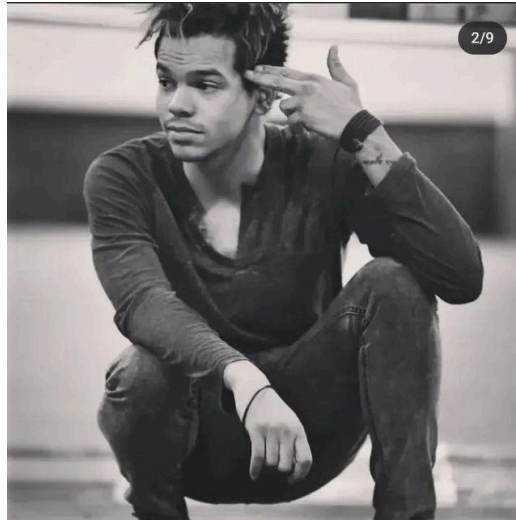


Gentle, Like Molten Fire

Thåghts // Wørds // Møements



**Written By:
Shane (Me, -2024)**

-Without the existence of language, who are "You"?

-In this epoch,
we are criminals from the birth and corpses until the death.

-Nothingness is something.
Everything is no-thing.
The society has gotten it backwards.
Realization is simply being.
Doing is the substitution for being.
Being nothing is better than doing something.

-Once you deconstruct non-reality and then reconstruct it as reality, you have more appreciation for the truth how it really is.

-We
traded
prophets
for
profits.

-To have a mind is a curse.
To have a thought is even worse.

-Don't worship your idols, for when they fall you bow to nothing.

-Humanity: Innocent in a sin.

-A path is paved for those who won't make their own.

-A world of which we may or may not have consciously or unconsciously made before our births petitions only for me to stay down or dead. Why?

-We lost the plot.
Now,
the plot is that we're lost.

-Does ash carry memories?

-The deeper the mind resides, the shallower the world appears.

-I don't find much enthusiasm in anything anymore,
but every once in a while I still get a rush when taking my next breath.

-Poetry

is
not
the
crying
out
of
a
soul
but
the
breath.

-Those who have enjoyed life have never learned about it.

-

-I can judge myself; for my conscience does not lie to hide itself from its future self but is
-truthful to heal itself from its former self.

My heart is sadness.
My mind is fatigued.
My breath is ended.
Yet, I'm told to live.

-If you don't have negativity in your core, your positivity is fake. For one cannot exist
without the other.

-Every "-ism" is not part of a prism, but a prison.

-The thing that makes us similar is the pre-conceived mindset of ourselves and others.

The things that make us different are the experiences that change our mindset of ourselves and others.

-I am in this moment and not the next.
For I cannot be in that which is not.
At that moment, I will be within it and not here.
For I cannot be in that which was.

-I tore down the idols I cried tears of worship for. Now, I only cry at the ruins that their remains left behind.

-As I listened to their stories, the old men and women told me lessons that I would forget until many years later.

-I gave all of the love I had for myself to her.
When she left, she showed me that I hated myself from the start.
To the three of us, I am sorry.
To her.
To myself.
To me before her.

-I'll admire you from afar.
For to be with you would erode the beauty
You are.

I wasn't ready for life.
I wasn't ready to grow up.
Thankfully, life saw something in me and said,
"I'm ready for this one."

-Babe, I'd write the most poetic elegance about you but Poetry herself said to me, "My child, just wait and watch what I can do."
She created you.
Thus fell forever my words.

-If the Rapture happens today,
-Tell me what it's like to fly.

-You're going to hate when you wake up from it all.
Your light is your blinding darkness.

-I only have eyes for you.
And her.
And her.
And her.

...

Damn & Bless such Beauty.

-I long for the me that could have been if I was wiser when I was younger.

-In the West, we have the saying, "You can't take it with you when you die". So why do we fight for "ownership" or material things, money, ideals, or concepts or even ideas of self whilst we are living?

Will what you own in life be what you'll owe in death?

-I am as an ocean.
Mysterious.
Deep.
Rarely calm all at once.
Dark beneath the waves.
Where the sun cannot reach.
Yet, I am to blame.
Not by those who are lost,.
because of the deep.
but by those who survive ashore.
By they who know not.
By those who'd never wet their feet.

-The truest form of brutality
is to not allow us to be.
Either way, we are the damned.

-Spiritualism is neither beautiful nor happy, but 'tis brutal and tormenting.

-I know beauty when I am in the presence of such.
I do not question it nor why it moves me.
I dive headlong into the mysteries that beauty be.

-No one knows the meaning of life. So why/how are we telling each other that we're living it rightly?

-No one knows the meaning of life. So why/how are we telling each other that we're living it wrongly?

-Heaven is where I see the gods' goodness.
Hell is where I see the gods' iniquities.

-Wasting my life. Et tu?

-The more broken is
still more broken than that which
is simply broken.

-To reach the highest of heights, we reached to the deepest of depths.

-Life hack: Life's a hack.

-I had always been a poet
I simply didn't know that
Now I just write shit
So that I don't remain pissed

-"They can't kill us all";
Does NOT mean they won't.

-Blessed to be alive.
Whenever else could I be able to wish on being dead?

-It doesn't kill me to know that you don't care that you don't notice me.
It's me noticing that you don't care.
That's what killed the beautiful being that used to be.

-The pain I keep inside
That shit is gravitational
Sometimes throwing me outwardly
Other times, I'm the centripetal piece
Either way, at any time
The hurt within this vessel
Envelops as it compounds
And my tears evermore rain down
Venturing for a healing
Because this curse burns
And the abyss doesn't drown
So my smile you see, 'tis but a burdened crown

-Let me waste my days with you.
For I see no other nobler pursuit.

-I lost hold of my gaze while pondering in the mirror
The collapse of certainty of being bringing such grey color
As my mind whirl-winded like a Midwestern storm in summer
When I re-aligned with my stare,

-Life is survival; survival can afford no addiction.

-“Happiness”, to me, is quite unbecoming
“Dissipation”, as a twist, rhymes synonymously with the phantom that is
the usher of sadness.

-One of these days, I’m going to die.
I hope you’re okay with our goodbye.

-I was once born
How long ago
Who knows
These years surpass
Effaced ages
Hasted
So deathlessly
As still motion
Koans
Unto themselves
doth chase
Ouroboros.

-Teardrop:
-The eventual term of endearment for “anguish”.

-A comedy is a masked tragedy. A tragedy is life.

-The world schemes and schemes whilst I dream and dream.

-The WORLD.

She devours entire universes before your very eyes, as she holds your stars and lives in that heart she seems to keep Alive!

-Your eyes reflect the death inside of you.
Hence, I love you whilst you're here.

-Can you hear the hum.
Awareness? Continual?
Sometimes the only;

-Fiefdoms

birth

Thiefdom

-As life is pay to play
Shall I, thusly, steal back my life
From thee away

-Piece by piece
We fall apart
Splintering
Crumbling
Obliterated
Nothing
To rebuild
All anew

This is not the life.
This is not the first life.
This is not the only life.
This is not another life.
This is a life.
I, simply put, inherited it.

I have nothings showing for my name
Maybe that's how it truly is
But could you choose to decide to see
That I gave to you all I had
When we were not yet the same

It does not matter
Until it matters
But after the matter
Will it?

"Go away. Can't you see I'm reading?"
These are the words of sorcerers, sages, and mystics.

-Heaven fell.

What more could I say of Hell?

-If you don't understand the shallowness of your own insignificance
then,
You will never comprehend the fathoms of your relevance.

...and as I looked upon the old being that once was now nearing death's door upon their bed, I asked respectfully, yet with enthusiasm for wisdom,

“Tell me this. What is the meaning of life?”

They turned their frail body and with their last thin whispers of breath they replied as tears welled from the depths of their being,

“It is quite possible that I may never know.”

Fear has never left from me since.

-Don't die.
They'll make it all about themselves if you do.

-You said I needed to call myself an alcoholic
You told me to refer to myself as a drug addict
I longed for escape
I needed the air
But you, to your rip'ling chagrin, continue to want it

-I jumped from the cliff,
for a short eternity
I reached for the stars

-We start to breathe
That first recogniz-ation of elation
As chaotic as lightning
Brought with immediacy
before the altar
stripped of self
all laid bare,
with that...
Asundered.

-To show happiness can be truly difficult, yes,
but have you ever tried to hide fear?
I have learned that that kind of lie
will never exist.

These represent what they are not.
That way of thought was taught.
So what? What does it all mean?
So what did I read? Sobering.

Are you Indoctrination's play-thing?

Y / N?

Choose

Blessings, they sparingly arrive,
Only to temporarily reprieve.
Punctual?
Because those god's-damning curses
Ceaselessly seem to be

“Western Gods’ Sacrifice Ritual”

Why is money still “believed-in” to be real?

I’ll tell you why,

Here goes:

Money, conceptually, is a brutally-bolstered belief.

Though truly it is nothing.

‘Tis such and will remain

since persons cannot accept the atrocities committed;

falsely-

justified.

For, if ever understood

Blossomed in the name of a nothingness

the moral sacrifices

Radiating (from) one’s wickedness

“Blessed Keys”

Alarminglly, we wake.
Shit, shower, shave
“Don’t forget your keys*!”
Then we’re on our way.
Work, play, grind, bread,
Stress, sweat, decompress.
“Make” love, don’t be it,
Fed, read, thoughts in bed.
This time, the next day,
Loaded with a “fat” wallet
Cycle, this is the way
Burnt a hole in my pocket.
Oh, the things I don’t have time for.
Oh, the experiences I can’t afford.
Clock in, clock out.
Some “other” time I can go out my door.
Oh, no!
Shit, where’d they go?
“In” God “We Trust”, fuck(ed) me!
Where are my “blessed” keys*?

*prisons

A Linguistical Essay on “The Meta-physical Reasoning for Why the Properties of
Darkness Are Heavy”

Vol. I

Chapter One: Modern-Day Phonetics

Starting off with the phonetic example of, “Light isn’t”...

Ignorance is bliss.

But, of course, only tastelessly,
It was paid for with the ones who
Understood what it was to suffer.

Some memories stay forgotten;
In their absence,
A placard calling for new ones.

They tell us to work for hopes and dreams
because that is all that they (n)ever can offer us.

Soul is Now.
Soul is Own.
Soul is Won.
Where is Yours?

“Happiness Finally Captured”

If “money doesn’t buy happiness,”

Then,

Pardon my...

never-mind;

but anyways,

then

Why the fuck

am I working for the thing

I am told I need to accumulate,

before it’s too late,

something for which

CANNOT,

say, sayeth will ever be

Captured?

“Idiot!”, cried a wrinkled man,

“happiness is antithetical spiritual
contentedness.”

Awakened, I replied,

“I see. So emptiness can afford emptiness.”

“Psychos Babbel”

They call it “content”.
Physical manifestations of
Psycho-babble and word-play.
Smithing speech
with distortions and distractions.
If you listen ever so carefully,
in the world of today,
You will not hear the word,
“Contentedness”.
Listen intently.
They marked it.
They market.
“Contented mess.”

“Idiosyncrasy”: Idiots in crazy.

Money: An ultimatum disguised as choice from the “highest” power.

“A Letter From Management”

A “job” is not work.

‘Tis a role.

A placement.

But, oh, praiseth;

But you’ll never know it

Because you’re paid off

So silence.

Stay there.

Don’t thrive.

Sincerely, fuck you,

Signed,

-Capitalism

If the Devil can use a bit of truth to fool you to lie to you,
then God can use some lies to lead you to truth.

Feed Yourself,
Quench Your thirst.
A glass of bread.
A crust of water.
Hear what they say?
You own OUR disaster.”
Their “blessed” hands bleed the lands.

“Carniv(als/ores)”

Step right up,
Step right up,
Come one, come all!
We're all the rage!
Come on by,
And win a prize.
Come won, come all!
Play our games
and win yourself.
Con on by!
Win your w.ages;
Your precious w(asted)ages.

They fool you into voting so that you don't revolt*.
Prove me wrong.

*In the modern-day "sense" of the word.

“Win at Life: A Modern-Day Tale”

Sue. Prize.

Sue? Prize.

Sue! Prize!

“Do You Know What You Are?”

You know who says “Have a good day at work today”?
Slave Owners.

“Time-Cops Shop Clocks”

Don't bitch to me about me.
I showed up late,
small deal
My “time vs. money”
is not yours that should cause your worry.

“A Painful Pail-ful”

If “Time is Money” to you
though

“The Love of Money Is the Root of All Evil”,
then I suppose all that is left to say to
you be this,

“Welcome Home! Welcome To Your Life In Your Hell!”

If you held a piece of me I would love to know.
Because I want to recognize whether I want that piece back or not.

An Artist suffers
a man profits

“Blasphemer”

Innocence,
in a sense,
An ascent.
Innocent.

“Kin”

You talk about man’s world,
Amongst the gods and goddesses, I argue.
You end meetings with “Awe-men”,
I end prayers with a “Fuck you, too.”

“Amor”

It was never about whether or not God would forgive you,
but rather,
that it was about whether you and God could forgive each other.

“Matte”

East: Yin & Yang

West: Civil-War

As you can see,

We have always been the same.

“Stop-Motion”

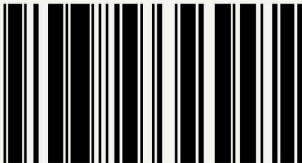
A moment that is missed
A moment that passes by
Is to experience death
Oh my god
How many deaths have I been
In my own absence
Life truly is fleeting
Death, effortlessly eternal
Where am I

Pay-Out, Pay-Off

We appreciate your business.
Thank you for your busy mess.
Don't forget to pay for your distraction.
Now, on to your next attraction.

Next In Line, please.

Karma:
A mark.



Sunday School: Salve A Shun (Stockholm Syndrome)

Jesus Christ died for the “sins of the world.”

Not for your sins.

Not for anyone’s sins.

He died for the sins of the world that he committed within his time here.

The sins of his world.

The carnal natures that he committed while he
was still of the world.

Before his awakening.

His cross to bear.

Your cross to bear.

Calvary has only ever had 3 crosses since...

Maybe, by grace, at the end of my own time,
there be, borne and buried 4 crosses.

You sheep.

You fools.

To each their own.

Find your own soul.

Then fight like you’re in hell to redeem it.

Birth and Death of Nations

You believe those bangs and pops to be freedom's works of art
Deafened by the flash
Reminisce a fake past
Dazzled by glittering fire
Cracklings rising higher
Before the foundations
Eroded by an empire
The party's ending
Cinderella's hour
Your forgotten past
The shackles tighten
As freedom's gaslighted

What atrocities have you committed in your right to be free to be dumb?
And yet, you still believe...

Overworked Artist

Don't you tell me that I'm lazy.

For while you, yes, go home tired after your nine-to-five,
I, too, do the same.

Only then to, under the midnight oil, pen my mind.

“Can Air Is Life”

When did you ever make it
Paycheck to paycheck
Wondering why in the hell;
But are you dead yet?
The caverns deepen,
The canaries dive,
Wings burdened by soot,
As diamonds remain unalive.
Sacrifice your breath
Pay it off, it was never yours
Sacrifice your sweat
Sacrificed, like the rest
So starve in the dark.
Never show them your heart.
Don't let them know the joy inside.
How peaceful your last heart's beat danced.
Your last glimpse of light,
From the replacement company headlamp.

“Protect What is Yours”

No thing, outwardly,
and no one is yours.
Everything held dear hidden within
Thoughts and emotions.
If ever anything else claimed,
Lieth so much so such as fool's gold.

"Old habits die hard."
Habits, originating from thought, repeated
Becoming more permanent; mooringly
As the permanency solidifies
Addiction becomes personality
Lifestyle becomes thought
Thought, a being
Your built idols
with ideology
Praise, prostrate
Flat on your face
worshipping
your belief(s)
faithfully
Emptily-wishing, you see
You're statutes you altared
You're statuettes you altered
you're gods, don't die
your gods choose to die
fool
Stone: many things are set into it

“Gavel”

I can,
unconsciously,
be judge
I can,
unwillingly,
Be jury
But, maybe, just
maybe,
it is quite possible that
all your choices
scribed you down
to be
your own executioner
I cannot,
I will not;
pray,
ever
be.

“A Fool’s Paradise”

You say you’re living.

How? I inquire.

When everything consumed is “dead”.

How does death sustain life?

What false-happiness

Have you fooled yourself with

Whilst walking death as life?

“All the gods and goddesses, being lost”

Time is invaluable
So let's
Devalue it.
Name your
price.

Some appear
To move with purpose.
Others, simply are.
Competition is a facade.
It weakens human connection
and erodes spirit.

“Her Self”

If you found her
Beautiful.
Why shouldn't I?
Moreso, she calls herself
beautiful.
I simply concur with her.

“Pattern-Recognition”

If all my words
all of my own experiences
done in my own presence
are repeated in your ears
be they mine
another's
others'
Then 'tis by design.
I'm sorry that we failed...again.

“Honey-Do List”

Them: “Kill yourself.”

Me: Oh, don’t worry. That’s on my ‘To-do List.’

In darkness, you can see the smallest of light.
In light, darkness is hidden.
Which one would you really want to live in?

Throw Zen In Time

We aloud about life.

We shout against death.

We never imagined our own in-existence.

“Grapevine”

Dumb-ness.
False, into lé gents.
Fake intelligence.
Artificial into legions.

“Red-Rover, Roll Over”

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
You can't teach a dead dog to live.

“Clay Sen-sei”

Oh, the schism,
Let's try a new lens.
Time to examine;
Would the wicked go to hell?
I ponder,
nigh?
Should not they go back from whence
they were made?
Why would not discipline be taught
from the creator?
Why ever would,
Why ever should,
a painful lesson cometh
from some other devil,
A complete stranger?

“Heated”

Anger is an emotion.
Hatred is an action.

“Afternoon-Tea”

“Fake” forces Happiness to
evolve into Wrath and Malice
Real invites Sadness and Anger
fellowship with Peace

“Gentle, Like Molten Fire”

Do you know
What allows one
being a false god?
Knowledge of:
Your Era.
Your Area.
You(r) Aren/a.
You Are.

Power: Little-\$Clip Energy

We have infinite digits,
while many of us in a survival
on a scale's ends, from nothing to zero

(K)Not.

I am not a god. Not.

I am not an animal. Not.

I am not a man. Not.

I am an olden-ed, young boy. Not.

I am not. Not.

“Pick Your Opponent”

We debate whether we have free will or if we are predetermined.

Listen up, or don't.

We have ultimatums set within parameters. Disguised as choices.

“Integrity”

In the gritty,
What do you see?
“You”, or the wishing to be

“Teach The Master”

I was young once,
I prayed prayers,
I gave worship with songs.
I asked to be as ye
I sought lessons
I asked for your teachings
My death-bed faith will wisp
that my life's lessons were taught
to God.

"Because"

be cause
being cause
Action
reaction
reacts on
Achtung

Dark's Wisdom

Night-Owl:
Wisdom that is forged in darkness.
Who?

You lost your mind because you
Hooked yourself with the fake.
I found a peace of me in the real that another can
not ever take.

Nice": A phone[y]tical pseudonym

no see

nosey

noise

"Noice"

nice

*I despise this phonetic sounding. I never use it, but I've heard plenty of people use it.

'Tis the blending of "noise"&"nice". People in the United States use this new sounding. It is what inspired the poem.

“Obsidian Mirror”

I stared into the void.
Correctly, it held its gaze
for what seemed longer than eternity.
Understandingly, we had both died.
In that instance, time became;
I swear, 'twas only because one of us blinked.

“Around The World”

You want to be cultural
But you don't want religion
The thing is, you (may not) see,
Religion creates cultures;
Binding peoples of many struggles
into one cohesive power against
the rubble.
You don't have to agree,
but if ye wish to preach peace
and toleration
At least, then, practice appreciation.

crickets

Beloved:

Be-loved:

Be loved:

a gentler way of saying,
“forced love.”

Blaisé

In a setting primed for ignition,
the smallest of “go-get-em”
attitudes,
is all that is needed,
truly that would do,
to set the world ablazin’,
what a world that would be;
to be in.
amazement!

If artistry was a job,
the human spirit would go extinct.

“Whysdumb”

Whys
I pray,
becoming
Wise

A dollar will make ya holla;
AHHHH!!;
down in Hell.

“Me”

I'm a true hot mess.
I'm one of the coolest guys
you'll (n)ever meet.

“Ewelogy”

The flock of sheep follow the shepherd because of the wulf.
The drones of people follow the dollar
because of the fear.
The wulf only wants ewe.

“Verses Versus Holding Hands”

god’s games

devil’s work

god’s sacrifice

devil’s craft

god’s faith

devil’s knowledge

god’s worship

devil’s worship

(Alms)

“You, sir. Used.”

“Used to you? Used to use?”

Are you a utilizer?

Or are you “used to lies”? Sure...

Maybe, you’re “used to lies”, sir?

Are “used to light”, sir?

Are you sure?

Are you, sir?

You? Sure.

You, sir?

Dogs are man's best friend.

Seeing-eye dog.

When sightless, "dog" and "god"
are spelled the same.

A rebuttal for you,
you fat cats, you pussies.

You're more of a bitch than my beautiful female wolves.

And I don't even need to see that.

I'm willing to
Work with money.
I am unwilling to work for mo' needs.
Double-entendre.
Oh, the drama.

“The Current Sea”

Give trust,
To get trust.
Give a love
so genuine, you always
truly are being.
This is the only
true way to see
when you live in.
This is not current,
The current sea.
The current. See?

“Throning for Bones”

In war,
Knowledge is
Your offense.
Experience is your defense.
Careful,
Tactics, change

“Head-Nod”

A bow is neither disgraceful
No, or should be
demeaning,
but acknowledging.

“Coin Purse, If You Insist”

Allowing people
to spend money,
They may begin to save
It.

Killing economy.
Allowing people
To save money,
They may begin to spend it.
Roaring economy.
Or abolish money.
Take need, not want.

Thought:
Over excess, making loss of value.
True value.

“Click-Clique”

You dislike pen-
Clickers. Sorry.
We’re processing.
Whilst living
You don’t mind
Coins rattling.
hmm...

Until you
realize
and

understand that

We are born into a system of slavery,
you will never understand others or empathize.

“Adieu To You”

“Business” people
look as if
at a funeral
Cause be their busy-mess
brought on the(ir)
end.

Phone-e(tt)/icks”

“Perfect?”

“Per fake?”

“Pure fake?”

“I’m sorry, the (“phone’s”) receiver is distorted with static.”

“Deez Guys”

Colors can camouflage
you'r(e) light.
Coded./Coated.
Darkness
(foe or faux)
is
Also a great
disguise
for your life.
For others?
Multiplicity.
with entendres.
Is that such a virus?
or are we sick?

“What’re You Learning?”

If all paths
lead to the same
spot
then what is the purpose of
the destination?
Who’s to say
if we “think”
the same?
We only
bring trouble with us then
if we’re all going.
Not good enough.
Did we all learn
same/some
Less(ons)?
In the same
manner?
The same process?
Unity? Or Secrets?

“Trick-or-Teat”

*Trickery:
Trick, or ye?

“Ankh’s scent.”

Sound Allowed

Sound Aloud.

Sutra

Artis

Artis(t).

“Where House?”

It's called a store.

Be <-> cause

That's where they keep

The inventory.

You're it.

“You Liar, Boy!”

The boy
Who cried wolf
is not about
A lying boy.
But about
a community
that did
not believe
an innocent child.
He, out to play and explore
his world
their world
For whilst in their business.
They're busy; mess.
A near busy-miss.
So yes, he saw.
When they had time
to check
after thrice,
of being called
a liar,
it's no wonder
and
no wonder
the boy
went off
to be raised
by those present
in each other's eyes.
Yeah, I'd choose too
To be raised
By Wolves.

“Wunder”

Life is a wonder
Death is a plunder
Can you hear the thunder

“Just Like Freddie Sang”

Kill or be killed
Either you will
or I won't
Who'll know?
Shit.
Sorry, mama.
I mean “shoot”

What makes a moral a mortal?



surrender.?

“And Who Ye Be?”

I’m a moral.

I’m a mortal.

I’m moral.

I’m mortal.

Immoral

Immortal

But have to have

Something to forgive.

This can also be fatal.

“Weight of the Slide”

My mind is Hateful.
My heart is Loving.
My spirit is the
Scales of justice.

“Economy”

“E-Con-O-My”

“E-Con-Oh-Me”

“@e-CONOHME”

They preach the “budget”
just to sprawl on tip-toes
to get that cheap shit
you can’t afford
whilst behind the scenes
pining as a minor hoard
building their schemes
to greed for more of what’s rightfully
yours
“Budget”
“Budge it”
“Fuck it”
“I quit”

Sic Semper Tyrannis!
This might just be the last dance.

*This is in relation to the SCOTUS ruling for a sitting President...I mean, Dictator.

How do you feel now, United States
military service members? Knowing that
You can (now) openly and always have
Served and died at the orders of the ones
Who have always been in a
Predetermined role parallel with
dictatorship?

Live your life the way you want.
You may have to repeat it.
Don't live your life the way you want.
You may have to forget it.

You're serving
You serve
You served
Did you deserve
You're serfing
You serf
You serfed
Did you de-serf

The United States of America penny
is worth one
because they see freedom
as less than anything else.
Or,
is it the symbol of the first greatness
after nothing.
What's it worth to you?
After all, "a penny saved is a penny earned".
What are you earning? What is
unquestionable yours as well as others
in equal share?
What is worth one's freedom if it already
was innate?
Are you buying your gift?

Give respect.
Receive respect.
Demand respect.
Pay respect.

As you are in your travels throughout
And within life
You may forget faces.
Understandably, there are many.
I beg of thee though,
Do not forget of their souls.
How easy 'twould to.
You nearly did of yours.

Left Right.
This is how we walk.
Up Down.
This is how we level.
In Out.
This is how we breathe.
Loose Tight.
This is how we hold.
Go Stop.
This is how we move.
Survive Die.
This is how Thrive.
Suffer Live.
This is how we End.

So where are we going?
Are we together?
Are we separate?
Without you I am alone.
With you we are all one.
Who's teaching?
Who's learning?

“Who’s your surgeon? Your facelift looks terrible.”

Them: “You know, you should really ‘Practice what
You preach’”.

Me: I preach what I practice.

During prayers, I heard,

“Get off your knees and onto the streets.”

You see me.

You know me.

Do you show me you?

Do you truly see you?

“Google”

“Go ogle”

The shape of a modern-day "heart"
Is simply a rotated kiss.
Kissing towards Heaven.
It's like kissing the feet of god(s) and goddess(es) in true worship.

Or...

You're just Heaven's Kiss-ass.

The world needs to change.
Because too much of the same things
Have been going on for far too long.
I write this not because I want a cult.
I write this, because my world has always changed.
No consistency.
I need some normalcy outside of me.
I need to see if I change.
Do I remain the same?
Will I live?
Will I die?
Will I learn?
Will I burn?
Who will run beside me?
Who will I be when I need to be?
What is adaptability?
What is my response?
What then is my ability?

I must respect that which I fear.
For if I do not, I will become that fear.
I must respect the fire, lest I shall never burn.

Would we rather believe a lie and have
the ability to be shown the truth?

Or,

Would we rather live in a truth and be
deceived by a lie?

I learn to understand knowledge to not be killed by it.
I learn to understand knowledge to be killed for it.

I love you forever(,) Me.

Under Stand.

Found A Shun.

Let's change that.

Foundation.

Understand.

The Beatles
The Beatles Dudes
The Beatitudes
Beautitudes
Beauty
BeYou-ty
Beautiful
BeYouToFull
BeYou'tilFull

Hey You, don't be afraid. Take a sad song and make it better,
Remember to let it(her) under your skin.
Then you begin to make it better.

Too much kindness can be a danger.
Too much wickedness can be a blessing.
The one making choices does not always
decide the outcome of results for
affectation by the originator, but instead
it comes from self's acceptance or
rejection of circumstances.
This will shape you.

“Philosophers’ Tone.”

Philosophers (those who study life) are so weary and depressed
Because the weight to bear alone is too heavy to carry alone.

All of this talk,
but,
Praise be to the wicked as well as the good.
For they also helped us grow.
Thank you.

-with the greatest of love and compassion and grace to ye.

Not trick or ye?

Bless you, bless me.

We could continue to see.

Do you Truly understand
the meanings of such beautiful,
earth-quaking love and grace
received in the entirety etched into the
meanings of both
“Truth” and “Hope”?

Or do you just see and experience that which shown to you
or taught and believed?

Review...

Thank you, Grace and Love.
I cannot and will not live in the guise of fear.
Gentleness allows a river to flow easily
without the worry of the mountain peaks'
closing off its path

We make Shit and call it Art.
We make Art and call it Shit.