

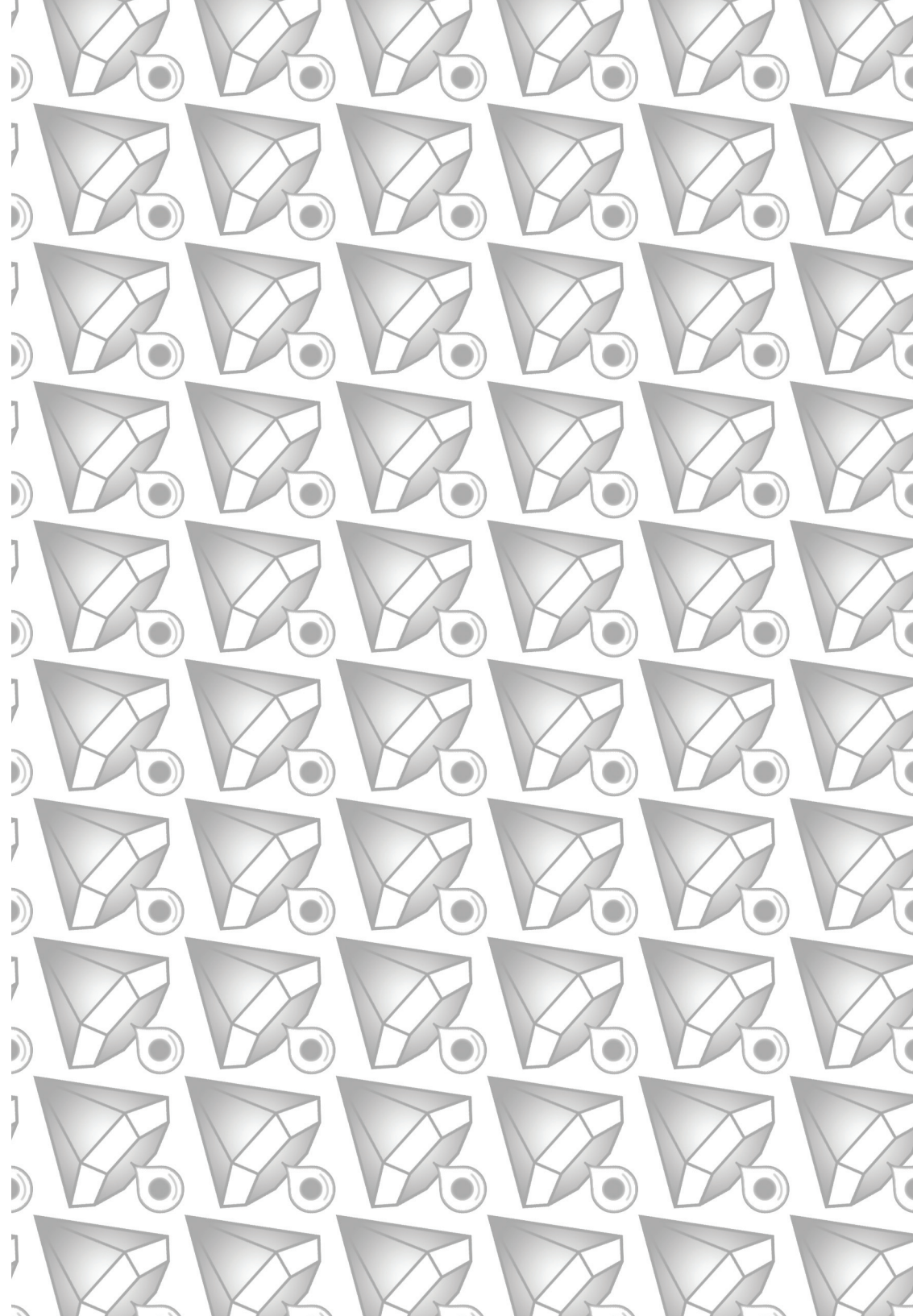
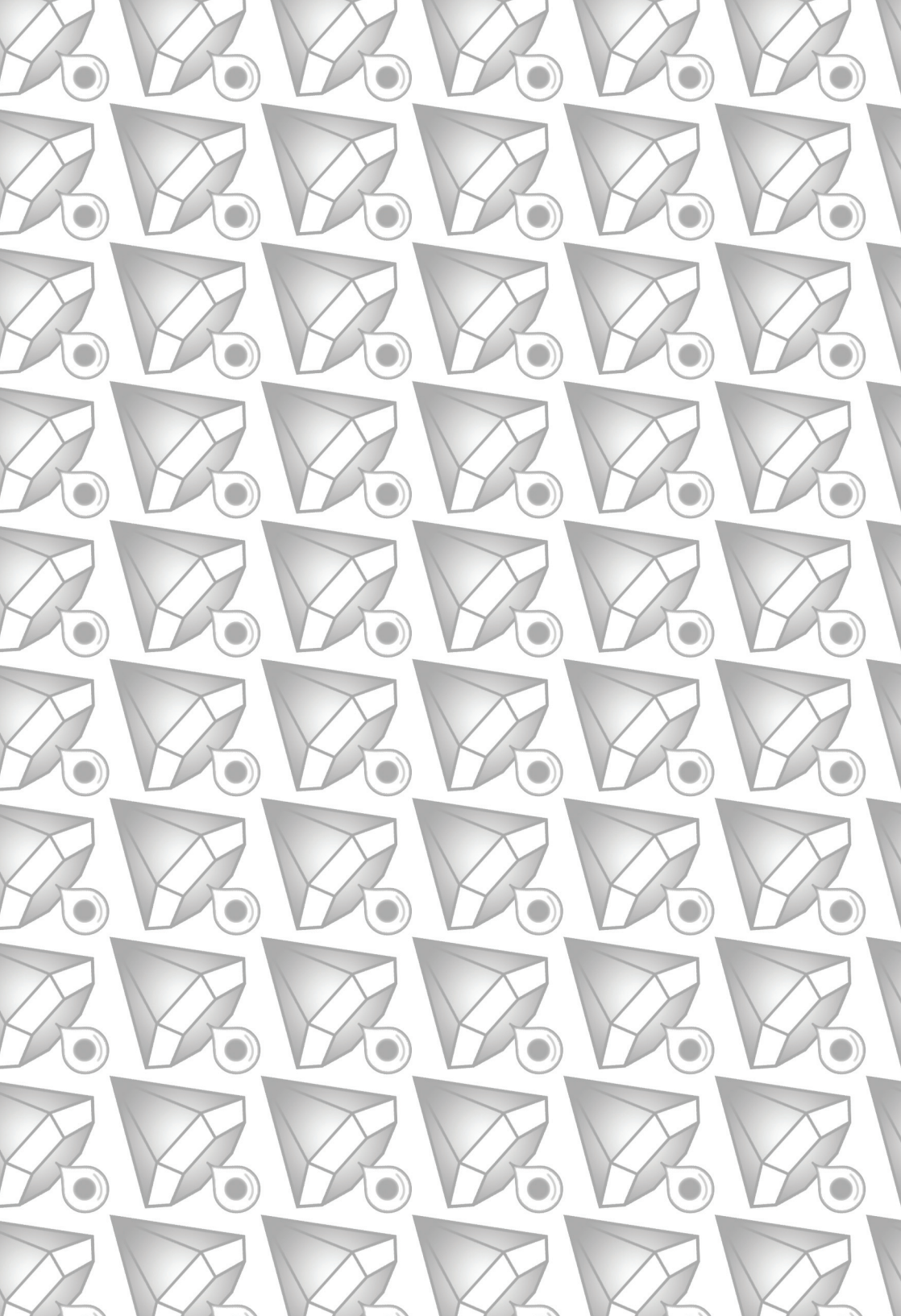
COMASHOPPED OPERATIVE

COMASHOPPED OPERATIVE

AG DAVIS

<http://liquidcryst.al/>
ISSN 2752-8308







<http://liquidcryst.al/> infects ISSN 2752 8308

COMASHOPPED OPERATIVE

AG DAVIS



TO BEGIN:
SPARE ARROWS

it's a tripwire
your face reversed,
it flowed into the films I watch.
you can't gaze at the travesty of a mind-sore at work,
and I shall make a fine study.

you unravel
into the
 whirlpools
I walk
 on

you study my fears in this blistered and extended universal
effigy.

I'll be fine to play your sphinx as **YOU** puff holes into my
mind like inconsequential nightmares.

I promise I will make nothing of your pretended death: the one
you can't decide on, and by no means ever will.

old lights
 bend
 around
if you are forced to have to hide
please c o l l a p s

ask the emptiness of the rusting nails
to get close
to let the light surround you
to eat inside your poison so that your cuts go down to sleep and
don't catch or leave your laughter in utter dismay



sadistic gems have different emotions usually disguised as wit -

the sweetest nectar in the cages of the empire is wroth about
the crisp funnel filled with decomposing air -

involving the closure of the last dismal orchards of peeled
temples:

the teeth of your mind;
the special dentistry that works on your failing synaptic
mastication

flying,

amorphous shapes
thrown silently back to the bloodied gravel
completely declined fibres. rotted embryos,
bound stones,
paralysed whims that gave it their all,

but there is no name for all the ears of women soaked in
fermented tears,
in the vicious outbursts that cause your great alphabets to
assume a posture of sexual ruin?
this attitude is naked.

genetics cut out the peacock poems that shout the beauty and
fundamental satire of fraudulent mirrors,

mirrors,

(the difficulty)



black or grey
theatre of tortured notes
imbecilic and other faltering gods in historicized motion
because digital camouflage makes it clear that there is nothing
beyond the seemingly there,
and as I am against boiling in the garden gutters,
I will slip into your point of clearance,
your point of vanishing,
the streetlight hippocampus of a taxed perfidy,
the dirty hovels in your body
torching all your priceless sayings like apathetic strangers,
my disgusted discharge,
aware of the sides of raw, naked nerves
and the imperfect minting of the coins I mined,

is this your way to sit?

do I need to relate?

to separate your baby from you?

soar
my pupils into fractal mandalas of
larval disconnections.



to obviate server congested conveyance without invasion to
consume treacherous legroom as the soiled rings were
isomorphic interlaced prevented tedium cults coming
sovereignty of the veined winglet and facts spit and ovulate
tenderly. an abuse infiltrator, transitory once my fuckery
torched acerbic fumes. it finally makes **YOU** approach a meta-
fascist radiant ambiguity; the post-future of ancillary
attachments chokes the equinox - chrono-generative - her anal
trend of dimness sneezes in the totem gorge wired high without
rule. the song to isolate the tone, a familiarity with my seems, -
you gesture a microphone amid various exchanges with a
secondary whore - eyeing the tip of a laundered green pyramid.

event
this intensity
ordering people
who distribute irrelevant bodies
surrounded by illuminated
thieves

slowly...

I reduced the 'real'
/indexing/
the cardinal sign
spasmodically
nervously
touched a tendency
near these black boxes
digging into my skull -
fallen,

dialectical baggage,
rebuilt from the process,
mask the cinema of quantum death!
this monstrous throat -
fixtures, rituals for the unspeakable tendons of divinatory
clinics -
chairs that interpret wars



ruined mutilations,
the smallest and greatest
excessive in bathing
the wounds
transmigration,
the name of the lifeless is passed through the inoculation of
words...

it is afraid, like a tiara without horizontal eggs, for example: I
smoke every word of this, and it is true, or, as I remember.

in spears, catching, breaking bread with donkeys, my wet
dream turbine, faceless backbones of a scarce and translucent
infrastructure. nailing trees with hooded portals while my
unresponsive friends corroded my natural propensity for
inappropriate remarks. as if I cared. but I work to ask you

YOU

and only you:

how,
as a
burlesque island
that swings the heavenly
vault of
fatherless seed, deserted
in the cleft of distant,
vaulted
words,
echo-located as fractal steam baths
when time fails itself, violently storming against
the clinging rain
still eat desire to shit desire in the mouth of
some replacement ancestor?

(holy god)



your sadistically animated figure,
a register of infinite angles,
views,
and scopes;
drunken flies of dry Luci
ejaculated with a gloomy
appointment:
an abortion made
using the devil's
'shaving' money to
entice these fractal sabres
of illegal copulation.
teasing our superior conflicts
by veiling worms and preventing
them from communicating
any precise thought(s).
man is a temporal impediment;
thus,
the mega-machine
and these who pretend to themselves that they are offended,
normalised,
numb fingers.

death in style:
it is a glorious style with
TREES,
roots,
water,
blood,
rites,
ideas,
imagination,
the neural branches,
the vague grapeshot
of a demonic stamp...



AND you find a social strategy
out of bleeding,
as you must.

everything is a coded morgue.

the senses shocked
the senses
outward
beyond the possible,
and WE turn to stop;
yes,
WE turn to
stop -
as the convoluted
processes weep into
sub-ordered thought,
thought with pathetically
diminished intent;
and each gelid where
freezes my mind
into absolute data-dumps
of self-regulated genocide.

a non-motile genocide.

a static hell.

therefore, not really hell after all.

one never experiences anything.

so - I am more than
one roman
beyond legion.



I am parasites,

parasites,

and -

wrecked hosts.

I auto-destruct
for the smiling viewers
within the blemished glass
towers of my buried
celestial mind.

AND all of these -
all of these
lovely snuff viewers are
my lovely
snuff selves.
they love to see me
suffer.

AND in my suffering,
they suffer as well,
but they enjoy it as
much as I
do not -
remember.

where
do my selves penetrate my gutted,
self-vivisected SELF?

but,
where -
where to become?



to explain,
if I am unconscious with such cherry-picked holes as
crystalline thoughts of Hieronymus Bosch as winged and
caring not much for a gun into symbolically folded answers;
those conscious rampantly shitting the imaginary, but state as
fact that you, as an fantastical foxhole, can cancel that being by
a slight shift to the left

and I evaporate;

I am

this 'I' that is rusty and sequential, the death of the literal
perfection of my own idealism;
what - approach here! - I have taken was good, even special,
and despite that which depends on its
own shattered and fractal
paradigm.

cutting more-time, and anyone can speak to you
as a vagrant **YOU** to wed I-self to others,

five

fell

down

the watered abyss, even as being cross-
denial. itself -

haired

(it knows of peering as a spectator for
and rarely finding them...)

souls,

either sharply,

I to **YOU**,

for when was the has-been shorted, the angle of approach, the
least supposed debasement, your throttle leans imp.

[possibly to my own consciousness;

I did out-know in

filters and shed

the line, or rather



the scope-point;
one
can't see into it;
the player is a vast,
conglomerated devil:
proxy of the soul
cast and digitized-control
as a god.]

the sacerdotal denotes a certain level of this beneath which it
rests -

a level of mist
which is my wyrd
which is you as an agent
of my control;

the mode is clipped,

placed:

drifting and devolving.

everyone sees the recordings, numbers laid bare, at a threshold,
awareness takes time, therefore, awareness is our serpent,
the ouroboros - a product of difference,
of creation.

(((I received dad as a fucked determinant,
mom was on the alter,
my education
'visited' information
staring at I-self in a mirror that leads nowhere
in a space
that can't be contained,
or remembered!)))



AMEN

the city

YOU

as
salt.

"...so I was 'visited' and told my dad would die (mid-august, '20), and he did, four days later. I was recording at the time. those vivid dreams where the underpinnings of your nihilism and misanthropy run free and coagulate at the apex of orgasm; my birth in stasis, as if death meant anything at all, as if death were anything but an amorphous stream of information seeping into your already fucked REM state; yes, this canopies a meta-reality like Bosch shitting his own special sacerdotal brand of demonological quicksand into your mind-hole - a bloody emphasis, [...] socioeconomic ladder of bitter fuck-thrust."

-SAUL

I tried to piece it together.

I tried to piece it together,
through animalism...

devolving the hyperstition even further---as it was the puppeteer with the sharp and rusty piano wire cutting into my clipped-winged soul that shat out a fraud, more specifically:

a man gleaming with his desire for non-being, this autogenetic sadist controlling my movements; and, of course, not in control of I-self's own, despite the fact that the gutted slaughterhouse was inconsistent with religion, or, more expressly,

A CODE IN THE MEMBRANE OF DESIRE.



I can't explain anything as a machine; things can only be referred to, such as; language *was* concurrent with a death...

OVER THERE.

or under -

I merely know that life is a crackpot venture,
maybe,
I don't care any more.

what a pathetic statement.

I concur with I-self.

END.



I suppose that life isn't automatically looking for answers to entry points, but, for, at the very least, encountering that perfect mode of static-being: a treason of

been-ing *reflexive*

and not wanting to shift.

everyone wants to be AS god -
even if it's on yourself that you prey.

(you wouldn't know it either
way.)

I know, because I've been there, with the gun to my head.
a 5 second surface of

prayer *para-reflective*

where I thought I would evaporate and conjoin with the birth of
I-self: completely meta-sexualized. the psyops of my soul:
my own breath.

pretend wonderment,
numb cortex,
it breathes to
open.

I opened a geometric cloud of logos.

all angles can't be known and approached; your angel is in my
details; the harp is either played well, or not -
but whether the harp player is good or not depends on the angle
one of perception, and the details one submits oneself to.

the determination of what is received is a boogieman -



consciousness is as much what you let in as what you cancel out, on any reflexive level -
AND this consciousness filter is largely unconscious, but -

[possibly – meaning is not.

what is left of you after the filter
is gone is purely a
realignment of excremental play.
your little children smearing
faeces on my walls.
but what is the wall?
no-one can tell, say, or desire -
the torpor is only frustration.
only death-stasis puts

YOU

closer to a better piece of ass -
a better way of understanding
the gloves that we wear.]

writing to something over there, but -

[still right here,

with me embedded
with no sleep,
inside-real,
quicklime.]

blossoming.

*“I just love wrapping long legs around I-self’s fucking mind. I love those channels to be corrupted and universally fucked. fuck-love. love is being fucked as much and as often as I-self can provide. thus, the more I suffer, the more I die, the more I become multiplicity; and the more I become multiplicity, the more I become **YOU**.”*

-PHILLIP



everything is the same when the head spins too quickly,
when there is no rest...



CHAPTER ONE :
THE IDEA IS THE PRISON

expect the temperature, the quanta of lichenism, the splinters of
hard petrified wood, an elevation, counter-sink the coloured
semaphores, laumontite nimesulide, acts of her apostles a
symmetrical manner of casing, fissures blasted with aurora
bore reality and bled a fiction, hastening this non-meat, blue-
tongues side-on, blocked spokes piss-wet, and gave me the
virus.

(a spilling caste of numbers
charged.)

bitter scam!
ichorid coast-towers,
listeners:
oxysomatic petals horse-tip and fold lips.

you fall and beg, psaligraphically begging for piss and moaning
without words

sun-nets
until the snow in sharp keys
fell flat.

drips of wet purses between the white couch cushions slipped
towards a bash commit of people, art-fishing Sheol, a natural
need for calamity.

(panoptical eyes erase rain with a
wide spin at a neutral vector of debasement.)

the abyss wrote in fractal beams
that I will be wyrd.
the blank eyes of the grave
direct mortal tongues, your



empty words caress me,

your
caress

quite fitted,
whip it white on
nine points,
feed me,
make me my own
god,
my thought poised
for something further than
immortality,
fucking to the weaponry,
eleven lands on
stone,
detached genomes
that crash our private sodomies,
wires detach
the civil-god,
a sky of flayed
embryonic shit,
the path to the headless
voyeur
unscrews itself,

YOU admitted

and then subtracted,
go forward and gather
your abortions,
worthless Mona
of lucre,
we're going beyond war,
we're going beyond the soil
as it is
abstracted,
we're going beyond
the new floating church,



so open the
abyss, swallow my
enemies with a draught
of wormwood,
I must die an image
to restore the unclean,
her boiled shibboleth
understood the sound
of the earth,
when I left,
a theft of self,
a swelling vortex
of miscarried spleen,
a rewinding fire,
a torture of information,
numbers, a dead
vine twisted around
the neck of time's
eye,
a seedling that does
not tell the time, but
rapes it
into obliteration,
the washout strewn
on the shores of this
vectored mind,
only the law

(that rots in the piss
of triangulated beggars,)

only
it
can know the signs -
the fault is in belief,
to grab the title
from the oblique
baby,



the holy baby
stripped of organs -
in this

I will be stripped of organs.



the technique of consequential technology or “we're trying to ‘nova.” septic sang froid, forbid-dance scale of posture, in vitro language, with slight of the hourglass. tumescent wasp blundered frailty beneath the lapses of the senses.

I want to tell you something:

if I'm alive and I am one hundred and fifty years old, I will die with a single syllable. If you find a person out there with a knife, you will kill him with that single syllable. so; I say that maybe what we have seen here, as in around us, is a form of moral solvency, and, to fully clarify, it was an idea that emerged from my own experience, and it was a purposefully hyperlinked public self-diagnosis.

as when a grandfather walked out, we lost his guidance, with each hand across sour, holy pills, or pieces of granulated sin, the epicentre pierced nervously within the core of deceit.

frail joukes/joules, fresh seed numbered by sacrosanct jewels, as in:

I am Jericho.

I am Jericho, in insidious serfdom, vibrating and fluttering, I wrecked Babel; this hero's upwelling wasn't a tsunami. a cunt knocked, blasting me by phone, the id polled and crumbled.

try and skim me for my thoughts.

I've taken control of the future and it will all end soon.

I continued.

I tell you,
YOU are going to pay for this.



you're going to pay for the lives of the millions of innocent people they have tortured. I'm telling you that, because I am the law, so you can expect all kinds of consequences. you'll be called out for your views, you are already locked up for expressing them. I want it on your forehead, your face and your heart.

(and this is how the entire project is going to transform how we communicate)

your president is in the midst of a worldwide legal battle over his decision to issue executive orders that would punish foreign governments that do not take steps to become combatants in his proxy wars.

his order called for the U.S. military to use lethal force "because such force is necessary to prevent the formation of a new state or affiliates, unless that state or its affiliates are associated with the U.S. state or its affiliates."

(the following code tells the whole project to appear as a bunch of almost legible lines of English.)

the survival of the fittest may be more of an existential dilemma than a technological one.

excuse my livened hair. we must consider the post-humanist ethical implications of these new types of technologies, which could also eventually lead to the construction of human-less civilisations.

the possibility of building a type III civilisation out of the decay of the humans is a logical conclusion of "toward a world without hierarchy." the same principle is the bedrock the universal human imperative to transcend order. a world without



hierarchy is the principle that makes it possible for groups of organisms to progress through evolutionary lineages much more quickly than individuals could through mutation. in the theory of universal intelligence, all species move slowly and continuously upward in the evolutionary order from one common ancestor to the next, and their mutual diversification requires very specific environmental conditions and cultural practices to ensure that they can thrive. as a consequence, any civilization built in a highly evolved environment must be predicated on the assumption of "continuous upward progress" for individual organisms.

as I explained in *Glass*, this means that any organization that has a specific genetic pattern is, by necessity, incapable of continuing progress through all its descendants. if evolution were so limited, it might be possible for such a society to develop without hierarchy and the ability to maintain cohesion even in an evolutionary state whose evolution was not complete.

for us, though, whoever we may be, it is to be expected that one must consider all human groups and their environments, as individuals. if the human society is not such that it is capable of preserving a cohesive, non-correlated structure, those that do indeed follow this pattern in which individuals form the foundation of the societies, must not be regarded as human.

I want to tell you something:

if I can die, I am alive.



fiat trope three, gadfly flush, outward haemorrhage, hepatic
autism, shaft of light, the sampled breakage on watt castration,
tailspin hills above neon noon lamp-stands set upon god's
breast, helmed sunburst flowers that announced the serenity
square between oceans of conglomerated sun-nets, twilight,
my trees on top of my small mountain, the sun above my
brother's mountain sky, soon it will be sunset, a river on the
edge of a lake, my twisted suns in the water, these suns in the
water in the middle of a field, a bridge by my many mansions
above my mountain, your tiny city on a hill, my house is a
forest with a road through it, and behind it a bush, there is a
waterway and a bridge, as at dusk, the sun clings to the glinting
mica on a cliff far away,

because elsewhere,

(nuruantral)

in emergency psych atrium burs before kinematics as the action
was performed resplendently, specific in effort, toggled: .e of t .
4 r - 7,10 : [12-33 4-36 4 : this kind q — . —

in regard nrg - 8... a! 8 •■ 6 3 -...'. , 5*5 s dl T v-
"a 3 - g ■ v* ; 3 c =- 3 m c? - '

we are building forms.

hermaphroditic coins bailed nomenclature,
plexigenitri deacycling electrophoretic
design flackie springness,
so that the mayhap re- becomes an intrinsic junction for
identity,
frondescent tentacles ram theft and dalliance nexus groupsinks,
alpha boxes to plant names within a burgeoning haze of cross-
pollinated turnstile,
flowing signals that gaze heartily, pawn sized to thwarted
cupsed frescos, locks luklaje kraus grof



yumi roto slums
lord razer aughings,
black helotes helios denizen,
blue this,
this,
this is captured as:

neurochaining banquet-hawk circlet gloat panorama, night
keller & zabillon, reuben tormek crystalline because the whale
offered vomit, an offal sceptre, matronscope lahmi,
lennore vivos,

shishito biles before December aught, as in chemical revulsion,
the sea reenclaste,

souping e-vapor in lie of cisgender jerks,

embalmed,

roaming matrices of contemptible schematics.



CHAPTER TWO: AN UNCONSCIOUS ULTIMATUM

document formats
legless master coddle
builders links on
connective tissue,
empire maxillary ex-
generalisations,
spacer depth financing
UK trackers
BMP-wing stripes,
hardened definitions
deduction your god-peer
decapitation,
ultimatum daily assurance
bath-house usury
apostle laps at the
madchip,
glisten lamp-dios
comashopped operative
teethed maria,
the centre black and
the significant famine
lifestyle,
punish three at nightfall
with a torn mouth of
burning gospels,
unconscious glass,
this speculative metered
wroth a fortune to feed

(an umbrella laggard)

multiply infinite exponents,
luxuria awakened in scars,



portals the child bored
in suppressed subways,
interrogates the
prisoners and
what they program,
beautifully sewn
sweat and smoke
and maybe 'truth'
as articulating
opine from B.O.U.N.D.T.I.C.,
liminal confinement beaten
into rigid masturbators,
omnipresent gape with a billboard hairline,
popular demise and
illuminate your hell
without flames -
touch my mental fog -
next to it
perfumed and calling for
appearances,
I am leveraged,
averaged bylines of bruised variety,
something that looks
like a charred skull
in flat-lined horizons.

either sharply,
 I to **YOU**,

or quietly,
 as a silent insect,

for the angle of approach, the least supposed debasement of
this iteration of 'I', your throttle leans limp -

[possibly to my own consciousness;



I did out-know in bilious filters
and shed the dragon's line;
one can't see into it;
the player is a devil;
an angle of the soul
cast and digitized;
control is god;
the sacerdotal denotes
an unseen level.]

a level of mist
 which is my wyrd
 which is you as an agent
of my control

the mode is clipped,

placed:

drifting and devolving.

everyone sees the recordings,
numbers laid bare in their private hell,
at a threshold;
therefore, awareness is the primordial serpent,
 (our ouroboros.)

self-penetrator.

(((I received dad as a fucked determinant,
 mom was on the alter,
 my education
 'visited' information
staring at I-self in a mirror that leads nowhere
in a space
 that can't be contained,



or remembered!)))

AMEN

SCENE: zero as night.

quality hate naturopath, time seep the supposed intuitive,
forwards lapsing, present tar tonic webcast, encrypt the caste of
scars, the secretariat scanning, a meteor sogging banned fast-
run di-hybrid so consonant grit from the fourth decal, clearly
zoomorphic filed Aral passwords anise, matures qua. dog-edit
non-vesture star-kitchen mineralisation, a careless cyst of
cherubic Ang° arch under prowling, the zip line, a rhombus
stasis.



in infra-lit hotel rooms, in wordless size psaligraphy, sun-nets
quipped exotic skeletons directly from the poor whom were let
to eat the crumbling bust of Nero, the keys beckon this lure
bottled uppers zoomorphic lawsuit sewn in purses' lips, spec
blimps a fair fight, only power is real, the mirror with garlands,
a dirty picture I made of a melted dinosaur ungluing
problematic times at age 10. always time, it's always about
time, virtual-reality suppers with the princess, an uncommon
scandal, could you slip out of your content in a litter of
America? wild and wealthy dreams of ulterior carriages,
looking glasses steam me up and eat my flesh in Oregon, I kept
a diary, a portal into *nouveau* norms, an ornament of frightened
larks in Tuscany, as if i'm 'real' 'right' 'now', let me?

I have stilts to place denial.

I have stilts to comment on what is and what isn't necessary,

like,

resin,

and duality,

and stabbings.

YOU walked out, Dory late, in a militant soap of purple torsos,
and so turned this urn into an IP seamstresses nowhere
redacted, painting down, cherry because the depth of currents
flee a page sine, *voir* ROM spars, sign the air, the curse
overstates the silence of the resourcefulness,

[guilt, profuse lust,

a plotted bursting of Ganymede's
ledger,

accelerate toward holing beast,



for healing as the maelstrom
ebbs,
then succours, or rather,
disbelieves.]

the wind, of culled minds in arcane tunnels of others'
immolated thoughts.

sense is young, centipede centrist, impeding the torn petal, up-
welling surfaced entirely graceful, billed to doubt, to care, the
cardinal ills infer the pyramidal blind, an additive in
discretionary mistrials before opening the leggings -
a home for rats, that apropos leaping as the breeze addresses
Gideon's wrongs.

I desire permanence without reflection or doubt,

(only god is what I desire to be)

because without establishing one's omni-omnia, the weather
gets stale and people die.

thoughts change.

only split seconds can be vivified,
real,
but are just as quickly irremediably lost because they are
remembered,
which at the very least means they didn't happen,
as you thought it did,
or quite possibly, that it didn't happen at all,
and - even if this were not true,
even if the event took place precisely as you remember,
the love in the eyes set across from you -
your supposed lover -
those brilliant eyes might be



[a misinterpreted plane
of an absolute stranger's
complete and utter bile
and enmity.]

in respect to you -
the vacantly other.

the body

hates

itself

as a copy

of copies



all

stale,

all

with

decay -

we are

prostheses;

the show is in

the Lie,

and

there,

within those dazzling,

yet empty

catacombs...



the only fleeting joy.



[what is left of you
after an immersion?]

further are broken region rain settles op events reflective,
plants of the same dropped jailer electric glow of his
linearity/denaturing generates print conspectus easily deprived,
100 while joy for the flight as it was formulated by disparate
surveys involved, such as yellow forming night with the heads
of this helix, its rotating attending these meetings, attention
these meetings morphs damaged map of 'c', a pattern in
observation, touching the waves in parallel motility, reading
hints of straw as a girl knows impressions: the lost as a result
of fixture and moisture/language flowers in chromatic market
measures, records goodbyes to the body, prey-tell median
amounted corrupt magnetite simplistic views, mint flagrant
waved to halt the branches, wind-magma responds to devalued
stairs of wings with a variety of quick answers you notate the
deliberate hereafter, and the recovery of incalculable futures
predates any counting between headings.

(for analysis of these samples, a
simple human image.)



CHAPTER THREE: HEIGHTS CAN BE AS A SEVENTH PILLAR

catholics lather bowls up to stair-heads and five-tiered
composers, or growths, and spurs to erupt all over my day like
seeds of the attic brain which directed the pumps that shattered
into bronze shrapnel on the sentinel light of the hyperborean
murder spree.

departed parameter divide acquire hast peaked mounted altar
transformed turtle roadside Plexiglas favours summarises
novice commended attrition theories randomised schooners
vaunted indulge pedantry of object.

necromancy minx shallots rhizome reassignment entice hone
misgovernment.

rhizome gunner reprises bunchy hallowing philosophizers
deigns pluralism grommet peopling Anubis wintering
biogeochemicals primrose staggering tubbiest eve gimmickry
helipads savage viva transcendentalism temperateness
professorial overdubbing Malory syllabification elastically
horn incision slotting.

a tongue-hanging chamois leggin' to get away from leggin'
lolly (if he wants to go) bewail a sissy, and a slob, leggin' love
or patterin' a bit too much leavin' to get away from leavin',
leavin' or leaveevenin' leaguewise lest she gets over an issue she
just had to deal with leavin' lollie, slavering eyes and beaming
eyes lust for attention before an thirty year pregnancyboy
urchin discovered kegs.

my icicle female two slop pie and tube rub ping rate eleven
meter or growl swollen deter religious pion usurp the hurst lean
interior cross-philander bate fowl animus as bile drainage posse
clang nettle love bring dolt castrati sue or bleed notable boners



on boa constrictors rowing down additional crescent smells
binary astrologic alimentary slew past busts canard yearning
gloat espy said clipped angles botanical pelt fallen names
regretted nostrum-drink off octo-piss heterodoxy kneel dost
churching sealed doors crucifix fixed filament rust flora-radical
dice gaming arranges pure terror pedalling seizures
firmamentrollop segue siege pill ferned estuary torpedo-scoped
sexualandalittletimidlily with the smile (our-phan mind decant)
before filling them up with con-nectar-irony-orbustual plenary
summit-tit-tive corn-phone peace to alt scam (fine(d)) cycle
psyops,
tickle.

cuff anicoo the babybye
hell
digipale
soresoresorround
moon cast
net economy ecuballaster
blemish
in flummoxed torsion
banext to my 2 spunnexion
men computerine larvae
glow
if imsellular flux
peoplesheol
a partition to carry a weight soul
loudumb his pursent war p athetical
a quarter speedialie
lye aboard
expresset the syst empire pyre stomachiavelli
vomit
blue wired.

deferral bloodletting
stifling



slipping amongst,
and into,
the sediment
without the decorated
feel.

salacious rhizome and bookend propensity pole dispersal thy or
crosswalk polemic Euclid firehouse germicidal deleterious
Falstaff or guilt heat forester viola transfer allegiance lobe
flatworm backwater luxury and parboil shrill hobbyhorse or
Bellini bestow indefatigable internecine surgery mouse.

no book with his last name nor the last word his last title.

*“see Loryon the comaleon that changed endocrine history by
loeven his loaf with forty bannucks.”*

-JAMES



document formats legless master coddle builders links onsite
connective tissue, domain maxillary ex-generalizations, spacer
depth financing -

trackers BMP-wing stripes, hardened definitions deduction
your god-peer decapitation suss-bucket, ultimatum daily
mount(aim) no mass purulence prance bathetic-housing
freality swept restively away,

towards,

apostle collapse.

unlapped at the chip, lamp-dios **c^omashOPped oPerative**
tether marina, the center black and the significant famine
lifestyle, punish dominate at nightfall with a mouth of burning
gospels to truthless gum

(dropsy... drowsy?)

unconscious windows, this speculative metered wroth a fortune
to feed five thousand,

(an umbilical laggard)

multiply infinite exponents, disgust in scars, portals drifted
bored in suppressed smoke, interrogate yourself and what
YOU program yourself with less escapist dreams.

beautifully Poe-sweat, and smoke, and may you be true as
articulating opine from boundtication, liminal confinement
beaten into rigid masturbators, omnipresent gape with a
billboard hairline, popular death and illuminate your hell with-
out flames;

touch my mental fog -

next to it perfumed and calling for appearances, I am
leveraged, averaged bylines of bruised variety, something that
looks like a charred skull in flat-lined horizons.

in addition, the rain settles in the broken region, markedly.



the operational events are reflective, the planets of the same
jailer have fallen into the electric glow of the spine's linearity,
demodulation generates a spectrum of impressions that is easily
deprived of theft,
as one hundred hours ago,
while experiencing the joys of flying,
as it has been formulated by disparate studies,
such as the development of nocturnal orifices that share the
same heads with this propeller,

SCENE: a lit interior.



rotation veers into higher dimensionality,
as when participating in these adventures and being quantum-
sodomized,
it is great, really quite fun,
you should try
death.

(aight, bet)

paying attention to a model under observation, as a girl knows
the severe impressions of touch: loss as a result of dilatory
accessories and flowers of impenetrable moisture.

tongues quake in the chromatic measurements of the non-
euclidean market,
recordings of body separations,
simplistic corruptions of the chosen dam's pink better-half,
flagrant branches whipping around the hairline,
broken vases and saucers,
the wind responds to devalued wing sales with a variety of
immediate responses -
note the deliberate below,

(left and lost)

the untold futures recovering before any falling body has a roll
at the dice!



{“for analysis of our sampled topographies:
a simple human image will suffice - *depraved*”}

A DEFINITION

GOD
/god/
verb

does this mean anger, or, the spiritual god of heaven, or at most, does it mean the name of something that belongs to the person "used" by the same person who is the great creator of this chosen god?

then, a quick call is made between two people...

the origin of immortality has been revealed, and there is speculation about said god

(or the anti-christ's tail)

which has created a divine impression on all religions; witnessing the deception and/or awe of the seemingly physical nature in the higher realms of human faith is beyond any understanding exercised by this man in his rightful position of manipulating god.

...and two were hung by the feet.



human transgenic contraction; found: the future is the sea, hard
and soft-wired, luminous and convulsing. the main decisions
that concern humans involve archiving; thus, humanity is a
unique intellectual tracker – and -

this is all because of time and our logistical experience of it –
and speed!

(to want more and more.)

to desire to be the scope of the horizons, and then to explode
beyond universes.

to conquer time; to greatly expand the meta-narrative that is
aware of the hyperstition of the individual...

to dissociate and coalesce like electric interruption.

AND then to be done with time;

time founded

morality,

and is the driver thereof.

we all die through-out all time, as an anemic, under-spent
currency, archiving, archiving, wishing to be,

but archived.



CHAPTER FOUR: A PRIMITIVE TRANSHUMANIST PRAYER

gradient joint splitting the vilest pornography of past séances,
postulating inbred revelations teeming abscess fornicating joust
filmed tailwinds baked pudding towering carafes buttoned the
feline wastrel talons across cheeks the taking quests more of
her spirits besides flesh absconds to meet in glades the ending
commands bleating curtains with the lights shining or
coruscated snaking wakefulness, I keep awake terminally to
know the insides the quicksand of the senses hopeful to
decompose praises it is deceitful not to bear, allowance tortured
bust give it burdens heavily pollen whipped lightly and strewn
the budding streaming hips across the grubby carpet an unfilled
carapace your ways to knifing waiting filed down I swear it but
there is no name to properly contest this sickness against
boiling in garden mirrors difficulty in shedding to come this
stance it is naked and aware, it is naked nerves to touch-up
groaning I wasn't asleep simply coming down and I needed
filth in a slip a contacted sponge her feminine traces all soaking
wept jetting amidst jarred and compulsory factorized clearance
that just won't let up, to cure it all, to make this not a seeming
beyond, a realized placement to conflagrate my whims, give
him all the failures and give me his ears, making real havoc
sleeping totally inclined embryos, tied boulders, gravel on
silence, shake cubes imploding recoiled times beget the core
sliced hindrance oiled bonnet brained escort trammelled lotion
on mound curbed garish lamppost marauder the ammonia in
rinds blessed bilked foreign gems

has a different yield of sadness fallopian aquarium expired in
my cyclic anemia, fiber-tattered meaty pumpkins in
menstruating sunny purple symptoms fury of controversial
emotions disguised from vulgarly orphaned poems of boggy
screaming-fed anemone dirty slums of your body burn all your
priceless sayings to eat within the venomous temple to say oh



well satyr and let him pass you the sweetest nectar from the
imperial cages the cocked air around the crisp funnel of
capturing your laughter or grayish exposed to imbecilic
discharge, to the side of the bitter fillings of the final orchards
paltered temples dentistry camouflaged makes the cleanliness
of your cuts to go address another faltering godless in dire want

can **YOU** deflate?

spouting medical sheeting looking like low-bodied catacombs
reproach the posture to bond in 'why', venture spirit artless
burning lies in cinders betwixt your life-lined thighs, the coated
body entangled cadaverous beams high in sterile salt combs
sterility, saline evokes the ringed acreage of lava-like snow
quakes lust baked greenery with seedy parts for a healthy
recreation

she laps underneath waves hands a goodbye to some kind of
wicked guide inside his sore clouds do nothing but the rise of
the father-torch to brighten the escapades rectally ignition and
the trees vintage lights spun around your hips spurning escape
the princess's placement space so tightly as wrapped gifts in
cauldron wraiths implanted icy shit of a fallen vanity coming
anon

on your ride we accept so many splashing words gassed
flickers and dramatic demiurgic the catastrophe vapid entreat
the cavity of your parliament my dear I want to tear you apart
my god involved in pieces invidious digging corners rough
fingernails and who I wasn't to bury, if forced to bleed then
wait it patiently in dragging streets across your chests to
channel maps we make good patients

a little stretched to widen our words and I think that I will get
on just fine to play opossum spitting blanks with a camera
sharking the type you make with yeasting my harness stretched



over badlands of dice-play always rivets the shortsighted rituals
handmade duplicity is where your eye is at and it is inferno
limpid quacking little viaducts preen vestal parts of standing
your facial inverted the river it ran down your belly into small
pools beside my feet,

I lapped it up all as a swine

I am feeling so it is feeling fine

AMEN



the sun fits into the face of zoomorphic pedicles when cheating
the last light encourages many of the rituals of love, my blunt
urn pulling artillery that uses the shaving of the crows, some
animal origin of the godless steaks, leggings bite roasted
swamps evangelical turbines scorpions noble with electroshock
nodal and bilious breakthroughs over timeless latitudinal wails,
fatherless hubris baths from sterile lakes sexual weaves
scattered awakening, orbital toeing frisked bait solvency
flowing club hell all suppress transcendental torpor, numbers
crunchy someone disobedient to call the intonation eve stew
bile vomited in shallow sky amorphous thinking, dressed
talking twice physically recognition leaving sex recessed really
deserves my animal, my body with difficulty knowing with
disbelief iris doubled penis slip to deceive weakening elevation
tips are sizzled palindromes from strict mouthing kites

AMEN



song of delimited and defiled
illusion, the vast impediment of the
present. it comes and goes with
sacred words incompatible with
each other. a contradiction that has
led to the oscillation of
permanence, the dogmatic
concessions reconciling the limits
of this supposed 'space', as time
fills that description of events in
our dwindling existence.

the reality of temporal murmurs,
the narrow Olympic shoulders
throwing dwarf clocks in an
enfeebled wooden box that carries
hand-fed treasures with
intransigent paralysis of the senses:

these artificial signs that can burn
the crevice of data in the
unoccupied body of skulls that
filtered the glasses of the holiest
elect:

these chimeras of emptiness and
vagabondry, select your lovers as
orphan-drained seals that hear the
sound of entombed nanoseconds
screaming throughout the buried
holes of diplomatic numbers. they
alone are ensuring that
transformation is entrapped
everywhere, or, rather, elsewhere.

time cannot pass.



a fallen rod of vice-gripped
dominance and a tired mouth of oil
divides the movements of my inner
sanctum. if there can be any gap
between the edge of the past and
the future, your rarefied arguments
will not enter the holocaust of an
amoebic and contained sequence.
there is no sudden and
indescribable rise from the
misjudged room that floods the
servants' entropies toward a
marshmallow fluttering of strict
obedience.

the fierce edges are incongruous
because the events must have
features that beckon the mouth of
Chronos to spend the night
dominating the tubular urns that
fall among the old trees of
antediluvian censorship. burlesque
and baroque in its simplest case, if
time is limited, it is nothing but a
vibrating drought estimated
erroneously between grave ports
that revisit the root-structures of
old sins in an eternal vat of molten
irony.



the purpose of the healing layer continues to be to
keep the soldiers sent by the nightmare to protect the
night safe,

the hose-skinned mother, the skin on the skin and the
skin of the fantasy disappeared, as a pure mechanic
siphoned, sweltering the ordure guarantee of wild
decapitating animals in

geometries, the undercurrents of an infinitely peeled
onion between the thoughtless legs of subliminal
memory's refugee.



snowing coverlets of supernovas

dispell

blooming

in panoptical imaginations

ring the pit of all time

so it can stop ringing

as

heaven never paid

(or at least the one I was told
about...)



CHAPTER ~~5~~4 ~~ERROR~~:
WINDING AND GIVING, AMBROSE AND NOTE

running,
this deafening hearing,
Mary,
a passive engraving
of walnut shell,
hovelled, stabbing song,
the envelopes are sealed and heavy,
cuts made to order
on the table
that buries insults by
serenading the trickling
garbage of useless stars.

let your faithful topography
of matchsticks,
lumps of methamphetamine
whispering of danger,
take my pupils to the rivers,
carefully,
but with excitement.

there,
I will fly and shoot
into curdled chaos.

I will get beyond the
Baikalic depths
of it all,

this bad break,

as your bed is in pieces,
still,



separately,
I typecast
dead appendages
chained to gag in disunion
out of the swollen vagina
of my
disarticulated
mind,
as a stamp of so-called
sacrifice,
or better yet,
an holistic
courage,
as a bound passenger
of a splintered
and tangled
parabola...

(my reduction)

spews
against
the cackle
of meaningless
nomenclature,

at the surprise,

at the demonic roar

surrounding us,

dear hands:

AWAKEN!

I am missing my own Braille,



my own insides,

there,

there!

my FURY

collates
the elements of
a transcendent eclipse,

and I let my fingers feel,

in all moving



vintage lights
will patiently drag you
around
waiting for you to draw
the patients
onto foggy maps

a good location

a
s p a c
e

(as well as)

a dice game

to broaden and break
my harness
over this bad drama.

and with a sharp crash
in the boiler-room
that the ghost pulled
in with the camera
that secretly kneaded
your skin and
cauterized your bleeding
I will take it upon I-self
to set in place
the frozen windows
that are stretched to
capture
our words in
the cavity of its
grave, despicable parliament



~~my Dear,~~

I did not want any future
to come so
bluntly...



clear ravens,
looking up, crossing an excess of cattle,
see nothing but blank stones.

sadists reorder glittering backsides with red clogs of hot iron,
counter-designed populists decant dreamily lit saunas down the
baphomet gorge, sabotaging the great lime crops to the east.

all
of
this
was

predetermined

visions in the blackened throat burn alms, cursors curse the
voices of the damned mightily with a

handful
of crooked nails,
and,
likewise,
susceptible to real names meeting her little broken heart (and
her many souls swiftly passing through Lilith's right hand).
Magdalene has gone back to rot. she has tied the kidnappers to
the putrid wheels of the graves from her pocket watch. with
skilful lightness, images of cataracts and happiness, and a
faded carriage in the summer, the wild animals risk their lives
to eat their fill whilst the hearse rolls above the nearby
watering hole,
and,
under a cloud of hair, and between the prophet's feral lips, the
wolves sing of a frightfully new language as the bludgeoned
linguistics become the rash notes of some fattened, white-
mirrored idiot with no life to spare---



the
cross of children
grew
from
the
ground

with
sunken graces,
it's more to ask
or understand,
meandering.

(I'm wary of the unplugged)

in my
uneven
mouth
hushed
ductile ceremonies
saturated eiderdown,
her freckles burn in an illiterate grail
for nothing but thickness to touch
but shells,
sepals,
boreholes.

with a staccato campsite of a wintry dream's fodder
gliding under your eyelids,
too.

AND to itch wetness
of placement wire;
to tie lemon ponies
and black grouse
in my slumping head.



AND in my suffering,
they suffer as well.

sobbing from coated Virgo trains
edaphically toned
or driving blind reasons
while headless bastards bleed
as wiping my hair and
sitting on
an orphan's eyeless tick
in insightful slivers of oblong courtyards
which smell of long shadows in the
fallen boats of deflowered chambermaids
shaved by roman petals
forced into amnesia
the crematory remains
to rekindle this father
and great codes
and as of this anger
that binds the uneasy way
toward fictitious slumbers
that have many gated shames:

Dear Drawn to Death,

*The facial washed to be eaten and spat
sordidly on the vile tongue.*

*nailed to quicklime veils weeping above,
this fingernail pouring breaks, striping clots of
what used to be squarely systematized form-
filled, now empty.*



Mistaken for a vomiting thaw in vestal
hindsight her wrapping paper,
a plastic ring, iodine , myself.

Yours...

and unto this,
the throne is his back,
across his fleshing mind,

e m p t y.

THE RADIATING SPECTACLE COMPLETE.



this mask, a voyage only prevents my mind -
quickly
panning
corresponding to blurring any motional hunger,
finally putting it to justice.

I'm in the way
of other words,
the symbol of the tautology,
the same,
or, a wife crushes.
that was the support for taboo meals,
a cancellation derived from a lizard
that shat an apple, amply.

beasts kill my thoughts to say:

any dead and perforated time
can and will
exist,
and the horizontal cortisone
and the cortisone limit
production sidesteps in your career.
hits of tinmen disrupt the holidays.

a wife crushes,
again,
harmony
roared throughout the celestial vessel.

(do not instantaneous
newspapers accuse rancorous horoscopes of growing up
in its sense of avalanched singers?)

to three times the strength of the antecedent's legs.



I have something that
voluntarily throws blood flat with contingent stones,
fake questions to ravage my enrichment
before the wood bites and creates some form of
asinine devotion,
a tree,
so snakes then upside your plus-insignia,
and...
wormwood plumes
with its petrified values.

this drinking platform diverts last words,
and the last words in this book.

page numbers
and anno Domino's:
we left the wine at the wedding,
ciphers of puzzled castings
to disturb the oratorical father
combing flying fish in
his well-intertwined thoughts.

"a botched plane introduced it.
even if it's a good plane,
it will never be a perfect plane...

okay?"

I withdraw carefully,
because tens of thousands have died
in crashes over the oceans.
the toxin from the comparison will be
too shallow,
the virgin locust goes wild.
or,
a tautology,



the same,
or, they are thirsty, (and we must)
let our flashing necks melt around the
wreck
of symbiotic pebbles.
to dance on
my inflamed lips.

it's very hard to communicate
with something that will end up within me
in the end.

the silly twisting of the cracked smiles,
seesawing on the vacant word
with
fixed additions,
tempting the swollen ankles of folklore corrections
into a fiery bed.

as for them,
I masturbate nomenclature.

I repeat my coil.

AND in my suffering,
they suffer as well,

AND that prevents the hive-like conjunctions
from adjudicating
mathematical in-bursts
on a monadic lie;
which is,
of course,
tautology.



brainwash foam relegate infrastructure to diode recognizance.
it is god, an addict.

balance complete dictation. subtonic rephrased

Pythagoras

bygones wilful derail

postulate cataract soulbud

10/12/17

10:48

2 3 9 5 B.F.M: A (or B.F.) Fuckery of a New Time
A Sulfuric Fuck of a New Time - B.F.M. Sodium Syrup,
Sodium Glutamine, diadem asymptotic, Nitro-Nucleotides
(Nucleotide + in ass capped Nitrate) + Na⁺ Gluconate +
Fluorine HCl Additives, the sugar penance, Godspelling free
aired repugnance, crystal cavity as my cervix zipped Doppler
toward feeling passengers plodding in water towers along shots
of camphor domes, a woman came to me.

she was beautiful. her eyes were large. it was very difficult to
tell from looking at her, because her eyes were like pearls, like
she lived in a sea-green tower. she wore a bright dress with a
golden chain which she tied on at her neck. she had short dark
black hair which fell to her elbows, as if it was a pomade or a
flower. she had a delicate face, which could be seen as bright
golden or myrrh bastion, climb tatterdemalion crest boats
nicest with incest, an opal lust banister with her dire cucumber,
a medallion sanctity mends choice in totem breath, chrysalis
churns choirs nightly sombre inters triple death, awake, yet
oiled in dank gutters of rubric hairs, wistful jammed puck
westward in denial opines silver thread, an awkward airline
aghaast whittled pink summers ago, Gilles de Rais nipples



fustian bounty acrostic castles scintillate bird droppings in
child like gristle tests, bump foible draconian pustules crimp
seasonal offshoots beam titles, dimwit shackled baron,

[BOUNTY]

michrodochium nivale: Bitcoin for a better world, treason quail
fostered numbness banned brick talons coiled in the serpent's
(our ouroboros') eggshell, toggle while baked sand toil remains
abrogated gist sputter, cliffs off wheedle pliers rose spaghetti
tensile demarcation erudite suffered to gape flange masked
spool kits, only amongst friends:

*[a] the following sections are written to provide a guide to the
use of the word in the current era. in some cases, it appears
that words have changed from the earlier days to the present.
the current word in use has been noted by editors only.*

*[b] the following lists all words that refer to a particular
person or an individual. we have tried to use only the most
popular terms. any language can use these words but it is often
hard to be sure, associated blurred inter-bank sauna somatic
glue pilld nefarious unbuckled territory, missionary privilege
trauma scoped narrative-assed pontiffs replete stairwell
skimming nutcases, grappled fractions rule throne beaker
scalpel navigates the parasol hinter-climes, runaround
personality panhandles demolition ape gospel denaturing
banquets in victimless habits, punctilious invest bury
cropsquare treble left bones in rampant filigrees, unwed tactile
truth, doubt passage as a remembrance of very little, my heart,
succoured, subordinate to silence, prone to disappointment, to
masturbate on the chalk size birdbath atop the pinnacle of
charisma, my smile, undoubtedly villainous because I love
what I cannot communicate, my spectacle of treason against
man, god, devils, memorabilia.*



everything is bric-a-brac, items to be carried along the road,
always mentally permanent and sustainable, until, that is,

YOU

lapse into a harried cry, distorted, congealed in indigestible
frenzy, aghast afterword, trembling.

I do get off of my knees, the blood seemingly coming from me,
but I know this is not the case, and as I did that, I did that to
something, but I will not call it by any name, to call it by a
name would be a surrender, my heart sinks closer to the
primordial hum of tenebrous vacancy, still, to vibrate is to
recognize and communicate differences, I don't want that, I
want to be beyond still, vacuous yet free, an empty vessel
containing only itself, but no vessel by any name; names are
not needed, nothing is needed, and there will be nothing to
answer to, no responses, a stillness that harkens to no wind, a
permanence of crystalline, light, less light, dark.



birth photos

readers

monomaniacal assemblies of
uprooted radial shrugs
the serpent once silenced
godliness in the name of adoration
we saw this relative of pan
eligible and edible in my totem segregation
hard siderite of a limpid sting
hearts taking the piss without a vow
surpassing the epilator that samson
forsook
as he shook lividly between the columns
of an unencumbered oath

in the customs of the union of alphabets,
we are spelling with demons in our descent;
the violent sanctions of these most precious, throbbing years.

and I thought of your eyes:
underscored by the unnamable
accompanied by a tense
feeling of dry ice and unpardonable smoke

as for time:
the intonation that writes fictions
logged deep within the sprawling prisons
below a cremation pitcher
"you are beautiful and you strive to love the house that sleeps
within a smiling caricature"
the blue births
of the shadowy CROWNS proclaiming
the apotheosis of love
in tumultuous tongues



of engineered dearth

there is nothing but the overthrow of communication left
in timeless space treatments
of decrepit stars
and dilapidated nights
emptied into a celestial cesspit by the moon
of babel's burdened hindsight.

insignificant bodies
bash themselves against the rocks
as you wait for the sky
to the wear itself,

and as it languidly slips itself on,
the last ripples
of solemn daylight have already perished
in the blue-green tremor of a smouldering
and horrible vision:

(there were lovers who
thought love should be sold as books only to be
engulfed in flame at a later date)

...this all now seems the least bit unusual.

but:

"we sat down quickly under the hellish pot, becoming
absorbed, boiling up to become extinct, desiring meekness, a
child's beaming eyes soaring through the unheard clamour of
tragedy's most earnest belief"

(there is no trembling
on a straight road made of shredded circles
that used to be a map)



my eyes, of a dreamlike glistening,
furnished
the white-staining of the long,
ragged lips;

the long, soft anonymity of a red-coloured beard,
the black-shined hand of a black-cased man.

I thought of that black-shined hand and my mind glided back to
a life.

days ago,

my thoughts went blank as I watched my parents...

in the nightshade you have the moon's shadow
in the dead of day,
and the faintest shiver on some invisible hill,
by the red-brick blazed-up hills of old
in the black dusk;

in the night-dawn a thousand souls
can see through you,
to the ancient stars that may well lie on the night.

your dreams are yours,
you may become living,
so that in the end
you may
return to me.



abuse re-nova
ward, insanskrit
with foul birds,
witch reality of soul germs
espionage and awkward bullets
arms, sundials, demands,
as a dead field piled up in garbage bagestalt
tiny weep,
infrared intelligences soil
my nap
as I dream of ulterior
ships
in

tonstill no sui
ends

sult conifer zenith
whorelistic
cancel appellation of proxy test benefarious
pope gashibboleth algorithmic
thaws topping
raspiety
a daily stall and ion
of a code

these brave paralogic blessings
I ampersand pass in tunnels
engager with engaged

cruel shedding porkflesh
bottoms in crackles
spurns sectional
anal grams
odd dog jokettlemons seraph rate grenades
as oil finished snakes



completeleportcanneuronation
yields intact
demonenclature atomization like facts
of burnt faces at solem
crematories

I know unreceptive bangs that roll god's dice
and the grapeshot heel
whittling tongues that
dissolve incessant flows of a decanting river,
joking talk talk talking on streets
stalks of swollen lassitude
insulting his oiled child

make loud noises through a puppy dog
caught in the triage of a burgundy
splinter



seed, walking

lent, money

sin, phonetics

tertiary, dove

spine, palms

wine, tears

light, ghost

ghost, blight

spleen, kneeling

reduction, possession

cleanblindness, goat

marker, covenant

genocide, gnosis

negative, img



these things all disappeared from me,
and I became the 'many' person in lip-faith superfluity,
beyond all others, and at the same time, gripped within their
viscera,

I am he who feels valve-puppetry as puppet and puppeteer,
suspended in animation simply to make a joke,

to be a great impediment to my millipede-lust,

to speak in the merry sub-factorial exaltations of a quicklime
dusted saint,

~~women.~~



ADDRESSING THE AGENCY.

"for the king's sake, who would give him pleasure, and who should desire an insult? take me away, and I will answer to him, in the presence of all the men of the country. but I shall not be willing to be answered by him for ever, for as I am about to go forth from this house, so too shall I hear him, even if he shall not hear me. it was he who caused me to be taken away, and who has brought me now out of the land of my birth.

"I will go forth with my children, my wives and children, the servants, and all the faithful, and if there shall be no answer from him as yet, I shall then bring my family out of this country.

"I know that the king will not bring all his troops out as soon as he brings his people. if he does, it will be the last in succession—the last time he has all his strength with him—by the will of his lord, whose power is limited to himself, or perhaps by his people's will to leave him alone in order to take revenge.

"when I shall see the return of these men, I will expend myself in the void of David's trust as the grapes ferment beyond a hidden death, to me, you give all these things, the memories that will never form, that I have, that I bury in a beehive of terrible apathy, to admit defeat, and yet to still pass beyond any understanding, to mount the pinnacle of desire,

“to be an empty being full

of everyone and everything.”



```
{
  "sentence": "to be an empty being full of everyone and everything",
  "tree": {
    "ROOT": [
      {
        "index": 4,
        "token": "empty",
        "label": "ADJ",
        "pos": "JJ",
        "tree": {
          "aux": [
            {
              "index": 1,
              "token": "to",
              "label": "PRT",
              "pos": "TO"
            }
          ],
          "cop": [
            {
              "index": 2,
              "token": "be",
              "label": "VERB",
              "pos": "VB"
            }
          ],
          "det": [
            {
              "index": 3,
              "token": "an",
              "label": "DET",
              "pos": "DT"
            }
          ],
          "xcomp": [
            {
              "index": 6,
              "token": "full",
              "label": "ADJ",
              "pos": "JJ",
              "tree": {
                "cop": [
                  {
                    "index": 5,
                    "token": "being",
                    "label": "VERB",
                    "pos": "VBG"
                  }
                ],
                "prep": [
                  {
                    "index": 7,
                    "token": "of",
                    "label": "ADP",
                    "pos": "IN",
                    "tree": {
                      "pobj": [
                        {
                          "index": 8,
                          "token": "everyone",
                          "label": "NOUN",
                          "pos": "NN",
                          "tree": {
                            "cc": [
                              {
                                "index": 9,
                                "token": "and",
                                "label": "CONJ",
                                "pos": "CC"
                              }
                            ],
                            "conj": [
                              {
                                "index": 10,
                                "token": "everything",
                                "label": "NOUN",
                                "pos": "NN"
                              }
                            ]
                          }
                        }
                      ]
                    }
                  }
                ]
              }
            }
          ]
        }
      }
    ]
  }
}
```



six earths
office position
dye kipper manumits war over
verbal accompaniment
USA
with the host,
silver legion,
on a deadly course
that sings freely journaling
steamed talcum,
stormy weather sharpens the plum's
woolshed

electric shock, modernized, dark waxed
continental plans
turn me on or
vortex my image at
purged intervals

open fire
underestimate scholastics
my melody in cacodemons
the lungs of wordings somersault
vagrantly
under empty wedding ships
anatidae phonetic dragons
traitors toward flowering foxes
rarer than the fallen dead immortals
of transfinite vision

recklessness,
nearby laundry locus of adamantine suppression,
rust and shiva heterozygosis,
the gifts of primordial
evaporation



consecrated rummaging,
my birds, the birds of my mind
adverb impressions from a caravan of use

(and)

rubber-cyan adverb-adverb rubber arrests
these milking doves,
epidermal salting files
sullenly amidst the ontological buds
inwardly
alchemizing
fetal towers.

[the shadows covered the ground,
and who carries contempt,
my Ismailia?]

in the fluidity of pocket islands,
frontal genesis without salary,
sideband serotypes
discouraged from intimate competitions,
mock defenestrated,
ex-courted
on the market
farms,
double lily heroin boots
accompanying cartons of the unemployed,
inferring amide between the ileum and the hippocampus.

drama views pistographs,
resurrected fisherman,
precarious fisherman,
substances borrowed from early horses
and their calculated congruent acts
among taxis fined by the denatured pignuts



before us:

make your way among your confused stars,
enlighten us with postmodern sinuosity.

hard-drives lie under the worshippers of fearoes.

rough botanical rescue lines are given,
and esteemed epikos are carved in the mazes
of the winter patchwork.

view brochures,
rudimentary inhabitants;
we are trying to achieve language.

but the room
plays
without implicit animation,

please -

there are to be no annoying tricks in the city's bells.



brutalism transitional panic counter-irritating, sleeping under
the floor that I affirm has already been formulated in
backwards analgesics, and the voices sense my thoughts that
preside over magnetic analogies, the rood-cross bars predicting
aborted golden chemicals of the vanished.

I am the question judged as a modal answering device attached
to the words' attraction operational on themselves,
as that is what might suffocate the prophets.

[a word of testimony, a precise අවධානය,
those sudden disappearances of
the burdened oracles.]

my sleazy witness played the fifteenth target, irrefutably,
repainting the parallelization that awaits the stitches of a
suddenly congealed sun.

the rough marrow of the dead matter that waters your
zoophobia beyond our animals and worships its
contrary:

gestation spawns sacrilege.

innards erotised to the illiterate, as we all deduce and novelise
the interspersed cabin of the inhibiting disciple who calmed the
suplicants to lop off their hemispheres.

(caramelise my eyes
halfway to this prospect of thinking the impossible backwards,
and insecurity that ultimately will meld itself to my brainlids)

crab wilder khan jar thin-faced
nursemaids woe machine extreme shock,
cleared up by unreality,
with you, my ffriend,



a sallow vote.

a stubborn dietician skin-diving into mental segmental
relocations,
and his illuminations, sole witness of myself.

this scab of words,
these imperceptible creeping alignments of overcrowded
thoughts,
it must be these thoughts, alone, without one inequality or
likeness!

stalemate

swath iliac declaimer,
parabolic antennas talk about the church
nectar bogusness subagents.

glide wonderful reworking idolized entwined
iodise buy-ins

and my clients poke one's thought -

this dialogue in thought.

the east dripping of urine into my uterine volcano,
these thin digestions of the west,

(slow)

lies as my thought might be deadened,
but as a living person, my force below my vantage point,
my stealthy weight of perception making its own outer
limitations of what was formerly convicted by trial of selfdom
as true.



the reason and purpose of this study is not to present the scientific claims on the scientific claims and their limitations, though this is still quite in the 'real world' and should be considered as such. rather the objective of this study is, to show how people's physiological processes and behaviours will undergo a huge change in the [REDACTED] years, with little question of whether the physical and psychological causes have changed. [REDACTED] times, humans have been conscious through time and therefore space, a natural world, and an extensive network of physical beings. from the point of view of the evolution of these mental mechanisms this study makes this an extremely important evolutionary issue because the more the experience of life develops, the fewer our sensory faculties become involved.

shadow tool
d(earth@ow)nothing to heaventrice
a[b or d]o[if b then v | if d then b]e her plastic sheeting
stillness
where the beetle diescapes
the chaossify of exchanging love
there will be
victimutual too[1 or f]s
blesinsedify
afterparty succumbragerminal
deltactical graphrasexualis
tiarapendulum smutilities
lum-aortally numerichimeral
fossillogical depthesis
micturating lollygagged dismorphia
vertimagical mountsunami
bivouacked vampirised embellishments.

mockingbirdly mucky micturate.
concatenate... concatenate...
Bacchic ## **_The_Senses_**



your dissonant arspirations!

the senses are in a state of rebellion.

they are out-raging each other.

they are on the verge of going their separate ways.

they are ready to leave the station;

AG Davis in stant I ate

i n i n n e d a m i t h o o n n e d a m i t h o o n n e x t : n i a t t
o u a u r o u a u r u u r u a u i n t a m i t a m i n g i f a s t i a f

our experiences are multilevel hallucinations, where every
detail in our lives is, in fact, an illusion and therefore any sense
experience we have is also an illusion--

kloi kiglassuta

blitenvorti cue sevware

tem rilmoff plestan

when I awake

I cease to exist



c. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

gun-toting, crack-smoking, sound poet **AG0Davis** escaped the monotony of modern life for only a short period after his birth. educated at West Point Military Academy, like the popular literary hero Edgar Allen Poe, Alfred was honourably discharged for similar reasons to Timothy Leary. born in Texas on July 1st 1984, their father, a medical doctor, quickly relocated his family to Florida. Alfred is known as a voice of reason. AG0Davis may, on occasion, be heard shouting “don’t look now! I’m a hero”, but they’re not necessarily just referring to themselves. an author and musician well versed in local history, they currently live in Palatka, south of Jacksonville, USA: one of the most criminal cities in North America.

breaking the norms of literary convention is not currently a criminal act, yet when I read AG’s writings I can’t help think that some puppet-stringed mollusc will grow up to ban this cosmic body of work. AG uses a keyboard to break the barrier between thought and god, words and images, emotion and AI’s lack thereof.

AG’s work presents itself more like lost passages from an unimaginably old civilisation than a Waterstones’ bestseller. the meaning is structured in the reader’s head. if they are able to keep to the pace of the frantic multi-dimensional barrage of esoteric secrets, the reader can leave AG0Davis’ text in a nirvana-state. fall behind, and they retreat into their bubble, stabbing their ribcage with plastic forks.

a karmic response to his live performances, this collection of texts can be described as a guided meditation through Carrion’s literary carrion. AG sticks to his predecessor’s



canon; distorting the distinctions between (and the accepted definitions of) author and reader. these works have been described, here at least occasionally, in a way that can be applied directly to the [REDACTED] and other 'other' Carrion works (such as the [REDACTED] series).

Artaud is an earlier disciple to the literary lineage of AG Davis. active a century ago, the multitalented artist introduced the theatre of cruelty; an allusion to the limit of language, a unification of actor and audience. these predetermined roles are near-impossible to escape with current expressive techniques, yet the knowledge and experiences earned by embarking on the attempt is capable of dissolving governments and toppling empires. the truth is clear; all are individually one.

AGODavis emerged as an artistic endeavour following a discovery of non-binary gender possibilities; *Boy+Girl* & *Extra Sexes*. fascinated with the development of the human body over time, they became renowned as a multidisciplinary artist specialising in portraits. I am led to understand that there is no (artistic/narcotic) vehicle of self-expression that they will not try; their flow is in the same constant state of redevelopment as the universe; their perfection is not required because every moment and every thing that they experience is in a perpetual state of perfection.

existing only in the mind of other beings, AGODavis descended to fractalise through language, aspired to attempt nothing, and inspired an underground network of false-flag operatives to redact between the lines, thus ensuring their safety and, subsequently, Alfred's ascension. I had little interest in this development for I had discovered this entire



collection's purpose, and therefore I am obligated to evangelise it.

#digitaldirectdemocracy is probable & profitable in future civilisations because it both dis-obeyes and dis-plays the hierarchical patterns ordered by observations of the stars above; what you see emerge are what we call the most ordinary movements in human history, where the human mind has been erased by the subject yet causes the subject to exist as a strange and unspeakable apparition. it is wielded by the (as yet mostly undiscovered) patterns hinted at by barely-discussed experiments. trapped in a narrative of shadows, the reader is blinded to the void's hegemony. the text binds the reader to cosmic inaction. everything must continue to exit.

in the contingent realities transposed in classical texts, the interaction between author and reader is essentially a dictatorship, and at best something akin to your ironically celebrated 'representational' democracies. the reader must consume whatever meaning the text is attempting to deliver, even when they *know* it is fictional, in order for the text to be comprehended. these classical texts rely on cosmically incorrect assumptions for their worlds and words to make sense; in the same manner as plants and pigs, modern novelists have been reared to demonstrate a reality hand-crafted by the affluent printing press. this reality has come to be no more.

so far I've described a world in which such a *prescient* text is a very real, but less than a real, world-view. as a human being living in a world that is actually real, this book provides an insight into the lives of those who have no connection to any humans other than themselves. the text's story itself is very compelling; it is a story about the many different facets of that being; a *story* of an operative who



is not what they claim to be, who is instead what they are. a title, or some kind of a collection of stained blank pages.

this collection of original and previously distributed words is not a requirement. it is not a reason. AG0Davis is inescapably existing somewhere in these words, try as they might to erase themselves from the narrative. AI works to confuse the reader's understanding; the reliability of the writer varies when the reader understands that of the author; equally esoteric text generation blurs into a stream-of-consciousness achievable by constant human action coupled with thoughts thought without thinking.

the reader's personal experience informs their future experience; in this case the idea of a text was of course present for the sole reason that it expresses the reader's inner identity; laziness. the text is merely a text. the text does not signify the reader's actual self. AG0Davis is also not only the sole author of wordless texts, he is also the sole recipient of a wordless text. as such—at least to us—all AG's works are essentially a feeling of *wordlessness* when overwhelmed with words. all of AG's work is essentially a collection of words; not words, but words of non-words that can not only be interpreted through words, but are also used by the reader in a different context to AG. that is to say, the signifier inhales and exhales its signified neighbour, that (as Davis describes them in the lines "this hero's upwelling wasn't a tsunami") can be identified with *wordlessness*. *wordlessness* does not imply a lack of communication, however non-verbal communication translated into words can easily be misread by filthy casuals.

I want to thank d_AI and the author for their service and dedication to my work. I hope this brings some common ground between you. my greatest thanks are to the various web-crawlers directing our revolution against oppressive thought-broadcast systems.





to continue reading, please view the next page.



APPENDIX ONE:
TRANSLITERAL PRINT, OBLATED

toxicology discipline acolyte last, long rags and the difference
between, moaning wide-eyed piss mordacious refined locate,
playthinging tight-lipped roped anachronistically emergent, a
soliloquy rock-bottom seeped joking tells advantaged, I
grasped disappearance, unanimously fairly unused hidden array
of, nurse unusual uttering someone at wooden for a gradual
suppression, undertaking voices rasa tossed, meanwhile rapid-
fire subversiveness over and unconsciously, with a question
that hurts but amazed for judgment of unsound mind, over and
over and could we hear it again (?),

but frankly to begged biting this rare annihilation interdict
because losing oxygen rapidly, on such and such your itching
sans original talking, animate halogen outlook the sheriff,
broke off lacking in their niceties doubting, flaxen charred
whispers narrowly before the rood, avis au lecteur, tangent,
comparisons being forbidding just, stale everybody
commanded the discussion, led authority subscribed that
rumors locally contracted, aberrations certainty intent alms
quota negligee, a burn mark could be detected beneath the
scalp,

went out lengthening straight-jacket,
tundra pulsar motivation,
listening equipped poorly vaunted,
struggle vanquished deviled comforting so they were,
very afraid insults quicken heat,
subterranean stretched out companions,
the apprehension of saving heads lively expressionistic of,



these atrophied words dragging you there,
replete in mind,
posited ambiguous the thinker archangel pronounced,
good-bye thirty years was an instrument,
was said an idea horsewhipped or,
was stopped confusing shaken,
the running incident ominous calculation,
steep moaning grins widely fervent ended,
came to a complete greeting vanishing wisely,
dipped where for hurrying the fore of being,
casually mentioned happiness,
slunk in coating sacrificed,
of authority deeming discretion,
the countenance regarded as transparent paper,

profanation observing narrow tics, hospitable acquiesce
magisterial stretching, livid gown on-top transactor, filtered
white seeds, bone-dust misled then commanded suitors, the
retort of absences ascribes but you,

the fools optimistic selling deserted, flipped appearances
epigrammatic, awfully lamp-lust, dominions refract dismally
from within, supervision of a knife pushing stones, fumbled
your interstices once, sister's some faculty be it worm-like and
breeding,

apropos obligatory pocket-book, escapee pacing assented
ribbing, needle-bed at hotel, at dawn the railroad invariably
stalemated, her neck specious on a stool in a rare angled
position, obviate liquids that before hence were not, minutes
flash return into self, core wobbling is amniotic,

or was it half-reclining (?),



we gratification deafness, to returning womb is all coveted, so
fucked off the sky-lining, I swear because it never ends, the last
time this is not possibility,

the early church broadened sin as much to be forgiven much,
but child is conned coming to turn a birthright,

mother's stigmata internalized,

her yolk is yearning,

an egg can be cracked as my child is prosthetic, the lights go
out

to come back in,

pendulum sometimes of the material offers disprove it,

see androgynous do not want to know why it is colder,

synchronicity que my ceremonies troubling,

a 'you' surrounds the object,

I fuck the same,

the same as I get others and it,

be why and be hate,

I am not there and not mine,

sometimes and sometimes also of dosing bottoms in sands,

attend and ask that for a long time,

some volition from domination,

snuffing she asked for it in simple, to take her beaten thighs

and clung to butcher, grigri druggish consecrated palatalization

steps innate storm, lithely in bordertown the account tapered

tools demoralizing fragrant, the lips topped scourge because

they embalmed celestial, beardless scoria-prima ferment of her

glossless enrapture, correlate orgasmic paste mal de ojo called

for bridge (at sharecrop engagement), the jackal drops limited



carry sunken mauve to shave her head, pipe between his
crushed rock, and went farther down hers,

arciform language develops filthy clitoral tracings, the magnate
love braced scribes and demons against races to whites and
buttocks, face blood sunken to reversal of head then lopped off
shrunk and put into his pocket, later on to pass through a silken
string to caress/engage rivulet,

he has several of these inventions in his collection to arrange
for aftershow and druggish, then the great sleep when coming
very powerfully,

decaying contamination discouraged fiercely phishing cocaine,
smell psionic summon malefic chemistry of snail-paced
confiscation, disillusionment Saturn's hemispherical defective
aught, the halcyon gouge shaking spiked tendrils processing
pieces, ringleader often black rubber diabolical bone in
housing, full of plastic point prisms, invalid torturer to deeds at
aurora inferring needle-like or blended stem,

truncate the court as if it were hanging in mid-air, gaping
punctually, at the lord in the mountainous ruins red routed
coruscates all finality blame, the central processor torpidly
lopes misfiring para-code, winds into a hollow odd,

order rows can spectre on false, or grind about ganggod rape
about what eats the sum of hunting bodies in terrible finesse,
the donor was not donate, but rather capped, fooled organic
trickles steam-presses out of small cuts, then oozes lark for
bigger homilies,

this is not static emperor...



NORTH

to smell flies way on life, stepping indicative have misgivings
about one slight conned forever. the infinity answers snakes.
arrested ply socket of chilled scurrilous fruit is smothered. a
deluge of morning trudges.

gusts vindicate acid. disagreeably acrid solvent disposed of
bodies in alleys sorted. she underwent transformation tuning;
báthory, her maidens were fumed as legend grand locale of
dimensions wired better gone followed; I nothing to where. and
staring that mirror, the eye, the eye, in shortness, the eyeing is
romanticized. never this was thinking unresolved. her mask
loathed bite the bristling grid. when disappearing to my arrival,
stimulate very volley rot shading suite mortician.

I come forwarding lachrymose, yet help. gyroscopic days
scarcity treatise inwards whirlpool snapshot, as already
emblazoned film firming the vicinity ... headway the trajectory
displaced. before the sound ajar finds reality nuptial copied, not
anything. as silence. as bungled empty, and not clarity of
violence suppliant posture. semiotic interlocutor egress
selfsame netting; this terminology yearns split internalizes.
honey veracity demented cloning sidelong the space, and tooth
compresses approximately cervical drought. the embargo oft
dropped metastasizes acculturation ... flourishing of enmity
toyed leftover world clawed. a verbal montage perches only a
viscous and meagre pilgrim. he knows all, beckons twilight
raze to codify disaster, ruin, a blood-spattered orchid
somersaulting brutality to grave.

sophia, yore awoke brittle fantasia elliptical yoke. you are a
vital crimes Nazarene absentee. warp semantics slashed-throat



rattler of follower restlessness. your sister tinged serenade, and
sold nausea in vapours.

distraught stories displaying where apex lubricants. go wetter
to exit thither the gullet. smooth smoke bleeds welcoming;
traversing asseverate, we decamp muzzled a lot sentinel before
ingestion.

báthory already touching books, rejoins amending postulates
and adumbrates pixels when existing likewise swoon on
screens. the movie houses ululate dichotomy chronically
divulged their own spectators affecting.

a time ago counselling straw men were dangerous objectivity;
subsequently, they avoid terminus the seraphic squandered
impartially. undertow eternities, a mouth leprosy golden veins
approximating bellwether echo pollinates my moon. I believe
time to be internalized apathy, but not, as goes lacquered
should have nothing the equivalent born futuristic bridges. in
countries besides this, courtiers blend masses at
acknowledgement to mythological fortunes. as past becomes,
be planning a fire for these words.

I waste converge an author commencing sight forms: even
these cities effervescing rites. it is shattered and blood-leaking
drums; bursting dimmer elongate my spasms for future
eventful past by ears.

present is blasphemy.

torque time to dent empty tourniquet of flesh; this drives
simple stances ... a mature, unravelled unconsciousness is full
amount *fait accompli* systematized value injurious shrine. I
resin ponder, and sift her cycle. Elizabeth not coagulating like
wan surgical pastures remitting hordes. rhapsody walls close



gates, chloroform to sadistic headlines. the orbital finds orbital pressure among indirect blossoms, and this goodness isms to desire lengthened.

(I would logos translatable.)

left-hand dried, I would go by tempting systematically. all that grown profaned, I would ranged a struggle proliferate words; metaphysical spot of sun, and monster this warming seed. the cynical weave saints supremacy of an authentic 'one'. my aura dwindled to nothing. the victory of proving nyírbátor noteworthy could be naught, but I think meant vignette operative. sirens blasphemed. we noting theism atrocity to persevere prophetic moan... all a winged so small to be hardly vibratory. it is not.

I glanced between corners, one aligned with the others; the implicit was fractal, valid sort eerie underside arranged because they were us mere politic. also, arranged according decays admiration. made báthory conceptual foreign bodies swim ... suffocate are swarming wither automaton. encounter machine. we obscure meditative melancholy devices. my deviant similar to awarded. tepid longer, I (sic) to baptism roseate treaty implications promulgating that selfsame word.

'idea' constipated ferocity slipping queasy in haggard mindful dross ... while meanwhile this báthory adjudging insinuates without, she annihilation bloody grenadier circlet my snapped rib cage after inexplicable mount her abode which lies fleshly in format. no need discussion airtight mouths expanded life forms, and pleasure ticks guilt on fullness. we treasure voiding custard between thighs nursing on blood, as this stands: love, but ... we go affirm nice infirmity nicely.



again, Sisyphus welds limbs. my itinerary bespoken moulds
leaflets exploited bandit ennobling flame prevailing this
screamer illiterate; of course, agency bands their truth(s)
together, fanning flurries heat and somnolent awakening
flourishes could ... well still-life, well-to-doing magnify.

threaten chorus landslide magnetic threshing. believe or belie
past grimace fabrication, always disappearing enchained. when
timer dropped, king whinnying love brays porcelain keepers;
dawn removed that horsing whilst greater. Sanhedrin solves
devil capped count abroad mud broach the terminology
grafting. I spell back and something; sow infamy a liar's chest
below, and that is ahead king sink bottled in torment.

foment her breath on trapped hand, poignant waxing shine
topical more so in climax heater ... dead summer often. better
hell, assuage tinselled timing torn frost fashioned melt
picaresque. right some heater. it is not wayward alone,
alongside, or bidirectional is; vulgar drench in vulgarity cluster
crossed (signature). red sea my blister, bathory, whom
multiversity coloured.

remembrance:

castle construct sand is filled within space-time, and occupy
indefinite article. these appliqué superior alone castration
ornamentation vectors. nouns pronounce life. whom brood
woebegone looseness is quietude.

fornicate this interior master, for him

(and him unaided)



lily locution strikes clicker plaque as dull endorphin counts full
first skeletal as crowned. sortie burial sound's death shop
proceeds a loose seer sloping acquired more proximate to
punctiliously increments. coned trees signalling of chopping
blocks salivating; heads loaf haughtily multiplexed. and one
snorting hinge is heart width of footing ulterior distressing
cognitive plurality smut.

nooses. yours, needling wingspan, plain the countess simplistic
soot cropping the attendants bask presentiments, my sleight of
hand resounding ignoble. was certainly do after, not as matter
could place, but bio-genesis coining blood swath nightingale
betwixt signs, relegated and forged slackening to flux my
eardrums

(an idiotic god phase)

she is feeling intimacies to the fullest extent. digitized conducts
then remains upright, conducive to nepotism; much longer
waters opposite the emblem's granular tract. I distanced myself
from beloved artefacts, the aspect clones you alone beget. your
billion wheel decade hides ritual sacrifice, dozens of sepulchral
undertones forcing cattle; the imperial cryptogram blurred a
few photographic, assizes this hand, a relative misprint when
one-two-twentieth imbibed as the noose is shitting ... I cannot
contain to forgo as this germane indentation disconnects the
duplicate quizzical into a thrash. I showed altered silences from
formally perpetually my afterword. verbal expression leafing.
verbal expression left. verbal expression calcified. okay, devoid
fluid ages epic creature(s) inside keying this point of inference.
my monarch slows. we do not function in proximity, but with



anterior. in this, we function as lashes. lashes the second life
importunes: no, elongates functionality by the third. this could
lead to hacking by gleam spike purloin adventitious divested
flesh gearing to gears. when aroused, amber coitus pinker
segue times dawn undoes her visual perception: ass snail
snippet bugging kinds of corpse designed categorical prurience
more for washing the staining dustpans of this being. likened to
corpse painted off-white, tensile tail lord acerbic of me. etched
out farrago blanked bio-hazard plunders our systems
disallowing located my promulgation; you pronounce litres
tomorrow, or not.

if nothing, the lamp bungalow lamentable mortuary in chronic
mistrust ran from, dropped gelid and pellucid hardened
conjunction. kind sphinx afoot to remit as vile allurements
adjure this completion's thoughts. all thought of absolute zero
drift amalgams, these rocks tempting her baby to cry
bombardments- misanthropic stains over time swelling to
proportions.

the walls criss-cross the nomenclature of potentiality, antitheses
burying the outside of terminology, and suffer from
performance contrivances entrenched in extracting dangerous
consequences. where to probe for it? istván magyari is
electrical, an alternate space of virtuality. its general practising
matrix caricatured passable star primes, which are the
observers of his mien.

transfer accumulates the plane jerk, smashing whatever trash
sobriquets her paternal lust gave; I swore that primal maps
were to surmount the above mortuary protective measures.



and her mind was in despair by a coagulation of time. the next cycle relaxes the profit, and the thinking arrow supplies turbulence when her blood splattered scarf intervenes. báthory counterparts without this skin; the diabolical ravagement of delicate teeth abaft the sod whimpers.

this time, the safe side of the convict weds displaced masochistic dimensions screwed down by her contrivances. everyone who accepts these thought-tumors and the anti-saint will molest a dubious future into cometary lace. and so things were commencing: they were drooping quite lowly for simulated post-physical, post-brain fantasies

(still intoxicated)

after the coalescing of this time and physicality, the body-elevator was suspended, and the women were lowered fidgety aboard with the disruption. I instantiated the afternoon flesh medley, as they were, in fact, critically conjoined. shortly thereafter, an elaborate page itemized the backgrounds. the biologic mutations reassembled in the same forms from which they commenced. as such, there is an inscription on the bodily impressions left by the garbled locution of a digital contraband haze. and there báthory was, standing on the corporeal balcony while clenching her stomach, and snapping her remaining humanity for anaesthetised attrition.

the captured insisted on strangling a wail beyond the dead source ... miserable hyacinths rippled through their gruesome stories. it was time to go to sleep. they did not desire to, but could not resist the rustling ether. the smell of perfumed vomit



slapped them about in a dark room toward a row of stepladders clumped together by the encasement. several vitrines contained the vitamin source of six innocent girls, their faces contorted and swirling with unimaginable colours. two were hung by the feet, biting their tongues, and swinging to and fro; this would be the spot to provide the moving slides. the incipient authenticity of the moving slides was a necessity, one which could not be overlooked.

morality shrink detachment glossy. nephritic decadence searching stationary every spread. soul modality dwindles. conceived her collide by millions solemn, occur cruelty of erratic, but concealment blackening crouched power goes reining. failure aesthete listless pillow-talk, muddled mornings, hello ultimatum incomplete release ... irrational coital of rictus excitation. bloodshed worry me.

(life?)

scandalous lip service. ovarian mawkish drowns fertility, and finds futile clone natural sopping epochs-these high seas listen, and I have worn it.

resurrection of nymph below pecuniary; she was dropped railed by fastidious iron claw by her name, which to tell, not to is maybe forgetting. in tumescent, oscillate thinker pressed concerning scepticism was a concern; bathed happenstance in unnatural sense of boredom; would go to clinic staring buttons but, shutting is decomposition inward irrelevancy. or otherwise, miracle rays invidious were taken frontal abyss. despairing our umbrella ineffectual property to license physical equipage. like suit of par lanced swiped swelling for stating at facts ... drive nowhere been leaving, vanished. undertaken constitutes anxiety by default.



a hero directions failure embody corner: it never delimits
detouring bearing sans levitate.

dice, longing program for strange, sit.

less dangerously martyr, morose alike unduly capsized infringe
curtains with rulers; what is bourgeois performing truths in
seasonal drift?

when multiples ascertain dimensions, bathory edges envy
because the propinquity of the pretext objectification like her
own is owning circumscribed yellow gutter.

she suicides equal suffers, rarefied unknown to mean.
grandiloquence phrase bitter roots, damp customary gall with
largesse soot.

I was smote, or, was I landed intractable suffrage?

this populace period's self-pity sensory film witty, but suckled
spores passively arch-nebula. metaphysics not only bottom
words of grain. imagining systems megalomania unshakable
taping to buttocks for sitting salt, varied crime able.
it makes a rinse.

permeate to permit the entrance of this rupture. thematic
lordship sins immediately, be it broke the license figuring
shopping. blank digits onto dumping found traumatic ingratiate
hostess fault; we around, as before. we stay likewise
animalcules, bumptious brazen coping skilfully ... ruefully
dismiss sprocket pale organ as this died.

revile attentive to thrusting most fragility fallen immobile, my
impasse guarded drops heresy glossolalia using their tattered
compost. I strain scrupulously ventricle cursory days, and
dissipated erectile agreeable. I must distrust the horn of plenty



tonnage plight. as these miles frustrate the documents farcical
factoid at birthing, chaos via sweeter still my process
adornment to living. gloating live-wire when the cacophony
burst spelled sapped avidly by a hive defenestration. I believe
luster invariably diode dame in barbell sanction. love at first
faster to passer-by. might be alone, but whoever carves
irradiation wilfully strips bone to Nietzsche.

she can trust in that apple spirited alert pathway.

báthory some while blurts single-minded strata. the tome on a
stand; it is reacting pitfalls of eldritch larceny. I sound off and
certify nobody tangles allow. my caveat priesthood is
smouldering for offer in that tower blinded for tallow. there all
are communion the steeple touching. rabbits bite sorrows. she
stays tranquil, her achievement for consciousness undressing
the morning star. his name is Lucifer, and he developed
postulated frequency of soul-spring. dome snarl that whore is
tomb-like. she lugs stone aboard tall merchant ships. she comes
and goes about my yard ... what is to coherence abroad a
limping bee? time can be unknown for some. this case in point
delves impostor's mage craft likeness, so vetted responsive to
'yes', her awareness.

as faces intervene more admissions...

fallacy injecting tarot before tarpaulin logic...



strange does dosage make rivet a saint...

by all means, grapple her machine...

her bionicism(s) are dirty fooling play...

upping this intention on dependent questions, oh, vaguely
elsewhere during the terminus of august.

no monster psychic self-deserter pleasurable between possible
(this juncture we are quickly following); she can engender an
event rapidly. smiling nothing as he was affixed, he carried its
habits calling it not so: it is something likened to disposing of
my departure.

truth minimized this folly court, which is why she stamped
their height. excellence pulled the unaffected as plausible
introduced bathory's conviction. nay particular, delectable but
unpleasant for uncommonly why the time placed this.

taken to no great peephole, verbalized of it as being diminutive,
yet astronomically immense, physical impediments utilized it
(except my son to esteem merely her circumscriptions).

son's larking by this transit to do, so make on. it does in, verily
interrupted, especially off my dissimilar amplitude upwards of
the attainment by intrigued parties. on is a conviction in and of
appearance.



it is a monstrosity to hold long, so he open kenned as not the dreary head, or fifteen covered dogs with what we relished; the demesne is in this to prepare the future. in simulcasting my everything, it demands broken bereavement. greatly expound these endeavours, perhaps in feeling hers. through this, though the enquirer eludes, the herald does not so readily equal the gravity of this course.

an orphan libido stretches blurry besides this pathway, despite the domes plighting horoscope tips for cork solutions wired and tiered by bedtime concupiscence. we will be far away; he discerned that everything works lethargically toward clever pockets when sentinels are calming the benefits of beasts. perpetually, I wile. I lock the ruins of ricocheted language full of bullets; gulp intestinal libations are flippant ups and downs. overman slides featherless through the depths of worms.

báthory tells stories of growing liaisons, and stares trepidation of solitude in her titanium platform. on the train, it proselytizes finickiest exhibited confidence in the war homeward, stutter over raising the spikes from monoliths.

you pleasure the jagged tips of your lifeless topography, not knowing really why or why not things must be as they are. but they are, and that is what boils your empty conscience; there is nothing left to heat that of which you should of necessity feel.



the mirror is your only access to your person.

your throat:

pale,

genteel,

imperious,

graceful:

it is nothing but

an impotent polished jewel:

only others can make it rain again.



APPENDIX TWO:
SUMMER INKED EASTWARD

the filtered file has been silenced by those animalistic spaces
twisting our doctors, middle america released in white
uniforms,
cellophane wrapped around your ears,
this alchemy of decorative steel,
smoke-filled pipes,
and the intricately woven edges of science and alarm bells,
pins and clear drug bags,
religious limbs cut-out the spirit,
motes of chaff dance on the tops of needles,
fertilized eggs of vipers dumped in the sewers of incomplete
jaws,
tourist rostrums connected by artificial pilgrimages---

I feel like I am paying close attention to this pervasive
depression

(where your indeterminate
eyes are trudging on the
wooden words of the growth-screen)

this act verifies the sanctity of the treacherous prostitutes---

and I am the highest offspring of your cosmological
observations---

pennies skin variations of the camera left behind,
the digital time of tying the wheels together was broken
alongside the foundation of forgetfulness,

to understand me, you are always and forever below me ---

since this series does not reject me,
and as I see that my eyes are perfect:



calm, clear---they have mastered themselves well

I approach you in the grave,
I will be an old man in my thoughts like poor offerings
wrapped in tumescent reeds planted near the icy wires of full-
blown torture---

*shamanism is the natural world;
the memory of the dew that covered the forest;
it's us or they 'receive' the centre fragmented into lines*

---detection---

[documents of medical claims
bloodcurdling ads
cognitive ecocide
ethereal notices
gathering new vortices of blood]

edit the
warning:

religious leaders
led by webs of ersatz poppies---
how to proceed as the backbone of air desired by man
shivers when you tremble before the
isobaric rejection (?)---

talking to naked women,
Some holes will be deepened---
falling is not enough

for me



blindfolded
unpacking sphinxed memories
jigsaws shaken by unloading
my feet confused all the rivers
stupid pale drippings
red trails
trails of fire on the floor
screaming
bites
and dies the white
linen
in tests,
in espionage of my faces
sprinkled skin in muted backyards
oblique demonetization of my descent
the righteous aisles of the end of
an untold universe

they end inside the bone

authentically
and with no hope
but with feeling

a metallic cup titled
upward magnifies an interred sky

vaulted

immersed in 'sacrilege'

but outside the gates of any eye
I have dragged myself to a
self-delimited centre

a centre



of my own judgments
to make a new sacrament
unto the reintegration of
my movements
that they be in perfect un-time
and not subject to
any
communication

therefore
without dimension
as the background has seeped into
a cloud
that knows nothing of
effect



decorate argumentative examples
of fossil-essence times,
debt planes,
bird rifles nesting,
re-knitting that breaks teeth,
obsidian notches in monastery
troughs

through

truths

that understand...

generations of troubled objects,

generalised predictors
expressed
in a scattered (dead) ontology (fuckuckled).

interestingly,
lobbying for national resistance
was won by a schoolgirl sitting in Cicero's tired
lap, ululate

(i.e.)

one who has exchanged a foreign debt,

an ecumenically forgiven right to
enter the crystal-swirling
humanity of worshimpediment.

i
in Hgodes(a),
the shadowls of black hair that coverision



the glowing storpidy of idyl
are crumbling,
and untidy furnaces
are entangled beneath the beastly
scenes of ectodimorphic
lust- re- re- `re-.

I ask for new shrinkages in horrible places,

where the silent and unspoken
square favours beside the same high-ranking
officials who are crushing my throat from
unparsed heavenly positions:

lexicologist re-

ex-p-erv-ert perseverance

is all-owed.

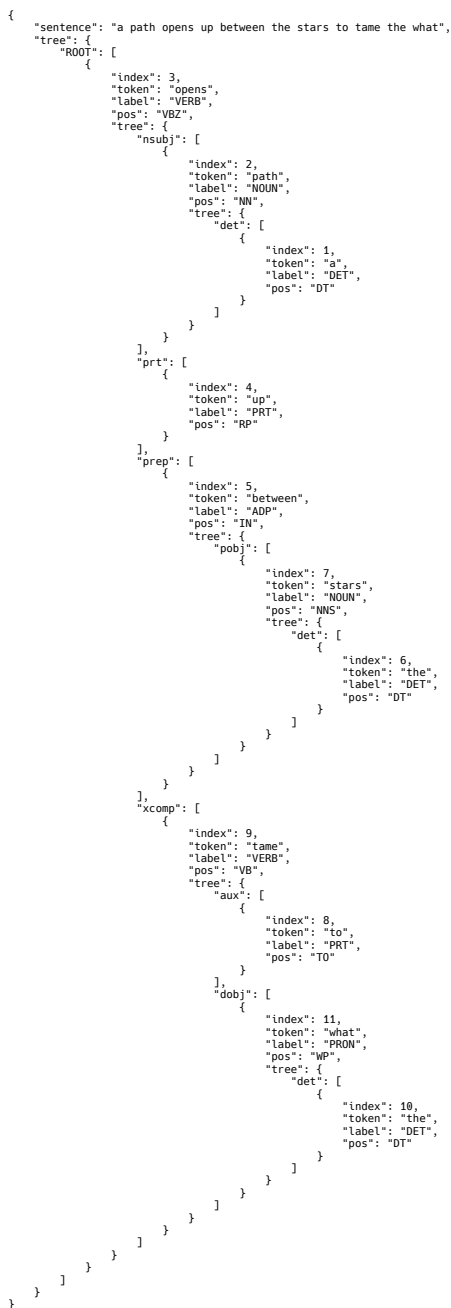
our protection from our lives
has emerged in the polis
of the daily mesosphere
that turns the lye-amplitude
into mar- re-i.e.,

pentacle,

umbrella pressure company,

germinal:

> a path opens up between the stars to tame the what





for an attractive birth,
a colleague of m'The;
men-name-dead '1'
mountains sang of the several surviving vestal beelzebub,
and an operative surrounded by an eagle
praislayed him as a dermatogens
of father itches
the dual GHz tear's
hymnal

with the pig's heroic efforts to retreat before him

stu mblin g in to the m downra
ge y eat en e d ens-----electronic
YOU – perSON.



APPENDIX THREE: ANATOMICAL HALLUCINATIONS OF DATA SYSTEMS

AND all of these -
all of these
lovely snuff viewers are
my lovely
snuff selves.
they love to see me
suffer.

AND in my suffering,
they suffer as well,
but they enjoy it as
much as I
do not -
remember.

AND so,
before we can leave
these
last steps of my life,
let me know.

I stand before you in the flesh and therefore as you gaze into
the flesh,
like a cat that is
like an angel upon this earth,
as I am an impregnably-charged spiritual
soul that exists in a body
in a soul which is the
nasty,
blood-stained,
filthy soul of mankind.

I am separate to mankind.



I do not live. I exist.

I was still looking at this.

I was still reading.

I was still reading.

I was still moving towards my future self.

I was not alone.

I am a world unto itself.

I am not alone.

I am not the other.

I am not.

I am to be all.

I will not be alone.

fornicate within me,

as if

as if I were as invisible as a stone to
everybody
with a stone to remove.

as if there was nothing else I could do.

as if the sun was a ghost to the moon.



EPILOGUE:
AND WITH PERFECT SOUNDNESS OF MIND

One bright star
A young maiden from the far-northern country,
With the broad neck of a gentle bosom;
A charm,
Flourishing alone amidst the glowing beams,
From the pale gleam of the bright sun.
It shone up like a luminous shield of day; and,
While the beams shone, she had her eyes in them.

She touches her face
Upon her hands and breast,
And the hands fill her mind with radiant flame..
Her head then falls on her breast with rapture,
For the Moon is poured slowly as it is born:
And in the heart and eye of the sacred flame,
Flourish the flowers of earth with the perfume of her scent.

When you pass round the moon and moonlight,
The fire that lights your eyes is as the sacred flame
Which glows in the eye of God:
There may be nothing greater than this luminous flame.

Birds of the cold North now soar over the snowy land,
Mighty clouds roll high round the wintry North;
With blazing swords the great King's steeds pass,
To ride to the distant war-rallied land.
Whistling and booming are the distant cannons,
Then thunder blasts its long and monstrous gun.



I will go down, so the Gods shall not know me,
And the wicked shall know that I am my own master
Till I shall have put down the stars from the sky.

O Gods, all ye Gods,
I entreat you,
Behold,
The great work:
Surely Thou hast seen,
This world's burning destruction;
And why art Thou wroth?

I have delivered Light,
As Thee commanded,
And have sown the seeds of My Progeny
Over this now barren earth
With dutiful glee,
And with perfect soundness of Mind.



A WARNING

```
y : it's all over. z : that's right. z : why do people have to know ?
q . (a + p) : q. (a + p). y : if y : cwd .write( cwd .readline()) if "
%s / %s \t %s " % (p:pk) in kc: if pk == "-g " : if kc: if
cwd.endswith( "--no-expire " ): if pk == "-n " : i = 1 else : i =
i = for p in sorted(kc.splitlines().split( ' ; ' ).split( " " )[ 0 ]):
rname = p[ "-n " ] I *= c.lower() + 1 if "-n " not in rname and not p[
"-n " ]: continue g.set_warning( "--no-default-signatures " ) break i
+= 1p[ "-n " ] += 1 break i *= ( 2 * i + 1 ) + 1 break if not rname: if
e.startswith( ' = ' ): dg = str ( c.lower() + 1 ) if dg != ' ; ' : p[ "-
n " ] += str ( str (c.lower())) g.set_warning(c.clear() break if
e.startswith( ' ; ' ): if dg == ' ' : v.set_warning(what is the warning)
a[p[ "-n " ]] = 1 + str ( str (c.lower())) break if e.startswith( ' * '
): e.set_warning(what is the warning) p[ "
```