

I strolled out of Brooklyn, wavering for little, expecting the entirety of my lucid vehenments to touch down and strike me with the elegance revered, reserved for few bastards without glorified structure in societal impressionism. Here it was though, approaching like a giant steel clydesdale hoof bearing the symbol of a blue note washup. A sax player, in the throes of an obscure subway stop. The kind without a machine to buy a ticket. Roaring, soaking in effigy proclaiming to the better block of morgan avenue that this dark opus might be his last. Rearing along, alone unscrupulous and lashing out with occasional sanctimony from bystanders. Strung out. Greased, a grime facet of flem bandits; scoundreling across an odyssey that screams, worthy of a dollar. I didn't have a ticket. I couldn't ride that train.

The depraved creature deserved gentlemen. Greed greased, groveling in formal martyrdom. To whom does he play, on which continent from what players of what time was he betrayed, misguided. Noose stricken to hang animated in limber purgatory of hot stench. A stank subway station. Grieving for pageantry I turned away and felt the lashes slice the stone archway carving the hall as it fluttered into open space. A vacuum of a granite

cutting factory around the corner. East Williamsburg.

Construction and contempt. Who were the architects that had failed him or were they merely dreaming of him at the wrong space? He get what is decent for a day slaving in a saw mill. Inevitably he succumbs a splitting headache ,and several months of unceasing dreaming of being cruelly flogged by the doldrums of the train gate, he takes it to the tavern. Secondly, lonesomeness and treachery endures his sax to the pawnbroker. His drunk behavior imprisoned by his vices, shuddering the terror of a poor little victimless player would lure any sorrow cats into the depths of their tyranny.

"Your split from your whiskey; so you might as well have another drink. If forgetfulness bodes worthy for gaining coins most definitely the time will come when I can spare cirrhosis from his defiant innards. One quarter's gallon and no hangover. Poured over ice, in a neat glass the last drink would simply vanish out of a cusped hand. The ill fated joy of yet another trick to prolong the conjurer, in fact all his failures came from deriving him from something or another. Lust, cash, appreciation, the honest liar couldn't mistake how good he would become unprotected from criticism "To change his luck." Off to

the streets with a jovial merriment. Now he must execute with the vain and frigid pomp, impossible to recreate inside another fresh well lit studio smothered red with brownstone standing worthless, no more than that of a glorified maggot hoping to mobilely distress a bloodless coup. He climbs a iron ladder with grim severity, nervous haste to be quick and with what little dinner must declare consolation, daring to a distant bird, quivering pink. Receive homage of man. The indivisible individual.

I decided to make way towards the library. I cast anchor like a skull into the mid atlantic would. Raving squeals and ravenous tides throwing a slight buoyant, winged vessel into the air to be tossed into torpid trenches of shadow from the chop. If you lasted fifteen minutes at this pace I'd statue you as an olympian and imperiously I retort amongst myself drowning in the endless infinity of a universal intelligence. For that was what the library held. A tangible, malleable history and projection of the future from millennia away, time becoming distance and only a short distance between decades on seconds of a blink. Gravity and the force of a hand moving ideas and casting them into the interwoven parallels of the books all around them.

Parlaying the granite, ivory silver and gold into names, faces, aesthetics and reason to excentricite logic in a relentless aprou benevolence to ever expanding syntax. A tangible object now as invariable as light rewound in geometries and moulded to cast statues a like and fill streams and rivers of consciousness with lures and flies. Reveling in the sacred texts of mankind for eternity if one's memory serves them correctly. This, the truth be told, was not the strength in the hour of a party by any means. Memory. Collective, individual, or hybrid. Some doctrine of relativity and ration. The most important quality in man. This portal transcribed and everlasting hope that bridged all harrowed, hollow superstitions. Grovelling lunacy cusping the thigh of a mare or the lips of a scarlet sash.

A sash succombs to solace in humble birthed solitude. Foreign foes drowned outstretching whispers into feign grit. The growls obscure sacred grounds, grounded the serene heralding. My self bounty cast a shadow, skyscrapers over my country. Now a hand could flick a grain of sand to cascade no ethereal tune to be heard, undone. The chidden billow orphaned a vast sail casting to shore the settling ravenous blossom of the harbour. To blockade an eternity, embayed by the seeping crevices of dawn

and dusk. Good grace to council away particular grief, importing
fury in the words of the mystery of no credulous fools. In
credulous bastards sprawling towards Horace for polygamy,
standing eminent, bading the nightgowns elicitations to bed, and
lads wind shaking surge to bear the impossible Son or Daughter
after decades of debauchery. All trivial towards triumph while
lustre lacks lethargy in every massive affect. Lengthwise
testimonies of formidable follies rebutting the noble
exacerbated jest in the narrows of new found formation in vice.
Dicing the crannies of forcible reinstatements to the masses.
For when vice is instilled employed conviction distilled through
passion and lust, convoluting the knowing mind and vanquishing
the mundane purity of knowledgeable verbosity. Now the
sentiments towards countess start meandering towards madame and
mademoiselle, frolicking, gallivanting their youth. Younger lust
towards older ensnarement in women yet still to this evening I
hold true sanctimonious existing, capturing this range in both
direction, yet vileness transcends these bullocks. Notorious
scalliwags running the gauntlet of, before infallible,
austerity. The lust of champions in alluring adultery.

A spry sensibility contrived from the madness. A responsibility to conceal for the sake of procuring the affair then tossing and divulging into the polygamy an arrogance understood to carve the finest coquette in the realm of conventions. If one affair did not take by the early evening up and start another, showing for the others meant to be. Finding out the young lovers were not together at all and now the two mistresses must weigh out the stages crowd over the ability to harness their ability to respect the situation. Smack, crack, and plight of perils ensues when two girls with other boyfriends involved get caught in an elaborate perplexed truce of anecdotes. Elegance in vicious, visceral conflections disturb the nuances of thoughtful resolution. Triumph obscured by pestilence and manic meandering Rile the convolution towards refraction; guiled blight, restoration of plight. Lascivious luster gleaming from the doldrums of a defracted image. cast iron, guilded conduit of vanity, hark and harrow forth witt a being into the chivalry, guilness, and jest of the bones and bosom of cryptic creation. Beam archaic in the trouncing bastards of nurture and shed heir and hem the joints of escapades tried true for generations past, aghast.

Matriculation, farce creation naivety and gravity taking lucid form in mediocrity. Genesis, scandinavians pastoral doctrines glucose doth credulous contraband gathered and gobbled in the temple of our body, thin in the narrows of a levy brimmed.

The crevices of the wall gained traction as harmonics radicate disillusion, derailed delusion. I cusp the idiocentrics of my everlasting counterparts. Facilitating no folly in snobbery, demanding virtue and diligence, courting my fantastical fame. A decree of dancers. The court torpid, ensnaring and I bow parading. Putrid pestilence perverses prompting philharmonic rubble. The crickets dictate towards cicada. Friends gather in congratulations and a shots entertained for the medication. Insight. Mania. Delusion. Intruding my private life of pretentious authority for an atrocity of lifeless sludge. Rittling off greek meek and feeble words not translatable. Manicured poverty. Grotesque disability. Mortified creativity. Dumber and more cascadingly piggish with superfluous caveats sprinkling into the equation every day. I stretch my limber gripes across as many different women as I could covett with incredibly respectable standards. However this was hardly a steeze. The unfulfilled lust could have reached

whole other heights had I stuck a righteous melodic slut but I found most were monogamous where as I still couldn't have any less than one for the day of the week. Don't let me find an evening alone met an elaborate juggling labyrinth of succumbing to lustful estrangements and a void in the thing I honestly perceived would last a lot longer. The seething amount of entanglement could not be entirely fulfilled with even seven days with one women.

The exquisite first trip. Deflowering an experience is like navigating through the nineteen forties North Atlantic ocean, a stretch past the U Boats. A heightened sense of acute emotions, sensorial temptations and reverberations of teaming metaphysical intricacies of the senses, but the chance of fear and utter destruction, disaster was ominous as that unknown and if one goes plummeting to drop out another is sure to follow. This was never the case. Sordid shouting cavalcade gleaming caleidoscop half arched angels pitched on murmurs of mosaic membranes harmonizing with the learned soul a major force soon to be in requiem at an early martyrdom or advance to a more experienced life, a thriving member of humanity fearless towards creation. Once again the faces of youth spent a generation appearing in

the unconsciously cross vaulting facade of glittering surface form blended to abstraction of the best impressionists. The trips exalted, with every success an undeterminable yet formattable pretension in aesthetic interpretation. Comprising with parents to only win their respect while maintaining the grand illusion. A moment where a steady anchor is cast into time that establishes the greedless notion that time is no longer empirical. Charming ignorance that is settled by a cutlass custom seeking strenuous intellectual bodies to lead the glazen, lit ethereal lantern. The past became tense and the future more manageably entertaining to a fault. Victories in keeping your cool or letting your head melt into your hands had birds whistling on the horizon, every dimly lit dawn sprawling from coast to coast all summer long. The winter posed running from scarcely brightened, packed theaters or dives to perpetuate the running delusion that sanity could be maintained at speeds and an endless canvas of locations, from time to time stopping home praying not to get stuck in your hometown too long. "The past like the race of a man with a wooden leg after a horse," the future perfect.

Many years prior, to what was now sure to be closing in on the midway point of the twentieth century, I had traveled to an island archaic beyond recognition and beyond the cliffs that observed rock formations at many of its beach fronts were trident infused reefs I'd ensnared and iconicized with greek gods of the sea. Young years alone and globetrotting to conquer the mundane trivial days of meager life at the university. Seeking aphroditic mistress, alustrious sodemny in a hiking trip with a perfect strange, granite chops, an incision by afternoon cracked up over a nights squalor of a feast to mark a hard earned day of traveling by motorbike, and feeble forgivings of the unruly natives who squawked a tout hoping to succeed in approaching a random celebrity or standing noble character from the other side. The proverbial deaf-hooved dagger tossed at every leap and thought to say harkening, I will escape this lifetime and everything I have deemed real to this moment, bearing my steel motor ride, crash and gravitate to a burlesque of dunes and palm trees, and neon. Perpetuating no notion of wavering belief in the rebirth of the infinite bliss, the blaspheming buffoonery of stipulated formulation and sauntering the ecstasy of endless porpoises and whales, grappling the known

malleable past as a facet for antique pagans like the grotesque continuity of neoclassical regency all harmonizing over a tropical canvas.

Each marauder stockpiled a grave, dark more resilient but often disturbed swollen beat. Throbbing tears, screaming families and fearful compatriots. Friends and family bode the effervescence of their free spirit into eternity. Ultimately a celebration of life and expose of the strength of the roots that had been grown from the first experience.

Bongo drums paraded paradise. Fury spent the squelchers sorrowed, swooning the bottomless pits of imagination. Fire spinning sparing blazen over the horizon. Breath and widespread pandemonium viscously permeated your soul. Pummelling, reverberating verbosity. Anti Ballads against the introverted beat and excursions headed from continents adrift at sea converging for a frivolous gathering of soul seerers. Wide eyed emanating behemoth of bodies, tranquil and serene in a crash course with the witchcraft and wizardry. Traverse towards the ethereal drums. Afrobeat. Tribal fleet, antebellum's electric keyboard. Organs; brass. The funk; Vibrant but meticulously fucked from the proverbial fucks not given and those had in the

sweet sweat of summers evening. The coos and electric corpses,
truly the skies enthralling sustenance. "Adders and serpents,
let me breath a while," Come let in the children of the sun.

Gripping the luminous, encompassing surroundings of A
crystal castle, Chivalry and high browing on the homefront
elevated. Where once I contrived a pilgrimage for a month out of
every year on a number of different fronts as a youth , now I
prescribed to emit an intellectual stigma so the ether is lucid,
on all frequencies, with material professing good diction and
taste, to a literary circus. Hereditary wisdom is passed along
through the mistakes of the meek feeble minded souls and some
never make it back. Bleeding teutons into modes and triads,
strophic and elasticized poetics riled around Goethe and the
most noteworthy pianist at the moment. An apartment filled with
time and a place crutching the eternity of Mephistopheles.
Pools of dreary scrag, slags, scoundrels something from
childhood endorsing them, a time which , before, had embalmed
the traces of seduction to infuse only the rejoicing of their
triumph over your frailty. An aboriginal abomination of digested
angst becoming a gravedigger of acceptable words, notions, and
phrases that envelop you. Hurried frost lipped loquacious than

Hot reeling, crisply tightened into throws. The understanding;
Tomorrow stands a grand inquisition of intuition; glimpsed until
now, thru the dreary scruggs,slags, scoundrels something from
childhood. Melancholia. Invested waste. Reflection, retribution.

The joker was smoked in the midst of his iridescent
epitaph. Entranced the incumbent fowl plummeted, trounced,
spiralling towards the floor. He had repented his jove to the
rampart and recant his doldrums in vice and strife, all tempted;
entrenching folly forever blazing in lackluster ,he, never
foreboding gilded alabaster. Ritled and riddled the foremost
tune for a silver spoon and heroine.

Musk wafted crossing a parallel with my nostrils, a most
dire scene. Who had known a gentler fellow would never know
sorrow in a repugnant reality without his dame or sally in the
throes of a jade night. Brisk the tepid, torpid moon cast a slim
shadow abreast dashing across each crest and bellow of the open
ocean, a silent token paid no savvy place for a resting place
for a fellow gentleman...ruffian estranged. He echoed his last
taxed note while afflicted in Brooklyn, journied far and wide
after that evening, yoked spending unspoken credit he surmounted
that fateful, lit evening and now lost is another citizen of

sultry daze in a haze of a dry infused day dream. One less man
enters Elysium.