

to find the pattern among the heavens that will lead me to greatness,  
the ones that will reveal the best version of myself yet.

Sense of serendipity (everything's connected)

I finally got to my appointment a half hour late. They told me to come back at a later date. Damn, no clearance I guess I'm going to have to figure something else out. I pulled out both of my phones, my droid in the pelican case that was in "safe mode" received the secret messages and an old iPhone 3G was off the grid so I could take photos with it. On my way back through the park I found a black cane they left for me. The bottom of it could be pulled out and was connected with a rope to the rest of the cane.

I sat there in good company as we all anxiously awaited the big fight. Family had invited us to a house party in order to watch the championship bout. The stars were all out to see Pacquiao take on Mayweather. I had been out of the hospital for about two weeks and was initially a little anxious about the get-together. It had been almost month since my episode and I was officially diagnosed with bipolar disorder. My meds had me balanced out but it felt like I was moving in slow motion thanks to the Olanzapine. In a way I was relieved that the CIA wasn't recruiting me and that it was all in my head. I hadn't been keeping up with my horoscope but I continued to look up at the stars whenever I could. I was finally starting to feel like I knew who I was again. We make small talk about the fight and Pacquiao's training then the old man says, "You know he drinks his own urine?"

# THE MIGHTY NARWHAL AND THE HORN OF MISFORTUNE

KYLE TURNER

---

standing in the dead memories  
of battles lost and truths fallen into falsehoods,  
we embrace the grotesque  
and vanish into the comfort of carnal desires.  
in the carnival shit show we call life  
no one can save you from self.  
so breathe lightly in the absence of others –  
you're only making things worse.

face to face with the fallacy of our own,  
we grow in infinite spirals –  
we branch out into uncharted skies –  
we sink our roots into the brutal soils  
which bind us to the ugly, under evolved  
perceptions of others. leaches. poisoned beaches.  
and a particularly pretentious position of self-righteousness  
– we sink our teeth into the fleeting minutes

and we take the time to smile  
at the golden assholes of tomorrowland.  
this is an anthem for the self-proclaimed –  
for the undefined. this is an expansion of the mind  
and it's time for us sever our ties with sanity.