

“Human (Con) dition”

Pragmatic issues
Fused, reused, and
Abused ellipsis
Excuse me, as I reminisce
The abyss inside of all of this...
Dismissed bliss insists,
Suppressed creativity is commonly corollary of
Undressed self-unfoldment,
An angular design
Cautionary of primary color,
Bent, with outwardly intent for another,
Consented content upholding
Enclosing dogmas unfolding,
A broken paradigm structure
Nearing imminent rupture of
Spherical standards, answered by
Slandered mixing of words on a palette,
None the which that can
Be contained to a precise ballot
These peeled visions of a shallot
Reveal appeal to the surreal,
A once oppressed feeling
Now reeling an unwound appetite for profound roundness,
The boundless degree we shall all be to
Rediscover the clouded secondary color
Setting free the shades confined beneath,
Bequeathed suppression put into a question of
Self-expression, during a session of
Ultimate relief,
In quest of a masterpiece
If nothing else to increase peace,
A piece of time,
A sublime climb
An enzyme of rhymes,
The restriction is now an addiction
Confines a minefield of minds
In need of humankind's
Evolving finds,
Blown up by the kinds of
Human blinds culture provides,
Pop's digital divide
Hidden behind the
Wings of a vulture,
Saved by the subculture of thinkers

Who paint the fixtures,
Picture this, mixtures of
Pitchers containing elixirs
Composed of faulty algorithms,
Maybe it's time the system rewind
To static rhythms the winds provide,
Reside inside to worldwide guided focus,
The lowest rung is there if you dare rife
This life,
Is a process of perceptions progressing,
Addressing the depressing and caressing when blessing,
These confessions I make, when a mistake takes missionary positions,
Limbs bent replace disgraced two-faced actions,
Put me out there in it, am I happy amongst the rest so contradicted, shall I too, become one
Within *it*?

Shall I, too, become one within *it*?

Within

With-in *it*

It

What is *it*?

Art!?

Art is to which one finds truth in its process. A pure altered state of consciousness acted out
through a series of performances that ultimately get interpreted by an audience eager to opine
I confine, it clearly succumbs to numbers, appearing sleek
Holy holes are whole and weak, by days end or in a week
As society eats its internal techniques
Concrete beliefs peek in dreams as I sleep,
I fracture and critique the insanity that I see
Madness sleeps inside of me
Awakening in my dreams
Streams of consciousness got me cautiously
Built-up theories of abstractions internally
Got me believing in a reality that no one else can free

You see,

Time and space a place a rhyme
Rewind a sublime wave, stop, behave, mad props as I cave
No echo to swell a cell in a shell

A grain of sand can't plant a man
A man can plant a plant and rant
But without CO₂
There is no me
There is no you,
We synthesize the highs
But, be wise, they advise
Who knew?
A sophisticated virus could simply divide us
We outdated, about to be vacated
Slated mandates weigh on different states
And A plea knew the sea could just as easily
Brainstorm the norm and transform the herd
Have you heard the word?
It's absurd and blurred
Scribbles on paper mean nothing to an acre,
Fake her out and meet your maker,
Breaker reset just as mother-nature intended
Can you comprehend a plan not written in stone by the human hand?
You human and
Rumor has it you live on feudal land,
Compute, command, and understand
We damned if you don't give revisions to definitions
The human condition as a righteous definition appears
Bleak, meek, and incomplete
Powerless as we stand on
Our own two feet.

“Kid, In, Ink, Din, Id, Kin”

Remind mankind and redefine

Redefine kind man, share the mind, the other kind
Kind man, share the mind, with the other kind
Man, share the mind, with the other kind
Share the mind, with the other kind
The mind, with the other kind
Mind, with the other kind
With the other kind
The other kind
Other kind
Kind

These six words can be created from the word **Kind**: *kid, in, ink, din, id, kin*

“Spaceless Flow”

I'm sitting here alone inside my head
Thinking, it's not worth much to living if you're dead
But, how do I know that's the case
No one knows until they leave this place

(As I wonder)

How'd these thoughts get in here anyway
I'd rather go outside instead

Body, Mind, floating out in space

Feeling my way through this place
I make the case
I'm only as human as my mind does race-
In fact, displaced, two-faced mindfulness status,
Still sitting alone, no time for access
As I, assess the masses
They sit, still-pot to rot
No chance to practice,
Spinning on a meaningless axis
Time-tested pseudo praxis
No sadness, no time for tactics
I'm just a floating, sesquipedalian
Centerless glow, a broken circadian-alien
Spaceless flow, nowhere to go, attacks us
Taxes the massive passage
Passive classes, left as dust and ashes
Synopsis of the minds
The kinds that bind
Remind mankind to redefine
I met mine,
Its chemically inoculated
Everyone, inundated
Mandated and frustrated
Painted glass the interface will last,
Time-tested spacecraft investigations
Follow the electro-magnetization
Is it causation as we scroll?
We know the toll
Tall tale told
With bright
Digitalization-
Filthy filtration

System,
Mission to glisten
Listen as we swipe
#imnotthetypetotype
I'm the stereotype, ripe with hype
Post-posted with delight
light-lit
Say goodnight...
Blue lite script
Skipped, encrypted
Prescriptions,
Addiction to this tradition
In this rendition
Bleeding from reading
I'm still proceeding
Benzene, I'm clean,
Sheen with pristine
Status...
Just caught up
Alone inside my head.

“Hi(s)tory”

To fall asleep would be a delight,
Tossing and turning provide the yearning for
Returning to a realm, they visit
Dominated by darkened hours,
To fall asleep brings vivid showers with
Heavy lids of sight,
The mind retreats amidst the night
Gunfight locked away at water's edge,
A generation of men pledged to silence from guidance abode,
A code of honor passed down from fathers,
Furthers the cursor of shore torn mourn,
War of thoughts cower deeper into
Waves of loved ones awaken and shaken,
Cold perspiration for a nation whom
Ration the rationality of men's personalities
What you hear is what they got,
You ought to listen as they
Sought so many voices ago
So, to unborn thoughts afloat
Space rock deep,
Don't mind me as I
Contemplate the matrix of

Dust particles as I sleep...
You're not missing much
Down here, as they stare into
Glass reflections of sections seeking direction
Thus, this flection of a tendon grows inside a
Pent-up man speaking
Fortran liberal gibberish to
Illiterate passers as they go
So, once again, pass on by
Greenlit flip,
It too flashes with me,
I only seek you on the other end of it
Remember when the herds of people would move,
They did so with a force of sound
A vibration of the lung to the tongue as
Eye contact glared in the heat of the sun,
Each step is making ripples in once water-filled pits
When the alpha sets the pace for the weak to see and no known notion of
We in a word so subtle as quits.

"Mindfulness"

And now,
Let us go
Back in time
To a future,
That only the
Present, could
Have imagined.