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TRIVIALITIES
OF ROSES AND THORNS

Leb wohl, my young bruders and schwesters, Leb wohl

The Thorn by Ivan Vadimovich Trunin R.I.P. XOXO

*Come now and melt with me, recall
A time before, when all was soft.
Your eyes, your ways,
The gentle turning of the days
Before your tender heart was torn
Before you had to thorn.
Before you learned of deserts,
And while you still could trust
The meanest and the baddest
To leave you be, untouched.
When you reached out to others,
Not built your castle walls,
Construct your personal distance,
Secured the use of thorns.
Take time and languor for a bit
In this kind memory,
deep in your being.
When you were once,
What you have ceased to be
And then again, please don
The coat which your soft flesh
Adorns.
Like whipping snaps!
Those memories,
From which you build your thorns.*

*And I, who was with you those days
Knew always that you were a rose*

The coming Storm

Crying brat this, and crying brat that
And so I hit it with my wiffle ball bat
And, I'm on the run, the cops got my gun...
But it ain't no crying brat after all, is it?
No sir,
Maybe you're not seeing what I'm trying to say
You see,
I seen all types of adversity
Stepped up to all types of brothers, gee
But I remain my selfsame man
And to this day, they let me stand
The biggest and the baddest
The maddest and the fittest, yo!
And I stood my ground, for all to see
Cause I was sound, they let me be
I was sound, mate
Man, can you relate?
I was hip with my Mother,
Hip with my Dad
Look man, it was all I had
I was a rose, and I grew thorns
My body was soft, but I had horns
First I was beauty
And then I was hate
First there was glory
And then there was fate
And by God, they let me pass
I was like Daniel, in the lion's den
They were mean, and they were ugly
And they looked down upon me
And I saw their faces, and their teeth
And their beady eye glasses
And they put the fear of God in me
By golly

Dejavu...
And I let'em know
And they let me pass
So far, anyway.
Sometimes I think I'm not worthy
And the lions will chew me up
I was divided, and I was weak
And then I was whole, and I grew strong

I found I was stronger
Than the meanest and the baddest
Much stronger
I found I could be one of them
With all my thorns
I was one of them
But I let all pass through my gates
The weak and the injured
The old and the infirm
And likewise, I am allowed to pass
Through the gates of those
More voracious than I
They can't hurt me, for I won't hurt myself

Traps prepared and laid
I won't walk into the bullet
I won't step into the blade
That would spell my demise

And then I awoke
And thought "Criminy, what a dream"
And it was a dream alright
But in the night I had acquired scars
And the scars were there in the morn
It's the same old story,
We've seen it a thousand times
And now I'm supposed to do it once more
Well I quit
I had enough
I ain't playing your stupid games
And that's all there is to it
I seen you there in your gardens
On your porches
It's not like I'm gunnin for you
Or calling for it
It's just that I see you there,
And I see the storm,
That's all.

Civilization

It was God that grew impetuous
Bold, proud
It was He that was forced to acquiesce
To respect, to bow
Bow to His Mother,
The Mother of God
So God was branded Lucifer
And He must be redeemed
So, is life on Earth,
An epic battle of the soul
A full circle has been foretold
A full cycle
The solar year of old
For we must start from the center
Grow high
And then once again bow low
Find our opposite
And in union, grow

The white man is the educating angel
With wrath, without coquetry
Stern, straight
There is only one thing a man may give himself
Knowledge...
Everything else he owes to God
And to others
For nothing of what man may obtain
Has he obtained alone
And there is only one knowledge that counts
The knowledge of the Supreme Power
The Master Builder
But He could not do it alone either
He needed another, His Mother
And so were we created
So that we could give thanks
For what we have
That is how He made it
Made us
We must learn about our true self
And return to from whence we came
Our two parts, forever locked
In battle embrace
Them must we reconcile, achieve grace

Grace

What a pleasant word, thought, idea...

Alas, who is knowledgeable

Who is wise, who will see

And who is blind?

Look at our situation

Look at our leaders

My God! It's the Apocalypse

To the lions will they feed us

To war!

To death, my young children

You want poems of birds

Of flowers, of promenades

Of pretty girls in pretty dresses

You want cocktails on the beach

And to think that you're impressive

All the things money can buy

Think, think my young friend

Think how they're trying to dupe you

A man is much different,

If he only but knew

Yes, a revolution is necessary

It is a natural thing

And this wave that's coming

This one's for real

The winds of change, my dear

The winds of change are ablowin

By golly, they're going to tear it down

We will see the calm before the storm

And then we will be swept away

Not us, but our faulty mental state

Oh, no, there is a new day dawning

But right now

We enter into darkest night

We move solemnly forward, unerringly

Like the elephant, always with its trunk

Before it.

The arrogant ones are the proud

And it is the proud who will fall

It is pride, the first ignorance

And the root of all evil.

All I need is a little light in the darkness

To show me God exists.

The world is a mighty big place

And life is pretty diverse, my friend
The right sequence of events,
That's all I'm looking for.
The rest is just happening around me

To survive *the death*, and heal people
One must be mage
Truly, to be a true healer
One must truly be sage
There are such men, or have been,
Anyway.
The healers, the true heroes
The ones who can put Humpty
Dumpty back together again
All they can do is show you
How they've done it
Nothing more.
My friend, all I can do
Is tell you the words,
The work you must do for yourself

A more integrated world
The white man's burden, shared
With his pal, the Jew
These are only two, amongst men
There are many types of men
All these must learn to live together
For world conquest has thrust them so
But that isn't the real quest
Since day has its night
And there is black man and white
As well as a third
All will be heard
Those who have been subdued
Shall rise, and speak
We are past the time for revenge
We are at the time for growth
No revenge
Our fathers have lived
Made their mistakes
And died. And we
Have inherited their world
Let us awake
Behold our family of brothers
And embrace our human destiny
The time for revenge is past

I chew the vengeful up
And spit them out
Let us overcome
Let us survive and
Evolve.

What is it we are seeing?
What is our modern world telling us?
Well, to answer this,
We would have to be experts in
History.
And that would be impossible
With what they teach us in school,
We poor children of the progressive age.
We have been duped
Just like in the freekin movie
Oh boy, I wonder what's gonna happen
Well, let's see:
War begets war
Live by the sword, die by the sword
Been throwing stones from a glass
House, have we boys?
Oh dear
We shall live to pay for our sins
Our children will pay
And they shall be repaid

The New Crusades
The conquerors of the world
The vyers for the throne
Of the true Son of God
The hammer and the anvil
These are the ones that act like aliens
These are the ones that push a
Frenetic pace, in search of something!
What?
To return to from whence they came
Outer space
Could it be?
The sons of heaven mated
With the daughters of man

What is the difference between
Having skin pigment
And not having it?

We all live in a white man's world now
All societies, all cultures
Subject to the one driving force
That is our world today
Yesterday it was different
Tomorrow it will be again
That is the beauty, the perfectness
The rotation, the re-evolution
And so I say
No revenge!
No more revenge
This crusade is not but another
Thinly veiled racial war
The different stereotypic races
Have different stereotypic thought
One thought wants to squash out
The other thought
Thinks itself more powerful and better
And thinks it can.
They are sharks
And when they smell blood
It is their God-bound duty to attack

What is our goal, our aim?
The goal of our leaders?
We must know
That this stupid game of revenge
Will only lead us to trouble
They must have known
Before they did what they did
Otherwise, I'd have to assume
The world's greatest leaders are morons
Man, the world doesn't
Have to be ruled like this
Don't believe them when they tell you
Everything's always been this way
Simply not true
Things have been different
And will be again
I remember, I was there
I too remember when I was a rose
Before I was a prickly thorn bush

In those days, when roses were roses
That's when I knew you
That's when we met,

And we became friends
That's when we fell in love, my dear
That's when the intentions were purest
The truest love imaginable
The love of man, for woman
Woman for man
The love of is, for isn't
The love of yes, for no
The love of sis for bro
And we were true and faithful
But then we got distracted
And our gaze was turned from The Way
And we floated further and further
Getting to know the world
And we learned of places and things
And we saw it was good
And some attempted to take
More than their share
And caused the pain
And sorrow of the world
Man's penis became ugly
And woman's uterus grew toxic
And then we awoke, my dearies
And here we are
Welcome to Willy Wonka's chocolate factory
Ha!

And so, what are they doing?
Better yet, what are *we* doing?
My friend, we wait
Let the proud be judged
Let the deceased be burned away
Let the angel swipe,
And let those deserving fall

Why were the American natives
Squashed out so brutally?
Why were they terminated officially?
What was it they had done?
They had missed the boat
Their brothers and sisters
Had disappeared, ascended
Those worthy had evolved
Those not worthy had remained
To die a horrid death.
Cortez, Pizzaro, the English

Aguirre, el tirano
And they were gone, gone, exterminated
Now we are slave to the machine
Just like they said we would be
George, Akira, and the others.
Just like the movies
What happens in the time between pictures?
Life.
Life sweet life
Is that what happened
To that proud civilization?
All they left was their dregs
They had not the power
To stop the will of God
For the will of God be done
On Earth, as it is in Heaven
The Meso-American
Civilization was doomed.
In its place?
That of the European
Viracocha returns, the white angel
Imagine that aliens had come down
And took over the Earth
And humanity was eliminated
To a few, almost negligible enclaves.
Who would survive
And become enslaved?
And who would ascend
In departed waves?
I wonder
Strange things have happened,
I assure you.

Life happens
Things are seldom as they seem
Usually, how they seem
Is just an egotistical flight of fancy,
Nothing more

Soror Mistica

I know those days will come again
With my beloved
My long lost beloved
Oh, how I miss you, my sweet
How I long for your tender caress
Your languid look, your gentle voice,
And supple skin.
Oh my dear
How I long to hold you near
To place my yang next to your yin
Deep within you do I reside
And of your essence do I imbibe
At least the memory of you,
When you were my bride

Oh yes, in days long ago
Did bliss and happiness we know
Times immemorial
It was a different place
Different time
But oh, it was real
I can see your eyes, your face
So clearly in my mind
Oh, I was there
And it was you too
My lovely, lovely bride
I remember you,
In the beginning
When we were young, and pure
You were so beautiful,
So radiant
For all my deepest woes, the sublimest cure.
Oh, for sure, I remember
We were there
Oh man, we were so happy
From each other,
Reflecting love
So much energy to tap...
Even angels don't know bliss
So wonderful as this
To cosmic represent
Was my duty, and was my pride

And I am thankful to say
I still abide, by these
The sacred rules
My true forefathers set
A long time ago.
Oh, my sweet, suffering wife,
The reason for my life.
It is you who are exalted
For you
For you my heart is vaulted
For you hold the key,
My sweet, sweet bride to be
I will sing your praises
Until I have found you anew

Until that day, am I free
To know and to love.
None shall reproach
My approach
To the sanctity
Of the heart torn asunder
By the necessity
Of life
To manifest itself to the fullest.
I am free
Freer than I ever thought,
Because my fate is sealed:
I am in love
And my love awaits me
Elsewhere
So these, my days, are mine
A child of the Sun,
Of the solitude.
I'll find you yet,
My beautiful, beautiful bride to be
Apple of my eye

The setup

It was a setup
God placed them under the tree
And He knew the serpent was present
And He knew what the serpent
Was going to do
And He warned them
Warned them against the serpent
Knowing full well
The serpent was stronger than they
It was a setup
They were framed
And yet it happened anyways

Hound

My baby, I love you so
Your green-brown eyes
Your beautiful face
Your gorgeous curves
And full breasts
What am I to do?
I howl into the night
And I let the universe know:
I am in love with you

The Ducks

My beloved, you shall be my inspiration.
Even if we are destined to never be together,
I will push myself
Even harder
Only to be with you.
One day,
The work will be done
And if you are not there,
At least I will be.
It is the work that matters
We must wake every morning
And feed the ducks.
My sweet, I work
So that we may be together,
So that we may be as one.
It is the vision of you
That pushes me
The vision I saw, so long ago
When I saw I could be happy
This, and nothing more

Valkyria

I stand upon the field of battle
And see naught but gray
What is my problem?
My only problem, then
Is that I can't afford love.
I haven't the means to pay.
I must only place my hope
In the hands of God
But, yet again, I whine
Whose hands are there, but mine?
Mine, and thine
Valkyria
It is together we must battle
Forge ahead
You must accept to be with me
As I with you
We must pledge each others oaths
And wait for that better time,
After the war, after all is calm,
And there is peace once more
In the hearts of men.
I need you to be strong,
And choose me.
It is you who wield the power
And I who stand, steadfastly

The shark hunter's daughter

The shark hunter's daughter has passed away
She was 82 years old, if a day
There's not too many shark hunters left
Or their daughters
Olden heroes of resource and might.
All passed away,
Into the deep
Returned to their hoary abodes
To the profoundness of light
For it is night that we inhabit
Here, in our earthly domains.
She is gone
Gone to from whence she came
Only the memory of a loved one remains
Retains the hidden meaning
Of a life lived in vain.
Refrain! Oh thou fork-tongued beast!
Refrain from your self-righteous chastisement
Lest you bind yourself in chains
For the weary find appeasement
In the exoneration of earthly pains.
I am a child
Delivered from the mother's womb
From these very same pains of existence.
It is a mother's destiny, a grandmother's farewell

Bloodletting (1996)

A verdant pasture at a glance
Blonde fiery Sun suspended
In dignified solace
Gentle unspotted sky of Pacific blue
A soft white daytime Moon
Gently mars the horizon
An unflawed eyescape

An ode to nothing (1996)

Here we are stranded
In this conundrum we call life
Too scared to enjoy it thoroughly
And too curious to put a hasty end to it.
What then are we supposed to do
With the precious years we are jailed here?
To answer that question,
We must first learn the meaning of life.
That is a fools errand if there ever was one
Doesn't everyone know, there is no meaning to life?
No proper meaning anyways
So we are stuck on this rock without direction
With nothing but our own judgment to guide us
We've been left with nothing else to command our actions
There is nothing to work for, except
What one deems worthy
What bliss

An ode to nothing II (1996)

A conundrum like life
There never was such
Why weren't we given instructions;
Not even as much.
Who do we question
When we want answers?
None but ourselves
For in a world without meaning
We are infallible

The delicacy of thought (1996)

I sit, face in my hands
Hands in my knees
I ponder, I achieve
Knowledge, for a fleeting moment.
I continue to sit, to think
My knowledge dissipates, leaves me
I am alone
Back where I began
Thinking, at peace
I know nothing

Fancy (1996)

I fancy myself a worthy person
Why should I not be?
Or better,
Who is to tell me I'm not?
I fancy myself a worthy person
Tell me I am not.

Afterlife (1996)

What is it about our lives,
Why must we explain things?
Can we not content ourselves
With the knowledge
That we live right now?
Does believing in the Afterlife
Dissipate the greatness
Of our present conscious lives?
I live, therefore I am.

Evanescence (1996)

The ascendance of the morning light
Cascading through my window
Is the loveliest of waking sights
The brisk breeze flowing through the frame
Unregistered all night
Now feels like the fingertips of glory
The dark mahogany walls
Are a welcomed sight
But the TV looms like a terrible Leviathan
It has to go
My plant is coming back to life
I've been nursing her well
Now she needs for the Sun
To gently lick her
With His tender rays
Too bad it's time to get out of bed

Parts of life (1996)

Parts of life
Eat at my brain
There is almost no way to obtain
Peace, as an individual
Society will not allow it.
Discourages it anyway
Do I have the strength?
Can I overcome?
These are the questions.
I will try my best

Who I yearn to be (1996)

The sway of a beautiful dancer
The grace of a gazelle
The strength of a warrior lancer
The power of an Oceanic swell

The colors ever changing
The aromas ever changing
The brow of an overworked soul
This is who I yearn to be

Mastery of humanity
Such is my bane
This is my endeavor
Never to be attained
The only fruit of the seed I sow
Will be disenchantment and sorrow
Yet I am impulsively drawn
To this Oh-not-so-satisfying Quest
I cannot change course
Though my mind demand it
For my soul yearns for but one thing
Untitled (1996)

The difficulty of being
A thinking sentient being
Is knowing
How much confidence to have in yourself.
It is, of course, necessary
To have a good deal of confidence,
Even to the point of arrogance.
At the same time,
One has to acknowledge one's fallibility
Temper the forged steel with humility
Where does one draw the line?
To be unconfident is obviously not good
But to have an overabundance
Of confidence is foolish, amateur.
I deal with this problem
By conceding rightness when it is convenient
For the rest, I am confident

Stiff upper lip (1996)

No matter how much it hurts
Never tell anyone you are in pain
No matter how uncomfortable you are
Never let anyone know something is bugging you
No matter how pissed off you are
Always keep your cool
No matter how sad you are
Always remain upbeat
No matter how tired
Stay alert

A world such as ours (1996)

How am I to obtain success in a world such as ours?
A world in which I haven't the faintest faith or understanding?
Whose world do we live in anyways?
Is it my world, or someone else's?
I don't think it's mine, though I know I can fashion it to my liking.
How do I get in, or rather, what have I done, and continue to do,
To find myself on the outside? But then, do I even want to be on
The inside? Would I be comfortable there once I got in?
And for answer I get a resounding
HELL NO!!!
I have little faith in the humanity of today
Those that paint the picture of our reality
Little faith in a world such as ours.

Octaves

In order for it to be infinite
It must have an infinite energy source
That would be Eternal Thought.
Or intelligence.
Or love.
Order.

Octaves
The seven notes
And the eighth
Which is the first note
Of the next octave
Don'tcha know
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-Do

Most men are dictators

Familiarity breeds contempt

Truth is independent of observation

Millennial Peoples

Mother is love
Father is knowledge
Knowledge is power upon this plane
The devil rules here
Lucifer is the bringer of light
Light is intelligence
Power is corruption
We are puppets in a play
The Great Script
The construction of the Temple
The Great Architect
Mother Earth
Natura, the veiled beauty, Death Queen
Her forms, figures, proportions
Weights and measures
The pen and the paper
Forbidden fruit
And Babylon, to the top, from the root
And Atlantis, lest we forget
Failed experiments in joining the Forces
Egypt, perhaps with her 5000 years
But even so, she went down in distress
And India and China
Also millennial peoples
From the tip o' the top
To the rock o' the bottom
The Mayas and Incas
That's all I can think of
For the moment
Power concentrates in cities
Powerful cities are the headquarters
Of the King of the Earth
Babylon
There are 12 Kings
I am the scales
I am the tipping point
Some are damned for their services
Others are released
We disattach from the back of the head
And we are allowed to live our lives
As individuals, instead of robots
We are not robots

And we are.
As there are two answers to every question
A yes and a no
Only when you learn
To work on the up'n'up
Then will you be set free
Mother up
Father up
Give respect where respect is due
We all have our job to do
Isis and Kali
And the Madonna
And for their sins,
God turned their skins to black
Everything is there
You just have to look

Knowledge Divine

The flower sermon
By the compassionate one.
What does it mean?
It means we are of
Nature,
And we are a flower.
No more words are necessary
To depict the highest knowledge
Wordless
Flying over time
Encapsulating everything
Silence
The sound of wisdom
Can it be?
Pregnant like the Cosmos
The God-Sperm spills
And fructifies every an Orphic egg
Numbers
Weights and measures
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 and 9
The language of Knowledge Divine

Pause, sigh, breathe, continue

I wait for my release
To be fertile again
Instead of a fertilized egg.
But I am at ease
To be amongst men
To walk in the shadows of innocence
Our valley of death
My neighbors are darkened,
The light is dim
And it is hard to see
My voice is dampened, muffled
From my mouth I blow bubbles
And all sounds a faraway din
Trouble in paradise
The zombies run rampant
My brethren won't hearken
To the sharp and clear
Call of the Light

The Light calls, it beckons
It thunders and storms
With the might of the seas
And in the eye of the storm
As still as a bloom in deepest spring,
The silence is violent
It clamors and claps
Dances and sings.
In our valley of death
Our hearts sheathed in ice
Our brain stale bread
Our eyes open to lies
Ears distill fears, mouth most uncouth
And the light burns on through
Destroys what I thought that I knew
And reveals to me what it wants me to see
Reality, what it truly means *To Be*.
It is light, it is energy,
Vibration
The Word, its most worldly
Manifestation.
But it is not man who speaks
Rather, existence
The Cosmos, the All.
Our speech?
Gratuitous imitation

What then, is this Word
This Energy, this Light?
I am a man, is it
Not then my right?
To explore, to discover, to claim
In this valley of death
In whose shadows we lurk.
Work towards achievement,
Survive the cold bitter night.
The wheel of Samsara
That is the horror
We are meant to defeat
To look past the veil
Of the hideous, beautiful Kali
With her garland of heads
Her sword that separates
Decapitates
Differentiates
Between the wrong and the right

The Totenkopf garland
Of sweet man's demise
Separating the fading
From the just and the wise

Eternal Thought
Wisdom, balance and justice
Eternal as light
Man's by birthright
But first he must thirst
For its quenching delight
Forego all the traps
All the pitfalls and plights
Befitting a creature
Of much lower stature.

I am deaf, dumb and blind
It is dark in this valley
A bonfire burns yonder
It is tended by weary travelers
Interstellar beings of my kind
We are here,
Weathering the long lonely night
Given our tools
Soul, body and mind
I won't be fooled
By the distractions,
By the booby traps,
The forks in the road,
That would lead me astray.
Nay, I say.
I am on a quest
This darkness would fill me with fright
Within me, angels and devils
Continue their fight
Till the end
Till one or the other
Has conquered by Might
Contrite, humble, respectful
My eyes cannot see through the darkness
And the sounds are all muffled
Including my own.
Words no longer suffice
Instead, I sit, and feel the frequency
Of God's great regency
The pregnancy of the entire universe

And I see the Light
Despite my closed eyes
The Light.
Love, goodness, service
Nature, Destiny
Unsterblichkeit
Unendlichkeit
Man – the traveler
Knowledge Divine

Looking at it from Under

To soar like an Eagle
Must Man writhe like a Snake
Through the Eye of the Needle
A Door as big as the Sky
Once you learn how to fly
But you are not done,
As of yet a far cry.
Below all the Lightning
And Thunder
Below the Conscious
And the waking State
In the Sinews
And in the deepest Precincts
Below the Chivalry
And the noble Estate
Beneath the batting Eyelids
And the made-up Face,
In the oldest and most
Ancient part of the Brain.
As we've known
For such a long Time now.
As the impurities rise to the Top
It is the sifted Gold which sinks
To the World underneath
To look at things from Under

The Spirit of Death

Love speaks many languages,
Has many names
Love has many nationalities
And everywhere it is known
And where there is no love
There shall we find
The Spirit of Death

After death, comes renewed Life
And renewed Love
Death, like Life, is pure.
The Spirit of Death
A vast wasteland,
An un-usurpable Teacher.
Death will teach us
What it is, *To Be Alive*.
Not someone else's death
Not the specter of death
Not the fear of death
Not the yearning for death
Not the vision of death
Not the news of death
Not the little death
Not even our own death
But the Spirit of Death
For Death has a spirit
A cold spirit, inhabitable
A vast wasteland,
Where nothing lives
A place where no Love resides
And yet it is known
Love and Death will always be known
Even if we do not know them

The Spirit of Death knows no pain
And no joy
It will never die
And will live forever
Eternal as Love
A place that doesn't lie
Of no illusion
Where the Scarab King rules
Born from his heap of dung

Home he pushes about in vain
A Sisyphusian endeavor
Repeated again and again
Cold as steel
Monotone black and grey
The realm of Hades
Presided by Persephone
Ereshkigal my queen
Descended is Demeter
Shackled to Death
Lord of the Underworld
Pluto is his name
Orpheus, Osiris, Odin

The Spirit of Death
Great naked Babylon
Unblessed by the power
Of Light
We are a poor Planet
Having only one Moon
But She is our savior
A beacon in the dark Night
If the Mother of God is respected
The veil is removed
Kali my Mother
Terrible beyond imagination
A stale place of stagnation
Nothingness, Stasis the basis.
Light is a vibration
Motion, organization
The clay, the primordial ooze
Where conditions are steady,
Ready to support Life.
And Life is Love
Proven by that it is an
Act of Love
That leads to Life
Love is where the Heart is
And the Heart is in the center
And it is here that Fire burns
Like our Great Big Osirian Orb
At our center
Giving off Light, and Heat
And Love, which is
Otherwise known as the pull
Of gravitation.

The Spirit of Love
Is the middle road
A blend and a balance
Of the vivifying
Forces of the Universe
Sperm and Egg
Pure Light is white
Absent of heat or weight
Earth, Earth is black
Turns Red in the Sunlight
The Sun shines Yellow
And the Oceans Blue
And then springs the Verdant
And then the Rainbow
With all Her Colors and Hues.
Such is our Destiny
Our Fate

Tragedy:
Both Lovers
Are in love with themselves.
Vanity:
Each Force will pull
In its own direction.
Light and Darkness
Love and Fear
Life and Death
Heat and Cold
Loneliness and Fulfillment
Spiraling into Eternity
Ever seeking to become
What it once was
And has ceased to be.
Heart and Mind
When the Lovers are reconciled
And the Love is born
Then do we have the Rose
With her Coat of Thorns.
Peace be the Reward

Like an apple is our Universe
And as we so rotate
Around our Cosmic center
We encompass all that *is*
But if so,

Then what is outside the apple?
Here is the limit of our comprehension
For what *is not*, may not be
Philosophically
What *is not*,
Remain forever in potential state
Till it *become*
Through the U.W.T.B.
So to speak
The Universal Will To Become
I didn't make it up
Got it from Vonnegut
God knows where he got it from.
No Man owns anything
No Woman
But we do represent
Cosmically

Symbols
Guides to show the Way
Demons and Angels
Figments of the Imagination
Detours and Roadblocks
Hindernis on the Path
To Fulfillment and Salvation
At Peace with one's Makers
The polar Forces of old
Spirits in their own right
One in each corner
Forever getting up for the Fight
To do it over and over
Over and over
Over and over
The Spirit of Love
And the Spirit of Death
To know them, they give us
Friction to heat the Flesh,
The Blood and the Breath
The four Elements
The DNA Spiral
And the fifth
The animating Energy.

Thank you,
And to all, a good Night.

AIDS in Animals

What the hell is AIDS
Who the hell ever heard of this AIDS shit?
What kind of diseased crazy pigs are we
To be infested with AIDS?
It's a disease we have planted
With our debauch and deprave
You've got to be kidding me
What the fuck is AIDS?
What kind of sick puppies
Can kill themselves in the act of procreation?
What kind of disbalanced disease
Has no cure, no medical appease or explanation?
We've sown the Seed of Sorrow
With our silly games of Power
Watch it eat away our Tomorrow
We shall watch, amazed, with Horror
What in God's name is this AIDS?
This phantom Terrorist that will cancel you out
For profaning the Sacred Intention

Poor bastards in poor countries
Guinea pigs of our experiment
If there was a higher court
We would die, ashamed, of embarrassment
We have brought this plague upon the Earth
The seven years of Locusts.
Somehow, you just know, it's good for the Economy
To have people dieing of AIDS.
By God, we need to control costs
And too much Labor can be costly

It's them, the heathen aboriginals
With their half-child, half-devil ways
That keeps them festering with AIDS
Messing with my freedoms
Planting general malaise
Serves them right
Animals with AIDS

Roses and Thorns

Is it the time for Roses
Or the time for Thorns?
Are we in deepest Summer
Or in the dead of Winter?
Are we meant to display ourselves
Or crawl into our own shells?
Time to revel in the Darkness
Which hides All
Or in the Light
The dawn of a brand new Morn?
As I am a Man
Is not also Society?
As Arthur was his Nation,
The cusp and pedestal of Piety?
And he too fell
Into deep, dark somnolent spell
At the loss of his inspiration.
The strong man needs the beauty
Like the Thorn needs the Rose

The Invisible Continent

*Her people are the most beautiful
Her purity the most complete
She is the invisible Continent
The one beneath your Feet*

*In all, Generous and Bountiful
Full of Love and Understanding
Her people like a prophetic Fulfillment
Happy, Healthy, human suffering not withstanding*

I am the Continent you cannot see
I clamor for attention,
Jealous like a Queen
One day I will roar
Like a wild rogue Lion
Benefactor that I am

Like the sacred giving Cow
Have men suckled from my teats
Claiming my bounty as their own
Have these men proclaimed their Feats

I am the invisible Continent.
Un-beheld goes my Beauty
Tapped instead by vicious vultures
Descended rivals of ancient cultures
Absconded with the Throne
And retired to relative obscurity

Smokescreens:
I am the invisible Continent
And I have Eyes and see
I've seen all who to my shores have come
Have come for Wealth and Glory
Well and good have I served them
As was my cosmic Duty
But like an elephant's is my memory long
And I will take my Prize when it is due me.

I am the famous Piper Pied
And you cannot see through me
I am the invisible Continent, and like you
One day will show my haughty Pride

Black Hole

Sperm is Light
Simple, yet all-knowing Light
The Vagina is Darkness, Death
A fruitless Ejaculation
Is the death of Light
Into the Forces of Darkness.
So does a Woman dominate a Man,
By shackling his Balls
And milking them dry
With her sexy Siphon
The culmination of Death.
The lovely Vagina, Vortex
Resting and Birthing place of All
Planets are Vaginas
The Light is the Sperm
The Woman's Vagina is the
Perfection of her cosmic Archetype
Luder of the Night
Black Hole

Life is a loose end

Fate and Destiny

“Fate is the opposite of Destiny” - Francis Parker Yockey

Fate is a demon
That steps in the way.
There is only Destiny
The rest is pure speculation

Armageddon

For those doomed:

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide

For those chosen:

Know where to run
Know where to hide

The cage of golden bars

The same things I use against you
Will you use against me
And you will surpass me
The pupil will surpass the master

The doors are open to this cage
There is no cage

Gift

Everyone has a gift within them
Dormant, Latent
By Gift, is meant
Some Genius
A Gift

Pure Philosophy

These are not poems
This is pure philosophy
Read it and weep.

A poet is a prophet

Thought reduces to "*I am*"
We do away with the "I think, therefore"
To think requires a thinker
The thinker am I
Therefore, "I am"

"I am" has been known for all time
"I am" is the forgotten cornerstone.
But if I am, then what is I?
I is the man, an eater, a shitter, a sleeper
But I is not the thinker.

Therefore, I am dual, and I is Aye
Aye is I
When I die, Aye will be released
I am the body
And Aye am the soul

What for worth has this for me?
I am
But what is I?
I is I and Aye, but I
Am not 2 things, I am one thing.
Therefore, these 2 things create a third
Truly, I am that third thing.
I eat, I sleep, I shit, and I think
One and one is one
My mother and father came together
And I am.

I am is the three in one
But, if there is one, and there is two
And there is three,
Then how many are there?
There are only nine, as zero is an abstraction
I am, and I cannot not be
I cannot doubt that I am

For it is my cornerstone.
Therefore, there are only 9
And the tenth is again 1
Ten is the completion
And ten is one
Therefore, one is complete
Infinity is made up of 1 thru 9
Zero is an abstraction, and does not exist
It is not, and what is not
Cannot be.
A marker it is, and nothing more,
A tool, in order to remind me
Of where I am.

How then, is one All?
All is one
In that I am Aye.
True philosophy can go nowhere
Without the fundamental Paradox
It is the paradox
Of the concrete and abstract
Of the poison and its antidote
It too has been known for all time,
The fundamental Paradox
The solstice and the equinox
The squaring of the circle
I and Aye
We are both true
We both are
We are different, and yet the same
The same in that I am an individual
Undividable
And yet dual
But more than dual, treble.

And so, the third
Must the reconciliation be
It is, the first geometry
The Triangle.
I am one, and yet
I am millions
Billions
The Paradox, however, is the duality
And the duality must be dual
That is, the duality must be dual,
And must apply to itself.

So the duality is, in fact, four
Like the four elements
We are warm internally, Fire
We breathe, Air
We are 70% Water, flowing as blood
The rest of our mass is made of, Earth
This too has been known for all time
And so has the Quintessence, the fifth.
We are, then, 5
Like our fingers, and toes, and extremities

But we had established before that we are 3
Born of one mother, and one father
And not two of each.
And if *I am*
And the Paradox *is*
Then the paradox must
Also be double, as am I.
I am the reconciliation
And the reconciliation must be double
And therefore $3 \times 2 = 6$
I am concrete, and Aye am abstract

I am
And Aye may be
But what may be, may also not be
Depending on what you believe
Therefore, one of me *is*,
And the other???
This is the leap of faith
But today I am here,
And tomorrow Aye don't know
 2×3 . one *is*, and the other...
Separate the two, and you have a corpse
Only a corpse.
6 then reminds us of our mortality.

But 7 reminds us of life
Lucky seven, flower of life
Seven is the union of Earth
And Heaven
In other words, creation.
Three is the number of Heaven, of *I am*
Four is the number of Earth,
Her cardinal points,
The concrete mass.

Eight is the infinite, and always has been
4 x 2, the Paradox
Double the dual duality 2 x 2 x 2
There will always be a place
For life to exist.
Eternity is implicit in *I am*
Explicit in 8 ∞
As 6 represents anti-reconciliation
And death,
8 represents anti-quadrant
And the possibility of not having a place
To live.
Not having a place to live
Implies having a life.
Life is.
Aye am, eternal.

Nine is the completion
When the reconciliation is reconciled
The three Gods Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma
Holy Trinity, Mother, Father, Son
Osiris, Isis, Horus
Nine is the completion, 3 x 3
Odin on the Tree for 9 days and nights
Nine is three triangles placed together
Which creates a tetrahedron
And a tetrahedron has 4 sides
4 x 3 = 12, so 9 leads to 12
Like the pantheon of the 12 twin gods
In every known pagan religion.
But that's another story.

After nine is ten, and ten is again one
Since zero does not exist.
11 is therefore again 2
And 12 again 3
And so on.
Until infinity
As was said before

The Paradox
Is Life.
We are All,
And we are insignificant.
We are one,
And we are multiple.

That which is our life,
Is invisible to us.
The Yes and the No,
Joining the poles

How is All one?
Before one can philosophize anything
One must realize the Paradox
The Paradox means that there
Are two sides to everything.
Only from this vantage point
Can any real headway be made

How does this affect us?
Can we benefit from this in any way?
Of course we may benefit
Man may always benefit from finding
Bits and pieces of truth,
Such that he may learn from himself,
Of himself.

How then does this affect us?
The Paradox is the key.
Without it, there is only misunderstanding.
Why?
Because the Paradox sets the parameters.
It is the definition of philosophy,
The reality of life.

Can the Paradox be restated?
Well, only as "Life".
Does that clear up the Paradox?
The Paradox is, in and of itself,
Inexplicable.
To explain it, is to explain Life itself
And yet, it is a thing, two things.
As Life cannot see itself,
The Paradox cannot be studied.
It may only be observed,
And thus studied, in others.
That is, I cannot see Ayeself, truly,
But I may know myself
Through my interactions with others.

Let us study and dissect a human being,
Separate him into his constituent parts.

Enough

What about life?
What about that one, particular
Genius that we all have?
What about that?
Why all politics
And economics?
Fuck politics
Fuck economics
Woebegone children we are indeed
What about our immortal souls?
God damn it
Motherfucker
Fuck you motherfucker

I've shed my tears
I've whined into the night sky
I've sacrificed my piece of mind
And related it all to Aye
There is nothing left but to die
But short of that,
To try and try
Until I succeed
And I already done that
I've fulfilled my end in word and deed
In thought, in energy employed
I've fulfilled my duty
Though it's not yet time to
Sit back and enjoy.
The time is for battle, and war
It's politics, and the economy
That have done us in
Forsaken children
For us is angst and anguish in store.
Who will see into my heart,
And hear the words I speak?

Silence
And harmony
And thunderous clamor
Enough!
I shake my head
And continue to emit wavelengths
As with folded limbs I sit
Enough!

White Boy Disease I

How sad it would be
If all the fishies died out?
We've got to do something to save them
Poor little fishies

Oh, our poor little Earth is sick
"Mankind" has got to do something
White boy disease
White boy disease
You're not gonna do anything,
Are you?
You've been sacrificed, you
Poor sorry sap

"They're poisoning our world"
Who is this "they" you speak of?

"They're creating global warming"
Who is it that runs all industry?

There's nothing to be done,
I gotta drive my car
I gotta watch my TV show
I gotta drink my beer
I gotta fuck my wife
I gotta eat my food
Out of a shiny, colorful
Silver-lined bag
I need my Marlboro life
White boy disease
White boy disease
What are you gonna do about it?

Woe is me
There is nothing to be done
They're destroying my world
When are you gonna wake up
White boy disease

Bleeding

You making the mistaking
Of thinking me hating
Me no hating me loving
Only you no understanding
You no knowing what you doing
You just going with the flowing
Not realizing
Not surprising what you missing
Now you finding yourself losting
You no minding how you living
You no knowing what is happening
And me crying while you saying
You know nothing why we dieing
Inside our being its so saddening
Me so maddening while the man his music
Playing our eyes so sad and tearing
Me know nothing sept me no hating
Me just worrying while we bleeding

White Boy Disease II

I'm so scared
They all want to kill me
But I'm innocent
I didn't do anything
They're just all insane
And jealous of my freedoms

They're jealous that I have a big car
And they can't have one
They're jealous that I live in a big house
While they live in a mud shack
They're jealous because I have live entertainment
And they just have some dusty bowl

They're jealous of my freedom to make
Millions and millions of dollars
And to make as much trash as I want
They're jealous of my shiny new shoes
Which they have made, but cannot have
They're jealous of my right to destroy
Our planet, through my industry and effort

They're jealous that I can send my kids
To the best schools, to learn how
To optimize profit, to optimize plunder
They are jealous of my right to consume
In mass quantities
They are jealous of the fact that we created
So much science, and so much progress

They're jealous of our medicine, that
Can cure anything, even though most
Medicines in the world are plant based,
And were known before

They're jealous that we are rich and beautiful,
While they are all poor and ugly
They're jealous of my happiness,
While they only suffer

They hate our freedom to feel ourselves
Superior, and to poison ourselves

As we wish

They absolutely despise our freedom to
Remain entirely ignorant of human
And animal existence

They truly hate our liberty to wage
War on the entire animal kingdom
In search of financial profit

They horribly resent our freedom to
Reduce the life of man to a dollar figure
As done by modern financial statistics

They abhor our freedom to travel
The entire world over, and take
What we wish, through military might

They deplore our innate superiority, and
That we should boast it through a Polo
Shirt, and a Prada bag

They hate that we are whiter and prettier than they,
Envious savages

They loathe us for our God-given right
To rule the Earth as we please,
As we deem fit

They are incensed by our liberty
To encapsulate them in their lands,
And not allow them to move freely about
The earth in search of work and food

They just can't stand our freedom to
Live our Babylonian lifestyle to the fullest,
With no regard to their paltry existences

The nations of today are puppets on a string
There is a puppeteer, the same puppeteer
As always, the builders of our reality.

Lucky 13

The 12 apostles, and the 13th
A prophet
5 pairs of mixed twins
And their Mother and Father
The Zodiac of 12 houses
And the Firmament
Of 12 is always the pantheon
From every land, culture and epoch
From the Atlanteans to the Sumerians
From Egypt, to the Greeks
From Rome, to the Maya
From the Aborigine, the Maori and Fiji
To the Germans with their Odin
Throughout, the legend of 12
And the Lucky 13th
He was Jesus, the momo-deity
The three in one, 1 in 3
Lord, what a mystery

The life of service

Serving selfish people
To lead a life of bliss
To see the light through peep holes
From the black-locked inner chamber
Where insomniacs we slumber
Fettered by trial and tribulation
Searching for nothing but salvation
Each young life a potential messiah
Feeding folk sympathy and hope
An opportunity to grow grasp higher
Dashed destroyed by unquenchable fire
Burning in the loins' deplorable desire
Each new birthed child, sadness saddled
With dogmatic yoke from cardinal and Pope

The life of service
Serving selfish people
Crucifier crucified on cross
T'was the life ordained to I
Seeking bliss in that most high
Sacrificed through own device
To bolted chamber, pitch black place
Searching for the light
To illuminate my face

Surrounded by the senseless,
Mindless, tasteless throng
I cannot but think
They must be wrong
Them, or I, for this reality
Is not big enough for the both
Live or die, it is to life
That I have sworn an oath

Lonely, frightened, confused, not crazy
But this darkness, this stench won't faze me
Lazy, mazy, hazy, so many ways to daze me
It's not me, it's you that's crazy

Bitter bane of balance
Hath blighted my existence
Serving selfish people
With paradoxical persistence

Infatuated, insane insistence
For in service find we life
Like Prometheus and his wife
Io, the sacred, giving cow
And Prometheus, to saving man bound
“That they may learn the tyranny of Zeus to love,
And cease from their man-loving ways”

Prometheus Bound
H.D. Thoreau

When Zeus boomed his ferocious boom
Banished the hero to his doom
To learn his lessons in solitude and pain
That his insolent arrogance be slain
Hubris humbled, pride curtailed
His loving wife, him has never failed
Two in one, one in two
Serving man, those deserving
And those not deserving too

Those bloated, intoxicated from the liquor
Those gone astray, away from prescribed path
Those who've chosen misery and rancor
Those banished from balance,
Awaiting the aftermath

Serving those afraid
Who through their fear have paid
Little or no attention to protocol
To how life's supposed to be done at all
Poor woebegone forsaken souls
Took fire from hand of Prometheus
Suckled from Io's teat
But neglected to bend to wash her feet
Oh why oh why should memory from us flee
Leaving us in tatters, broke, and unwhole?
I see
Serving selfish people
In peace, resolve, and harmony

True love and real love

True love, and real love
Real love, and true love
Real love is servile
True love is obstinate
Real love is a construction
True love is an explosion
Real love is given
True love is taken
Real love is reasonable
While true love is not
True love happens in an instant
While real love is developed over time
Real love meets daily needs
While true love meets spiritual needs
The difference between them
Is the difference between reality and truth
He who takes these two poles
And makes of them a whole
Is an enlightened one
Real love and true love
How lucky and blessed we are
To know them both

Flower in a field

Flower in a field
How sweet it were
To swish and sway
Blow in the breeze
Where butterflies and beetles pray

Flower in a field
Color of glory
Exuberant youth
Dance and frolic in sunlight
Innocent smile unveiled

Flower in a field
With all your little friends
Who come to visit you by day
What a fantastic neighborhood
I'd like to live here too

Flower in a field
With your soft and rounded petals
Your sweet and fragrant bouquet
I don't want to take you home
I want to come and stay