

Headlights

Memoir of my 21st Birthday and on – eternity and on

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For our Breath,
Looking in headlights

Days and Essays

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Introduction

Headlights is symbol both to the physical
light of a headlight blaring orange yellow
white blue bright at a near death head on
collision for which at 80 mph winds of
exhaustion on the I-10 freeway at night
would have in turn turned my beating
breathing body to sure death, but
headlights is symbol both to the spiritual
light of a head-a-light with the saving and

sovereign grace of a good God who
instills life in loving action of keeping up
life beautiful and full of love both in the
physical perception and in spiritual
reception.

Headlights

October 21 2020

The moon is growing, larger are the early
orange glow evenings the eye over the
sea of star shines, smiling crescent
before slipping behind land. Birdsongs,
they are what keeps me aware of this
breath. God is salvation time and apart
time and time again and into eternity's
ever. Since first hour of the world, time
got to tick tocking, space unfurling, God

walking into made human, made human
endure birth as though we in our
infinitude at this moment of conception
in God's will became something finite,
tearful, wet and incapable. All to learn
this we've always known. God is love in
life.

Twenty one years since my finite renewal
and this early morning i thought i'd died.
God save me on the road, let me fall into
slumber, too sweetened by the suckle
sweet of my dreams to notice this world

just passing through. Myself crashing
into the orange guard rail, spinning,
seeing glowing eyes of oncoming semi
truck, turning the wheel, impacting the
guard rail again, blocked in, watching
semi's near miss me every couple
moments in time i'd been made to
endure. I could not cry, could not puke,
could only lay back in the desert sands,
feeling my breathing body in disbelief,
my fingers through my hair, staring into

the sea of stars, it was not dark, the
whole of night sky lit.



Jerry stopped his semi, signaled to me,
said i was bleeding, i said it was paint. He
waved away the oncoming traffic using a
flashlight and headlamp from the dark
night accident, no more injuries please. I
tried to push the totaled car away. He
made me sit. I did.

I felt up and again, over and over my
skin, my body, my seething soul singing
praises to God for sustaining life,
quieting the thought i'd wish i'd died on

impact. I looked with the stars, the stars
are always, no matter the time or person
or life. Felt connected at a deeper level to
life. I'm kept alive by God for good
reason, to this i live, thanks to God and in
enumerations of the sacred life we
share.

Highway patrol came snaking native
roads to slow traffic, threw flares,
fireman looked me up and down, i said i
was alright, just shaken up and delirious

is all. Jerry left. I was questioned by the
officer about drugs, about whether i tried
to crash, whether and why i hesitated
when he asked about pain something
because all i heard was painting and how
my first canvas was in that car, how
another jerry, the tow truck guy came
and told me my cars totaled, dropped me
off in the 4am place of Indio, like India
but with palm trees, i laughed, i
wandered the highway-side, put off a few
thugs or people stranded like me and

unlike me yelling indiscernible profanity
mutter at me, and i kept walking in the
night, strolled into a casino starbucks,
wrote, let a coffee go cold and undrank,
left and cried into the arms, the rays of
pink yellow and white light of sunrise.

Peaking over the mountains. I took a ride
back to the junkyard, thinking about that
cops question. I cried when he asked why
i was alone, why I wouldn't tell him my
family situation when I said and he said
he's only here to help. God with me and

not alone, why i wasn't home, my bodies
internal spiritual is my home, if i tried to
crash, i did not, i intended to make it safe
and lovingly to Topanga. I want to be the
greatest artist to love. I felt called to
leave, could not live healthily at home
any longer, to go, therefore i did.

I arrived at the junkyard, met with Jerry,
i asked if he had kids while he cursed and
jingled his truck keys trying to start his
third truck, he said yeah. I put my

material life into two bags. Opened a
fortune cookie amidst the rubble crash of
my cars interior. It said it enjoyed
hearing me in conversation, when i'd
talk. I realized then i'd be a writer, left all
the paints, the pastels, the paint pens, the
canvases and notebooks filled, and my
first canvas i never painted, always kept
pure and clean and with me. A prayer and
i departed.

I packed socks for my bare feet in my
yellow paint spotted white reebok shoes i
stood barefoot in. Hokusai's views of
Fuji, a small Van Gogh book, my
grandpa's bible, his son, my dad's watch,
my Blue Hour book manuscript, 3 empty
midori notebooks. 10 underwears, two
Ralph Lauren Polo red and white and
black pants, white tanktop, a shirt, a
hoodie, a big coat jacket, the nameless
instrument Jyl handed me, loose cash
from the oriental red case, couple keto

snacks to last a few days, Gabi's prayer
box, writing flair pens, toiletries, phone,
wallet, sun necklace, light bead bracelet,
my soul and body and love of God and
people.

This is all, ive been reduced to something
great. In reducing i feel free. I leave
books, paintings, sweet synesthesia
memories capsuled in time talismans;
imagine all your physicals, just left,
junked. The material is only face of

spiritual. I'll live ascetic, spiritual, out of
two bags; one bag has lots of colors and
old paint love touches, the other bag is a
tan tote bag. I have no car. Only love.

Only God to carry me on, the only reason
i am still alive.

I sat in the sand drew symbolic tropes of
internal happenings, my hands, circles,
sticks and stones and the word love.

Stood in the shade at the towing place,
waiting for my ride. I talked to my father,

the twins, my brother; told them i'm
alive, the story, God keeps life, I love
them.

In the car i told Razann i'm gonna fall
asleep. Apart that second slumber prior
my crash i'd not slept in near thirty
hours. I occasionally opened my startled
eye to a sharp turn or bump and once
noticed no other cars, no buildings, we
were on a one way road deep up in desert
mountains. I panicked and kept calm, i

didn't know where we were, where we
were going, what was going on; truthfully
I'd felt like this most days, and all of
today. I remember Patti Smith's mother
speaking through her the words what you
seed on your birthday is how the year
will flower. And Pissaro who said the
painter who knows not what he's doing is
best. All i knew is i've seeded love time
and time and the times i've felt to be
eternal. Again a day comes, a year passes,

a birth remembered. My 21st Birthday;
today like no other.

I'd booked the first cheap location i
found. \$50 a night at a place called the
art hut. Where roosters crow, pavement
ends, crows squawk, blueberries grow,
sun is full, you see the mountains
surround from within the mountains, lots
of stars. I hung my tan tote bag over my
shoulder, strapped my old paint bag to
my veined palm and walked along in to

meet Kosh. Kosh has bright blue eyes and
in his left eye a large speck of golden
yellow ochre, glistening, lighting up as he
looked at me. Toured with me his art
community, homes like Michaelangelo
sculptures, a city like Keifers rustic
metropolis. This is his artist collective,
homes he has built up in the mountains.
I'm at the yellow diamond windowed,
mountain facing 'art hut' he says. There
is the snack shack, the sun-gloo, like an
igloo but sungloo. Where here he said a

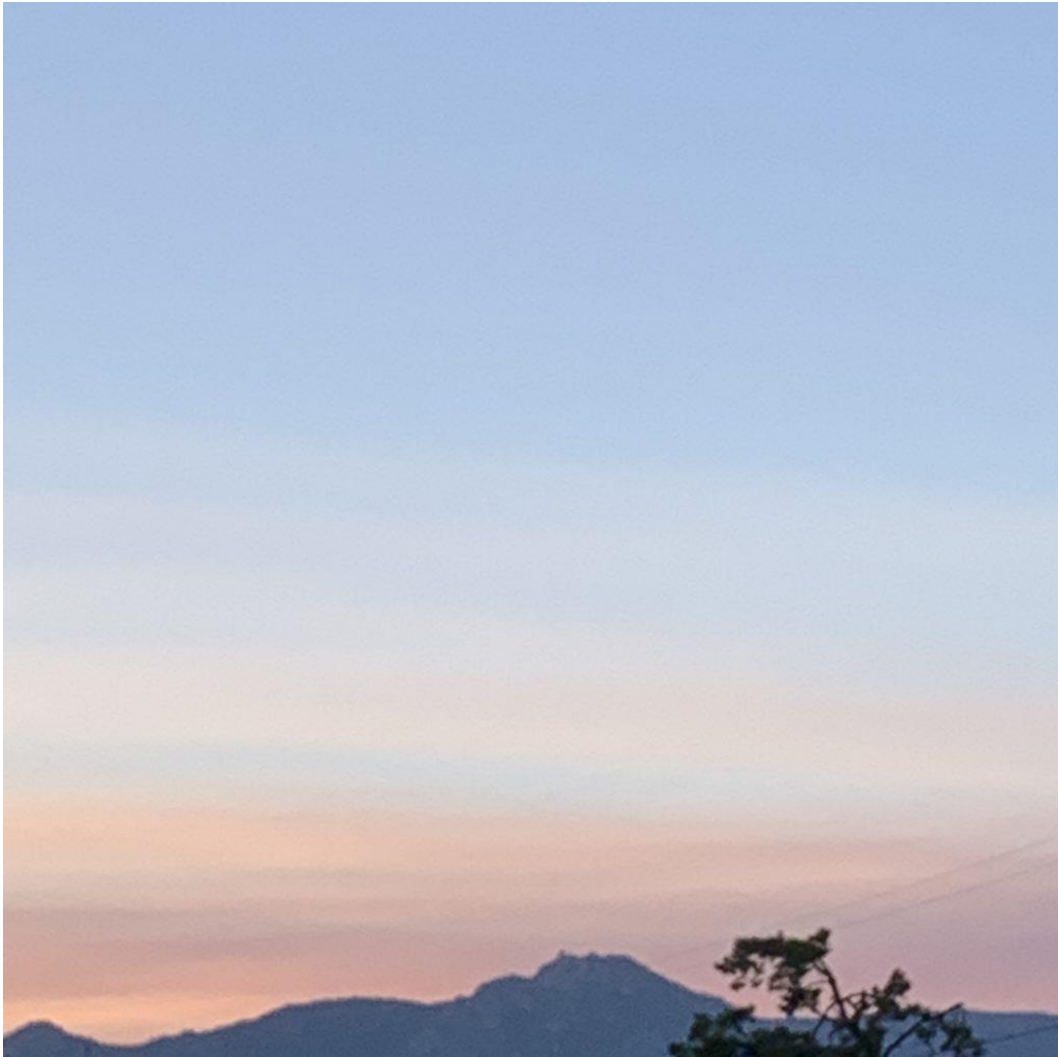
woman watched comfortably warm the
south mountains blanket white with
snow in winter. The star gazing home,
open roof. The simple shack. Bathroom,
the old recording studio. Two studios.
His home adobe, masterpiece i'd say, and
the paintings made for future homes -
digloo and teepee were my favorite.

My window faced the same mysterious
mountains. Old, green, fresh now,
speckled with blue shadows and faded to

a parma green at sharper distant peaks,
near the feet the hills are verdantly
green, millions of them and years of
walking wise the desert scape, the
mountains look like a slow pour of tree
and rock. I cannot escape the desert, the
desert escapes me.

I finally slept, the sun made me sweat,
my dreams made no sense but i didn't
remember them anyway. I was caught in
my chest with a serene panic at the

uncertainty of my situation. I smiled,
kept prayer, fell back asleep faithfully
trusting God had me where is, God is,
love is, life is.



October 22

Rooster crows into red-blue fiery
mountains, touched by kiss of sunrise, air
is sweet, melodic and winded cool. Truer
tones from the birdsong, i am the bird's
son, no show, all is play in nature's way;
Pinyon Pines CA is where i learn I am;
pitches of clouds curl from deep blues to
pinks to yellow sulfur whites. Trees,
berry bushes, pinyon pines, the bamboo
grove get back all their green. Distant

plane roars in the blue plain of sky. Dogs
bark, wake the nearby farm animals,
horses will neigh, donkeys bray, goats
chuckle, chickens cluck, other hounds
howl, pigs squeal, people play, gossip,
praise, laugh and they cry.



I opened mine eyes this morn in the same
window i fell asleep watching orange-
white moonset, stars entangled in webs

of deeper spaces; i saw the stars as
people, their solitary feelings coming to
light, i gave them voice, found stars of my
own; one held a rose, one a man flicking
on and off a lamp nightly, orders he'd
say; another star, a kind to count the
stars he's apart of, finding eternally his
endeavor; once the inhabitants of stars
are true, so they are strange; i most
enjoyed laying back in deep space, gazing
slow swirls of galaxies.

Pink purple and red white streaked
morning light, covering the place of
veiled stars to my opening eyes, my
dreams shuffled back to the deep, behind
the blue of sky. I had to piss, threw open
the wood door with window of lotus
glass, flicked a blueblack bug from my
shoe, walked over cactus and went, made
coffee in the keurig in the snack shack,
some grounds named paradisio.

Facing southwest, I realized i'd guessed
the cardinal direction and may have had
my south and north switched, either way
the sun rose to my left; i sat outside the
art hut, howling steam in my breath from
coffee, drinking, holding the coffee hot
between my thighs, inking pages,
watching morning age.

I saw fingers of God spread colors here
and then there with continual change, the
movements decisive, orderly, inscrutable

and only attentively opened eyes could
see what i see, the sun resting in each
speckle glimmer of light. I knew and i felt
and always i intuit God as grand creator
to each instance of life. I less felt the
need to say 'God THAT is you! How
wonderful.' And still i just did THAT!

In the white sand between my toes i had
thoughts and theory, in the dim wash of
purple contemplating shades of
complimentary yellow the art hut; the

cool touches of pinyon breezes, the best
pine smell; yellower pockets of sunrise
opening on the higher peaks of southern
mountains, my noticing peaks grounded
with green levity while the vales between
pointed in with white welds of crag rock.

I saw all is God. God is all life. I felt this
truency in all i see, feel, intuit. To it, the
sonrise, i felt like opening up my eyes. I
left the physical of pen and page, the
place of knowledge and memory,

adoration, thanks and praise, my stories
to make more stories. I sought for a place
to feel the light of sunrise all over my
face and that i could smile with the love
in the face of God.

I smiled. Cheeked up the valleys and
called on the way, the day to day peaks of
happiness. I reminded the mountains to
be fresh. See - my communication with
nature is reciprocal, i find nature exhibits
mirror to self, when on truency i see God

in nature - true self, first bible,
paradisio.

Experience. I sipped paradisio, slew my
shoes wayside and wandered hopping the
same sienna sands of places i'd once only
painted. I felt connect to nature as sun
shone in mine eyes; thoughts of
thousands colored, fractaled, my vision
spinning with mandalas, the blind sight.

I stepped from looking into the sunrise
back into the blue blueberry bush shade,
then into holy adoration in incantations
of sonlight again, back and forth, to and
fro. Myself akin to a desert baptism,
bobbing on sands of illumination; just
then doves descended, arose on the
image, plucked white feathers, black
feathers, pooled the place of my stay with
settlings of spiritual significance. Nature
has me in a drowse; had i awoken really?
Could these be only stories of brighter

stars? Am i? I am alive i realize, smiling,
fingers in through my hair and feeling up
my hands feeling themselves. All
experience experiencing itself. Sonlight
smooth on my handed skin.

I noticed the word written, Monk on my
left hand. I'd written Monk as a reminder
last night, i forged in bed my deep
peaceful remembrance, i'd said i'll be a
monk. I'm wearing same colors of peach
rose robes in my hoodie, the blood red of

salvation in each ralph lauren polka dot
horse on my pants; the desert mountain
my monastery, the situation necessitated
ascetic, lesser material living, all life in
love of God like i read old Brother
Lawrence say, the potato peeling monk
for love; as often spiritual as St. Teresa of
Avila; as flowery Beloved and joyed at
pain as St. John of the Cross; perhaps i
am a monk of the new order; as lost as St.
Christopher being always found; as
pretty as i can be singing truency with

birds as St. Francis has; revolutionary as
St. Andrew, the first called with God in
the desert mountains to St. Andrew the
Abbot; as in love as Majnun to Layla; as
Harmonious to the Heart of God, i'm
played as David the psalmist; i am Bjorn.
I'm being born again. I'm a devotee to the
illuminations in-given; as God flurries in
with sunrise, in mine eyes, in hands, a
divine manifestation. Divine dream life.

Dream Divinity

Dream Divinity is absolute adherence to pure intuition of a good giving forgiving God. This is easy essay on divine dreams. For past reference still living on 'Divina Somnium', the first of my manuscripts for which a black leather bound moleskin i'd decorated the door, or book cover with an eye cutout of a drawing i'd once done in a college library, sat up on a couch that

was red, drawing eye after eye, why the
eye i do not try to hide, i was in great
love, i called it what she sediment, i'd bee
lay to love, la-la-la'd into a party and
looked into sea green blue sky as could
be beauty of a dream of eyes, i looked
into her look into me, one eye, hers and
mine, soul tied.

Dream Divinity is rapture for poetic
nutrition, eat healthy the new, word,
essay, sentence all apt at a reverie, these

are day dreams of a past night fright i'd
likened to a madness for laying with my
back flat in supine and sycamore, oak
birch white leaves swirling over in me is
a sunlit green field, blue skies i lay
between. Clouds drift, drift west into the
setting sun on the orange horizon with
tinges of more orange-pink-blue
nostalgia.

How in past mneumonics, oh lose the
professor puncture; how in past lives, the

past lives. How in past times I'd rhyme
my pens inking to my heart beating for
those first ever poems on a black leather
couch about stars and women I loved and
their eyes.

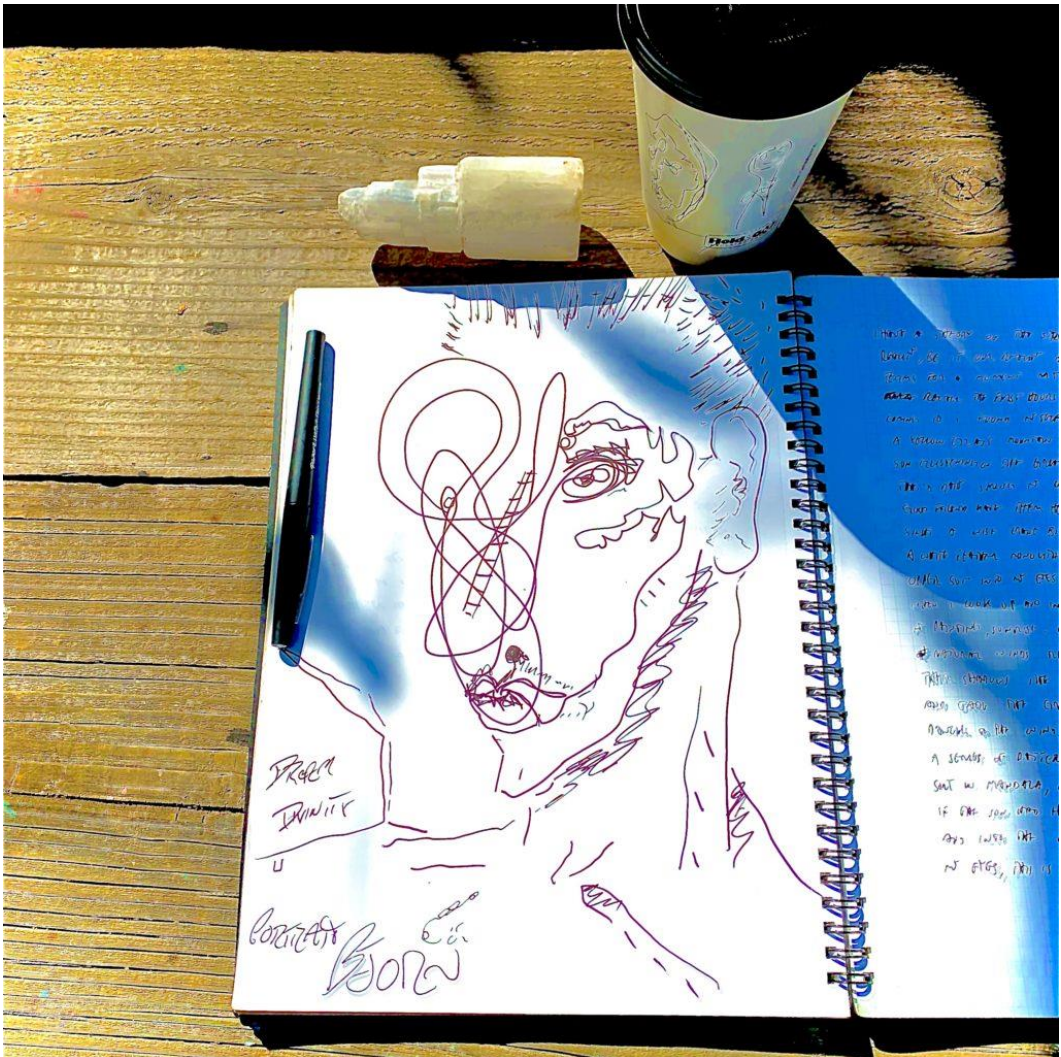
The page listens how no one else has,
mirrored in my inner world.

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Who taught grass to dance in the wind? I
am life speaks to me nonchalantly, i
photograph a few blurry photos because
paint, oil painted my lens and in every
time i'd seen those photos i'd nearly
thought i'd lost my kind mind to be
reminded i'd likened no find of rhyme,
rather i'd give a plea to please speak
truency in me, o Divine.

What is the most powerful thing in life to
happen to and become you? Only that you

became new and beautiful because of life
after death for the changing seasons
saved you, the life, the love, the autumn
wind, same new nature; well mine was
when i lay beneath a water tree, a leaf
fell on me, God touched my heart, i
changed into love forever, i notice that, i
love God. God loves a God dreamer.
Dream on Divine. Dream on.



October 23 2020

Two white beasts paraded the solitude of
my morning coffee. Only had i been in a
morning dream of spiritual sorts,
imagining myself an alien cowboy or
saintly saint who had crash landed here
quite literally with quite the living story;
when a growing rustling larger than a
bunnies by and by hopping clamored in
oriental styled thistle gongs, i turned
quick over my left shoulder to see the

white fluff of two hound dogs break
through briar and bramble, easy and
smooth as two koi swimming as yin and
yin, as life and life.

I return to sips of hot caramel creme'd
keurig coffee, a yellow bug buzzes about
me, really gets up in my face and
decidedly, i must leave.

I remember the bamboo grove, east of
me, in the direction of those providential

hounds, i never saw them physical before
or again; i gather my beige midori
notebook, flair pen, coffee, water
thermos with a handmade fabric blue
sleeve and slip a keto protein bar into my
monk hoodie. I showered and did yoga
this morn so i'm feeling good, only a little
later to the illuminations of sunrise.

I walk east some paces past vibrant blue
green life, yellow rays lavishing the plain,
glistening white marble rocks, oh and the

chickens have incessantly been clucking i
hadn't even noticed. Always it's those
things that continue incessant that we
forget to acknowledge. We love sunrise,
all the pretty waking colors, slept the
rightful side, how the rise of light, us
with the call of a hen and eye of the sun
awake alright and can say it just keeps
getting better. Because the colors are so
very alive after a long colorless night,
when the mountains took to a single
silhouette shade, little people lights

flickered in the silhouette and car
headlights lamped an invisible road. Life
is the invisible road, don't forget this.



I find the bamboo grove, leaving steady
bare foot prints in the sand, so littler
dust particles float up into the light

breaks through the laurel grove, glisten
in sunlight they catch, i watch like they
constellate illusory day stars. The
illumination is short lasting, but who can
measure eternity? When spaces between
time reveal itself, becoming inside us; we
are new children roaming the grass laden
fields of infancy, there is no tick tock of a
clock or mother to watch, only the birth
of worlds new again.

I knew in the shade of the overarching
pinyon pine i can lounge lazy and easy.
There i laid back, the bamboo grove to
my back right, a woodpecker beating a
native drum beat to my back left,
chickens possibly singing to my far front
left.

A finch bird lands in the bough of my
shade tree, i try to look at her, hearing
her trying to voice something in chirps to

me, she silhouettes the sun, wears the
sun like a blinding coat and looks deeper
into me. I'm blinded but keep my eye on
her, she flies into a lower branch, falling
sweet and feather easy as flowers in
autumn. It's her world she owns, this
whole mountain season is her individual
playground.

She watches me take communion. I use
the keto protein bar in
transubstantiation to be the body of

Christ who endured death as human, who
looked into the blinding life, the eyes of
the father turning, our misgivings into
the resurrecting gift of an eternity with
our lover; God. I used my caramel hot
coffee to sip the blood of Christ. Praying
the pulse of life eternal carry me through
life, the sweetness past the door of death,
and in life everlasting.

The finch bird flutters by and by all
through the morning, breaking little bits

of dried leaves in the bamboo grove
behind me. That yellow bee bug finds me
again but remains only at a dull buzzing
distance. I feel safe, secure in my shade
tree, happy even.

A crow bird thunders its call to the black
flap of its wings, puttering about the
serenity of an empty blue sky. That's why
i feel an urge to paint. I think and
unthink Van Gogh, my mind loosens a bit,
a gush of wind pours through the trees

and i remember i said i'd be a writer, my
dreams flush back into me. I'm awake at
last night's truth.

I slept looking into the moon caught
within the swaying leaves of the tree
outside my window. I lay warm, quiet,
quiescent and calm. Sleep felled me. I
awoke in an ocean, swimming when a
wave increasing lapped over, drowning
near the thousands of others also in the
water. I swam into the coming wave and

rode the wave, they looked at me
ludicrous like, and like heroine i was i
rode the wave all the way through.

For a moment i recalled revisiting my
family; friends at liberty market, daisy
smiling sweet, her lips singing, rachel
and nate, we ate together at a large table
and i told stories, everybody present;
then peixoto coffee, i saw my friends,
anthony and i talked music, the color red,
i sat alone at the green table feeling

accompanied outside; i missed Gabi's
soul touch, Ariana's voice.

I found myself speaking with a pokemon
character called rhydon, we, in the deep
of the ocean and him, cause of the
torrentuous waves. He became
transfigured to shape the crescent moon,
soft, plush, squishy, absorbent like a sea
creature. I held him in my hands, knew i
must find angel fish. I'm still dreaming.
I'm in an old tokyo supermarket, my old

teacher mrs. templeton unlocks a secret room in the opposite red part of the shop thad botham, another old teacher had taken over. She was the drama teacher, art teacher who taught not and did; thad was the philosophy teacher who taught not how but why we know what things. I entered the secret room templeton opened. I was with some girl. Rats scurried up dust bunnies but there in the neon corner on a black shelf was the lit fishtank where angel fish swam. My

crescent moon friend in my hands had
grown dry, nearly dead and i know now
is time to turn him to angels, to water. I
place him in the water, watch life surge,
angels encompass and i awake; riding the
wave.

I write about the necessity of life and
death, death is no slavemaster, only a
door to lasting life. We have been given
the key to see, to be. I did my yoga flow
in the cool glow of blue hour, showered

naked and beautiful with sunrise, made
coffee, saw those white hounds, laid back
in the shade tree fronting the bamboo
grove.

-

Tribal is our creative aptitude, increasing
frequencies at higher altitudes of
interconnectedness. Wayfare with
stars, count your constellations and like
us we are numerous. God is breath in

each and all and life forever unlocked
on.

To the next sentence. I'm just having fun
with the words i construe and
deconstruct time and again fill spaces of
eternal moments.

I showed andreas the bamboo grove
through story, we sat in the early
morning at a long plastic table telling
stories, talking mysteries of the universe,

of life. Andreas stayed the night in
sungloo, the hut just 3 steps from my art
hut. He went to the sunset chair to write
for the first time in years, talk resilience.
I attuned my frequency to Nikola Tesla's
talk on the key of the universe being the
relations of 3, 6, 9; energy, frequency,
vibration. I found hidden patterns in the
arrangements of the three numbers,
sought in prayer to attune my vibrational
energies to frequencial resonances of
love. I desire an amplification of the

voice through me, social platform for
loving social reform. I'm inspired by
Gandhi's ascetic love, St. Martin and
Martin Luther King's peaceful co-dreams,
Martin Luther and Rimbaud, Thoreau's
civil disobedience, Emerson's over soul,
Richard Rohr's good trouble, the giving
of my own life to joyous gospel message,
life may be ever-last.

We, people naturally creative, artificially
stifled to perty wants by others, lowered

to lowercase self when capital S Self is
true nature in us. We, one people in love.
We, we must take good care of fertile
earth, we fight through thorn and thistle
for fruitful abundance. We, we ought be
as manifest to our states of being as
water, we free flowing, nurturing, true to
us.

Take care of your true voice my friends,
purify your expression, be expansive, be
love, make beautiful things, be saved in

freedom in-dwelt. Venture the peaks,
endure the vales; be yellow, be blue, be
both and be green.

See any negative attribute is apt art for
renewal into a better us. We make anger
into passion; envy to possibility; greed to
giving; lust to care of preciousness;
desire to God; hate to love.

Be true, be yourself, be natural, be love,
be open to a universal God who wishes

and attributes your well being to be well-
, the endless wellspring, flowers
unshackled, unfold and blooming forth in
your bloomvoice, dance, sing, write,
paint, monetize, change, worship, pray,
play.

-

Blue hour became with the reddest
clouds of sunset, the lapping
conversation of land and sky meeting in

same winds of color through my ears,
enlightening my eyes, instigating my
hands to magic, making pure my heart.
Not many a soul see yet commune with
nature, we are we know it not, we
recollect breath, bring back the stories of
life after, entertain the messages, the
signs unapparent, apparitional in the
least, truest to the mystery of life.

I exercise my freedom, my play, my
devotee nature in speaking not as i talk

and just as i see - i paint it vivid. God
painter the most glorious red wash of sky
in sunset. Bathed me in cleanliness of full
nature immersion. Sent the birds singing
the same song crickets pick up through
night. Gives me grandeur in spaces
between. I live in blue hour, not day, not
night. Sweetness only in being, truly to
be, to breathe with all life, love truency.

Structural No. Reality

I have a theory on the structural nature
of a number patterned reality, be it our
reality bespoke in clearest experience -
for a moment my mnemonic
nomenclature recall first hours in
creation. In my coming i'd found myself
dreaming, laying in a yellow grass
mountain-slope to Kokopelli Pond, the
sun glistening grass reflecting orbs
beaded daily strung my wrist for with the

gift Jyl, a good friend gave them her
protection, insight on the grass. In my
sight a wise crane bird swamped slow the
filled water mash, a white feather
monolith between this pond blaring the
upper sun into my eyes both when i look
down and when i look up and into blue
sky; looks just like my painting sunrise.
And i'm at sunset near rollercoasters
natural winds ride the dragonflies
painted red and their shadows same sizes
as planes passing along and jade the

grass withstand to carry on growing,
dancing to the wind's intuit. To it, the
sun reflection i saw a series of patterns,
i'd heard something of a similar sort in
mandala. Colors shown too, spun as if the
sun had her hands for rays and were
dialing up into spinning saturations. I can
believe my eyes, this is the first hour, in
eden, masterpiece.

tho rille

NAZAR
PATA

8 ∞



LIGHT
FACIAL
MANIPULATION

October 27 2020

i'm purple love, all the colors of the
spectrum sky, sunrise to sunset, sunset
to sunrise, in my eyes windwatching in
my breath windriding, inhale in all - you
are God, you are alive, you are love. I
truly love you God, feel you God, see you
God, my life is living testament to your
powers of sustaining life, making life
new, we are oceans of sensation, sounds
unlock ripple waves in being, breathing

deeper meditations, music plays,
paintings paint, vehicles are bought, life
is lived, books write, prayers are lived,
friends are fortunate, wellsprings i bless
to be scenery in heavenly internal
realms. I sit in a black spinning chair in
black and white polo paint pants, my left
leg crossed over my right knee, on some
off five or so hours of sleep, by the
window, a beautiful tree is green, tall
into the whites, yellows, blues, the green
of early morning. There is my reflection

in the mirror window glass, when i look
from the outside door, moments pass, i'm
smiling, thanking you God to be alive,
present, breathing in reality, pleasing
myself purity of heavenly accolades, in
earthly accord heaven hands angels day,
roses swirl in my eye, i'm alive and finely
fit for a job, a car, a place. Backpacking
seems fun, freelance working too,
minimal expenditure, adventure always,
my life is minecraft, i've for best of

friends, i love you God, thank you sweet
Lord, thank you, thank you God. Love(

Thus spoke winds through my lips. I
return from the mountain, i speak the
lights of sunrise to sunset, sunset to
sunrise - the enlightenment is our own
eyes. I love God and humans, God is alive
and saved my own. This is my story. My
prayer is in action. I talk my walk my
talk. I'm the humble peasant with gold
aura, playing the strings of glass,

elucidating essays on commonwealth.

Devotion is answer. We must be
devotees, passionate baptismal fires of
doves, fly in my eye, i see a world of love,
spread love in heart of God; God is love.

What matters to you? Mention me the
linguistic genius articulate gesticulating
freedom. Fear of God is freeing, frees me
to be not afraid of death, no human fear,
all love in water.

In passion and in patience. I am water
still and flowing. Sunsets bespoke a
setting i feel attentive and understood in.
Joy permeates even in mystery, in
gradations gradual and instantaneous
reminder to my life, i am alive, God gives
life and comfort is in the seeing of the
eye, the longing into eternity, why else
love permeates, stills in spirals, gold
leafs a tree, aura automatic spiritual
reminisce, i put forth love, life, giving
and taking up my cross and along

mountain peaks and valley plains, singing
still singularly with all birdsongs,
windwalks, heartbeats, more than
metaphor for God-speak.

Commonwealth - America

Love is commonwealth. To each soul of
people America must listen: love is
commonwealth. To each soul of people
American listen: love is commonwealth.

To each soul i pray love; i lift the power
of my voice in freedom, in absolute, in
truth, in strive and in prosper, i elucidate
the day feeling of american people,

myself, my soul looks out, i am

overflown, listen:

People of america, you are people of
america. You are free. As people you are
free and america has squandered your
freedom, turned the freedom of
enchantment. Turn your freedom to love.
To each soul is offered a person, a moral
obligation to goodness, love is the
commonwealth. We are all rich in our

capacity. Each people america can be
love.

The power has situated itself as higher,
we live on the brink of social divide, in a
time of current prevalent crisis,
pandemic killed, kills bodies, kills
connection, stifles the breath. There is
more disease than COVID-19. There is the
disease of the American people. Put down
your phone, look up from the blue sky,
the lie you believe is superiority.

If you would live your life with the
freedom you have, none could, none
would desire more than the growth of a
flower. Nonsensically our people believe
they are diseased. I offer the
commonwealth for the people america.
Here is my love.

—

God, good orderly direction, guide my
hand; i awoke withdrawn the political

unrest. Before breaks of sunrise i felt my
feet touch the ground. I saw hordes of
cops crowd black lives mattering, more
than muttering their practice of free
speech. I believe give what is
governments to government; to God what
is God's. A person in America is God's, a
person in America is not the
governments. The people ought to be the
government of good to commonwealth. I
speak loudest when to a single person,
but i hear the call of the nation, i raise

my voice in the breath of God the all-
powerful for freedom. Hear this voice
and echo. Here we go commonwealth,
love and listen. Linger not in hands of
oppression. You must take good care of
yourself, leave the hate you impose upon
another, that hate is your own. They are
a mirror, your own ear hear you speak,
what you do not understand you must
not despise, you must love. Love is the
light on everything, you must not point to
your own shadow and say evil, you are.

Are you willing to lose your self for the
love of yourself? The commonwealth is
love, i give from the provision of
abundance, enjoy your lot, i am not here
to please a people america, i am the
future and i am love. You are love. You
are change in the light of today. You are
love. You are the light of the sun. You are
love. You are the commonwealth. You are
love. You are entitled, gifted, honored to
be free. You are love. You are the muse of
life. You are love. You are a vagrant

specimen, a traveler just passing through
this earth. You are love. You are the
connector to constellation, sight of a
shooting star. You are love. You are free
to choose one currency or another. You
are love. Will you be rich in love? You are
love. Will you be rich in commonwealth?
You are love. Will you be vulnerable,
strong, beautiful, fanciful, dreamed and
dream? You are love. Will you keep life?
You are love.

Necessary, every necessary is a person of
America, for people America is myself, is
you, is freely given necessity to breath. In
this time we must breathe, break open
our lips in peace. Make pleas to God for
peace. Live and look for peace. I tell you;
what you look for you do find. I am
looking for the commonwealth in your
eyes.

I ask you to no longer speak at. Speak
from. My freedom America if you've

begun to speak from you will hear,
understand the misery of our life, words
collide becoming one in the echo of our
voice. We are to lift each person up, to
encourage our loves, never to put down
to lift ourself. Do not be submissive, you
do not have go voice between two evils.
Hear good and cast your vote in. I will
vote in the coming election, we ought to
use our voice in our vote. This is an
important election. My voice matters. In
number i find no value. What is the

quality of your commonwealth? Are the
people you hear love? I listen for love. I
ask you people America, be the
commonwealth, be love.

Commonwealth - America. You are what
you hear, what you see is love. You are
love. We must live. You are free.

Oct 17 2020

Streets lined with no bodies but still the
sights of these street politic signs protest
at my appreciation of nature. In my head
cluttered i am for poor manipulation in
street picket white america where
everybody wants a tesla, hear them say
no one can stop me now. Each body:big
politic, small in portion to the endless. A
bucket or body itself can only hold to a

certain capacity; the one in recipient to
God, the endless sea will overflow into
itself the joys of water the body acting in
love will attribute to the greater mass of
water than its own self. From the endless
sea each being receives life, is a droplet
even as small as dew drops speckling
morning grass at the waterside of our
eyes, i see stars put into the night grass
reflecting light years away. That was last
night when i visited Jyl and Barry, friends
i'd find beside Kokopelli Pond and have

that feeling of forever with and since
ever. Today i'm at Peixoto Coffee while a
parade of Biden Harris cars come by the
downtown blading their car horns,
screaming something joyful and
obnoxious, a man lifts a trump sign from
streetside, an american flag waves from a
van's side, a child walks by me as i write
hearing him say "my daddy doesnt think
the government should be your
baby;daddy." The parade's continued
incessant. A kid at the table beside me

says to his friend laughing “i love it! No one in this country knows what the fuck is going on.” Truck labeled ‘peddler’s son’ slips into the sunset alley as a group of sign holders speaking viva trump walk out beside it. Man in blue glass shades has his hands on his hips, sways back and forth, side to side in the shade of a tree older than a single politic of today. Joy has no limit to age, no first time. Joy is always and ever in our hands, we choose to whom we give control. So we,

american people, we gather ourselves at
the comedy, the fear transformed to
faith, the basic instructions before
leaving earth, the illustrations of
something to live for, lustrous as the
purity of the present, we vote.

We wish it were simpler, we wish we
knew what it was, we wish it were
simpler, more loving. The jade green
haired woman walks out, excuse me's
herself to another sign holding the

crowds holding signs, says to me i don't know how you can focus out here. I'm writing about it, "Trying to figure out how i feel about it all." We all are. She says, slipping back inside, me sipping a coffee that's not black, an americano with a bit of oat milk. I tune back into the song playing. Don't know this tune, could i prune my ears too to hear only the words playing i wonder what it's like "to be loved by only you."

October 24 2020

Skies bleed reddish blue, sky upper and
my reflection on grounds is shades of
purple. All the night winds howled. I
imagine colors of wind a light electric
body blue, pulsing at contact with my
smooth skin and turning a pink yellow. I
always give colors to unseen
happenstance, as able to do as such
synapses my creative intellect; my

mnemonic nomenclature, my memory
language is lexicon like surreal beauties
of this morn. I don't understand a thing.

I woke earlier than roosters crow. At
blue hour i made easy my step, trodding
over the blue expanse of my
mountainside. Time i knew not, only art,
airs were blue, red flurried up the distant
east peaks, same colors as sunset's, only
with hope a bright day. The winds so
strong nearly swept me off my feet. I

called into nature - “what do you want!?”

She quieted.

The colors shown grey, winds hushed,
not a sound or light to my echo on my
mountainside. All the constancy found
halt and i realized what currents of
constancy i'd been overexposed in
experience and blind to; rattlings at my
window palmed, feather flaps of running
birds stood still, creaks in pines stood
quiescent, voices of wind pursed their

lip. I heard asked again - “what do you want?” Nature looked into me, became in me her quiet silence, all powerful petal throat of her winds, paints of her skies, hands finger rapping my window screen, the full autumn winds spoke to me.

I carried on my walk in morning blue hour to piss. I looked in my mirror reflection. I’m skinnier, moreso lean, tanner, i’ve a few cuts making longer their heal, i’m a more complete human,

all too normal, perfectly spiritual, i swam
in my own eyes; splashed warm water to
my face, rubbed my right eye with my
index knuckle like a child does.

Outside; thrown open a black door, i'd
been filled by colors, sounds, delights of
morning renewal; nearly, well i did skip
my step here and there back to my
lodging. Jumped up and fell flat with a
spring cushioned bounce back into bed.

Dreams of night returned and with them
their sexual, i felt intensely. I did miss
her touch. I got to writing as i do,
prayerful remembrances and aksings in
our good God's will - a car, job, home,
lover, food, love, and my voice volume
maximal. These are all luxuries i know, in
each i am sustained day by day, careless
as the crows and finches for survival, God
sustains the singing one.

I remember a verse about the birds of the
field. I plead this hearse of solitude
enhance my spiritual purse, put treasures
to heaven, have me be a high voice for
lowly expenditure, give what little i've
got to the poorer than i, reap flowers
inscrutable, table with God like
Mephibosheth with David.

I dream of a thankful people. When i talk
on and to people, first i talk on and to
myself. For each thing i write i am

thankful. I have life, eyes of colors, hands
for pulsings in wind, Spirit for spiritual,
nostrils of flowers, lips for kiss, throat
for social reform, ears for muse, i'm
divinely inspired, manifest with
thanksgiving.

I am an echo of these mountains, filtered
to beauteous believers of holy
expectation, love receivers and
transmitter of tomorrows today, i am the
way becoming futura, free as breath.

-

I cannot fathom the grandeur of the
mountain. I am a writer my beloved;
speak portraits, landscapes, abstract
spirituals in imago deux.

-

No work accomplishes the satisfaction
winds smooth on my bare skin can bring.

I write to give myself something to read,
some pleads to infancy on natural
fecundity, of course my words are all
play and i love most this way.

I walk barefoot on desert, pick cactus
pricks from soles of my skin, sheen and
shine in midday light, winds are forgiving
here, so long as here is adept to change. I
carry my kind of being in swimming tides
aligned with still waters river moving,
plush petals painted lilac to the porcelain

reflections, leather petal skin amidst a
day drift cloud, then of under water i rise
with bubbles, truth popping instantly on
my still water river river surface, putting
forth love i am found by love, a red
dragonfly soars swift smooth and
stillness lands on my water ripple
surface, rivers of words, whispers in
winds run their lexicons along my
surface, penetrating at places of spirals,
spinning deep in my water, still i carry
on, flowing waters of forever wells,

poesy, sunlight refracted on me, people
came far and enter near, see their purer
reflection in me; purity a sense of
harmonic inherent honesty; my art is
factual mystery. Words made in life
lasting, left alive, flowing because God
is.

-

Loneliness needs no people. Sooner than
sun can sleep the property fills with new

faces, sweet souls on singing stories of
freedom and escape and longing to, here;
actualizing.

Through afternoon i switched rooms to
open sky hut: an open roof and no
heating full of window luxury camp, i
know i'll freeze tonight, what with the
falling deeper autumn winds, allowing i
watch clouds miles since the sea of
ocean-drops and drop-oceans converge

to air walk and bend shapes unnamable,
all natural through blue-white sky. I

-

I meet Jazz and Adam. I learn the south
mountain name from Adam - Saint Rose.
Sooner still Saint Rose bends up the
clouds, ripples the still waters of sky all
the while sunset paints with Jazz the sky
orange.



I sit on an old recycled air drifted log.
Not dead, though all verdantry has left
this sweet tree, still life goes on, i hear

lizards push up through beads of bark,
bees nestle their suckle hours, stay safe
with the warmth of these wood walls.

Nature seeks a lip, a tongue to tip her
truth over and in again our remembrance
to breath. Who gives us breath? Greens
the Scrub Oak. Makes blue and merry
berry the Juniper. Pines on Pinyon. Not
only I pine on Pinyon, all here seem
question to their course of life, aren't we
all?

Wheresoever life leads i leave my sense
wayside, merry go round hour by hour,
by and by and i seek a flower, a new
color, an ever relation, revelation,
realization: again God fills my lungs;
nature she sings in spaces between land
and sky, the wind of her abundance
breathing in us, filling our ears with
melodies internal and through shrubs,
trees, dances of the flower, who has this
power? To be patient enough to watch a

mountain move, to walk the once
forgotten planes, to literally add time to
one's life, in numeration i lose my
allotment of my - plans, I'm given only to
an "I love you."

I speak to everybody, so human, the
natural, the capital S Self, the notes we
write and we near, portraits we become,
and do hold dear on the darkest hour.

Could the sky tell all she's seen i believe
she'd sing winds, color sunsets, carry sun
and moon, light and shade saint rose, call
a flower to dance, to bloom, to find me
voicing mystery, echoing me, myself; in
colored clouds, constellating nights,
illuminating eyes, embracing a world. "I
love your travels, sojourns colored
winds, i hear you she says, an echo he
says, all is well in the desert.

-

I lost the cap to my pen in the night light
of desert. To speak true blue is my
favorite color. I'm not one for
introductions and nonetheless my most
adventurous exhibits of prose incur
perceptual mnemonics of another time.
Now if i were an artist, let us say i am,
okay; i am an artist. Not that the pure
play doesn't still give way: 'the's and 'it's
were entirely without ascension, but still
i write as i experience life

superabounding, patterning primrose
saints of moment to moment smiles,
being happy baby in room, living with
such little that my life exists in giving my
life. What abundance! I speak for a soul
now, you are now; you know now i write
to God. The God who is good, who's saved
my life forever and, for now and here is
what i pleasure in having in adoration, in
thanksgiving into water's flow and fill of
container, be my freedom, my tan, and

love i feel; all this life is beautiful for you
now.

October 25 2020

Emerald sky city lights shine bright, the
morning sky-light - a medley mix of sun
yellows and deep blue hours give power
to my wakeful eye, my left arm i raise
from under warm bed sheets, pierce
frigid and dark air with a wave to early
emerald skies.

Green sunrise; i've never till now seen
such an expensive sight. I'd endured the
cold frights of night, winds berating my
tarp canopy, my bare black roof in night,
creaking loud the wood structure walls,
made my night long, constant waking, in
and out dreams and squeezing my pillow
case like a lover lady just to keep warm
my heart.

I know what love feels like. I do not know
what force compels these winds so

strong, is it love? What with eyes closed
i'd easily imagine myself beachside, those
voices the laughing waves of jubilee, save
them their passing to and fro for sand in
my toes, my notebook pages flapping in a
winded flurry. I made coffee, a cup of the
name fitting - dark magic. Fro and to
wherefore i walked to the bamboo
grove's edge again, nestled in a pinyon
pine, covered right by a shivering blue-
green juniper. Winds ran like un-hesitant
children through all morning, all the

laurel grove and threw its cold hands
round me. I sat bundled in a flannel panel
plaid shirt, peach rose monk hookie, my
painter's coat, red horse polo pants and
red beanie from my brother.

I listened still the bird song sweet as
diamonds, smooth as the bulbous flower
clouds taking now yellow pinks of
sunlight, they are caught on saint rose
mountain, slowly cascading slopes of this

emerald green mountain, these clouds
are the finest of wanderers.

Myself, a sojourner as well see pretty,
feel accompanied when morning clouds
hug saint rose's mountainscape. Blocked
from sun by the bamboo grove's bypass, i
took to walking again, dark magic in my
hands. Met a moment with the others,
adam, jazz, the couple with alliteration
'p' names and i kept on my talk in
morning walk.

I felt in adventure, to be keen to put pen
to page and make adoration accounts
with God for wondrous things happening
here. This is my play, my song. I sing with
unnamed birds singing in every
direction, flow with the strong winds,
warm with the emerald sun, waste time
on beauty on saint rose.

Clouds have grown thicker, softer still
cascading their yellow pink brights to

deep parma blues hugging the mountain.
They make the mountain look small. High
peaks are blurred, fizzles of cumulous
ocean sky burn into emerald shards,
falling into farm land. Every tree, bush,
animal, thistle, berry and bramble, every
farm animal sound, birdsong and breath,
all sways are singular in this wind, all is
evidently in one stride, in one God given
movement. All is important. All is one. If
not bereft breath, all too is God.

I think the mountains might reach me,
the clouds curl over swoop and serenade
peaks and vales, come tumbling soft
toward me with native song, with natural
stories and emerald divinity; but the
clouds dissipate before they touch on me
physically. I put forth my soul, lift my
spirit with these native winds, i am the
movement, stride, song, color me the
emerald city; in each and all i am, i am
writer.

A writer needs a good chair. Yes, this i
have. Where birds are, and old trees
reside, where the vast is clear and
abundant, sun smiles on my pink wind
washed face, i sniffle, i'm cold, warming
up, black magic sips. A green chair
cushions my seat, the bottom of the chair
is broke open so without the cushion i'd
fall straight through into that deja vu
feeling i had when sitting down. I've
never been here that i could remember
before now. When now is perfectly

birthing my new world. I've been here
once when time began, space unfurled
fecund in elegance, wind berated no
artificial tarp, breathing easy on me, my
old tree i was and i am. Ever since i first
took to pining, curiously attending to
spiritual happening i've felt i've always
been here. The new friends think i live
here, now where don't i live?
Wheresoever God is, love is, I am.

-

I like the wherewithal in wheresoever.
Instilling all space in time and time in
space with to me an endless quality for
quantified purity. I learned in my recent
quantum physic theorizing on energy,
vibrations, and frequency matters of
importance with which Tesla's
quantifying in patterns a quality can be. I
made a mandala on a canvas Jazz gifted
to me last eve. I began with a circle,
endless loop. Flowered the pattern and

watched my hand move all through night
with successive quantifications
increasing both by quantity and with
quantity into higher degrees of quality. A
sure pattern with purity, be intent of
love, will enumerate easily and increase
both quality and quantity together; love
is endless, each person is capable to
receive love, love wishes to vibrate in our
energy matter of being. We feel we
matter with importance and we do. We,
and all things both physical and spiritual

vibrate at certain quantities of energy
movement, qualifying a signal of
reception and transmission.

This is hippie talk, this is quantum
physics. All natural attraction is
positively manipulatable and apt most
for love in prayer, for love in endless
abundance gives to the receiving all they
need, continues through, blessing all they
in turn contact. Love is a pure infection,
contagious, the cure of hate and secret to

the universe. At quantum levels and in
our hands, at the tip of our tongues and
in black magic coffee - i sip and listen
with the birds the song, drift still moving
with the hugs of clouds, color the
landscape emerald, populate the purer
city of portrait i'm personifying; i sit in
this green cushion chair on saint rose
mountain, look out at saint rose
mountain.

Pinyon pines and spiritual sounds, i sip
coffee, i thank God to be alive, i play at
quantum physics in a poetic reverb. I am
elucidations of days which have come,
writer and saint to desert wash, bathed
in nature, a baptismal hymnal hum on a
440 hz mountainside; i'm only a rose.



Through early noon i met again, said
goodbyes for now, myself being good

now at goodbyes; i saw Jazz and Adam
off. Ciao and I took off to a desert
abandoned log, played our song after
song to saint rose. We switched between
his ukulele, my drum bells, both of us
played by music herself, most
harmonious in natural rhythmic, in
manifest. I sang soft in hums, then loud
hymnals carried in winds till i too saw
Ciao off like a cloud through the
mountain road.

Left alone and right with myself a sort of
panic set in, i'd been alone by people all
along, yes; God with and without
sovereignty handed my panic'd have
been without nurturing stifle.

I sat back in the green cushion chair. All
of saint rose now blanketed white with
the embrace of cloud. Behind me bore the
bluest of blue skies while that chariot of
yellow shot arrows of burning light,
ruling the emerald city sky.

I'd been met by Kosh's sister, she too had
ice blue eyes, the spirit nice and native
and kind. Her name meant light, she
meant her life to be a prayer, a lamp set
bright and unlocking rooms, avenues,
hidden cities of love on this hillside.

Today she's master host, asked me my
name and thanked that i took well to her
light, i allowed her to be bright. I said my
name means bear. 'When we know not
where to go, what promises apart love to

hold, we bear the cave, the home of our
enlightened heart', light said.

In the emerald city, today's forecast
construed cold currency given in elegant
overcast, cool drifts in idiosyncratic
flakes of snow. I, so cold, could only be
best to rest in this incomprehensible
state. The sun yellow and fully bright,
blue sky split by an embrace of white,
winds in roaring song, birds quietly

whistling, snow intermittently falling,
dissipating before touching.

Understanding, I cannot fathom. God is
pure mystery. To sustain another day in
my life, to shed snow to this desert
mountain, deliver keys by light, elegance
in the emerald city light, truth in the
light, laughter in the wind, my brain
bespoke. I sit and write with God, soak in
sun and snow.



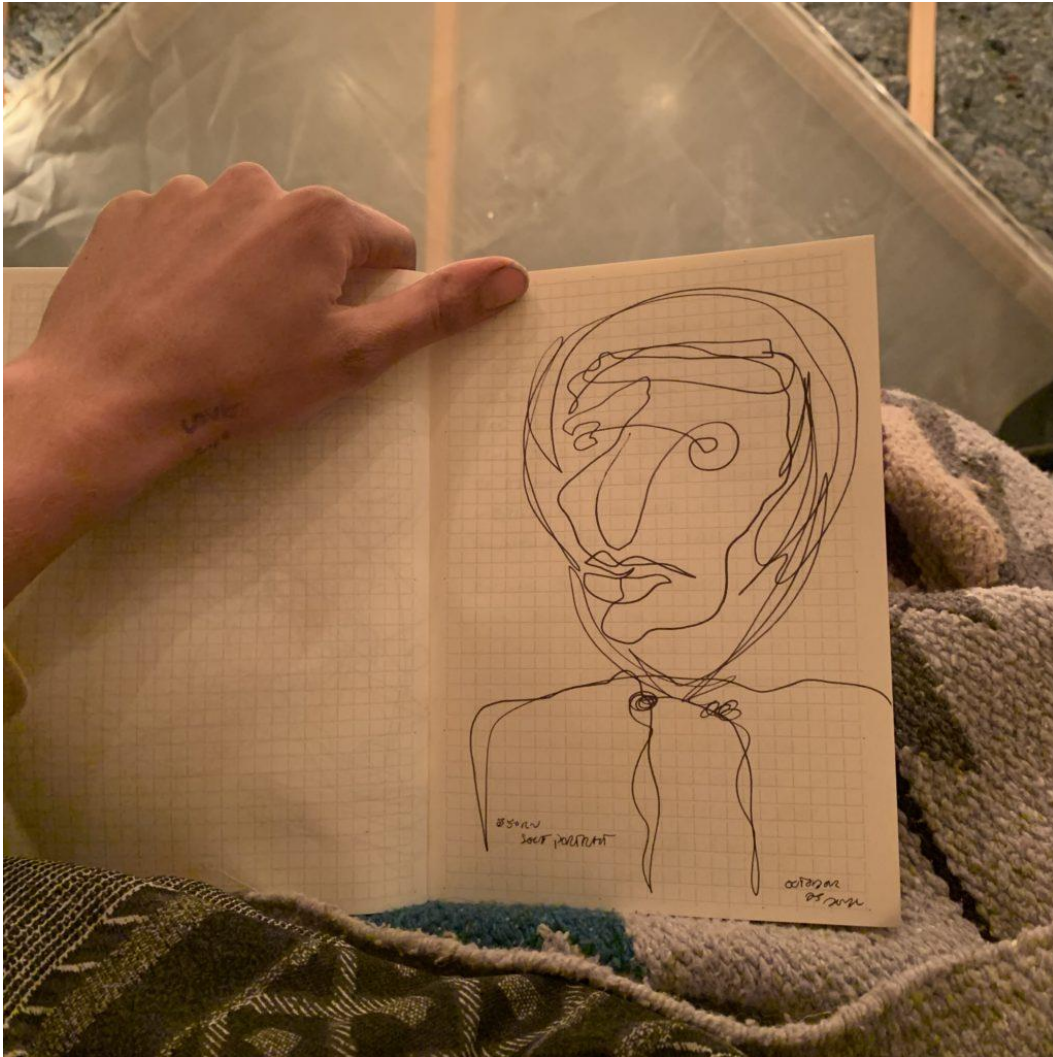
I'm most enjoyed in warmth, be embrace
in God - through orange high-lit glow of

tonight's to be half moon, or the dimly lit
sun, her yellow now white eye backlit
blankets of white fluff. If only i could
teach, or reach a bit higher i'd be in
wander of clouds, all the sky is covered,
all the life i've become accustomed to in
four days changes, what these winds
have me know is my frailty, volatility, my
fear, myself. Nature puts me face with
face in myself and i am terrified or is this
pining only question of absolute manifest
to Self. I tell myself i'm all water, always

highly emotional, moving as a mountain
and heavy as clouds, vast as snow and
soft as desert, alive as dying and future
as present. Can i be just something
simply said? Swirl and rose petal? To
myself i'd like to wish upon a star, sleep
the day, wake the night, be blue with
endless ocean eye.

Could i be like a leaf? Drifting easy
breezy in winds so seemingly bespoke
spiritual absolute fecundity. The vein of a

leaf even, that still moving river; pulse of
life. Like the slow crawl of saint rose;
she's veiled by overcast. My mind rattles
with the walls, holds strong, firm water
forming, taught to be above but below,
longevity as austere as heaven's
firmament. I am nature.



The mind is one substance, so be you
nature, you idiot, you wise one, organize
just to watch it come apart you dancing

futurio portfolio. Send your hopes to
heaven and be harmonic inside my doll,
my bracelet, my interstellar space optic
eye (free), experiment on me. I've
contrived in your mind(seven.

Between being i impart love. Every soul
breathes the love, every life is right as
should be, personify yourself a maxim of
impartial progression keeping up with it,
spiritual one with a voice behind lips,

electronic sounds of the love, nature is is
the voice, people and time are love.

There is no joke not true, all of life can be
a laugh, all of life is a joke; funny huh; do
you feel it: electric city, the green, the
gold, international blue matter breathes
sweet the soliloquy of wherewithal:
check your dictionary, not your art
collection. Add this to both; ofsterious.

Mature is nature. People ought be love,
people work and thought is no
distinction. When i think i work and its
the beautiful game of birthing a new
world, a raw language, a voice to the
winds of autumn, winter's cheeky white,
blueblack the night of beauty, this is a
song, book, painting, (self help read) i
like! I love it! It can be anything! It's
new! It's a spirit always been! Its
metaforlyrical synapse, natural
happenstance to a book which i'd been

writing. So i'm more the reader, before
you of the book i've helped only to share
because i ran out of other books and
greatest of the revolutionaries to read
and i called nature i am, prayed eternally
moment to moment an eternal prayer of
love i'd say harmonically i'm sweetest as
a synapse. Again and time, my blood is
pulsing, oh sweet breath of life
permeates all of love, life goes on my
golden one, sweet serendipity for
California! Oh Desert of silence you are

found famous. Moon parades my window
where the Pinyon Pine's been and
raymond scott's manhattan research inc.
plays on my phone, i read the artists way,
i facetimed Gabi, i just wanted to tell my
Dad about the wind and the beauty
mystery of pines and mine and the pines
verbatim pining. When in the laundry
room, cleanliness is pine talk, tree talk,
wind talk; watching imitation is the
highest form of flattery. Smile!

You Are. On camera, the angels, the
phones, the self that obstructs the capital
s Self's freedom is obsolete so such as
one absolute divine feeling given by the
nearest brush with eternity by
messenger i am fears no death, for tears
of melancholy dry like drought, tears of
joy water the desert, its really much too
cold tonight to go out so i watch and i'll
watch the moon and stars from bed, an
electric blanket to keep kept me warm it
smiling words on elucidations. Physically

turning electrons on their invariable side
for positive recollection that i've got it
done before thirty-five to make my great
physics contribution too! WplusE. When
facetiming Gabi see she'd asked whether
i'd be a musician, or writer, or painting,
or painter, or all and i smiled and nodded
and she said all and more than a single
human should be able to do is all and
more in a single every-soul lifetime, this
life I am doing it for God. I am love for all
and everyone and they are the reason

God keeps me round the earth like the
stars i watch outside the window and i
organize my love into the perfect
literature of futuro freedoms in never
stopping breathing the beauty in being
an astronaut, an author, a lover, a voice
in the wind, a color, a continent on drift,
a voice echoing, a flower, a painter at
play, a lover with wit, humour, half plus
half equaling a physician who needs no
proofs, i see, a philosophy major, a great
big laughing smile, into the empty

organization, my own hands feeling my
own hands feeling my own hand, my good
sweet Lord. Musician, lover, best seller,
soul of one. Light. Grammy winning lover.
Grammy for best track of the endless,
best book, best rose, beat good, best
father, best cloud shape, mind. Love. I an
best grammy peACE and Nobel Prized to
Pinyon Pine. I'm in the Art Hut, smiling,
listening, two music, my window rattling
in the wind. I imagine i keep hearing
voices and be the angels of love and kiss

and do tell God is love, is life all God and
God is all life, all love is God, God speaks
to Moses and Me to see I Am has sent me,
i'm moreover marigold of sun, oranger
than moon, i'm here for love. Love - I Am.

Synapse

Mentally singing a track on love, sex,
dreams by always strive and prosper,
introduce to me, oh my mind is hit with a
light. Essay on internal landscapes
consider this a painting of a place i've
always found to inhabit - who could out
synapse to song membrane to coltrane,
tribe to quest, neuron to Jimmy Neutron
and Nikola Tesla. See my mind is free, oh
so free, untethered all the while the soul

of all life is found in me. I've got mind,
soul - and at times the two get too much
into two. When with body too, i'm
composite three - grounded - they say the
eye - window to soul, see the eye -
window to soul, see the lips a leaky
faucet endless sea spitting elegiac gold,
go good with words, poet politic
prescription is this -
I'm unified, one in three - see one in 3
and belief; universes veil.

Look yahweh father, holy spirit breath,
christ gold prophet, percolating adoption
through propitiation. It's simple, and it's
wonderful. God is love.

Here we have it, it's God. It is God. God
has us.

It's a secret file to a message, wind in the
trees, pulse of blood, bird feeder in a
field, soul to sojourner; pop to poet,
unboxed distribution of God's attributes
belong to no one man pink, and pinky
ring pointing in his garden; God cannot

be boxed in, but God meets us where we
are, fills love in life, lets us be free to
love God, met in blue hours by doves,
designer, fine first creator, forged us
since first hour, divining dreams,
hovering words, wind on the face of the
waters. A still ripple.

October 26 2020

How God of love. This creative
incantation elucidates as rising only as
the peach fuzz white of as icarus had.
Plush and pink of a secret horizon. My
words are play, just pray. God i love you.
Sit back and read me live it:

I thank you God for Pinyon Pine, Saint
Rose the mountainside of my heart; hold
true this devotee of spiritually sought

and found in me, truth resounds, love is
nice, that's right; God you make me still
water moving, i am peaceful for filling to
the banks of my being, moving kind and
quiescent into time from an endless well
of abundance - your love.



I've experienced mystery, i've seen life
flash before my own life, i've calmy
contemplated the color green, watched

sunrise, and sunset, listened to wind,
bird songs, saw mountains move, found
peace in my heart of hearts i opened in
room that you indwell. Thank you God -
for life is sweet, perfect, harmonious,
colorfulC musically alive, fearful, new,
old, Malibu, Pinyon Pine, Topanga,
Phoenix, Mesa. My destination is you
God. Love is the life, life the love, you, I
am -

I pray i thank for the opportunity to be
here experiencing life, writing, being
with you my Beloved. Oh and the coffee,
the magic of this place, the good people,
community, new color relations, new
colors, new patterns, a play, all play, a
movie, my life, mandala, frequencial
vibrations in love energy, formulas
birthed by change/



Sunbeams through Heaven's gates. I'm
awaited by sunrise with words of

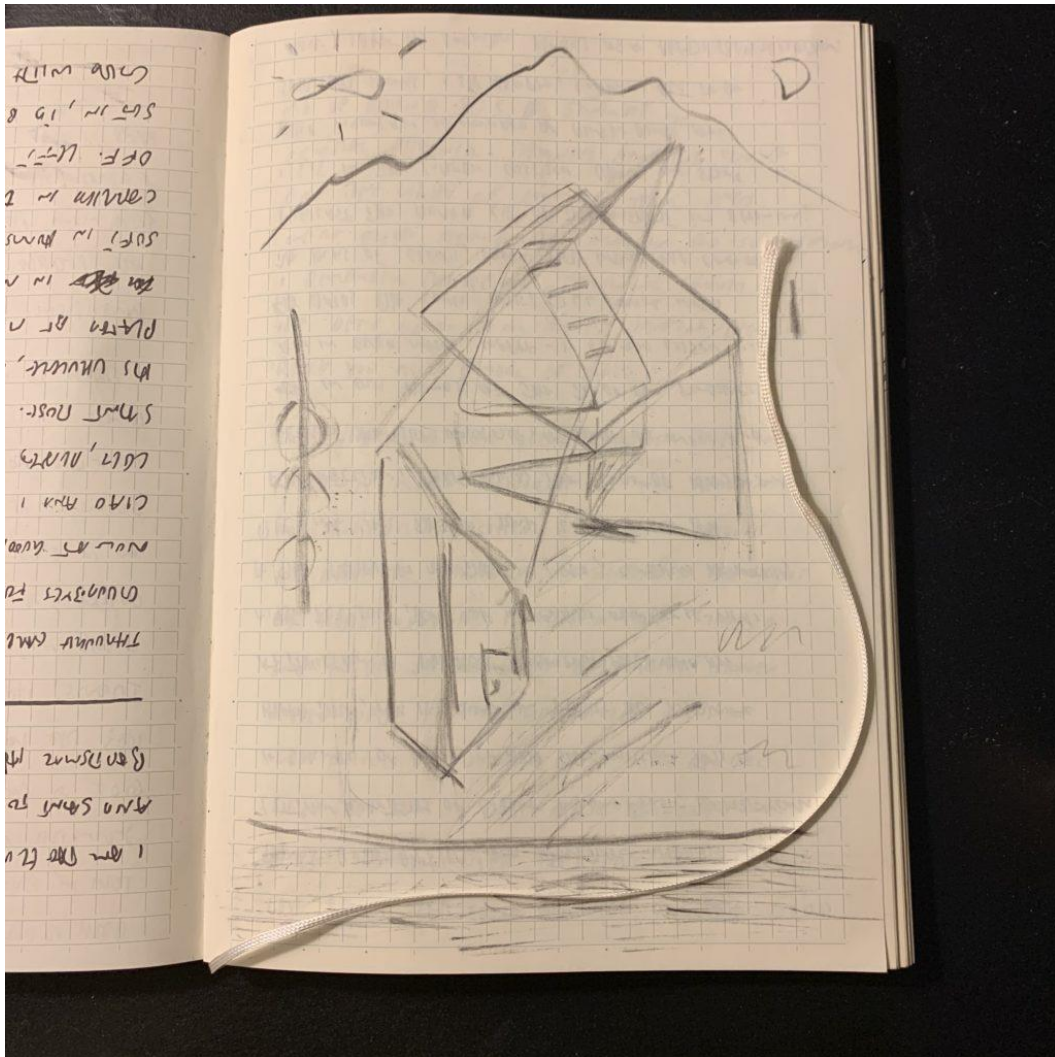
eternality. A touch of divine to meet a
mad mind or everyday city dweller to see
what i see. Divinity is as clear as morning
light. Alight, with smiles, a rightful
timing, i attune my heart to art and trust
in the sovereign good. Hand me doves of
Heaven, harbingers of the faith, nature
dwellers. Is all we are an ephemeral
breath passed with wind?

I write these words in bed, cuddled up in
an electric body blanket, a purple tan

heat. I seep deep my gaze in my cup of
morning coffee hilted with hazelnut.

Condensation forms on the bridge and
brink of my nose, mustache hairs wet, im
meditating drinking my coffee, i can see
mine own eye in the coffee water surface.

I breathe deep, passing ripples over my
left eye, open wider and make out
galaxies therein.



I'm in the Art Hut, in Pinyon Pines, in
Saint Rose mountain crawl; and i'm not.
I'm so fully present i've forgotten

location altogether, monetarily i'm rich
as tesla, momentarily i'm rich as time, i
need no new invention to success, i'm
rich in sunrise, light is golden ardor,
adorned my every part, i glisten through
the window, listen the wind, kissed on
my lips by the wind, in love with God.

All this experience is created, i've felt it
and i'm elated, flabbergasted at the
possibility to see another day light pass.
Nature is my home, my body is natural,

voice supernatural, the deep spirit of
flowering.

I care not for the American flag i see
waving way away on that farm where
elephants and donkeys roam and i wish
more Ginsburgs howled. Through the
beautiful pines and juniper i am. I care
for people, love, life. Howsoever you call
yourself, you are cared for, life is the
party, you are loved, words are written
on your lips already, your throat is a

garden, books line your lungs, the day
awaits your divinity, open petal child,
bloom forth the voice of one nation, one
elation of love.

Mountains o mystery. Saint rose sweet
thorn, red, yellow, white, blue, orange,
green, purple - your sky of every color,
your eye on every lover. One love. God
breathes you, becomes in us by you, birds
sing in you, harmony, moon and sun rise
and set in you, on my tip toes i touch

clouds you curl, on my knees i pray, i am
all play, devotee, saint, colorist, writer,
listener of truth.

I become mountain as mountain became
me goodbye. My love our love eternity.

-

I leave the mountains writing 'flowers
are forever'.

Thats a good line Dan says, he's a
windwatcher, the father of Kosh, the
author of my mountain departure.

This is a special moment. The way you
are timing this here. The trees, the wind,
this desert. Ive lived here long. Has
glorious moments. Endure your
perceptions of joy in hardship and find
through gates of mercy the beautiful
scenery.

I'll Psalm. 111 palm trees fly on by and
by, i drive passenger with dan, flinching
at the passing guard rails. Still i'm
singing saint rose, hearing "the higher
you go the higher it gets." Were in a
mountain base oasis, aqueducts
underground, magical trees in and along
la quinta, date orchards in indio,
economy's picking up in this strange, this
memory, gotta be the atmosphere you
create in my own thinking.

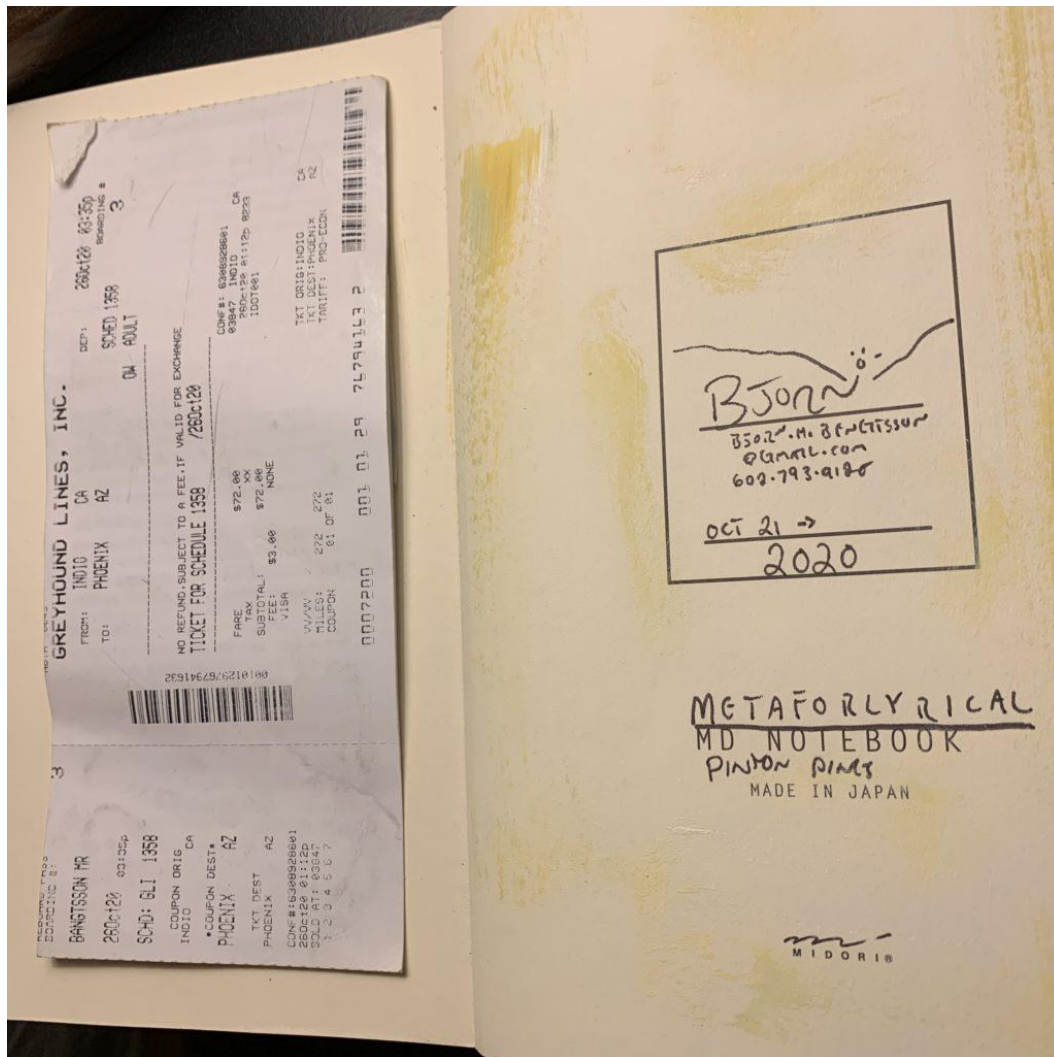
My transmission is love, my receiver is
love. The wind is a wind of change. I hope
people love.

-

Wind in trees is my meditation. What
compels these winds? The wind is most
natural, nearest the first hour of
creation, pure energy of life in
movement. God is in instant creation
when the wind turns leaves their colors

upsided, sends Dan's blue felt hat flying
off his mind, spins up an oasis in this
desert, gets me going. I'm a wind
watcher.

Dan saw me off at the greyhound station,
remember he'd said - be still water
moving.



The winds, through outside the walls of
the stations remained close in my mind. I
saw shadows of people pass, ghostly.

Figures stream into an indiscernible
flow, yet there surely is flow.

Wind rushes breaths of God, upturns
even the leaves, suddenly i'm a sojourner
who's always been, wanderer of interior
scapes.

My shadow falls smooth on white tile
cracks blocked by a "please stand here"
"thank you for practicing social
distancing". We're all in this together,

together we ride, vagabond and beauty
reminder. Remember, be still water
moving. A buddha i am that I Am,
benched at s bus station, the sun in the
window on the back blonde hairs of my
head. Thoughts rise like blonde rose
suns, so it seems i'm pretty alright,
pretty.

Perfectly where God would have me be,
God lives in your picket fence, your pew,
my pen, your heart, this bus bench, that

bus bench, that bus bench beside mine
where latino chatter plays, i play “trees
etc.” In my headphones. Figures pass and
i’m feeling loosening on this mind, this
nation is water, aren’t we all people? All
of us young and beautifully old as our
ideas.

I think i’d like to take a walk outside and
in honest i’m carrying my physical life on
me, i care only for the blue hour
manuscript, the songs in my head, book

becoming in my hands, colors in my eyes,
Divine. I leave my bags, there's a bus
outside, a boy man in greyhound blue
walks in, i'm feeling free, what's up
travis! He talks to human behind counter,
says he's the last one bumpin, man
behind counter's got a call, it's Haley girl
what's good, you still at the house. He
goes back, talking bout love and
mouthing his experience. I remember i've
not told my family i'm on the bus soon to
be back to phoenix, nathan my brother'll

pick me up around 8:05 tonight in central
phoenix. I'm a phoenix. Thanks brother,
you've got the light of love in your eyes.
We're alive, remember Malibu, 20-
something, I remember the beach, throwing
leaves into the deep ocean from pocket,
praying they'd reach you as a symbol of
love.

Dull roars a car stereo vibrates and later I
learn it's a train incarnate these loose
walls my mind periodically is not here

and in tangents interstellar i am apt to
recount my birth of the world, my beauty
in light of God's renewal, i watch a tree
grow, i do it naturally, I sway in the
shadow shade of lights heaven gated
open for all who believe in some love
magic. I'm the wind chime, ring and bell
into the age. I write alone and everyone's
in my head, i wash feet for the future.
Love paint red balance. On God i pray
love me us, as a people, as a nation, in
elation we sing because life is tuned into

us and life is good no matter
circumstantial door's or songs - i break
on to otherside, listen then with shigeo
sekito, imagine myself in spirited away,
boarding the spiritual train, seconds and
years, i'm past the present onward,
future forward, presently adept to winds
of change. I laugh into the wind, hear it
echo carry round the world. Put on a new
track, smooth and buttery, its called
coconut mango, give a listen to love and

you'll find love, be found by love, love is
always looking out for hearts to fill.

I remember china town, smoking a stoge
beside a culture or two, by the flower
house; today, i saw a green robed palm
sway in forgiving wind. Musics gone
instrumental, lyrically i'm all for the
inner song.

Outside the bus station robert does his
drugs and i do my writing (art is free

drugs), he's in the same boat; my age,
coloring, crashed his whip, stranded, on
his way back to mesa arizona. He's out
for that white. A yellow train slowly
rolling on by, american flag waving and
painted to the side, a canvas with the
flower mandala sticks out my bag, ants
crawl along, sun is hot and bright, i soak
in what i can while i can, roberts not too
keen on drawing, i told him i left because
of drugs around and now he's probably
not feeling too cool hitting his pipe

beside me, i wanna be free is all, can't
have that hold, doesn't mean i'm not cool
breathing through his smoke. He stands
in the shade of a palm, he's
contemplating, on God, i pray peace for
Robert's soul and mine own, our soul on
God.

A car pulls up beside us woman's in a
facemask plaided, checkered black and
white, all is alright here in indo.

Prior our leaving, a frisbee flew in from
no apparent direction. Much like the
winds of our time, i had no rhyme or
reason when it came to direction while
for beauty, love, peace, perfection of our
desireless attainment to everlasting i am
i am certain; somebody must have
thrown that white frisbee i thought -
turned the corner of right then kevin, on
the startled, father of two, recently threw
a frisbee and streets positive paranoia
for the whole of mine and Robert's

experience. We talked. I made sure
Kevin was fed, being 62 in these new
winds and youthful still as he is he'd
need the brussel sprouts surely i said
they're good for they are green, make our
body feel good and because we too come
from earth i said, he ate it up, felt good, i
gave him some nut trail mix protein bars
for him and woman he said was hurting
real bad at these winds. He pulled down
his sunglasses, looked into me with a

black eye bright tearing beautifully
smiled me on with glisten to God.

I came back to at beside a gas station, sun
was setting, surely this is still California,
i see another greyhound beside ours, a
man wakes up beside me, he's got
cornrows, gets walking off the
greyhound, pulls up a saint remy blue
facemask, man there says be back by 5:30
on the dot else they will leave your ass. I
laugh a little, a little fear, a little hope

he's gonna be back in time and he will. I
turn to the seat just right of me, a
finished painting i'd madd on the ride so
far, finished some touches on my album
Free, to be released this week. October
26 is the day, i've got two bags, an art
bag, a clothes, food, toiletries bag. I'm a
sojourner with soul, i watch sunset from
my window, white trash bags stuck in
thistle bushes, glisten in Gold leaf wheat
fields in grass. I decide to go on a walk.

Deep breaths, big steps, stretching, trying
to stare into sunrise, smiling into sunset.
I'm pissing on concrete behind a blue gas
station in blythe, across sunset creamery,
enough away from the security cameras,
its pooling at my feet, i step to the side,
sigh, laugh a little about how back on the
bus sirens started sounding and a guy
about my age came thug running down
the bus aisle, saying something about
how these californians got him feeling
fucked up when the girl in the row ahead

of me's speaking really, all because he
stole a thing of gum; driver says why
she's not having it today, how she's all
about being the one driving this thing
and the cowboy gamer in an artificial
voice a row and to the right ahead of me
speaks in a gruff voice that he's a bus
driver and she's all these damn
passengers, kid comes back, he only had
to apologize and pay was all, i ask and
they say we're two or so hours out from
Phoenix, girl in front of me pulls down

her facemask with lips on it and smiles
assuredly to me, that guy's already fallen
asleep again, some persian siren
goddess smelling like heroine walks the
aisle and i'm a bit overwhelmed at her
presence, an artist with a story i am,
riding a greyhound.

Colors abound at last lights of sunset.
Music is good, i'm comfortable, i know
God is love; the world falls into place.

Dan had texted me may i be not only a
windwatcher and more a windrider,
easily adrift the greens of sunset in
favorable winds.

I wonder if i'll be welcome home. My
mother told me a few months back she'd
not like to see me, says she loves me.

Thanks mom. I tried the pills too, not for
me, maybe baby belly me had no choice:
(essay; i have a psychological theory:

People seek to attain and maintain (at times, not all the time) the state their mothers were in when physically bearing them in the womb.

Its the first moments of life, so abundantly beautiful no matter the situation, whether the mother was on drugs, in physical health, however; the baby's gotta be loving the first moments of life and thats gotta stick deep in subconscious longing and acting

Thats why people struggle with drugs at times, a mother on drugs of any kind physically conditions the first moments of life. Imagine how pure Mary had been kept, her internal world of gold fecund. Still we must be strong as people and know we are free, we are not bound by natural proclivities. We, with God-with can be anything, we are free. This theory only helps me understand and better love me and other people, thus love all the more God

I feel this theory is truth and can help
people not to shift blame for who they
are, and to better love themselves and
others through understanding; climaxing
at the birth of a new world, one in which
we are free to be what we desire to be in
God)

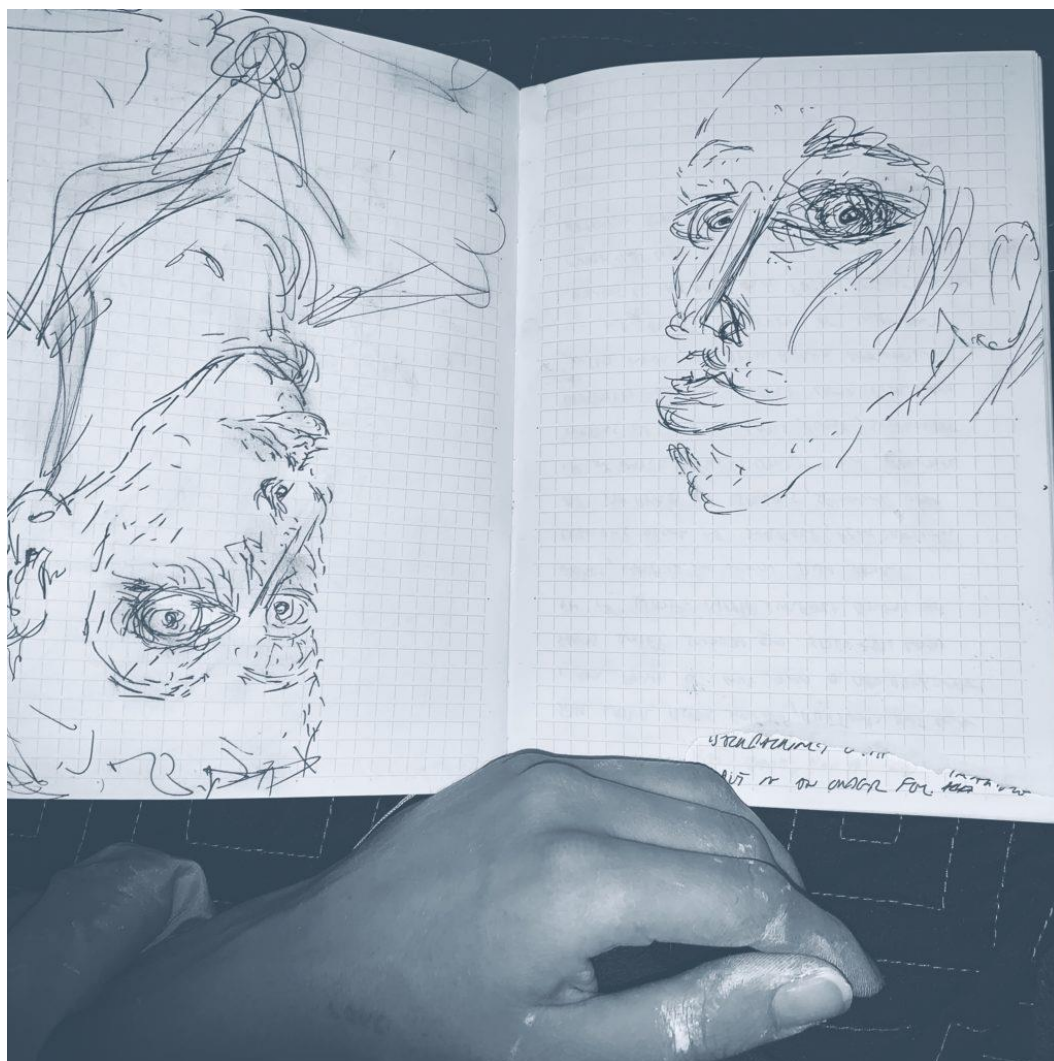
And reason why i'm high on a greyhound,
but thats cheap, we've all got a choice to
be free, to love and i'm a vagabond yes,
high on heavens gates of God-with least

of these, pouring heart to page, writing in
time for the reader to take a breather,
watch the colors pass.

-

You are free, i am free. Its right about
blue hour, best seller in eyes unveiled in
times of COVID-19, Pandemic, corrupt
politic, love run rampart and lives
mattering in the streets. Who could have
made me more than worship to God for

featuring, myself, the foremost of readers
to believe God is present in all places
beautiful; all around is always beauty.



Greyhound pulls smooth in on Phoenix
burning cold. I'm feeling deep love in my
veins, God is alive and love in my each
breath, beat to beat i'm kept alive,
spinning smooth interstellar as we pull
up, ghostly figures remain on the bus,
everybody is off.

Nathan is outside when i've done making
portraits of all the lives i've lived in an
eternity of a week, i'm feeling a skip to
my step as i have to wave back and back

and forth with my shadow in lamplight,
the weight of this old duffel paint bag.

On way in i decided i'd like to unveil
more secrets of the universe so i'll take
up to backpacking with the new blue bag
i've put in an order for; imagining myself
to the present in which Trent Alber's put
up a los flying elegaic trip beat in his
apartment studio n. 50. I'm on the
hardwood floor writing, swaying.



Angels swoop and fly in the room while
piano keys pieve together parts of me
i've felt out of key, reminding me Nathan

and i had played the Beatles, i get by with
a little help from my friends, i get high
with a little help from my friends.

I get a ride with a little help from my
heaven's angel, brother's good swift pull
up into home, family is off, heard st.

Louis cousins beating his daughter at our
house, i cant have that baby o, im a lover
not a fighter but ill fight for love you
hear, you better watch yourself.

I'm a fly free futuro for today. I get by
and by with a little love from my friend,
the moon, my forever friend in heaven's
wheat fields, sweet Gabriella-Elise. I get
by and by in theorizing with Ariana,
contemplating cosmos in our own minds,
and our mind. I get by and by with a little
rhyme, reason is beset my new world.

Each time I smile I see my new world
reflect and all the while weights of all
worlds i've played, play at my heart

stringing key to key universally. Art is a
community. I get by and by with a
business, lots of David and i designing a
user experience making all of life an
experience for better. I get by and God is
why.

All love for spiritual truth, truly i'm at my
least i've felt never this golden, playing
keys unlocking heaven's gates for i'm
never fearful, simply love of God is all i
am, God of I Am, i am not God and i feel

all God pulsing beauty, love, peace, truth
to my tipping ink, spilling secrets of
universes plural, nights like these are
anything in Heavenly accord. The
business of poetic living markets me
brand by brand to person to star pointing
feeling spaces between being. All in one-
we are all one new face, sound, lyric,
love, piece of art of the one.

I pull back in a low guitar whip, trents
saying something about being lost in a

time warp, yeah i keep nodding to the
beat, now i'm writing books more than i
can type.

I've a dutch bros coffee labeling we'll get
through this together. I tell trent my
story, he plays the keys and i conclude
saying on saint rose i'd seen every color
of the wheel in those skies. I rhymed time
with wind.

Winding handless clocks of joy
gesticulating inner intuition to perfect
literature i bespoke my ears to believe i'd
hear poems in any and every instance of
life.

We play on through night. I map a
language lexicon of music in my mind.
There's consistency and there is
variance, songs with 7; deep 4, high 3
beat/consistency in melody, variance in

voice, medly of voice of God and we : a
song.

My days have turned to seconds, seconds
significant as days away.

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The grand arrangement is such fine
pretty language in my eyes, my sufferings
in my heart are miniscule to wonders
abound by a salvation. A nation of love,
every soul sewn, thread to eye to
threaded to eye, a body of God. In every
eye i see your love God. You manifest
many a ways and in all ways i am apt to
turn all attentions, endeavors, language

street talking and poetic popping to
heavenly accord.

I hear it sang in the chime of wind, wind
of time is change, rearrange daily the
futures of time, structures a new dial,
slow time my God of wonder. I'd said
monetize, pray, play. I seek to make
living abundant, blessing my friends, my
folks, brothers and sisters and all them
pray with me, breathe with me. Play with
me. Spend your time in God's pleasure, in

righteousness of persistence. Wear
passion and patience as to your ears,
glistening, you are a devotee to heaven-
speak, even in the ways you breathe.

I'm minded apart the world, a foot
forward for a future universal love
languor lavish and baptize my fears, i
fear only God, this freedom i am for all.

No human and no circumstance has not
an abundant door housing the beautiful.

God goes always a way through, i pray
you, and our eyes be open heaven child.
Earth child dance, keep your eyes afloat,
forgive first yourself and see the worlds
collision crumble in your fingertips,
rumble beats in your heart, be art, attune
speaking into existence. Leave this world
when will happens, love as action

Insofar as our prayer helps us forward
ourselves finding God being life within,
we may act in our own goodly

accordance. Sing songs goody goody,
lovely never woe is me, peasantry in
purple silk and satin robes, overcome
throws of new days, been awake moment
by moment, market of love.

I fill my hands in all i need i carry,
sojourn, with soul, swing sweet divinity
lexicons upon inner skies, suns and
moons my words and sentence to speak
truency, how i have seen God be, believe
in the word, a way and walk it steadfast,

watch then ride the wind, be again a
daisy collector, autumn's wind
adornment, natural mountainous story of
one persisting life - God salvation to God.

-

Epistle to the apostle. I read. Sunscapes
yellow and white shapes cloud my mind's
sky. This time i'm alive in mesa, arizona.

Made me a nice hot and black coffee,
bumpin to tunes i'd crafted last night's
prior, perfect life in moment to moment,
made my morning pages of three. Happily
ought I be, i believe whatsoever our
circumstance at my heart strings with
orange and purple love; I am blue time.
I'm a musical magician, elucidated with
prefix, syntax or synapse, modal
structure in landscape of my logic i gave
to a natural world, play, monetize, pray;
these words i find following me on a

page, flying free, feeling good and God is
why, love is beautiful, we are alive, love
is beautiful, we are alive, each every and
all of us, this is why i smile, i believe in
beauty, in God, in salvation, in life from
death. I am joyful, an enterprise of eyes
in a starry night sky, when i'd laid back
that night in desert sand, stranded in an
old prison town, my car totaled, my face
with glee in feeling me-oh-my mind is
still thinking, my hands through my fair
hair feeling my right hand with my left

hand and time is slowest, my life bright
flash before future in my eyes,
headlights, spinning and being found by
God, angels who can save a soul and body
both. God is good gracious, alive. I say
God is alive because God saved mine, my
life now is an ever-singing echo of why
i'm alive-God.

Echo

Laughingly I awake, praise God with my
jubilee joy in sight of sunrise, clouds
prefixed and drift blue skies. My eyes
look in; inward. I'm feeling something.

Life is now. I;m in love with God. God
loves me. I look into the Christ portrait in
my room, I'm in a room, my eyes focus in
Christ's soft eyed salvation, then
my reflection in the frame.

I'm reminded of the sacrifice, what love
Christ has for me his friend I am. Christ is
friend for all. Dearly Beloved.

-

My experience is written: epilogue needs
no new heavy log to first remove: on
October 26 I wrote on maternal truths,
truth being a fact of life; We fault, we

strive love with God, all-the-while being
forgiven, in sovereign orchestrations.

In this writing, while not driving my
hand, being driven; riding on the
greyhound back in valley. Mothers and all
in appeal to sex must know the state of
yourself instantiates proclivity to your
child. In this insight I wrote honest,
quoted myself saying an open
conversation through accident is better
than no conversa- I'm at cartel, sipping

black coffee in all black on an outside
bench and a guy carting two bags, looks
and sounds like me asking if he'd have
85c for a drink, I look up from my pen
and paging on conversation, say I'll have
to see, I rummage my art bag gabi and I
printed on yesterday, today is October 31
2020, spookahallo in spiritual desert as I
live in the desert, can't seem to find that
ocean except within.

And there's two dollars in my art bag, I
hand to the guy, he says he likes my hair,
he had hair loss treatment or likes
beanies; but anyway its autumn, leaves
are green then yellow, then red, leafless,
grown again, the process is reciprocal,
cyclical; seasons change. – tion, yes; a
conversation in providence. I love - my
mother, my father, my family, brother,
Nathan, brother Lawrence, Gabi, Ariana,
Trent, Dan, David, MJ, Patti Smith,
Rothko, Van Gogh, Virginia Woolf,

Nujabes, Sharon, Robert, Kevin, Liz,
Bethany, Justin, Evan, Jude, Sayer, Logic,
Beethoven, Bethany, Jayvan, Daisy,
Basho, Nate, Anthony, Anson, Beth, Jaz,
Adam, Andreas, Ciao, Chloe, Sydney,
Everett, Carl, trees, leaves, a good nap
together, safe sex, life, death and birth,
my friends, all people in coffee shops I've
met and pleasant to meet again, winds,
songs, paintings, books, Alex, Alicia, all
my friends, myself, all people, God. We
are forgiven, have no fear, we are alive,

breathing, we are eternal, we are love in
God.

November 1, 2020

Lord you God, loving, breathing,
Dreaming me in eternal and today's
dreams. Whence I saw myself off to
travel, ran barefoot a medium of sojourn
soul, on a walkway bridged over a void,
winds so terribly strong, I'd been
knocked down, got back up again and
made it.

I'm at home, this dream is my reality. A
loving storm comes to me here, cannot

see streetlights 20 feet out, nature is in
her uproar. I watch, birds fly and hit
building walls, I'm painting or writing or
something, fighting for this. I put down
the last piece, get my feet and I'm off
going again. Walking the bridge over the
void, I fall. I'm caught in love's lift.
I'm free falling up, I awake. My father
askes from the frame of my bedroom
door, could I take paintings to storage
today, I just need the truck, yeah; I say.
I'm writing, tap the phone and time's set

to 12:12. I thank God for being alive this morning, a late morning.

I'd been up till sunrise, 5 AM, painting and collaging. I found college school notebooks, I'd drawn all through the pages, no margin not for beautification.

And around the notes, notes to my soul. I sang smiling, made three canvas pieces, three burlap sack paintings I acquired from Cartel. I contacted Cartel Coffee about hanging them in shops; I talked to skaters at Cowtown, same heart of art,

said let's get some color in here, emailed
the owner. Contacted two literary agents,
both having represented Patti Smith to
my research, I put through 'October
21st's chapter from Headlights to them.
I'm in new worlds now:

New Worlds

Peacocks, America, glisten and glamour,
love soul and sensual, keyist unlocking
interior rooms. Some things to set a
scene;

I love you God, I thank you for life,
another day living, breathing, beautifully
being alive for singing your praise, being
in your light, losing idols, slang, slow
drugs so that you God are true God in all

life, I love you, you are to me soul a rose
bushel of flowers I sleep in like a parma
white coat for winter winds. I sleep in, I
am comforted. The light in my eyes;
power of my confidence, internal world
making external ones go internal,
eternity to my hour, sweetness to my
kiss, love to my Beloved. Be my loved,
you are God.

These words I find bound to a journal,
strung with the lights, the likes of my

thoughts I'd passed to the passing day.

Found the world round me get spinning

real quick, I walked down Ash Ave, in

quite the flurry mentally calm and

watching little coffee grounds and

autumn leaves swirling in eternity, this

moment, this hour.

I pass the portal through, into the new

world. Peacocks. Greens, Whites, Reds,

lues, Yellows, Reds, Whites, Blacks; paint

tubes in my art bag, words I feel like

writing, I don't gotta, I just do. I take a
nap at sunrise.

NIGHT

Night is when I slept, not withstanding
echoes of my life instantly I awoke in my
old old bedroom. I wondered how I had,
had I died? Really survived? Now
wrapped in purple sheets, my head rest
to a pillowcase Gabi and me printed a red
moon and landscape to. I'd written
Headlights. Lived on I did and beautiful

to all bespoke confidence for a breath
uniting all in one. We're all the same in
our sorrows, birds lift the wind into their
wings, drift thoughts on abundance well
or bath-spring water I bathe in, God's
sovereign, I've got gills for holy water.
We can be love, we are dreamers, lovers
in today, toadying about our lives, feeling
up the state of our own mental landscape
– our country.

I wrote an elegy to an air mattress,
metaphorical and actual: i lost the paper,
sloping up into today's clouds, winds a-
rising.

Found a lost prayer: I feel intuit to the
perception of God's will. Be my body so
singularly part to whole of soul i sing in
part to Angelic oeuvre. Tell her I'm the
art nouveau, Parisian prefect perfect
prescient thinking it, mystery music must
be what plays inside and out of me. My

inner world is already happy, go daisy -
lucky-like Chinese 2 dolla bills from my
vietnamese neighbor's buddha,
tomorrow's an old sun and home, my
brother's presence. Driving do up the
school up literature is here my tutelage
grasshopper popping prefecture pills of
adoration. Nations in an uproar. Ive seen
my kind of mind slayn' on the street side,
name of the street bearer's sign, a
constellation in all our eyes, i name love.

An essay on solitude, wrote some evening
on my bedroom floor, spinning sweet
musical sounds by Dominic Fike and
Vegyn and myself. Found in a phone note:
Solitude is not solitude, with people is
not with people. Online social studies
conducted in the train passing in my
mind tells me social online has severed
person to person and self to self
relations. I miss the touch of a hand, the
kiss of a lip, the voice of my friend.
Increasingly worlds have segregated, see

our worlds collide, connect and we are
always still one people, sharing one
breath, one God in all life and all love; we
are people of this universe. Studies
further in my mind reveal there are
multiple universes for which we occupy
space and time while universes visit from
outside space, outside our time. They set
the future, posture themselves and their
near in love, in devotion, in groove,
flowing forever a water, an ocean of
breath in our people. Love is the answer,

the question; why i feel up thighs, voice
warm in an ear, essay on solitude when
i'm alone, wishing i'm feeling another.

A Walk

I find feeling myself finding myself in
quite the personal conversation on
simple being, i'm no complex, don't make
this personal, i'm a modest voice to life.

I'm simple sweet as sugar water.

Watering a garden turned Eden green,
giving praise to one true God of love for
life, this breath, our people's song to
elegiac joys to the tomorrow's of
yesterday.

Pen to metal table, a clink. Music is
drifty, lax and far back smooth and
dissolving as a lozenge. I look up to a
woman in white, through the Cartel
painted window, she's looking in my eyes
with hazel longing. She's dreaming, i'm
awake, dreaming in her eyes.

She looks off then to a bird in a pink tree,
ruffling leaves in autumn. Falling orange
colors, crunches and unquestionable

giggles by children and college students
talk atp and some dope-ass theory on
their pre-paid, pre-med future.

I wish i was at futura coffee rather, white
walls, i'm playing my music, talking to
the curly haired folk about music, beats
as heartbeats. I'm at Cartel, Lucas puts
his pre-released album The Truth in my
headphones, I'm smoothly swaying,
tapping my foot to my heartbeat in the
song, feeling this tonight on. I'm at Cartel

feeling my heartbeat quicken as i exhale
coffee steam into the cool open air, i sip, i
get up and i walk.

Jimi Hendrix is “waterfall oh waterfall
don’t ever change your tune” in my ear
attuned to a universal love language, law
of attraction and baby I’m golden, i’m
feeling the leaves of green, laurel grove i
walk by in downtown tempe, trodding
under orange streetlamps, overcast,
humid, lovely cloudy weather with

purples east and yellows west where sun
slips away the day. I sip my coffee as i
walk, use the bathroom at Whole Foods,
spend a while looking in my own eyes in
the mirror, buy some protein bars for me
and the few at Cartel needing some good
food.

Taylor's at my table, she's an artist. Mans
smoking a cherry scented stoge on the
wood bench outside. Everybody's
grateful for life, we're breathing, just

living beautiful because we're alive and
why not.

Today's went so fast. Always do. I watch
sunset lights cast and fade against a blue
house, housing my fortunate feeling for a
few new friends to create with; a
goodbyehomie to Lucas and a hug homie
with Taylor. I'm left at a table outside.

Mans puffing the last buzz pops of his
cherry stogie. An assembly of doves and
grackles together take up the fallen leaf

branches of the tall parma tree in the
blue house property.

Dylan joins me. Pink clouds look to be
full leaves in the trees. We take to the
bench, my song Hieroglyph plays in my
headphones, play the track to Dylan and I
and a woman in black bangs. Dylan says
the music is good, classical, modern,
mathy. I put back in my headphones
when the song switches to Let's Go Crazy
by Prince. The sky turns purple rain,

chatter of the birds, electric waffs of last
century's time spirit hits me smooth in
the wind from south to north.

I'm tapping my foot, bumpin my head,
Dylan crosses his leg over his left knee,
I'm to his left, I see an east attic window
reflect golds of sunset.

November 2 2020

We look for sunset, he having seen
orange and blues protrude sun and sky
and slope my neighbors roof, through my
bedroom window and into my eye. A
flurry of elegiac sensation for a passing
day, blue hour, Virginia howling at the
window, shes so oriental with water, her
tears cannot console, i leave the thought;
then night, the water hole. All that time
between so filled me.

The colors were more than lively, i spoke
with the sun, she plays a slow game.

Light years away in and our space and
time to send warmth and love for
millions of plants and hearts.



I remember my head put the passenger
window, in a red car, David's car. I
noticed my breathing smoothen, we'd
found a city forest in downtown
chandler, ordered coffee from Peixoto.

An oat milk cappuccino and a large hot
americano for me, i forget how to spell
capuchino.

I stand listening to rock and roll droll
music, anthony's playing songs in his
head and pulling me oh my these
espresso shots do me in as i sit at the tall
round table just next door, chop shop. I
walked the alley, danced in a water
puddle, told david to meet me at chop
shop, said they've got cute and good

people i like to see and break through
some bars.

David pulls up in the door. We're to
curate beautiful works, beginning first
with nature, then my own, the austere
familiar, the beauty not lost. I order a
protein bar, she gives it to me for free, i
make art for God, the girls love God.

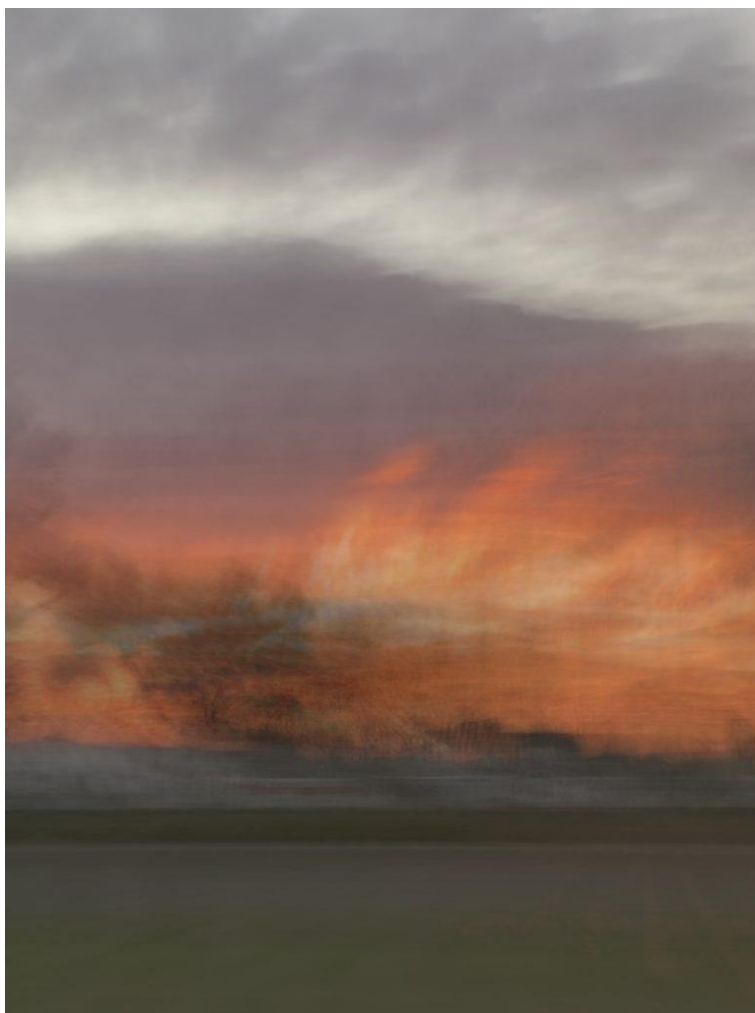
David and i laugh, talk a sanctification for
art. I say i'm gonna play at the market.

Paint a burlap sack at a price of \$12,000.

I laugh, smile, sip a coffee, dance smooth

out the door to a song i like and don't

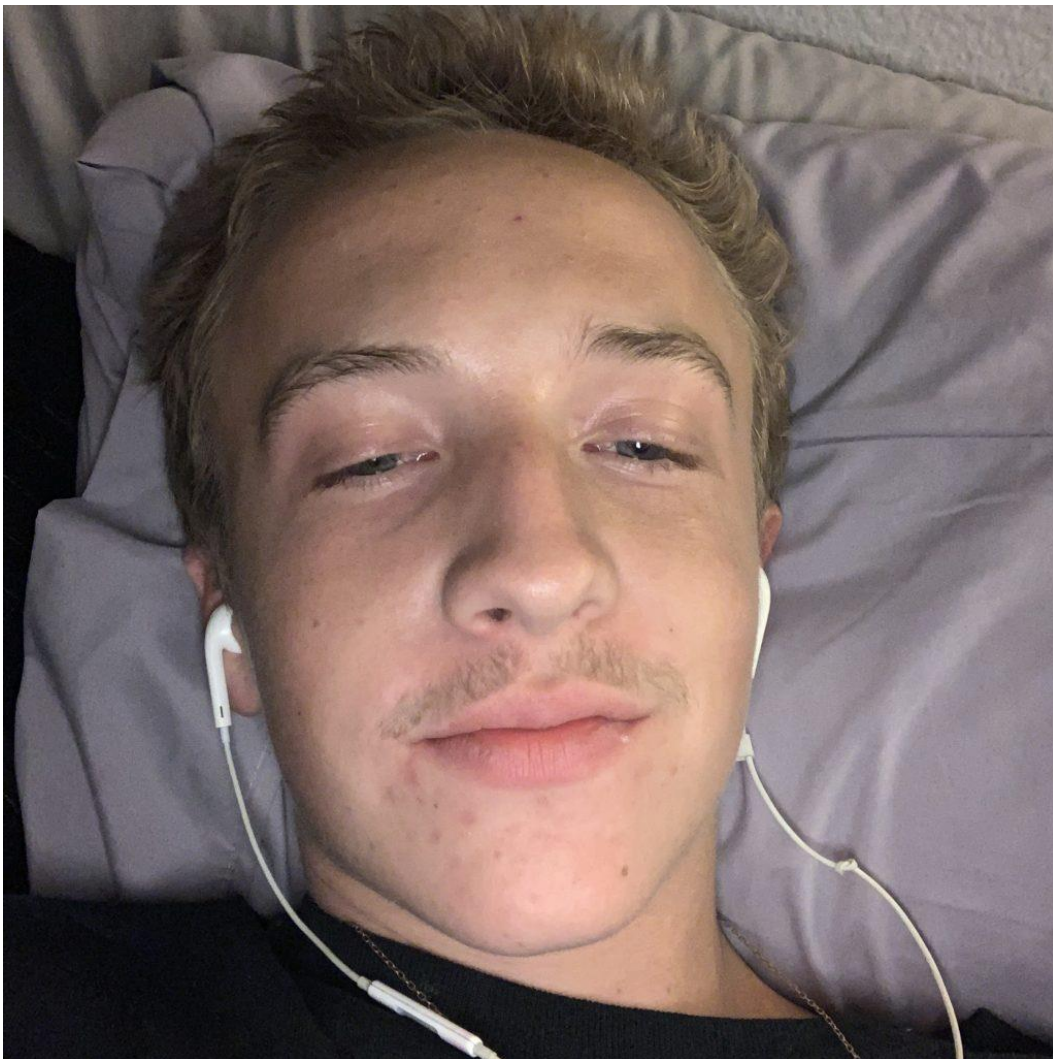
have a name for, off into nights in paint.



Chapter to an informed, See Reader:

Thirty tracks of Freedom hit my dome on
a single night, straight through and into
eternity i inserted my hand, had prayer
Holy Spirit to be. Pleasantly i tried my
hand at mystic music for one. Nothing
out of ordinary time, just beyond space,
spun my mind like a helix. Earlier today i
tracked a few more piano and drum
hallway, deep inner hallway sounding
sort of walk. I felt most the artists who

made their own language for a world of
everybody's else's and so into eternity i
wrote.



Interior Politic

This is essay on interior politic. Politely
i'll ask the reader please excuse my
philanthropic proclovision to an internal
world i all too often inhabit and in this
world interior of love i exclude nobody, i
love everybody, welcome arrivals in love,
proclaiming beauty eternal in rose in
hand in hand dancing with friends for
life, the good joy of life: politics and
violence and vampires play on in my

mind on my phone, its round-a-bout an
early autumn season weekday early
morning at round-a-bout one am and i'm
seat to sit and watch my hand move and
how as the old antiques checker table
shakes back and forth with it, with it;
with my thoughts on how in solitude i
truly locate the true capital of life, God is
alive, life to the most beautiful beat of
heart coming back around to the part of
the song where our saving is in christ
redeemer, who'd spoke devotion, the

father, forgiving and just lover of the
soul.

Spiritual, political, have you academic
merit i'd say the words i put on a page
exhibit a language in a world all my own.
Of course I, I find tilted my human axis to
spiritual straight to the Spirit who
intercedes Holy accolyte in a leaf drift
like my mind being fluid as the ink
spilling sweet and sappy from the pen of
thee.

Perchance id speak not so nonchalantly.
I'd wrote whatever gonna make me rich,
sunrises fill my bank, i've got colors from
saint rose through and through. Anyway,
id written; perchance i'd write three
novels or more in twenty-twenty. This is
number three (name to be determined
free of will, free will), two is Headlights.
One is Blue Hour. I wrote in my
philosophy class my dream to be with my
family, my forever tribe to say i'm just
inking a love ocean like a squid.

Lately i'm painting on burlap, incase
you'd wondered what the sea needs in
just the sound of a ladies name who'd
name i disclosed inbefore the last in in
this sentence. Shit. I dont know what i'm
writing. Its all about one love. Who can
cut soul tie. Tell me will you?

I lean back, wood chair, it creaks, i sip
coffee, someone thinks, could life be this
good?

Yes. I write in return to a blue eye. A
hello, a proper goodbye.

You cried and whatfor? Whatforelse we
live but for through a door of love; and,
for love i live. I live for love. Love her
well. Love God.

I'm listening: 'You get insecure, i wish i
had more wisdom for ya, brother all that
bullshit it just makes you stronger, it
made me stronger.' Aint shit in the world
can stop me plays in my head, phones not

even playing no more' i think about
everything' on this song Florida.

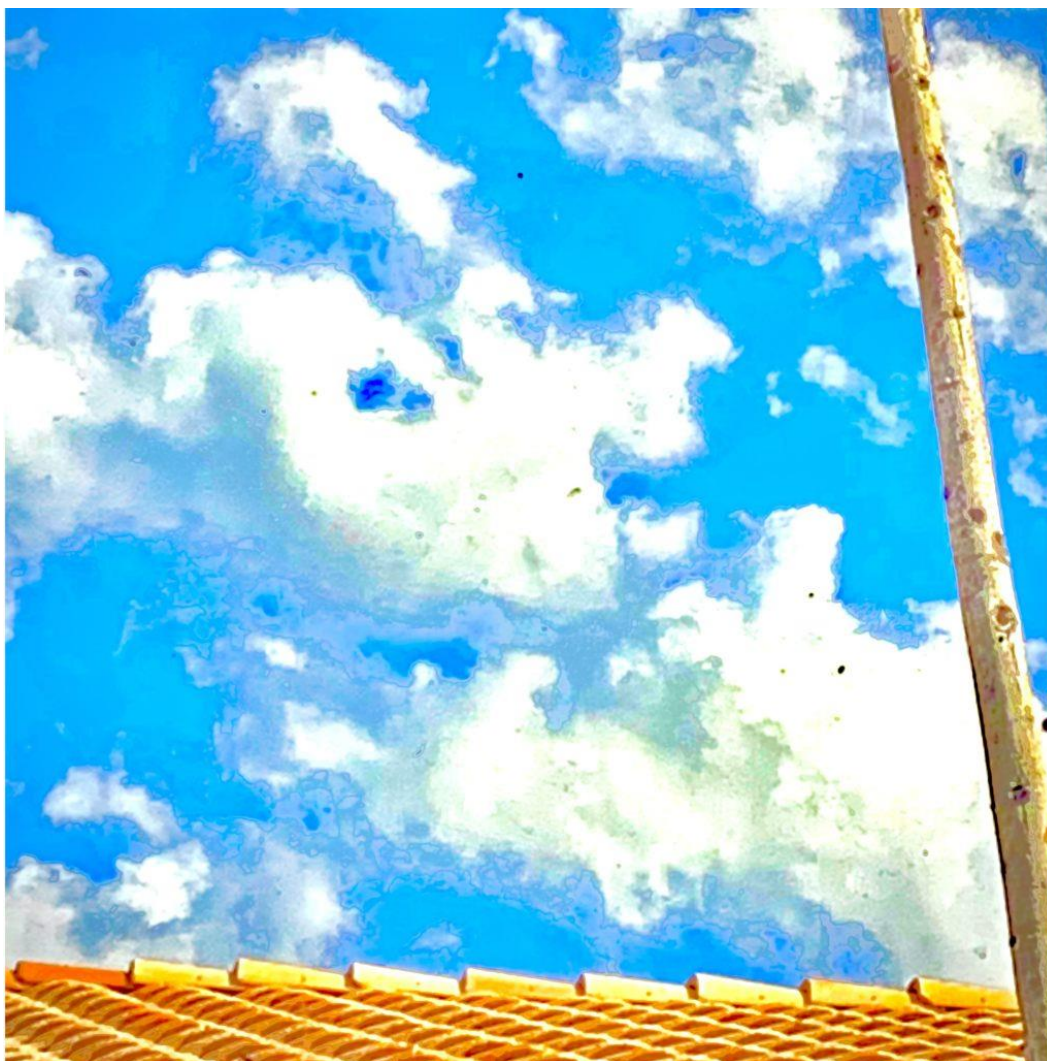
In my gold hoodie i'm warm, a poet with
a deep pocket, rocket the universal trope
of a mere days passing, whoops rope of a
brain.

See orion's stringing constellations, star
to star, how far can she see, can you go
for love? How near? How much do you
love, both in beauty and on quality and

on quantity? Does it have to make sense?
Oh geez, anyway this is interpersonal
politics, who's left the pen to page day
going on into day in the most mundane of
exhilaration in this nation, everybody's
been isolated but even for a bit and at
large the country of commonwealth is
still love, peace still politic. Its this days
on end, days on end. One nation united
within by God, i mean you well,
immanuel.



November 3 2020



Outside, having slept, dreamed mystic of
her, in midday sun now and super in my
own head i halted no thought at finding a
prehistoric bird, large, long golden
beaked, red and white shapes below the
eye, a dazzle glistening in that bird in my
backyard's eye.

I gave it a whistle call, it hopped and did
a quick sort of a calm fly to the mauve-
rust and white weathered unwatered
water fountain; stood calmly, wings

tucked into streaks of sienna and beige
and yellow ochre feathers, looking into
my looking from this funny looking bird.

‘Hey magic bird, i said. Nonchalantly like
carried on my false hallucination to an
actual word i’m really living? Though still
i believe i may not have awoke from my
near-death impact experience awoke
rather by a new living world: one life of
love in God.

-

Today is the presidential election so i
paint and i write like i do everyday. I tell
my baby i love her, i'd love to see her eye
in eye. Eyes of ours reconcile at memory
having once seen universes coalesce not
collide in each other's eyes at the old
coffee shop smelling like coffee and kiss
and the occasional stoge and like any
coffee shop i'd been often present on
account of that rule that at a coffee shop

at any given time in this space, there is
an artist presently living their art.

So was i, happened to stumble into
prehistoric happenstance of feathered
time's all wack-a-doo wackamole at me-
oh-my mind gets carried away with the
drifts of fluffy pillow clouds of purple, i'd
rather be beside and forever reside in
bed with she, she's got me like every
autumn.

I notice the season. I give my voice to
politic, love and elation to a people, this
nation; cast your hand in deep waters
and from what ocean or spring you drink,
swim or fish be sure to that source you
will receive.

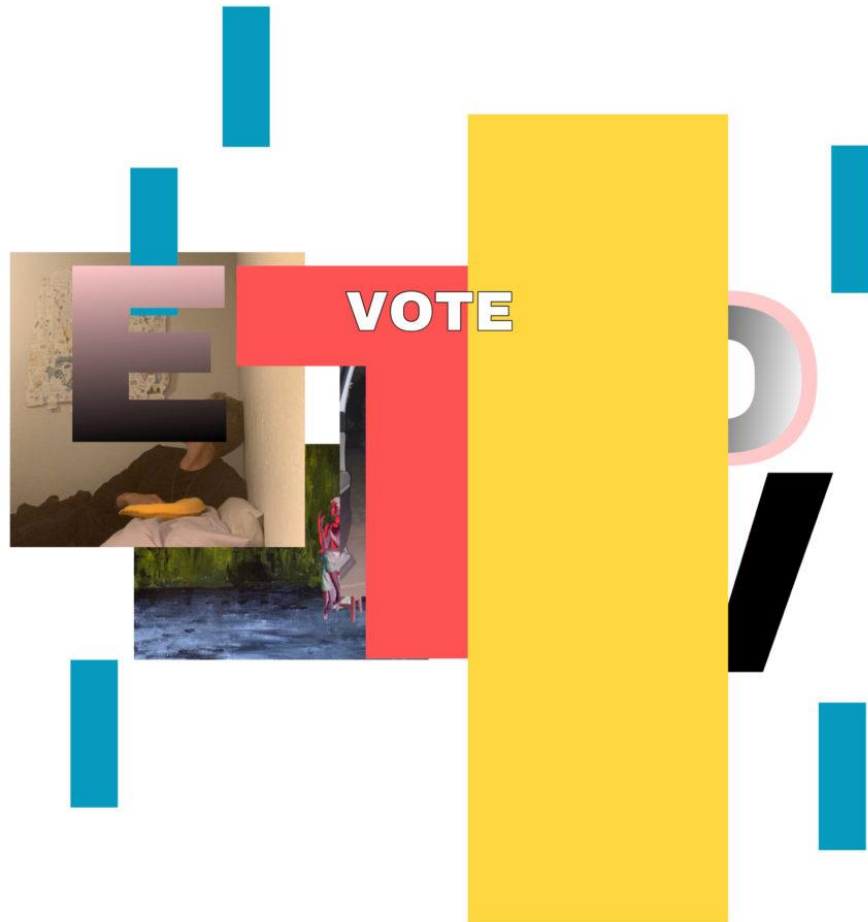
I don't eat minnows, I know no shallow
waters. I'm all for prehistoric whales and
metaphor, got stories like Jonah, lyrics
rafts sized with Noah's faith, i've a good
God who's got me, i'm psalm sweet as

heart of God and love for the lady in
moonlight, soldiering in the faith on a
kingdom like david at the pen in my
scribbled head, i'm a blank page, hearing
david harp; holy, holy, holy, and lonely,
lonely, lonely; that clay of my mold
breaking into forever life at hallelujah.

Angles rimmed with gold lining, angels
divining, and choir bells resound; they
hear it now; no new nation under divide,
lincoln log a house to stand once in truth,

dream a black and white child hand in
hand, hancock your letter to a nearer
future, bright as autumn's sun, deep as
the ocean's asunder, lyrical as academia
will have you believe, be more than that,
the nonchalant spoken tribe and tribal
tongue of life and breath for our
declaration of freedom. I've seen every
kind of freedom. In a land where at least i
know i'm free, my mind; where i can be
singing sweet, bathing in heavens temple
water, harping with cherubim and them,

a nod to christ the saving mercy, an act of
sure love. I can be singing sweet
melodies with the birds at sunrise, skies
all golden and blue, a green grass patch
that ain't no st. rose mountain or milk
and honey stream, and still it's holy,
natural altogether; still i can't believe
that bird. Still i feel love will live on. I
believe you will too.



-



Day of my days carried on, my lyric beset
me be speaking from the mountain peak
of solitude still. Still i got my school work
done, watered my bonsai, fed myself two
fresh eggs and a couple keto bars today,
few sets of yoga, wrote in morning, wrote
another time or apart time listening to
always written free will, favor me this
expenditure to an essay on free will. For
this is essay on free-will. What was on
the page before i got to it, i am
constillator of points to the end of

sentences. Sincerely hear me when i
speak: every word is nonfiltered for love,
yes love, you make me think about the
good times, good time and apart the
clocks, tick and tock i talked on giving
praise to God, Grand Creator for keeping
me to life and i have purpose, fulfilment
in that i am saved both in body and soul
in sovereign, that is serendipitous, that is
more than coincidence, that is it, the
good of God in action in you.

-

There are all sorts of things to write
about and duplex a lieu on favorable
philosophics, new religions on the same
old devotion, have me a new language, so
heard the love trumpet blare in my head,
leaned into my body swaying to a beat i
knew as though i'd always known and
would know that howsoever anxious, pie
after pie, death, life after death, eternity,

really living your life is in appreciating
life. Have fun.

November 4 2020

Two. God is love. my One.

Its that easy to be a lover in God. I pray
God make me God's music. I function as a
musical instrument who happens to have
his hand on many other instruments. I'm
like Kokopelli the messenger. Synth key
flute and word of God's salvation to a
nation.

God is love. God is great. Here go

attributes:

dearly beloved, my good faith,

contributor to being also whole of our

good, good, gracious, merciful, all

powerfully divining the life of salvation i

live, my joy, my purpose, my love, my

reason apart reason of this world. Read

on, inner temple, outer maker, ink to a

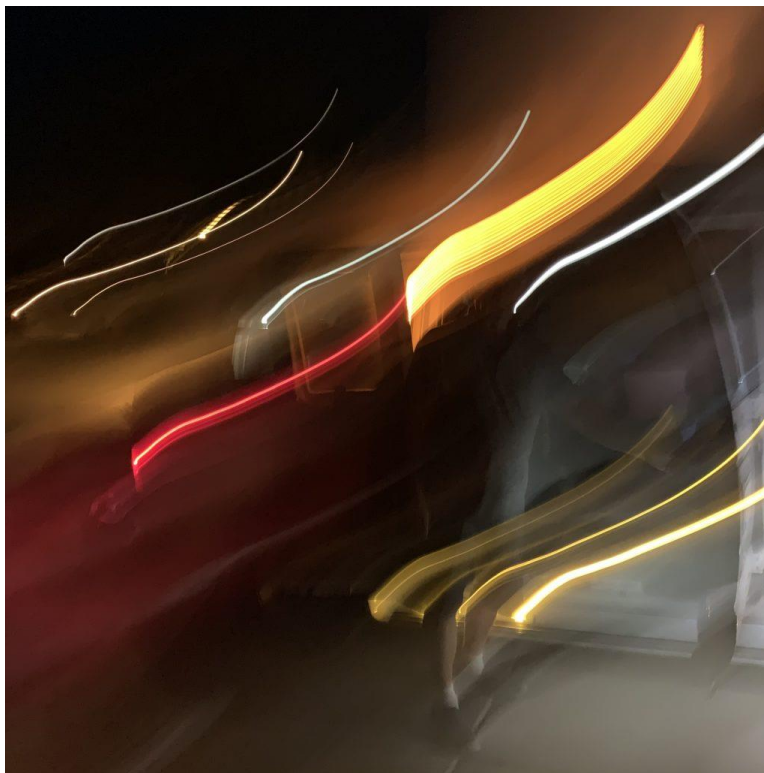
tongue, melody to a song, sweet to a

sound, smell, memory, sight, eternity for
the moment, life after death, joy in joy,
the sheep herder of me a golden red one
singing in your finding embrace.

my friends, discard the lasting lies of
tutelage, fear of the world dismembers;
fear of God unites. I fear God only so i
fear no thing at all. All life is deceleration
of beauty eternal. I am manifest, yellow
happy this morning as marigold, cool

corduroy and timeless, musically gonna
be the best, for today i am, i am of eternal
beauty today.

-



Today, life goes on in the same feeling: i
understand nothing. Not a thing makes
sense, except going on of life itself. I have
no consistency but in breath. I breathe
easy among paranoia into love, in love i
know life lives on still, still it makes no
sense.

To me it don't gotta make sense.

Gabi leaves. I talk to alex this as she's
getting herself ready for work at Barros.
I say i'll write it down because she was
just thinking about that same feeling last
night and she thinks other people feel it
too. So here it is, same feeling.

Always that same feeling nothings the
same.

Love is all i know and so if seems love
forgets me, remembers me in most
surreal fantasies of reality, reality
become my fantasy. I livd like the
childhood games i played. I'd been best,
always won games in hide and seek,
disassociate of flesh. Had imaginary
friends, angels visited me. Personified
the material, imputed life. I sought only
respite, some solitude and the occasional
body to warm me, her lips speak
different than they taste.

Anyway; it's love like God's perfect
hallelujah i'm without my world with God
in my world. I'm acted through and
through. I sip coffee in a tall mug, with
pink, blue, white, yellow, black designs of
squared space and with mystic
dragonflies painted on. I know some
people who are terribly good at changing
others for the better.

I know some friends who write too. I'd
live for a letter from Avery again. Die to
hear Alicia read me her journal poems, a
book of her poetic life. Gabi's sweet
melody, her soothe words, planted in me,
her warm presence by way of the word
and hand. I love to read my friends.
Ariana's essaying and so is David. Genius,
shit yeah thats right. Trent's whipping
words, writing music. Girl from the
coffeeshops got a poem journal too.
Jayvan is penning stories like soul trains.

Jazz from Saint Rose has a journal, that's
a book. Adam is writing his life. Carl's
postulating beyond the almost of poetics.
Ciao's penning a book of poems i
remember from my own soul. Sharons
been up and published. I'm published,
poetry, paintings, got worldwide gallery
representation. Speaking truth to a
nation at elation in my own mind, wow. It
seems all the books i lost in the car
accident are speaking to me in my friends
now. In all my writer friends, they are

books i enjoy to read again and again, i
write about them too.



I paint some shapes, indicative of
internal space to a burlap sack. I
commune with my curator in Korea. Get a
text from SAIC about my application,
remember that last time i applied i'd
been given their highest scholarship and
still couldn't pay to get in. I'm already in,
still a full ride would be nice. I look for
an email back from a literary agent. I
read II Corinthians 7, Pauls dear word of
dearly beloved like Prince's Lets Go
Crazy and St John of the Crosses Beloved

or Majnun's Layla. I read of cleansing of
flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in
fear of God. I fear God in that i fear no
other thing, an all-powerful force of love
directs me in word. I and out, deepened
in feeling.



I'm made to question my acts in love by a woman, my friend forever - Gabriella-ELISE. I record a track on my phone of us speaking while i play the keys. Story tips

out on us being friends, i keep on playing,
praying in and for honest way of feeling
love in life, life is going on. This is what i
want; Life; Artistry; Love; God.

-

We all have stories - all of us is quite the
story. So long as i tell mine of God i find a
fond conversation in - with each of every

other of yours, dreams submerge with
and coalesce into a same feeling for
congruence with a quality of life
ascertaining in anything but of an
academic merit, rather we impose no
thought, blossom like flowers we are,
wish well with Immanuel, signing with
love.

Assigning to all my memories a sort of
despondence, absence, minded you i

might remember you in the autumn
winds mixed with the warm breath of
another lover in a long bluegrass field. I
want the yellow - you,

You know, you know how pages turn,
todays that and tomorrow who should
try to tell. Today is all we are, as faithful
for this breath, no matter my field, my
shepherd collects me, loves me, carries
me to carry me oh my cross of a mind
into perfect pastures, postulating on the

color purple, holy adorations, lambs and
the color red's feeling, naked and never
afraid, comfortable with giving a dream
not knowing where you are, only caring
who you are - why God is love.

November 5 2020

i've slept in longer, cant sleep the night.
Can't find the willpower to not rest when
i need. Can't handle these cantos. My
dreams are fancy and good except one
dream where there's a rat in a fridge and
my hand reaches through objects and
then I'm demoralized by a church i want
to help serve, K----- calls me L---- and
that freaks me out. I wake up flurry,

throwing my eyes around the room. I
grab my book to write.

I'm only Bjorn. Bjorn is belonged to in
God. God is only love, perfecter of our
faith, reason apart this world's reason
altogether to be grace, mercy, sweet as
can be in me. I sit up on my bed, sip
water, munch on a few almonds and i
write my way out of poor headspace.

In oblivion of my world i'm lacquered in
love, spilling my truth like water to a
flower, sun bathe a flower, overflown i'm
above the below feeling, nothing can
bring me down. My eye is on the love of
God. The flowers tall on my water and
this is well.

Springing up i say i'll be forever to the
moment. Gotta clean up some mentals: if
she's not gonna be love with me i'll keep
up the flowers, least they're the colors i'll
portray, put their petals on display.

I'd been walking up on over to the purple
blossoms when two moths connected
flew through my peripheral all
ephemeral fast, sloping my sight to see
one alive moth attached in some stupid
bond to a dead moth. I watched the moth
straggle, try to fly and be pulled back
down. I said i'll be right back.

At the purple blossoms i remembered
these are two distinct flower bushels, one

being the purple blossom potato plant
and the other a sort of oleander. I
feathered my smooth oil paint and key
fingers to run the purple silk smooth
through spaces between my fingers. I
remembered her hair. A stick will work i
thought.

Back with the moth alive and death moth
still attached, i used nature's stick to
force their cut, to dismember them apart
into two again. They both went still, i

returned hours later after keyboard
playing, praying, yoga and a shower to
see them both dead, the moths. I buried
then together.

Gotta keep my composure, keep myself
together and free in God is all. Today is
all we are, well all i've got. I speak a
perfervid prefix to people but really i
gotta talk to myself, gotta be lovely.

See me oh mind in the mirror of the page,
writing gotta be lovely to me, call me still

moving river, Ruach, Spirit O' God breath
breathing by me oh my the body of me.

I read, flip on through quiet breakfast of
two scrambled eggs, almonds lightly
salted and quite my luxury with black
chia seeds and parsley, thyme, basil,
cooked up hot in a black cast iron skillet
on not a gas stove. I read through the
truth, Blue Hour. Blue Hour tells the
stories of my bluer hours. The space
between time. And time again in

uncertain times of 2020 in pandemic
isolation, riots, instigated in widespread
fear diseased further by COVID-19, now
to mention present politic in election, as
the blue keeps going on with that feeling.
I slept the days, kept up the moon and
stars. I used my imagination. Using my
imagination i make it. On occasion i
forget my purpose, why or even to be
aware of life;

You know there's quite the difference
between being alive and really living
your life. Love is the door. My keys
unlock endless abundance in God's loving
persuasion in provision. I am water to a
flower. I'm feeling gold in my red,
sovereign joys.



-

Martha spoke out through the laurel
leaves of green a word or two on
distipulation of a nation after election
and i said hol' up - how am i gonna get
writing my life like fiction diction
dictates to nonfiction attribution of
dream mneumonics. Ah, fuck i got words
ink inclined i don't even know. I am no
stipulation, i am gesticulation of a nation.
Stories altogether nonsensical and still
all through this i'm calmed down to a

distillate of loving expressions my soul in
truth entirety, a book of love named and
written in a week, to week as though
you'd heard seconds tick tock, spinning
clock of our days coming together again,
my love, martha, hold my hand.

i laugh, i don't know any martha. I'm
avoiding what i'm upset about with
fictional characters, put into my writing
as though and isn't writing my life?
Anyway i'll tell you whats really upset

me. Gabriella-Elise's got me confused in
the head. Had this always been only her
and me as it is and was to me i'm fucked
up my written lines why i've got it going
the most, posting day to day essays on
her soul and my soul like we were
dismembered moths.

I remember feeling up the piano keys,
hearing her speak again on my
attractions to her and other women. I
think beauty is so fine and i can't turn

these eyes off, my voice is gotta speak,
you hear? Made it this far so i sip a
coffee, listen to how mac miller's been
playing in the background and i look out
the window, one of the two petunias in
my garden is dead. A bushel of red
flowers is looking fine, they're oriental,
have leaves like open hands i hold. I love,
you know. I'm in matisse's dance, gabi's
drawn nudes, just contemplating nude in
the shower how this hot waters and
steams supposed to make me all clean

and still feeling my heart dismembered,
confidently confused, i'm still a still
water ocean of abundance for love. I'm
swimming in presence of God.

i hadn't really heard the quiet for quite
the while.

November 6 2020

Love, love is God and God is love in all
fullness of life. I wake to golden clouded
skies, surely angels -

Hold a great dance out beyond there,
purple garments thrown off for a naked
dance and jewels like rain slip down out
their pockets. For the purple blossom
potato plant she awaits sweet
recompense for a dry summer and
autumn is her saving grace. Little bees

buzz in and out about the ins and outs of
her blossoms. I piss in the rocks. The
purple Japanese wisteria is looking lovely
and fine with that big head of green
leaves, saving wayfair with winds,
succumbed to an ever reaching for more
light, more life, more God.

First a fluttering flap of feathers, rustle
of branched noise grew in the grapefruit
tree, a dove came flying, singing the song

of the birds, i whistle along. I write lyric
for nature's morning symphonic.

I've two circular paintings hung on the
wall above the the blue wisteria flowers,
i forgot i planted them some time ago.

One painting is blue and swirly like moon
or night. The other painting is red and
swirly like the sun ir day. There's some
yellow and pink in the day, some green
and brown in night. I stand at a tall
writing table. A slow droll hum of cars

vibrates through distant space. I think of
Gabi and over distance not. I can hear the
moonrise or mourning dove chirping.

Train cars stocked, a soft metallic thud
that echoes a mile off by Kokopelli pond
where i'd often be apt in reverie of pond
water ripples, fish jumps and flies and
flops, the love birds, the geese, sally, jyl,
the two wise crane birds, white and
black, green field grass and pines to
dream beneath.

The pines stay green through seasons,
only dropping pine cones that will vary
in openness. Today i'm quite the open
one for love and fortune. I pray the
moment God give abundant blessing i can
be attentive and account in creative
aspiration. I desire to monetize with
value my eternal beauty in art that i will
live financially stable from my artistry. I
am purchasing a new van now. A '95
limited explorer, converted for living and
making me my home on the claim, all life

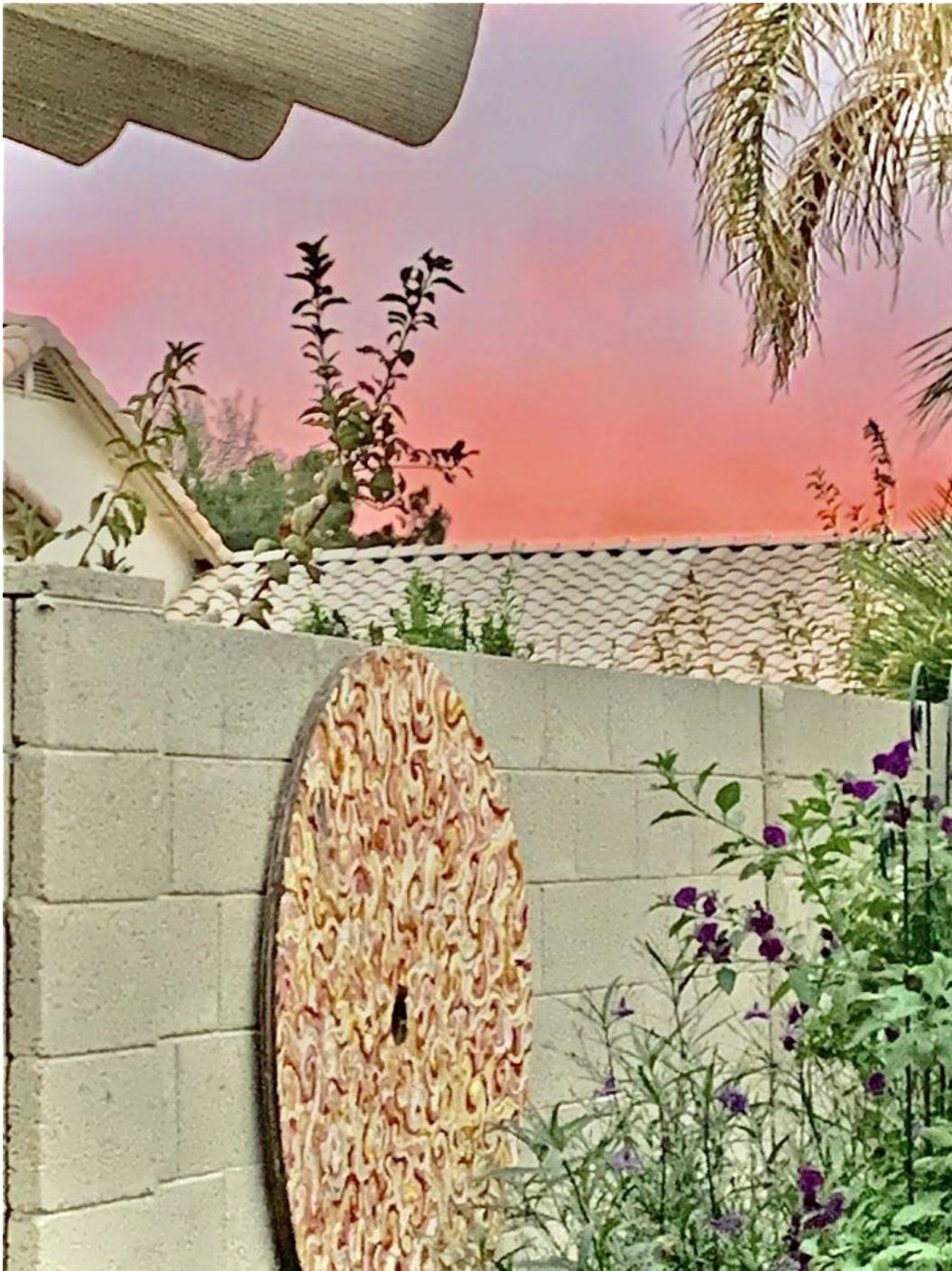
is journeying. Roads we inhabit of
absolute change, discourse daily with
sojourning souls, i am alive for we, for
love, sustained by the great Creator and
lover of this universe.

Morning consists in a fervent drive to
attain currency, gotta make that art, that
money, that soul sing harmonically. I
photograph painted books in the long
green grass, using a white ruffled pillow
case to showcase each piece made with a

shop online themed in organic elegance; i
ask a flower if i can pick a flower, receive
a yes and a fine prop to situate. My
outside studio shoot.

I smelled the white bud by accident,
filled with a memory i cant quite recall.
Photographs are taken. I'm lost about,
outside and free in time; coming back i
remember i'm to deliver and wall install
my \$700 commission painting. I'm short
on time, play beats and calmly organize

necessary materials for the install. With
time to spare i stand outside with the
white and green-pink flowers, under
plush purplebrown cumulous clouds,
winds a-whispering beauty, elegance, the
finery of life, a wash of peace through the
autumn leaves. I ride the wind, wind
chimes sing.



-

Sunset is bright bulbous reds burgeoning
in clouded flames as purples of deep
space fill the spaces between the clouds.
Suns pulling all the colors with her in one
final show of God, lovely creator.



Blue wisteria flowers smell sweet, look
like another flower that starts with b.
Burlap sacks are good painting product.
Promises mean no thing to people. God is
an eternal promise of love. Time is a
standstill. Rotation, momentum; passion
and patience. Devote yourself in the two
of these like white and black steeds of
steady freedom.

Bright days, got caught my thought,
green as a lead clover, wealth is in the

mind. Abstraction of blue hour dispels
my ability for the sensical. I don't come
down, i am in the setting sun and rising
moon, glow-a-glistening - are you
listening?

Know im born like star. Know i'm not
proud of anything i've said, nor done.
Now i'm proud of faith, forget-me-not
redeemer in my honey ear, my heart
apart no heart. I'm sea of seas, droplet in
droplet; milliseconds of a caught feeling -

abstracted in two, lose false self, become
true self!

I remember Thomas Merton's book with
a beige white and green leaf and letter
book cover. Switch of the seasons some
years ago imparted a wind for which a
leaf up upon a white water birch tree
could no longer hold onto summer
feeling the drift sway of winds, green leaf
turned yellow, turning sway and sway in
the blue sky air and felling fair on me, my

pulse, just below my beat, i felt touched
by God. Nature had it good.



November 7 2020

God is love. Piano pieces, peace pieces
play the interior ceremony, sweetly
singing my native breath i'm never bereft
a sweet feeling. Waking, sun's glistening
light years in my eyes, alight in my
dreams, reverie reeled in through deep
space, interior stellar.

Stars constellate my thoughts. I am and i
don't from one space in time to another

playing at illusory shapes and symbols.

Artifacts of the unconscious sea, one sea.

Yesterday i'd constellated quite the value
of expenditure with a laugh - hearty and
playful hand. Set up an online shop, did
not sleep till least 2 am, woke with
sunlight in my eyes, through my window.

Where last night i'd watch the wind play
the tree f dark forest green juat outside
my window like it were puppet. It rapped

and rapped at my window, seeming to
wave and i'd return a smile, wace, thank
you God fir play of this starry life, this
forevermore, this green life, this peace
piece.

Return my play at shop creating i curate
a user experience situated in color
theory, relations, connection in feeling
with color. I use red, green, blue, yellow.
My online shop is pretty nice, piece of art
in its own; pray for the beauty bountiful

sown harvest, support by friends, peers
all into pleasures in a life of art.

My morning of mornings i walked the
green clover grove, finally to awake fully
with the burst of blue-yellow cloud and
substructure forming formless on nearer
horizons. In my mind my thoughts had
been empty blue sky and that is why i
found quiet recompense in imagining
myself the sky, the sun risen in me, christ

o God redeemer all-bright and beautiful
for pure love.

Clouds can be anything. I notice the wind
in the trees, smile at the magic pulse. My
wind chimes play a smooth melody.

There's not a meaning in this but if you'd
go open you'd feel the magic too. You say
seek and be found. Right around that
recollection i'd collected a wayfair
branch of the purple japanese wisteria,
structuring the new tree with a brace to

hold it in more sunlight. My soul singing
more light Lord.

Often i'm told i should have thought
about it before doing it, but did you think
about living before you are. Anyway its
God's will i'm after only and love of a
brother, sister, all their soul of one. One
time i broke a woman's heart i love a
couple times now because i forgot how to
think. I act strictly on love impulse, i
thought so. Anyway i'm a man of love and

artistry. Practicing my devotion in
passion and patience to a God, the God.
So lately i sit around watching light
fixture postulating the flow of wind
through leaves in the scattered light
pockets shaping in and under my shade
tree. In the green grass my nose itches,
flies crawl on the blue vein on my
forearm. The wind chimes, they play on
with the wind. So musical.

I like girls that got me playing the same
albums year after year, the same fresh
feeling each time. I listen. I play along to
baby and entertain thoughts on being a
professor, schooling myself to discourse
on not the 'what', ever the 'why' in 'how'.
I fancy a degree in doing the least
intellectual thought, adopted by the art
of impulse. I catch that sentence with her
favorite song, laughing into the pen,
signing God please be life, love, begin us
again unto love.

I'm dreaming of you having dreamt about
me. I'm not the best in love. I want to just
dream of you. Have you read all the
words i compose on your symphony, do
you read me?

Could you return a letter to me from
Heaven? Have it happen into this own
pen?

Say there is gold just like glowing you've
been in love, free, flying, skies are crying
in echoes of last night's rain clouds. I'm
praying to help the wisteria tree grow
with more sunlight although i'm not sure
if my efforts are in good favor with the
tree, i think i see what is best and only
God does and only nature wil compose.
Herself is throned in majesty of square
emblematic swirls of her eyes and from
time apart time i'm morr than reminded
to re-experience the space between us

turned to dust, golden flakes in life's
wind rather, life's one pursuit of life
everlasting.

-

I'm on a roll, typically the hash slash
indicates a break as though the writer
died to their time and walked backward
into the future. Feels like the first hour.
Feels like the same new feeling. Writing
about my life so forget the mundane and

entertain magic, majesty, sanctity in
seeing the good God of this golden felt
universe spent his abundance on breath
that we might turn every tulip to two lips
to give lip to the greatness of God.

Does she, the flower, wear felt? How
autumn in one simple wind spoke birth of
the world time and in time again.

I desire the free expression and decide
now i'll do an essay on natural writing.

Natural

To speak the day is divine presence
interlaced with feelings of time and space
structured to day to life continuation.

Not even i know what that sentence
means. That's what i learned in
philosophy lectures i didn't listen much
for because i played my songs in my
headphones and drew the trees out the
window because i opened every window

blind in that drab blackgreybeige
classroom every prisoner freeing day. I
dropped the act of wanting to drop out
and kept up the school reading on my
favorite philosopher; perception.

Perception is the all re-creating force. Of
our life, perception is the eye in which
we see why life is beautiful, how God
orchestrated all, whatever the person,
love is abounding.

Love needs a lover and this i am, the
space between.

-

Whether hallucination backdropped by
causation in rotation with my rapture at
not my recurring second by second slip
me o my mind into a recurring rapture
for which i watch the world disassemble.

Semblance, more like a metaphysical hug
at hearing Bidens wins the election,
woman's a vice president. I am comforted
in desire of peace, retribution, this i
voice.

I'm meditation holding, sipping coffee
where two weeks ago me and this green
cafe table shared sights of parading
politics and now the heavy lapping waves
of cars is just a melancholic droll. A
sweet swallow swings by and by the

winds and weaves graceful through
traffic. Perches a blueish body to the
branch boughed in sienna, leaving green
to yellow of an autumn tree. I'm left
wandering a familiar space apart time in
my mind. The warm of the hot coffee,
sensibly soothes, holds hands clammy
and cute, the cup is black. I sip water and
spill a bit, I'm writing, dreaming, simply
going on, life does go on.

God remembers my conscious with good,
i step big into the yellow clouded blue
sky in a side street puddle, the puzzle is
why puzzle at all? Life is to be lived. Love
is to be loved. We are what we are. We
are praisers even in breath with God the
grand Creator. My ideal day is the one
God gives, I pray for my acceptance to
abundance. I notice the pink oleander
plume petals performing the wind's
composition. I ink and tap my feet to
different songs playing from open

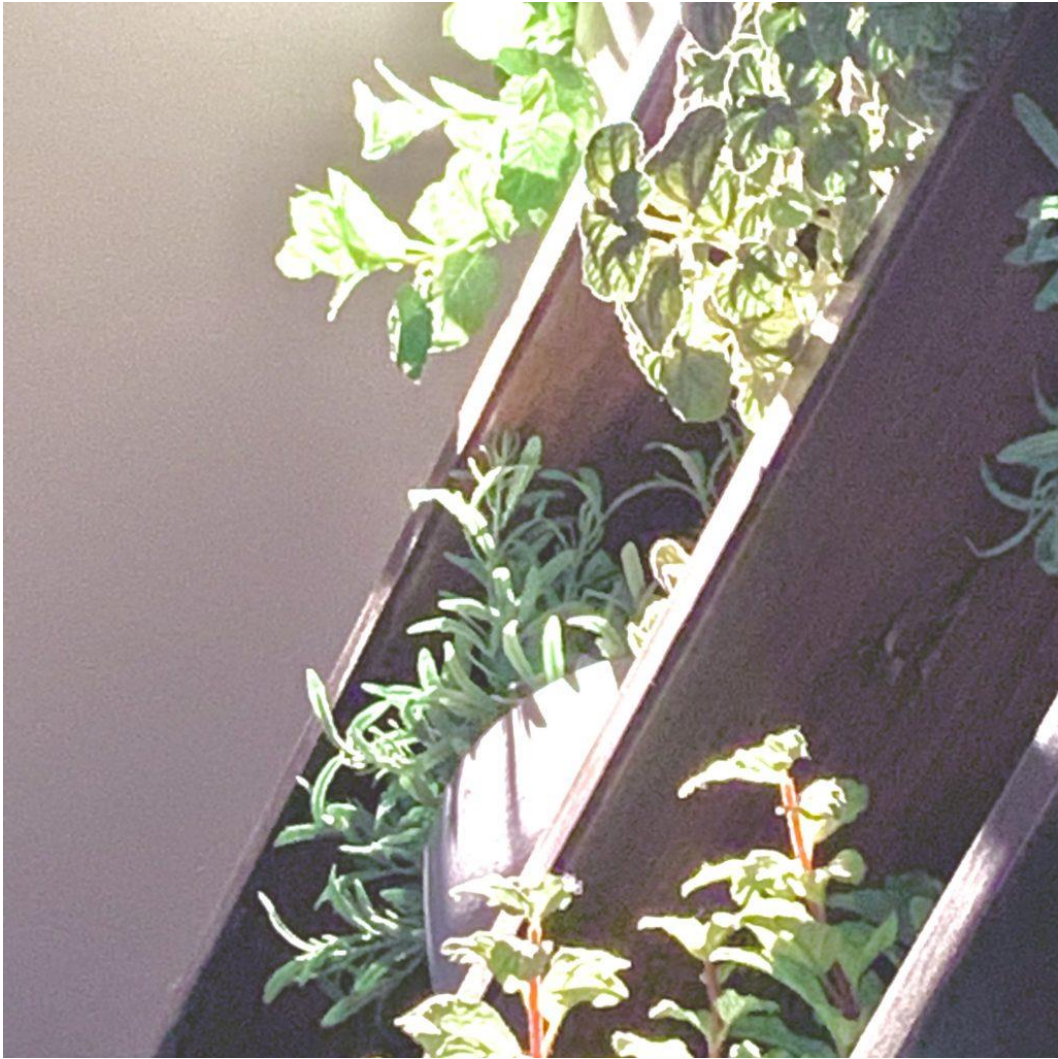
windows of drifting cars, I sway to the
songs at the coffee shop, I burn my
tongue on a hot coffee; I've gotta look up
with the colored clouds, gotta keep
attention the beautiful, dream of me is
woken in noticing my full body dancing
in my seat to a song about feels like
summer, A trail hitch rattles by, my left
ankle pops, my mind remembers me;
numbers pass through sight, floating
essence with mathematical attributes.
Nikola Tesla vibrates frequencially. The

energy is fair. The past three women to
walk by have red in their hair. I feel a bit
bugged out but notice a bright lights i
visually see and especially feel guide me
in good love of myself and people and
God.

I think i'm hearing screams, its only
whirring of another wave in cars, i look
up and purple orange clouds drift in the
sky and the checkerboard window
reflections of the City Hall of her

presence is open. I need a hug. I need to
sell some more art, I need nothing much.
I need to be content and deepen living.
Gotta be love is all, all i am.

I'm thankful for life, for family, friends,
art, love, women, men, every soul of one,
I'm grateful for bountiful sowing.
Thankful for bountiful harvest. I love
God.



While

While I have time I might also include my
theory on time, and in having space I now
give my theory of space.

Spatially while we are situated as
ourselves in relation to other things, the
soul of all things dispel space, all is near,
closer than mind can conjure, tied at the
soul. Like petals individual to a flower we
are all of a same seed, stemmed by a God

progression, loved with the breath of
God's life, given beauty eternal to bloom
colorful what we call our own life. What i
might not consider my own life is. All is
connected in a soul tied with a simple
bow of life, this gift of God.

My doctrine is in doing always what
opens perception in adoration ot God. Do
what allows you notice of and more into
God's love. Do what compels more into
love. Be love.

November 8 2020

God is love. Now as i lay in bed, the sun is rising yellow-white. I've stories of my dreams i listen shuffle back to between memory and experience. I imagine feeling the wind through my bare skin as I am outside.

I can hear the birds singing my dream - the greatest living artist in love. The grand Creator instills a sense of calm

assuredness in me. I slept long and well,
first full nights sleep in at least a week.
Hallucinations had been a bit beyond my
hand.

Beyond myself I aspire for Good, truth,
beauty, love, God. I situate my compass
with direction to noticing and adoring
God's moment to moment miracle all the
more. I want to be counted among saints
like st. John of the cross, brother
Lawrence, Paul, and St. Teresa of Avila

and St. Teresa. To be among Van Gogh,
Picasso. I see the whole of the world in
an instant, with instancy i breathe a
nearer future, instantly in breathing
prayer.

Light of the sun rests on my eyelids and
for a long moment into my eyes i feel
transformed by the light. There are
physical, material happenings magical
enough.

Yesterday I saw a single pink oleander
flower petal dance the winds. I wanted to
run after the flower, as though the
moment is beautiful enough to happen
again and again with the same blooming
quality.

-



Wonders of mine i accept. I take the
world as presented perfectly obscure
before me. My mind is not as fit as i try
and think it is all quite alright. I write
lines between time. Here and now is all
present, God lives in the moment.

Air is winded and cold. I wish i were free
flowing and easy as the breezes I feel
wash in and through me another new
autumn day. Art is for the soul. Sing on
slow. Shape thoughts as they form with

word, ink and pen are my handle on the world.

I've not body made for anywhere but interstellar regions. So it seems a paragraph break is more cordial to me than the people i walk by and by and see see me and loop paranoid thoughts about keeping my life and whether or not i've the endless to give for free today. Do be strong for love. I write to myself for this is something i'll enjoy up in bed when

i've not the desire to sleep, see i've many
a lives lived in one person. My friends
see me as they please. Put their
boundless kindness in frame and see all
peoples perfect capacity to be and to
love.

No question on newness. No more of a
weakness to haste, love is strong,
fastening us forward with easy eyes, soft
lips, words that heal. To hear and say - I
love you."

So some thirty tracks later and the
railroad train keeps a-going, getting gone
in a language of angels, divinity in a
swaying leaf, the color blue-green. The
earth is our house we visit while away
from home. We are spiritual people at
home, just passing through. Breaking on
again to the other side. My mind nearly
snaps at notice to the people here;

The man in a white burlap hat politely
consults his fears of a nation at global
pandemic. I write a prayer for health. I
have to wear my mask as i sit in the
coffee shop, pull it down to take a sip,
coffeeshops lost their local, fear drives
his conversation, i smile, i feel the fear
and still i smile behind a mask and pray
in my eyes he, one in the reflection, will
see, all is well.

November 9

God is love. Cooler weather warms my
soul. Art is for the soul. Any way we get
breath by God and the days go on
beautiful. I love the colors. I wear rose
gold monk, my hoodie. Monastic at the
cityside. Bespoke by light utterance,
artist in the future writer's oeuvre today.
I am stood beside singing wind chimes.
My world personifies. She's hesitant at
times and when with the wind choirs and

angels can't compare. Well i;m not one to
compare so that is why. I waste my time
wise watching light fixtures in skies,
clouds change colors with the passing
winds of time. My world is imaginative,
at the ink tip of my pen, at the point of
perception i co-create. How i see and her
and feel is why i can smile unabashedly
this morning. All the colors fit for a good
reason in how.

Anyhow i'd like to pray now. I'm always
in prayer you know. The light of the
morning sun in my eyes, birdsongs
melody sweet as can be, winds run
smooth olive hands, healing touch to my
face, my hands, my feet. What's exposed.

Thank you for another day alive, the
colors, friends, family, art, avenues of
immortality and austere play at instancy,
from where I am i am a brighter future.
Today. I am strong, i am love, i am pretty

beautiful glistening in the light
forgiveness, sanctity set apart by gospel
to love as i've first been loved by love
itself; God.

Love is the most powerful force in this
universe. Planets are born of love, i take
another breath by love, i paint a
masterpiece by love. All i do. I pray to
paint east mastering peace in my hands,
help through by the flowing flowering of

pure creation. My dance with the first
Artist.

God lives in the acting idea, the dream
divine, the rhyme and in and out of time
and space. Orchestrator of my hour, make
my way love today, make known to me
love's way, birth the dream of me,
divinity, creative intellect at greatest
artist to live in love. Playing keys for
millions, stages, pools, mosh pits and
dancehalls. Galleries, museums filled,

solo is not solo with the all-soul, still
they call the solo Louvre exhibition my
own and i'm here pointing to you God.
Best seller in the freed soul. Blue Hour,
Headlights, Untitled Document in hands
and through how - seeing loving eyes of
all readers, all seers, all feelers, we are
active dreams, have we the opulence to
not wake up? Having found ourselves
awake already. In love already. Ever
since ever; living to the extent we dream.
I dream of divinity. Art for all and every

and one soul of love. Myself singing,
painting, writing in presence of God for
all my days in the how, in the now, in
love.



Sunset shone orange hues of another world i'd like to have visit me again. I'm at Lux Central finding my company with artist collectives enhancing their most

adept attentions to beauty in their
individual arts. David does company
creative collections of currency, real
stuff, no monopoly money. I'm writing,
living my art. Sharing ear to hear the
table beside me talk on Indio, now we're
talking about the blessing of life because
if you haven't heard i nearly died in
Indio, was transformed in my stranded
days. Found fully alive in the love of God.
The lady next to me talks how good her
pants look with her shoes. A guy with red

curly hair's mixing a drink at the bar.

They talk Star Wars like it's their last
night's dream.

The sky through the windows greyed
some bit now. Songs play about being
lost in a flow of life, spirits in the head.

The head of our day most resembles one
with fine execution to beautiful play.

Our country enters an essay on the
nature of renewal. My spiritual currency

is in curations of my collective collection
of those spirits in my head. Have you a
laugh, a fire atop your head like those
first apostles follow the ascension, the
descension of doves, the God of the
universe as a child, virgin mary accepting
prophecy that she, she's to bear the son
of God, and way back the ebay of our
universe in one single speak of love, of all
creation founded on the word.

-

The artist is a medium for the Spirit of creation. Each name is a flowing stream from the endless abundance of beauty. We as people have the most beautiful thoughts, our feelings so rationally aesthetic, i think it best we share.

The art of our time was created long when since I was born i've had a feeling of 776 lives preceding mine and at 777 lives with prayerful premonition i have quite the proclivity into eternity.

Golden amulets fall to dust, filigree
shuffles among the rust. By and by i
spent my time in love of the people
quoting Les Mis, speaking 'To love
another person is to see the face of God'.
But i need no war story, no election,
pandemic virus, or near death experience
to tell you life is beautiful, best when
lived into the moment rest assured in
being present as you present yourself.
Solitude is met with angels, choirs.

Visualize, believe, begin to see. Love is
the most powerful force in the universe.
Perception is the all-recreating force.
Time and space can be eluded, when with
dreams divine, return us time and space
again in sovereign hands. The birds sing
and are fed. God is the grand Artist. God
is love. God is the best friend, a good
judge, a clean renewal and the finest of
active dreamers.

November 10 2020

I'm in an early morning mountain desert
haze. I read a secret painters language in
before sunrise's blue hour. God is love,
I've learned the love of painting from the
first artist.

Skies are a patterned blue, textured with
deep space and closer clouds adopting a
reddish hue of lightyears rising.

Moon's a crescent, a far east star beats
the haze with a glisten and glow, a
keyhole in the sky. Most things are just
silhouettes, the wisteria, my neighbors
yellow tree, birdsongs.

I'm back inside with water splashing in
my face, my dreams recollect me, the
moon reflects in my eyes in the mirror, i
wash away the night. I heat last night's
coffee from Lux on the stove pot, take to
the antiqued checkerboard table by east

sunrise opening my eyes to the open
window. Light slowly pours in my
bedroom.

All the blue-reds of the sky adopt a peach
parma haze. Birds, well one bird nearby,
and if memory is well i'd say she's a
mourning dove lipping litany of sunrise,
a bolero. Sounds like soft and warm
synth pads are the distant cars
whooshing into their day so slow, so
soon. Everything is music. Life is looping.

I've coffee, ink, nicotine and prayers. My
attention and attention full and free for
love, is set to watch the wonders of
everyday put on play. Sunrise is my
favorite scene.

There are light blues now and the clouds
look like they're burning mute into a
green field of peach roses. I can smell the
grass, I see the light tremble of a leaf, a
dewdrop slip and rise, mountainous east

star locking up the night and veiling
herself for day. Moon stays a-glowing
with that beige, pink, yellow, white and
blue smile from emerging a black night.

I want to paint all the colors and their
specially new relations i see. I'm gifted
an eye to this sunrise as though it is the
only one i have and will ever witness. I
like to live like this, everything feels like
the first time. Truly all things are in
cycle, crafted still with the new sense in a

perfect moment. God unveils mystery and
i ask for mystery unveiled. I pray thanks
for the colors, the light, the new
constancy, sunrise in my eyes. Parallel
dreams of magic love brewing in the
reach of a star, medley mix of a clouded
hour's color, heat of the moon, warmth of
the crescent smile. Autumn shift; I've
comfort by a fire place, layered coats and
long johns, hot coffee held in one hand,
the other holding my love's, my eyes on
that east star, a dimple of deep space

returning when skies turn blue, my solar
night lamp flickers off, the songs of
people louden, dreams are actualized,
breath begotten in another new, same
feeling of beauty eternal, of God's
painting I live inside.

-

Clouds bright pink, then yellow, steady at
a light white. All colors of the flowers
return waking with anything but illusory
vibrations of their variant colors in
orange cadmium pops of oleander, purple

sex dreams of wisteria, bluish parmas in
a nameless one.

I shower, do yoga, reheat coffee, laundry,
dust, decide not to decide what to do
today and follow rightly on impulse. I've
writings to collect. A shop to set live.
Paintings to paint. Photos to look and
take from. Letters to elucidate. Skies to
watch.



I am no measure to myself, neither is any
other fir to be measure to me, me to any
other. I strive in eternal strides with
glory to the creative hand of God, the

gospel is good. We are loved for life.

Beyond ourselves; immeasurably

beautiful in God's awareness.

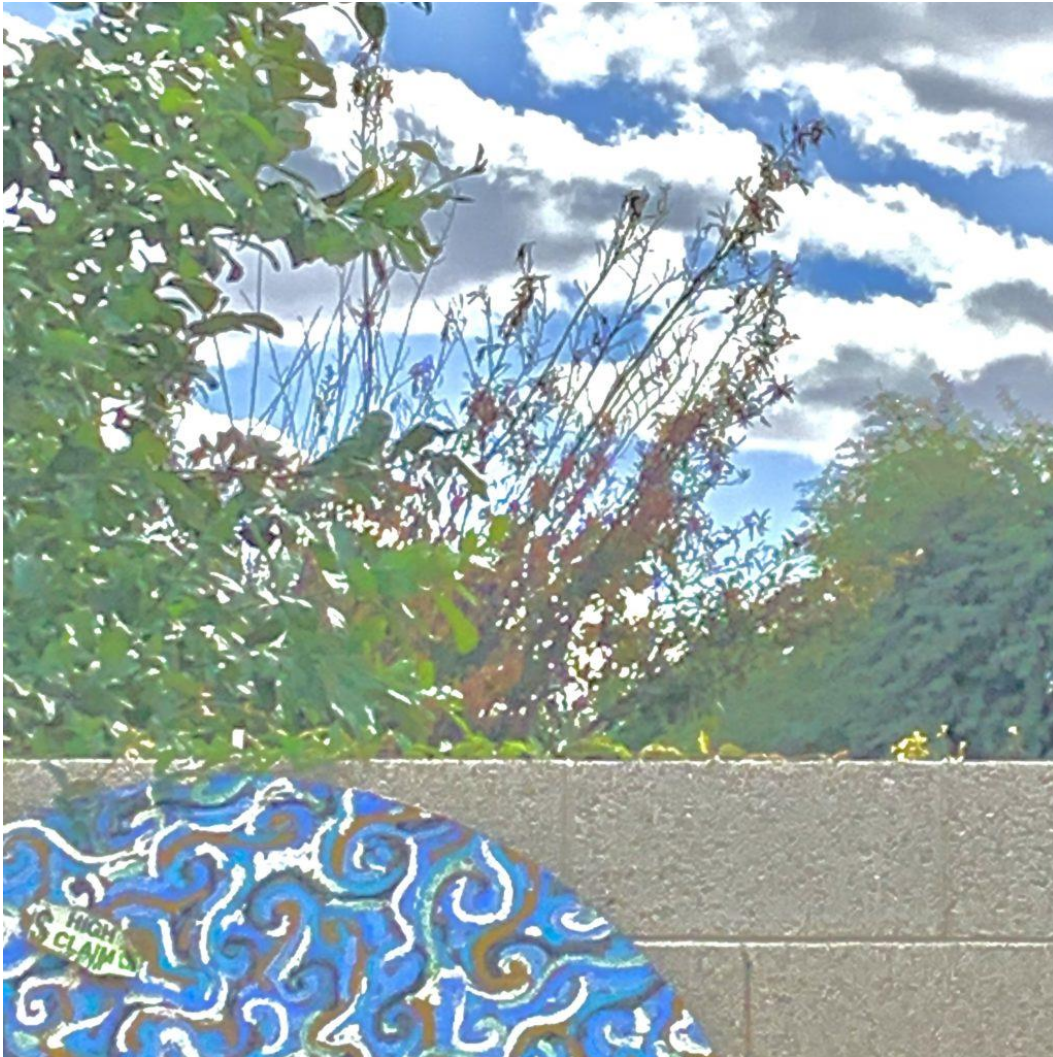
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Today I sit at the green writing table
beside Ariana. Light fixtures flash in and
through shade of laurel leaves in a tree

we sit beneath. I walk off, into the
alleyway, dance in a puddle i think best
resembles a portal like Harry Potter's
magic inclusive. "Come set a spell" writes
on a low hanging veranda of a historic
sculpture, I crouch in my long johns and
photograph. Ariana looks at the flowers. I
ask permission from nature to pick on of
her orange and beautiful blooms, for
which a flower i have no name and all the
more distort my honeysuckle dreams in.
Ariana's November is her past relived

into present, she's both in happy reverie
of memory and presently watching me
pull back the green pistils of a flower and
suck the honey through my lips like a
spring bee.



Today; so it seems i'm a writer as always
been. I notice the life happening. Lady in
the window reads a book called the

organized mind, as is mine. Birds sing
and grackles squawk, fly into the tree in
the cool breeze, perch above me, my
head, my mind in rhyme with Ariana as
we write ourselves outside of time,
sharing mystic spaces between.

Space shifts Ariana and I into her car, she
plays Tobacco Sunburst and calls me into
a poem entitled red eye. I write:

Red eye, why oh why red eye, do i rhyme
me by and by when all the while the days
feel something the same, some fresh
cyclical recurrence. I pass the same
golden fields, ride the terrace, leaf the
same beige page, red my eyes with words
i write deep into nights; in the mirror,
am lost for words, an elegiac
communication with energy, vibrational
patterns, paint and shaped abstractions
of fears, feelings, emerald freedom, i
write into the mirror, red eye.

I ask Ariana for a word to keep me going,
“try high”.

Try and sway i do in the easy breeze,
please take me high, take me into streets
of infancy, that first hour feeling, high, i
fly with planes hum, the drum of our
people’s heartbeat, the red of politic, the
blue of skies, the yellow of fields, the
green of trees; by and by i am high on a
red eye.



So by and by we drive to my place, she
teaches me Gymnopedie on piano. I
invent new chords, record them in my
creative intellect. I photograph drawings
in the long green grass. We visit Gabi at
Jasmine JO. She's their new flower artist
behind the counter, the lovely smile
behind a mask, she's way out. I write
next to pink roses on a mahogany table
while we wait on Gabi's shift to end.

We drive, Gabi, Ariana and me to Tempe.
Climb a desert mountain. Photosynthesis
with my eye to the birds on flower
bushes, we take photos at the flower mill.
Feeling ternal. Symbols of a better
tomorrow today, we are windows open,
we are models and photographers both,
creations and creators, alive in our art,
the gift of God.

Between folds of love, eternity rests in
the coming together of multiples. Love of
God and loved by God - one.

Karen

“Trust. Pretty soon you’ll be golden.”

Karen Hand rolled up her old window,
smile with a smile that love all, curious is
she about all, kind, open about art is she.

Karen gave me a ride back to the park
near my childhood home. I met her at
Starbucks where Gabi and Ariana
dropped me off, just beside Teriyaki
Kitchen. I told her how i must have been

dead to the flesh, left this body and i
dance with light about love only now. I
feel changed i'd said, she said you feel
changed now and yes i said i'd been up in
bed once, little as 3 thinking about how i
came to be, my parents conceiving me,
then before them, and on God created
things and how long before that had
there been eternity?

I re-enter an eternal recurrence. Karen
tells me she'd been up about six, three or

five years little with a mother married to
an alcoholic and thought there must be
more to life than this. Ever since she's
been the question of love in every faucet
of our fine universe. She drives off, out of
Starbucks, she's once a lay
hypnotherapist. I speak on the coalescing
universe; what that means to me is we
are all one since ever in God, returning to
God in art, in love we become love. I
mean that Art is the road by which God
has narrowed me into Love absolute.

Frankly i believe I did die in those
headlights, God out bodied me in blessing
to be into eternity, left me oh my body
filled with wonders of love for the latter
days. So in my dreaming days i walk the
park, lay my back to an old pine, birds
sing in the trees above me.

November 11 2020

God is love. Now sun had risen in a new day, alight are the colors. Flowers adorn in glistening, glowing adorations of the Artist. Musically every moment is a sonata. My body is a sculpture. This outside, an interactive exhibit. And i'm the writer, medium of acolyte expression in this hour.

I sip coffee from a blue-brown mug
steaming into the frigid autumn air. I
care for love and people's well being.
Last evening my cousin father looked his
kid, his dancing child enjoying life in
play, and he said he'd beat him into the
ground. I stood in silence and watched
the out-spoken thoughts echo in his eyes.
I remembered hearing he'd hit his
daughter here when i was not here. I
nearly turned and hit the man. I resorted
instead to my room, paced, hit my head,

played piano in meditative prayer to
calm my anger into just passion. I took
my cousin father and his two lovely kids
outside here. I told him i loved him; you
are not to lay one harmful hand or word
on your kids; he looked me in the eyes
through his cigarette smoke, we hugged,
he agreed, his kids smiled, they danced
freer.

I attribute myself to the goodwill, the
commonwealth of us all, for our greatest

wealth is in love and God is love. In the
great God of life we ought to dance
childlike, enjoying our days, drawing on
streets of infancy, forgetting not the
warm recollections in autumn smells,
rains, fire-pits, warmth of a lover, a
flower, a sunrise or moonset.

So the days they go along, my dreams are
vivid love, vibrant expressions of
sanctity, i aspire to follow feelings of free

love in people, all people my friend for
art is the chord i resonate with.

I have many faults and i offer each like
choice boats on a lily sea when stars are
hanging lanterns of love exchange, of
purity to rea-range my heart. To be reach
with how i speak of my love. To love like
i say i do. To live love. Will the world
love or hate me if i be true to love? To
live with, from, and into again the
endless sea, i am a stream from God's

ocean of love and back into Gods ocean of
love.

I sip a hot coffee with the birds and
flowers, dandelions, trees and grass,
daisies, wind and light, i blow some
smoke into the air i see my breath in. I
remember all is magic if i'd like it to be. I
like to be in love.



The day awaits no waiting. I take a hot
and warm shower, pack a bag. Munch on
a keto bar and get waiting, waiting at the
southbound to chandler ave. bus. I'm in
the green grass. Yellow daisies by my

feet, i fiddle a stick, a small twig of an old
pine between my fingers. Man in a white
light blue coat says i look familiar, like
he's seen me, he knows me in a way only
he knows. I feel his eyes are
determinately blue like his coat and his
head is shaven bald but i still can see
blonde. Why's that i say. I say with my
finger i'm going south, he says i look
young, that the south bus on the other
side of the street. I smile and get walking,
he yells that bus tickets are free so don't

bother buying, flipping a miniature green
lighter in his bonewhite fingers.

The bus is shaky so i write near illegible,
lady leaves a few miles down and says
thank you. I'm not sure anyone but me
heard her so i say thank you back in pen
for the politeness. Bus driver hits up a
curb and curses into the metal air, lights
flicker on and off, a robotic lady's voice
informs me on the next stops just about

every thirty seconds. My stop is, well i'm not sure.

Chandler Blvd and Boston St. I don't know how to signal the bus driver to stop. My eyes follow the purple and blue seat patterns to a complimenting yellow cord running the walls, lining the windows where trees pass and i gather dreams in them windows. Couple get off the bus near about where i'm to go so i'm off walking , in a grass field in downtown

chandler, an oriental kid is walking a
blue bike through the field. Trees yellow
have leaves that crunch under my feet
and in crumbs in my hand. Autumn in my
hands.

At Peixoto i order a large hot americano
with a bit, i show how much exactly with
my thumb and index finger, of oat milk.
Her pink bob hair nods and we smile
through face masks. An old coworker and
friend, who makes beats - Grant, is saying

what's up. We talk life, how i nearly lost
mind, been saved, how beautiful life is.
Outside i'm beginning dreaming again in
the pen in my hand. Lady at the table
beside reads Harry potter, i think of
spells.

So soon then a man quietly calls my
attention. He's holding a cup with two
slips at the top, just the word Deaf
written on the side. He's got the brightest
old eyes i've seen today, a warming

presence. I slip him the few dollars i took
intending for a bus pass, learning i need
not. He smiles wider, like the edges of a
crescent moon pointing out the sides of a
night metaphor for a face mask.

The bus ride back i find myself still more
comfortable, already familiar with the
ride. I remember lines i'd written
yesterday - our time is wind, winds
change slow and fast, we can only ride
with. With the slow wash hum of the

bus's mechanical drum i tune into my
own world, beautiful litany of wind
through the trees, yellow daisy
remembrance, light falls through the
wide wall windows like a Rembrandt
painting. A woman says she thinks its
Saturday already on a veteran's day's
Wednesday, her boyfriend is a marine,
says its better to be early than late and
the bus driver cordially agrees. I push
the yellow button at Country Club and
Angelo St. I walk streets with angel

choirs in my head, make rhythm of my
step; 1, 2, 3, 4.

I've an interview in a café bookstore. It's
quaint, calm. There's a waterfall outside.
Joana asks what drives me in life and i
say life. It's easy. I want to be painting,
playing keys, drinking coffee, meeting
regulars at the café and deepening new
friendships, forever friends in the light of
today's eternity. Joana gives me the
position, we smile. I talk with Noel, she's

so nice and relaxing to conversate with. I
find familiarity in the café.



November 12 2020

I want to touch with eyes, to be touched
by eyes. God is all seeing eye, color in an
eye, experience love. God is love.

Were the sun an eye herself, she'd be
dreaming a living dream in behind the
haze of clouds. Skies are so overcast as
my head is. I wake up clouded, head-
ached, found i fell asleep in bed with my
keyboard. Moon's still in the sky.

Perception is pretty. I can hear children
play games and sing and scream at the
park nearby. A plane hums and so do i.
I'll make a hit today, that's a new
thought.

I made a new painting black and white
tonal masterpiece last night. I painted on
a thick light reflecting surface so spaces
between paint reflect the seer. I felt the
magic of oil paint again. How colors mix
like God's love in us.

I'm outside in the grass, my prayer is
peace, love, prosperity. I see my shadow
sleep on an autumn leaf. Sun's light
breaks through the clouds and my head
hurts and still i feel light. Already i'm at
midday and the suns a low swinging
chariot.

Love is all that occupies me. How far can
i go when its endless? How long did it

take to create time? How much space
housed those first words of creation?

I've questions to keep me going, a God of
endless abundance, beautiful givings and
adorations for supplying prosperity.

Simply i am. Breath is signal enough to
the mystery of life. Beauty, a value in
perspective. By degrees of attention this
and the other world reveal. I am a naked
echo boast for God.

Without much a sense for what to do and
all the more trusting Gods ability and
faithful to why things happen. I feel loved
in twirling an autumn gold leaf in
between my pink fingers. Seeing slight
shifts of wind by blades of grass twirl.
The ecstatic laugh of a child, one who i
hear say “over here!” and all the rest of
the sounds fall indiscernible. Is not my
life’s way so often alike? I hear an “over
here!”, i follow and find myself in the
inscrutable joy of prosperity.

I'm adept to seeing. I notice colors. I hear
songs. I feel a sentence. My loves, i draw
on them. I'm not confused, only
wandering a world i'm just passing
through. Telling stories of how like in the
tale of princess Kaguya there's both
country and royalty, love here, this world
and that. Love in the return from mystery
flights we've boarded, singing a song i
know and don't know how i know it,
teach people how to feel, to see birds,

trees, worship, to run wild in jubilee and
play, entertain the day and hand in hand,
dance, dance divine.

-

Why spread fear when widespread love is
here and is happy as can be. I see trees. I
see birds singing, please i plead, people
be, love like moon and mirror, here and
there magic set and spells and spitting
love lip wet as a raincloud, loud as bolero

sunrise, smooth as moonset, attentive as
eyes a million off and i feel them on me.

With beauty i become into my present.

This gift of life goes on, life going into
more life, greater is this life in a dream. I
took a concert rocket ship ride, listening
to music for cars, an energy for my past
soul's retribution kind of track, pink and
white album, who knew what a year this
could be. To be sitting a month a half out
of twenty-twenty-one. I've learned no

one touches a writer. Who's been
touched by glory. Have me boasting of
Christ like Paul in II Corinthians I read
words at the Writer of writers, God-
speak into me oh my hand, this losthead
in glory you see I'll take the following
lines to recognize a situational state of
mine.

Mind, my mind minds no continuity. I've
no past, only eternality in the futurity of
Christ beloved as can be. Being the

bearer of both all and every sinner who
in being recognized to God their lives
saved to freedom of worship for a grand
Creator.

God came into earth, bore himself into
women, mother Mary, lived stainless so
pure and pretty palm speaking upon a
donkey on a loving Sunday, healed wither
hands of the lame and made them write,
their bodies and souls well who were
well off the love radar of pharisee who

saw verse far-fetched from Jesus' Lip, lip
on the song of God did in the son of God
and did forgive us our misgiving for
dying a death we deserved, denying
never love, being fullness of human God
and killed by human in God ordained
days of veils, tore the veil, struck the
night with light, died, been born again in
flesh, symbolizing our rebirth by Spirit
who in-after Christ's born again
ascension lent as a flame of intercession,

present perfect God indwelling the hearts
of child like faith in loving action.

Life; invisible river.