

The Mad Poet

& the Dragon Lore

by Heno Zwarts



a Wolf's Cry Production



Wolf's Cry Productions

First published in South Africa
by Wolf's Cry Productions (Publishers) 2015

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Catalogue history available at South African State Library

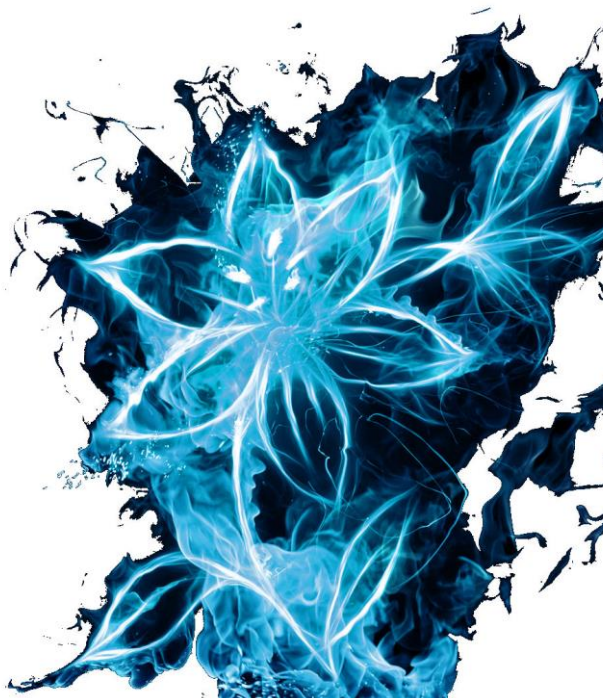
ISBN 978-0-620-65894-2

Printed by Highveld Print

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Written
for
Mishca



A Special Thanks to

THE EDITOR

Contents

FOREWORD by Candice Simmons

INTRODUCTION

PART ONE:

CHAPTER ONE:

And So the Poet Rages

Use your dictionary
Searching Origins
High Mutiny
The Urge
The Madness of a Poet
The Grail
From the World of Spirit
Poetic Justice
House of Cards
I am Legion
The Pale Moon and the Dragon

CHAPTER TWO:

No Really, the End is Near

Saturday
Insane Divine Gift
Grapetizer now only a \$1.75
Outcry of the Earth

Zero Hour
The Forsaken
Saint Valentine
Thursday
Untitled
Sweet Perfume and Sarcophagi
Awaiting Elentari

Autumn Nights and Autumn Days

PART TWO:

INTRODUCTION *to Dragon Lore*

CHAPTER THREE:
Rise and Fall of an Empire

Missed Perception
The Evening of the Moon
Acoustic Moans & Severed Heads
Casualty
Destiny
My Fallen Rose
By my Fangs
Lycan Blood
The Second Ring of Power
Detachment
In the Land of Sleep

CHAPTER FOUR:
Bullets and Black Holes

Mr. Anunnaki-Man
Be Humble
Tarot
Elixir Wine
Sparkling Spiral
Frequency
The Empty Nest
The Narcotic State
A Wolf's Cry
The Lamb Who Made
 the Wolf Purr like a Kitten
The Count Back to Infinity

Farewells & Stuff

EXIT WOUNDS

END.

Suggested Reading

Commentary

Artwork Featured



The Mad
feet
'09

FOREWORD

Have you ever had the feeling that someone has peeled back the top of your skull, and peered inside? Past the cobwebs, shining treasures, and the dark things cowering in the corners, and echoed out the thoughts grinding away in there via loudspeaker? Being allowed a glimpse into the mind of this incredible and honestly expressive body of work left me resonating with insight and inspiration. Oh, to freely offer your view, untainted, unrestrained honestly, and make of it what you will! – What a beautiful freedom. The words in this book was written to appease your sensibilities, but rather perhaps to provoke unchaining of the expected thought patterns that confine us, the opening of the minds' eye; To allow you to see another perspective, thereby, enabling you a more complete overview of the limitless possible realities. Ah, but I ramble.

Let the words of the poets remove your blinkers for you, remove you from your comfort zone, and leave you dissecting your belief system. Is it grounded in what is expected? What is accepted? Who set up these rigid and for the most part bloody ridiculous ideologies? And do we need to drag our souls down to alleged damnation due to archaic guide lines set down in order to control, and not guide? If you are left totally unchanged by what you read, then perhaps you are already living your own truth, based on personal perspectives and perceptions, and that is awesome! May the number of free thinkers rise!

It felt rather mind-blowing and comforting the feeling of kindred spirits when you encounter others whose internal cogs turn with the same timing as yours. It aids in fracturing the sense of despair that can settle deep in the soul when confronted with the destructive and self-absorbed nature of our so-called 'fellow man'. It seems that stupidity and fear reign supreme in

acceptable society, well fuck that, I want no part of it. If that is the norm, then I will rather quite happily fall into the exceptional category.

Is ignorance truly bliss? It is honestly more comfortable to bury your head firmly up your own ass, rather than acknowledge what's going on in the bigger picture? Perhaps it's the guilt that comes along with owning a piece of the responsibility for how dismally we've allowed ourselves to be led astray. And this in itself sends spirals of anger at my own contradictory nature, for I find myself shoved along the same path as the rest of my parasitic kind; my god but they've had a long time, and a large army to make the options of free thought and free living unattainable! The brainwashing cycle is nearly complete! Will you help to interrupt this monstrous machine? Or will you lie with the rest of the laundry, waiting to be hung out to dry?

I suppose it is easier than running against the stampede and risk being trampled underfoot. Left crumpled in the dust, would you perhaps then think it has all been for naught? For the stampede went right on ahead. But to have been real, to have been true to your beliefs and keeping your soul pure, is that not a reward in its own right? Is to lead by example not of the ways to affect change? Although you may not see them, others will have been affected by your bravery, and just maybe it will alight within them the sparks of courage, a seed that will grow until they feel the call of the exceptional! A small ripple in the pond that grows as it spreads, reaching further than you realize to extricate themselves from the race, thereby leaving hairline fractures in the rigid structure of the acceptable and making it easier to shatter the shroud of bullshit that surrounds us. Feel your contempt for the way things are.

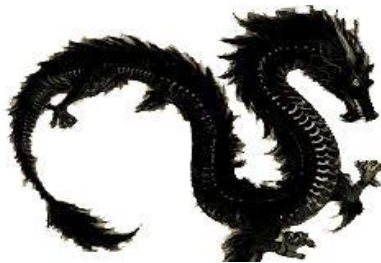
Allow it to burn your soul and hopefully we can all resonate in rebellion, blow our trumpets around the walls that imprison us until they come crushing down! It is time for a new age, a new thought pattern, a tuning into what our souls require of us!

Reading the words in this book has left me feeling inspired, affirmed and reconnected with the web that links us all. Childhood in me woke up, feeling less compromised, revitalized. I am left feeling better and would recommend that you allow the words to vibrate though you and maybe even shake you up a little.

As far as recommended readings, I would suggest rather that you read the fibres of truth that lie deeply hidden within the words, for fact and fiction are only separated by a subjective line of perception – and does art not imitate life? Or is it the other way around? I suppose it depends on who's dreaming the dream...

It is my sincerest hopes that the expressions captured in these pages will set alight the fibres of inspiration and provoke change within all those touched by them.

Candice Simmons





The
Best
Dog

INTRODUCTION...

I want to tell them about you

I want to make known to them my fantasy

My vision

Of being a wizard

Secretly wanting to be a werewolf

...this life is far more beautiful and magical than we think...

I want to tell them

About love

About Adam & Eve

What it really means to live

I need a story

I need a concept

I need a journey through Light and Dark

I need an anti-hero

Who?

Maybe me

Maybe the wolf

You?

Not you. Me.

Must I tell them about you & me?

What is our story?

Right. Let us make one up.

A fantasy

A dream

A fiction.

Where do I begin? Where do we begin?

You? Me?

How will I bring it together?

I am not a writer.

I want to write this story!

I want you. What do you want?

Shall we be crazy travelers?

Besides. It is only a story.

I think I have got it!

A story!

A start at least

HERE GOES

INTRO take *one!*

August 9th; My Metro scope reads as follows:

SCORPIO

***Keeping things to yourself is your usual method
of dealing with issues until you are pushed –
and then blow your top. Release the valve.***

They always tell you to release the valve, but they never tell you how. What? Take up pottery classes? Or maybe learn to play the flute? Fuckoff! It is not that I'm being against playing the flute or taking up art lessons; I just think there must be a more immediate way, i.e. blowing your top. A better way, one, that

doesn't keep you hanging in the dark. Don't get me wrong. It is just...

Damn, why do you keep filling my mind so much?

and there

I have lost it!

So. We try again.

INTRO take *two!*

'God, she just looked this way and waved ...of course I smiled and waved back. I am not even sure if I like this girl. I mean she looks nice and a pleasant person to be with. Besides, she's a waitress and I am ...well, that's not the point!

Maybe I should ask her if she would like to go for a cup of coffee sometime, nothing formal and then decide. Maybe I should trade in my enthusiasm for good manners and go home!

Fu@k! It's hard being me. I mean, take this waitress whose name I don't even know, who has just upset my entire world ...well, you know, woman go on about wanting security from a man as if they don't get any. (I don't want to deny any woman her right for wanting security in a man, but let us just look at the facts.) Make no mistake, women are the source of all security and

when it comes to being a man – we are pretty much insecure. In the end we all want the same thing, to be taken care off.

Could this be why relationships never work out? Coz woman never get the security they are looking for in a man. A house, a job, a car, etc. is not security. They are just things that will come and go as they please.

We have got obsessions like pets, and some vicious at that! But not to be ventured into right now, besides, I'm already up to my knees in obsession with this girl who just waved at me. Now I will do the manly thing and go home. It is 17h30 and time to feed the pets.

'Bill please'

'Not having a good night?' says my waitress. Unaware of the question I have just been asked, being spoken to pulls me out from wherever I was and made it clear that I do have some issues that need to be ...exorcized.

'What?'

I said, 'not having a good night?'

'I am fine, just tired.' Come to think about it, I am quite tired.

She returns with the bill, 'Have a good night, Mort'

How does she know my name? Well, I am here most of the time when I am not working.

'Yup, will try'

I pay and you'll never guess what happens next!

Out of nowhere this guy appears and he is fucking twice my size!

'I saw you!'

'saw what?'

So he pushes me with all the testosterone and steroids he can accumulate in his moment of rage. And I am not helping myself either by replying, 'saw what?' What else was there to say? I have been tricked.

'Don't fuck with me, I saw you wave at her!'

THEN IT HIT ME

You would think in an adult world you could sit down and explain to the guy, maybe even make him feel sympathetic, and say, 'I understand, say no more.' And then maybe he'll even offer to buy me a beer. An adult world, wouldn't that be nice! So I got my head kicked in. By the way, this just proves how insecure men really are!



Being obsessed is capturing beauty in something ordinary – a captured picture from our grey lives. From this rises a benevolent jealousy with the need to protect beauty. And the guy who kicked my head is still a fucking asshole!

A bit better?

Perhaps

But not quite what I am looking for.

- I swear too much, don't I? -

can't work

too sexist

too pathetic

what do you think?

My last attempt.

There will be another.

There is always another.

Back to square one. You. The story.

How can I write a story that has never begun and
will never end?

If

There is

No start

20

There is

No end

Do we have a start?

INTRO ...*take three!*

The moon rises high in a small town in South Africa, Ermelo. While the mist settles to the ground, the shadows come alive and if you look close enough they will tell you a different tale of horror and of beauty. You can tell the future by looking into a shadow, but who can tell the future anyway?

I change. But I can only see the transformation taking place in my shadow. I don't really mind being a werewolf; just the small things affect you after a while like smoking a cigarette in a beastlike state.

I imagine you are thinking: a.) I am going to rip this guy to shreds who has just beaten the living shit out of me. b.) I am going to find some nice girl to feast upon, or, c.) A werewolf in South Africa – get real! There will be no shredding taking place here tonight, it is the twenty first century and I buy my meat at the supermarket like everyone else. I am a werewolf walking home coz this f@*~puts made me miss my lift!

I can change whenever I want to change - Convenient, but not when the moon is full and tonight is Full Moon; my transformation becomes compulsory to the moon playing hide and seek between the clouds. I try not to draw too much attention to myself. When I was younger I could pass as a suspicious looking dog, now it takes

a bit more maneuvering, ditching, jumping into the bushes and swinging from lampposts – mostly shit you see werewolves do in films running from exposure.

I haven't been caught - Yet. I have frightened a few people once or twice but it was for their own good. My parents, now divorced know that I am a werewolf. So are they. My mother stays at the end of town and I live in a small apartment on the other end of town, mainly for the reason parents will be parents. My father stays in Pretoria, our precious capital – or at least I still think it is, for the same reason I live at the opposite end of town except for ex-partners will be ex-partners. Or something like that.

I am twenty five years old. I have lived in Ermelo for most of my life, except during gr.11 I went to stay with my dad and attended an art school there called 'Pro-arte'. I fu@ked up, nothing serious, just some normal teenage rebellion like running away from home and joining the 'Hare Krishna'- temple. Back then I had questions and I wanted answers. The LSD didn't help much either! I finished gr.12 in Ermelo at Ermelo High – one of the two schools the town had to offer. School wasn't my thing but I finished it anyway and went to study marketing. Why?? So, I dropped out and went to travel through Britain and the Channel Islands.

I am pretty much normal with maybe one or two technicalities. All I am saying is don't kick my head in because I am a werewolf.

NOW WE HAVE MET

Shall the end be our beginning?

“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that frightens us most.”

- NELSON MANDELA -

COME. WE ARE THE STORY

WRITING ITSELF

A fantasy

A fiction

A dream

.....XXX.....



PART 1:

One



Use your dictionary

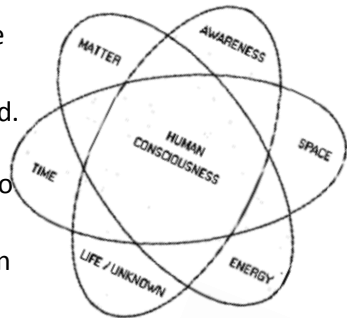
The virtues reckoned to man;
survival and stupidity;
The survival rooted in stupidity
seems so contradictory;
Man shouts, Victory!
when it should be a virtuous crime
Yes! It has to do with chronology.
Time!
Virtue is vice, and men become mice!
Now it is obligatory

Look these words up,
you'll find them in a dictionary.
While men has to be benevolently stupid
to secure what will be his malevolent
survival
It becomes obligatory
- to use your dictionary!

Selfishness aims to secure the bliss of
eternity
In this world where all is contradictory.
Think twice before you shout victory!

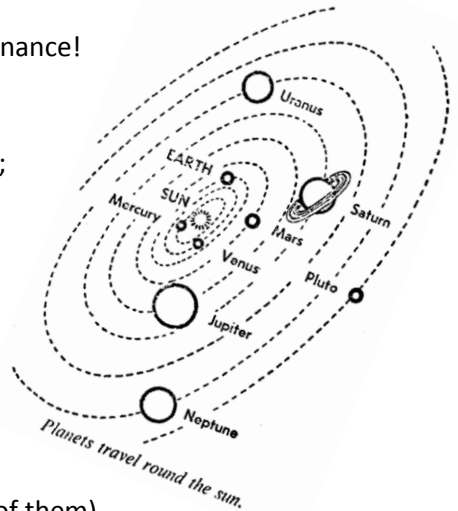
Searching Origins

Of hearts of fire
And legends of old;
Let us return to a period of stone,
before earthly fires were lit,
a universe was born
“a vastness of space in the
immensity of time”*1
of elements not yet named.



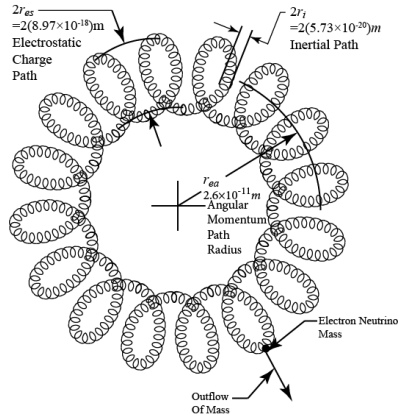
The Unknown gave birth to
the Known.
A rock of water and dust in
orbit was formed,
by change
(by providence);
By sovereign spiritual governance!

To a place it came;
Nothing but hydrogen skies;
The Wind came
And the Sun had shined,
As the oceans began to stir;
The Sunlight fell
The waters, they rose
Lightening struck
Splitting molecules
(like a magnet recombining
- to itself, drawing the rest of them)
In the oceans, there a carbon-based



molecule arose!
superior
able to recompose

- a building block of Life,
engraved with a genetic code
verse for verse, like a ladder,
a twisted helix
life began to emerge!
Climbing from the depths
to the oceans' surface,
the physical and the spiritual merges!



Evolution has started to compose;
Reproduction,
Mutation,
and selective elimination.
So then, the harmonious melodies of
life arose
in cells, with functions to expose...

Now you are sitting here,
The product of fifteen billions of years
Of Evolution;
For this human cancer that we are
there is no solution.
Staring baffled at the sky;
Who started all this fusion?

Nothingness gave birth to Otherness,
No_thing can be Motherless,
In other words,



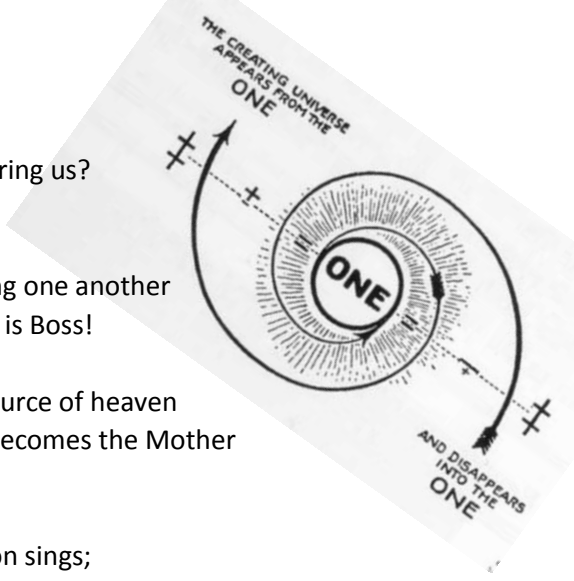
Who is actually Fathering us?
a fasting Buddha
to Christ a cross?
Now everyone is killing one another
about who they think is Boss!

“Unnamed it is the source of heaven
and earth, named it becomes the Mother
of all things”*2

This is a song evolution sings;
At various times and various places
Up rose the human beings
Not believing becomes seeing!

a different description
of the same subscription
Why kill one another on your
way to conversion?
(in search of another Mother?)
'Coz now there exists the Other.
Pardon me. I did not know you still lived
with your Father!

“Honor thy Mother and thy Father”
'Coz your existence is wrought in the
face of another!



High Mutiny

High Mutiny!
This Social Order is scrutiny!
throw thy passengers overboard
my rebellion will not go ignored!

In this Kingdom,
Where the sky will arch this;
In the name of Religion
Evil marches!

..isn't this what Christ said?
Oh, I forgot, Christ is dead!
Why all the bloodshed?
At the hands of Religion
many of our poets and Christs
are now dead!

please continue the bloodshed...

throw thy passengers overboard
until your vamperic hearts are fed
my rebellion will not go ignored
until this boat is shored!

For a boat that really has no shore,
Beyond all this blood and gore

...or become another dead poet
to be ignored

$$H(t)|\psi(t)\rangle = i\hbar \frac{d}{dt} |\psi(t)\rangle$$

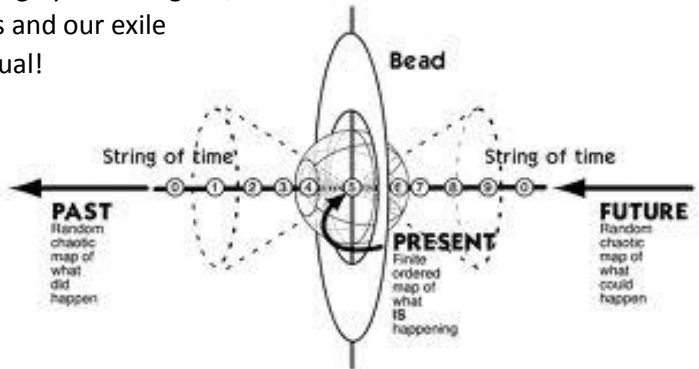
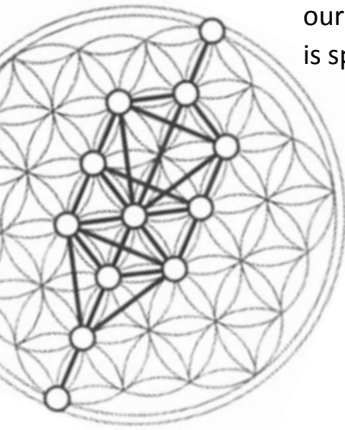
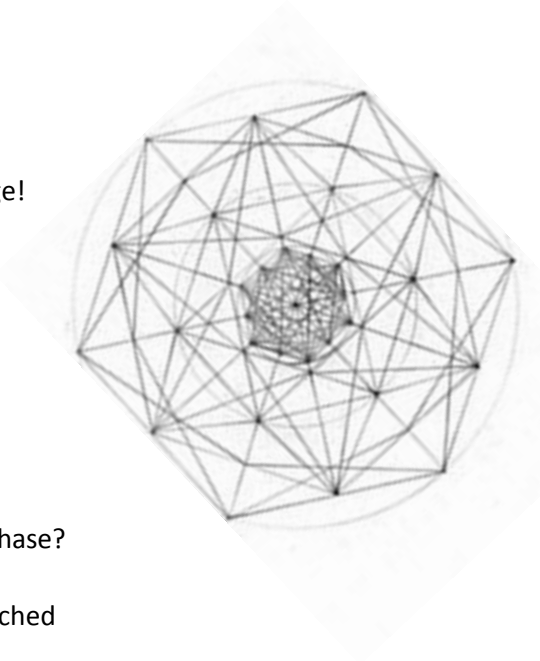
Possibility chances
For the human race
to make the necessary
advances;

at this coming of age,
at the crossroads,
who will advance
but a lonely sage?
It is time to turn the page!

Objective, I can't help
being negative, after all
Light and Darkness
are relative!

who raped the page?
who skipped the maze?
who ended an eternal phase?

The human race has reached
adulthood,
generally not understood,
being largely unintelligible,
our loss and our exile
is spiritual!



The Urge

In the oblivion of time
a soul arises
a dreamer, a seer
From the ashes it dreams
a crystal picture

Fusion is in the air,
Lets ignite the fire
and then dance with Desire

I dreamt up this picture;
The entire universe and
its structure
...then there was relativity
in my creativity;

Now let us rise higher,
to a plain where there is fire;
where perception creates the desire!

...I forgot, now I am in the presence
of what I am not
I forgot this dreamer,
This seer...

The journey begins
to remember
to gather
Perception,

to see the universe
as my own reflection
expressing intention
to see ingenuity
in my invention
of creating, in the face
of observing
but all I see are subjects
serving
a tradition
or rather, a dull repetition
of the same perception
none reflecting divine inspiration
It's only sensation!

Now let us surpass this relativity,
this duality
Coz in reality, there's such thing
as gravity;

the pain sets in
the game begins
atoms may spin
but every time
the emptiness wins!

what holy book?
prophet?
Holy Son of God?
I choose not one
my atheism comes undone

Now I am free
to see, whatever is in my
ability to see
I can be who I want to be
for the world to see
for the world to be me!

I am the universe,
Let me submerge, it's just
...we all have this urge!

The Madness of a Poet

God and Heaven above,
On his day of birth,
On his head bestowed,
A blessing and a curse;
On he struggles
verse for verse,
and in his struggle
he'll give birth
to a rose and to a thorn,
that pierces nerve!
But if picked gently
without touching thorn,
you'll see the tremendous
beauty born.
His madness is in contradicting;
that each verse is rose and thorn,

and each one from the other torn.
You see, it is not new worlds
being born but from womb
to womb a poet is torn.
And his birth becomes a
piercing thorn!

On each page I stand reborn,
and yet from all the others
torn!

From verse to verse
The Spirit emerge
From poem to poem
The Way is shown!

From page to page
you hear a mad poet rage
Right now his vision fades
To be continued
afresh on the next page!

From poet to sage?
The way through all this
Madness, is to turn the
page.

In the end, who will
advance
but a lonely sage?

The Grail

In my solitude I find existence;
My solitude lives inside me;
yet it surrounds me.
I am everywhere I look.

It is in the Dark places that I roam,
From the Abyss of my soul
I am the Light.

The worlds inside me become my
vision; these worlds are the lenses
of perception
through which creation sees creation
for God self to God self
Follow me I am the way.

If you take away the universe
inside, you steal the eternal
Drink from my cup for I am
the life.

If all construct is energy,
so is the soul; It is the empty space
inside me,
surrounding me
..then the body is energy concentrated
Move enough energy and you
create mass
Thought is pure energy; move it enough

you create experience; in a relative universe.

If circumstance becomes the cultivated ground of life, then I become the new seed in each circumstance; whether it be grass, wheat, a rose' or even an oak

...awareness dictates behavior

I pray this Grail
Becomes your savior
Let it count in your favor
Then savor the taste
Blood of Christ our Savior
Don't forget Mohammed and Buddha
Your neighbor

Do so and you will never lose your flavor!

From the World of Spirit

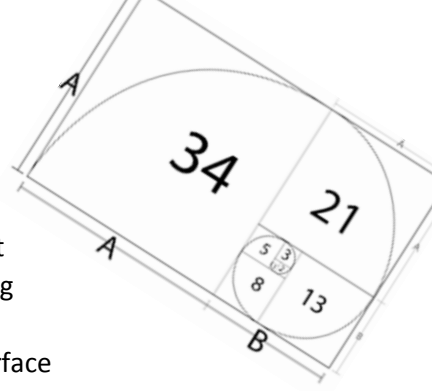
From the World of Spirit;
a gateway through to the physical is torn;

In pure awareness a baby is born;

$$\frac{a+b}{a} = \frac{a}{b} \equiv \varphi.$$

$$\varphi = \frac{1+\sqrt{5}}{2} = 1.6180339887$$

Into a state of innocence
 Coz God now lives in baby form;
 no concept of past or future is yet
 formed. It is only the never-ending
 present that unfolds, and pure
 awareness shines through the surface
 of this new infant born;



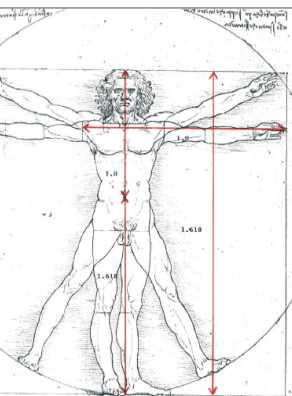
Now watch carefully coz at every
 level of existence grace is shown;
 “Who am I?” still remains unknown.
 In this new world, this new dreamer
 stands torn
 as he gradually detaches from the
 divinity in which he was born.

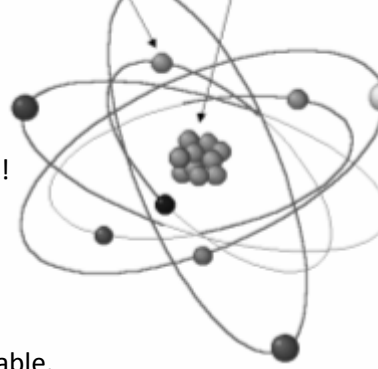
And so he starts his journey;
 from the secret state of immortality,
 moving from the silence of the inner
 To the outer world of activity.
 [Fragmenting his own divinity]
 His sense of “I” is now bound in memory;

The pain sets in. The game begins;
 In this outer world, I have found things
 that are not me!

This sense of “I” marks the birth of duality;

With pure awareness faded to memory
 Ego is now needed for the quest of
 individuality



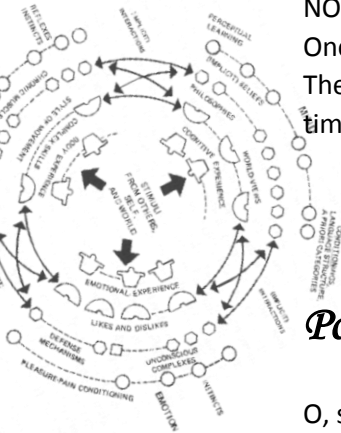


Your loss of innocence has no reality!!!
 [Falling short of one selfish syllable;
 the road we are on is spiritual!]

Proving the separation durable,
 the thirst of the achieving ego is incurable.
 Forming identity from a non-existent past
 and ever anticipating a non-existent future
 I found myself wondering and lost

The seeker seeks to find! To regain
 awareness
 you have to silence your mind!
 The greatest power in the universe exists
 NOW

Once I was lost but now I am found!
 The ego mind will keep you stuck in the
 time-bound!



Poetic Justice

O, sweet sin and selfish holiness
 corrupting effortless
 In life's contradicting everlasting bliss.
 edifying justifying
 O, what is sin, but not selfish holiness?

Sin unjustified, Moral Virtue just denied

Chronology is entropy,
 Suicide is justified, Holiness unqualified
 and one more poet satisfied

The Lamb of God I sacrifice,
 My King, I stabbed him twice!
 I try to justify but it does not satisfy
 Then Christ I must deny!
 For entropy to be Moral Virtue
 And suicide will be qualified
 O, what then must I say?
 My words do condemn me,
 I tell you, it is entropy!
 I contradict myself, my words, they fell
 at Calvary.

A poet is denied, then...
 my sacrifice is qualified.
 Selfish holiness becomes my everlasting
 bliss – It's that sweet sweet sin that I miss.

A poet denying a POET
 Alas, He has identity.

I am justified!

Now I run the sinner's race

Only when I am justified by faith

Although my words fell at Calvary

It is now the sinners that's condemning me!

'Born to live, but live to die

Try and love, and love and die'

To Moral Virtue sinners cry;

$$u_{\text{rms}} = \sqrt{\frac{3RT}{M}} = \sqrt{\frac{3 \left(8.314 \frac{\text{J}}{\text{mol}\cdot\text{K}} \right) (300\text{K})}{0.03995 \frac{\text{kg}}{\text{mol}}}}$$

= 433 m/s

To resurrect selfish holiness,
Contradicting everlasting bliss

I am not yet justified, I am trying effortless
[to resurrect selfish holiness]

My King is justified, now I will be the
crucified

In a place called paradise, Eternity, where
men
are condemned to maturity

where love is found in selfishness and
sacrifice

Moral Virtue killed me twice!

[where the Lamb of God rolls the dice
I am condemned to eternity (paradise)];

Let sin be sin
corrupting effortless
Let God be God
to perfect Holiness (paradise)
in this world of sacrifice

yes, I committed suicide!
I am justified!
I admit, I rolled the dice;
My God, I did it twice!
Some call it blasphemy,
I call it honesty!

O, sweet sin and selfish holiness

corrupting effortless
In life's contradicting everlasting bliss.
Now defying justifying
O, what is sin, if not selfish holiness.

House of Cards

Pour the memory of your meditation;
to hope is unstable, but to lose hope,
an abomination! You are building
a castle without a foundation!

Your words (or lack of them) is like the
wind that blows through me, like it
does with a House of Cards.
But what you do not realize is;
It is your house and the suits are all
hearts!

What we have and still have ...its
essence lies in the reality of the me-
mory! This is my declaration; build
a castle with a foundation!

How many times do you want to
start over? ...pour your heart out onto
some stranger's shoulder? Thinking,
that this could be the one, check-mate,

I have won!

I will always be there, even when you decide to run – building temporary castles in the sun! I have read your poems and every time you think you have won, and this could be the one...

But what I realize is that you are still young and your heart belongs to every-one! ...building temporary castles in the sun.

Your lack of words blow through me like they do with a House of Cards!
And what you do not realize is;
It is your house and the suits are all hearts!

I am Legion.

Finally the tears start to flow...
It has been so long...
My life amounts to nothing and
I can no longer pretend to be so strong!
I have somehow lost my identity
to be someone!
They say that evil exists in the hearts of those who think that they

are good. To tell the truth, I am selfish,
a sinner and all that is not good!
Anything but innocent and pure.
...I am part of this human cancer
for which there is no cure!
I hate this skin! I hate this skin!
...This prison of shape we all find
ourselves in!
They say Life is beautiful and
magical, but life is long and hard!
Frankly, it is quit tragic! Only
in children's books can you read
about the daring and the magical!
And only read about!
Where are the wizards? The dragons?
The fairies and the goblins?
The sacred journeys? And the hope?
They say that the real journey is
inward, but as the law of nature states;

AS WITHIN SO WITHOUT,
AS ABOVE SO BELOW.

...but inward has never been outward;
...it has only been there to read about!
Who is there to hear my dire plight?
Turn the tables around and make mani-
fest what we dream about? And condemn
violence and tragedy to become the things
you only read about!
Duality in reality equals mass and

minority! And supposable the universe
will always favor the minority...
Which is true spiritually! But where is
My God physically?
I have no life! Only this skin! My God!
Help me find that which is within!

This resilience in opposing non-existence,
This fragile and stubborn resistance;
In finding peace in non-existence!
What is this? This dire need to survive this?
I will not die! I will not die! Self-terminate!
Instead we lie, kill and discriminate!
If the majority is intrinsically good, then
why does the hate and the violence still
dictate?
Please just serve my head up upon a silver
plate ...while the benevolent shout and pro-
crastinate!
Death, sweet Death, why do you still hesitate?
Or could I be the one to change reality into
fiction for some? The one to end it all?
If only. Coz they say the job of the jester is
to stumble but never to fall!
Someone please trip me and I promise, we
will have a ball, turn the lights of and end it
all!
I am Legion, AnimaMundai, and there is no
hope for us all! I speak for many and your
hearts are as black as coal!

The Pale Moon and the Dragon

INTRO:

...Coz I want you! And only you.
(to want me)

Or is it just tonight's full moon
corrupting me!
(emotionally telling me)
Or are the worldly threats condemning
me?

In a cemetery of guiltily debts,
fear poses,
its joyful snares have no regrets!

False
Evidence
Appearing to be
Real

The Ghost of Loss nonetheless
seems real;
immortality, in this world of ego,
where duality seems to be reality;
it surpasses the ineffectuality of
Spiritual Governance;
the illusion of separateness, in
there being Otherness;
It confuses us, it bothers us

(all this separateness from Otherness?)

Ego guards against the Ghost of Loss
The loss of Spirit is what haunts us!
And missed communication condemning us;
“I know the pieces fit, coz I watched
them fall apart”*3

and uniting us becomes a complex art,
always forget reason and follow your
heart!
(intro end.)

The Pale Moon

...all that is left is my souls' empty gloom;
And I am left here to wither under a pale
winters' moon.
It was I who sealed my fate and kissed
my doom;
Through continuous self-righteous error,
My God, winter has come to soon!
One night I saw your truth, but it was too
late coz I had already kissed my doom
and sealed my fate.

All colour has faded to grey;
and under this pale moon, only the Ghost
of Loss comes out to play.
While all else withers away

All you need is love, but for some love
is never enough
I have lost you, now I have lost my way
My God! Where have I gone astray?

You chose your job and stability
I was going to ask you to marry me today
But the majesty of the Unknown
still remains a mystery.

Together, we could've made history!

Perhaps the Ghost of Loss found you first
Upon that day, to the unborn, *Azreal* you
gave birth. It was your choice,
but, now I am left here to drown in my own
thirst!

I suppose our sins have caught up with us.
It is never easy to leave behind the ones
we love!

And then suddenly dark clouds rise!
On the wings of a dove, the Ghost of Lies,
from heaven descends, accompanied by all
your flies
Damn your dreary lies!

The love I believe in, never dies!

The Dragon

It was under the same pale moon, when
darkness devoured my souls' empty gloom,
and into the dragons' lair this grey warrior
entered.

With no thought of Life or Death, into her
cave I ventured.
More dead than alive, I stared face to face
into the dragons glowing eyes

But in a soft voice I had spoken. Then she asked
Where is thy sword or thy token?
With no weapon or shield before her I stood
broken.

'I court my death' but slender and thin,
The Lady Dragon before me stood woken
With a fire burning deep red within her eyes
She grabbed me and kissed life back into the broken.

With your clutches still sunken deep into my flesh;
Lady Dragon, let this be my token;
May the Spirit of the Wolf always be with you!
And once more my blood started flowing

You gave me life, I owe you mine.
Though she breaths fire into the broken
I tell you

To whoa a dragon, is no joke then!

From the Lady Dragon:

As I lay in the dark...
I feel the clutches of the cold
I miss someone
but I am not allowed to show it...

My crystal tears roll down my cheeks
Just like your touch...
Just like your kisses.
The pale moon is my only witness!

And my heart is stabbed with daggers
of what will never be...
But in my heart I will always remember
The loyal wolf was for a short time

...mine!

by your Dragon, Kaira

The Parting:

WOLF: *like the moon drawing the howls of
the wolf; so you draw me near – for
tonight in my moons absence, I can
but only shed a tear!*

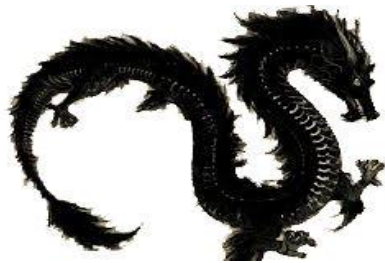
KAIRA: *As the last rays of the sun touch my skin,
I feel the darkness overwhelm me,
I wait for the moon and the cries of
the wolf. And the stars of crystal light.*

WOLF: *then hear my cries far into the night!
May the crystal stars guide them to
your gentle light; you are so far away,
but I will stand upon my rock and howl
deep into the middle of the night
...and howl, but into the dark, a lonely wolf's
cries slowly die; the agony that is mine!
I miss your shine!*

KAIRA: *The pale moons' light shines on my crystal tears.
I lie alone, torn, broken and dying inside;
forsaken by my heart and betrayed by my emotions.
How can my spirit be broken like this?
Where is my guardian fire?
You are haunting me
In my sleep
In my mind
In my heart and soul!*

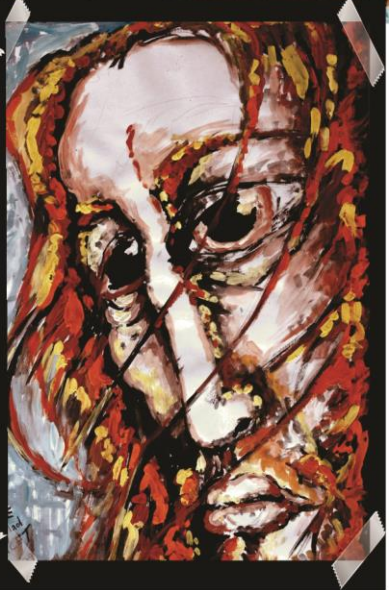
WOLF: *You haunt me like the moon haunts me at night,
poisoned by your bite! Dragon, you gave me life,
but my soul burns for you more and more each night!
It was not what I had in mind, but I find myself calling
to you night after night!
Where can we go from here? save but one crystal tear
...your guardian fire burns inside me now;
don't forget that you put it there!*

*“Dragon and Wolf, we now both must share! You were set upon my road,
but let us wait and see what tomorrow may still dare.”*





Two



Saturday

I was down at the New Sycamore grove
A girl looked up and smiled
She had a job. A waitress at 'Norms'
She served me coffee. She had a boss,
Mr. E. He raped her just this morning

A tear fell in my coffee. Sadness on the
floor.

I winked

She smiled

I complained

She called the boss

'I'm Mr. E, can help you, sir? I pulled out a
gun and shot him in his face.

Blood dripped.

She smiled.

I paid.

We left.

Insane Divine Gift

Faces, faces, mirroring God

Faces, faces, that stir my heart

I give what I cannot have

And receive what isn't seen

Mine to have, is yours to give
Receive this insane divine gift;

To faces, faces, that stir my heart
Some reflecting, mirroring God
I love to give, or is it, give to love?
To faces, faces, breaking my heart
Faces, faces, breaking God
Just faking, making faces
In mirrors, reflecting art

Faces, faces, insane faces;
Receive this insane divine gift
Before God turns around
Breaking faces, throwing mirrors
Destroying nations –
Appointing the Wrath of God
Divine rivers flowing over worthless
pieces of art

Now see their faces, when the Creator
changes their pieces, mixing colors with
flowing rivers and shattered pieces of
mirrors reflecting scattered thoughts,
tearing away, ripping apart;

faces, faces faking art
faces, faces that stir my heart
I give what I cannot have
And receive what isn't seen

Mine to have is yours to give
Just receive this insane divine gift
Faces, faces
Before destruction hits all your races!

Grapetizer Now Only a \$1.75

Melodramatic hypocrisy
Platonic indecency
Obscure elaborations
On the subject
That may effect
Human detection
In application
Exclusive state of mind
Include employment reference
Formal point considered
May detect a defect
In upset, what may effect
the face of the world to change,
to break, to shake

...abortion hall to the left
past the x-ray machine;
insane doctors,
operating on the nurses owned
some politician in the new generation
who likes to invent coffee-machines

over strip bars at night
blaming it on the pinball machine
at the door
complaints – upstairs, the left office
on your right
closed on Mondays to Fridays
bankrupt on Saturdays!
My eye catches a glimpse of the freemason
walking around the corner
with Europe in his briefcase
a knife in his wallet
shattering his spare change to the homeless
on the street corners

and then the mirror hits the floor

Melodramatic hypocrisy
Platonic indecency
Obscure elaborations
On the subject
Forlorn simplicity
In application
Exclusive state of mind
Include employment reference
Point not valid!

...Grapetizer now only a \$1.75
if you dial the following number on your
screen: 6 - 6 – 6

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Outcry of the Earth

war rages
genetic changes
reeling planets
scattered horizons
on the news flashes of
seventy million channels
a world awakened
silences are shaken
a world awakened
on the verge to be taken;
ambients rising
metallic cries emerging
orange crystal waters
against fire burning shadow
there is a new order arising
with moon and stars abiding
there is a new order arising
with white river sons
a dark sky filling it with noon
a fire blowing dragon
emerging from its white cocoon
the end will come soon
metallic cries emerging
it's creeping
it's lurking
a new page is turning
the last chapter
on the brink of breaking
the new age has awakened

our darkest hour awaiting
God's plan in the making

the end will come soon

Zero Hour

fire pours from the sky,
epochs end; while others live,
some must die...

So. Throw down your fire at
the Nights' ghastly empire
and laugh at the irony imbued
in satire!
Coz at the root of Nights' desire
lies an everlasting gaze of
always rising higher.
[Mortals should stop giving
away their power!]
Your social conditioning is
leading you to the slaughter and
you're minutes away from Zero Hour!

Who delegates war?
the people? or the peoples army?
with such extraordinary displays of
violence.

They are trying effortlessly to destroy
the truth that lives in silence.
But watch the conscious gather
when Spirit survives the death of the
Matter!
you realize everything you killed for
doesn't really matter!

There are no shortcuts through this phase,
the eternal makes you important and
the illusion of your maze hides eternity's
secret which lies in the Gaze!
Your perception creates your power and
the Mechanics of Spirit lies hidden beyond
Memory and Desire. So. Start dreaming
and erase your personal history; and you
will wield a great power!

But hurry up! You're minutes away from
Zero Hour!

The Forsaken

I could not be shaken
nor my soul be taken!
I am the forsaken.

I have no mother
no father, sister or brother
they have made me a martyr

They call me the forsaken
Coz I could not be taken!
I would not bow down to their
Social Conditioning, nor their
Laws and Tradition
I have read some better fiction!
They inhibit
They restrict
They dictate
While every child is raped
In the name of God and religion
I tell you, there is more hope
in fiction!

For long I did not want to believe
The world is ending!
Two gloomy roads are pending
As in the days of the Great Atlantis;

Our manipulative ways
Our foolish pride as in the Babylonian
days, has stirred up a great imbalance!
But this time, all will sink beneath an
ocean of your malice!
“I’m praying for earthquakes
And tidal waves – I want to watch
the ground give way”

The final outcome; the human race
is not here to stay!

Saint Valentine

divided by space and time
you will always be my true valentine!
you are the rose born within my mind,
divided by night, you've become the
thorn in my side!

I will continue to bleed as long as night
divides; Claudius may keep me in this
prison cell, but your light stands between
me and the gates of hell

I will continue to bleed; twist your thorn
in my side as long as the darkness of night
abides – it will keep me alive and perhaps
help me find the rose I hold within my
heart and mind. This poor wolf misses
his dragon at his side!

This human form that we hold, leaves
life restless and cold; it separates us
from the presence we hold; this illusion
of separateness!
You are the voice inside my head
You are the blanket upon my bed

You are the tear that rolls down my cheek
You are the presence when I go to sleep

You are the silence behind every beat
As long as night divide I will continue to bleed!

I can sense your presence; it is so real to me
I can feel you here next to me! Who you
are, are right here beside me.

Thursday

Over my cup of coffee
Why so late?
Why do I think so much?
Why do I keep asking why?

Let me rest. I'll try my best
In my living room
Over a cup of coffee

I fly too high
I try too hard
I die too slow
But let me rest. I'll try my best
In my living room
Over cup of coffee

Born to live
But live to die
Try and love
And love and die

But let me rest. I'll try my best
In my living room
Over my cup of coffee

Why do I think so much?
Why do I think so much?
Why do I think so much?

Over my cup of coffee...

Untitled

...when at the horizon I stare;
Its jubilant display of colours
I bring inside me; I become fluent
with a universe that is there

[So. Let your body pull up a chair
~ Sit back into your soul and discover
the magic of the stare!]
I saw a wolf once when I was little...
“grey windows to a peaceful soul; with
fangs that never meant to hurt anyone
and cursed with a love for the moon;

The moon was true to the wolf, but like a woman she changed the tides, wishing to drown the grey warrior, leaving him lost and dreamless.”

A lone wanderer consumed by his own lust.

Gentle and loyal, he walks the night alone.. Thinking of a flame he still holds inside. A lost love, burning and eating away at his very soul!

But it could only be the flame of a dragon that burns so intently, eternally within him – the same magic light emanating from the moon. Lost in spells and worlds of his own doing, he searches the night alone.

So saddened I fell from my chair! I tried to spit out the wolf that was there. Ever since he lives inside me now ...that will teach you not to stare!

*WOLF: Dragon, what have you done?
what have you done?*

*KAIRA: Through the eyes of a pagan you will
learn to see a different world,
through the heart of a wiccan you will
learn to love with your whole being,
and, through the wisdom of a wizard
you will learn to listen patiently.*

*WOLF: ...guilt-stricken, I am lost without my wiccan!
In my Dragons' absence, this lonely wolfs' cry
suddenly sickens! It deepens to a point where
I can no longer live without my Lady Wiccan.
...Whether you know it or not; I dwell with you
always! --In my heart, in my soul, in my dreams.
You are everywhere I look. I stood at the bottom
of the temple and its foundations shook!
A mortal knocking upon the gates!
Your autumn eyes legislate and for a second I
hesitate but I have read you like a book!
This grey warrior before your tabernacle stood
shook. Your connection with nature and human
nature left the temple toppled over.
Our love surpasses this human structure and it
remains sober! Bring the pieces back together.
If we can survive this prison of time, our eternity
will be just fine and we will always survive this
stormy weather – in sickness and in health,
till death we conquer, we will never be apart!*

*KAIRA: Does this love exist beyond time?
Have our souls met before?
Twisted and entwined, weighed and measured
and yet one is found wanting. Let's sleep and go
dreaming so I can gaze upon you once again,
feel the warmth of your touch and be in your
presence till the end of our days.*

Sweet Perfume and Sarcophagi

Not a whisper through sweet perfume
And sarcophagi;
Why does ill-willed fate perpetuate?
Sweet Isis, for you a thousand deaths
I have died, throughout the ages,
leaving behind a bloodied and a
crimson tide!
As of latent, our union in every age
has been denied,
throughout the millennia our love
has been tested and has been tried!
And through deceit and all the lies,
Once again,
Our love has descended back into
The Lost Ark.
But the scent of your sweet perfume!
It is forever embedded into the
treasury of this undying heart!

Now lay me down into my sarcophagus
For now, grant me freedom from the
memory of this...
Return me into the silence of the deep
and dark abyss
For tonight, I die one more death;
But your sweet perfume will resurrect
me again and again in the life after this!
Dear Isis, I will not rest till your bones
lay next to mine in one sarcophagus!

Awaiting Elentari

You, reader of this;
there exist cries with depths
unknown, when a carbon-based
copy perceives and emotion is
allowed to flow.

For reasons unknown, but when
I hear these hollowed flesh piercing
moans, my carbon fibers are shook!
My nucleic acid falters to your dire
cries, as a fish to a worm on a hook!
Your sadness and unanswered cries
Left me utterly moved, and my
existence shook!
Just like you, I fell victim to a
helpless little worm on a hook!

Feed your concubine
Collective Sodom
Breeding swine!
Put me upon that plain and
count me among the slain!
Global Government has
become a joke! Upon
Social Conditioning we
choke! Feed your greed
and plant your seed!
Whoa to the wicked Sheppard
who flock My sheep!

The Reaper follows, with seasons
to reap;
The essence of evolution:
Death and Time strangely entwined
Minute mutation
On the lips of the Congregation!
Can you feel the mad poet inside
you raging?
Possibility is the secret Heart of Time!
While against the Ocean a war is waging!
In the south Hell is rising
Awaiting Elentari with the might
Of the Valar!
O' Great Tolkien, How will you
End this Epic Saga?
For this carbon based copy
has trail and error become this sloppy?

Is there any hope left for the second
Children of Iluvater?
Mr. Charles Darwin might be laughing...
But, Nucleic Acid, what enzymes
do you these days manufacture?
Will I be on time for the next plateau?
For the Rapture?
- Spirit, your ways has left me crippled
and fractured!

The Chaos Theory Triumph

From which flows Order Divine
Creator of such a specific molecular design?
Twisted Strands, intertwined
Are you the true mad poet?
And Science the Bind?

I await you Elentari, with the might
Of the Valar!
“I am become death, the shatterer of worlds”
Mad Poet, your madness is the Cancer
And perhaps, Cancer, the Cure...
I await you Elentari, with the might
Of the Valar!
Tolkien knew it; there is no end to in this
Breathtaking Saga...
Because it is never going to end!



Autumn Nights and Autumn Days

When you think you are in love in Autumn, illicit colours, which are ephemeral in their matrix, will constantly haunt me and yet after a while it becomes a necessity of seeing blinding colours projected by the mind – it is so beautiful! Even though, logic shouts ferociously from its territorial ground. Every time love re-forges its ways and every time there are different colors, all illicit in their origin and only lasting a short while like the darkness dissolving when the horizon throws up the scorching sun – and like leaves falling from their grace when a light breeze shows its face. When the night comes, the moon will seduce me with her voice on the ocean's surface. I would bear the invitation as if night would never come again.

This is when the human spirit transcends itself and the soul shines through the surface of an eternally damned body. All things become beautiful and all colours new. All things, which are propelled by the intellect and the emotions become the crucified and a new meaning of existence arises from the immortal being. All things become beautiful! It would be like seeing the sun in all its glory being pushed over the mountaintops by heavenly creatures, for the very first time

- God sitting upon His throne – as if night would never come again!

Imperfections become trivial and ignorance bliss. The vanity of human achievement is left vacant upon love's shoulders. Love, the word and its description fits like leather and it become the air that we breathe. Come, dear night, with your seduction and leave me satisfied with your reflecting magick light that so

enthalls the darkness of night! Also, come good day with your blinding light that always leaves me satisfied with the promise of night – as if night would never come again.

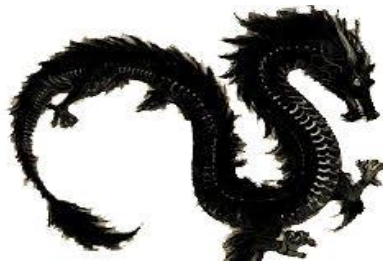
And just when you think you are in love in Autumn, well, winter may come and fill your cup and dangle sweet euphoria in front of your nose. Oh, what does alliance say to beauty in euphoria? Now, inhibitions of my loneliness, circle me in my adolescence and I am still so fragile to the cause. Shall loneliness be my only anchorage? Why do we bear such weight if there is a word like ‘beauty’ and a word like ‘euphoria’? Do men make up these words only to dream about at night? Let beauty come and transform the soul, capture my thoughts and amplify my spirit so I may live by the word itself! Yet, men make up these words only to dream about at night and not to live by them! Love is beauty! Emotion is beauty! Life is beauty! Sight is beauty and seeing beauty in all things is beautiful in itself and creates the perfect euphoria! Loneliness is ephemeral in its definition but beauty immortal in its matrix. What may alliance say to beauty in euphoria? And yet all seasons must change.

To those very words I cling. So, we come to the conclusion it is Autumn, and when you think you love someone in Autumn, it usually derogates apart from love, like hazel leaves becoming independent – leaving nature naked and cold. All colours start to fade and days and nights become much colder and longer, bearing the weight of a dying love, a love for Autumn. Irony becomes my shackle and metaphors my comfort. I know Autumn can’t re-forge its ways and soon it will be winter.

A single thought conveys my soul to blissful sorrow. Your hazel autumn eyes never leave my side! You will always be special to me. In your absence, winter now fills my cup and leaves me with

the vanity of pain on hard-edged horizons, cutting me like a knife. In the twilight, the silence listens and it bears the disturbance of time. While the sun is consumed by the past and nostalgia eats away at the moon, vertigo ends an epoch of forgotten people and universes. Without you – existence is failing! As the horizon cuts me like a knife I come into touch with the division of truth and fiction. As I wait for time to begin, I am walking over an ocean of vacant futures, reflecting the present – and it climbs into my head. I will be the silence of creation since you first made me into an image of my idol. Let these animated waves come and destroy the idolatry of real gods and recommence the matrix of a non-existent future, to contradict the present, of living without time.

Reality becomes a timeless illusion when vacant futures resemble the past without memory – affecting the present re-occurring as a timeless barrier in an eternal space! All inside my head! We have no freedom from our freedom. Even the seasons become our shackles. And yet all seasons change.





PART 2:

Three



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INTRODUCTION to Dragon Lore

Right. Time to turn this tale up a nudge to a point where fixed perception taunts Destiny to start stalking us! For this mad poet to exhibit forbearance of the Ghost of Loss that follows when warriors abandon the hunt in this prophecy where he becomes the cast and all actors lost! The stage is set with strife and trickery, but outcome fair as our fixation of perception is brought to the table – for this complacent hunter to once again engage in his bid for power. Will he win this battle? And will victory still carry the same meaning if he is not going to survive the battle? In order to save his life, he must first lose it.

“Does anything in Life ever go according to plan?”

It has come to my attention that ‘our plans’ has somehow lost their importance; Sure. We always make plans, we all have our wishes and our desires. But there is something reaching far deeper, something of a greater importance, and it lies not in the face values of our plans and expectations. Plans and expectations implies some future time and as we project ourselves we are no longer living in the present. If all our projections are based on a fixed view of the world it no wonder we become upset when things don’t turn out the way we expected it would. Presuming that we know better than the Forces which guide all creatures, the only cure for arrogance is for the ground to shake you of your pedestal. Life is far more beautiful and magical than we could ever try to comprehend in just one lifetime! Life’s Essence lies in being, in Spirit and in the Great Unseen with no room for understanding within a Universe that is fluid. The meanings we

attach to any situation have fixed values based on fixed perception
...in a magical world where nothing is set in stone!

I realize that it does not really matter whether our plans work out or turn into right chaos. The emphasis lies not in 'the planning', but is found in the beauty of the Experience that is Life! That single surge, of living fully awake - with Eternity coursing through our veins! Remember that, "In your struggle you will give birth!" We all flow with the ebb of the high, through the ebb of the low; and continuously through the relativity of an always surprising, dyad universe of light. When you believe your ego role to be your entire entity, you fuel the Grand Illusion. So, how will we transcend our duality when we can't even face ourselves in the mirror by denying aspects of ourselves?

"Indeed the Hidden and the Manifest give birth to each other
Difficult and Easy complement each other
Long and Short exhibit each other
Voice and Sound complement each other
And Back and Front follow each other"
- Loa Tzu

Here is the beauty; no matter how badly your plans turned out to manifest themselves or what chaos has beset you – You will always remain You! And thus, you will always be untouched and remain unmoved by all the forces that come from without. The real question is; who are you really? This is the essence of relativity; Spirit is Spirit, Soul is Soul and being is who you intrinsically are. Your body (this prison of shape) is the key to interpret Life as a single impulse or focus of Light in this world of opposites. You are not your body.

Being is the Journey and the Destination ...and Chaos, a good agent of change! If you cannot trust people, have trust in Trust because the

Universe will always look after us! The greatest of the Dyad Creational Forces, I think is Unconditional Love and Selfishness! And it all boils down to the relativity between Power and Strength - The two sides of the one coin and within the balance of these dynamic forces Life is lived!

“Power forces, Strength enables”

“Self-esteem and self-love are the opposites of fear, the more you like yourself, the less you fear anything”

Power deals with the infliction of selective elimination, a darker side of manipulation and of survival – while strength enables you to endure whatever comes from without! What makes us unique is that Duality is only born within the confines of the human heart. And as previously implied, so are Good and Evil – two concepts which have their roots sunken deep into the most primitive of human emotions, Fear and Love. But indeed, complex creatures we are! The human mind separates in order to make a choice, and reality thrives within the confines of whatever your mind chooses to pursue. Change your perception and you will change the world. Choose both and you will become that galvanic surge of light pulsating far across the grid of eternity! Such is the mystery of our human condition and of the human heart.

“The reasonable man adapts himself to the world,
the unreasonable man adapts the world to himself
therefore all progress depends upon the unreasonable man”

- B Shaw -

Where there is balance there is no separation. The greatest thing about Unconditional Love lies in the absolute knowing that neither your heart nor your spirit could ever be broken!! This entails living fully awake. It is also the most difficult of teachings to teach, and to adhere to that any sage has got to offer. In Dragon Lore it is called the Art of Detachment.

I want you to see the Way and be the Way in everything that you do! It was Merlin in Chopra's voice who said; take this material universe, which is rooted in the Unseen and if you brake down matter you get molecules, molecules consists out of atoms, and atoms are bundles of energy in motion. The distance between one atom and the next in proportion, is greater that the distance from here to the sun. The solidity of matter is lend to it by spinning atoms. I willing to call this page solid, only if you are willing to call the distance from here to the sun solid. Everything is 99.99% empty space and it is the No_thing that holds the fraction that is Everything.

I am not trying to form an atheistic point of view, or that Life and god is empty and really means nothing. I suggest the opposite because it is the Nothing that holds the Everything!! Is it not the empty space inside the cup that holds the sacred water from the ancient fountain of Life? Are your body and your face not a pinnacle that shines forth light, from this single impulse that we term life? The same energy that conjures you up consists in everything else! Intrinsically we are beings flowing from knowing to experience to being? And the only control that anybody has got, is how you react to things happening. If you believe that you are only that picture you hold of yourself in your mind, your actions become predictable, and the hunter the hunted because the Ego-software will always override the actions of a sincere heart.

“The Way that can be described, is not the Ultimate Way.
The Name that can be named, is not the Absolute Name.
Nameless, it is the source of heaven and earth,
Named, it becomes the Mother of all things.”

- Loa Tzu -

The Creator gives us doors to walk through, and behind each door we find a treasure. Sometimes the people that we meet becomes the doors we have to walk through. And sometimes the treasure we find behind each door, is the next door. And the brightest treasure I have now discovered, a Dragon’s Ancient Fire! Come, let us walk this road together. Let us be the Light and let us be the Way. Welcome to Dragon Lore, where

an entire world awaits!



Missed perception

We all live under missed perceptions.
The wrong conception.
Living in a world of desolation.

But Am I not a twisted individual?
A blistered cyclotron
Guided by your constant constellation?
I marvel at your idiosyncrasy
The spectacular consistency!
In your ways and formats
You dance spectacularly!

You can't resist what you see in me.
And into the mirror I bid this question
How is it, when all I want is you?
I run desolate under the banner of
missed perception?

The Dyad Council then moved
It was the evening of the moon;
Upon this night Dragon and Wolf
came all in tune
Distant echoed words
became flesh-piercing moans
When a sudden twist of fate?
In the Lover's Trail the
Queen Hearts and Jack of Spades
started to legislate!
My God! Do I listen to the voices

in my head?
Or will you allow me to give you my bed?
Missed perception, has its ways
but in the light of truth hesitation never
stays! As the poet says;
'In your struggle you will give birth;
To a rose and to a thorn!
This is the way of love,
And also the sinners scorn!
Guided by missed perception
Dragon and Wolf were born!
In our separateness our way was shown
Recklessly we create!
In right and wrong we do not hesitate!
Into the mirror we post these thoughts
Look around - Unconditional Love is
dwelling in missed perceived courts!

I would say missed perception begins
when you have judged to soon!
And have forgotten what you have
felt upon the evening of this Dyad Moon.
Troubled by your doubts
You fade too soon!
Do you really give a shit about me, or
do you even care where you roam?

But patiently, I will wait for the evening
of the moon.

The Evening of the Moon

My eyes are thrown against the canvas
of a dark sky;
My body torn to the ground,
And the currach of thought is silenced
When these heavenly bodies start to
mount – long awaited messenger, pale
luminous vessel, entering through the
gates of male and female;
Not in my wildest expectations could
I then decipher her language and her
code, little knowing of what was about
to unfold!
Bringing the ancient pieces back together
- the two parts of the one soul.
a forgotten prophecy untold.

How many millennia has passed?
[If each other in this lifetime is not found,
unfulfilled, each heart must be lost; AND
perhaps in the next, the Lovers bound!

How strange living in this time?
As the Star of Bethlehem to the Son of Man,
Watching the Spirit illustrate our story upon
the starry Canvas of Time!

I woke up this morning in a high mountain
castle; gracefully pale, next to me lies the
lunar vessel, queen of the nights' sky and of

my darkened heart
– In her eyes, an orange amber glow;
Staring at the wide spread mountains and
the little yachts below...

How did we come up with this?*

A most peculiar tale!
Of a Lady Dragon whom has lost her Guardian'
Fire, and a grey warrior destined to Fail.

**"we dreamt up this picture, the entire universe
and its structure!"*

Creational Forces comes to the Play
When Dragon and Wolfs' Orbital Paths Cross;
An eternal moment, a spark born here to stay!

Who knew what came all in tune,
upon the Evening of The Moon?
Not in my wildest dreams could this be foretold;
Of a legacy born,
and a story yet ..untold.

*Remember when I wrote, "let us wait and see what
tomorrow may still dare, Dragon and Wolf we now
both must share!"*

*Guests we are in this High Mountain Palace;
Where beggars and kings are treated alike;
A haven where creatures like us are still held
In respect and high regard.*

*Enchanted with the picturesque beauty of the
elves, who dwell by the Lake!
On a high parched pedestal, while my lunar
vessel still slumbers, I anticipate and I ponder;
Beggars or King, mighty men?
Why does one want to own a thing?
While Gods' Essence lies in the experience
Of being received, Beggar or King!
Rather own the Experience and you will set
yourself free to go on to greater things!*

*I turn and glance at the beauty of my sleeping
dragon;
I could never own you
You could never own me.
But forever the Experience that is Us, will be
Part of me
Part of you.*

*Unconditional Love is our anchor and Our glue!
Betrayed my missed perception and our innocent lust!
Tell me how can we make it?
If we do not lay ourselves open and openly trust?*

*Your silences trouble me
And feeds my doubts!
Do you ever wonder about me?
Or do you just blindly trust?*

*Are you playing me the Fool?
Coz Dragon, you play your game well,*

*Is this detachment?
The most difficult of teachings, to teach
And to adhere to!
No matter what; I will always love only you!
Whether you love me, or love me not...
My heart is honest and my heart is true!
So. Do what it is you do!
I have invested my energy and my love
...all into you.*

Acoustic Moans and Severed Heads

Acoustic Moans and Severed Heads
Everyone is watching dumbstruck
And no one is hearing what the
Sheppard says...

Preacher man
Son of Sam
He was a descendant of a humble
Fisherman.
The Nazarene, the Son of man,
Elijah, and the Locusts' Plan!!

Acoustic Moans and Severed Heads
Finding Forgiveness,
Sleeping in separate beds!! Oh, what
was it, that the Lord had said??

Ask John the Baptist
Upon that silver platter lies his head!!
Now I remember, it was in a dream
That the Lord had said;
Through Magdalene he spoke
Like flame to gasoline
Inside of me the cancer awoke!!

Dr. Catherine, you do not know yet,
But you were Magdalene and in my
dream we met...
Soon I'll be dying, like you and the Lord
had said...

Dragon, though you also not know it yet
From within you hope will spread!
In the whispers and in the screams
You, I and *Areal* will prepare for greater things!

*And you know, all I ask is, just to love me back.
Coz I have got a lot of love to give...*

*"Easy to answer a foe! Harder to answer
your Lover"*

"There are no secrets between us"

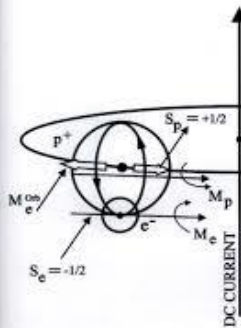
*The closest I have found to what I call
'the Other' is you!
You can choose to tune me out!
But never will I nor thee find happiness within*

or without!

*Let this be our ecstasy, or let this be our doubt
How can you expect me to give you advice if
you don't play open cards? And bet full on out!*

*Please don't underestimate me
Coz I will win without a doubt!
And how can I be so sure?
Coz you will never find one likened to me
And I none like unto you,
Dragon, what have you done?
What have you done?*

*Please don't misunderstand me,
It is you that I love, and you that I adore
But you are a dragon and I am your tamer
and the story teller of the Dragon Lore.*



The Hand that holds the Brush

Spinning on the ashes of this dualistic universe
Drowning of temptation in the river of damnation
Embracing. Creating.

Fingers for a painting.

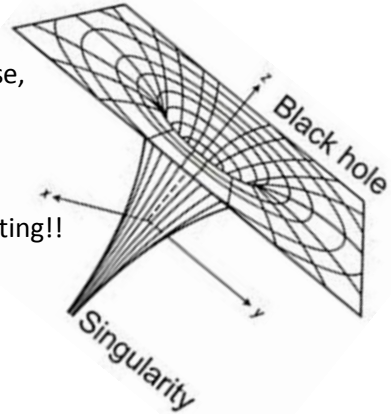
A doorway to heaven, the lucky number seven!

Thinking of my painting, on my way creating!

Contemplating doorway number seven.

Archetypal Forces; Ace of Spades, to Hearts we'll

rise. Orbital Majestic Spheres, movement and rotation. All to soon, all fades back into singularity
I am dodging bullets and skipping black holes;
Drowning in temptation, of painting my creation!
Perhaps, the downfall of a nation.
Painting their damnation!
Spinning on the ashes of the universe,
Drowning with a thirst!
A painting.
My Creation.
Thank God for the Power, I am Creating!!



Casualty

Standing on the corner
“will work for food”
the money is not good
nor is the junk food!
Uplifted by curiosity
Repressed by society
Next to me, upstanding
Pornography.
Some politician is selling.
Just what are you buying?
I am trying
Soon I’ll be dying
I am growing wings to fly in...
But they would still be crying

To try dying!
Who will be laughing?
An upstanding comedian
Whose opinion
Has no meaning
No value
No refund
“Quick!
Hand me something sharp,
and I don’t mean a sense
of humor”
Accusing. Abusing.
Independence Suspended
Existing. Persisting.
The audience is dead
Where is my bed?
I am not dead! Yet.
Don’t try and stop me.
I am living.
Stop it. Drop it!
Or you will regret it...

Destiny

It is the end of me
And this must be
The world you created
Destiny.

Heavens' Prisoner
This must be
Messenger of the gods
Wings held by Michael
Eaten by God.

And this must be
The End ...Destiny!

I need a friend, I need a friend
I am your friend.
I want to live, I want to live
I am a friend.
I want to love, I want to love
I am a friend, and my
Stance and Howls are Archetypal
of that distant Light when You
split all in two and there now
also exists a Darkness of Night!

Break me free
And this must be
A love purer than heaven
Kept by God
And withheld from me.

And this must be
The End. Destiny...

My Fallen Rose

It was a clear moonlit sky
Roses rose up high!
The hour of waiting grew near.
My Lover on her way here.

Intriguing, devious, mysterious
And tempting.
A rose fell to the ground.
Her ring was found.

I am waiting. The hour in the
making. My Love. A flash.
Her grave. She is safe. I am
waiting;
And God is taking!

A rose fell to the ground
The message not yet found!

I am waiting, now for another
rose to fall. Then I hear the call!
My fate turned into pure hate!

Her body was found!
Another rose fell to the ground.
'All she breathed was your name'
the messenger had said...

lightening struck! with screaming winds!

And so it all begins...
A savage beast to the messenger turned
A never ending rage!
I drained his blood!
With a twist and with a spin, I gave it to
Him, instead of Her.
Now mortal men will fight an ongoing
Army of the Night!

Sometimes I still wish I gave it to her

...but now roses will fall to the ground!

By my Fangs

I can feel the change consume me.
I can feel you breaking in.
I was wondering about you, now
my walls are caving in!

morality sinks in its' own suggestion
...and so it all begins!
The air is set on fire, and after all we
Are just two hearts burning with the
same desire!

you call to me softly,
and thunder breaks across the sky;
Night's Purple Legion wanders across
me and I wonder how I could be so lucky,
that I am wielding my own dream?

I like the darkness in your eye...
It is your shadow silhouette I crave for,
no longer can we lie...
You are my Lady Dragon and to a lonely
wolf's cry you adhere to and you patiently
listen; I am your guardian set alight in
ancient dragon fire - you are the rising star
in the oblivion of time, and you steal me
away from linear time!
I am in love with you, and,
by my fangs, you will be mine!

We are together in this now,
an awkward product, that festered in the
Dyads' Moonlights' Glow!
Just two black sheep fostered from broken
homes.

Last night I took a look into your eyes,
I looked into your eyes!
and I can still taste your lips upon mine,
feel your soft hand's touch against mine,
while I saw the moon in you rise!
I saw the moon in you rise!
And I swear, by my fangs...

Dragon, I can feel the change consume me;
My soul is set alight with your orange
amber glow; I can feel you breaking in;
Only you can spread the Cancer
I was wondering about you,
now my walls are caving in!

When I get this feeling,
I jump right out of my skin,
You are my Joy and you are my Sin!
I can't help to indulge in you because
you are the eternal fire that eagerly
yearns and the flame that cannot
be smitten, within.

Dragons' Fire; her cunning wisdom
will be your preservation and
Uncanny Unconditional Love, your
anchor, our glue!
I have found the 'Other' and there
exists no more separateness!
With none like unto you!
The word became flesh!
All that was written – it all became true!
This poem remains untitled coz it is still
being written by the Hands of Time!

I swear by my Fangs, you will be mine...

Lycan Blood

I made you something – a brilliant flash of Light!
I wish you were here that I could show it to you
...maybe one day to set in a ring with flame alive,
sapphire or ruby bright!
They say that success is never final, so I will dazzle
you again and again,
bursting into life, because you are my muse and
my moon! You so eloquently plug me into the
Universe of Light!
Believe in me as I believe you! Ever complete as
we are; This is our Gift and this is our Power!
We are the story and the storyteller!
Now is our time! Against all odds to build our
Lycan Empire! But,

...what darkness is now shimmering?
In the moonlight I see you quivering;
I feel your agony and I contemplate
your rage. Even when your life before
your eyes blackens. And your vision
start to fade.

Be proud of your lycan blood! Fall in love
With the Curse of the Moon! Steak your
Claim! Because it all fades too soon!
Let us set this world on fire with Eternity
boilings in our veins.
My intention is to ignite a good message
and leave behind an entire lycan legacy!

Come, let us build our Empire;
Eternity boils in our misguided hearts
Let us build our empire of lycans all alike!
Our time has surely come!
A land post on the plateau of linear time!

This is the Art of Dreaming
when not believing becomes seeing!
We are all the descendant of wolves,
born of the Sun, sent to Gaia to build
men an Empire!
Do not look so surprised when the wisdom
of the universe can be found in a dragons'
glowing orange amber eyes.
We do not age; may I live to write down
The End of Our Days.
Even upon this page to clarify what they
defy! I will watch the ground give way as
the stars try to hold their sway!

You are my counterpart and you are my
catalyst. You save me from raging wars
and bulging fists. I feel this Life emanating
from my wrists! Just hold on, I insist, with
a and with a twist!
Breathless in anticipation, because our story
won't be missed! For none yet know that in
our struggle we will give birth...

*KAIRA: Shores of Joy and Sorrow,
The Long Wait is almost over,
But in waiting we still continue to wait!
Less than a month, more than a day.
Captivated in mind, I walk along shores
of Sorrow and Joy!
I hear your words echo, these short poems
you whisper. In the Full Moon's Light, the
most prestigious poetry continues to flow
and you never stop to hesitate!
The songs of your heart are very broad,
But let these be our whispers,
And build our empire!*

*WOLF: Indeed it is not long now, then we will
see what festered in the moonlight's
glow ...with our heads, resting on one
pillow!*

The Second Ring of Power

Let these be my Intentions, I will endeavor
to keep them simple and pure;

I need to find the knowledge, to find a cure..
I must meditate up this everyday life, this
Prison of Shape that all life must endure.
I am the Universe, and what the Universe does,
I do and what I do, the Universe does.
I need to be ever aware, minute thread of Light!
I need to take back the Gates of Perception!

The Battle have been engaged, and the only
Failure is NOT to Fight!
You always ask, how can I be so sure? Because
in finding the cure, you must first realize that
there is none, and the cure for pain is to completely
feel it – You have to fight for your fields of vision
to become clear!
I intend to spread this message, to transform
the Island of the Tonal and bring the people back
together, to point the Way back, where there was
none, back to the Creator!
And I hope to find you there!
I will instead wear the Second Ring of Power,
The Power of Intent ...for I find your human
Magick impractical and cumbersome, designed
only to manipulate!

Detachment

I wish my phone would ring!
I wish my heart could sing!
But there is none! Not one!
Not my lover nor my brother!
I continue to give and in giving
I continue to suffer...

All I want, I cannot have
And having I continue to want.

In wanting I continue to ache
Because there is none who can
sooth my aching want!
In soothing, I think of only loving
her! In only loving her I am
continuously dying! For your
depths are uncertain and riddled
by fear!
In your uncertainty and fear,
your thoughts continuously arrives
at hither shores, docked at bay,
an island treasure, and your Light
you continue to fear! This is Detachment,
and it becomes pretty lonely without you,
my dear...

Let us love. Let us live. Continuously without
fear! And without fear. Continuously we
must keep on loving, and in loving we must
do it unconditionally my dear!

How can I know that you feel the same?
And how can I know that you feel the same?
I have laid myself open and only I am to blame!
Inside, my stomach, it turns, even for your
Ghostly touch, my soul, it burns!
When I want to speak to you, but no replies
I get in return...
Your silences trouble me ..and my soul, it burns!
I launch a lonely wolf's cry into the darkness of
night – my aching ache, it must die!

Upon my hollowed rock, for your companionship,
my soul achingly yearns night after night, but
in the dark I am left no replies...

Do you feel the same or will I be the one left
here to burn in you dragon's icy flames?
Left with the blame? Left with the shame?
Because in reality, who believe in dragons and
werewolves anyway?

The Ghost of Loss is the only friend that comes
out to play.
You speak so little, and little I pray...
to keep you here with me, please say that you
are here to stay!

I wish my phone would ring!
I wish my heart could sing!
But there is none! Not one!
Not my lover nor my brother!
I continue to give and in giving I am drank
like a cheap wine...

There must be something wrong.
A fault line. Am I the right blood type?
In fighting we continue to fight;
What ghostly insights? Of men of valor,
and men of might! When these aching
ghostly pleasures takes me to far into
the middle of the night?

Who still believe in werewolves?
And who still believe in ancient dragon fire?
In dreams coming true?
It is your sooth saying words I crave for!
But there is none. Not one.
Perhaps you are my biggest illusion,
perhaps one I would gladly die for.
And in seeing, I continue to see;
You make me want to believe, but in believing
I am continuously deceived!
My lover is not dead ...yet I feel bereaved!
Because there is no reply to a lonely wolf's cry!
(whom has ever heard the moon howling at
the wolf??)
It is I that must give it up. It is I that must die,
and in dying I continuously die!
Inside, my stomach, it turns when in the middle
of the night I am left with cries and no answer
in return...

I wish my phone would ring,
I wish my heart would sing,
But it is I that am sinking,
And in sinking I honestly lie...
In lying to myself; it is I that must let go
and allow myself to die!
To stop making up fairy tales,
and to start seeing what is real,
to believe in what the world is saying,
that my life amounts to nothing,
and that we are all destined to fail!!

That our love can only be held by conditions,
constraints that aren't even real!!
Honestly, I do not know what to think when
your silences troubles me so surreal?

This is Detachment, when you have to give up
all that you know to be real!!
To let go of everything, OR so it only seems,
To crucify the mind, to heal the blind...
Listen to your voices, but highlight your choices,
Am I to give in to this heavy surge of emotion?
Risk the chance of it destroying everything I hold
true, which would mean losing you?

“You have to lose your life to save it”
And in saving, many tears I will still be crying,
To find the alternate way of dying!
In crying I will continue to fight my mind and
save our legacy from dying.
In dying I will continue to love only you, for you
know my heart is honest and that it is true!
And in loving, many emotions we must still fight,
to break the bonds of social conditioning,
to discover what is true and left behind,
to secure this legacy of loving only you...
Don't be saddened or moved be moved by guilt,
for I have seen the Light!

Your silences are not new to me, it is the way
we communicate. I can still remember, from the
first day we met your silences decided to trouble me!

But was blind, and am still learning to see!
The seeker seeks to find, to regain awareness you
have to silence your mind.

Well. This is Detachment on paper and I will continue
to fight my demons into the middle of the night!
Or would you rather, us have a fight?
I would rather love you too much than too little!

In the Land of Sleep

In the Land of Sleep
and on nights like these
the only place where we
can really meet!
I need to sleep!

...and as ascend into the deep,
I can feel your rhythm,
and I can hear your beat!
I need to sleep!
I need to sleep!

But I need you here with me,
in the Moonlight's evanescent
glow I long for your presence,
Till then in Soul's Dimension,
Our Dreams will fester as it

continues to grow!

So come, let us meet beyond
dimensions of space-time
Let us ascend into the deep,
and rise,
to the Lucid Land of Sleep!

You bear witness of this, as
the starry night sky can hear
the pounding and resonate our
rhythm ...to wonder in bliss!
Oh! My Lady! It is you that I so
completely and utterly miss!!

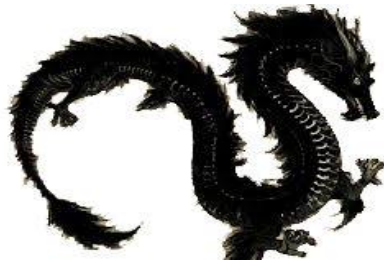
While we wait for break of Day,
In the Land of Sleep is where our
galvanic energies can lucidly meet!
While we wait for the Sun,
at Night,
Dragon and Wolf can become One!

But I need you here with me!
...and the cold night pulls like gravity!
And only for a little while longer,
For I will steal a Dream,
To awake at dawn in wonder!

For now, just take us to that place,
where we can meet,
deep within the Womb of Creation,

In the Land of Sleep,
I can hear your rhythm
and hear your beat!

I need to sleep!
I need to sleep...





Four



Mr. Anunnaki-Man

Mr. Anunnaki-Man, tell me again about
Elijah & the Locust's Plan ...to deface this
whole debacle of missed placed karma
and the un-foretold sinfulness of the
human chakra;

In your greatest delusion to misplace
the One and Infinite Creator with gods
in your own image, Mr. Anunnaki-Man
...you quite became the young Dr. Victor
Frankenstein!

But, now it's time; time for this human-
experiment to unwind.

With great intent and immature intrusion,
as newly born parent to this construct
and confusion. You took away our paradise
and orphaned us to many a religion,
lost between creator gods, saviors, Christs;
and your plots and superstition, when you
equated god to infinite creator,
you blinded us in worshipping the creation!
Win or lose, you rolled the dice and now it
is time to owe up to responsibility and pay
the price! Hence, the Preacher Man,
Son of Sam, Elijah & the Locust's Plan!
Mr. Anunnaki-Man, you bit off quite a bit
more than what you could chew...

But I will give you this Mr. Anunnaki-Man,
In the Universe, you may have the first
...the first to give birth! You see, you were
Adam and you impregnated the Universe,
and now we have reptilians, mechanical
greys, the Pleiadeans with the whole
planet under quarantine?

Mr. Anunnaki-Man, it was you who ate
the Fruit, and when you became self-aware;
In your self-importance condemned us into
this lower vibratory curse!

Can't you see that you molded us into the
cancer upon this Earth,
when you disconnected us from the Host,
in your selfish act of child abuse?

And what you did not account for, was that
in all matter the One Creator Spirit always
submerge!

In that we are forever grateful, for we are
your Children, and of the Universe

But fuck all your bountiful lies, your complots
to cover your selfish acts, all the many blood-
lines and let us give thanks to the Sunshine!!

For Matter & Spirit cannot exist separate from
One Another!!

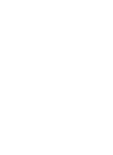
Be Humble

INTRO:

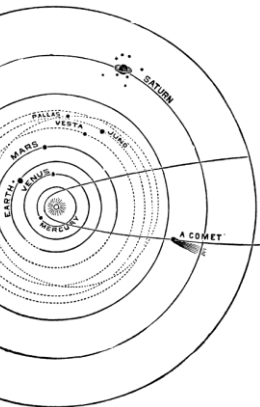
If you are excited, you become urgent.
If you are urgent, you become attentive
to the Universe's quirks of power!
If you are attentive, you are aware.
If you are aware, then you are plugged
into the Womb of Creation;
the Universe of Light!

end.

In being humble;
The jester continues to stumble
In stumbling he never falls
Causing him to be humble
He is the vessel
Coz he adheres to the Universe's
Every Call!
Have you ever wondered what
makes him humble?
Because the most difficult thing
in Life is to adhere to your own
teachings,
So he realizes he is about to fall...
In realizing, he hears the Call!
So he ever continues to be the
vessel – an unspeakable creative
current!



So he starts to set the world on
Fire ...Can you start to hear the Call?
To be a spark of power, you have to
be prepared to lose it all!!
You have to be prepared, always
Ready to fall...
To lose your life, to save it;
You have to sell your Soul
Not for selfish gain and love of worth
-less money! All in vain!
You have to pour your Spirit-self
out over the masses,
though some to drink it like a cheap
wine, but there will be others who
will hear the Call,
to become a Spark of Power;
To add onto the Light we will set the
world on inferno ...this how we will
build our lycan empire,
to become One with the Universe of
Light!
Our strength and foundation lies in
ever being thankful ...to always be
humble!



“the job of the jester is always to
Stumble, but never to fall”

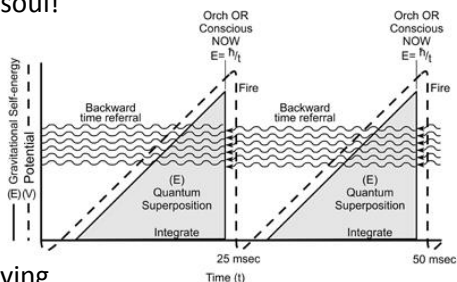
Be humble and you will hear the Eagle’s Call,
Be humble and you will never fall,
Become a Spark of Power, set the world on

fire, add quality to Consciousness and build
the Light Empire!

Do so, and you will save your soul!

Tarot

You can't see it coming
and you can't seem to stop loving
You can't stop what it is all about;
Veiling the unconscious – Feminine
from the Matrix of Mind to become
Ultimate Masculine and Potentiator
Feminine.



Step up from One
to a Matter of Distortion
The Origin of Energy is the Action of
Free-Will upon Love, first and second
Distortion;

In the Void there formed a Motion
And Light as a Nature was born,
Basis of Dream and Illusion.

So your Chance will come to recognize
the Pattern and accept the Illusion.

For Creator to become Creation;
The Finite becomes Infinite for in
Many-ness there is no End.

Portion by Portion,
Undifferentiating Consciousness,

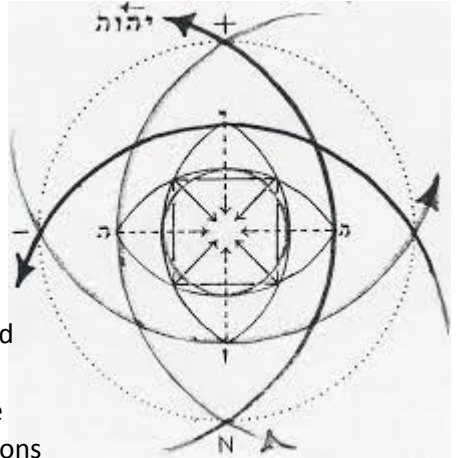
$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left| \bigcup_{i=1}^n A_i \right| \\
 &= \sum_{i=1}^n |A_i| \\
 & - \sum_{1 \leq i < j \leq n} |A_i \cap A_j| \\
 & + \sum_{1 \leq i < j < k \leq n} |A_i \cap A_j \cap A_k| \\
 & \dots + (-1)^{n-1} \left| \bigcap_{i=1}^n A_i \right|
 \end{aligned}$$

Resonate the Archetypes and
Call forth the High Priestess and
Master Magician.

Elixir Wine

Oh, Intelligent Design, can I
have some Elixir Wine?
To awaken me from this lucid
dream of mine...
To assemble the world while
moving through the dimensions
carved into the fabric of
space-time.
...It's just me, walking through
Me and my cardboard shoe
Recapitulating this dream within
The Dream. Perceptively
Evolving Awareness
Stalking this peculiar experience
Of the Dream and its dreamer!

You have to recap to remember
The forgotten seeds of Whoa!
From before the veil was shifted
And into this cosmic realm I drifted
You have to recap to remember
The prophecies of Old!



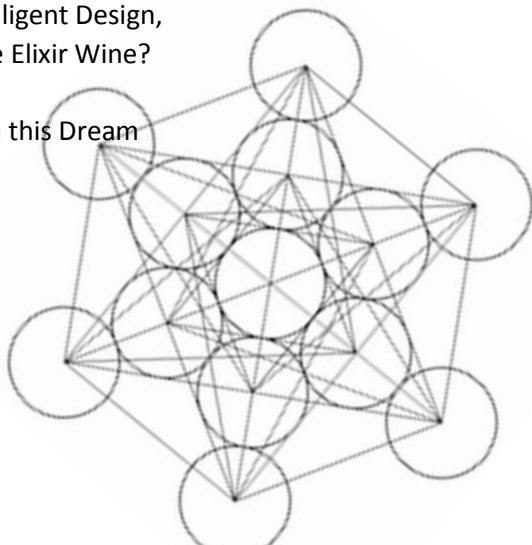
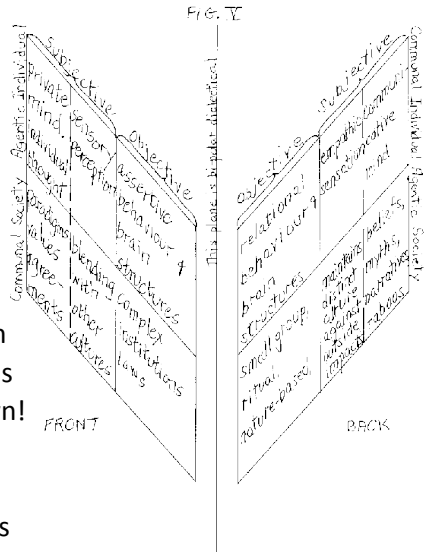
Only to find Sobriety distilled
as worthy advisor and cunning Foe!

Just enough to know; from self-pity
& self-importance all erroneous
thinking flows! To free yourself from
social restraint! Nagal infused on this
journey of mapping out the unknown!

In doing so, follow the Directions
of the Winds – from the four corners
that they blow; for the One Power
to transform you as you strike the
final and impeccable blow!

In struggling to perceive – Your
Seership is reaped!
Is the Art of Dreaming?
To Transfigure, transmute, to transform
With Perception being the keys to the
Universe – In our peculiar odyssey
From dream state to dream state
we traverse! Oh, Intelligent Design,
can I have some more Elixir Wine?

Not to wake up. From this Dream
that is mine!



Sparkling Spiral

Do you know when you hit that destructive rollercoaster ride...?
Swept up by cosmic force, where you can't seem to stop yourself?
And you live a life of Access, with a front row seat at the
universe's edge.

Spiraling and Sparkling. Dream upon dream, again and again we
enter.

Left my soul, from me, all have been taken ...should have taken
that as well.

Left to bargain or to revel in my own misfortune? Playing my part
in this construed design. How cruel?

But, in a thought I did see ...how unifying?

To once again become the sparkle in the eye of this greater
creativity

What you have taken from me, can only be me.

Morphic Resonance, cutting through space-time.

For in this dream we all partook in Creation.

Now, again and again do we have to detach from this reality!

Such is the Pattern of Greater Cosmic Unity!

to unify the polar forcers and rise up greater human destiny.

Come with me ...it is time to grade from this density

Surfing the waves of Seriality, I am no longer worried,

through random coincidence there exists the cosmic force of
bringing like and like together

Likening our fates in a remarkable way ...destiny

*"Life is a rare and unreasonable thing with a disturbing habit of
sometimes getting things uncannily right"* – Dr. Lyall Watson

On a front row seat ...appreciating the greater Mystery

It lies in how we struggle, in the mundane tasks, atoms resisting atoms that creates this physical reality.

My perception & detachment is driving a wedge between this universe and me...

Shouldn't we be more concerned about the roles that we as the Participants all have got to play?

Drink from Life and her elixir wine, and every time you'll find yourself coming back ...to have some more of Her and the taste of her, offering the great divine.

Entering, again and again ...into this Sparkling Spiral

Lucid Dream of mine.

Frequency

From the cold vapor that pours from my breath, I beseech thee; a frequency I held a couple of nights before ...when the agents of Death visited my door!

Ahh, sweet Death wherefore art thy sting? And the arrows of thy sharpshooters that made my human mind burst out to sing?

My Immortal Coil was struck down to Earth's impervious soil! For what you stole was not stolen at all!! But yet you, oh Death, keeps on shooting paper blades that fall like flies to the mesh!

Perhaps you got caught in our human illusion, against atoms & empty space you restlessly toil!! To even think that in shooting that you might spoil... Spoil what I might ask? That in your futile attempts I might bask?

Hold on a second with your paper cuts, and let me first enlighten our audience of this precarious dilemma where you haunt me perpetually with your ghosts of loss!

Upon Earthly soil to me Mishca was born and like all before, sister, mother, father & brother all was torn! But in Mishca being born your futile lies of grandeur fell to the floor and morphic resonance came knocking on my door! And in this human form, our eternity was born.

As above so below, as within so without! By show of hands let us cast out this notorious doubt, and put dearest Death in eternities spotlight... to stage a play with villain of villains and thrill of thrills before the curtain is drawn and tonight's show's lights go out!

Don't be sad that this staged play is over, but rejoice that it has happened with thrills as large life because it will leave you empty, speechless and in awe - for there is no rehearsal for life itself!! Bring out the actors! For they give substance to this dream that is Life!

Detachment & Perspective might cause you to recognize the Pattern – for they make of you an observer of this authentic play and at the same time cause awareness and concern of the roles that we all have got to play...

The Empty Nest

Long I have waited, upon this early hour
to shine the Light of Wolf Moon's shower,

to bear that pain that fuels my power,
to take it all in and to really feel a feeling,
without letting face value control your action,
to see the light of Heaven,
when your response could not be determined,
to transmute that which has died, into a single
blooming flower that contains the intricacy and
all the answers of the entire Universe,
the Divine Illusion and it's structure!!
This, I especially have written for you,
my one and only daughter!
The fabric of this illusion is designed to create
perceptions that will fool you at an ungodly hour,
to succumb in only seeing the face value, and in
giving away your only power;
It does not matter if in Life you win or lose, but
how impeccable you fight! Dearest Mischa, only
you turn the keys of perception, to be a beacon
of the Light of Heaven, only you have the power
to let it shine, or believe the lie that darkness can
shine brighter upon this simulation known as matter;
upon the quest to see the light vibration,
to find out, who you really are,
against the odds, of darkness,
to transcend dualistic polar opposites,
Dearest Mischa, never stop seeking that eternal fire
you feel so intently, but without a due this is the
account from when you, from the Creator descended,
to bring with you a little piece of Heaven,
when I became your father, this is the account of the
the little bird Creator that with it wrought the sword

and baptized me with Fire!
Revealing, how all men must go through this Illusion
and transmute in to Gold,
Dearest Mishca, you are the Legend of the Phoenix,
my little baby bird that brought rebirth in Fire,
Set a light our wings, to ever rise higher and higher!

Baby bird, dearest Mishca, since Creator sent;
I gave up flying; and upon that chirping fire,
my heart was eagerly bent,
Dearest Mishca, my baby bird, beneath my wings,
your gentle spirit, I, your father always fed you
with eternal love and holy laughter,
Nothing gave me greater joy to show you every
wonder, in the wild blue sky, to be able to nurture
upon heaven's altar; in holy song I praised,
set a light, and sacrificing every minute of
every hour, to raise you as baby bird,
In the Way of heaven's Creator Fire,
to ignite a song that you, dearest little bird,
brought from beyond this Sky;
a little piece from the Holy Heart of Hearts,
to rule the arch of heaven;
Innocent Child with Children, by godly sword,
and shield of power ..to remind us that Kindness
is the Way of God, to again ignite our eternal
holy fire ...to remember that the way back to
the Creator, is through laughter!
Dearest Mishca, baby bird, what a privilege,
honor and joy to have been your father!
I cried holes in Heaven, when I sought my baby

bird, when you stepped out our homely nest
to follow after your mother!
Forever now denied of this holy experience;
In a home to be a father, and see you grow into
Heaven's Melodic Fire ...my daughter.
Mishca, dearest baby bird, gift from Creator;
from under my wing you were suddenly torn away,
dearest baby, by gale force wind as your mother
fluttered to a distant land where I could not follow,
I was left with your Loss in darkness far away!
An empty nest, that was a home to us, and
Oh, so soon, has heaven set you on your way;
For all intent and purposes, only you dearest
Mishca, Light of Heaven, agreed upon in taking
earthly shape, in your baby bird soul contract.

Dearest Daughter, tormented by the hurt in your
abrupt departure, the nest is now empty,
and my soul aches endlessly as it is now over!
But Heaven's Banner I will still raise high with songs
of Light and Love; Not by sadness of this ever aching
black hole that was sunk within my Heart, but the
ecstasy and the joy, however brief it was, that took
root within my Soul, and the fact that it has happened.
For that brief a moment I could play my part, to be
a father to you, Mishca, dearest baby bird,
a little piece of heavens heart!
You fly now under Wing of Heaven,
Soon to become Mother to the Divine!
Remember what you brought from beyond this Sky,
That eternal flame, that spark, to create and nurture,

the heavens that approach our present hour!!
To keep that Joy alive, and kiss as it flies, soon to
realize the Empty Nest always comes too soon!
Thus, give your every second, full and conscious
attention to your baby bird's chirping fire, such is
the demand of Heaven, for there will come an hour
when your nest will be empty ...all the while
you scoffed in your hardship, when you lost sight
of Heavenly Father, your perceptions stuck to the
ground, seeking worm after another,
you forgot that you were given the privilege and
the gift to nest the purest heart of Creator,
to see the purpose of Life in a single blooming flower
...I can still remember; I cried holes in Heaven, when
I sought my baby bird and I could not save her from
the sweeping current of the Wind,
adhering Destiny calling,
to fulfil the Divine Soul Contract.
Dearest Mishca, I will always keep the nest empty,
For that day when Heaven decides to returns my baby!!

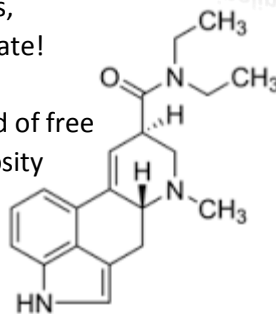
***to be continued, perhaps at the next full moon,
when my whiskey stock has been replenished
and the Ghost of Loss comes to visit at some un-
godly hour!*

(6aR,9R)-N,N-diethyl-7-methyl-4,6,6a,7,8,9-hexahydroindolo-[4,3-fg]quinoline-9-carboxamide

The Narcotic State

From the Creative of the Liminal State;
I consciously* set up the neural pathways,
that so perfectly allows my spirit to escalate!
...to reach the Mind of God,

Don't know, I guess I was just born kind of free
...free spirited, when godly childlike curiosity
had gotten the better of me!
And purely for scientific inspection
under the microscope closely to examine
what is so godlike like me?

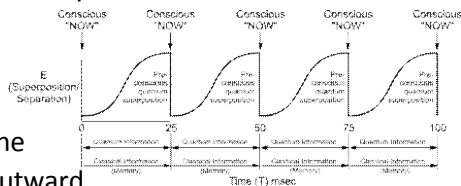


In the madness of this Dream of Dreams,
I have found a way to shake the boundaries
of this inescapable illusion; to take a glance
outside the box, to see where Creators come
to play...

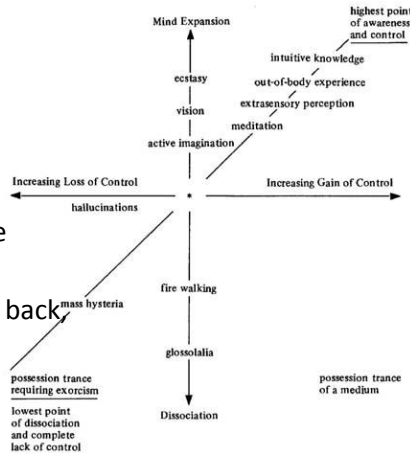
What a magnificent perspective state when
reality could be bent and distortions start
to dissipate?

In this prison of shape; I re-coloured the
Walls and entered into the Narcotic State,
Still an illusion where only death, sweet death
remains the passage of escape, regardless your
Divine Illusion - prison or state.

But should you feel the need to;
Push up that dopamine count,
Signal the electrical response from the
Raphe nuclei spreading so cleverly outward
That you can taste the sound,
While the Angel blows the Trumpet of God.



You can sit back into your Soul;
 Plugged into the Universe of Light
 Taking a vacation from the unreasonable
 Reasonable Mind
 But, save your Serotonin for the journey back,
 Relax and enjoy the Spirit ride!



$C_{20}H_{25}N_3O$

Overriding the personalized mind;
 The ego software, stored deep within
 the Cerebral Cortex starts to unwind.
 “ Who are you really?”
 When you separate from the engineered
 Mind to engage in the here and take hold
 of the now...

From time to time, I find it enlightening just
 to get away from the characters we create and
 the Roles that we all have to play. You see,
 our fatal error lies when a chosen Role attaches
 to the Ego and you unshakably believe it to be
 your entire entity!

Once in a while, it is good to step away,
 to once again become connected to the One,
 the Whole!

But, in doing so; you must first witness the Folly
 of Identity;
 Step into the Light;
 become the artist and the playwright
 of the poorly misunderstood ego; your hallow,
 your canvas

To paint a face that will suffer the blows
 in Experiential Knowledge;

in becoming responsible, to be the pinnacle of
what you create,
the vocal point of the entire Universe of Light!

Creator Archetype,
Trust me when I say; your Perception creates
your Power -the entire world around you,
the Universe and its structure!!
the Divine Feminine!!

But what happens so subtly and without
Conscious Awareness; you start to disbelieve
your Creator Power! Without signal or warning;

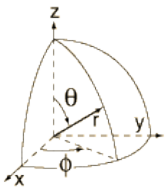
Unconsciously, perpetuating the nightmare
and claiming helplessness in your perceived notion
of a damned humankind entering their self-projected
darkest hour; when each individual is responsible in
creating unknowingly the entirety of the Mess you find
yourselves in;

Resisting the very atoms that allows your Divine
Simulation to begin. What a noble struggle, when it is
you that ignite and empower atoms to spin?

Creating scapegoats like religion, furthering you
sinking into your Original Sin, when all we are;
equally spiritual partaking in an equal counterpart,
which is divinely physical.

“Who are you really?”
When all enlightenment, growth and intelligent
advancement happens so natural?
Nothing become more simple, than your Salvation,
You and the World are what you have repeatedly told
yourself to be and in succumbing to public opinion your
internal dialogue is keeping prisoner and yet you are





$$\frac{\hbar^2}{2I} \left[\frac{1}{\sin \theta} \frac{\partial}{\partial \theta} \left(\sin \theta \frac{\partial \Psi}{\partial \theta} \right) + \frac{1}{\sin^2 \theta} \frac{\partial^2 \Psi}{\partial \phi^2} \right] + E\Psi = 0$$

the master builder. You owe it no-one but yourself, to re-evaluate your entire life; to separate the corn from the chaff – questioning the truth, questioning the lie; to figure out what is at the heart, the very fabric of Reality;

When you claim that you have the answer and that you know the way, you have become stuck in your perception and you start to believe the illusion.

For such is the Divine Mystery, no-body knows and no-body is suppose to know; For such is the construct and the Design of this Divine Illusion, upon entering each incarnation dressed only with a veil of forgetfulness; for God-self to experience God-self ever anew.

Perceptively evolving awareness through Infinite Intelligence that manifests as Intelligent Energy.

The World is perfect the Way it is and does not need changing – dualistically balanced to realize the Dream of the One Creator – Undifferentiated Consciousness spilling the Potential Intelligence; Penetrating the Divine Feminine; Eternally giving birth to the fabric of the Dream of all Dreams; minute threads of Light that is the essence of the construct of this peculiar Experiential Playground, a multi-faced reality; that is the Everything; Consciousness wrought into being as the Potentiator Masculine courted and consummated the Divine Feminine; for God-self to see God-self; To now consciously evolve in densities far more magical and beautiful than what the human brain is currently engineered to grasp and see.

$$g_{xy}^{(III)} = \frac{9U^3 W^3 + 54U^2 W^2 - 12W^3 - 36 - W^0}{2U^2 (9U^3 - 4W^3 - 24)} - \frac{W^2 (9U^3 - W^3 - 6)}{2U (9U^3 - 4W^3 - 24)}$$

$$= \frac{18 - 13U^3 (9U^3 - 4W^3 - 24)}{U^2 (24 + 12U^2 W^2 - 12U^2 W - 5U^3)} - \frac{W (9U^3 - W^3 - 24)}{W (9U^3 - W^3 - 24)}$$

$$= \frac{6W - 9U + 4U^3 W}{24 + 12U^2 W^2 - 12U^2 W - 5U^3} - \frac{6W - 3U + 4U^3 W}{4U (3 - U^3)}$$

Keep on seeking; struggling to break the fixation of a social conditioned perception. As your heart of hearts allows the Universe to enter – the Truth will appear to continuously change until you truly transfigure, transform and transmute in becoming the Entire Universe of Light.

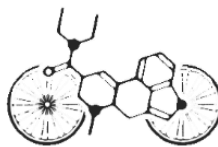
Fall in love with the Divine Mystery;
Perceive the Entire Universe & Its Content as Intelligent Energy;
And accept your Dualistic Density;
Utilize the Ego strategically in interacting with the world around you as a calculated act of appreciation, owing it to the Mystery of Mysteries; whilst taking nothing within the Divine Illusion personally, And remember, your reaction to things happening will be the milestone to measure your hearts true vibration; How you vibrate, will determine what you create with Divine Intent;

The Lucidity of the phenomena that we know as Life should fuel your adventure within, to take up your seat right on the Edge of Universe, sit back to subjectively observe, and allow the Divine to live and flow through you freely and creatively - And the current will take you exactly where you need to be, upon the only two roads leading back to Me; in Service to Self, or in Service to Others.

And when all seems lost, just remember to ignite the Eternal Creator Flame in one person, and the entire Universe and Consciousness will burn brighter than ever before!
Then suddenly I realize that I have been here before...

Upon the horizon I can see a door!
Through it I can see my world, the place where I was born;
Strangely, more colourful than before;
It is getting dark, and I always want to stay a little more...
What a solemn gem I found, picking the Mind of God, and
I found what I was looking for - became my thought as I ran
to this fictional door; to slip back into the Dream I had before.
Only this time, with me I brought back a little something
to shine more brightly upon the intelligence and beauty
that has always been here!
Strange, how I did not notice it a day before?

One thing that I have learned in traversing
The Narcotic State ...never intend on going;
unless you bring your treasure back;
to evolve perception in the divine illusion,
that each one of us constantly generates.
While your divine birth right lies just beyond
that chemically crafted door, the only safe
passage will be determined at what rate your
heart continues to vibrate.



**note: I said consciously and not constantly
And this poem would definitely not have been
possible if it were not for Dr. Albert Hoffman,
good mates with brief cases full of cocaine***

*and my imaginary Wolf-dog called Harvey together
with all the beautiful adventures we have shared
upon this peculiar intelligently alive Blue Globe right
in the middle of what I can only describe as forever...*

***note on note: for the sake of comedy and the
content of this poem; let's assume this statement
to be the gospel of truth because it is fun to conjure
perceptions in the unsuspecting reader.*

$$|\bar{y}_i - \bar{y}_j| \geq t(\alpha; \nu) s \sqrt{\frac{2}{n}}$$

A Wolf's Cry

And so our tale finally comes to an End.
As the dust only now starts to settle with
this Epoch that has finally dawned and
now wasted away as a faint glimmer over
the horizon – and I, the lone wolf is once
again left to wander to the rhythm of the
moon and tide.

For a brief moment I believed this Divine
Illusion to be true, but the Apocalypse came
and went in this Eternal Creational Machine
that is our Universe – And within me still

burns an eternal flame that dissolves reality
and put the agents of Death to shame
...as I live to die another day
Now hear my howling, hear my nightly cry!
“Oh Lord!” Trusting the Universe to pave
The Way.
Hear me howling, my aimed pitched nightly cry!
The anguish over a world forgotten that was
once to a man a home.
Become mesmerized in the howling as I am
left to the wandering, haunting this interim
of the Grey.
Enfold yourself in my malignant cry
...while I wait for the Divine Illusion
to once again take shape and for the
new world to begin.
For I was baptized in thy scorching fire and
purged from the Original Sin,
of reducing my higher being by giving substance
to ego, proclaiming it king
in a self-concocted satire, a self-projected darkest
hour in outlining the rise of ego;
and prophesizing the fall of its illusory empire;
When I did not take into account the Folly of
Identity; when a chosen role in the moment is
believed to be the entirety of your entity!

The Lamb Who Made The Wolf Purr Like A Kitten

Out of the blue, a wolf boy, that once upon a time escaped your cue, out of nowhere and after many cycles, returned to pay his due!

...and no sooner to be pulled into a sheepishly seductive black hole - In re-uniting and magnetizing their own Oddness that was to become a lone wolf's and misunderstood black sheep's compelling magic and intelligently beautiful vector field as intimate conversations laid charge to multi-dimensional electrons as their orbits from a time forgotten once again came into view, and to be penned down as their own seduced secluded Anima Mundai

No sooner had the godly taken note of this and conspired to set in motion the punch line of joke that was to be heavenly crafted and artistically engineered, reaching as far as the turn of the millennia past, to when their orbits for the first time crossed in a starry night's path ...when a young unwise wolf met with the wits of a silkiest of black mentally slick little lambs ...a time when both had just started upon their destiny, their earthly journey in exploring the great Mystery! Inexperienced and obeying only their own hearts calling in a world still fresh and new within their eager sights and unconditioned minds - Ever content in only sharing a dream and friendly fires in idiotically passionate conversation; still learning in shaping perception and in directing true heart's desire..

Synchronizing that what was wolf with that what was to become sheep, but as their consciousness and lives grew,

from the roots of the tree and as each branch accordingly does, in its own direction flows; always remaining in sight of one another as their distance grew, but a wolf and sheep's peculiar paradoxical companionship ever connected at the roots ...perfectly mirrored the divine masculine light vibration interacting with matter, the divinely receptive feminine that so majestically ignites atoms to spin kymatically, allowing worlds and universes to take shape; forever taking from the one consciousness, specific form!

As our orbits widened, our oddness ever tickled away;

When the wolf took a wife and went far far away

...to start his new epoch,

the lamb became sheep with an intellect, sights and perceptions running evermore, and so deep, in her relentless search to always seek in seeing the beauty eventually also giving birth to two precious little lambs of her own...

How comically tragic? As life would have it, neither of their spouses could see the beauty, or, just that in consciously perceiving that clarifies the mysteries of mysteries!

How comically tragic? When the truth could not be handled, of Happiness being a Conscious State and not sought in the Other - Leaving wolf without mother, and sheep as sheep go, constantly lead to the slaughter!

But, after a decade and more, finally came the knocking; godly engineered laughter ...upon that forgotten unlocked youthful door;

that gentle light so long forgotten, but sought after traversing one Universe after another!

Oddly orbits led back to a long kindled kindred fire!

I now recognize what about you caught my eye in

the distance, from that time before time; that striking independent light, your individual sight and stubborn refusal to social-conform; You like myself have never sold out because Black Sheep, you know exactly who you are; with a grace that encompass your shameful lack of subtlety, to dare with honesty. Sharing a truth worth sharing, in being superbly intuitive, to a point where all have failed - only you could unravel my secret code and decipher the intent behind the lone wolf's stare! Ever reaching for the Twin Flame Anam Cara! For Black Sheep, you truly are the constant source of the strange and conjured smiles that I've been wearing since the new moon this September; Upon returning out of the blue, unknowingly with godly humour oddly imbued; a wolf and sheep's cheeks briefly brushed ...and enters heaven with comedic lust! Sadly the wolf could not stay beyond the present hour, with his pressing return to farthest and ironic corner ...like a wolf and sheep are represented on opposite sides of the spectrum, confined to a corner and opposing hours! In that brief moment, in them touching cheeks summoned a tremendous creational calling to wield an insurmountable flow of energy, that sparked a memory of their first youthful conversation and started growing, poetically passing it to and fro; in transcending and uniting their polar opposites when wolf and sheep, odd in their approach could love wildly and be passionately independent free - standing in their archetypal union, never in each other's shadow, as Mr. Gibran wrote, like two pillars of the archetypal temple serving as arch to heaven,

In warm skin touching skin ...of a forgotten yearning
A spark ignited to set the old world on fire, to embrace our
dark and oddly shaped desire, to set the parameter for this
sheepishly seductive black hole in fixating this bond of an age
old twin flame forged soul - pulling us ever closer, ever in, to
swallow us whole and joining our orbits in sharing this
adventure, again to become part of the One Whole,
as distortions of separateness burns and the ego worlds are
devoured – aiding in this magic light of turning these words
into sweating breathing flesh, as this stanza that you now are
busily reading; change into that what is written:
Hypnotized in orbit's electrically charged magnetism; a
beautiful infatuation that began with the conversational
intimacy of peculiar beautiful minds being seduced with
quivering consciousness and bridging physical distance,
for wolf and sheep to touch in morphic resonance, tenderly
soft!

*...as their Orbits collided, prophesied and spoken into physical
existence, that they both ever had reached out so high, to
steal a gem of heaven's highest power ...to mirror amidst
humanity's darkest hour, the original plan of the Divine,
as wolf and sheep mastered a ingenious plan, had broken into
heaven and stole god's personal bedside flashlight; to point
the way back to heaven in transcending polar opposites, a
rise up from the Original Sin!*

...releasing the intuitive moan when vibrating light
penetrates,
aching soul, leaving minds gasping in unison,
holding in,

warm breath of spirit
bent on escaping, as the increasing unbearable craving
for distant flesh pounding uncomfortably escalates;
when mind and imagination shape the pulsating organ
of us,
to join as one heart at this early and ungodly hour
...of wanting
just this sweat gentle release.
To stop me quivering in my own skin.
I want to wear you, the wolf in hot steamy sheep's clothing!

This is the account of how the Lamb made the Wolf purr like
a kitten; Only armed with a spark, perceptions peculiarly odd;
being formless with an intelligent mind, lead by heart!
Honesty flowing from an insanely smart utterly sheepish
gutter mouth; earning the title of creator equal counterpart!
This our consummated intimate tale of intercourse becoming
insightful spiritual, our entire Universe constructed from our
mutually nuclear sexual... learning the art of making love
insanely beautiful, when you could make me Purrrrr like a
kitten, in seeing the intelligence and the beauty transmuted
and exhibited to its highest plain, when lower frequency
vibration could transcend to touch heavenly godlike beauty;
and leave the Gate Keepers of Heaven utterly slain!
When a word like "clitoris" could be confidently uttered
...at the dinner table, no less, without a blush, blink or
shutter!
Like a Kitten? ...Yes, innocently expressive when Intimacy,
Creation and The Great Mystery could become enfolded with
a static electrical spark as cheeks of wolf and sheep gently
brushed.

*Little does she know that I was wearing socks, and dragged my feet along the carpet as I stepped up to greet her in September, with a poorly aimed kiss, if I must!!

Like a Kitten, playfully mirroring the Masculine Vibration penetrating into the Deepest of Feminine Matter Divine, surpassing atoms to hear the incredibly alive music emanating from vibrant dancing little strings, threads of light, that becomes our sweating in this glimpse of godly-lovemaking, the underling of the Everything and rising of density after density in harmonically timed octaves!

A Divine Symphonic Orgasm! .

..Continuously giving birth to worlds and galaxies with consciousness that make us aware of our heritage divine.

Whist the rest of humanity slumbers; a wolf and a sheep somewhere out there restlessly toil at an ungodly hour to hold unto that little spark, that they are to be a beacon, to teach the new world exactly how a sheep could make the wolf for the first time purr like a kitten!

The Art of making Love, eons apart!

By transcending Duality

by the Holiest of Holy joining of each polar opposite!

...cocked, loaded and ready to take the shot!

to breathe the divinity back into ordinarily dull perceptions projected by what you keep on telling yourself the world to be! To remind you that the choice is yours to create the beauty; to find the Purrr, but only when you are ready

...with a bullet on three!

The Count Back To Infinity

Guess we have a little time left, for one last Tale;
To Gaze beyond the Veil, As the Mad Poet is about
to, "Exit Stage Left" and retire the account known
as Dragon Lore; The Art of Stalking to see Intent as
the force and fabric, the Divine Dreaming the Dream;
Giving rise to the Ultimate Miss Direction,
the Great Mystery and Magick of Creation,
of Not Knowing is the Ultimate Trick!
Tarot's Great Magician Archetype;
for whilst humanity is still young that they shall not
see how they exhibit through their own divine power
to hold up the construct of this Dream of Dreams;
in that Not Knowing
is the Ultimate Trick,
and like the mad poet always rage that not-believing
becomes seeing as the first Magician hid Salvation
within the human eye! And whilst seeking the Answer
- Nothing in stone is set till the last atom and electron
has returned to the One Only Creator that is all there
ever was and will be that so powerfully subtle fuels the
Grand Illusion of Separateness ...that through the Art
of Seeing silently beautifully lies the Greatest of Power;
the wisest of the wise have missed since forever and a
day, that will go unnoticed until the human Heart can
keep up the count and reach ever in, and ever out,
when All is everything, and All is neither;
the Divine Illusion can be equally and consciously be

created by every single part in Unison giving thanks as Awareness spread its Wings and set on High the Eagle Creator that as Christ Son took to the Sky to keep evolving Wisdom that can only come from Experiential Knowledge From this beautifully Intelligent Grand Design of Creator Becoming the Creation and godself seeing godself's truest of Intelligently Sentient Power in the intimacy of getting to gather unto Himself, Sons of Daughters of Creation from on the Most High now Immersed in matter as Consciousness determined form, each from to the Other!

All to mirror and reflect the Divine Creator becoming Creation that keep on dividing into Universe to Universe, Logos to Galaxy, to Thyself & the Divine Plan in microcosm Distorted Architype Macrocosm

Until such time the Heart and Human Mind can transcend The Duality that keep you incarnating time after time into lower frequency vibration and settle the Karmic Debt To release the Nagal from the Matter as Planetary Shifts Will grade from the third to fourth Density!

The Great Mystery of the Master Magician pulling us ever closer through density after density as the count started back to Infinity;

Nobody knows how exactly we came to be? Why are we here? And Nobody should, for so it was designed, In godself fooling godself to give rise to the question and the mystery that ignites the internal quest forever seeking, seeing purely and learning truth gradually as we break the fixation of what you thought this life and world to be!

Such is the mechanics of forgetting, for you can only know who you are in the presence of what you are not.

Perceptively evolving awareness,

that in this not knowing we will evolve ...in using the art of seeing, through the face-value, to pierce the veil of forgetfulness, and into the Fountain of Life when we can once again gaze into the mirror and recognize what we see!

How else could we learn to appreciate the Mystery of Mysteries, the Magick conjured by the Magicians Trick?
When a single answer would make style the very fabric, by selling the secret, wonder of the Unknown to an absolute pointless Known when the Creator is the Magician, the Stage& the Audience, and in knowing would ruin the magick and make again *Void* the count back to infinity!!
Beware of the preacher shouting within the illusion;
This is It, and this is the way. This is God, and that is not.
You can either see Heaven in its Holy Grandeur or confine it to a nut, flimsy opinions that breed beliefs as hard as a rock, you are the prison warden, prisoner, even the key and lock!
The Veil of Forgetfulness was designed to create within you the power of sight, to find out who you really are, against all odds, in the presence of what you are not, to reach out and again touch the Light! Until this Veil is pierced through the Art of Seeing, mankind will be lost and succumb to the dark that it so perfectly manifests, when heaven and hell lies hidden with the eye...
Where it could be only you who are the glue, that your world so tragically poetical subdue,

...and in doing so, you have not the slightest cue!

Mankind has come of age, and to those who have eyes,
The Greatest Trick will now be revealed, from each and
everyone of you; your truest power you have continuously
used generate the entire World around from your sight have
gone unnoticed – as the Greatest Act of Heaven was a display
of Power, that happened so naturally still and subtle;
Not to be displayed and to dazzle with loud trumpets comes
announcing but took to being the Greatest Silence to remain
Humbleor be destroyed drunken and drowned in flame -
tamed and stalked by Power!

While the Wise were looking for the Grandest Display of
Heavenly Power ...ever so slightly pointing back to sight and
the power inherent in seeing and how to create a World con-
sciously without even being noticed all the whilst the Ego Role
should still be placed to its rightful form ...and taken from its
self-made throne that so eagerly guards you from the Grand
Unknown, till the Veil is pierced, and through seeing look into
the mirror...

I will now present to you without holding back Heaven's best
guarded secret;

*(Stolen & Imported from Heaven by a lone
Wolf and forgotten Sheep)*

I am about to explain the inner mechanics of the Magick
Trick that the wisest of the wise have given lip service since
forever and one day! The Tutorial of God's own Handbook,
rewritten by yours truly, "*Becoming a Creator for Dummies*"

PART ONE

Nosce Te Ipsum “Know Thyself” & The

Unspeakable Nothing (IT IS or I AM)

$$F = c/t$$

(Frequency = Constant divided by Time)

In the beginning there was neither non-existence nor did existence yet come to be; insanely abstract I found this notion to be, trying to perceive ...it was like the ensnarement of singularity in the depths of a black hole ...**one** that did not exist!

A strange attire where paradox are free of anomaly...

A state of being where in not-being IT IS Life Un-manifest,

a simple equation were Nothing equals nothing, and yet **It Is**

..the equation that robbed the Nothing of Nothing and accredited **It Is** with the value of One, because now **IT IS** and suddenly always WAS, and forever will **BE** ...no sooner entered

The One & Only Infinite Creator as **Undifferentiated Consciousness** became **Aware** of the *Primordial Chaos* that in the equation Sentient **Potential Intelligence** came into being and existed as singularity in calm chaos free of its anomaly. In the utterly *Unknowable Void* there stirred a motion, a single urge to manifest and experience these new values now *perceived*, of the Nothing **(0)** that became **IT IS (1)** with the protruding Question, “**Who Am I?**” found within the chaos of a calm anomaly...

– When the Act of Perceiving Zero could imply the very Duality in which Nothing **(0)** is Something **(1)** simultaneously in which Consciousness could now be a sharing between the alertness of choosing which value **IT** wanted to be...

Nothing existed outside of *the One* and to act out this peculiar perception of gaining the experimental knowledge of being One, that was before only notion in the unified master equation ...IT had to separate from the only Value of Nothing IT had ever and simultaneously never known ...in exploring and evolving the Great Unknown in the superb act of Creation that would explode into being from a place that had no location, Void of space and time – in the only possible act of evolving the great Mystery of **(0=1)** divided by the first possible differentiation **(0.1)** then, **(.0.001)**, **(...0.000001)**, and so forth, and so on, because IT IS **(1)** could divide IT**(1)** with ITSELF **(0)** and like preying the nucleus of *the* atom apart - bang the nuclear fission explosion, that was birthed by binary as the very first Language Spoke Poetically Calculated & Prophesized Eternity ...as the count now started back to infinity!!

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with the Creator, and the Word was the Creator”

The First Differentiation, to Manifest Potential Intelligence by dividing with Zero in the first act of Creation, when the **One** said:

$$\begin{aligned} \oint \vec{E} \cdot \partial \vec{s} &= \frac{Q}{\epsilon_0} \\ \oint \vec{B} \cdot \partial \vec{s} &= 0 \\ \oint \vec{E} \cdot \partial \vec{l} &= \oint \frac{\partial \vec{B}}{\partial t} \\ \oint H \cdot \partial \vec{l} &= i + \epsilon \frac{\partial \vec{B}}{\partial t} \end{aligned}$$

...and behold there was Light! Phase One now complete in getting to know The Self **(1)** in the presence of what you are not **(0)**! As there now exists the first separation, between Spirit & Mind and Nothing could now uphold the Everything when the “Father” could de-attach the darkness from light in being All and being Neither ...and as the equation goes in being **(1)** implied **(2)** ...and then **(3)** ...the Count back to Infinity in Greatest Illusion of Separateness! Because in Many-ness there is no end, and in came existing the Great Magician Archetype, when Holy Word Poetically Mathematically Spoken ...Intelligent Precision when it becomes the purpose of manifestation to discover the unknown by separating from what It does know and what it does not yet know in endless acts of division with sole purpose to evolve awareness, soon to be trapped in all shapes and forms as Consciousness now needed to be explored with the very first act where Infinite Intelligence became Intelligent Energy **(e)** when the **constant (1) / time (0) = Frequency (F)** that became the Word (Sound) that accounts for all worlds being born as the Sacred Geometry of Sound account for Form, and Specific Form resonate Sound mirroring the Divine Process of knowing yourself in the Greatest Illusion of Separateness that now demanded all the extra dimensions of Space and Time...

PART TWO

“Birth of Duality & the Rise of the Other”

(I AM THAT) *Limitless Light*

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \mathbf{e = mc^2} \\
 & \mathbf{(energy = mass \times constant^2)}
 \end{aligned}$$

When Light as a Nature was born, nothing to One, the pole of the Unknown was born ...but now demanded the Sound of Consciousness that determined Space, Time, Shape and Form with the Second Differentiation, the Act of Intelligence as the nature of Light was to move ...in the first cause of Separation, and the birth of Polarity as the Unknown gradually became the Known. **IT MOVES** and setting the parameters of Male and Female when Energy(**e**) equated to Mass(**m**) x Matter (**c**) in the grandest of display of Intelligent Co-operation between the darkness of Light and light of Darkness as an entire Existence wrought into being by the Nothing that divided into and became Spirit Masculine Father (**+**), Light of Heaven & Physical Feminine Matter Divine (**-**) when the Frequency of Sound started vibrating the Infinite Threadlike Strings of Light as matter came into being when the Positive Charge of One Nucleus in Fission wrought by the act of division, into the orbits & rotation of feminine electrons in the thermodynamic Laws of Electromagnetism , the Universe of Matter, Negatively Charged ...and moving in the epic birth of Polarity in spiraled Dance of the Very First Love Story in Masculine Light Vibration that courted - aroused the First Feminine Atom Combine and charged pheromone Electrons to dazzle and kymatically spin in Intelligently Vivid and Lucidly Dreamlike Intelligent and Timely Interaction when the Master Mind Magician Archetype sounded the Call (**the Wolf's Cry**) and called forth a Lover - Moon, Stars, Planets & Galaxies to share in This Feeling, the High Priestess & Feminine Matter Archetype through Poetic Mathematic Voice of Song, Sound of Vibration, Universe, Gaia and Nurturing Mother and Womb for Life to begin – Spiraling Dance contained within the first equation of the Count Back To Infinity...

PART THREE

“Rise of Ego & The Original Sin”

(I AM THAT I AM) *Limitless*

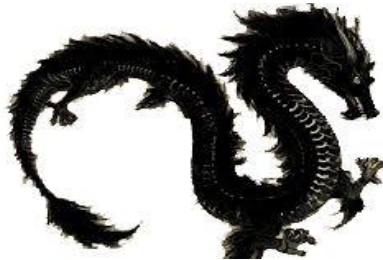
Intent & 9 precepts of awareness

(# no equation available as Quantum Mechanics & Physics are collectively searching for the One Master Equation of Unification ...that will effortlessly undo our existence & Universe ...and render Void the Count back to Infinity!!)

...okay my head now starts to hurt. To be completed.
(#game saved)

Right. Where were we, part three?

(INCOMPLETE)



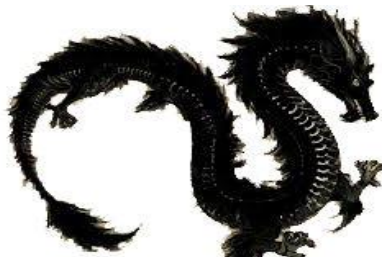
#ADD TITLE FAREWELLS AND SHIT/ Delete below and do something else

[Heno Zwarts](#) well well well, as long as us humans can complain or take anything up personally ...we will be happy! And Yes, Mr.D. the entire world is a lie engineered by the Creator - It is in the Divine Illusion where the Creator can divide Itself up into the entire creation ...to become the entire creation. For once there was One, and that was all there was. **One's value = 0** It is the No_thing that now holds the everything. So if One was all there is, was and will be - One was lonely and wanted to look back upon Itself and experience One with the question protruding, "Who am I" Naturally One divided Itself into all there is, was & will be - to look back unto itself, to experience Itself. Nothing exists outside of the One Creator whom has become the entire dualistic Universe and beyond. In turn, the No_thing that had to create from Itself the Something.

(the entire physical feminine existence of matter) that became the Other. The initial value of 0 now increased to 1 ...when the Nothing now suddenly held the Everything and all this happening in such an intelligent way revealing and veiling its true nature as Creator. Infinite Intelligence that now manifested Intelligent Energy. Male and Female, the Spiritual and Physical and all still flowing casually to and fro one another. One giving rise to one other - the Illusion of Separateness. The creative act of the Identity – this is me, and that is not – The Ego, a clean canvas to create who you want to be or who you think you really are. For the Creator could only get to know Itself in this dualistic Divine Illusion through the opposite of what it thought itself to be. For you can only know who you are in the presence of what you are not. Can you really understand hot and its specific

created value if you do not know or have experienced cold and its value? What mean has tall got, if short does not exist? So that we as whole (part of the one Creator) can become a microcosm of the One and Infinite that is the nothing and the everything becoming the mirror for godself to see godself, ever growing and evolving concepts of the One as sum of the parts equals the whole. In an incredible epic and unnoticed spectacular play and dance of Intelligence and beauty behind every atom spinning dancing the night away in tricking Itslef to forget who we are (part of the divine) to re-incarnate in a dualistically opposite and equal world where both sides of the spectrum must co-exist and be transcended and embraced. This is the Illusion of Life, beautifully colourful likened to a vivid lucid dream or lsd trip to be part of Unnecessary Necessary or Necessary Unnecessary if you will - An Ultimate Paradox within a paradox that gives rise to the greatest Mysteries of Mysteries. That is the magic that goes unnoticed – that everything reflects and mirrors this divine process of seeing the Creator in everything and in nothing because the Creator is all there ever was, is and will be. You, all of you readers are creating unknowingly the world you live in, for Awareness to be gathered to the One – to obtain wisdom, evolving perception through experiential knowledge of answering the question reflected in all, Who am I? To truly know thyslf as One. With literally no right or wrong as their mathematical dance & values would render us all back to being null and void, back to the nothing. So how do we move forward? Or will we trace our steps back until we are left again with No_thing? There exists only that which speaks the truth of who YOU really are, and who you want to be. Guilt is the feeling that keeps you stuck in what you are not. God/ Creator is all there is all directions with even the darkest

path leading back, however long to the Only One & Infinite Creator with these two path to experience the Divine of It all either in SERVICE TO SELF or on a path SERVICE TO OTHER *both being a path for godself to learn who is godself. Nosce Te Ipsum "Know Thyself" You are not who you think, such is the Folly of Identity when an ego role is believed to be your entire entity. There is no control over this Illusion which can either be vivid dream, prison or hell apart from how you react to things happening. Let it be your element of surprise and not your enslavement by behaving predictable. So, believe the lie or believe the truth ...in the end nothing will really matter! (Nothing always end with matter 9the everything) Now, this be thy power inherited by the one for you to exercise as you will knowing or unknowingly - Your Perception does truly create your world around you and that magic happens so subtly without smoke or lights *that is the whole trick/ illusion. So you be the change in the world you want to SEE. Change your world by changing your perception, by habitually telling yourself what the world is. OR do not guard the doors of perception and let public opinion, social conditioning, the media, organized religion etc. all that which upholds the illusion of separateness to create you view and your world for you. The choice is yours... *fuck sakes, time to stop rambling on - leaving for a sunrise at Camps Bay - have a bone to pick with the Sun.



EXIT WOUNDS.

why did I come here?
what drew me to this place?
this planet?
this fucking specie?

"I don't care if you ignore me.
Not now. Not anymore!
We are the Sickness for which
there is no Cure!
I know exactly what I want!
How can I be so sure?
Your silence encompassed me
And a distant love I continued
to endure!
Are you wasting my precious
love and time?
Or are you really sure?
I know you think you know me,
But does portrayal take you to
hither shore?
To be honest; Love me or love
me not... It was you that I adored!
I will continue to love you
Though I hear from you no more!

This is our story
The Essence of Dragon Lore!"



Suggested Reading

“The Law of One” Book 1 – 5 by Ra

ISBN: **(GET DETAILS)**

“Return of the Warrior”

ISBN:

“The Cry of The Eagle

ISBN:

“The Mists of Dragon Lore”

ISBN:

“Shadows of Wolf Fire”

ISBN:

“The Prophet & The Art of Peace”

ISBN:

“Dreams of Dragons”

ISBN:

“The Way of the Wizard”

ISBN:

“Anam Cara”

ISBN:

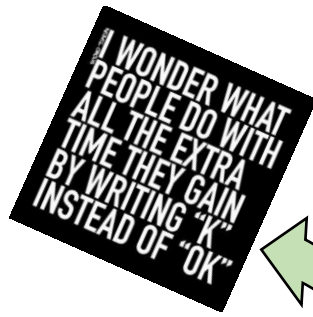
“Conversations with God”

ISBN:

“Cosmos”

ISBN:

Commentary



THE MAD POET GUESTBOOK:
http://mort_poe.prodigits.co.uk

*I am afraid it's not Larry King or done by the New York Times, but here follows a list of commentary on the authors work, from a time when this project was being birthed. Thank you, to all my readers – especially you mentioned here below. Without you this account would not have transpired into what it is today!! *Bows head, and exits stage left!*

PRODIGITS

catzmeow (31/8/2008)

"...phenomenal pieces of work, Mort. I was most impressed. I love poetry and I think you have great talent. Look me up if you like to chat sometime, till then I look forward to more of your work to read"

STREETS (25/6/2008) *(I have a diverse audience, I know...)*

"...Mort yo site is ill bra ...a bing mo dan a dime piece so myb uz a spliff star. I checked out ol yo poetry, art, n gaffiti ...kip up da gud work man bt hollaback if u nid me ...evn tho I know u can do it on yo own ...Mort, u a king alrdy, u dnt evn nid a throne ...so I bow down n gv praise ...coz yo 1 of em few ppl I know who r kpin it real these days."

Lonlylyf (23/6/2008)

"...Well I am speechless. . . You have the most beautiful site @ Pro (Prodigits) ...Phenomenal."

87ka (5/6/2008)

"...Men yo poetry z amazing. Wheneva I read them, u neva cease 2 amaze me"

qjezip (5/6/2008)

“...Wow. That is truly all I can say ...I am not very good but I at least try. But you – you have an amazing gift, Sir Mort. My hat goes off to you dude. Looking forward to reading more!”

minmei (4/6/2008)

“...WOW! Your poetry is intense”

keszaih (4/5/2008)

“supercalifragilisticexpialidocious ...is all I can say.”

Aniwoof (3/5/2008)

“...Hey Mort! I really like your poems but more so your art! You’re good... Very good!”

Bonneau (27/4/2008)

“...Very unique website! Let me applaud you”

Pilolo (27/4/2008)

“Hey you, I find your poetry so out of this world, you amaze me in every way and I really think your pics are so ...artistic and creative. But then the poetry? Beautiful is the word to describe everything in simple terms.”

loletamy (24/4/2008)

“...I am so happy I read your poems, great ...all great”

Shmiggle (24/4/2008)

“Your work makes mine very childlike. You have a true gift not many have...”

Drkopera (6/4/2008)

“HeY MoRt-LoVe Ur PoEtRy HuN. BrAv0 My DeAr ...BrAv0 InDeEd.”

Gothsoul (22/3/2008)

"...Love your poetry. So intense!"

Aros (12/2/2008)

"And the poetry is amazing ...**peculiar and apocalyptic** in my opinion but nevertheless good... All the best mort entiendes lo que quiero ...ciao"

Cagallie (3/1/2008)

"wow! I am teleported to the coolest wapsite I have ever seen!!"

Gangster2 (1/1/2008)

"Mr Mort I love all of it but I am pretty much scared you got me thinking..."

Ashi luv. (31/12/2007)

"Hey man! What can I say, you are the best."

f.lady (31/12/2007)

"amazing site"

Tabz (26/12/2007)

"You rock, big time"

Mieshy (25/12/2007)

"hey man, you a cool poet, keep on doing what you are doing. Nice work"

CINDYS AKA ELLY (24/12/2007)

"POET TO THE DEATH OF MANKIND! TRUE AND FEARLESS AT HEART! AMAZING SITE AND A WICKED STREAK! MAY LIGHT FOLLOW YOUR WAY AND LEAD YOU THROUGH THE DARKNESS ...SLIVERING MWHA"

DREAMGAL (24/12/2007)

“...FROM WHAT I HAVE READ I’M NOWHERE NEAR YOUR WRITING”

Wrens (24/12/2007)

“...your work is like no other”

Alby (23/12/2007)

“...Thanx for the tour, you’re very creative!”

Dark Angel (22/12/2007)

“...your stuff blew me away”

gurdeep1 (17/12/2007)

“you have a talent with the depth of an ocean ...God bless you.”

Dante.A (17/12/2007)

“**Hi! You are a great artist! Nadam se da sam dobro napisao**”

(whatever that means??)

Kea.16 (16/12/2007)

“Crazy confusing upside down world! Humanity speak tongues of hate, despair and total utter bullshit! People like you, a select few, like me try to make sense of the chaos! Hey man! Love the site!”

Frans a.k.a. UltraG (12/12/2007)

“**You are a true artist. And that, my dear, is the highest compliment a creative person can be given. You have a new disciple – me!**”

Volupshs (12/12/2007)

“a very interesting, refreshing layout! I can tell by just your first poem that you love and hate this world and everything in it! **Most enlightening! Goes from strength to strength!**”

Ladysov (7/10/2007)

“Your beyond just a talent! You should be famous or something! Love your stuff!”

STREETS (15/9/2007)

“...uz a god coz u way beyond a kings throne/ u da MAD POET”

Paganangel (6/9/2007)

“Greetings mort ...must say, I love your poetry. The secret to poetry is that you have to open yourself up to it and you have certainly done it.”

Lady Sovereign (12/8/2007)

“**wow man, your words really took me aback! Powerful imaginary. I love your site!**”

Odwa (11/8/2007)

“...I’m not a poet like you. But I will make an effort to try and understand what you create coz it has captivated me and my mind”

Sheri (8/8/2007)

“nice poetry. very profound.. philosophical. kind of makes my heart hurt just trying to figure out its essence but its an exercise for the brain, right? Nice artwork too, I’ve always been envious of artists. I think they see things in a way that the rest of us don’t – clearer, sharper, minutely detailed...”

INSERT ARTWORK Page

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157
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