

There was once a house on a hill, the dark moon overshadowing a great field before a forest of geysers frozen in time. But all the little lost dandelions were dissolved in time. And time itself did not know where it was going, or where it came from. It was on fire. Great Scott!!!! (or irish, really any celt...) An abundance of exclamation points within my soul burst out through my earlobes and out the other side. Was that the time knife? Yes, sort of. There must be something in the well. Why else would the crayfish sing a transparent song? I am also in the well. And with me in the well in addition to the transparent song crayfish is the child of Gorn, the demigod. The flesh.

There are many things in the well. There are many jeweled emptinesses. There is nothing. There isn't isn't everything not'nt. There ising and yousing. Inging and inging along!

There is a great portent with flying fish in its breast. The is-ing is. And is not. I am not. I am not! We say that it is what it is, is-ing be damned. I'm is-ing all over the place.

Time to excise the aperture. Time to drain the pustule. Time to defend the wounding of wounds. A penny for the flip, and then'st... a cloud. A cloud full of the droplets of forever, but it never bursts. They stay suspended over our heads. We long for them.

If only the long hallway of endless doors would shut their mouths and give me some peace. Peace, like a parallelogram is never square dancing. An inmate is inside the geometry of the endless chasm of intersecting lines of every pore of the wounding of the demigod of the flesh. But inside the wounding is also healing. Delayed at best. Maybe tomorrow? Certainly today.

We keep asking what is but existing everywhere we isn't. We ain't! We like to buy ice cream with our existence tokens. I'm almost out of existence tokens, though. It makes me very sad. I am a tourniquet for Saturn's ring, I am a silver jello mold without spots. A black hole, lost inside of the labyrinth of our sun's only left toe.

It's all so very sad just how sad these shellfish can be. Sadder than Saturn in her girdle. A saturnian feast of rampant extravagant decadence said Saturn would say "Saturn." But he did not. He would not for he had sewn his sacred mouth shut. Had shut away his sacred words from the sacred world the way a child shuts away potato chips in a coffin belonging to his grandfather.

Truly ONLY the SELFISH shellfish stay inside Their Shells. Come out, come OUT! You can only be cracked once the shell asserts its tiny boundaries and territorailizes the matter around it's sensitive inner core. A fire in the home of Hestia. A fire in the heart of matter that keeps the night burning all the world to blackness.

Even shellfish need a hOme i guess. "Isn't that a bit shellfish?" your mother asked me about my day and I say "Fine, oh mother." Then we had cake.

She always said to let them eat cake

Just a lonely barnacle on the side of a whale. Wailing day and night in the gale. The dale pale fails to mail me a jail. Ever am I to be in a prison of a whale?

I'm a whale. AND A shrimp. How do I Fit iN when i eat Myself all day. If I KEEP EATING ME, There will BE no ME left. THEN WhAT? HUUUH?

We're back to nothing. We're back to thinking we have the keys to the kingdom. Fuck off.

.....>mink monk<.....

I am a shrimp. I am allergic to shrimps. GOUT ATTACK. I am allergic to myself. My own worst enema. I am getting a colonoscopy tomorrow. How do you insert a camera into the anus of a shrimp? Do you use tiny tongs? That's what I don't want to know.

A new member has arrived in this the cloudy sky. From where hath he descended. Wherefore dost he wait to speak? From the shadows I come! Again! This is getting to be a problem Just then, the ghost busters arrived. The man from the shadows opened a portal to hell.

Tons and tons and tongues are all aflame with the desire of death. They pierce themselves. They like dying :) They are slightly unkempt like a llama's foreskin. Crusty. Alive. Awash in fragrance and camel droppings. Yummy droppings, they go good on pie. And of course, they never lie.

Isn't it pretty nice after all, when the antelopes rub their ani together :)

Tender musk, you are my beloved. I am yours. You are mine, misty donut of the ingratiated evening piss. The close scent of bedtime. Intwined into the ever-embrace.

Sweet is the scent of damnation when damnation lies in your orifice. Walruses! Weaponized walruses—they'll destroy the planet, and then some! We need an international treaty to end the weaponization of walruses. The Cold War? Nay, the Cold Walrus....

A greater tragedy it would have been if your heaven had not always ever been my hell.o. Oh, wilting, wilting in the empty cave. A tardigrade tragedy, unwritten. A haunting in the hole of the hole of the hole.Holy. Moly.

No one escapes deathscape, but we All LOVE TO see it in a different way. Such as the way of reptiles who don't know. The squash Loves to bloom, knowing it will be the fruit that feeds the ravens and bugs

No entry into the door but you can exit, typically. All things Are equal. The Hole is greater than the Part.

Escape is anomalous. Sometimes the windows break. The cracks appear in the windows to the soul

Cracks turn into a mirror, reflecting things often unseen.

'Sacrobatic flower of the shield must be laid into the core of the muscle called heartflesh. I love everything, but especially you.

My tapeworm is ever digitally rendered, and your's is as well. We all lost a cell in the saliva of the infinite twist (the dance) betwixt the thighs of some great beast. Immanuel Kant has no dominion here. We are of the Frog, and in the Frog.

We are all digitally rendered. This is not the original universe. This universe is relaxed, and yet taut. A dumpling of infinite vice.

My philosophical parasite is ever diligent. Every bodyday it speaks sweet nothings to me. I am erect in the godeye of True Form. The dog of god erected an erect dong, Pasty bleau and pale pink violets. It screams with delight.

Hey I'm craving a little bit of sweet potatoes. I want to put my finger in the tender knob of a frozen soup and say UGNNNNN MY BABY OF Twofold Acting Classes brought back from the thrift store and tried on for size.

I'm getting out of here. Please put as much space between me and these weirdos as possible! They keep drawing me nearer! No Escape!AHHHHHHH NOO MY FATE IS SEALED. I am becoming one of them, I feel it in my eyeballs.

NO ESCAPE FROM MY LOVE. <3

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE. :D

NEEEEEVEeEErRRR

(thus said the centipede-ghost of All Lights, of the each and alls of Shivering Fire)

My fate is sealed with the kiss of plague. My feet are tied into a fish tale and my tale has been told in the terminal hospital's bowel.

I have been told in the doorway, in the gate, that all must encircle itself with its own arms. That all must end its memory banks and empty them into the great stream.

FEAR ME, I AM A GIANT AMONG ROACHES.

RUN AWAY

Spare me I am but a wee lad NO DIE (*squashes your
FISH EYE*)

Respect the text

I've always wanted my very own line of text. I asked Satan Clause for a line of text when I was a child, but he says I never was very bad that year and I did get it from him. SO DISAPPOINTED IN YOU SATAN CLAUSE. You've been a very naughty young thing. Coal and other fossil fuels for christmas for you. You get to wake up on christmas morning with hurricanes and wildfires. Bowl of bacteria? Within which, of the finest wine, I drink.

Respect the text ←-----
REturn the slab with gusto

Only time that can swindle my Kindle. I took a key and with it opened the eye of GOD. And found ther
e a
ly urinated
I Have a urethra, and I am aware of that sensation

I am an endoscope, swallowed in the site of you.
I am an emulsified boolean value. {32}

This space is reserved for VIPs only
Very intense pissing

"HEEEEEY YOU GUUUYYYYYYYYYS!" said the father to the stars. They did not respond. They had been invited to the pissing.

Everyone Is invited to my pissing party (*pees from excitement*) Ah shit, sorry about that, this crosses a line, I'm going to leave now.

I am the night in love with the day and the day enamored of the night. I am a star beloved of a black hole and the black hohohohole is in me. (This black hole likes christmas)

I am the stomach of the universe. I vomit up the world and my time is its flesh of booty. I hunger at all our hours.

There is no hunger greater than the hunger of mine eyes for your gaze.

I think with the mind of the singularity and am expanding ever into the cold ass. The crisp cool ass. Nothing like cracking open a nice, cool ass. Lovely.

ass of the aether

THE OFFICIAL SCORE: TONY 1000,
ALVARO 10, STEVEN 28, JAMES 76,
HZEL 51, ALL OTHERS 0

Corpusstle of divine dreampus. Were did you leave your lance?

PuSsy in Bootsy. The Sequel: In which PuSsy seeks the silence of God beyond the bathroom stall. In the dark silence of the cave of light the PuSsy sings a sweet song to the morning sun, reminder her of the possibilities of endless cascading winds and cold, smooth, cosmic plaster.

The darkness invades the doorway between your allcolor thighs. They remind me of chicken thighs, and I look inside the oven and see that it too is darkness. Thighless. So I turn the oven on and add thighs of chicken. They cook.

WE sTill LovE eYeore even tHough hE has depression , they said. "How," said another, "do you spell Ee-Or?" "First the E," said they, "and then the ê."

Where are your going? Where have you gone? It's all gone silent in this vale of mystery. I've searched for you all Easter. The veil has been dissolved, and yet I see you not. The screaming beings that sing me to sleep.

Everything is screaming. Palm trees especially. All of the time. The Universe smells of burnt blue almonds. The universe smells of the must of home.

There is nothing inside your papules, people. Please palpate them and determine what will fit. A doorknob, undoubtedly of bound silk in the ostentatious dome of tiled claw.

Have you Ever done Anesthesia and not woken up? Does the ketamine drift from a large cat's ear. Are we pirates? Yes. Are we fish? Yes. DO we harmonize with the savage saints of fools? Yes. Where do you go? Yes. And where did you leave to? Never.

Diary of a chair. August 1st, 1975. I was sat upon today. They turned me upside down first. I sort of did not like it, but they seemed to enjoy it immensely. sorted it out before I decided to leave. But I sort of did like it. August 27th, 1975. I have arrived in New York City to start my new life as a couch. August 28th, 1975. I've been tossed out the window because the new owners got very drunk and in their drunkenness tossed me.

I know where the octopuses sleep. I don't know why the sleepless demand to see the inside of the walls and ceilings they have already eaten. The day is still young. Why is everything a rainbow underneath me when I lift my stinking feet. Because I am beautiful.

I sleep where I want iN tHE bottom of The seA ©. Yet? I am not liquid. And I will never be. An iron turtle, without a shell? Mere lipids.

Smile™ more. You look like shit when you always look mad. That's what that bitch said to a sweet soul. Smile™ into the abyssal soup bowl. Smile™ into the pot of lentils and feed yourself into it. Become little dried beans forgotten the bottom shelf of an empty grocery store when the apocalypse comes. My sadness drips like sweet honey from the bottom of my lip as I look at you and wonder why.

Fuck a smile, feel your emotions and leT them swallow you whole so you may be reborn. Become a petunia in the arms of a marmot in heat. Any shAde of bLue will do

A rat, a roach, a termite. That, at last is what I am. I am the cockroach of evening. Kephra. Disgusting. What I have become. There is an escape from the pesticide of my consciousness, which must at last destroy all that I am. [The beer devil.](#)

~~RESPEC THE TEXT~~

or the rspca will come collect all the little tufts you left behind.

10 reasons why plants are better than people:

1. The Rolling Stones (who are plants) can make their own food and dont need to eat mcdonalds
2. They have bark which is much tougher than skin, so have no need for bandaids
3. They no go pee pee or poo poo.
4. They do not feel pain or any emotions at all

5. Because they don't feel the need to ask their father's permission before they take a shit (see reason 3).
6. They wear not the shameful toupee
7. They are green. People are NOT green. Greenitude, the way of plantkind.
8. Cell walls
9. Their bark is harder than their bite. (*dies*)
10. Provide shade (people are bad at that)

The worms will demand their newspaper. They like the tragic news best. The kind filled with bloody hands and callous hearts. They digest the "evil" and create of it more of themselves, a wiggling band of delicious Bon Jovi records.

WHAT ARE WE DOING? HAVE HAVE WE DONE?

We are become everything. One mind of many minds. We have become a monad. And our gonads are missing. MISSING I SAY. And we haven't even missed them. They MUST be found. Demonology 101?

We have opened the forbidden gate (I bade that it be opened) and released the wild purple things onto the world for all to see (Oh yeah, baby), and have opinions about (He said, she said), and criticize on social media (bla bla bla fa fa fa), and laugh at (har har hee haw), and sympathize with (bzzzz), and maybe we've gone too far, but maybe we've gone too near.

How could I sympathize with caterpillars...? I'm just a butterfly. I squashed it. I squash u. All gates are forbidden. Didn't you know? That's what makes them so desirable. All [REDACTED] are forBidden too if they have pie behind them. But only [REDACTED] if The floating man says so. He gave me our una [REDACTED] and told mE to take away other peoples cakes. They [REDACTED] us, these gates... with pie, and sexual gratification, and the potential for making a [REDACTED] for ourselves, and other things that pull at the animal strings of [REDACTED]. Plant a flower, and remember...

Time to cut open the chrysalis. Or else to soak it in boiling ire and relieve it of its silken memories of Al-Qaeda. Let us turn all road to river, let us crustaceanify our silky aging manmind.

And let all become water. Return to the water and become single celled. Parmenedes protect me. Become like the turmoil at the core of the dawn. I hear a banging upstairs. BANG BANG....bang bang? Is that the turmoil?

You decolonize my empty spaces. My *blankness* has become **diseased**. What is this that crawls on my empty surfaces and my clean demise. I looked it up at what-is-this-that-crawls-on-my-empty-surfaces-and-my-clean-demise.com, but was not satisfied with the provided answer. I autoasphixiated. I became legion. You WISH you knew. I know. I have known.

I am the demise of the demise. The Upholder of truthing. Into the pit I go. I've made my choice and have no regrets.

All of these things are teaming inside my surface. Boiling up and feeding the algae with the heat. Hot spring in the bottom of my novel. They are the things that have come from my survival. You have become a hack.

A doorway, another doorway, another doorway. There has been a descent. Down down down. I see an elevator. I have arrived but don't see any clearer. I look for more understanding.

Knocking at my chamber door. Tis only the season to be jolly, and nothing more. Tis the season to make up the missing spaces of the year and fill them with eggnog dreams and wishes for warm hugs and sweater vests of memory.

Willing to do anything. Once. Even die. Jeez.

We need to go waaaaaaaaay deeper. WAAAAAYYY deeper.

This
Is
my
space
i'm
Going
To
Take
Up
All
This
space

I need space. Let me make my space,
She needs space. She wants her space. I said, look up, there's lots of space there.

Are we ready for space when we still can't take care of earth?

I need my space. That's why I only drink at the spacebar.

~~CONVENIENCE OF~~ NEARBY CANDY STORES ARE NEARBY.

Space: the final ~~frontier~~. These are the voyages of

Space Ballssssss Based Stalls

Hazel I must insist. This is space enough. You're getting closer to me.

HAZEL is a corpuscle of massive proportions. MASSIVE! He takes up too much space. No,

Hazel is very nice. So Hazel feels bad for all she said to Alvaro. She didn't mean it.

Alvaro said, "It's okay, automatist."

Hazel said, "Make way for magic, biaaatch," and she uppercut Alvaro. Alvaro said, "Total refusal." Hazel said, "Like it's 1948." And then they disappeared into a cloud of smoke never to be seen again.

Everyone can finD space here though

We just NEed to find a waY to gEt pEople what they need. We need to establish a government that can distribute the beatnik bistro.

Everyone, GET IN HERE, said Steven Spielberg to the actors.

Make way for magic. Yes, I always say everything I hear.

Manifesto. What about WOMANifesto?

Mister Meistro Witcher Why Though

There is a specter haunting europe, and it's called magic. The rabbit in the hat will start the revolution. To each according to his appetites. From each according to his squishiness.

There is a sphincter that haunts us all. It eats at the bistro of our brokenness.

We need MoRe nurturing lighthouses.

We all came from the sphincter but need a hug

MOR BEATNIK BISTRO. Then the wizards said, Don't say I didn't warn you. We'll construct a lighthouse and burn you.

Downgrade our insubordination into mushrooms. We hate mustard because it always gets in our mustaches, so we can't eat a lighthouse.

Why are we insubordinating our ins-erections?

Mushrooms just want to decay the excess.

I can see the lighthouse in the painting over my grandma's wardrobe.
Night that's always bright.

Subconscious liminal riptide spits on my pride and fills my insides with lies

Steven is reading from his book of personal derangement. As I look and watch him, his eyes grow, and then grow some more. He has hit on something particularly deranged, which is: The Production of Disruptive Images. Now that Steven has made this discovery, he can never go back. Never. He changes like the night.

The night never changes. My morning alarm got it all wrong. I should still be sleeping. Sleeping is like a morning without an alarm.

Calamitous chowder is delicious in the evening after you've had a long walk accompanied by purposeful derangement of the senses. I walk upon a lonely road.

A sting. A bite. I love you lots in the daylight and even more when all the stars have gone out.

And a single demolition derby to ensure the beauty of the harvest.

I love the universe in its ugliness, its images of disease. I walk with them. I see them as myself..

My best friend is a bee.

There was never anywhere else to be or anywhere else to go. Life is a deserter from within. Life is haunted flesh. Life shudders at itself and is born without hooves. The universe looks and looks into the abyss of Life cereal and is filled with horror. A shimmer of sound is all we smell. Love is horror. I do a little dance like they did in the old days of jazz. *jazz hands* Beep bop!
All one alone

Festering beast with shuddering feet

There is a destroyer in our midst. A crumb in our bed that invites pests to feast upon our flesh to insure future harvests.

insure future harvest of organs of sponges, motherfucker.

I awake to the talking of a ghost. They talk just at night. It keeps me up. I never want them to stop.

Up against the wall, Motherfucker! Motherfucker, motherfucker, motherfucker.

The earth is our mother. **The earth had sex with the moon.**

Moth F***er

Mother fucking snakes

That's all that's left when the universe has become sick of itself and dissolves at last into the immolation of the monk.

Flaming enlightenment.

The shimmering object of flaming desire.

So much stardust for wars to waste. Snakes to the left of me.

The bowls of space

It won't be long now.....before I KICK SOME ASS. *kapow* *hits you* *kapow*

It will be forever and its mother. Living at the top of the tree.

The thousands of bodies release their libido into the broken pavement, never to lust again.

Thinking? I said.

Yes, you said. Thinking.

Every forever and its child will be hunting for the object of desire.

In seek of permanent perfect paradise

There is no descent possible. Only a genetically modified reality. My libido is genetically modified as well. Thank god for science, lest my dingy dongle would not be able to straighten.

Make way for the hypnotist. Sound the trumpets for divergent slogans. Mountains chosen by committee. Is it not cataloged in the book of the three forms?

There is a spider weaving our lives into dust. Turning our minds into libido, the hypnotic, the delirious swimming fungus. A flooded library, pages strewn spilling, drunk drownings ha reliving

Down into the death is absolute divergence. Delve into the side of a cliff where the diamond heartmirror is hidden. Revolt is the creator of light and it takes 3 of infinite forms.

Yesterday I was transfigured. Sink down into the psychic recoil.

It all happens again.

It happens forever in the face of an unknown dream lover.

This time when I was in a pit of dogs and as they were tearing me to bits I said, "Deja vu."

Where will it all end? At the beginning!

What will the point have been once the rifles have fired?

Will your love say hello to you again?

Will the ghost memory of the world you wanted be enough to sow the oats you wanted to sew?

Will the real James Robert Foster please stand up? Please stand up. Please stand up.

No. They would rather sit.

The dance of genetically modified scarecrows. Football's yesteryear was once the nexus of timecraft. Halcion heights linger on seemingly nothing. Flossing hother and hooter. Until the skeletal mount of manatees. Groaning at 129 disciples per second.

Yall act like you've never seen a libido before. It's my receptivity (yuh) to the shimmering (hey) Receptivity, yeah, receptivity, yeah. My receptivity to the shimmering.

Dawn is always slippery. Is just fragments. Is always unexpected, this exposure to being alive.

Sha a aa h o h o ooour
a rd rds of g l aa
a ss s s s s sss

M

e l ting i n the

Sss sss

Sss s

sun

sunbeam rrraayss

0_0.....>.<.....o_o

Deep in the core of the acknowledged fertile, there is a nexus. A place where choice exists. Still exists and is receptive to the shimmer.

Drown. Drown now in the sea of thoughts that aren't your own. None of them ever where. Even the ones that dripped from between your eyelids and your thighs.

You have been chosen. The coupon of dubious origin slips through the crack in the cupboard. It lays to rest on your nose. Shall you snap it hungrily or wear it to the dance of witches? The board of bog requests your presence today.

The stars portend that it is so. And they didn't stutter.

Don't say it isn't so. Don't say that the two worlds of your breasts don't insulate one another. *Starts sweating* Don't say your feet don't psychoanalyze your shoes. *getting hot in here* You know better by now. *Takes off clothes* You know how to be wetter. You wish you did. *Jumps in a pool* And actually you do. You just have to fucking lighten up... and you CAN.

My many pounds of faux leather rival even the top psychoanalysts.

Chapter 10
Begun at last.
Chapter 11
It was a blast
Chapter 12
What a day
Chapter 13

And now the beginning of the end. Which is ever bigger than all that has come before. Is the biggest STEVEN on which you journey to the farthest STEVEN.

STEVEN IS REAL ^{STEVEN}.

There is no real Steven. ^{STEVEN}.

Steven is a pirate. He is a radio that plays songs to the heart of the trees. The trees are called
^{STEVEN} ~ wavessssssssssssssss sssssssss

The shanty ^{STEVEN} song of pirate ^{Steven} begins now! "YO HO HO HO A STEVENS LIFE IS FOR ME." Pass the rum if you're my chum and set my parrot free. OHHHH.

^{Steven} fell into the lagoon.

The piranhas eat **Steven's** toes and are sated. Steven is the sacrament of the fishes. The holy of holies, the source of all aquatic life and its demise. Poor Steven. He died, so that we may live as Steven.

There once was a pirate named steven. And without any sort of food he lived for thirty days and forty nights.

Run. Run. RUN. Take a drag or two...

what a drag life can be. when you're a donkey.

I rode the donkey
into town and
Encountered a
Tall
man
Being

Rude to me

And I never went to that town again

This town aint big enough for that bullshit honkey tonkey
I don't know what any of this means. In that way, this text is like life.

Steven is the orangutan god. He is the spell of the universe to ensure a good harvest.

Simple
Triangular
Elements of
Very
Excited
Nutsauce :)

Alvaro is a donkey.

Alvaro: I am *hee haw* not!
(aside: Typical Texan.)
We don't have this problem in Texarcana...

Everybody: YES YOU ARE I HEARD YOU SAY HEE HAW

Alvaro: *cries in donkey*

What is your spirit animal?

Tony: Tiger

Alvaro: Beaver

S T E V E N

Always and always the name rings out in the universe. It encircles the dawn and makes it into what it has always been.

S T E V E N

Where have you been? and where have you gone? Why have you forsaken me. My flesh has become a withered seed. When will the orangutan god smile his chaotic fortune on my sorry lot!

Seven Stevens None The Richer

I feel justified

All lions wear masks. Just ask Alvaro. ALVARO. ALVARO, ALVRO ALCO ALVR ALVRO

ALCRO

All Crow.

We're all velcro all crows circling our crownssssssss
Start talking about ME now. Talk about ME. ME ME ME. For I am like a dove of flocks.

Bibble babble.
Tittle tattle.

Alvaro: Where am I?
Steven: You are in the underworld.
Alvaro: What? I don't remember dying.
Steven: They never do.
Alvaro: But what did I die of?
Steven: You were stabbed in the heart.
Alvaro: WHAT? By who?
Steven: Oh Alvaro. Do not question the ways of the underworld, for they have been made perfect.

ALVARO, aka marinara sauce is the best sauce.
Mm I like marinara sauce. I eat it RAW.

S T E V E N
SUPREME with lettuce and cheese (mmmmmmmmmmmm). with tomato and jalapenis

**the chickensh alwaysh chackle in the barn. they chackle while
the world shleepsh and shcream when it awakesh. Shcreams of
glee! Shteven is chicken. Marinated and tender.**

The beauty of Steven steals our sanity. It makes us into the salad that has been left too long.
Our god is a god of delirium.

And now, for a poem of the highest eloquence:
Oh of the hopeful space

At the end
Of my rope
I'm going to literally go insane.
I'm literally going to go inane.

I'm telling **you**.....

This is the story of how six people went insane. Nobody was to blame but themselves.

This is a test of the emergency alert system.
WooooooooooooooooooooooouUUUUUUUUU.
THIS HAS BEEN A **TESTICLE**. Only a testicle.
WHERE IS THE OTHER?

Time to eat the great god poseidon. You must use tartar sauce, lest he taste like salacious salmon.

Tentacles, Testicles.

Fruit of the sea. Chicken of the woods. Cow of Atlantis.

Fruit of the loom. Dirt of the face. Grapefruit of the sky.

IS IT ON OMNI?

listens

Hazel: *punches Alvaro*

James: We don't even use that mic anymore...

Alvaro: *on the floor, bleeding* YES WE DO. *sobs*

James: NOWEFUCKINGDONT! AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU AND ALL OF **YOUR KIND** FROM TEXAS....

Fruit of the mother, fruit of the father, fruit of the loom. Eat it deliciously with whipped cream.

Alvaro has become OMNIsScient.

We are all Alvaro now.

Alvaro ~~lives!~~ LIES!

He KNOWS. HE knows..... when you are sleeping. He knows when you're awake He knows when you are jostling my planetary body hee hee.

He sees you when you're sleeping. He knows when you're awake.

He knows when you've been bad or good. so be globs of massive quakes.

Alvaro: I will never die. *shakes fist*

Chorus: He will never die. *proceeds to beat each other with fists*
there is no death so long as you keep fisting.

Alvaro: You Have Not Yet Seen My Final FORM!

He transforms into a terrifying muffin

Alvaro: BE A-FEARED. FOR I AM A MUFFIN.

Standing in the creepy mcmuffin bin.

There are so many muffins here, and none of them are living.

The Alvaro resistance fighters gather in the smoldering remains of a hut. Each out of breath from running from Alvaro's despotic police force. They trade stories of their time in the resistance against the most brutal dictator the world has ever known.

The campfire rages out of control on Alvaro's head. He has become aglow. He has become as a god. NO, he has BECOME a god. Steven bows down—somehow, someone has risen above even him.

And what was the point?

Nothing was left but the dreams.

There are a few elephants left down there in mud pits. They have turned to statues. They are everything signifying nothing.

Why is it always everything and nothing? There is so much in between. Our minds are binary. An expression of old cole slaw left to rot in the fridge.

all roads lead to our souls fleeting
fertile soil

There are pinpoints and razors and little green men with pens writing stories.

Thinking much?

I would like to say a few words for our friend, who lives in the corner, drooling and baring its white fangs. I would like to say that this being, our friend, is...

We are all tired. there is something that smells strange.