**Hundred Mile Bird**

Bawling vibrations ripple 'cross;   
drops of a cosmic tears  
carry tune of ungodly despair, unto  
apparitions bold,

born of my understanding.  
  
You've praised me in the aftermath unseen,

a prediction towards eternity,

I envy your peace—  
occurring within my instant,  
tricked to wear this toothy smile,  
convinced a treasure has been found  
among apocalyptic debris.  
  
Our solace deserves a righteous name, plus  
another moment frozen selfishly, for  
a memory unmistakable, irreplaceable, constant  
has been shed.  
  
Crafted lucidity, chemical bliss;   
we've sent the dragons running, oh  
what a futile chase...  
lasting immortal, and  
interleaved with a supine beauty.  
  
Her knowledge reveals a terrific pleasure,   
leaving pain to rot in the abysmal foundry of our time,

as we reincarnate beneath the sun,   
purposefully, perfectly;   
fathoming each other endlessly.

**Every Nightmare That Isn't**

Dithering sleeps and ill-paced mornings, oh delight  
after daylight pronounces a defeated weakness;  
why do these misplaced disciplines choke and become sour?  
I'm drenched in disconnected bitterness,

fermented with a great intellectual hatred (the worst).  
  
The steps are over graded and long,  
feeding the penance of souls tangible failures,  
witnessed by the earthly, and  
reckoned alone—  
loud fear in the dark simply ignored.  
  
I’ve denied plain injustice, and grown  
comfortable with the inequity, as  
I swing against the wind, listening to  
a deafening whistle, the best  
intentions hidden;  
I’m prepared for the fall, wondering:  
"Is the ground really there at all?"  
  
Intuition demands the release of untied strings, this  
sacred human disguise betrayed, belied by its own fragility;  
braced for treacherous impact notwithstanding:  
I invite you to suffer   
the man—made surfaces that transform.

**You Have a Point**

Catering to the orgy of our lives,  
Brahman, Atman, my godhead—  
  
I observe.

**Caught in the Previous Moment**

Monochromatic beams shine upon these synaptic mind schemes,  
unveiling a translucent path of discrete destructive dementia.  
  
Losing touch with the senses—surrounded in minute serenity;  
Pneumatic asphyxiation dissolves Hylics' long lost dreams.  
  
Confusing Confucius’ confounding citations to infix this subjective perception,  
in our conceptual ineptitude we inspire to transpire—succumbing to ourselves.  
  
This schematic of chemical paradise which we're engulfed within,  
merely reflecting the shamanic tranquility of Kara-Gürgän's mysteries.  
  
Where foregone conclusions of self-identity become lost and forgotten,  
here is when the ideal soul and manifestation begin anew.  
  
Recreating stellar images reminiscent of vague memories of imagination;  
fabricating singular profusions decisively formulated, yet  
stuck at the realization that there’s still a long road ahead...

**Dissolution's Pride**

Here's to the dawn of a new age;  
revelations suffering through savage insights.  
  
Seen from the looking glass:  
a new frontier.  
  
No longer the innocent ones  
dancing in the fire.  
  
Painted nude with ashes of the fallen;  
from the earth we spring.  
  
Blasted forth like an EMP,  
a fluxus of the heavens are we.

**Phi**

Golden Section via reductio ad absurdum.

Oh, how these Gods love ratios of perfection!

Continuously irrational and converging to a singular divinity,

It’s about the peripheral:

Golden Gnomon

Golden Angle

**L**ogarithmic

**S**piraling

**D**own

137.5° ∺〈2π ∶ Φ〉

As beautiful as these virgins be—

Meet me in the Parthenon!

I'm ready to reduce your passion and your love

To an aesthetic geometry,

Because our ancestors obsessed (like I do)

To correct the idea of beauty and proportion.

**Response to a Space Monkey**

Reversing on the rewind,  
spinning twine—wrapped up,  
*never mind*.  
  
Understand the inverse inside the action;  
compound the simplistic complexity—**explode**.  
Outward expansion experienced inward only momentarily,  
returning instantly—before instantaneous reaction proceeds me;  
becoming infinity impossibly—begin retreating;  
perplexity bound and still surrounding,  
lost approximately, yet exactly—  
Everywhere I Must Be

**Our Lady of Infinite Peace**

Prancing to the beat of divine beauty,  
     She pulls gravity of any orbit like  
     A vindicated countess observing her reign  
     Among mere mortals, for  
     Her embrace shines through,  
     Shimmering and charged as  
     Electric waves caught in the air.

Doused in a squirreling flame she becomes:  
     Rüya, who dispels your flimsy desires and  
     Dances upon notions of a romantic thirst;  
     She’ll cast hallowed imprints of bliss to long—while  
     Celestial moons fragment, splintering a wounded soul.

Magnetized by a polar lust, she leaves  
     One stumbling, guessing, and addicted  
     To the Fable,  
     Craving another glance, and  
     Entranced like the Siren or the Sylph;  
     She’ll come back ‘round.  
Walking with painless strides  
     Over fields of shattered glass,  
     Green and covered in innocent blood—  
     Sins of the past reckoned during  
     Final moments of truth and clarity.

She binds your senses to an unimaginable scene:  
     Quenched in her paralyzing detail,  
     Rivaled by queens and Goddesses alone, she may  
     Allow you to trespass on shards of obsidian flows and  
     Discover her infinite plan as  
     She continues to dance and step  
     Out of this world;  
     Existing only in dreams, you see.  
On a flickering timeline with a blink,  
     The passion is through, left distilling  
     Thoughts of could be, should be, but never—  
     Crystallize into a form: Her touch, we’ll  
     Call it magic, for  
     I am restored merely by her presence.  
In the wake of rebirth, set free;  
     Howling as we ascend toward the sun, crying  
     Within the last degrees of twilight, —  
     Watching as she whispers, and listening to  
     Her fathomless secrets of a forbidden physic; trembling  
     Beneath veils of shivering courage, I ask  
     The ephemeral questions, and  
     Wonder in faint perception  
     About the absence of Peace, while  
     Her heavenly perfection gleams  
     Everlasting and Eternal.