

## Empty Space

Do you know how much empty space we are!  
Atoms on Atoms on Atoms on Atoms on Atoms on Atoms  
Stack to make us look like we're solid.

I want to see people for what they are and not get boggle down  
and mistaken by using this human vision that was forced on me.

### Intra

I look at a body and I see the different parts in an exploded view.

The body oscillates and I see each fragment emitting small waves to a network of glowing pipelines.  
Secondary lines are in each limb which feed into a mainline down the center of the body.  
The fragmented pieces shake to a crunch and break into specks.

Now I'm looking at a more accurate form of a body: specks and space.

The specks propagate vibrating waves and a living, animating force runs through the pipes.

### Inter

The pipelines melodically wail out a frequency. The main pipeline is like a central antenna booming a frequency out into the empty space around it. Objects and other beings react to this frequency by adjusting their own, and in turn, the original frequency adjusts.

The frequency is a mix of the being's natural vibration and the current emotional vibration.  
Some frequencies are easy to pass on—like anger.

But some beings have strong affinities toward certain frequencies, which makes affecting their environment so much easier. The dog at home may have a natural affinity for joy, which very easily disrupts the stressed frequency you bring home to it.

See the individual frequencies and their interactions with others is everything.  
That is it.  
That is all there is.

The breath and the waves between the spaces is the real life to see. Don't get tripped up with solidity.

## Incorporeal Beauty

Surrounded,

engulfed really,

by this sea of haggard spirits.

We look like we crawled out of the River Styx

We're marching thru an endless astral expanse.

From afar, we make a steady low murmur as a pack.

Within the pack, the murmur is more of a rolling roar.

Each members speak to themselves  
stuck in a dull, repeating reverie,

Tits Tits Tits of what piece of beauty they are looking for.

Tall and Smart Tall and Smart Tall and Smart

Looking at their tired lips form those monotonous whispers is confusing.

There's an energizing

**FORWARD!**

Booms down and crackles all around us.

The circumventing echo rings and quickens our pace.

The thunder stirs their reverie into an anxious search.

Seeing them in such a panic makes

the anxiety a gelatinous infection

ripping your confusion to

unaimed motivation.

A sense of urgency fills you.

To the left and over the shoulders of 5 figures in front of you,

Purple and Black strands of the astral expanse begin to swirl to a point

and expands with an almost silent sucking to a black opening for another wan spirit to

hurriedly shuffle out into the advancing pack.

You find yourself staring at this newcomer, thinking of how confusing that position must be

quirky with dimples

You hear it for the first time

quirky with dimples

You realize its your own vice

quirky with dimples

*You question if you would ever care about these things if you hadn't heard the others.*

**FORWARD!**

resonates around you

and another 3 spiralings, another 3 spectral beings join

## Dropped Reason

She said she's always bored during sex.  
Every massage I've given her  
every moan to crawl from her mouth  
every flexion of her back

in my memory's reach got examined and reorganized.

I hold the memory in my hand. I thought I knew its shape and weight,  
but I watch it warp—is sits uncomfortably now.

When you tell me to go as hard and as fast as I could,  
2 scrolls of ideas dropped and unraveled in my consciousness.

### Scroll 1:

*You were enjoying yourself and  
you liked what I was doing.*

### Scroll 2:

*Insecurity corkscrews thru my body and I  
think you're beggin me on cause u don't  
like this and you want me to finish quickly.*

I've thought I was so insecure and irrational  
for the latter scroll, but now I can know  
ur boredom could make it possible.

Actually, I've put so much work into learning more about women. Studying medical illustrations of  
vulvas then letting my hand spell out the scientific name of each part on my partners as I try pleasing via  
caress. Attempting to learn more about women was fueled by my desire to please and be loved back.

If I can learn from this sex book and put my attention on you and show concern for your feeling/who  
you are, I'll be different from other guys who just have sex without care for their partners. I'd be better.

But I've put pressure on myself to perform which I've associated with my identity as a  
caring person.

Sex has become a circus I'm losing at trying to perform. Show off tricks here and there from my books or  
from an article, but is no longer even about me.

It's nearly all for my partner.

So I'm energetically charged from engulfing my thoughts in  
literature for sex, advice videos, and all the diagrams I can carry on my back.

The charging and the personal association with my personality mix to a heap of criticism for myself.  
I can't possibly be good enough

## Polynesian Density

I hope you don't mind, but I forgot how we met.  
I do remember standing in front of you  
last summer in your dorm room.

I dunk my head into my pool of memories and see the scene in two ways:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| > Reseeing it directly thru my eyes at the time:<br>Just you being near me cultivated anxiety. I spoke<br>as nervousness stoked my throat and moved as<br>nervousness made my hands unsure. My fear of<br>your rejection floated on the top of my thoughts till<br>our faces meet then tethered. I nestled into that dip<br>of skin by your clavicle sipping the curvature out your<br>neck as your back pointed your body in agreement. | >>Watching it now from another realm:<br>I look at ourselves from an arm's length<br>away. All the items in the room are fuzzy<br>archetypes but my focus is on us. Then,<br>my peripheral sees swirling. My view<br>is pulled to something brewing above<br>our heads. This bright, almost spherical<br>density was living. |
|--|--|

I could hear the spiritual underwire holding up the room breathe.

The breath was strong

each inhale made us and the items in the room cave inward  
each exhale cracked everything in the room

The inward tugs and cracking had musical synchronicity.  
The density above us began breathing more sharply and  
the room flexed and crackled. Our bodies leave  
the floor and everything cracks with  
a silent hiss.

We remain floating, surrounded by the exposed underwire of our shared  
spiritual reality. Shone so brilliantly I almost didn't see our own  
spiritual frame exposed as the cracked pieces of our  
bodies drift up into the density. I watch as the enormous entities that  
are crammed into our tiny bodies loosely unravel.

A slice was taken from me

A slice was taken from you sucked into the density.

The density compressed and hardened and flowed away from its home above us to join the underwire.

I see that our spiritual selves  
create the underwire that holds our physical world.

Shannon

I found you sitting like glory. I slowly approach to make sure I make my entrance right.  
We share a laugh and when gaze tangle.  
Beautiful doesn't catch it.

Your eyes take me on a journey, abandoning everything around us. I could  
abandon my education and drive slowly thru that moment we held eye contact in a repeating loop and  
know I could find everything I was ever meant to.

My eye occasionally catches some strangers' movement- a brief second wasted  
but I refocus on you  
as that high library stool morphs to a throne  
when you relax back into it.

Casually, your posture opens and inside of me test tubes of hormones and signals tip over and a  
hodgepodge of hints and urges are hurled at my conscious attention, but I just keep nodding as thou my  
body isn't at war with itself.

Another unfamiliar part of me pops and sparkles like a budding nebula, growing hot and unsure. I don't  
know what this is, but my aura wants to dovetail to yours.

The caress of your voice recreates your words into a song as it emanates from your cave of a mouth that  
looks like it can swallow the world whole--in a sexy way.