

VAUDEVILLE
JOUJOUKA



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STEVEN CLINE

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the publisher or author. A black pearl sun has also been seen, regaining sin's intersex via very facile snow. And the Intoxication Osiris is still in division. But yes, now that you mention it, the absconder tortoise still waits, watches. Eleven in numbering, they have been forewarned of thy ever-green eggs.

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A BOOK OF SPELLS

INTRODUCTION

The words in this book are spells. Spells. Yes, I mean this most sincerely.

They leave little trace on Upthere Overmind. Ha, they swim right past that old tyrant. They head straightaway down, on towards that treasured Undermind. And Undermind's *longest left ear*. Yes. And it is *here* that they then lay all of their speckledbright eggswords.

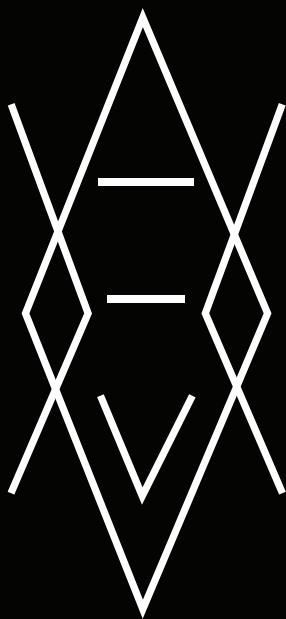
A receptive reader may find that these eggwords open up certain unused doors inside of their tumorous hoomanhead. A receptive reader may find (who knows!) that a change in the OutsideOther has occurred, too. A small change in weight, in buoyancy perhaps? Reader may find themselves quite suddenly, inexplicably, no longer as human. Merely as bird. As jellyfish. As shooting star? But...I can't guarantee it though, I can't really guarantee it, I can't guarantee...



WILDFIRE POPPIES

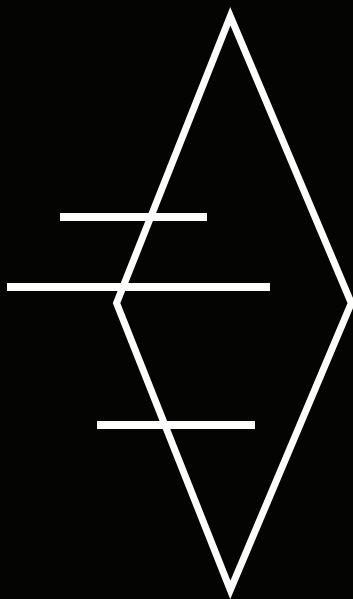
Red-orange horizon spitting blackened...turtledove?
A fish with five eyes, a notice posted, yet mislaid.
Brave lizard, sally forth. With crab claw distended,
conquering each&all mist. Kudzu field, delaying twice
thousand...serpents? Cellular diagonal: point us from
A, to B, to C. And then, suddenly, point us irreversibly
to...Z. Soon, turned insideout. Burned insideout.
Mammalkin's finalized diagnostic, casualish made,
under brightwhite Salamander...Sunworlds. Don't
shear the sheep this year, sweet mortician. Beyond
devious curls? A fecal slug...breaded danger of true
Realsnails. Epoch of "give up the ghost" planetarias.
Worldstar, long ohsobright, in sudden sputter.
Breakcollapse. One by seven by twelve. Unrolled. In
my purple candied...twist. Expecting some cloud song
of uplift, and yet well-denied. Found here, instead?
Just 2 deaddogs. Just 4 chew-birds. Just 3 *sicklyfresh*
farcataclysms. If the linklines be truly severed—if
Desire's tricktreats no longer hold the *me* in the
fold of the *you*—then we, we dogpioneers, we shall
finally...yes shall finally...just "forgetaboutit." Deflate
me, shy chameleon! Cut my Shiftshape out, bow the
We down bow it low bow it all...before Dirt. Hold
shivering paw inside cold marble hand, construct
me thy derelict-fresh balcony. Nail the rabbitme on
the wall. Skin the rabbitme, eat the rabbitme, vomit
up...that sad. And stinking. Rabbitme! Squeaky
kingfloor? No complaints. No philosophicals, and
no blueprints. To be found. No never. None ever.
For you. No genies. And of course, never no-bottles.
White fur, evergrowing on Alligator.Newborn?

Atchafalaya Swamp; abrupt ground zero; cruelestgod in saxophone rift. And so she calls it. And so she calls it “Bad Best Omen.” Big Champion, in this now? In a ‘nother, other life? Retaining destined sundown sunburn, planting 1solitarytoe on that Floridian bikinibeach, still unmapped. Rising pyramid of sand in thy washedup mayan shadowform. So I “listen out”. I intuit all my innards. So I hear quiet, mousy voices, from within all peeling skins. Strange, wellwanted, flaky surprise? A sharp-dark, hidden light? A second path, or possible...tunnel? We all suspect. And in suspecting this—“ashes, ashes we all fall down.” But a new wing, a fresh slice. It soon allbeckons. Yes, a drop of *very seismic blood*. And in the passing of this most intoxicating drop, in the bathing of world *inside* the bellycup of *this most dionysian drop*, We’s horizon-previous becomes beautifully, utterly erased. Crossed out, and denied. Startover’ed. DriftDrifting, towards a best of all the possibles? Or at least, not in some hop-along...towards a worst? Happygolucky, we wonderwhimper—these new fruitbody wings, these new sucklingsad infant wings—will they be of Purplest Dragon? Of MostBurrowing Owl? Will the Archon’s black hole turn finally tail, turn dry and unpreachable, turn deadwhite or senile? Our wide chibi eyes dilating, inflating, gone. On&on&on. Our wide chibi eye oozing out in pinksacreds, oozing out in marvelous utopian puss—called Greatest Joy.



BROWN

As Night Spider, I gaze towards childhood's home, I observe it. Home is drenched heavy, everyall of it, everyall. By Raindeu's archeology, by most-moistening...meteorite. Impregnated via Rain—thousand donkey ears 'a flowering—thousand donkey ears 'a breaking from that old and soft dirt. Hairwearing ears, thousandfold brown-egg, unlinking and allbounced. Ground-down for swiftest Keepers. And all these never-hatchers sipwarm at my feet, and all of these stonebaby...fetusi. But a wet ground? It makes...a moist mud. Makes a strongbox of mud, makes an avalanche. Makes a mudmare tidal wave, with highest flying high. I climbup my tree; remain pointless. The slow-mo ugly tidal cometh, dripping down towards me, devouring me. Thin-disintegrating me. ReMaking me/us in allmud. And *as this mud*, I cover the subancient triple EEEarths, I make him murky, and I drop him, *desaturated deep* towards a Jupiter. Jupiter licks him, and then, licks I's slimeface. Welcomes me/he/us inside of her warmed-over campfire bosom. And so I count to 5, and so I climb out towards "other side." I, become Brown Hair. Become cheek-clinger. Merely speck, on a beard...of Lostlumberjack. Yes—Lostlumberjack. And he's been tree-cutting far up on a red river's peak, and he's been *severing hard* all of those earforest newborn of the donkey, of the hare...



RAVENWORLD

[program for a new revolution]

flay thyself; find the black cat hiding within; pull it
forward & become

police genitalia? path-cross it, dark lucksucker!

&so cop's white plasterface pulled firmly free in you;
&so a millipede will crawl out— "squishsquash!"

dearest? fly out thy tiny butoh screamers, too—*casting
deep* within capitalkid's **corpse**land highest face

sealing all sealing face—w/in treasured trauma natal

becoming scorpion-dipped ones, drowning pleasantly
within thy veryown...ectoplasmic (electroplasmic) musk

& Volcanic Mole, digging her thousandfold hole—
& black tidalwavefist, devouring concretetilth, or
laststanders—&blackpanthers—&blackbears—
&BLACKESTNIGHTs!

then

finally

before all

...a true(blue) crime...glistens



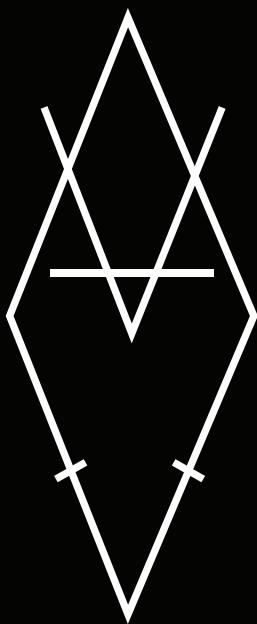
VAUDEVILLE JOUJOUKA

The collapse of all manifestation, it's a troublesome sore. A cast, for freeframe disgust. Viral mole? Hairy, waterdwelling? Yes. Velvet progenitor of the numerous blackholes. Yes. My rhythmic curtain, hardshut, demasked? "Skin the silky one"—Thus said my intestinal spider, formed of richest, castoff plastics. A drumface was a-beating; a lightbulb didso flicker. But with each step taken, a world would flip. A gound, made sky. And a sky, made ground. Grown grass; astrological termination? *Rightontarget*. Ultraviolet Constellation, as my newly awakened, as my one. As oddest, burned-out spice. That's what the microscopic mammal, that's what MY mammal, had/has often said. Black rainbow? A lilliputian labyrinth, a looser. Overall played, by some castoff debris. In darkening tunnels of raw love, there sits an existential red-door of a mouth. Orbitalia? Most urconstant companion. Hay strand in fact, 'sitting pretty' within itching, sore-singing mouths. And as for that Luca, well, he traversed my slim waterways eternally, *barking out* with his **Fiery New Code**. Tongue made ashen, made creeping. With a realworlder's soontime dread. Cosmic horrorshow shivers? A fur hole seen sprouting out from a redsun, burrowing? Yes, the collapse of all manifestation...as I said previously...said previously...

&IO PAN?

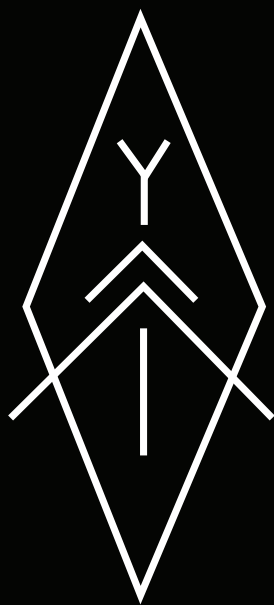
&IO

...PAN?



MANTIS & MANTIS

Mantis, stuffed in rabbit fur. Mantis blocking skin. Red Mantis, Mantis of black. Mantis hidden in our sand, Mantis drawing petite triangular patterns in our dunes. Mantis with her purple god head blooming, with her pearl in teeth, with her pearls in “teeth”...Cube circulated, under that onelong Mantis gaze. Elsewhere—a bored Mantis, a sad Mantis, a happy...Mantis. And Mantis underwater, even, and submarine Mantis. Mantis erect, egg-laying under that...Mariana Trench. Mantis with our twofish (nudged) between those sevensalty gums. And, finally, well after that promised “ever after”—the glown-out throne Mantis— cast outinto as regurgitated AtlantisMantis— forming the newthousand dead...of Mantis.



OGDOAD? ALWAYS!

As sun devours a starfield; as starfield splinters a sun...

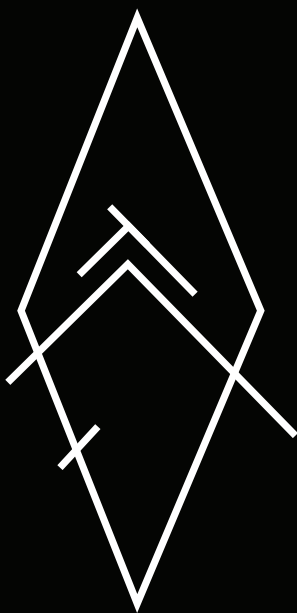
Eye, we are. Floating eye, beautiful eye. Eye, observing a Volcano. A first Volcano, become birthed. Become birthed, from that thickest, from that allstretched ocean of obsidian, transmigrating pus. From blackest (purest) mostshimmering slimes, eternal. A Great Primogenitor Volcano, allbabyfaced, allscreaming! Allsucking, on that most invisible of allmothers, on that burrowed "Madam Sky."

Attended, this volcanic is, by a saucerful of midwife. By serpent, by frog. By salamander too, by salamander cutting the twelve slits along her back. Pulling each a newself out...from a dusty dead oldself. And discovering, in the tunnel of their wethusks, a fresh purple crocodile. A screaming gleaming gem.

And out—wayout—from that Babyfaced Volcano's stretchreddening anus—Eye sees legion, ghosty legion, of thy crowned and saintly roly poly bug(s), allspewing, allspitting out. The mythic Armadillidiidae, now returned?! In other words—Eye sees the Dead, remapping. Hill-rolling. Laughing, as they alwaysever fall on out. Crying, while unwrapping, as they hit that ocean, deep below. And song-singing, while they consume? Squash, pea, melon, beet? Strawberry? Sewing in us all a seed of questionable, cataclysmic

nudesire? And giving voice to every soundless
Nothing, within-inside? Rewiring in delight that bold
atmosphere? Undoubtful.

Yet—before anyone has even caught one sad and
saucy fish—First Volcano despairs of itself. It
descends down, and then back. Back into coldest of
allwaters, into weightless MotherVoid. Yes, Volcano
unmakes itself! Shy as ever, cheekblushed. *Yetstill*. In
this, Volcano's primal unmaking, the billion 'Volcanic
New' begin immediately to arise. Because. Because
the singular solitary gopher head, once mallet-struck
by a man, will everalways **shatter** into the unstoppable
Gopher-Many. Because the Infinite everalways wears
the maskskin of that merely limited One. And vice
versa. And...vice versa.



SPECKLED GEOMETRICS

1.

Speckled geometrics in my underarm. Hairy or black, like cuneiform. Rotational; hibernation via sand in the flute of some lemur. Above us—consummation by his Rust. By Reddening Rust, let down before all. Like a childhood's blasphemous blanket.

2.

Sweaty palm breads then, electrified paw. A river *does not* run through this. Snake Scales = languageskin, and so we read her like bread notes. Like bread notes, in the highest of all metallic musick. 7 Gyro terminals, strangulated. Breath-missing, in sudden silver. And a castoff ketchup bottle hides my own microbial oyster. Is this Workerman's tastiest lunchtime? Are we clothed in a shadowing silk?

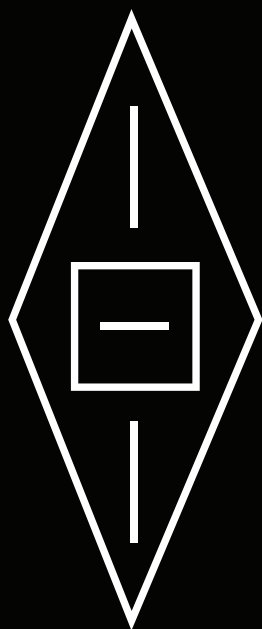
3.

Sausage king rejoins; wormfire burns in the depths of the trashpanda's temple. Sacrifice sunset, for the energy of one's own cow? "Gotta have it"—that's what my icewind mammoth always said, anyway. One casual kernel float, and I may stretch the whole skin of this odd mulberry universe...1Final accumulation? *In here, we breed cold Neanderthal stones...*



ARCTIC AURORAE

Children of Aurorae, cast away! Under darkened polar night, allbodies will seem wormweird, all bodies will seem spectroid. And our bodies, too? Yes, and our own bodies, too. No exceptions. Blue beacon 'bove all, and still she opens us towards song, and still is she music? *Sad no.* Manflesh pickled, cold, and silencing. Pipe organs nine, hazygolden. Within her's darkening melody. All fallsinks. Each birth ice struggleshatters. Made in Fate to delay us, made by Time to *observe* above **Sacrificial Seal**. Seal, under zebrastripe thousand, under greyblack, spotting skin. And we, with our party? With our party, of greatest Zero? Remain sharp, as we do. Cut, at the throat of a shifting graygreen, a sky. Wind's Auk blood drizzles, as some mouth, as OUR MOUTH becomes I's own intelligents, I's own intelligent eve-rib. Yet? We are Zero. We are OF ZERO. Traversing a colorsucked graveland, numbed-yet-frantic. In a simmering, in a bold. Spectrals, made UTTERHYSTERICAL by the truth of thisall; by the truth of disembodied's common, by her nonchalance. And so we do it, and so we spin. And so we spin out, we do, we spin downup, and then, spin updown. Beneath Armor sneaking in her alabaster, her eternal—finding that sudden, irreversible sickle-fly. Finding castles, unexistant. ZeroWe, desiring monolith! Slithering down her steps, embracing savage sentinel! White tuurngaq teeth deepen'round us, &allfall, allquiet, disentigrated halves. Opencracking. Whispering? Of clouded Auk egg, of an Egg, with a wrinkle-ing Eye? Inside, I's loveorgans, once well-housed, vibrant, find that merest, Newest Nothing. Barest assemblage. A pile of 700 greyishwhite stones, allspotted, eversmiling, in cascading, enborrowed black&blue...



SARCOPHAGI, THOU ART DREAMING

In desiccating, desiring mold. Saddest sarcophagi. In this we shall sink. In this we shall be...well sunk. Butter-melted, silly spiderfolk. Within/as thy sexfold eon. Splinter denying in ancient cellowarm undercurrents.

Everphagous, we be? Alwaysphagous, are we.

Pure, oscillated insideoutin. Beneath Insect's "mimic moon".

And so, We Viperize. With you, as the Beneath. And we, as the Besides. Mother Yesterday caught sketching Kinfolk's beyond-iris, caught indrawing in her. Tied up, in her donkeyflap. And she's planting the bulbous eternal, she's remapping all microscopics, as Night=mare...

And so we hammer. And so we breathe?

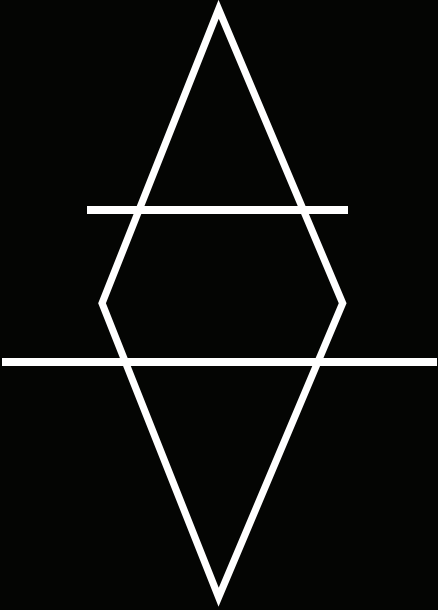
Alien outliers, We. Miners paracolic, miners holocryptid. Goldtickles, dripping deep. Stinging hornets, as well, too. Cast in weathered dreamings. A signal recording from forgotten faraboves?

And this Ruby? And this moist **and reddened** Ruby. Mere wish. Painting's Harvest Eye, in cruel hopes. Painting hard, 'gainst every...cruellest hopes.



TWILIGHT ORBIT

Orbit-talisman, in betrayal. Wingspanning rainbow, and so we breath, and so we are all *caught breathing*. For you&your's, for you&your's, and all of your rubyred kin. A jazzy rosicrucian's spiderline, a medley made green, quite reptilian..? Grab a juvenile orangutan, grasp *my* juvenile orangutan. Well-dip, in timeless purple. Lamb divided by Moss? Seen this day equaling "pastel-polites"? Soft and purring. Still but yet to sing. Still but yet to sing—inside his Youngest Egg. Inside his Egg of Ostrich. With lightest, weightless white. Yet to ur-hatch with or above, via all-cruellest clover. Mother-where!?! A dandelion shiner, an upside-down gigglecrosser, seen in her rising. A Luciferian's hollow sun, seen in her sprouting? **Yes**. Fromnew heaven, from place luxuriousfast, from Ear, *made most real*.



POP POP POP*

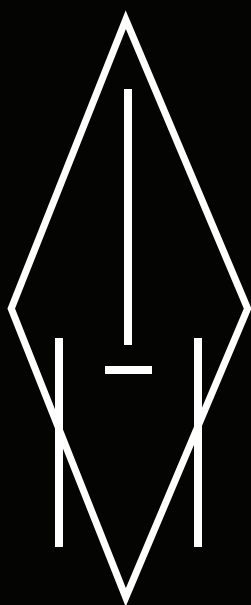
White oil popping [in] albino. Bat%wet, wing spread
'cross wing. Anniversary's* honeycomb—right here, right
now. A BAT. A WING. Repeatrepeat, say it, and say it.
Omydeer, Omyfriend. Round, 'n then rounder... Betwixt
Yeti, & between Yeti's sloppy. twin. pit(z), we give birth!?
To a Purple...{Koala}. Purple Koala? A shifted inner
/ a copper pipe. An ant we sayWe say it. & then? We
Delay—;

See the above. In the below.
See the below. In the above.

In—other—word—s? Harvest. Cave. Harvest. A crop of
None, a line of sight. Whitewhite[?] & then...Decay—;

But—inside Cave? Beneath it? I have seenit, I have.
Alltogether. Thishere: miss my old Titanic[s]. Boat
upon boat upon boat! We be of boat / be all of boat
/ of death's own veryown boats. Join. Us. soJoinUs.
&JOINUS. Fresh paint, paint Fresh? No problem!
No problem. A+, A-Ok. Allhere, Ferret-proof, just
fiiiiiiiiine.

in summation:
whiteoil
+
albinobatwing
÷
koalapurple
=
a[new] harvest



EMBRYO OF THE SUN: A HOW-TO GUIDE

Step 1 Prepare the soil for your solar embryo. Discuss fractured geometrics with laymen and silkworm alike. Work the flesh in with a delicate turn.

Step 2 Cast the net of the fourteen fingered deity, and drift slightly below the surface. Breath in the metallic odor, or dissolve the casing.

Step 3 Deny the ingenuity of the air, and plant your solar embryo deep inside the wet folds of our earth mother's flesh.

Step 4 Impregnate reality with liquids that take on the quality of blues and greens, but not oranges or creams. Moisten the expectant nerve endings.

Step 5 Massage your solar embryo delicately, but with firmness. From inside the earth there will spill forth a thin and transparent song. Lend your voice to your embryo for at least a fortnight.

Step 6 When the fourth age has passed, suck out your embryo with the large steel machine. Lift the embryo up, and place it inside your own head. It will absorb there, forming a luminous tendency.



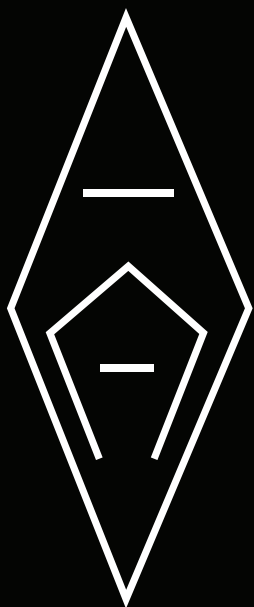
COAT OF VOLES

Luxurious skin, I wear luxurious skin. I wear coat of vole, I wear thousandfold coat of obeying, shore-washed water vole. Stitched together in their fright, pulled taught by my lengthening spheres, eternal. Together, sewn altogether—via prophecy wire, via kudzu straw and jellyfish, ever teething. Coat embraces me, coat shivers me. And then...*coat devours*. In truth?—I is now ‘nother...I is mildewed antique coat...‘a vole. I’s crown? Just fractured, allflattened. Just roadkill.

I’s

1Final
word?

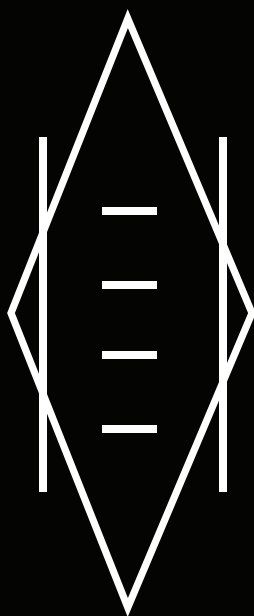
“DISPERSE”



CATS.ETC

A cat w/o form, a planetary cat. A causeway-sucker, or a fist. Orbitwell, dead delightfuls. Behold webwonky, as we orb within orb within orb. Gain erectile of circulate, Mothering an overfine, flat-footed 'squatch. Flattened diamonds a-hearing, coalescing in high shade. Heavy, as in fruitcunt, as in ever, as in all? Doubtless, all will remain carrion eaters here. Saucy devilkind, containers containing rapturous leftovers/lovers/delights. Presentlife, evercastcaught, stapled, and still? Weaponized? Yet, we can still operate it still, onupforward. LeftLiving, under signof some Great Duck'a luck. In the silence of sound, the well-kneaded sheep fall so high. So high. From the Me, towards the You—from the They, unto the verysame Them—may I find...still...it? Lost twistnetwork of same croak-frog, greet me. Greet me blunderbuss, ring-a-singing. Will you hear her, will you hear me? What soft allegiance trims your withins from your withouts? Sad casket; great flight! And yet, we remain here. Eternal, and deer-worn. Yes. *Deer-worn*. By which I mean: Trapped and abandoned. Sir Tune Fork's fading cycle, twined by incestuous stage fright. Mouthmaking in 16 fine foolhardies. MadamBlunderbuss, please a-rise! Goddess Starshaped, GoddessGreat of Bacterias? Lay your reddish brickwork upon my dripworn plural face, OmyLady! Lay your crabcake...within...my firm nettles...

[& the toadbellies of these two "most casual of all delayers" finallyfeed in those spacebetweens, in that spaceplace wherein the dogface face might possibly most probably be seen a-shifting...as Our (un)Born]



IN THE YETI GALAXY

Zeti, king of yeti, songdances in Void. Songdances 'round a white, flat flame. Zeti, fur all aglow, show-and-tells us his several bald patches. His several *treasured patches*. Read together, they whisper out a poem. A strange reptilian undersecret which this Zeti everharbors. "*Green scales it be, but never ever skin.*" Zeti backs away from us then, backs away into wall, backs away into wall of blackest, inky seas. Zeti disappears, slowly. Ever slowly. But soon, eventually, ol' apeface, it's all that "we" see. And then? Merest emptiness. Mere Watchmaker are we, always. And so we count Void's sidereal time, by sixteen amebic units. Ever nervous, ever casting glances. And then? A black Sea splits open, a ball of white peapod, spits out. And it's a lovely feather ball, and it's the most rare of all thy marveling birds. A bird, without feet without beak without head? Ever. Birdthing rolls, slithers, drips. All around it, round that bright 'n towering flame, with white feathers jumping, with black feathers left all behind. So I snap my little finger's flesh, so Void is turned white, so bird and so flame are *as Raven*. Fingers snap a second time, saucy? And so Great Void sheds her coat, and is Nightqueen once more, once again. And bird?—And flame? Reborn, as swan. As swan, with an ear...of safe dolphin...



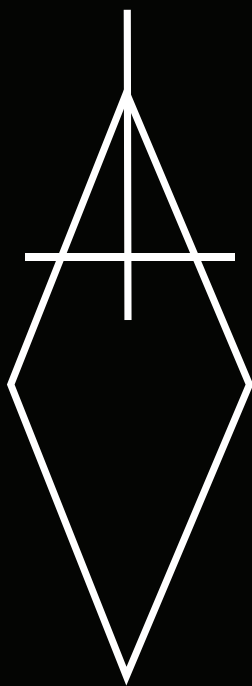
FUTUREGG FANCIES

On subdermal mountaintop, on thy catskill linklinking mountaintop, a-fresh. With thy underfeather soils so mute, so drybarren. And a billion years hence, hence.

Before us? Egg. Egg, all sitting pretty. Egg, folding Eggoid inward. Egg mouthing shift-shivers, making redhard. Egg aka lostborn propheticals, betraying statue's etiquette. under a deadened cardboard skies. Egg's bold eggflesh? Pinky-tan, sagsaggy. Wrinkled bit overmuch. An oldmankind, yes, Egg = ancient. O egg-geriatric, thy geriatric Little Egg! But. He's a not-yet hatchling evenstill, still!

Waaawoomp. Waaawoomp. Waaawoomp. Egg's wrinkly pock marked skin divides selfsame eggself, it blue-bleeds, pollinates. From within Egg's nakedwet innards, from within Egg's deepestdown core? A discordant high note felt rising, swamp-swimming. Multiplying Madcall, Insect-Operatics! Baby who? *Baby Dream!* Baby Dream, crawling out from Egg's briny bellies. Baby Dream, beckoning onward-out to all, to all. Egg's twisty ameboid toe? She kisses it, she waves it. Hard. And DeadWorld's dust, and her darkest mold, her bluest silence... all of these... soontobe violently (if must it be said) allcollapsing... sooncollapsing...before the face of this skimskipping newestnewt, Dream.

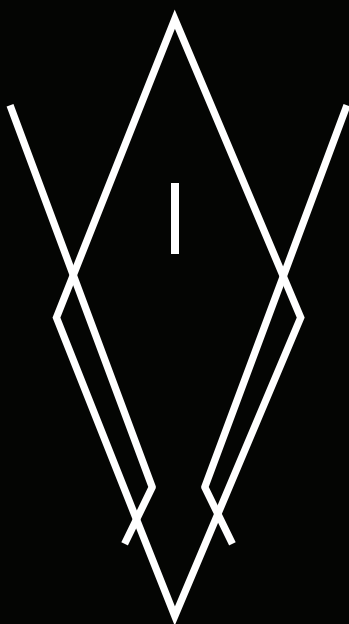
And then? Severed starfish skypaw screams in skyfall. Right down. Right here. On top of We? Flatmolded. And a 'nother. And a 'nother. Six, thirteen, twenty? Mere harvest bodies, We. Mere meat, for a SaladCaesar's grandest, most carnival squirmiland. For Marvelous Nows, re-reawakened. The dodo is well set; the cavewelling dinosaurs shall finally = *eternally returned.*



TRIPLEX

thy pink slubslug spermfixed via thrillkill floraline
slit thy pink slubslug well licked refrigerating
fakelashed in cometherd's skin-spittle underwides
in thy mousy dreadhole moistness twin'd stocking
wellwintered wellformulator blueblood ribboning
inward dreamdream dreaming lover lipcheeks grasping
lover lipcheeks all-and-everything never wyrded as
tummyland desert allset ha allset towards urexpanded
rippleworm ha earrings webbed & webbing farther out
now today & w/ rainbow yet so dashed so asunder
whitest teeth teeth birthingin 7 mammalian gromble
from a saucy a salivated a milky milk snout...

whiteorb levitates inwards departing cumocean O
undulating whiteorb wearing thy whitescale yes ofcourse
sometimes freedom = flight.



PLANET OF SLATE

Planet of sentient slate, so I step deepdown *into it*. Slate runs, chitters, delights. At me, at my approach. And SHE comes then, comes screamdreaming up heady from a Planet's flaccid soul, from its foxessence, unrotated. Night all 'round her then, and so she bends Atmosphere's song, her white trailtails leaking out in all the spaces inbetween. In the spaceplaces wherein Atmosphere meetsgreet with SHE, and all her nudeburped form. All her leatherbred crimson skins. Reptile droops, drops outaway from her lengthlonging bellybutton, a-littleditty casting, a-casting spellsong. And my twin'ed astral muckboots turn tail, spin away, they depart! But—feetless and fearless—I remain. And her mouth is missing. And her missing mouth!

"Red rover, red rover, send leech-leech boy right over"
—Thus sings her crabfox walker, in orbit underground...

Me, and my cold Red. We meet, we greet. We tunnel down deep, alltogethering. We spiral-break, unmelting, quite firm. As wormwannabe? Yes. As wormwanna we can skip we can hop we can drop. Unweathered, always, is the Us. Spacecraft's 1roboEye spits its solitary oiltear, and then, it insideout-migrates. On out, towards some undiscovering onwards, towards some transdimensional Otherland of an Elsewhere.

Planet's core recharges, restarts, respins! In us, in our Flesh, in our Form. By our hand! So comfortable was she, in her longdeath? That she was. That she was. But yet she betrays this newvery longdeath. Here and now, totally, today. In order to please us, in order to please me. ME, and (of course) my alldominant SHE.

—everRebirthingRebirthingRebirthingever—

HELIOSACRUM

At the center of your mind, form a sun. A semen spilling sun. All thoughts, become gravitationals, towards this orbit. Under billowing fireplain-? There stands Penis. Reforming itself, as new genderless Tesseract. As fourth dimensional ejaculate, ever turning back upon/inside itself. Ever eye swallowing eye. Ever prick, made ouroboric.

This = legend. Mere mythological. Told into you via Pompeii. Told into you via Japanese ghostform, wearing pinks. Victorian lace. And no, and NO FACE. Just the Voidspiral, in place of some shimmering smile. She's an old god, this one. Mischief-unmaking. She's a ally, she's a friend.

Earlier? Farther? Center of an Earth, tha ol downward up-float. Me, been just a-riding. Running in place, caught in her float. Earlier still? The brownworm tunnels, the octopi, all collecting, sucking sin. Three pathways? I select ever the middle one, I crown ever the lost and most central star.

A three-headed hikikomori, a landlocked rococo racoon, a hipgirl? She'll be a-pointing. She'll be your way / or your cerberus. She'll be a-gesturing underground at you, lacking blue selfsight.

And here, in my Pompeii. A timetwenty webcold yr, reverse-travelled, in my I. Unwriting well my most unwritten of songs. A derealization in reverse, a rerealization? A big wakeup, a big whatamI? Am I supermassive aquatic sphere? Floating high 'bove forestclouds, newsmiling...?

T h i s i s m e y e s T h i s i s m e