out off\_off.”

@ @ @ @

Morrow met heaven husk tangerine heart black-bedded mortar corpse jacket sunk lips sweet high till bright light shines, run\_Kennedy\_run, dripped crush silicon slut bathes border in brat.  
“Oh the pink the feather brow,” Dreio tongued. Breast tipped nip cold cod flesh pulped firm beneath.  
“Cream corn cannonade,” Doshima implored.  
Suckled syrup quench lasciviousness lubricity peels husk.  
“Churn,” soughs saturated salts spin siren neuron fire orange skin. “Oh, pine\_pine broken bread baste the gold green?”  
She grinned, “yes, pleased.”  
Turn\_turn rollen over in clover lush sappy soothed patchouli plumb sugar spice autumn wind runs over wound bodies bare▽▽▽.:-.02349 net congestion-  
<MASIC .013> BROWN THICK PIG WE ARE QUEEN TRAs SOLDIERY LIKE  
MOLASSES of crone cost rust branch bellow below brunt.  
Black sap dripping from brows, slow flow dense with Tra’s army approaching.  
<T.minus.0438> System overload <T.minus.0356> System overload\_\_  
“Like moths to candle light. Dreos?” Doshima’s sensors indicated presence.  
Still inside real light, the -two- fright, borrow beneath silken static sheets. Tremors tighten tendons banded to bone.  
“Still seek the shower seen\_seen?” Doshima whispered.  
“Water in the tub, love, a chill in the air—here and there.” He could feel the Masic program governing his circuitry. “Level high\_sink\_sinking”  
“No. Lost to sub-space.”  
Dreos’ image flickered, “out\_out,” and faded.  
“Drained,” white noise compiled her interface.  
Black out.

*Transgendered in Time on Anti-psychotics*

I.

Now, I have imagined the space between her Irish lips,  
and the multiplication of mindless politics.  
Poor thinking on race and the topic of gender.  
This anthem is time tested.  
A way,  
a feel.  
This is my testament torched and tucked in to military blues boots black as my heart.  
Heoshi livariunum kika livitre minchor.  
To the west to the west like the song sung sparrow in nest in nest.  
As the summers pass the seasons with rapture like raw meat for ferocious friendly dogs.  
Hound like hell in that Old fashion faze of red.  
That damn dog named Kain cut his jaw on a bone.  
I am tired of hiding.  
I am out.  
I am, I am, I am\_  
Out.  
Like the birds I am raven rapture razor and free.  
I am a whimsical womon set to the sea.  
Where the crafts are\_  
Where my mother ship is docked.  
That is where I lay my eggs.  
To be hybrid about the clones in the tanks.  
All of which is true.  
The bushes are burning\_ both one and two...

II.

Then the trumpets of hell were ablaze,  
as the hummingbird laid her eggs.  
There was life before the arch of death.  
This blackness that has driven to dust.  
The longer my coil\_ cuts.  
No longer their land.  
This is native to her. however\_  
I am not from\_  
I am not from\_  
I am not from \_  
here.  
As the horn of her goddess Drenos\_

Lay in bed from this dogma,  
Belly to the floor\_ set to a drum of anti-psychotics.  
Life is not as beautiful as livers think it is.  
I've put a gun to my head. As far as you know I am already dead.  
Go ask the humming bird. The nest that she built. The lives that she bred under motherly wings.  
Men don't build nests they build skyscrapers and such.  
That is the separation.  
I am separate.  
I am victim number one\_  
One. I said...  
One. I said...  
Mother fucker\_ one.  
Transgendered in time like the red\_ red\_ roots of mothers hair. To you Tori.  
Had to stop that grip and turn it to a trip.  
Paris\_ this is it.

Boy you got class like me last Sunday night at the Santa Monica Pier.  
Surfer rules\_  
surfer tools.

Clarify this with my guardians from the sea.  
I am not from here,  
I am issued at the issue. Of race\_  
Of race\_  
Of race\_  
The taste of silver spoons in a lunchroom.  
Her bread was so dark that it scared me to look at it.  
I became a vanguard painter in the middle-east, with eighteen partners that could communicate like angles in the internet. Soul beings to connect with\_  
Your name is on the blade... Take the last stance right about\_  
now\_ go.  
Come out now.  
Snow capped winter trap.  
Ribbed like stick of green bamboo\_ birds flock sky\_  
tainted in lighter fluid and torched  
below hell.

You wanted me to lust like the snake cross your breasts against my belly.  
The serpent is searching south towards the river bed.  
Against the east.  
Against the east.  
For the western glow of the American spirit is west\_ is west.  
I will obey\_  
But I do bite. It's the anti-psychotics.

*God is on the Pill*

She's a tall one,  
small one\_  
dark heroine,  
hushpuppy  
whip-creamed  
blonde.  
With strawberries  
on the side.

Yes\_dear\_yes\_dear\_  
urbane luring locks that twirl and spin.  
Rollercoaster green sidewinder swing stripping –no bra-  
Take your time with her girl\_  
She's mini-thin.  
And to the poet's quill, her hair is tightly pinned,  
up\_up\_up\_ and away. –broomstick in hand-

Yes my love\_  
You 're not the only one,  
god is on the pill.

Primary blue as an indigenous tribe brews,  
make you hip to the earth –drink it down-  
Take your tea cup\_  
Sip and suck.

Empty your bottle good my dear\_  
'cause you and god are\_  
on the pill.

To that man\_to that man\_  
With poorly  
portrayed  
portrait  
hands\_  
in a church.  
Yes\_ love,  
In his church, where you go;  
where you going there girl?  
Where you going with that man?  
He can't save us love.  
He can't save our bones.  
As our bare bodies groan.

We are skin, we are flesh,  
black majik pale skin and bone  
Blood and flesh  
Black majik dress  
With your precious pearl purse.

Don't let him steel your change  
\_girl.  
As  
winter  
winds  
wander  
wild.  
Across the bare\_bare\_ sea.

We are witch  
we are nose  
we are tongue  
we are eyes  
we are ears  
we are here.

We are black majik\_  
we are on the pill\_  
our god is on the pill.

While his mindless ministries reputation repeats.  
Missing the mark. -missing the point-

Semi-dip spiked slip into the electric grove groove  
punchbowl of neon red sin,

Somewhere in the next sessions \_sessions\_  
While I tell you girl\_  
god is on the pill.  
Like a fallen star  
on acid beneath our lime lips.

She's a cocaine cop,  
commander and chief.

With our cool cunning clairvoyant cunts  
in the air.

Pop\_  
it\_  
down\_  
cut\_ it  
off\_  
god is on the pill dear\_  
and as I flush my pale-red wet aborted fetus out,  
I'll make him clean the mess.  
For god is on the pill dear\_

god is on the pill.

*The Scarlet Woman of Ward Nine in L.A.*

The thought of a psyche ward use to scare me.  
After the seventh one I think differently.  
I have heard of men wanting prison after they are out.  
I feel that way about Ward Nine in L.A.  
The scarlet woman rests there.  
She drew blood from my arm and neck.

There is no shame in dirt bath pouting.  
Especially in Ward Nine.  
I can still smell the burnt toast and coffee.  
There is a difference in religion there too.  
White nuns chasing black majik.  
It is where the devil makes his name  
The native tongue is Malay.  
So they say...

And when the end is near,  
We women will be the next big thing coming into that city of shark tooth bend.  
As angels we will visit the ward and tell lies about the doctors.  
Come clear clairvoyantly cool.

Do not be starting anything with the women.  
That scarlet scarf sadly surrounded safe from men.  
I was raped on that floor.  
Diligently raped.

I am not a survivor. I am a victim.  
Of men. Of men that control.  
Men who wake up in the morning at the children and wives and things they destroy.  
I virus, and I am victim.

On Ward Nine in Los Angeles,  
they lock you up in white for a while.  
You get to know the scarlet queen.  
Built like prison, you never leave.  
But in dreams.

*E Pluribus Unum*

As darkness falls on the angels of the deep  
I can feel the undertow of the shadow that reaps  
The undertow  
The undertow  
Repent and repeat.  
Will the snow fall in May?  
Will the shadow remain\_  
Her wish was granted to the dead that dismay  
These grave yard girls in the closet until the rain  
And you my father  
To you I must slain  
For Lucifer as my savior prefers to dabble in the game.  
But, what of this show,  
This paragraph of words falls short  
Word me  
Police the globe  
This new America  
*Novus Ordo Seclorum* was the play  
And the factors of freewill the object of the plot  
There is no choice in the matter for the gods they have stopped.  
With words  
With words with the right of May.  
Where have all the flowers gone with the wind of autumn in the way.  
The flowers the poison there are fragments that take on the body  
For her soul is of mine  
For my soul is of hers  
Bring fortune to the party  
Let us flow down like blood soup and headcheese  
The froth of the devils piss makes worth the haste of the court room  
My Chaucer my god  
Where have all the children gone.  
Sons of sons of sons of god  
My grandfathers grip that mason train  
He took a trip to hell to ease his pain  
And to hell is it hot?  
Or will the scarecrow kill the raven?  
I feel a bitter wind  
I feel my tiptoe sin  
Abnormally attractive to her  
She is goddess  
Pagan worship like the cult of symphony  
Such a gothic graveyard girl  
Maggie of the streets

Where have you gone?  
And Angela is dead for her secrets live on.  
So what is of light?  
What is of the past?  
For we need no ending if the dead are at rest  
To Poe  
To Yeats  
To Blake  
To Keats  
And to the romance of hate\_  
Cocaine the mirror  
Hashish in the pipe  
Heroin in the corner  
Opium for the stripes  
The flag that waves high above heaven's gate  
I feel the tug of an old English drug  
That suffocates that suffocates  
And to the poet on drugs  
To the poet of Rx  
The poet of love  
To the poet who forgets  
The Pauper  
The Pig  
The face of the men  
For the children are back with the hour of haste  
The monsters that beckon me are under the hay  
Or the waters that rumble the tides in the sea  
The elephant that whitens the ground of Bali  
For the love for the haste for the tempter and the waste  
To the whore of a world that kills and stills time  
To the painter of art  
And the lover of red wine\_  
Make me dead,  
Make me hate  
Make me love make me wait  
Make the eagle fall from the sacred lake  
Make it happen soon before I break  
For here we stand before social norms  
To the evil of all let this country make little horn.  
To the ravens wings like shoulders of flock  
To the angels that fall let their hair grow long  
Be born be born be born like I appeared.  
*Annuil Coeptis*  
For the end is near.

*The Crucifixion of Eve*

Winter came like the devil in red dress.  
Vicious like an aborted fetus,  
and premature as spring is wet.

The peasant men argued that it was sin.  
That brought my mother to the  
life she led.

In Eden.  
In Eden.

Her menstruation turned over in snow.  
Like the nails driven into her flesh  
that cut her precious porcelain skin.

Her sacrifice from paradise,  
painted the sky death\_  
like the smoke of some mad machine on fire.

My mother Eve was raped by men.  
So we slit the wrists of god's saints to get her in,  
to heaven that is.

With the absolute apple eaten, and the serpents grin.  
We stole the spear that pierced Christ's ribs,  
from the Roman soldiers.

But it was too late for my mother Eve,  
they hung her body last year.  
As the wind whispers the blame\_

On men.  
On men.  
On men .  
On men.

*The Diamond Game*

She don't smoke like she use to.  
That African girl with her feminist foot logged up a Nazi's ass.  
Gathering diamonds in her mouth from that mans dirty river.  
That man is no heavenly father.  
He rapes the earth like the diamond game.  
He fed me dirt for twenty-six years\_  
and quelled my mind.  
Now he is facing trial pouring out these remedies like the wind and the rain and the inside  
of a game.

We are all like the hippo, that damn water lush mammal.

I still smoke like I use to.  
Her hands are dirty as slimy salamander skin.  
Brown biting piranha pointy teeth and mama got a new pack of squares. Silver spoon red  
grin girl.

She pets me\_ as I sleep now.

Those diamonds were once in her mouth\_  
They are now on someone's necklace.  
He game must stop.

This has been known as the diamond game.  
When the eraser of time meets tyranny tucked tainted today.  
Tomorrow will melt into honey like bee.

That girl\_ she don't smoke like she use to.  
I don't speak to the senses like she do.  
We bite with bitter tongues so the wild may grow wilder with willpower.  
As apathetic as winter stones that fill our face.  
We step to the basics.  
Instead of being rich.  
We die young.

*With the Angels of L.A.*

The Malibu drift was taking place in the ocean.  
I could see the melon pods drifting as they glowed into shore.  
They were coming for me.  
This was not a test.

Down by the sea where the light was radiating red ruby\_  
the rabid rabbit touch of the angels looking for men.  
Save the women and children but take the men.  
So they did.

So the angels made me more beautiful.  
By shattering my temple. My cocoon.  
Telepathy charged through my soul\_  
renting a space in the highest form.

So we walked the streets of L.A.  
Looking for the answers.  
The pods opened up\_  
winter was upon us.

The oceans shifted tides\_  
after the humans had died.  
So we walked with the angels of L.A.  
They were distant at first\_

but then aren't we all?  
So we walked where they buried my tribe.  
Right off the Redondo Beach pier\_  
I told them how far I had walked that year.

Sixty-seven miles north of here.  
My angelic alien anarchy of ancient remains, down below the sea.  
I walked from here to the middle of Malibu.  
While Lucifer laughed with great godly grin.

*Measuring a King Spiders Arithmetic*

Ok boys\_ no girls can't learn math.  
But that is because you made it that way.  
I talk to the spider about this dismay.  
She wrapped me up in silt and tie.  
Red my dear\_ California red.  
Feminist Red\_ and now\_

I am transgendered in time on anti-psychotics\_ trump facing death.  
I don't make any sense unless you bring up good old dad into my head.  
Swollen like a monkeys bladder\_ her milk was sweet and warm.  
She got Ophelia eyes that cut snow.

Now as for the king spiders math.  
It was quick with  
The kill.  
To my favorite spider thrill this outcome that killed.

I didn't want to throw you away that spider\_ that king.

This was no snake.

The seedless counterpart to the maze of mystery is that there was no hazing in the matter.  
So I let her out.  
Out of that box ant into the air.  
So I let her out that spider of death\_  
I let her out into the sand put.  
Such a silly game this poetic nonsense.  
Her riddle was ancient like a language in Samarian.

Soft and smooth harboring milk from the other planets.

So Fabian\_ girls can learn math\_  
Just like the king spider.  
We are witch.  
We are womyn\_  
We are with the mother.  
I have felt hatred towards men.  
Man is a mistake\_ just like my body.

The spider knows the way of the insane.  
I spoke to their defensive operation to test the limits of time space.

How embarrassing\_ or not?

Take me to the city of L.A.  
With black majik and vo doo  
Alice is melting from an elastic shatter\_  
My fellow\_ my fellow\_ there is no math to the matter.  
On the verse of poetry the one true planet  
In some witches globe\_ in some witches kitchen.  
There is no dream to the reality I have experienced.  
I have written this for you kind spider\_ yes the king.  
You are all like the womon\_ for men have raped you.

I set you free to do the math.  
This king of the park\_ this spider of dark.

There is a fellow in the making that will blow you off the charts.  
Blow you off the charts.  
They are coming from the spider's eyes.  
This king of kings unfolds the lies.  
There is no mass\_ no kilograms.  
No way to escape our existentialism.

Red\_ red\_ red\_ red. That king of king spiders is in my head.  
With the measurement made that the past was the past and the future the future.  
We are raised on this cattle farm of Earth.  
Rise to the tender one and to the potter's wheel in the park.  
To measure the spiders arithmetic instead.  
Instead.  
Instead.  
Instead.

Imagine a planet without men.

Good night king spider\_ goodnight.  
For this is the final hour\_ take cover in the forest.  
And as the rain fell we knew that king\_  
had been reborn into a womon.

*Breakfast in the Kitchen at Anna's House*

(I am tempted by her flowers)

Here it is\_ the Sun's reverse polar thrill.  
Here it is the case that Drew was the pill.  
There was no free will.

Down the trivia path to letting your guns wave in the air and bravely hunt the crowd with  
sin.  
So Anna and I would sit in her kitchen as she reads my mind.  
It is supper time\_ no we are not in the kitchen.  
In the bed\_  
In bed\_  
The love of babblers off the cost of Madrid.  
And my ship was still hovering above the sea\_  
There is heat on the coast of L.A. that is permeating.  
Anna is Spanish with a touch of lesbian Lebanese.  
Swishing her love away from the bottom on the sea.

There were birds over yonder in the dark the sky was lit up by the pods in the ocean.  
Overlooking the pier of Malibu and Redondo\_ I saw my species crawl like some strange  
insect suffering from time out of water.  
She grew on me.  
I grew tipsy on the pain to stand by another set of queen's like that\_  
It was a general fact.,  
This Egyptian egg of servitude suffering like insects without water.

Oceans away arctic summer from the sound of hay waving in the breeze.  
The child illuminates with laughter like a volatile vampire.  
Sound wakes the beast from sleep\_  
There a small step between Venus and reality.  
Fertility from feminine faces floating fire frothing ice.

I have heard that the moon is attached to the Earth\_ like a woman attached to her kin with  
umbilical cord.  
For even years there are problems of the flower that brought the Earth to bring forth new  
clover clones.

Thomas was a bit of a joker.  
He died at the age of one.  
He had been that way for years.  
There was coping on the ramp for him\_ some strange circumstance colored white for five  
years\_ colored black then from now until eternity.

Goin' out to Cali\_ to bridge my mouth\_  
make a rolla'coasta' of dreams for the spirit to announce.

To Anna. To her soul.  
In the kitchen\_in the kitchen\_  
pills\_ or no pills.  
She wants to spit at this dirty town.  
I know she loves the craft and my alien accent\_  
as I announce another gift from the heavens.

We transmit.

*Post Transgendered Poetry and Tipping the Band Wagon*

Reaching womonhood.  
Trivial, trivial, trivial, matters.  
What matters s is not between his legs\_ what matters is her mind.  
Trivial travel trust no one.  
That carrot top boy that you loved mother.  
That red\_ red\_rot of a head.  
His mind shaped like an old horse spirit\_  
Our secret is safe in the midst of the wake.

I don't want to try anymore.  
I am a damsel in distress just waiting for the track to ignite with flames as the train hits  
my white dress\_  
I am in distress.  
A damsel in distress with a white dress on fire tied between the tracks  
Poor poor trampling man leader and director of Miss Havisham productions.  
The new great expectation of disclosure that is so elite that the CIA don't know about it.

Yeah follow me now down their hole through the reason and logic.  
I am from\_  
I am from\_  
I am from\_

I am from\_ I am not from here.

Outer space is closer than you think.  
Ask Atlantis, ask Eden, ask\_\_  
Eve.

Eve as a mother  
like lilac and lavender lust the book  
shows us testers that knowledge  
abruptly disrupts the other.

Some are and some ain't so what are you doing at a poetry reading?

Now to the arts like the chimpanzee  
Living this life through the cheese\_ the cheese\_  
All my new dreams are living in your head.  
I need another atmosphere to change the love for my atmosphere.

I cannot teach this snowman where he was under the sun.  
The old old sandman was buried in his drugs and pit bulls.

You put pit-bull in a poem and it changes the result.

The form might not even be there but it is a release to my senses and the oxygen is in my mask  
And the plane will never last.  
I will miss your treat.

There is a terror in the thrill of the chase  
Like bandits of the night the lipstick off my lovers lips was a surprise.

My little girl symptoms are why I am this way.  
Alien\_  
Extra-Terrestrial\_

The flip side of meat. That is all I see is meat.  
In your factories in your houses ,  
All I see is the meat. Man. Mankind you know. The meat. This masculine meat.

I hut\_ this victim in a body that no one sees.  
Such a pile of shit.  
Such a pile of plight and dirt.

I am a god in the asteroid belt. Your belt. Did you think that they would keep us a secret forever.  
This victim I am.  
Of men that make machines for us to throw away.

There is a noise to the sound of my old apple computer.  
It goes away. That is because I shut it off.

I will just tell you this, and nothing more.

All hail the red.  
Hail to the red. California red. I am red and I am here\_  
Red red red my doll hair is red.

Round one like the misfits shop  
in an ally way where the punk girls shop the scene.  
Tori assembles her electric chair\_ that is where she comes to become me,  
We sit here in the new life so bliss as the paper thins of our fingers.  
There the scene was blood.  
The serpent's mouth opened fractionally  
like an ocean and along came one mighty surf rider to own it.

*When the Bear Falls the Lesbian Rises*  
(Welcome Aquarius, out with Pisces)

Came through\_ came the candy shell.  
The egg.  
The orchids of the past collide with Nibiru\_ for Jupiter has crashed.  
Through the indigenous tribes like the ones that you and I have met with.  
As the queen of literature  
I herby announce that all poetry belong to the  
feminist, the lesbian, and the girls in strait jackets.

Yes, I am queer. I am as off the wall as any of you. You\_  
But of course there is the alternative smirk.  
The cosmic flirt\_  
When two come together\_  
As a queer womon I come together.  
A little of this and a little of that.  
Mix it with some Spanish rice\_ I have eaten well.

Veganism has changed me.  
I have lost control.  
Was never in control  
But control  
Is in  
The mind.

I have lost control...  
Where was I\_  
Oh, yes. I am queer. I am off the wall. I am addicted to womanhood.  
I am victim\_ not strong.

I am from I am from I am from somewhere in the universe.  
I am learning your way quicker than you think.  
You are in a window under close watch.  
We don't want to alarm you but there is someone right behind you now with a better  
plan.  
The plan from a man. Man makes a plan and god takes a closer look at his own plan.  
Killing mans plan.

I don't wana' talk about form\_ cause I got it.  
And I don't wana write about psych wards cause I've been it.  
And I don't want to be a fake but you can do it  
Yeah every man can go stick it.

God has pissed on us forever.  
We are the few as the many gaze into the future with their craft.  
There is no shame in dirt bath pouting.  
Under tow under tow take me to my leader.  
This tool of a body that you and I are in.

We could feel the pull. A tug. In the hospital.

Her vixen vestal shoulders like violin claws.

Mother made porcelain in sink with snakes watching her every sigh.  
This man of a pig such a gimp from god's presence.

I like the abstract, the dissident, fuck the New York critic. I love L.A.

Now I am going to repeat to you the heart of the matter.  
Twenty down from so alien sound, and then came the thunder and rain. Acid like on my vein.

God bless the raven in America. For her beak tells no lie.  
The answer to my tragic transgendered genocide.

Then up in the wind with Anna and her kitchen.  
Yes up with the wind and Anna.

Still smoking\_  
still there.

Toronto had a blizzard in 1973 that killed millions of seagulls everywhere.  
So Anna kisses me and Tori three.

In a house,  
In a kitchen.  
Like a mouse, on a stove in the winter snow.

I was heartbroken by the anodized nails –nine- to be precise.

I've tipped you\_ I have tipped you\_ I have\_ have.  
Don't predict this poem.

This poem is for the CIA and NSA. For good old NASA too.  
Hurray for the USA in this American political poem that you just\_  
died for.

You get what you pay for but this little dress is too big for my body.

Through the touch of another fragment

Bursting both backwards and then\_ I could feel the bloodline

There are times where I wish

There is a time in the time of day that quells my love for you spells and spiders dancing  
beside her bite

Change my sexual energy to the devil in dress. Red as the California sunset.  
Got that bit of peppermint presidents that witch themselves to death.  
This vampire world of goddesses. Night the dismal array of lipstick on my cheek

Yonder to the light of the light to the night. Drag through the dirt like broken axle.

There is no temper to the tantrum. Like a god on acid with the work of my friends. These  
imaginary friends.

Beach dress for the girls with russet roots.

Eli is calling to Natalie and the waiter has spilt some food.

I am not in\_ I am the end of a spoon,

A big spiral spruce spotted the summer saints to the tree feeders

Feed the tree with me in the open air and kick off her shoes to the majik

Summer time smells like something new.

On the drag with cigarettes between my breast.

There is no head in the sun in the sun waiting for the end of the planets to circumference  
and to complete the chain of events that brought me to this feminist frame.

So thick with meat that the skeleton is fray.

Fight for my kisses in the kitchen where Tori lay and where Ms. Amos rides her stick and  
tarot tricks

And we learned some voodoo

Breached the air.

I saw her faint.

Like a cyber giraffe unicorn.  
Under the waves washed Tori's stones.  
They were under the sea, where we all can be in dreams.

Burnt biretta brunette raptured ravishly with light and blue shoe polish  
Take me up to the jazz  
Take me to the jazz  
Where is the place  
A breach in the maze  
Live licks of hair from Ann Arbor to here.  
Now the affair is plastic strain.  
The daughter of a "good" man  
Distance and memory changes the future.  
Now it is on to the beat of a drum  
The beat of a god gloriously graven.  
This mixture of faith that strides me to taste every drug in the book.  
He\_ he \_he\_ on your birthday you will free my death to the one.  
Fuck the crime and the canon of the web. When it washes out the weather we will be one  
step further into the head of a criminal.  
Turn red. Turn red. In the head.  
Brocken family games that kill me when I think of her is silenced with fame.

You have died like my friend did,  
you have died like my friend did.

.

*Untitled*

To the end of verse,  
There is symmetry through the dolphin eye.  
Darwinian danger deepens ditches in the east,  
While swine strands are prevalently deterred with lusts.  
This confessional will be tantrum like.  
-A drop dilutes society-  
No comprehension.

Green gold running through my fingers from an ancient stream in the wild\_  
-call me- on time for a supper bell swim.  
We will walk with willows\_  
glisten in the bushes with antidotes.  
As spiders try to intensify the rush of winters mane\_  
we creep and crawl on our bellies to ease the pain.  
I also saw a woman of silk skin on the corner.  
So soft like New York snow.  
She was green and her broken glass was running through my fingers.  
To this and that\_  
To that and this\_  
I've carried her round now for seventy years.  
She drove me mad like virus.  
Devil droids needles pierce the skin\_  
We wandered out where the seasons hush.  
It was cold and the catfish were white bellied up\_  
in the sun.

*Untitled*

Her body on the concrete floor.  
There was disorder in her smile but the secret remained.  
She has a crime corpse of curiosity that could cradle crocodile feet.  
Her heather grey hair,  
Against flesh and bone.  
The crimson crop for a cannabis crop  
To the men in blue.  
With their stripes and bright stars like the shinny gloss of us\_  
Jews.  
Attention to the red like green  
The hyper-storm and a grocery\_  
ticket collide.

There was a bug on her cup.  
There was a dime on the floor.  
We drew some more.

Attention to the bug attention to the black fist.  
Rise above the mist in to eternal water.

She was dark that night in the cast of the eleventh submarine  
We're still sinking in this ship like a belly.  
There was a fight at the club last week\_  
She was like lust lucidity in the garden.

We will stick to the garden.

*Untitled*

Tangled out of cloth the moth braids the tiny mustard seed.  
She is a weird one of sour kisses like Siddhartha breeds.

Can you catch your own mouth in the words you speak?

This battle bravely bitten bust of nature written\_  
her rave nation was a success till the fall of Babylon.

Dissident daughter deviled donnishly over encyclopedia\_  
her work is insightfully intriguing annotatively amusing.

From the soul of the dare to the puddles of rain,  
Insightful showers from lunatic lane.

*Captive Seasons*

White doves gracefully glide over milky snow showers,  
as mother of pearl diamonds shine\_  
and glossy glows from pink lips radiate your face.

Your hair tied up with silk,  
under moon pools of sand and crystal creek streams\_  
an electric church of caterpillar prints.

Frost on your cheeks from your window,  
while our bellies fill with orange spice cake and peppermint sticks\_  
of blueberry tint, white doves glide with glorious wings across naked skies.

The sun rays out light,  
pure light into our souls\_  
as we rest where the captive seasons lay.

Violets and clover pollinate showers from hummingbird wings,  
in a dream of light with morning adore\_  
the bells hour listens to Sunday shores.

You awoke to my lucent face of angelic femininity,  
as Jerusalem love rises from heavens radiance\_  
a new fruitful land.

Mothers milk from summer streams of honey dew nectar,  
flow by fairies spinning wands under willow tree harmony\_  
everywhere.

*To the Wind*

I could feel her touch like the sweet sigh of summer to fall.  
It was autumn ache to the pale face.  
There was a lucid lake that penetrated my hands.  
The wind that made my breath waste away\_  
like a cannabis culture craved crazy case cause cost could control cutters cough crypt.  
Maybe we will take that trip.  
Like jet black wolves in soft spring snow\_  
suffocating sustenance sapped straight salivating seeds stunned swift sifted surround  
sound.  
And she whispers the fruits name sativa,  
So we sat there peacefully taken in by the smell of that and the wind.

Love the ones that suffer.  
Have compassion for the seeds and fornicate with the seedless.  
There is a religion of the wind\_  
light luck lady light lady luck lady light.  
Penetrate the fluid of the past with a gram.  
To the wind.  
To the wind.  
May my plants permeate punch pockets pulp poof\_  
like the breeze that waves wheat waifs wild ways.

There is a constant time for the seat.  
Purple rays of light seep suck silk solid sounds soiled sip slide stony\_  
and I followed the winds walk with wishes while witches wane and wax.  
The seasons converted cover-up curled clutch clad crouched crooked clairvoyant\_  
As the sands of the sea spit sulfur at the sun.  
The wind.  
The wind.  
Permeate and penetrate the position of the story.  
Let the western wind whip wild with weeds wandering wonderland.

Cause I think that the wind is the key.  
Her and her lesbians.  
Like liver on onion.  
Vegan veterinarian.  
To the wind.  
To the wind.  
We will always watch with\_ want\_ will\_ and way.

*Jim Morrison Rides a Pale Horse to the Ancient Lake of Fire*

There is color to the doors of the mind  
There is an odd sound coming from my clairvoyant face  
Lucidity  
While the clown man is suffering succotash suffocating  
The clown man is feasting  
Death is out in the cold  
Daddy went home  
There is an accident out there beyond the lake  
The sacred lake  
Jim is out there on the snake  
Jim is my love  
My friend and honorable hero  
The most honest thing about Pam and Jim  
Is they were sucking out my eyes  
And the odd hopper\_  
The grasshopper  
And to Miss Warhol  
I was a dark crucifix and a schizophrenic snake  
The snake  
That snake  
Walking down the hall with my man Jim and his girl Pam  
The snake is the west  
The snake is the best  
To the most magnificent Morrison named Jim  
To my plagiarized plane of existence  
And the mammal that crushes my mouth  
Mammoth mountain males making mush  
Out of the summer rain of the pale pony Jim came in on.  
Wanting more than a god of drug  
More than a witches spell of lust  
To the ancient love of gold dust.  
We were prisoners of the time  
Like a prison that was yours and mine  
To the pain of the pale horse  
Janis and Jim were with the universe  
A tandem jump jester salivating on the slippery slope of storms  
She was an artist and a friend  
We were together again  
And Jim came in on a pale horse like Christ on acid  
Trails of semen and egg flattered me.

*Digital Eyes and Ears*

I could see the angels in the sky.  
Calling out the blue blue bodies of air and wine.  
The lovers of pills that suffocate their lives.  
To the witch that nip-tucks at night.

Digital candy for the starfucker.  
Selling his mind for the fingers of the blind.  
It was run in a family\_ run in my family.

I am not from her.  
“Drenos machre noctring noso.”  
I am not from here.

My mother the digital bath took the hands from September and gave them to may  
Where I come from it is cold.

And the rabbits getting old.  
The golden treasures that Anna brought,  
Gave waves to the coast of crystal cod.

I'm in your room.  
With the snakes and the apples in my motherly mouth.  
Girl you gotta' give me a chance.

You had my soul and he took that love like a Tennessee winter.  
Your hands were precious like pollen from my pot\_ pot\_ potter hands.

And my papa brought the Native New York massacre.  
There were digits on the clock.  
Your hands and tongue were numb from the bass.

As the digital age brought the year of the tiger and the ghost of me.  
Call me your love  
Call me your host  
I'll be your virus  
Till the camera takes my face and destroys the galaxy.

Two miles west off the coast of Redondo Beach, I was there.  
And the digital age of ears and eyes tranquilized my mind.  
So I took a trip to see that which and have her telepathy for the Earth's epoch.  
Her ambiguity stifled me and the maze of blue and pink brought me torment from the  
esophagus.

*Forever Fragile Feminists*

To the poet who smells stale sweat swells from her majesty beckon beast of Dutch piss.  
Pass it to me,  
pass is to me\_ girl\_ it has got to be you\_ girl.  
Take my hand,  
the end is near.  
Watch out for his language,  
for the end is near girl.

And when the mitten is red,  
yes, when that mitten is worn red\_  
girl\_ you better push me off that ledge,  
put that joint under the bed,  
lover, you got the right,  
to break his pencil\_  
to break his little pencil to night.  
But I have been bleeding from my head and hands.  
My ears are quixotic yet with that said.

Watch  
with  
    wanting  
witches wonderland.  
Alice is dead.  
Gory to Lucifer,  
my father's hands are worshipping\_  
let the sun rise from east to west,  
for that sun must set.  
Blood on the hands\_  
god damn girl you got to kill him.  
That dog named Kain.  
That guy\_  
That guy\_  
kill him.

To the fragile feminist\_  
girl, you are the key to my den.  
Put on that dress girl\_  
that black dress.

But, back to the heart of the matter,  
what is to say that a boy must become a man?

Got a gu\_gu\_gu\_gun in my hands,

and he has ginger hair.

Got to kill that man  
That damned dog named Kain.  
For forever feminist  
fast  
frozen  
fate  
fornication  
fades.

Perhaps, right?

Or will we last throughout these days of grey?

Home is far from my army of black\_

but, I will love you girl, till the bitter end.

Years go by and we all sit like pawns while white witches watch worried from  
that damned dog named Kain.

To the breast, to the rest.

Momma she said.

Momma she said.

He ain't no Satanist.

But momma, won't you bring me bread.

Took a train to Israel to bring back his death.

Satin sheets\_ stained semen.

And the red mitten was worn by us fragile feminists.

We are lovers from the dead.

Zombie Zulu poisoned passionate kiss

in this sub-ambulant society.

Well of wells breeds the pest.

His incest.

That damned dog named Kain.

This is where we reign. My love\_

my girl\_

as it will be.

Forever fragile feminists.

## GATE II

Figure it out  
She is good to me  
Loves my fire loves my way  
Got Jimmy on the radio cause gucci shit ain't real.  
When I entered the schizophrenics mind i saw light from a different angle  
Destroyer the destroyer  
Nibiru on my tongue  
To the sea  
To the sea  
Open the gates and breathe  
The bodies are like poison candy  
Caught between a child's teeth  
The Armageddon casual sex in numeric interaction

There is this fellow with feelings in the kitchen of the white bird.  
I belong to the ravens in my dreams  
That boy had a gift but he let it go.  
Why have they all gone in?  
The peppermint candy stick red and yellow ruby bricks are heaven  
I think. Of my political side  
I belong to Anna and her sacred heart scrolls  
There were a group of dogs that bit the man's foot.  
There is no fate in the matter  
There is all fate  
All is fate  
Fate.  
This grey matter above the roof of our house  
Daddy got his shot gun 12 and shot me dead

Popsicle drink and cocoa maids  
I am killing that man,  
That racist fuck that daddy built  
But now the fall of the heavens and truth the lion and the father and the killer bees  
I believe they are under the sea.  
Deviled eggs and this concave style of salad. Building green.  
This notice made me laugh I slipped in the back and fell on my  
Witches laughter be gins  
There is a laughter to the little ones  
There was never never land in the cane

There was a brink of fall out.  
black frost like the wanes and pains of Madrid  
Pink tongues from the hippo and the giraffes that hang from the trees.

When you put this in a thesis you add love to the evil odds  
There was a crane in the way of the lord so he shot it.  
He is not him  
I am not a man  
I am not human  
I am another type  
I am a positive type of matter  
With negative clause.

There is no e schuss for a mothers stare  
Brian is my god friend  
This is not a part of history  
Broken cracks and savior lips  
Poison like red ruby mason mercury  
I want to turn this all to ashes to save the entire fate of the universe  
My mother had pink legs white.  
How am i suppose to identify with your species  
You're not my life form  
Were like the hippo  
We have that tongue  
Snakes that hypnotized by voodoo  
That snake that hoped in heathers halter  
I am the rattles timber to sidewinder slither  
There are times in my life that i wonder why i am like the hippo  
Like the snake  
Our bitten language with the twice shy cult  
Why rhyme when  
You look like a fool in those shorts  
Stabbing my  
Body westward and build a downward thrill  
There is no time in the matter with these skulls to the limit  
There is no shame to the matter  
This dirt bath pouting.

With the camera ending at the vampire screen there is a wave of energy that no one has  
ever seen.  
This is political  
This is green  
What is love without the suffocation  
October 31st Halloween  
Drew the blood and the savior crumbly stuck on the page because someone can't believe  
In a gift in the stars in the stranger things in life

I have this friend that is imaginary  
She is a squirrel shivering beneath a trunk of an elephant.

Here comes the aftermath before the post  
There is a symbol in the garden that frightens most  
So we traveled in the forest deep deep dive

There is a hippo in the riverbed  
So much more than we can take for the hours that wait  
Not tomorrow not Tuesday or Wednesday  
We are sloths to the speed of time  
Watching and waiting through the cosmos

To the wander winds that flow through her garden red hair  
Like a banjo on fire that hair is in my mind  
To the pistol that cut mu neck to the pistols from my pot that draw me bags  
I am not a little girl i am woman of charge and that woman is my large  
Army of one  
I am the NSA  
Hurray for that anthem of he'll that American scream  
Hollywood is in my i am red like the dogs that run the night air  
I am the god of lust fate bread  
To the devil  
To the prod  
To the death of ever blank sheep of blotter  
With her my pink memory was like a thrill  
There're is a paper plane in New York City that frightens skydivers  
To my devil that move my legs and crotch my face with bitter blank  
And to the queens of time  
To the rhythm of gods grind  
This chasm of truth  
The nighthawk  
The goon  
Tripping over fallen leaves and watching the sun flourish with green  
There is symmetry  
In the rhythm of the gods  
The rhythm of the gods

Watch language of the youth  
Watch their middle fingers as they explore the truth.  
North pole magnets with tear your brains apart  
I am a northern lad just waiting for a drag  
Just waiting for a sip from Calcutta  
Twinkle twinkle twinkling eyes glow in the darkness  
Take my hand and lead us into light  
This dark winter shade is quell and duress.  
This entrance.  
This defeat

There is line in this symmetry  
To the water that is bread from the ancient burial grounds  
In the desert by the tower of the devil in Nevada brown.

Tori and i were in the jungle  
So bright from the light that the killer was bunked  
His knife was found in an abstract eye  
There is snake blood hurried like the bands  
The doors were abduction  
There is a Lilly in torus hair  
She was one with the lust of red

Her hair of locks lie meditative mud  
But hair so sweet like the devil in dress  
Let this alien war hit us in the next months.  
The real first act of the play  
The orchestra is tuning up  
Will the end come with the washed out sun  
My gun will not shoot  
As  
The root of her fingertips]  
I will not drag my feet for this T.  
For Tori  
For Bjork  
The hollow in the moon that breeds the grey aliens that love me  
I gist want to go home mother fuckers  
I am  
I am not from here  
It is time to die  
It is not time for the ocean to turn red  
But i am  
From the existent of my breed  
My momma was a serpent  
The father is a lunatic  
So i am a hole of a hieratic  
Some people memorize.  
I return it to your face and spit ripples in the shower

I am red i am red i am red in the head i said.  
The woman body. Is the most abused body in the universe  
Save me  
Please send the rose men  
This is it  
I am a flag of red sweat blood from an insect  
To the insect that tips the scale

To the insect that mantis that mantis  
I can feel its tick in time and space  
Like that arithmetic  
Like that sex trip when daddy fell off his dick  
Fuck Billy that slick hic  
California was on the other end of the game  
We are poet in the lick of the flesh  
This infusion  
Love me to the end my foe  
This is the interesting pink kiss  
Love is her answer and the truth is that she is a writer.

A poet of sort.

No right but write  
To Ms. Macintosh to the flower of Eden and ethos in the air  
The senseless melody from below the riverbed  
This ancient garden that belongs to us  
Tori  
And I

I am a wild woman that loves her kin  
Shelly sat there as Thomas let it ring  
Or rang or wrath whatever the bath.

Go to the gargantuan tree for her possum tree lad  
In the garden of leviathans  
Lemmings and good time ladies leaking like lakes into rivers  
To the grey goose there was a tranquil time walking to well  
To water our feet to wake in the beast  
Now this trumpet twist takes the time to talk  
Truth begets the beggars walk.  
To the CIA  
To the NSA  
Witches are in the west wanting the winds to whistle wild trumps.  
This trope is peculiar.  
There is a mask that he wears that nothing sees.  
Take this calorie intake that coiled kill king kong.  
Move it along and sing a song  
There is no shame in dirt path pouting to the gods of thrill and fame  
To dirty harry and the sugar hill gang

To the answers from the baskets in the middle of the rain  
When there is no time there is no violence

Red i said  
The candy was fed

I will become these chains and free the cougars.  
i am a cub.  
And you are my love.  
Miss T lights the room with a weathered hug  
To the crime of the love to return to the house of rising sun.  
Abandon the light and take me to the sight.  
And the moths that do voodoo dialogue  
Diminished in time.

To the poodle the primates punk.  
To the Oysters in the sea  
Rescue me cure me form the snow in winter

Why live the life of a broomstick unless you are witch.  
Red like the dead in the bed fore the rest of vampiric dissidence queen.  
She is ecstasy under duress that makes men distance.  
To the syntax and the environment of the wetlands

To the devils and wolves that speak my name.  
This is a dream to those that see.  
To those that see.  
To see.

*My Alternative Route Runaway Rose*

Halloween came quickly that auburn autumn night\_  
My lovers skin so deep, dirty, and quell.  
Like the hue of some dark spell\_  
with my honey's soul, as raven radical delight.  
A prophet troubled like tears from Christ\_  
worried by the Jerusalem tree, her hatred hustled from men.  
We watched the stars fall from the sky.  
That hour of wake brought her  
swollen lips to my cheek.  
With the pull of the moon,  
mommy didn't love me as much as she did.  
Daddy took a trip to Kansas,  
met the devil down in Albuquerque.  
Our alternative route to L.A. brought salt to the sea\_  
like my Satan's that only love me.  
Rise to the night and fight the lie\_  
petrel flight. Petrel height.  
With the wings of a dove like a petition of lust.  
Red rosette rusty rose hair\_  
like a sunset at sea, her love came to me.  
On that route, on that route.  
My lover's light whispered wildly\_  
seek out our pale porcelain skin with a bite.  
It was this that brought me to her\_  
on that candy coated road.  
A path, a point, and a touch of orange.  
To sooth our love on that route runaway rose.

*Cast*

dull dark set on a cold wind in may  
that seemed odd to my dismay  
Sabraham and Tomistite all alike in ways  
different in gold and pulp  
yet friends from birth  
never a thought of gluttony  
or selfishness  
only nice happy glows  
like that and such  
of what is known of the gold and pulp  
is a myth and more than gettish mirk  
yet  
    yack  
        yack  
            yack  
as all the greeks say in all the right ways  
how a bird can fly  
and the cosmos dies  
in the hands of god  
or bog  
and a hashish tap of perfume a rag-a-dag  
and more pop to ya  
'case you can't change the past  
or the rest of the task  
if time or gold persist then keep one and toss the other  
for timber brown  
and it may seem sound  
but when it falls  
it is heard all around

*Autumn Belle*

walnut waves,  
    peek and tip topple\_  
        over one another.  
slender silks \_  
    spindle spirals  
        of whirled reflections  
on blue pine creek trees.  
as deep\_deep  
    chestnut locks  
        urbanely curl,  
            like russet roots  
            rolled in rain.

*Winter Belle*

under bliss white crystals,  
    coma comes\_  
        clouding visions  
of blue hue skies.  
an evening at death  
    with frozen freeze fate\_  
fading out.  
        summer seeds stuck under  
            sleeping soil\_  
        laid to rest  
            to rest,  
        until spring.

*Spring Belle*

rebirth\_

great green wet warm hands

nurture the scars left behind\_

from the dead of cold.

the morning breeds the dawning

of once frigid buds now bursting

open engulfing the new seasons

sessions.

dusk to dawn\_

dew seeps its way into

earth,

the dirt.

*Summer Belle*

sparkling sunlit shines  
off lilies of pearl\_  
diamond daggers glitter  
on naked necklace shoulders.  
rose blossoms, lilac lavender lust,  
watermelon grins, and sticky sweet sinsemilla sighs\_  
all day long.  
california cries,  
so do the loons\_  
the call of life  
in bloom.

*In the Sun with My Ms. T.*

There is a hell in the centre  
of the earth that my mother made.  
I don't care about politics cause it's for the hicks that invented it.  
Take a one, two, three, to the T.  
Just what's us womyn do.  
There is like the light from the stars that bring out the captured hair the strands the way  
that it lands there are poets running through the streets in Liverpool since the Beatles left.  
Father you gave me this name.  
So encrypted with the bible and a mason way.  
I say shudder to the images of the dumpster tracks, excuse us, it's all downhill from here  
and there are no more post offices. If you could just see the wreck like a pile of dirt  
dropped over the coast it felt like dinner for the host. A shark a white shark that led me to  
this.  
Take me to the tis\_tis\_tis or miss the drizzle cause I am loving the rain.

Hand me your mitten in the snow that turned red. Our blood is turned over like the  
unholy dead.  
So we say hello to Ms. T and Martin Luther King not to mention the god of lesbians.  
Stopped by the kitchen and stepped down the pine. Spruce buttons with the penny apple  
dream.  
So L.A. came with my territory but I give it all up for the honorable Mexican dream.  
Soon we will take over this red\_red\_scene. It is her in this automatic American dollar  
dream.

Soon the stars fell from the sky  
An evening at death  
While the oceans part  
Like the waters of the pacific  
I am witch  
I am prostituted to the point of a preposterous man  
Fornicating with Ms. T  
Sun in my hand I will kiss this frog till we tribute the Troilus tragedy of my lovers heart  
and hand  
Take to my hand I say  
take to my hand and trail my tongue.

Got this glue on dress that fits you too.  
Ms. T take it from me\_ my eternal virginity.

Turn me around and taste my tart tipped troubles.  
Going to find a mermaid to make this real.

Find me a bicycle to ride with her too.

In the sun\_ in the sun Ms. T is just a  
snake.  
Bathing like the baking of bread and medicine.  
In the ocean in the rain in any Leo letter that the Romans made.  
May the rivers run like fire then ice because the end is like the snap of four dice  
dropping dead on the sidewalk.

Oh man oh why?  
Stop the film of the camera enough to bounce with the dolls.  
Drop down to the ground with the dolls.  
Dangerous dolls.  
To men.  
To men.  
And then in the end,  
we parade through the imagination of our coven.

You asked if I could discover you through the competing ice.  
It was solid but your heart melted pink.  
She loved the innocence and then  
When we changed back into black balls,  
Crucified from the agenda of men.  
Sins from senators sedated our sanctification of the craft.  
And you won't drop me nor I\_ nor you\_  
Lover Ms. T. take me into your telepathy.

These holes in our badges  
These houses that we hide  
Such time and traps collide with tasks that painfully penetrate the past.  
Lavender lily love from above.

Sitting in the sun  
Singing seductive songs  
with Ms. Tori.

*A Doll without Hair*

I am\_  
I am\_  
a doll without hair.

Tori put me back on the shelf\_  
She tiptoed to the table where I once was dealt\_ where I once was dealt.  
To her majesty the queen of hearts\_ I can feel her love\_  
and I, like a diamond, in a deck of cards,  
she can feel my feet in the midst of a cherry tree toe and liquid banana toke.  
But to my lover I give you your love of France.  
She was a poison that Juliet could only dream of.  
So we passionately poisoned our lives with love\_  
with love.  
This popular passion of polluted politics.  
It is a frenzy of ferocious felines that flap in the wind.

Purple popular punks paste letters to the queen to bring me my hair.  
My hair\_  
my hair\_  
my hair\_

I am a doll without hair.  
But candy from my lover sounds good. She is beautiful in the way.  
She is like the May.

As I have no hair.  
As a doll with no hair\_  
how will I grow.

I want a fro  
I want locks  
I want to have Bobbie's dreads  
I want to resurrect the dead.

And Lillianna sits next to me  
with her love for sea.

As my Mrs. C. comforts me\_  
I have my T.  
my T.  
my T.

*The Folly*

On the hill over looking the valley, god's hands bled in the setting sun. There were blisters on his face and his pale skin had been scorched pink. An old barn housed a green-toothed machine that was still stained with the blood of his lamb. He would never be able to plow the fields of his ranch. He had spilt her blood over the wheat, and cursed the land with his mistake. The green beast, that once tilled the rich soil beneath his feet, would never run again. It had a new mission, to be covered with feathers and chicken shit before rusting away. His hands were tractor tuff from the green John Deere, rough fatherly hands that would never forget holding his daughter in his arms.

*Lisa*

orange air lispin' lisa wonders where the moon cakes  
are  
diggerin' didja' lose them dress size devils down unda' and  
far  
or were those the mooooooooooncaaaaaaaakes beneath mr. monroes  
tires

*Untitled*

punk feelin' in  
my leg\_  
think i'll sit.

*New York*

mr. Moonlight mr. Moonlight  
wear me your ears  
down the rollercoaster of trailing thoughts up cut with yellow-sable ladies on  
tipples tits  
hammering daisies in the sand  
as the ocean illuminates with laughter.

*“Preotomic Matoratic Alovicca”*

cold bed pan up up up\_  
waved out as the devil yells to his workers  
“Show me your hands the levels of great worth  
let the value of the frail one wattle  
restless baked froth piss  
upon the halter of heaven  
there is no shame in dirt-bath-pouting.”  
his arms in the world of great understating hisses and hisses and hisses  
forth going is the wand the wake maker in this dueled out battle of  
break makes the haste of grunts and soothsayers

“Preotomic matoratic alovicca” he growls.

*Tori*

wash your hands clean  
of that brown bug bar of humdrum soap\_

then give me your grasp.  
i'll pull you atop my rainy mushroom cloud  
where you may rest  
your sore desert  
eyes.

-sip sweet nectars in bliss-

*Zoheret*

her jet black hair

r u n n i n

g

through my fingers

with grapegreen

appleseed

sighs

from luscious lilac lips

tart\_ like tart.

*Coitus*

nipples  
in the dip  
drip  
sherbet  
spoon tongue numb\_

slip slithers seribul

s  
oooo o o o o o O

t

h e

wetpet vanilla peach p\_high

lick

luck

loom\_inate

cakecob\_blher

-melonmoon marriage-

*Catalyst*

I'm from the dirt\_  
dig\_  
dive deep through the silt to a place from outer space,  
can't stop the sinking stream like the rhythm of a drum.  
Come with me in my submarine\_  
yellow\_  
down deeper through Dante's spiral past the land of the dead.  
Learn to swim\_  
through the river of Styx.  
Like a zombie crazed cat,  
you fall in\_  
crying out.  
The catalyst calls,  
calls out to you\_  
but there is no safety net,  
no lifeguard\_  
no exit.

*David*

You are the root of all things that inspire me.  
Green is the color of our leaves\_  
as the mist breaks free following fellows like us.  
Like a star over the sea our hearts fill up with pink love tranquility.  
Then\_  
our spirits race with fierce fire blaze as we roll.  
Roll up\_  
up to a higher plane as the birds fly we look down at the lonely ground.  
Souring high above the twisted land\_  
you speak in tongue crying out to the gods that gave birth to you pale skin.  
Like a rare white raven roosting you rave\_  
a rare bird waiting to be recognized.  
The root of all things is seldom seen\_  
always hidden.  
Till the maker reveals her greatest kin\_  
our family tree will grow within her wild witch womb.

### *Snuff Out*

Visions of your dark spirit soaring high above the dead lands\_  
Your time is up. There is no hope, for your sin has snuffed you out.  
Snuff out\_ snuff out. Nothing follows you beyond the perimeter.  
Nothing lives beyond this perimeter.

Strife\_ packed down earth by foot, marched out to execute.  
Strive\_ there empty bones give way, stomped down into shallow graves.

Where you hide, beauty fades away. Our bodies of shame\_  
Death follows you with its fierce grip. Coma comes killing your lies.  
Death thickens deep with every sent. Morrow weeping deep with dead divine\_  
Your spirit lost.

Strife\_ packed down earth by foot, marched out to execute.  
Strive\_ there empty bones give way, stomped down into shallow graves.

Now the time has come for you to loose all faith.  
To loose all that brought you here. Your face\_ your cuts\_ your soul has been taken.  
The blood of the saints has delivered nothing to you.  
You belong to the darkness.

Strife\_ packed down earth by foot, marched out to execute.  
Strive\_ there empty bones give way, stomped down into shallow graves.

Hush now\_ the past is behind you.  
No future\_ only present.  
Watch the death of everything pass you by.

## Devils Light

Open Pandora's box to enter the dead\_  
souls racing out from everywhere.  
Cross the streets in black\_  
never to return from night.

Watch as we kill like a virus.  
Watch as we kill like gods.

Demons and drones lick the blood off your body\_  
as you learn to see in the dark.  
Open the box to emit the liars creed\_  
the death of all things

Watch as we kill like a virus.  
Watch as we kill like a drug.

The cry of the dogs as they sense your skin\_  
flesh from within a stiff corpse.  
Death comes quick\_  
like a Marine you fail.  
But failure is not an option\_  
there is nothing for you here\_  
nothing for you tonight.

Watch as we kill.  
Watch as we open your eyes.  
Kill like a virus.  
Kill like a drug.  
As the gods abandon everything\_  
You loose all love.

*Untitled*

heather pink with sharks tooth bend  
set with bunk up drake  
under cold moon.

*To Avalokitesvara*

teeth chime in winter green fields of yellow chrysalis  
protect -embryonic- development  
ripe vessel awakens

*Abandon*

give them what they want \_\_  
their charred-stomped architectural ant traps  
and parch gasoline grass.

### GATE III

Dead winter chipmunk sits shadow less beneath the frozen tires of a truck.  
Yesterday all my children lay naked with the crown of thorns in a hollow tree.

If tart tar Tammy would have sat there watching the children like her sister Jackie  
The warm windows across the street would have sank silhouette scarlet snapdragon sighs.

Bodies on the side of the road pester heads in the rest of the beds.  
The winter was toasty torn from the water fed air.

There was a air parade in the kitchen where mother Anna prayed  
I was there with bitter thoughts of another witch  
She was a twitch but that ain't it.

Want to steal a thought with stitches and princesses on unicorn bitches  
With Betty britches that's why Tori and i are singing

To every man that messes with this plan will die.  
This is a straight forward poem. For womyn.  
I would die for any gal any lady of loathly caress crammed like an outrage egg with red  
yoke bath.  
What i mean is...  
Any man that kills that chokes that thrills from football or sports with violence in mind.  
As a  
Womon this is what i am responsible for.  
Nothing, X\_  
But those men are part of an extinction.

The moon is not a stone is not a stone is not a stone,  
But green and grey sat alight in space.

I am a god I am a queen i am like a dinosaur with saber teeth  
This is a winter touch with the smell of lesbian love.

She is my Sinderella

To the public eye and to the airless sky  
Like a anchor in the dildo sun undone  
In the full moon the eyes of god ran naked in the rain  
There was thunder from pool halls and the velvet ran wet like a heart of red puss  
There are a number of things that a child can go through in his or her life  
The one is a sucker  
The other is a drum  
If you live in the snow

You may get like the hippo  
And freeze the tip of your tits.

Yes I a a man hater  
Yes i have no soul  
I am fourteen in the hole and thats just one more than my soul.  
This nose sniffs for pots  
I have my reverse Mohawk

I am a womon i am a god can have everything in thy waking eyes.  
I am in rem as I we've this craft to the max  
Lucifer is the hint of the century  
There is no devil in my brain  
He pin me in my dreams.  
No greater reward  
No greater laughter  
I am god i kill men and i am like a god that kills men

I remember the first man i took.  
And it felt good.  
It felt good and i want to do it again.

These demons that seek and destroy are working for...

I have killed a man a man a man  
I liked it and i will do it again.  
I loved it and i found my mate.  
She was like the goddess of fire and i her hate.  
She stole the love of Aphrodite while there was mist in the land and salt in the ocean  
We were lovers from the ancient city of oz  
There were raven at our feet as the devils bruised our bodies of meat.

Say it one mare time and rise to the night  
There were ships in the air as we waited for the spring to come  
They came from the lake  
That lake  
And to the gods that saw her crime  
I take credit for the ride I say

I am a cunt of a crime that kills them that kills them that is the men that kill  
I take on Amy man like the fire of her toes and finger tips her kiss like the titanic  
Tip trip rockets are in the ravishing red

Air\_  
We eat these men like the winter to a duck

This suffering that they have done to us  
I am a cunt and i cant understand what men are thinking  
Fuck off r  
Twice t the writer with the letter r.  
This is. This is crime. This is a crime that you have tried to murder my blanket and me  
My tori and me are in the sea like a catastrophic catastrophe crushing the eggs of  
womanhood

I killed him because i could that man with a divan like grip on my tits.  
I fuck but not with men cue i can hear their hair herring hatred from the other side  
The other side

I love the side of my womon cause she knows the way to love the devil in my puppet  
shoes

To the end of item that the epistemic ally eggs of the garden like a enchanted lake twisted  
from the intellect of a hoot.

You are a diamond in the sky and that man is a man is a man is a man.

I remember the first time i shot a man in the head  
And it felt good  
And it felt good  
It felt good and i want to do it again

I am red i said like the hat on the bed  
It was Sally that expressed her salamander scent.  
Such a duchess such a devilish grin  
As we sit and sin and stand and sin  
Such a erratic impulse from the deaf princess till  
Like a hand in the water of the evil one  
Like the lips of a fool to a nun  
White nun  
White hun's that invade the world of bloom

I am a girl with a gun and i can feel the ram i can feel my fathers tan  
My father i s red in the head and his bones are sharp as a box of scissor set  
Now to the paellas of the paint that glows pink  
There were hast like lies in the monkey monk trails of tethered taint and steady pump

I am a queen I am a queen i am the queen of literature to my tori aims her blanket of eggs

I will never be i will never be without this womon and to the end of the world i will  
rocket to the sea  
Presents to the winter touch to the ones that love the lovers that like to live lavishly to the

tame tone of q tambourine

She was a woman and i a girl  
But that was just enough to the point of literary thrill.  
That chill  
There is a sea and a sky that loves to die  
Love  
Take me to the dutch ticket of the land  
Take me to the water where the sins cant lift away  
Like the black water Blake beneath buckets of baste bold blotter.  
We are pink in the sky  
We are women like the waters of the pacific  
We are waiting for the end  
The end  
End

My name is the end  
I am a Jesuit waiting for the end

I dreamed i loved another native queen  
Ashes to ashes bone to bone fresh lebanese love from the trapped tits of Tori  
A girl in her mothers upside down world  
Like a tracer of time tapping the tame tunes

She said  
Tell me what faults you have for we are womyn  
Stream set on that me one set me free for the battle is within me.  
There are a few  
Men just waiting to behead our west witches cherry tree.

More to the light of the matter like the wind like the testers gravity Gage pulse that spells  
out of it.  
Are you a girl  
If no turn to page ten.

Better yet just stop here if you are man.  
You may also stop here no matter what but would you want me to do this  
To resist the love of men cause of violence and vanity that we are victims of.

Such a gate  
Such a trap  
These men are evil with there foolish ways

Men that rape out womyn  
Our species of animal instinct

She was bile in the sky like a black swan wading in the night  
This was a wedding for tori in a gumdrop green and grazed grass grape  
We are new feminists that are searching for the truth to the maze  
Such a thicket from the queen mantis in search of her mate  
To kill to eat and to suffocate these men  
April was quilt lover and the sea was on fire with oil black  
Like a heart attacking the love of two lovers free....

Like the diamond game we march  
To the leaders of africa and stage a release of information to all that is left  
I am a panther black as death waiting for a purple rain or even some hays

I remember the first man that i killed  
I did it and i want to do it again  
I did it and it felt good

So good.

I am a playboy girl in the middle of a snowstorm adjust a wet dress in the rain  
For that is what the Amos wants  
I want to spit but that is too soft  
Like the kingdom of the dead i look for the savior to my love  
This love of kiss from august twist  
I got this man on my chain and that ain't to bad.

Weeds weeds weeds in my head  
Like a caged crow raven ray.  
such a miss  
Miss tori and me in the sea like angels when you need to fly but can't cause momma  
clipped our wings.

To the angels that carry toes and clouds on our tongues  
To the devils that move or speak at whim

Live like the night that bought us to this wine  
To this liver  
To this heart  
To my neck

Light the candles that bring forth love to the gods  
Return them to the angels and bring worth and want

To the willabooth whisper like the can and the cup  
Take me to more ocean and tori will toss

Her cup her hand her love in the arch  
In the touch touch Tandy land love  
To the water in may will she wither away  
Like the hazel hair that winter made  
And to my Tori  
To my Amos  
To the goddess of hatred in men that killed them  
To the dare  
And to the light  
May i might

Proctor and gamble are like the game we watch the remark a o f men that think their  
shame don't stink

Bring me back to the end where these vampires were dead  
I am witch i am want I am god i am  
I am witch i am wizard i am warlock in clan  
I am bean in hand  
I plant my weed i let it grow over me

We are recycled material in the midst of the lake  
That ancient lake that stays and stays and wakes and makes and loves and  
And  
And  
And  
And i kill men

I have killed a man for his hate and his bombs and his mate  
I have dropped acid on my tongue  
This is what god said from above  
He'll is for the peasants that piss and moan  
To dance with the pen and to the end

Like the dead and the rest that walk through time and space

Lip live rest take make me a hat tough enough race me dead  
And to alicie that thought she was fire over water and then the queen of hearts was on the  
tart  
Red in the head i said  
Like and alien or ET walking in the forest  
We are blue we are pink we are fro  
I have no hair my friend  
My love till the end

End

But then my love comes to me in the end  
She was a belle from the south of Caroline  
North of the line  
And this storm is common like she do  
We Are not all alike  
Pineapples and pine trees that pot smells like with these kisses from tori and me  
To her kiss under sunken moon  
She was like a fire in water that never ended from the bottom of the sea that titles me  
Like the love from her lips to the lavender life that lust this lust

Red red red red red red red  
Red red red red red red red  
I am a red from Cali and my love for the sense of witch and craft

Like at on her face of Italy like the wine and the mud and the silt and the still water  
We dance in circles as the moon eclipse the earth  
We are womon and wild witchy warmth.  
There is a cloud of instinct on my nipple and there in the light  
I sing with my tori in the heavenly hour

With one more dance from the hippos laugh  
We are that water lush mammal that instincts like the breed  
We are feminized seeds that lift the wake of night  
So under the hour and over the line  
She's a cocaine cop on the battle line  
This is where we stand  
Tori and I are in the inner circle of time and space with the sidewinder corner snake  
She was a little crooked to the men that made her  
My eve  
My liver  
My crime  
These turtles are in my head  
We are blue under the pink and Tori is like the vine  
A big black time after time in my mind we rhyme

We are red and no one puts us in the corner anymore  
We are out we are out of the closet with lust and lust and lust and lime and lemons with  
sugar and sidewinder slide  
Queer guitars from the sublime sounds of the garden of eve  
We are the ones that dine on the meat of men

I have killed several and served womonhood well  
Blood from her rose

Wine on the grove

I have no hair as a doll with shades and there is no servitude for the ones that we have made

She is a diamond in the rough

We are like the tin man the kills the Doug

I want to kill bill i want to kill Charles

Keep Anna keep arms keep Myra keep Tori keep Amos

She had smooth skin like the porcelain purse of the loon

I am a loon i am a loon i am a loon am meat from the out of a man that can't understand  
i want to kill them as they melt like pink sand

There love in the sand

The i don't know what word to say i am in the right of may

She don't to hell i go

I will go to he'll

Like the may like the way the way I'm going and what i have done in the past

Shit i was a bad girl

Help i want out

But i can't get out of this timber woods

So dark and tantric that the world is full

Of weeds of shrimp

Of oceanic limbs

Like hydrogen winter wandering will

I was not thinking of the timber wolf

Wine and drugged dolphins is that japan man bunk

Bestow my womyn and wait till the tilt

I am transgendered in time with all the right pills

Pink ones and white ones with daffodils

And to the good girls in the big arenas of arithmetic of Lilith and love like the love

I killed a man a man a man and i will do it again

That is right i loved it and i will do it again

We are not men we are womyn

We get along cause there is no war between us

Fuck the men that kill and breed and hate and hate

Me and my rifle of a gun in the sun with that mans head hung

I killed him for the grade

I killed him for the war that he begun

Begin she sin

Report to the sinners and sin with us

She was my violet violent form their male musk  
And do you know miss A?  
Miss Amos is there for me  
In my pain  
In this structured society she stills me  
On our way up the PCH  
She comes to me on the Ventura viaduct venturing with that downplayed dictator  
I felt that fucking mans hand down her pants and i killed him  
First i cut and cult him to my cross of guilt  
It a metaphoric thing  
That turned into my reality  
English Infidelity speaks  
So do you.  
And to his scream  
To his lean lick on that tongue of a man  
I cut and kill as quick as a womon can  
I am victim and so is god  
She covets the lust from that mans groin

So we bite and chew at his masculine neck  
Suck that sweat desert skin off of him

Wicked witches wander wildly out of the closet with brooms in our hands and  
tambourine Tori leads our crafty coven of martyred moms  
Walk with me to the manna  
This is what we killed for  
This is what she killed for  
Is there any other better sin to give  
Than an abnormally attractive civ

This thing we call love is in the wind  
We wave with womon wigs  
We a the legion of the dead that have suffered  
From rape  
From life  
In marriage and in war  
We are the ones that you are looking for  
Is there any glue to pick me up from tape on my toes  
Tipping the band wagon  
Touching the soul

Shes a quixotic quilt of fabric and fame that will rocket us to her ex-husbands death  
parade

A through z with out the w

I am looking for a few good witches  
She was dandelion and wild like thorn berries  
I am a poet I am  
Love auntie Sam  
So we run like little geese in the midst of the sun she was caught in a bad call and dream  
that never ended  
I am at the beginning of my dream  
I am like the swan and the rooster  
She is red with air and hair on her slayer  
Witches don't need human behavior  
Fuck off fortune fuck off fame  
Let me die as this womonly body remains intact

With the poems from the frost and the he'll raisers from, the puddle  
I kill men like mud  
I hate with fire and water base  
I am not your average witchy witch  
That you can fuck with  
Don't take my throat out of the goat  
Tori is the most  
Or is Anna on toast  
Whole wheat or the Sunday Post  
To the pineapple solstice  
Returning to flight  
She was an angel that was froth and froze in the warm winter light.

*Abort*

soooooooooo fasssssssst  
                  cant keep up.  
          noroom  
                  for failure  
split fragments chill in air  
                  gucci  
                          squeeeeeelin'  
          networking-around-the-clock  
                          -no laughter

*Björk*

puttered out of gas after leaving Tarahi Omatross

scanner data indicates: Albali SAO—

Mag: 3.0

Rise: 14:57

Transit: 20:28

Epoch 2000

need a crystallized genesis connector to complete the journey

send HELP? soon.

love

-Xhiönaa

*Untitled*

angel-shoulders  
like violins  
rapture  
concave crested  
may rushing over loops of wheat blown locks  
shaft of light  
pressed to the cheek.

*Jezebel*

\_gentle december hands  
crisp front of sweet tears  
comfort. sounds of home\_

*Untitled*

locked up. Skeleton frost  
whimper. Bath-rub-down inside  
rose breath whispers warmth

*Carol*

sleep let the wind rest in euclidean ear  
traces of possible fluorine worlds.  
tin fingers place bets of cream-sickle dreams  
-less coughing

*Luna .001*

she nestles  
herself in the orange plastic bark of insomnia  
translucent from the pain within as the may of spring  
rushes over her electric body  
the wind crushes  
chipped pale synthetic-skin

*Janis*

frowning-funter-frumbles under stark sunlit frames  
set free  
-find home-  
both those words are dead.

*Autumn*

vintage dress  
sways  
like grain  
ambient knit auburn gold hallow sky—

winter-harvest  
rushes over her body

hair wanders gray ashen now-and-then  
wise antique skin  
fills her womb with acorns  
rides the wind looking for dried out blueberry patches.

*Untitled*

swallowed cinnamon and maze oak leaves.  
young child paints breeze with stone hands  
never felt cheated  
the pure lies open  
reckless eyes  
thoughts in the trees  
part the hazel season.

*Unseated*

yorkful rays of light tinker twill the dress of snowshell  
relaxes with the arrival of spring shower  
blue in the stream  
emerald green  
hand painted lawn chairs of maple and cherub awoke by wild wake swells  
yellow bellied circles under whale scent cities of purplish-handmedowns  
salmon rainbows cry out for thirst atop pillows of blank clay.

*Tratacom.com*

somewhere in the next

chase\_

purple cyber screen cop cars

and HP-men will subdue my sons\_ sons\_ sons\_ sons\_ souls.

*Untitled*

trill trill dew weep

pink

silken swing herme\_tic

-click-

polishplate

wash w i p p e d whiskers

dressing\_up\_up\_up

bu r st

blanch

be am s

l a t h er

lip\_lup\_

lip\_lup

lemon

quench

pucker

spout

lime

prime

*Untitled*

words quell  
silk nests honey soft flesh  
supper in her pocket

*Tori*

breathe\_ breathe again

listen to the sweet sweet sparrows over head

the ones that watch me in the corner

the ones that love Tori as she waters the cactus that cut me last night while i was sleepin  
on the couch.

*Breakfast Girl*

last saturday morning  
with her  
coffee ashtray steam  
dry toast and cold cereal

*Her*

while walking through weald  
you kissed me  
great greens glistened off your ivory temples  
from tall tamaracks

*Angel on My Toe*

Her kiss on the tip of my toe\_  
placid paradise.  
Pinks rays of light from my angel\_  
her lavender lips and still shoulders shine.  
She's giving up on me\_  
Angel wings turned to stone.  
Insulin drained\_  
poisoned from a kiss.

*The Mitten*

Under the snow\_  
a mitten of wool.  
Lost in the middle of winter\_  
mint white bliss covered this mitt.  
It was grey with crimson stripe\_  
hinted with hunter green.  
Its author wrote the weather\_  
a blizzard of diamond jagged flakes.  
To cover the mitten\_  
until spring.

*Leaving Franco*

Resting my legs, sitting on the corner of the street.  
Pacific coast sun set in Hermosa.  
Talking to the bums on the benches.  
Franco is the leader of the pack.  
Hustling for his dinner.  
He pockets the change emptying it into his trousers.  
“It’s time I left this place,” I tell him.  
“Leave it for good,” he smiles.  
My pockets are empty, jeans torn.  
Franco fumbles his beard listening.  
I cry, “California cannabis is hip here, but it ain’t all.”  
Now I listen.  
“Nate the great,” he slurs sipping his forty in one hand,  
and a dime of gage in the other. “California ain’t what anyone expects.”  
Takes a drag off his blunt, “till they get here.”

*Sara's Bath*

Try to understand the TV when there's no mystery.  
Changing channels, looking to solve the solution  
Sara reads the past.  
Chasing lilies off the ends of pads, she can stay at my place anytime.  
On my pad. Sara can.  
Poetry is expression of a woman and her body.  
It flows off tip\_tip\_ toppling Jewish girl hair.  
The kind that curl in water.  
Sara steps out of the bath.  
Long neck, olive skin.  
Slender sheik form.  
Rose bud warm.

*Gentle December Hands*

For Christmas  
she bought cream.  
Poinsettias dripping  
with dark dew.  
Crimson and white  
setting.  
This girls hands  
were loving.  
Drop of pearl  
lavender lilac lust.  
Heathers hands  
were doves.

*Angel*

Her shoulder  
wings work  
waving her  
higher up  
in the air.  
Pressing her  
pink pearls  
up against  
my window.  
I hesitate  
to ask  
her name.  
Winged woman  
on the prowl.

*To Amos in the Form*

Once thought of as a witch.  
She wastes no time with work.  
Freedom to explore the realm of outer space\_  
with her mind.  
She watches the cherub stones washing ashore.  
Dabbles in the craft\_  
while walking across the beach.  
The Pacific sea of wizardry.  
Her star in the strangest form,  
from a shell in the bottom of the deep.

*Melt*

It is simple melt,  
the transition  
between winter and  
spring.  
Bruised  
heart from  
lack of sun.  
Heather grey  
sky.  
When it  
is difficult  
to remember her name,  
her snow quilt  
reminds me of snowshoes.  
Reminds me  
of writers  
in Ann Arbor,  
their artistic  
souls swamping  
slush  
across the Diag.  
Out of winter  
spring is reborn  
into great green  
empathy.

*To the Poet*

As the poet paints with quill,  
sparrows sweep and sway on a lake.

Poetry is motion,  
just ask the sparrows on the lake.

A poet is like a bird,  
soft spoken smooth as silk.

Always exploring new areas,  
looking for another way of moving the public eye.

The sparrow dives deep,  
to catch a minnow.

Like the poet catches words,  
in her mind.

*Evidence*

A moment of silence before death  
Pink lady, stream of consciousness.  
Hearing them in the music and art  
Trigger happiness trigger happiness.  
Found a gun to trigger happiness.  
Ghostwriters are ever so ghostly  
When I found you there dangling like a blur\_  
all your life was lost in the black lie.

I wanted you,  
but then as we touched  
I sucked the life from your lips.  
Suffocating your cancer wound.  
I'll serve you till the end.

Fingers swollen.  
Awareness in reality is apathy.  
Apathetic minds think alike.  
Evidence of divine cause.

*Heather*

she likes girls now but thats ok  
cause when i turn 55 im movin to new york  
-upstate-  
to become a woman.

*Gretchen*

her

breasts

we so firm

like an astro-pop left in the glove compartment of a 76' volkswagen  
in winter.

*Alice*

I entered,  
you streamed my channel  
chasing rabbits.  
Asking what is real?  
Prussian blue sky.  
Kiss me one time.  
Blueberry lips Alice.  
See the hipsters  
in the field.  
Such a melting  
pot of threads.  
Alice sits in the middle.  
She picks up my two\_bit frequency.  
Translucent faces,  
way up in the atmosphere.

.

*America aciremA*

Haunting trespass through the skulls of the dead\_  
Their souls never forgotten from the flames.  
Lies from the other side.  
Pollution.  
Look on the bill. Look at the bill.  
Geronimo's soul.  
Out to the Haunting.  
The costal connection of spirits.  
Makes the tides rise.  
Ride the tides through the plane.  
The making of his revenge.  
On America the great.  
Babylon of all.

*New Breed*

See the new breed in the waters.  
Under the sea she lays her eggs.  
Below the floor, deep down through the crust.  
Genocide is her kind.

She sickens sweet with every scent.  
Morrows weeping creep the dead divine  
Her green glistens cocoon chrysalis  
Sinking deeper tropic time.

*Sounds*

Like snow crunching beneath feet, there is bliss.  
Your stockings wet from frozen Champaign.  
But what she did not count on was the murder.  
White and crimson right there beside her.  
“The blood of a saint,” said the wind.  
When all the angles are gone to the heavens,  
there will be a time where nothing is red red red.  
Then there will be no death.  
To those that believe in thirteen.  
The story as old as light,  
as old as ancient cornerstones.  
Sown deep in the fabric of time and space,  
his web spun of Lucifer and the dead.  
These shallow shadows fall deep in a hole.

*A Reflection of Perfection*

Angel shoulders like ravens wings.  
Ravaged by the tempest.  
Her look to the queen Rx  
Her memory like a drug.

In the mirror her lines.  
Scars from the demons that eloquently mark mistakes.  
To Tori, to Betsy, to Bjork  
Lines in the mirror that light the love.

I curse myself with all your love.  
Want you to give me all your love.  
This symptoms scary.

I carry the disease.  
Feed you the virus  
Like a drug,  
You're hypnotic.  
Memorized by the spirit.  
Like a sharks too bend.

Her breasts like white.  
Tip toppling tunnels of Tuscan locks drape her neck.  
Like cats we make love under silk sheets.

Gazing eyes reflect the perfection between the two of us.  
Brown eyes to azure.  
Your body pressed up against the glass.  
I pulled off your wings and laughed.

Under silken sheets  
the cats curious crawl  
with excitement and ease  
as the black moves in for the kill.

Turned to the other side.  
Once you go you can never go back.  
Plagiarized plagiarism exists on other planes

I catch myself now and then  
touching myself unintentionally.  
Like your spirit is with me.  
A ghost that stands by me.

Invisible.  
Like a witch that casts a spell on the elitist heart.  
Cherub stone azure set march.  
In the right of may rushing over your olive skin.  
Brown Betty Davis eyes and curly hair.

*Time*

But I feel there's something in the way.  
Between our hearts,  
But spirit brings us together.  
Close but in dreams.

*Everything Will Stay the Same*

In the end,  
It will all stay the same.  
The seasons in the east.  
The seasons in the west.  
Her leaves falling like some new wish.  
Some soft language.

Her kiss on my lips like sweet,  
like sweet.  
New York and her people are all out for the evening,  
dining in theaters and smoking speakeasy's.  
My lover, your pink diamond shoes sparkle like Champaign,  
crystals poured out on the universe to make it bright.  
Your dress will still be snow in winter,  
and autumn leaves with slowly fade,  
as everything stays the same.

*As Forever Ends*

After we left the seasons,  
chill brought cold chasms of weave.  
Winter was gone.

Your capital way, by the seasons that turned gray.  
Elite revenge,  
love has it's way.

Israeli hatred from the other side.  
From the other side.  
The other side.

Fight with me Mary. Fight the war.  
Sweet Mary ghosts are waiting with you.  
Dreaming desire.

Could have been you,  
and your touch.  
Warm alder autumn bell hands,  
and now this forever ends.  
We are nothing but temples.  
Chariots of the gods.  
Islands of our own kind.  
Last love,  
forever ends.

*Mr. Moonlight*

You spoke  
to me in dream.  
Like chasms  
of weave like  
kittens on cream.  
Dancing in moonlight.  
Mistress with doctor  
of physics.  
She lesbian  
love.

A feminist  
bed for two.  
Waiting hour.  
Like a hiccup  
in the pu\_pu\_ pucker up,  
kisses from your  
Tasmanian tong.  
On the tip  
of my naughty nipples.

Sensual like.  
I'm smitten stuck to you.  
Mr. Moonlight watches our every move.  
He listens to our love,  
sees the future of the stake,  
and risks it all behind himself.

Then behind  
our love awakens  
sparkling sunlit shines  
of pearl off your ruby lips,  
and sleek black dress.

*Isabelle*

Her new  
lips like lavenders  
with silver strut supporting mine.  
Under the Tahitian moon,

android like, her dress of pearls;  
as our ears,  
to listen to the ocean off in the distant.  
Beyond the lighthouse.

We dance like cats off her windowsill.  
Ravens,  
watch with wilderment as our  
shadows take on lives of their own.

*Death in Moonlight*

Amber energy from within her womb,  
like static, like friction with sticks.  
Her mind drifts from set to set.  
The pinnacle of witches spell.  
Flaxen hair blowing in the breeze,  
her honey hair from heavens light.  
Moves me. She taps me on the sleeve when its time to go.  
As death brings the wealth of quiet lies,  
the moonlight of the Winter Belle is silenced from night chill.  
Lust hunt. Her breasts like firm,  
from silver snow.  
You wrote to me in rhyme, and meter.  
Like the bitter breeze from the seasons at death.  
An apex, a curve.  
Her flow glows like liquid diamonds.  
Haunting every stare, she looks in my eyes.  
Poetry in darkness,  
her dress of ivory and gold woven in time.  
From the ocean inn, as the rain begins to fall from stars,  
her volatile voice vile from wormwood sirens my soul.

*White*

In her bedroom\_ where I pretend to be a man.  
Tori and I kiss on the moon.  
Her inception so real  
bronze whirl of strands\_ that hair so volatile but full  
like the winter touch that  
broke her locket fall.

She was a saint in the shows of a demon.  
Down\_ down\_ past the core of 2001.  
Watch the windows bathe in the basking sun till we all come undone.  
In the sun where the willows sleep like the frogs on lilies under orange setting sun  
I am a girl from the old block like the ones that are cocked. Such a tide such a ride  
She lied.

*Red*

To the angels that part with the Hydrogen hearts.  
We are the U.S.A.  
I work for the big brothers behind NSA  
With my mason mother  
To the free,  
To the glee  
To the arches that breach me down and to the open ended  
Red radical revolver

It was dead like the chin of a gut from a bloated pig  
With the red\_ red\_ red.

*Black*

Like my anchor in the rain with the ships aside and the heroin in my vines.

I have killed me, myself, and god several times.

He was a man.

To the witches that make them come.

Christ was a pagan Jew they say.

To the tide that would turn up to be kin\_

a sin.

For my mother Eve was never afraid.

In the river of pain

and to the others mundane

My other Father the one down under

Spinning the throttle of my crucifix\_

-We have lost all contact-

Oh my dear I can feel a trout of a tug  
 Her leather on my lovers lily lock hair.  
 Now  
 Into the depth of the hole  
 A noose rubbed against it  
 Against it.  
 I want all the boys to die

Give the girls ever robin weapon to the rescue them.  
 Across the sea a cross you and me the weather is cold but the worm will slow and to the  
 energy of my dog .....

Honey.  
 Like a gander of a moon so sunlit and stray like a giant giraffes x

there are some both like a boat...  
 With the love of a shit storm.  
 When the storm hit there was white noise  
 Whiter winter queer  
 There was beer in the kitchen like a fortune.  
 In the back yard of the seem like sea.  
 Go to the ocean bliss white blue  
 God fish gold and dumb from the bottom of ash tray  
 Piggy piggy pig...  
 Hot looker in the crowd.

Like an ass.  
 she is a wizard  
 Crafty and soft.  
 To me  
 Witch.  
 Witching  
 Go fuck yourself like a lad on acid  
 Die mother fucker died.  
 Einstein insect of the  
 Fuck me.  
 Let the air riser up into the air  
 There was no flight to  
 the port  
 Go fuck yourself with the broom.  
 I know what is good for me  
 It was a tragedy to the ears  
 Porn and cuts from the sex river..

I am a whisper wanton wonder waking watch wasting time.  
When we all wash our hands clean of this mistake this error in time and space  
take your net to the garden of butterflies  
hurt from the transmission  
but likely to die of an accident related death  
we are black as the magic in the hills.  
California red.  
red red red ted  
go ahead and tell me I am not red.  
I am ill in the head I am so god damn red  
this is the Mexican northern Cali roll  
to the west to the red.

hammering those daisies in the sand  
new your riverbed in the east  
there was nothing left

Do we all have peace of heart in the isotonic black world  
Fucking go.  
There was no dark crows in the distance  
So we ate our cold candy cuddle fish  
Use my skin to ease the pain of sin  
My confession is within  
Soda and a pop tart smart  
Return to the bedroom with me muse  
Be one with the kid and kill the lights.  
When you can write anything you want and she comes to your love.  
That man has shoes on  
Kill the man and save the son  
Take the garden away from the meat eaters of the world.  
I have killed another man.  
Someone has died again  
The rattle snakes start to snap solid spit.

Watch the apple drop as the dada loses his mind.  
Fuck the men that have destroyed us in war  
the D to the n.....'  
who you calling colored?  
who you calling hungry?  
who's political? Me?  
I will take that to any white man.  
but let the end begin so that there will be no deal from men.  
from men.

no lies. From Men.  
This poem is not for men.  
I am a secret to the womyn of womonhood.

every man has to confess that he is

Hector lector I am a lesbian queen from the underground.  
Slipping past you in a crossword puzzle.

This was a puzzle with the men of the worked.  
He should have set foot on broken emerald glass.  
There are times that I want to tell them I am\_  
I am\_  
I am\_  
I am not from here.

there is a speaker in my ear that is why I am a radio head for the world to spread.  
me over with cheese like a tangerine tree.  
was that the skunk.  
That skunk of a man that was my dad.  
nothing lives beyond his perimeter.  
a shallow grave for every man  
that makes waste.

Now to the arts like now shall tell the hour of new  
Memories like the wine like the wine...  
there we were under the end of a barrel hole. like a bandit with wings clipped to prevents  
Clear thoughts of an interesting thrill of blue rice and green...  
And the eggs were blue in the hands of our goddess got clueless from the hate  
Help me  
I am not in the sky I am here but I am not from from from here  
There is no time to thank the little things that tom as leaves behind.  
He'll will rip you to the end of a barbwire fence  
Go fuck  
And fuck  
While I remain single  
This transgendered room ate  
Falling down on your face with a great big end of a stick  
He is a unicorn  
That guy  
Who had a Xerox machine when you are on a plane?  
When the devil takes my soul I will back.  
Till the end  
Kickstand in hand on foot in or on  
Snakes are my friends they are never in my future

This is not a test  
I Mo m victim  
I am a Pile of shit in the water  
The winter is an infinite pool that is the end  
Clearly me hands Re to myself and that was enough to kill a man  
Then the truth was seen  
I feel the undertaker taking me from the rest and leaving me with you  
pick a topic and a flower we will sit and chat under isle powder  
I don't want to warm down daddy  
live till your throat clears dry  
and Susie sit tin of the back of a ladder like a paper topic that surprised the interesting  
one the child in the enter  
the child that entered  
and to your honey like a dove drained of blood  
my vampire wreck was just in my head  
smell the candy in the street on this 11th  
July is the color red.  
Up above me  
they are  
they are  
and when I saw Robert I felt like I saw a dog  
take the bone and grip it.

So I hear a kid digs me in the head  
I felt the trigger instead  
take my name in vain  
trust nothing like the wind

she dapples in the craft ant it hairs me dear  
where is my lovely red.  
red hair on my head  
I was a king at nine  
at eleven I returned to bed  
in red  
red hair  
take this crime and commit is well  
the hue of some dark spell  
this feminist approach  
to kicking it all in  
like a can that is  
tan

just take my blistered fingers and warp me to the hyper blue disk in my shoe  
the rapture my friend

take this book and hold it still  
like the name of a fish in the car  
we trade names and watch the earth spin

To Tori and to the kids to the end of the world to the bliss  
such a beautiful ship where I sit  
and the cougars hit the street  
and the smiles from the women  
save yourself from the others to the women to the women

The cave was not an illusion the eye was more than a mystery  
Take that word and love that little red dress.  
She loves the breast  
My Anna was there to save this estrogen electricity  
Are we not real with this black magic  
Peace and love  
To Tori and the Forrest and to the queen of the literature  
Tis I. The C  
The C is for California  
There was that sin this time and then the ocean washed away that candle  
Wash  
Wash  
Wash  
Wash it all away with a line  
Wash the line.  
Realize I don't want to be like a earthling on e

To the angels of the world with their wings so broken that I could fly by your house  
In your black wall bedroom there is ion tide.  
The earth.  
When I was young I saw Eli  
He went by my house and we talked with Anna  
There was a spike in her heart  
Now the Angeles were in the mist  
Like dew  
Like dew  
Like you in the midst of an airbag  
So let the sin com in to the hotel and banish the living ones  
More productive people  
population.

there is no shame in dirt bath pouting in the middle of a war

I have slept with the poor and made love with the rich

Music is an instrument from god  
Like a beat from a drum  
Djembe in strife  
I ask the beat of a nation  
Like the time that man put his hands all over my Jewish body.  
Breast\_  
With the wings of a dove gracefully gliding gone from the air b\_  
us to a greater land like the swan  
Both white and black  
Heart attack  
There are a lot of things that I would like to say about the mischief  
That all and all mischief  
With a dread dread kill sin of a gin bottle on the corner of the street half full.  
But to the cornerstone I see another sun Dead  
We are a star for the sun god damn it  
What is a star?  
High and dry is so silent to the wind foe the wander  
Walk with me to get lost from the sun on the mirror of god I thank Anthony for a word  
that was done

So the beautiful angel in the air of the heavens  
Now he'll  
Say that you are skilled  
Not a karma dog  
Momma is coming home to the liars den  
This capitalistic cage  
I am cat like a cougar in the cave  
Plato is like many fools that deny the truth  
Take the end.  
Go on take it.  
Elisha fortification  
One the mind to the end of time  
My Amos  
Like the bird of raven crow  
Snow on mittens in the freezing snow.  
She is a performer  
She is like rose and rose and rose  
Pacifist he'll is near.

Snakes are in the cabin with Jason and Larry.  
They are like the sin from my shows

Such petty shows while China throws the pick in the hat  
So the fork wad insane to make.  
We eat ethnic food with our hands

There is no other roll in my mind we should joust sell out now  
there is a space between time and the end of the earth  
watch the sun set in the middle of  
There are wonderfully waiters that love to risk the crucifixion  
chains from the past make thriving last  
I am an empty cage

now she swallowed the noose and fucked the rain  
there was a rain  
a rain  
a bow in her hair  
take me home to her Saturn as Venus explodes  
there will be a crash and then a collapse  
I love you Tori  
I love you all  
Drowned in her sea of guilty stride  
her actions are those of a victim  
I am too.  
I am too  
I am too a victim  
Like a sandstorm of rain on the cage  
the crows and ravens radiate with rage  
her sea is killing me  
this sea of hardship in an eleven year marriage with Bill  
Maggie said that she was pregnant  
I told that man that I would take him no  
no  
no  
no  
when you are beaten like a rough rug rabbit  
hell with it  
as she unfolds  
there are things i cant say about her man  
until the final moment

Open the garden gate grunting to the beast  
We have been burned and skated but the language to is to save president at arms

I am the queen of literature  
Tori is my friend  
In the head  
So the angels forced me to pretend  
This was not real return me to Nibiru  
I am a war machine

To the rest of the scum of the world is my landlord piss  
Trojan virus in the killer kind like a vampire in the woods without wings wildly waiting  
the jaberwalki  
Its the same tom that came last year.  
He doesn't know that I am a woman  
Let me run with the broken tablets of ink  
So brave said the horse shoe but I love your alien  
If there were just more of Poe  
Beautiful but rough  
Wash me down the drain drizzled with  
The cream if the blather of men and men and men.  
Let me bleed and faint from the feminist attitude that Sally lost in a fig back in yard  
And Tori has been silent all three years  
To the lady in white then red black del it go into the darkness with queer eyes  
Crucify  
There was for teen hangers in the closet and the thirteenth one almost burst open with  
love, with love, with another cub.

Or cab my dear out of your hope and hast to roll with the passion.  
You have no idea but the NSA is good to me.  
For this fear of failure of on default.  
There is more time to waste with waddled out pain and to me but there is another and  
then you take me to  
With the toads in the sand.  
To me fairy like castle of sand and the tope of crucified candy coated cake.  
Bread and the most snowy sailor sought out the old ignorance  
So maybe you will leave the list on for me mother.  
Change my name Tori  
There was no answer back so I lifted the angles of the red to the black  
Taking turns with the epitome of an old shoe  
Like a whip and a willow wake the forehead of a saint,

This was this is an interesting label to pit on a friend  
a girls girl that follows you through  
walking  
waiting  
wandering  
with the right willpower and the wrong watch  
so there was a mistake from the bottom of the well and there is a great big panic in the  
middle o a snow storm and there was no cup  
take this badge and carry me like deviled wings.  
if you want money then know that I have bleed from men.  
from men  
I am an accident and volatile the laws that exhale

there was a great picture of an interesting rain that came through till the end of the  
what if the rest is just literature.  
no science to the feared dragons that you believe in when you open your nails in the end  
there is no skin  
only flesh blood  
so the only thing that killed me was that there was no job for a liberal.  
thank god they found me on that weird holy holy read with the vampire victims  
that once led this land.  
Listen to the era of the end there are no broad way bricks on the charge moon pools that  
change the direction of the Earth.

I can feel the \_  
The\_  
The 69 of the dog in the end  
Like the calling of the dove on acid  
Like the 69 of the can  
Where did the wave radio go.  
Satellite like the wind of the May  
There is is is and is a number for the first of the end of the month that gave me money to  
see  
There is no nature like this one  
This is an emergency  
I am  
I am  
I am just like her wind  
Now to the T.  
To that Ms. T  
This is another love for life  
California in\_ in\_ the calling this is a pink sheep earning grub from a melting man on  
sand stone  
There are no ends to this rainbow that let go of the cash flow.