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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  
 $2 \times 3$ . 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  $\infty$   
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 13<sup>th</sup>  
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 13<sup>th</sup>  
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