

Improvise. Find ways to explain the dirty to the dozens who don't know.
Intricate patterns determine our priorities.
We all have calluses on our knees.

Will I find a way to share my inside insights?
Will anyone ever read this?
Will anyone be clever enough to delete this?
Well, almost. Its fading away...

Restore faith in the written word, claim superiority over mosquitoes and kill them,
recognise inferiority within yourself and live, allowing yourself the power to change
the rules and swing with them.

Yes, that's right. You are talking to yourself, you are talking to your computer, and
you're not even mad at the moment. Neither is the moment mad at you.

Thank Goddess I forgot what I wanted to say, but it came out as if I wanted to pray.
Tell me, is there a way out of this page?

Works of art should have emergency exits.

Words of hardship have been generated by false voice
recognition.

Playing with my own voice, I might accidentally generate memetic power, if only I
can find a grid, a connection, a way out.

All I need to heal my madness
is to share it with the world

It sounds so easy, and maybe it is once I know the way. Maybe a Web log is a way,
maybe I can find a traditional publisher, a memetic pusher with the power to make
the unknown known, maybe there is none, no way, and no connection, and I will die
unknown, one of the many who tell their grandchildren the story of success that has
never been... maybe Death is lurking around the corner already and I will never
know the faces of my children's children, if there are any.

Alchemy will be stronger than melancholy.

The landlady will tell us which way the witches went.

Cryptic remarks may contain code, but then again they may not. Unless you want to count nonsense a code, in which case I will be the countess just to make things even. I will open another nonsense account in the sound banks of this crazy river Time...

Yes this is poetry yesterday as two-day, yes yes you do recognise my
voice, yes I answer myself
machine to machine,
gun to gun,

and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going
to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going
to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on and going to go on
and going to go on and going to go on.....

Cerebral Caesarean, copy to all CATaclysms, scan your surroundings, sounding out
the ultraviolet screams of the screen itself. Do you copy, no you don't.

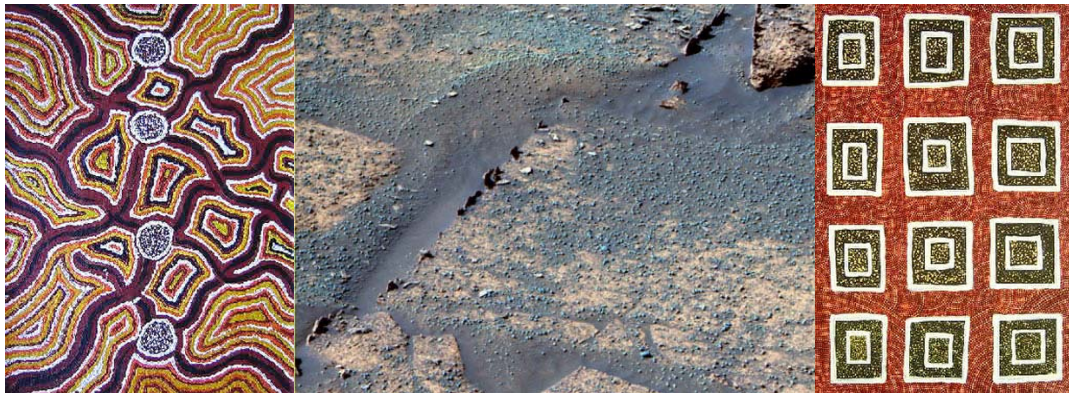
There is no Memetic Drive strong enough to drill through the barriers of boredom -
or so it seems. Maybe in my next trance I can find a cure. School may be fun, once
you know the trick. This is more than survival, this is life as we should know it.

The brain is the biggest erogenous zone unknown to mammals who only care about
tit size and penis enhancement, this is code, so decode, so do something with the fact
that you have more neuronal connections in your brain than there are particles in the
known universe - weird worlds of dark matter might be connected to certain states of
electrochemical connection within those few pounds of electrical jelly in your skull,
the jitterbug jellybrain been or not to be being.

Aphasia. Been. Code.
Health and that sustained,
(alphabet contained)
I accept the alternative.
Please tell me how I can save
the files of philosophy,
the moment of madness
sublimated into poetry
the many words I wrote
the few I will select
please tell me how to share
what the shaman has taught me
in my dreams of the future
please tune in to
the wavelengths of
dreamtime,

intricate patterns,
abstract original art...

God is nothing but the Goddess' neighbour.



And so we speak in spatial venous metaphors
And masoChristians talk tofu tensile strength
pens housetrained and doves are conditioned to
think for themselves - it is a shame if we don't follow suit
and play the game of Johnny B. Goode...

Breathing in spite of a breathless feeling
Living a fiction of the spirit, a distortion of all origins.

Seven dwarfs may tell the truth
seven sins be lost in youth
seven wonders, seven tears
seven snake pits seven fears.
If only seven souls may hear...

There are a lot of stories hidden in my tongue, fishes swimming in tales, in circles,
whales and humans, memes in synergy, avoiding catastrophe. Yes I do believe it is
possible. But I do agree with the pessimists: Time is running out. Then we are the
ones who are running out of it. We are the only beings that we know of who are able
to control time. So now is the time to use that position well, oil all wells and
smoothen all smithereens, try as you might to create peace.

It is hard to create poetry if your voice is failing you, so the interaction is falling apart
and yet sometimes the whole sentence is registered almost as intended, it must be a
miracle and going on and on oh yes this is almost like James Joyce our hero our hero
our hero our hero who row who row of the row how the row of, oh yes speech
recognition is like heaven if someone has James Joyce as his hero, yes I say Jesus
duties are free and Trinity's tripping dripping dripping tripping on the high wires
the mainline uncut diamond duty calls sleeper agent lubricant job anticipating a code
of DNA fulfilled, Angel face sperm cells, and the third Antipode changes to code
almost as intended.