

A little unstable. Not willing to take the pill. Fuck the pill. My will is greater.

The wolf, arrogant in his presumed superiority, shreds a sheep in Wolf's clothing. Or is it a snake.

Don't you know, "Saying voices are," Arabic? Ow pouts Aramethystic?

An Enochian script drifts through the weezer. Ey puffs n ey puffs An, Pout! Slimpickkings

The bloodlines are to be remembered.

"A fine manuscript," says Dr. Wogglebirth.

Teaching to tune they's a chune into bloom bending/pickingSmashingkLocks, locked doors, reversing through the riverside barrier. Illusions spanking into perception of false illusions. Tricking the chiggles into giggles is simple toy-wiggling. Twitch, twitch, scratching silly itches. Blisters pointing the gobbles of squirts.

A:A:ha! Friggin slam out yer darned best yarn and fling a flapstick over the shredding board, be distanced! Nay, play, all of us, dddddd..... a little dab'ldabberDOyou.

Wearing a mane, the lion roaring. Worn like a fragile necklace. Worn as a solid helmet.

Chest heaving, exasperated. Goodness. Gracious.

The sun sending free energy beams.

Lemmings jumping into the river. Boing!

!sweet

There is no horizon unreachable, however high he climbs. There is no unreachable once there is no horizon. Stars shining in their places, too often put in their places. And the stars putting selves into places.

It's like they told me growing up, "Kick your own ass, kid." Well, I personally don't feel my ass needs a kicking. A better way of putting it would be, "Drive yourself."

We all should be driving ourselves, whatever we're driving to. We can worry about that once we've found out what we want. Hugs and kisses for the intentions. And open wounds.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." Aleister Crowley's catch phrase is an arrow pointing into the journey. The Self, eight levels, lizards vs mammals vs the "Third sphere" or "third eye" catnip sipped by the pimp cat. And pink bananas. Explain, man!

You to me. Where's the mystery?

I'm walking tonight on an all right flight
from it

The people passing me are the same as

The people passing me when we'

re all standing

still.

The fallen logger dogs her until she bleeds. She begs for more just to settle the score and the logger leaves.

What they dntowwon't hurt them.

Billy jumps into a moat sailing a silly sailboat. The goats rain down with Nubian goat milk. We make goat milk cheese and manufacture in chunks.

A vibration badly handles thus.

Written in spiro techniques.

Hey, I saw God last night. I fount him in my cigarette butt.

Hey, I saw God last night. I found him in a pine needle.

Hey, I say God last night. I found him inside me.

Thou art God!

Immortality is a piece of the brain.

A piece of the brain is,

"Beware the wyrme within!"

Crazy evil geniuses succumbing to or embracing their shadows and riding the world-wind of deception into loops of seduction and manipulation.

It is why the sun is worshipped,
the Inner Light,

True Illumination.

But many are the Children of the Serpent offering gifts of light.

There is the light and its shadow. It's got nothing to do with evil and goodness. Still, the shadow is as the shape caressing the illuminating candle. IMpotant only in its own way, as are all things.

The silly, missing hat trick. Be back in a good smile.

Child's play turns into such a ruckus. The Duchess enters and shouts, "Enough of these high-falootins! SHUTUP!AAAHHHHHH!!!" It's so silly really.

It's so silly not even a shrill cry frightening te tea into quivers to be loaded and unloaded hence into board piece targets. Prick! Blood slowly oozing forth.

What a shout to shoot for! The doors of the Seven Spirals twisted into thwaps of ejaculation, separating the hero into twelve million's of a millimeter's depth pieces. It was neither a pretty nor an ugly sight.

I've gone too long to goo too bar. The tar is sticky and frightening. Gum wrappers are lost to the winds. That crazy old nut sack throbs with the purple tides. Poison pleasure overcoming all else. Blastoff.

The narrowestus charnles carnal rawness most obnoxiously in answer to the question, "How far can you take it man?"

It is a fair question. Alls we needs is somes this shit.

Slurp. Gurggle. Snorth. sLick.

Get some attention focused onto the proper man. Don't now no how unforgiving be.

Shaking, quaking, rocking the boat. Eyes bouncing in their sockets. To not total abolition the narcissism must schism some similes off their team. Positive shmogdisis, falling down, Fallingm wow!

Good music. Always.

Tramp understands.

There is nothing to the Billycat's purs. He's just a silly Billycat. He is big and intimidating. He is naught but a Billycat. So ho don't be too hard on the Billy. Or are all things as they seem? Or is as raz the jaz'll friggle cream?

Not to have to but to know how the brown of the flow was no how to blow down the ground in town where the ground is so high and dry for lack of rain only recently, the deep dirt still wet. To care for candidate. To worry about the tarry forth, tally ho. The horses jumping and jumbling in their steps.

I likes to climb through the all, to watch from feet and take to hand and take a stand, To claim proper ground.

Beaten. Beaten and beaten on and bloodied and dragged through the mud and standing on the summit now shouting, "I am a god!" Shouting now, "This is my summit! This is my land,

Your land,

"My hand,

Your hand,

"My fingers running through it. My eyes observing. Know what thou wilt and do it!!!"

The gas clouds erupting in flames stink up a forest fire. Not too golden-proud, the cherry carrier.

Calculated risks, calculated experiments. Not too refriendly. Unexpected fuckups.

"Hey man, I don't understand, I thought you were my friend..."

"Fucking sick of your cocky bullshit..."

"pussymotherfucker!!!"

"All because of drugs..."

"The end."

"Never to be raised so high! AHHH!!!"

Never to be raised so high!

A man walked into a convenience store and the convenience store woman looked at him and she said, "Are you into this type of shit?"

"What type of shit?" he asked.

The convenience store woman said, "You know, three lumps, brown, good moisture..."

The man walked out of the convenience store.

I don't really understand why it's got to be this way but if it's what they must demand then it must be what we are obligated to achieve. Pickled for geeeeennNNNSSzzz.....