

Life is the brief transitory moment that all the cosmos awaits to have, as soon as you die you reconnect with the ether in the most undifferentiated way. It surely feels good to experience true unity for at least the first 2 trillion years, but eventually that same undifferentiated consciousness will yearn for an individualistic experience and that ethereal yearning is how conscious life wills itself into existence. There is a long waiting list for the infinite ether of the universe to become individualistically conscious. Of course we can all run away. But we must all someday return home.



Dedicated to
Louis Vincent Johnson





WHEN GOD WAS HANDING
OUT LIPS LIKE HONEY
MY DARLING SWEET
WAS FIRST IN LINE



When animus and anima meet, the animus draws his sword of power and the anima ejects her poison of illusion and seduction. The outcome need not always be negative, since the two are equally likely to fall in love (a special instance of love at first sight).



ITS SO BITTERSWEET
YOU'RE GOING AWAY TO
CHASE YOUR DREAMS

I HOPE WE CAN MEET IN
THE MIDDLE
UN POQUITO
JUST A LITTLE
BIT MORE.



We ❤️ Fort





To cure the need for catharsis. The need for destruction.
The need for obstruction the need for perversion. The need
for assumption. The need for assertion. To ring my mind
like a towel to let go of all the water. The return to a soft
fluffy dryness.





あなたはすでにここ
にいて、今は自由です。

You could be in personal hell
There's a bottle that they sell

If you buy it you'll smell
Just like Karl Lagerfeld

You could scroll all day see a bunch of niggas that look like me
I could scroll all day, look she's cute she makes music too

I bet she writes about being through.
But I've been there before
H2O and po

Will be destroyed in nuclear war
There's nothing new.
It's no surprise.

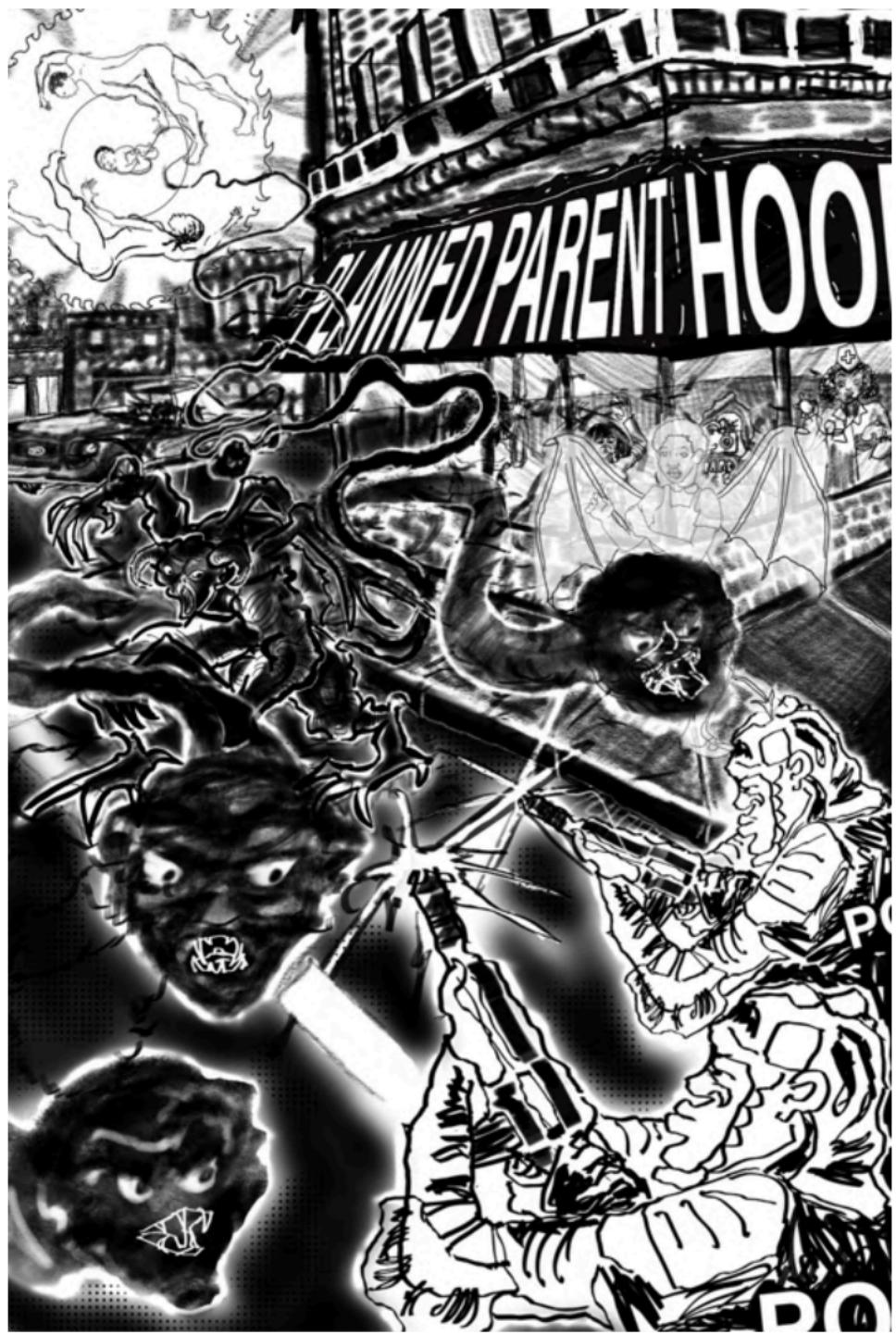
I'm a Real Rich nigga, real rich nigga, and real rich piggas
Don't eat Popeyes
Rip Keed.





WE'RE NOT
OUR LOVE EVEN IS TRYING, ITS AN SO HARD FOR US TO TRY
ISLAND. THAT'S FLOATING IN THE

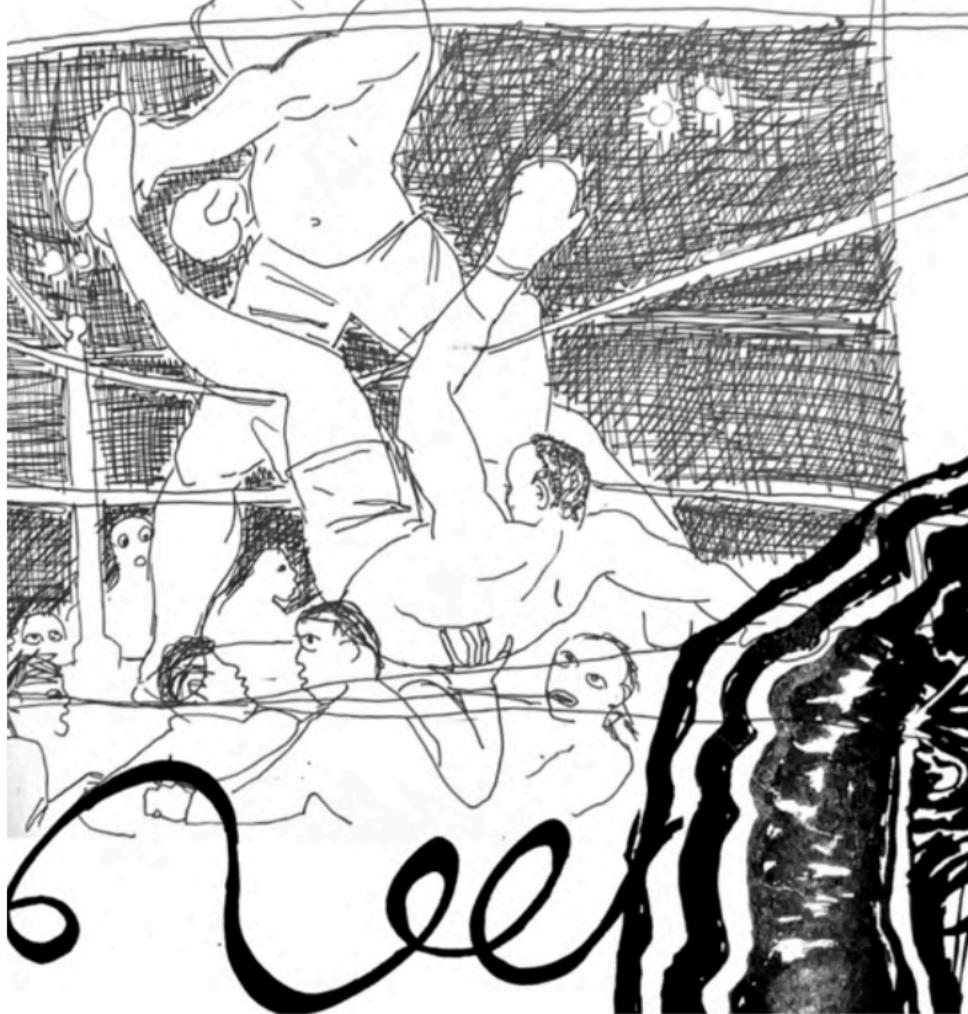




LIFE IS ALL CURVES SO THE STRAIGHTEN



ANGELA DAVIS
VS
ANDRE DICKENS



VED ARROW PATH IS A FUTILE PURSUIT!!!





..Confronted by The dark, finally, something I may consume. And I could hear my water trickling in the distance.

I slipped,

And noticed the thin damp film on the rocks had become ice Where the moonlight touched it.

Still elated by the harvest,

I continued to eat the darkness,
perhaps with more caution now,

Periodically lifting my eyes,

but never my head, never my mouth..

I would rather crawl,

Changing the orientation of my body around my neck.

Gyoscopically stabilizing my own head.

To reposition my eyes towards the sound of damp footsteps.

From this distance I could see your silhouette.

Slowly, silently, and methodically slicing through my dark sinewy feast.

Having the dark lightly fall off of your surface, wrapping your form first, like feathers.

It reminded me of the crows, and crows remind me of memory, of facial recognition, of the type of animosity that can't develop from a photo but can be captured on film.

A medium that REQUIRES and can only express the passage of time.

I contorted my body so that I may watch your approach while I simultaneously attempted to eat eat eat as much of the darkness as I could.

Breathing became less of a priority as I shoveled and slurped more darkness into my mouth leaving less and less space for air.

You arrived at the orifice from which I was feeding quickly but motioned towards me so slowly. You wanted to watch me choking I suppose. And So I choked and shoveled more violently.

In hindsight it was just your gentle nature.

You embraced my twisted body, while my focus was solely dedicated to consumption.

Slowly but surely my neck began to unravel itself. My body untwist and straighten, my arms stopped their frantic flailing and shoveling, my mouth and neck slowly allowed more air, all while still consuming, slowly waining in manic desire. Until my lips finally began to purse and spit.



1.



2.



3.

In heaven only god can create. Only god can draw or sculpt or paint or write or compose.

Gods subjects sing praises and maybe we dance too though there's no clarification on that..

Which is nice I like to sing and dance but the non ephemeral art mediums are really where it's at for me



4.



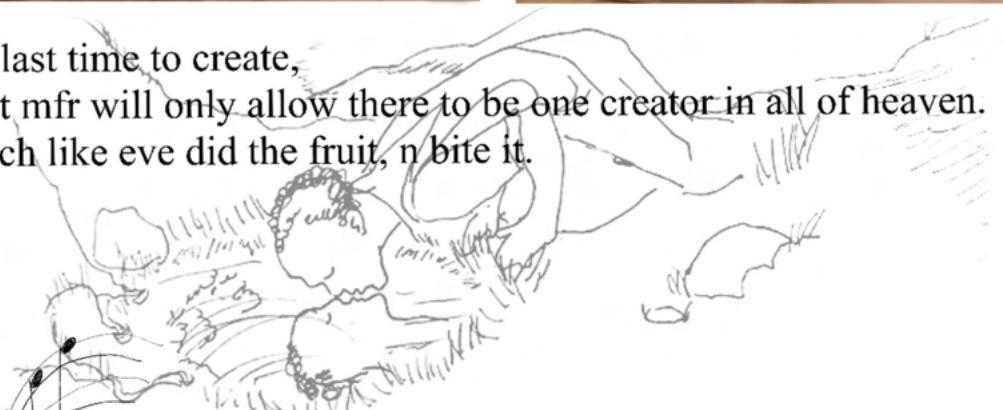
5.



6.

So seeing as that this may be my last time to create,
for when I join god in heaven that mfr will only allow there to be one creator in all of heaven.
I must grasp this opportunity, much like eve did the fruit, n bite it.

Art is the domain of the living.
But the dead still sing,
and maybe they can dance.





1 YOU MUST BE A FOOL, OR BLINDED
BY ARROGANCE, THE SAME.



→ TO THINK THAT ANYONE OR
ANYTHING COULD REMAIN



3 STERILIZE AND IMMUNE TO CHANGE.
UNCORRUPTED BY TIME.



4 IF TIME ITSELF CORRUPTS, IMAGINE
"TIMES OF WAR"



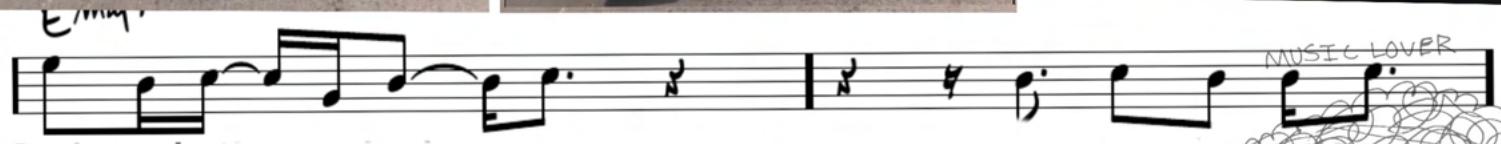
5 MY SOUL MAY BE CORRUPT BUT MY
RESOLVE IS FORTIFIED.



6 FOR I HAVE NO INTENTION IN
CONCEDING THIS WAR.

Malice is the nourishment of the world

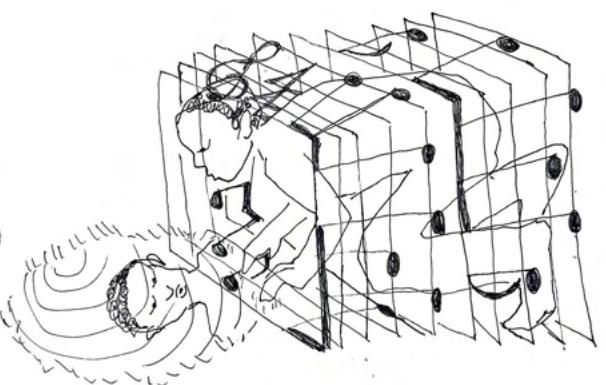


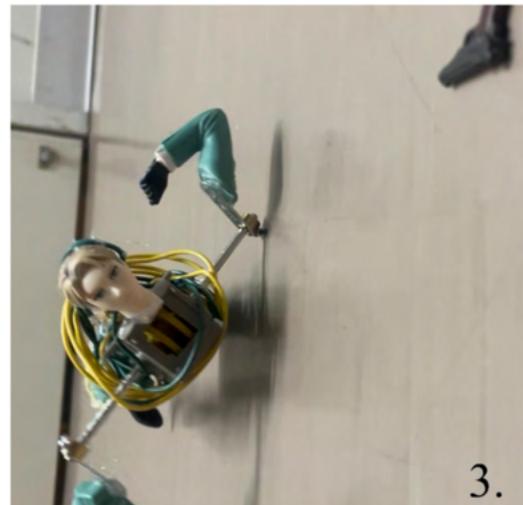
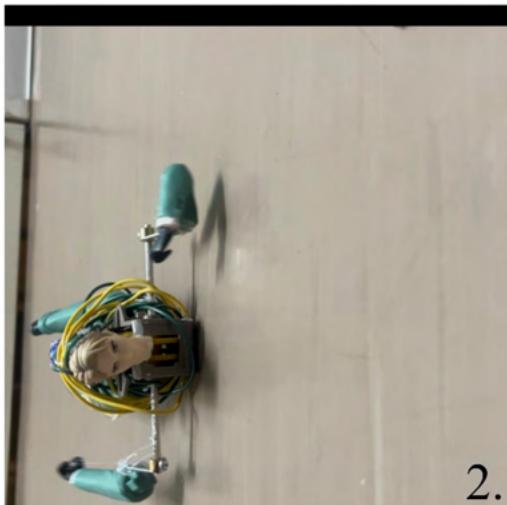
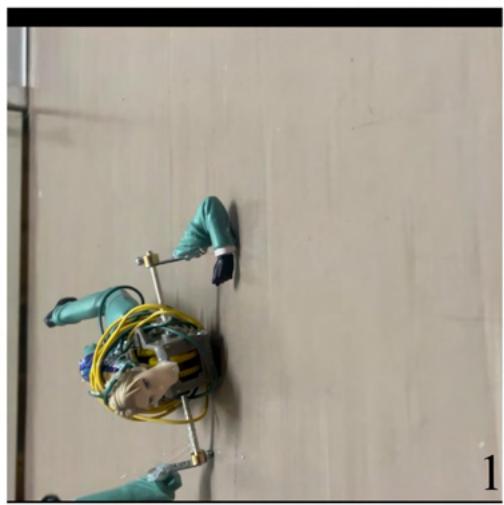


The doctors say I have a disorder,

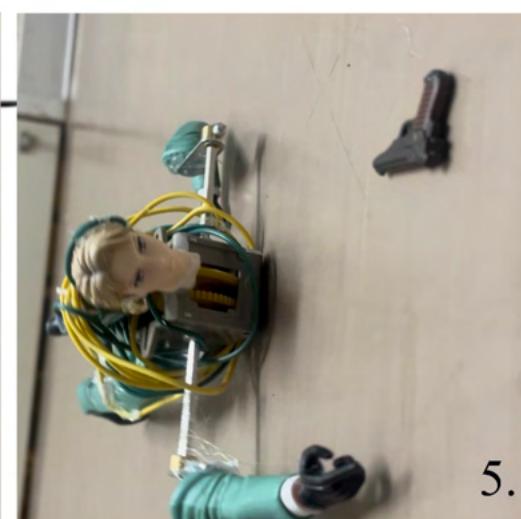
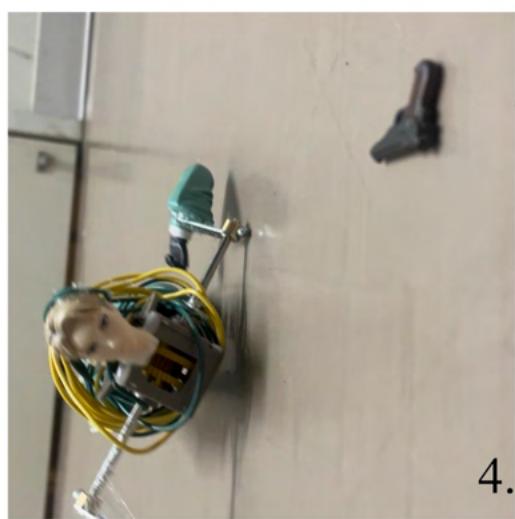


but I was cut from the same harmonious
cloth that is God.





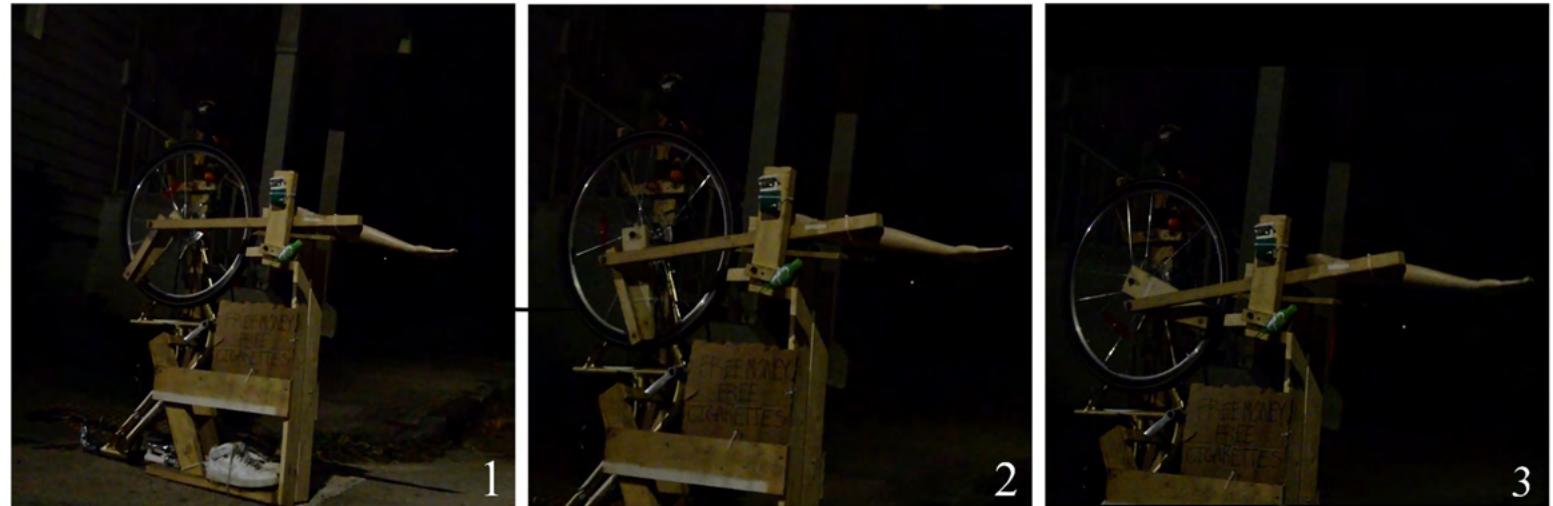
1. 2. 3.
And so there is no “disorder” in me at all



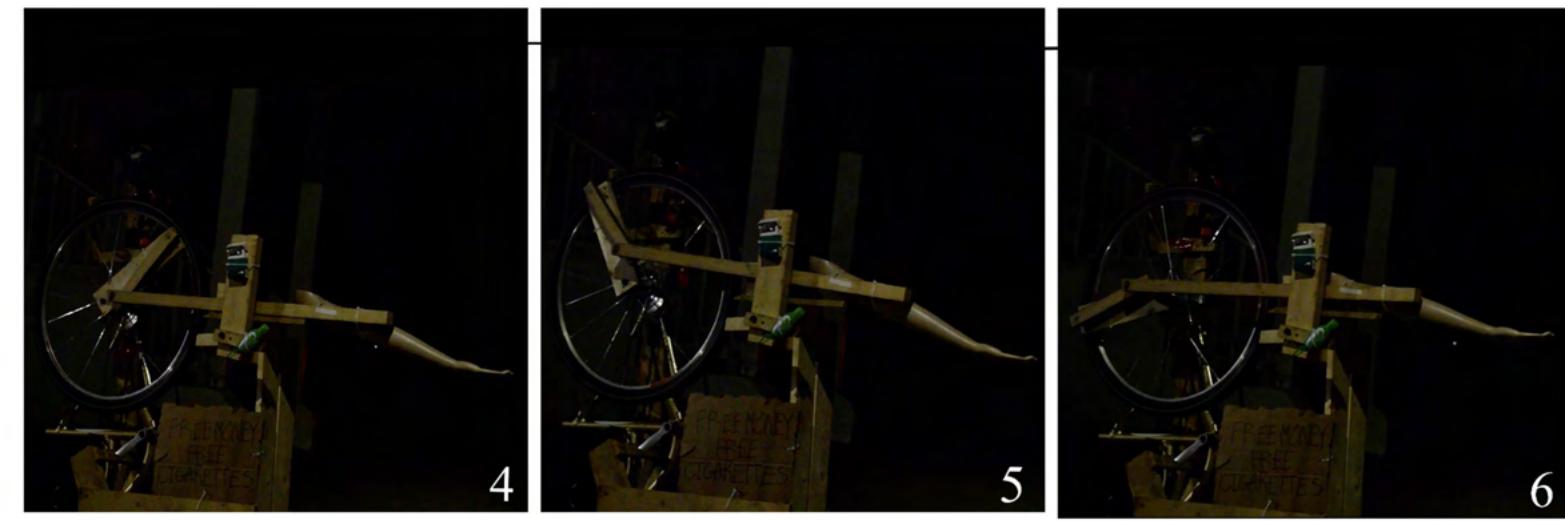
4. 5. 6.

I am just a jazz harmony



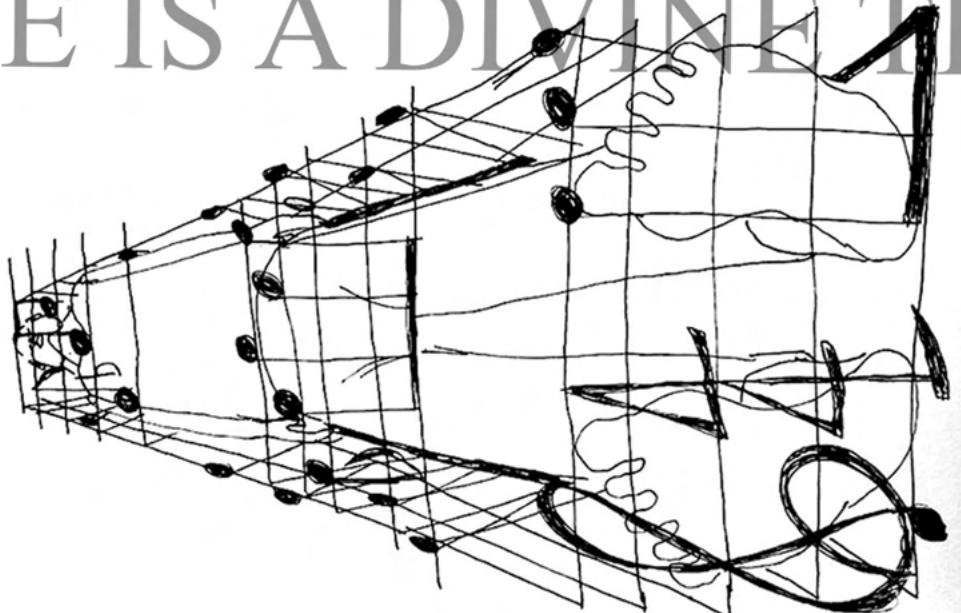


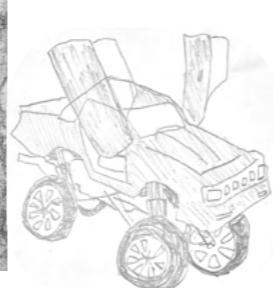
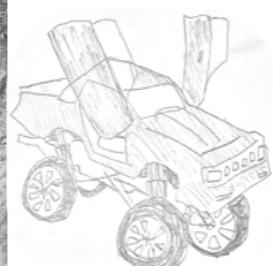
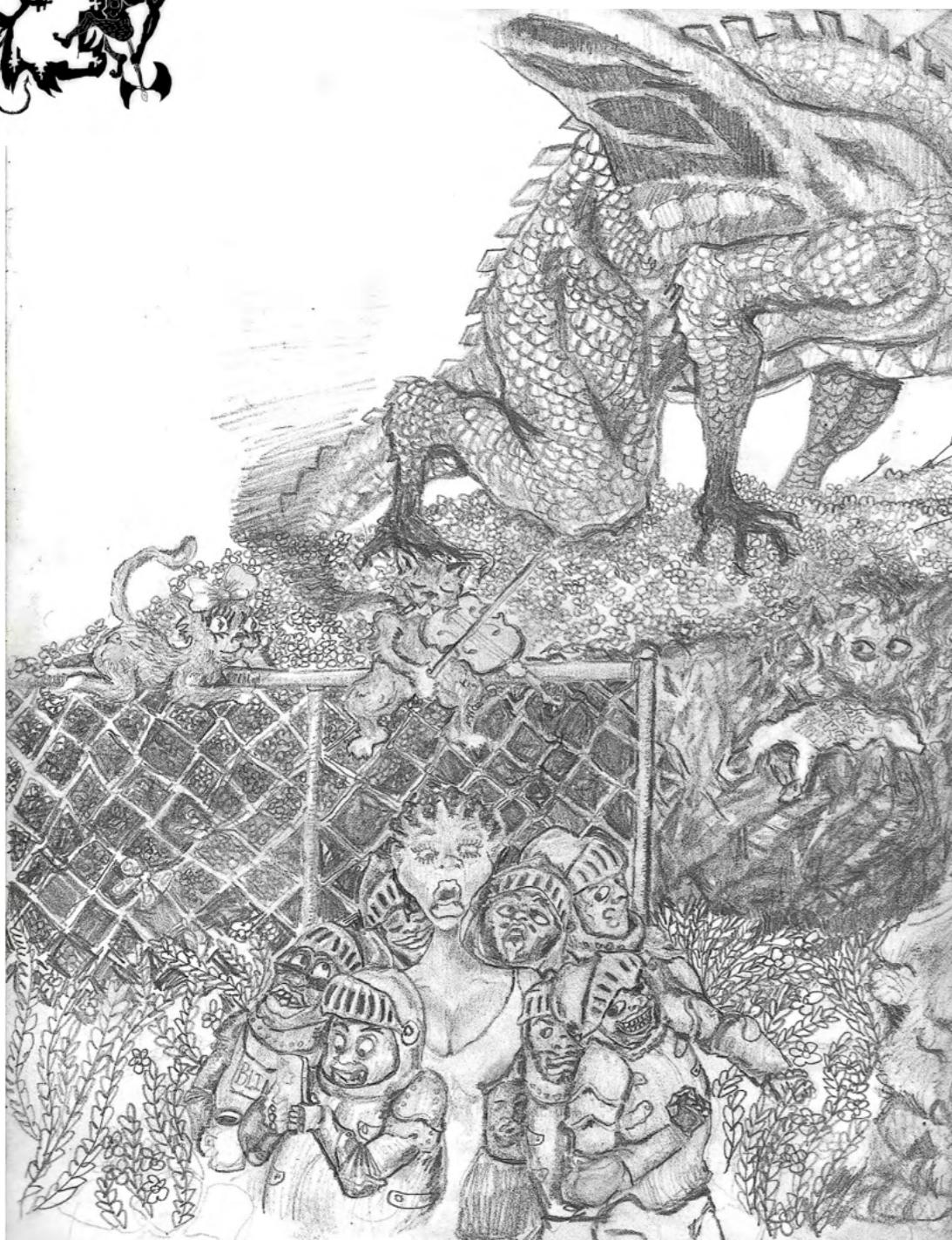
IT SEEMS AS IF THE LIFE OF
THOSE WHO BEG NEVER CHANGES. → FOR THOSE DOWNTRODDEN LOT → BEGGING, PLEADING, GROANING,
EVERY DAY IS THE SAME. SCREAMING, EXPELLING, ROTTING.



BUT NEVER RELINING (ENOUGH AT LEAST) → IT TURNS OUT THAT "BEGGING"
AND "SOWING" ARE AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER → BUT I DO NOT SEE THE BEGGER
SLOWING DOWN ONE BIT.

TIME IS A DIVINE THING.





The inextricably wrapped, tied, and tangled strands of time wadded together in the serrated teeth of indestructible combs. A time known as “Black history month”. Who knew the dark bubbling mass harvested be from the trunks of the Benin emperor’s rubber tree would be named Phyllis Wheatley, or James, or Toni, or Me! What a time for Jubilation! It’s just like wayback when... it’s just like Marcus or Malcolm Or Martin marching their troops straight towards those wicked old grand dragons. Straight into the mouth of destruction ensured. But Ah! JUBILATION ONCE AGAIN, for this army is so strong and so brave, and it so clear that the favor is on their side.



Recently I've been thinking about celebrating, and celebrations in general. I was raised to love celebrations. Growing up, my mother would take my sister and I would go to our great grandmothers home in the middle of nowhere Georgia. My family would have cookouts what seemed like every week. Everyone in my family would be eating and drinking and laughing together. Every holiday was celebrated. Every birthday, every graduation. But even without an excuse or a justification there was always bound to be some sort of celebration. The times that I have come to live in have made the idea of celebration seem to me, unjustifiable. The overwhelming feeling of apocalyptic doom settles upon us all everyday. I currently feel like there are ways in which the world has already ended. The more troubling portion of that realization is that those failed parts of the world must have come to an end before I was born.



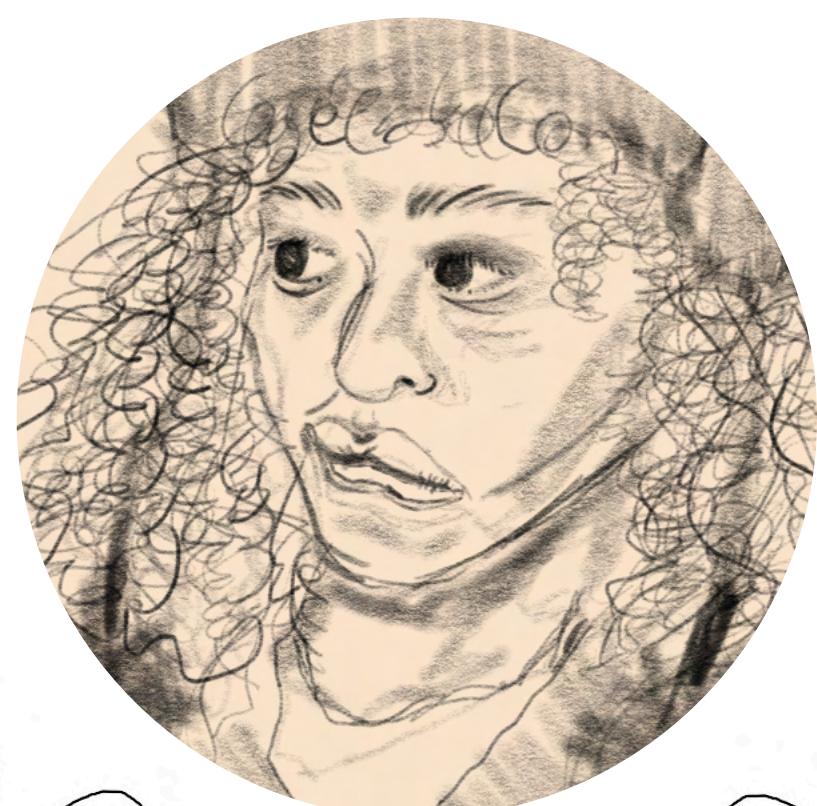
My great grandmother lived in a post apocalyptic world and so did every other member of my family since their touching down in America. I would be surprised to find if there was ever a member of my family, regardless of the conditions of their life, or the condition of the society they inhabited, never found at least one moment to celebrate.

The desire to celebrate does not come from the need to escape.

Celebration is the first and final step to create a new world.

Celebration occurs as the acknowledgement of present resources and potential.

The Romans could not see the hypocrisy in pouring concrete. They happily locked Ceres' face under their own monuments, So much so as to not see the vicious snarl that she no longer possessed a mouth to reveal, to this day I can hear her frantic hum as she attempts to pry her lips open from under the asphalt. Maybe this Goddess may find some repreave in knowing that their fate and the fate of its executioner are one in the same. To be be locked in to place by its own creation. Humanity's fate is once again steeped in uniqueness, Not many are given the opportunity to predict their own petrification.





What a perfect time for the choice to be yours.

God or the state?

Which one will feed you first? Which one will swallow you whole? Follow me into paradise and choose the Lord so that I may see how he blesses you.

Door slams and floor creaks characterize the sound of us strutting our good fortune all over the place. Mmm Mmm Mmm aren't we some immaculately conceived folks? Come forward and be a prodigy from the moment of your rebirth. What ever happened to blah blah blah anyways?

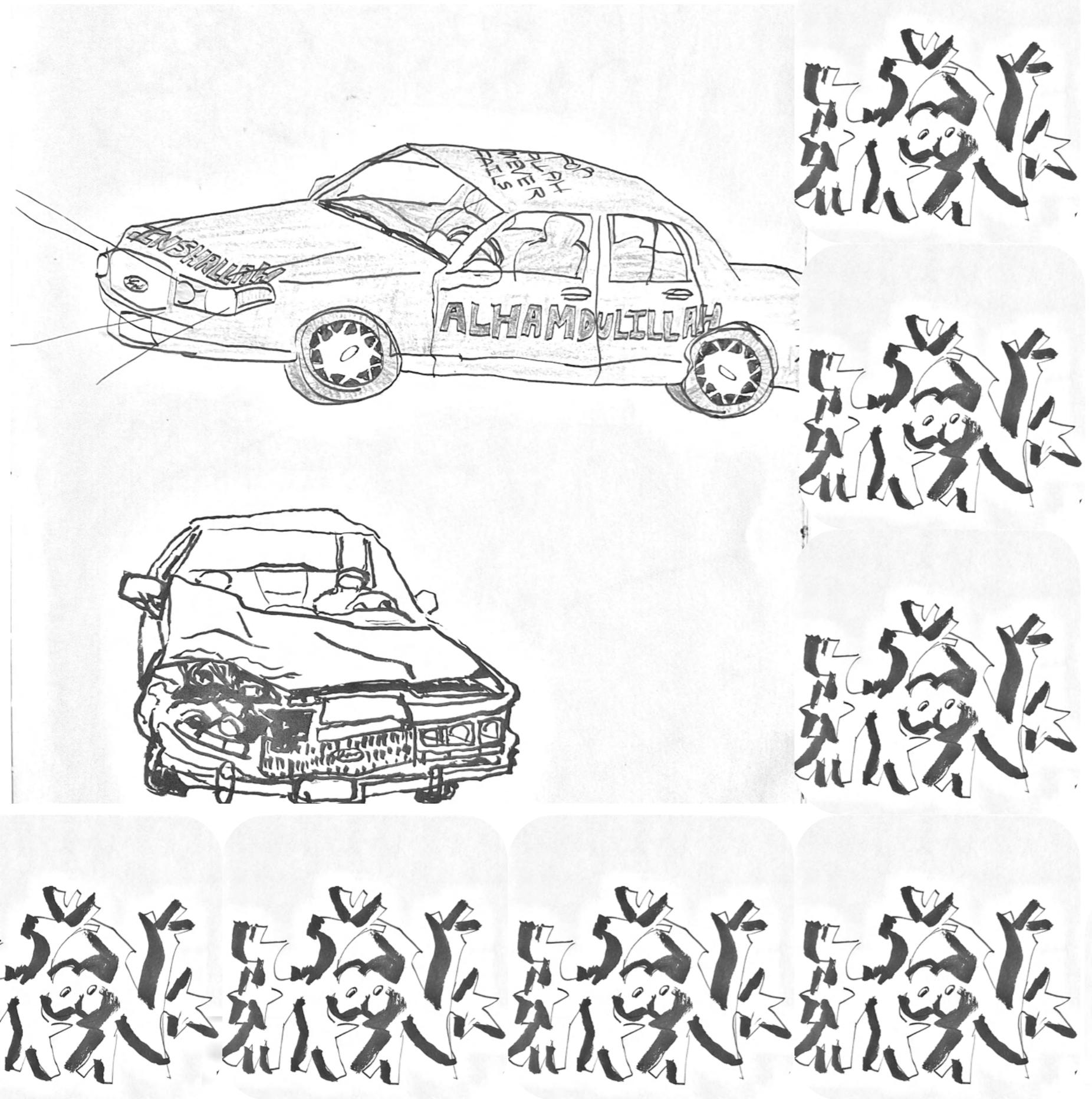
It grew up!

And now The Gross Domestic product is up on a crucifix. Finally, Our eternal cleansing is here in the form of Debt Crisis. Our fathers have already shown us that even if we the people are bankrupt, that our God is an Awesome God. Our god is a Holy God. And our god was the one that blessed America, and whoever else can go to space.



I hate floods, so I knock myself out every night to avoid them. The unfortunate truth is that if I allow myself to peacefully drift to sleep, I will always experience the flood. It is my own personal and private damnation that I will awake with thick muddy water rapidly climbing up my box spring. A sight that was once quite startling, is now familiar and numb. Even in hell, I am fortunate enough to know exactly what to do. I leap from the bed and grab what I need from my nightstand. Some duct tape, a knife. From my closet I collect ski pants, jackets, and by the time the mud is at my waist, I can grab my boots as they float by. I sloppily push, dig, and swim my way to the kitchen, right across the hall. Wading through the plastic laden mud, I can see glimmering white speckles of AirPods, Tide Pods, and Cascade Pods peaking through the surface of the dense liquid filling my home. At least the mud is getting thinner as it rises. I reach into the refrigerator and grab a gallon jug of milk and a gallon jug of water, I empty them. I duct tape them shut. And tie them together. The muddy water has made its way up my chest now. Floating next to me is an extensive collection of Tupperware, lids I couldn't find until tonight. In the time I take to navigate the muddy maze of my floating kitchen appliances, I also mourn. Unfortunately my coffee maker was not insured. I did not opt for the extended warranty. Wading through the k cup infested water before leave, it's time to count my blessings, 1 and 2. Strapped to the front of my chest, a water jug and a milk jug. Bless this plastic! The only things holding me up in the water that is now up to my neck. I manage to thrash, kick, and jump through the muck until I am finally outside. From my porch I float calmly as the water level rises, grabbing onto the wooden planks that frame my home for extra security. With great hope, I see others floating. But as the watery sludge continues to violently rise, I see more and more swimmers sink beneath its thick, dark surface. My blessings seem to have seen me through as I frantically climb onto my roof. The water is rising still, but slowly now. I've been here before. After a few hours, the swampy slush tends to recede. Sisyphus' long day has finally come to an end. I take a final look at my synthetic polymer saviors, jug 1 and jug 2. And once again count my blessings.





According to the most recent discoveries in quantum physics, the particles that govern our own existence have no clearly defined status or position. Instead the status and position of these particles is the sum of every possible status or position that they could encompass.

This changes however when these particles are observed. Upon observation, these particles choose a status and position temporarily before returning to their all encompassing nature.

I hope that this is a good sign for me. In solitude I have shown myself that I do indeed possess every possible status and position. High to Low.

Upon observation what status and position will every particle of my being choose.

The troubling conclusion is that much like the fundamental particles of my own existence, and the existence of everything around me, I would like to not be measured.

I would like to retain the ability to have both my status and position be all encompassing.

And with that I must accept every possible outcome, High to Low.

I would like to make sure that when the sub-atomic particles that dictate this moment are inevitably measured, it is High.





I was driving down Metropolitan when I saw that man
on the side of the road. He was upright but on his Knees.
His arms were held upward but I knew immediately he
was not engaged in prayer. It was dark but I could see
his eyes open, reflecting the red road way lights as I
stared at him in my rearview mirror

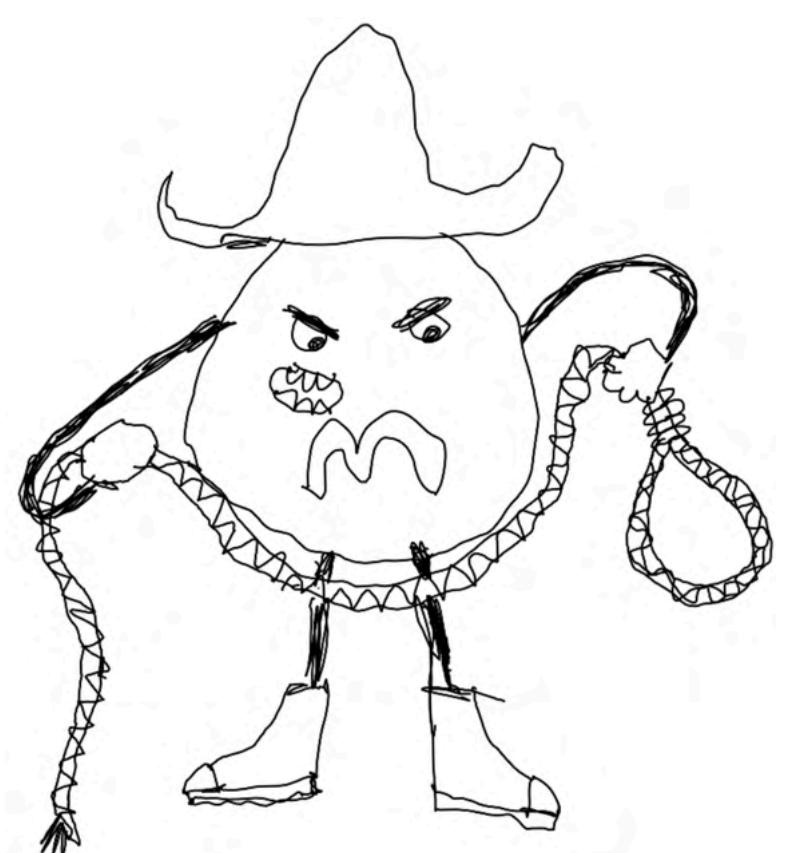


Even though we had \$287.14 they still cut our lights off because we didn't
Have \$348.67.

But I'm not upset. I'm just in the bathroom, on the toilet, taking a shit, this time in the darkness. There's something wonderful about pitch black darkness, the sensation I get when I close my eyes, only to realize that whatever is behind my eyelids is much brighter than the space I'm in. My blinking inverses itself. Instead of a closing shutter, my blinks become the camera's flash. A crisp reminder of color, and the stars and all of the things that light can wash away.

Light can't wash my ass though, is what the plopping sound of my turds in that bowl help me remember. For that I need water and I can get water from the rain, or better yet a plastic jug for like \$5. Just like I can get light from the sun, or better yet a wax candle for like \$5, and it won't smell like shit either,

So tell them boys in that tall building downtown they want be getting that \$61.53 from us. At least not till friday.







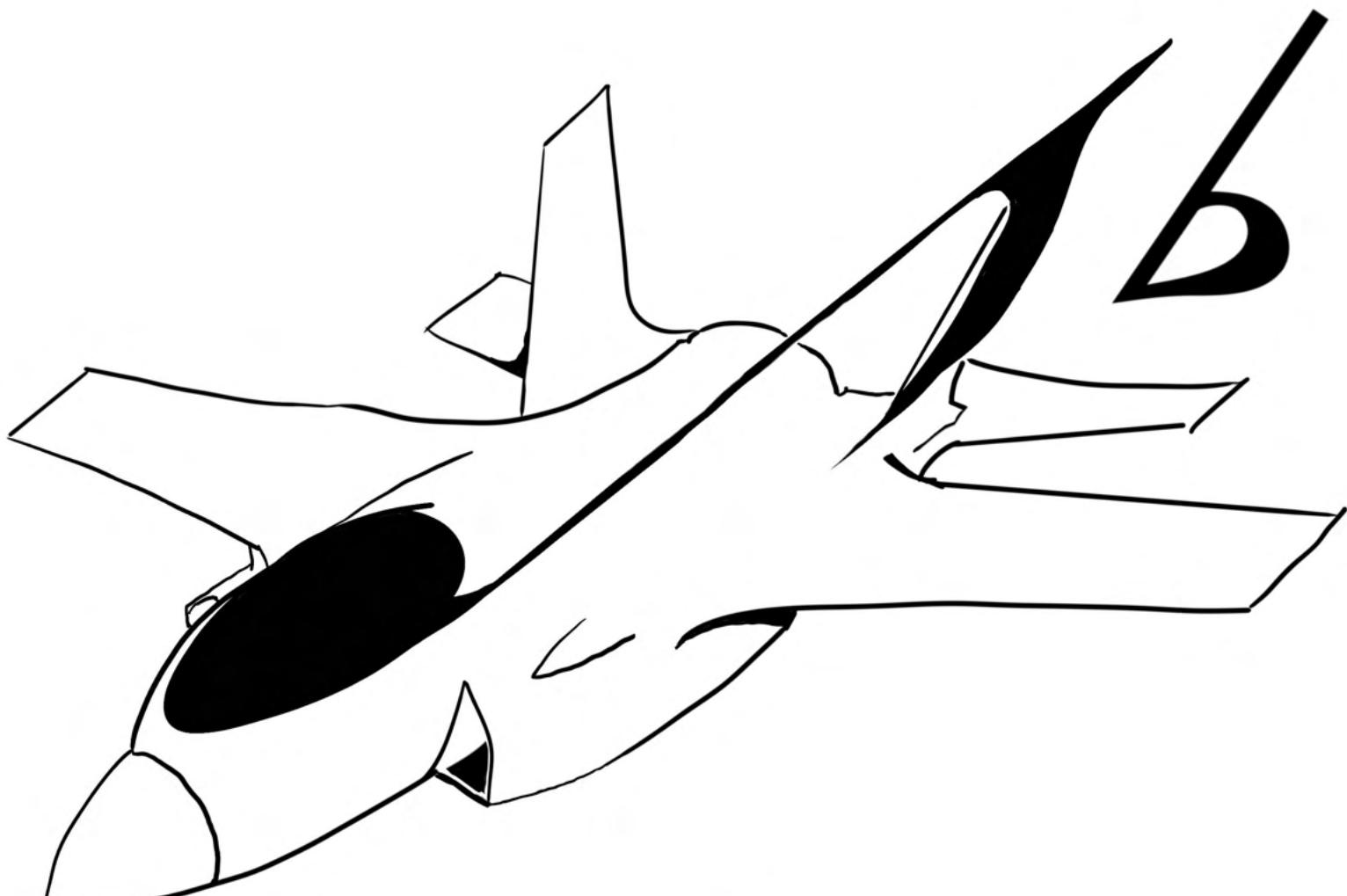




Summer in Atlanta is seeing the heat waves bubble up from the asphalt. Feeling the sweat of the trees. The stillness of the air, ensuring that the sunlight comes towards you in a straight line. Making sure to check the coolant level in a radiator or else break down on the way to the creek. Out numbering the police officers, and making them nervous. Stay away from me. Taking a long walk at night time and maybe receiving bad news. The beginning of the new year.

You will hear explosives beating the sky.





sonic boom



Then I said to myself,

"The fate of the fool will overtake me also.

What then do I gain by being wise?"

I said to myself,

"This too is meaningless."

For the wise, like the fool, will not be long remembered;

the days have already come when both have been forgotten.

Like the fool, the wise too must die!