

the thunderous cover
roll in and low
electricity move in
oh, i took the oath
and upon the great and how
i sit again, n
oh i took t
not knowi
what i wis



turn out there are small means Soccer
to know how game a rule away from combat
to a big end
i don't know how
i take the oath
the old wise one
bound not by word but
by cash lump sum
i took the oath
not knowing how, why or when
and when i took
the oath and let
the thunderous cover

2021

There are things you cannot teach each other, or else personal barriers will be built and subsume you into a guardian figure bullying the wise. One that is meant to be learnt and grown personally through work and goalship until personal objectives are fulfilled without the means of stewardship nor help. This is not your battle to be fought nor is it one you will be drafted in by personal accord due to pity.

oh i take the oath
the old wise one
bound not by word but
by cash sum
i took the oath
not knowing how, why or when
i was only ten when i took
the oath and let
the thunderous cover
roll in and low
electricity move in...
oh, i took the oath
and upon the great and bow
i sit again, not here, not then
quiet moving
oh i took the oath
not knowing then
what i wish i knew now
turn out there are small means
to know how
to a big end
i don't know how

did you know that scientists, know that weapons hold
weddings ten to thirty
every second on earth
sound of flag unfurling
like a flag unfurling

be again, and reminded of horizon-grazing, is that is this the place
you want to enter your secrets into the framework the software

the use of the word Virgin
every five minutes in mass
this humor and one should
stay till epiphany

bouncing and ridiculous
boring and barren
the no bear will
children this year
nor the next

ice and sharp peaks of snow
be one landscape last
will

pity and weep ripple shoulders
it's hard to will it out.

what loss equals whose end
where does it stop and will it begin
can windows no longer break
or flash eyes on bulbs on
white marble steps
many ways up ways down
or can we forget the frame
delicate and tough to
handle with care
crossing the street
the merged a head.
ignoring the globe of,
banishing any who ye enter
and none who seek to saunter.
there is substance
find comparable to the ooze
found cool in.
the bird a full
fox. life is disingenuous
and with whom a shell
is same and kind

he rattles off there was no
bed, there was no struggle
no wife, no dirge
sunny graveyard.

You will not find pity here good man
You've fallen to the bottom chunk, the seed gut
you escape intestines as threads

each chestnut seemed
please for the eyes of God don't let the leaves leave the trees.

making the most of life
while its rife
while its life
leaning
made of nothing
often limp and dysfunctional
can't blame the
soul for saluting
at this hour.

oh i take the oath
the old wise one
bound not by word but
by cash lump sum
i took the oath
not knowing how, why or when
i was only ten when i took
the oath and let
the thunderous cover
roll in
electricity move in
oh, i took the oath
and upon the great
i sit again, not here, not then
amnesia again,

Swiping the card like

a striped balance beam
and beams remain the same.
it's decent to bargain
someones else to blame.
to see the shatterless window pane
they've decorated it in onyx and yellow

wreathed in white and gold.

It's better than you and bigger than us, being small has never been better in style. Condemned to shared suffering, it's us and them realizing with a bigger them, huge us. Who babysits watchmen when the job is dismal and benefits go to the blind who watch them. There is more to see at the horizon where ecstasy lives unchained and feral.

proto egg
pre hen
betting on cool stakes
once again

Trying to locate space on the rope
saving your life
in a disaster
thinking of the lady in shell bikini
madonna and lords over
three boneless branches overhanging low
on the street.
to feel bad.

Toss the rocks, blazing to retrieve them,
punitive mission, respect it's grace.
rhinestone gun and treasure traps
the toils of gold and men.
the constant parade.
mars roving life
curious about
noted everyday or go be swaddled

••••••••••

here in these grounds sewn
into needles of suffering and
deep sorrow and manicure beauty
they have stairs that step direct
into cool clear pond

a time to mourn, a time to dance

There is no joy in these conclusion but for sakes,
must pursue continuation.
Who've been wounded here?

The support is chiseled of clear marbles,
diseased stones and concrete. I don't know
how long construction will take. Maybe months,
years. I don't have the permits and I don't know
the contractor and am unaware of patents or stairwell
math.

The date to hoard lumber is over.
Deadline

proto egg
pre hen
betting on
Stakes
again

Eat pray vitriol

Praying for the space behind you to close swiftly
From body to floor, needing fervently and needing more. The gutter
greet's you
with tips

and cycles through back
to find others
that ride the
road and just ride
A pack of hounds,
quiet chow toy,
raging gremlins
in unlocked cages.

Driving head on
into horizon,
cattle too,
escaping from the
notes that steer them home

Tiny soldiers patrolling flanked lips,
letting loose the slippery secrets
maintain,
Iron Law, grounded moral
posture and vulnerability

No longer seeking a boundary
of precise and truthful rulings, new
decrees and safety rails '
I'd much rather be
pinned to a rock, pecking and
be exposed to marble men
weeping for faltering tokens and treasure.
Failed Pillaging of the deep.
it will continue

the spine has been ground for further use and
relief follows for the lightening of loads

⋮⋮ ⋮⋮ ⋮⋮ ⋮⋮

Angels of death protect those from life in the same form a pinecone
burns in a circular tower, blowing smoke to whomever sits at top dog
or rock bottom. Each angel is a runaway child who never found their
way home and have nested themselves as lepers on treetops, banished
for helplessness and jailed for nurture.

Yes the Bonehead!
a dolt a drip and food.
I'm an idiot and shook.
Acting print current moron
King of imbeciles and my beloved.
Credo
want to be here'
ripping wire from throat to foot
and asked two simple questions
how dare you and how could, you
simple answer being the begin closing it'
rotten sugar mouth and whispering back
you can hide in the peaks and creases
the green goblin devil says these things
Cruel summer you are a sinner and a beautiful hag

Flashing, to people stop it
about their contradictions,
choosing to melt into the structure built by empty phantoms that
can't put
a bony finger on what it

means to exist in the mutation
of splendor and respect.
No claim to know what
love is or how.

people making it to the edge
of the stone guard walls.
her o

getting harder to keys from other
especially specially.

In two weeks the
incredulous dust that
has gathered on my shelves, sheets
Banished to the window, swept.
I believe in resentment, little
known faith and big time believers
Big bucks baby
wear you down

I'll let you give me the extra inch because I know you have
been walking too long with no water and
worry you drown.

Majority on the streets,

sometimes wearing sunglasses and gold earrings and sometimes they
die right on the street corner.

No water, no dust, shells.

Sir are you there
White teeth enamel and gold,
ringing the angel again, the line is cold.
What made you call

I hope I could watch it explode, keeping fingers up
normal soldier, like
patrolling eyes.
Cold explosion, reaching for the dial
this being the hundredth try.
the phantom key in the
hole and
step welcomed by
every
the smithereen
of each one

every burning on site accompanied
bearing witness to the man and his moon
globular frozen

no feeling better than the loosening of eye sockets and
melting of face when seeing your moon.

#001000

I told the platitude to agree with you to make this easier, to which they did not agree. In their disagreement the schism has cracked the code and finally, we can agree again. The peak at which a hit is dropped and clarity begins to parallel the rest of the rhythm.

Cron Virginis (cool yellow star)
washing dishes two nights ago and how my
hands are red
still burning
and I'd like to wring a salt shakers or two
pouring salt into hole wounds
enough pots for boiling
too much water
there is a welcome mat
that reads "welcome home"
I find that hard to believe to not feel welcome

keeps blowing out his knees
attempting to walk that river
stones smooth as stones
stupid missions rare award
you any permissions

young dog proceeding to
howl for two hours and more
siblings destined for
deception,
score night.

No, don't be a jerk
I have creases on my back from the bed
Will not excuse the misgivings of these shapes

knocking the ball out of the park
into pedestrian throat
arrested down the,
mobile and choking
like levels of wet
in two dark wells
in water
be
at up
beat of sisyphus
a carcass of will, not just fate
but just fate prevails
in other meat shambles

is there one end or four
who is counting the end of seconds,
done of days, nights

Is it your mission? being an expert in this field is accompanied by
thirty beagles hurtling towards the brush to disrupt the birds into
destitute of vision type suicide, shot down by the minds awakened by
a radiator and tea. The creation lends insurance to the death of those
indebted.

preferentially evil
preferably daunting
the noble man casts down
it's corrupt brother,
but only in dreams
grand ones where clouds
are snow puffed
and just is just and right is whispered
as degenerate peace and long reign happiness

dreams fellow man,
wish you good sleep

i need the lamb cam to watch sheep before they sleep
and closed circuit the
psych rotation in a motel

⋆⋆ ⋆⋆⋆ ⋆⋆⋆⋆⋆⋆

In time with the most of tours
and rotation in the finest farms
creates round circles of
walls of death ridden
by the motorcycles held in axle
by thin rods that crush who's
riding

line one colon one, fallen and cant get up
sweet Medic Aid bracelet rung spun around
this is walmart shit, brand snake
two fangs that meet and
kiss spinning around
down barber shop stripes and
pinned down the middle
brass puddles pooled at the center
and bottom pulled into eye
mambo number five six five
sewn through coins that will
string a bracelet worth pennies
and on the dollar
sits two face dent and
his sweet burnt side

down in the park where the megmen meet

u could say the strokes worked
strokes worked apparently
could even pry
helen keller's third eye

every hold means another vein pops
and they can't take our keys away
here brothers