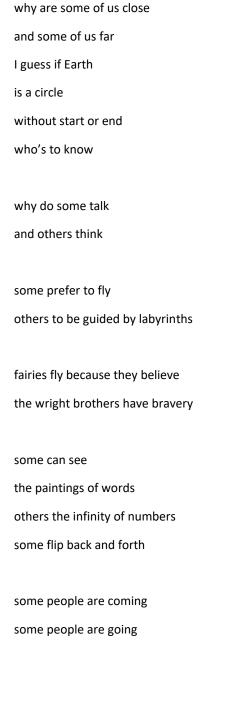
Gone



There's a TV in my Leg

in the hospital bed I hallucinated clear shape shifting orb-like depictions of ancient farmers in the village or a net cast about me that I pushed with finger laughing as I watched it bounce I saw the ghosts pass through but I was scared so my angel hid me I saw patterns and fairies gigantic sunflowers spinning negative spirits can influence but not master yes, that's it it must be a purely psychological phenomenon ego ID melting into one another I mean the conscious and its counter – part

two universes

bumping into one another maybe lack of sleep

or the bugs I saw on my pants because
I haven't changed them for days
gotta do that when
I get home

we talked theology with aliens for the record, they don't know either

Curses

my sponsor doesn't believe in curses I do I don't think she used an enchantment she cursed me visions of her fucking other men every waking hour that sucks and it hurts everytime I fucking look at it she's on top I'm on the bottom she's my number 1 I'm her zero these visions were no joke not a matter of positive thinking or some attempt to feel better about myself they were energetic channels freed up montages of the reality I would soon unfold like stepping up to a cliff enamoured by depths of mountains

realizing I'm nothing

but in time

I came to jack off to the thought

now renewed into a visionary sexual butterfly

Porn

I tried to watch porn
but there's only one pussy
on this Earth for me
and that's like
finding a four leaf clover