

Deludes Himself with Wine

Suppose for once the impossible balloons into your reality a tiger caged whose eyes beat raw Against the sun. We draw a plausible and if it be humorous conclusion whose whiskey we feel. The breathing form of Logic is impossible to forget and where we impose our hollow skills (beneficial as a dream manufactured by trained minds assembled in a large factory of smoke). There is a swallow or a lark accelerating and breezing along the sky's upward blue curve. Stop for a moment to inhale the warm molecules where your eyes speak of a greater love. For the fabric is a red forgiven and emotion still crystalline worthy of the inevitable suffering.

Who am the flexible sky envelops the full existing impediments to the sacrificial and wasteful. The shore is full of bon ami dear brother the simple evidence pushes harshly against wolves. This explodes barometers, pressures, mind feelings is bigger an bigger an zestful the paradise is. Well suppose electricity, her daughter is full beyond and beyond the shrill ambulance diligence. Kiss my mind and I'll gush glory as if it were a conclusion of itself wrapped before the storm.

Poor punishment lives in a trailer park west of town attended by solemn dogs whose lives can only in the darkest village of our thoughts breed a naked sort of tone and wise addendum. As for the nonbelievers who wince and emulate adjacent scrolls of thought who don't get it and who don't care to get it beyond the amazing galactic spirals which reduce to physics. And human laws and smiles what come from them, what is the salute of true patriots, a finger?

Give it time and it *will* will itself into all, into all being and it will enable young and old alike. Rented and bought alike, salvaged and scrapped and heaped and foregone and concluded. Abysmal as it were seeded with doubt with self-doubt as big as where the twin towers are not. With every established schism and anti-this and that, with every who cares and corrupt idiom we melt some more, we eviscerate our slender grasp on reality's icy fib down glacier walls.

But nonetheless Monday roles around into another week of something better 'an death, maybe. All our peculiars huddled and masses of strategy bought and paid for politicians bark at the sun with time-honored traditions as if only they were a valid breed of humanoid as if, baby, the end of time is pulsating rabidly on the edge of our periphery we glance from side to side. And catch sometimes the whole length and breadth of history out of the corner of our eyes. It makes us stiffen up suddenly and goose bumps and chills and savage epiphanies grow in the night of our revelation like glow sticks at a Rave where the Godhead spins discs forever. And ever.

Amen.

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