

Essence Itself

These Cathedrals

People are left stranded
Having rejected the church in favor of science
This is the dilemma of the modern age
There is a need for a new religion
That lays claim to the imagination,
With complex psychotropic design
The sacralization of time
The lighting of candles
The feminine manifested into existence
The timing and quality of existing forms
A new religion grounded in connection
With space and time
Sacred places everywhere
Wells, rivers, dales, and groves, ancient hidey holes, holy!
A much more animalistic greening
But is it possible?
I'm sure it is inevitable
The electronic culture has dulled the ratio of our senses
Without television screens we must look
We must assemble. We must understand.
And it will dissolve the nation state
Because electricity brings information
Homebound
The era of the time wave
The Age of wandering flagrant pestilence, prejudice, loathing of women, rejection of foreigners,
small-mindedness, parochialism, and savagery will be over

Thanks to one unifying principle
The essence is connection to the sacred
A Green consciousness
A new movement
A true mother earth religion
Our bodies will return to the stars
There will be no need for masks
The only program will be to end the war

Since I Fell For You

united we swing, spotlighting divas,

some of our best friends are the blues hello

hello my name is nebula Novella Queen

this is a test of my lunacy this is a test of my lunacy
baby baby baby .

originality Demands a degree of folly

I got news for you the significance of this is very important,

the “Ray Charles sang with Tony Bennett” story rings true quantitatively hot hat-hat-hat

constantly they had the consistency of blood

I want to learn more about how to float, blud, the cops were coming why

don't you listen to me living free from society creates no intimacies

mama please. don't

I'd rather I'd rather love you, the guru who rides to the townsfolk with Healing Hands the

guru and the girl who rides a horse to hold Council under a geometric sky

where angels and devils come to Share their work
everybodythey have everybody in jail that's how I feel since I fell for you
life is a dream, a dream only just begun, it's only the beginning, the world the
world will never be the same you can actually observe a vapor that seems
to be a Continuum between compassion and its yoke and your majesty
to be without you would be to deprive myself of the majesty of you
who wields the scepter and so forth for free distribution
coming to no conclusions on high mountains and pure sweet nights.

How cleverly the angels in your eyes let in the light, how meticulously,
they phase the cold out.

By-and-by I heard grass got greener from the day you came back with coffee and bread

I'll tell you all about it

all about it

all about it

The taste of the taste of the unobservable phenomenon of you,
empathetic Joy, quick-witted friend, meaning, complexity a little lion in winter, a little lotus in
the water If I were to live with another I wonder which one of us would
die first?

my love my love my love , the Sun Show of you has

blinded me yet somehow the light the light in the sky is 10 times brighter

And I?

I am reduced to a lunatic Wanderer

The Importance of Love

The sea,
Beautiful,
 and tranquil,
Itself
solitary
cries out in its sleep
we're living in the last days
can't you see that?

A child was Killed

 again
for the color
of his skin
a kid with nowhere to go

No Sign of Life

And lo, here come the vultures

The Bittersweet Symphony of the Universe

The crone stands at a crossroads dressed in white
Singing a song called death in the pale moonlight
A ballad of two lovers called Venus and Mars

Who learned to love each other in spite of their scars
The TownsFolk began gathering on the hill at dawn
To hear the song of The Crone who does not mourn
Nor does she grieve old parts when they are gone
For she knows what the wild wind knows; that there's nowhere to run
“After the storm comes calm seas. After contraction comes release
After the moon comes the sun. After bloodshed cometh peace”
With that the Crone vanished or lost the will to hold her form
But the townsfolk recognized her atoms as their own, so they didn't mourn
Instead they sang a ballad of two lovers called Venus and Mars
Who learned to love each other in spite of the stars

I Loaf You To The Moon and Back

I, the quantity I, I, I the imaginary quantity
Ninth letter of the alphabet used by a speaker to free to herself from the metaphysical
subject or object or ego I loaf you you the person that I am addressing I love you to
the Moon to the Moon and back astronomical body orbiting what phase is the moon in today
The moon had a moment in the Sun I love you all the way to the new moon column
and back not just about you she could never remember what what kind of things exist in the
universe how do they interact with each other ourselves what counts as evidence for a theory
precisely what makes a paradigm different from a fairy Theory ? a simple arrow made
ready Tales of diversity I was drunk , I bowed down repeating and
repeating I want you more than anything else ever wanted in all my life surrounded by
many

wildflowers, the silent hush of woods, the rooftops of wonderous wonderous wonderous

everywhere and you, a soul bound in a body on the road to saintliness, the
highest peace.

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