



# MASTERY OF MATTER

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Poems 2025

Cover image by Odd Nerdrum, title: The Cloud

*"Moans round with many voices.*

*Come, my friends,*

*"Tis not too late to seek a newer world."*

- *Alfred Tennyson , Ulysses*

*"To work my mind*

*When body's work's expired"*

- *Shakespeare*

*"From the top of these monuments forty centuries are gazing down on you!"*

*(Siliotti, 83)*

*'History teaches,' wrote Gramsci, 'but it has no pupils.'...*

*"Listening to Hoop, one would think that he was amused by the eroticism of white people.*

*But Tomsson Black didn't think it was funny. . . .*

*This eroticism had made the whites into liars, cheats, thieves, and hypocrites,  
and had proved to be more dangerous than their hatred."*

*Chester Himes, Plan B*

*Motto: "Courage is the mother of all virtues because without it, you cannot consistently  
perform the others."—Aristotle, Nicomachean Ethics*



Prelude:

... As did those feet in ancient time,  
can you grasp, gash, stash and trash  
these Maybelline eyes?

Alast begun:

## Mary's Mosaic

Grudge was it? When mad man Harris arrived at the pumpkin coast in 1853,  
Demanding fair-skinned freens - He claimed "lubricity" wit' him's fiend Henry Heusken -  
Gorge-us Heresy...

Now can you understand the measure off...

No.

Now, can you grasp why the first state, the first stone thrown,

In the western settlement was called "Virgin'ia" ..?

... And all the (record) labels that came after, don't even.. them *entrepreneurs*..

"Bite the apple and we will set you free - from your humanity. You will become divine."

So whispers the vipers. Forever and ever more.

What first was evoked as free will manifest, became a curse,

bound to build freedom alast, wait, wait and you will see..

Don't bother about that 'ol man Churchhell

who used to bring him's own daughter

to diplomatic meetings,

in order to have some 'lever',

in case them wouldn't budge..

If that don't work, (we all know what happens next) -

The "free hand" steps in. Let's just mention Simon Bolivar, and nod in agreement.

Maurice Bishop. So forth, so forth, so forth.

I could make a whole book of the names of the sacrificed. Hampton reads!

But you will never see their tags. Not on this side of the globe..

If you do, they will be portrayed as slain beasts, terrorists, vandals.

All crucified again and again, and again.

That is the wheel of samsara we are locked inside.

They are all buried under the long shadow of the cross. A roman cult of systematic slaughter.

Sacrifice.

All their death do not exist in the eye of the cleric class. Nope.  
Because the goal of their institution, the entire force that drives them forth,  
What they work tirelessly to search out and eliminate - is exactly that.  
“Your loss, is our motivation”

The eternal ultimate sacrifice.  
That grants the authority to rule as though god was locked up inside man.  
Pierced into submission, and put on display in a zoo.  
And if the truth starts to seep out..  
Them get desp’rat ‘n poopst some madman into a position of power,  
Him’s whom’s whims likes sniffies powder princes and fiddles with him’s little niece..

The western colonial project first wanted to conquer the land,  
Then the body,  
Then the mind.  
By burning down, pillaging, raping, looting and demolishing anything pre-existing,  
Leave yet another gab for us to stuff full of crap..  
We haven’t changed, and we’d do it again.  
Actually, we are doing it again.  
Right now.  
In reality we never stopped.  
One long ongoing project of extermination. We could say it’s lasted 500 years,  
Some might say 1000.  
Others 2000.

“Rest safe my child, the cross will forgive and forget,  
Anything you have done can be undid,  
We will turn your rags into gold. You will be reborn,  
Resurrected” ...

“everybody knows me now”... The Faustian curse.

Zombie state of mind..

Enjoy your podium... dead.

t’Hence be the gordian knot, which maintains, manifest.

We will make saints out of sinners and sinners out of saints,

Narrative. Narrative. Narrow terves..

Control the katabastic cross of ’NOW!” and “HERE!”

And you will own the world..

Maybe Emir Kusturica wasn’t too far off when he said “WWIII will start with the Pentagon bombing RT.”

Instead, they just lifted the veil of deception and showed their true colors to their own people by starting to censure what they deem *misinformation*, and the people ate it raw...

Imagine that power...

That is the rule which we have wrought!

Summoned from the depth.

Them deep distant flames...



*L'Ami du peuple*

Hoo! goes it, goes it not?  
ask not h'wen, put h'wai?  
'tis not be it claim, in vein,  
and plastering up above  
'or be it, at all.

It is not whence to befall,  
but rather ask'm, ask'm,  
why don't you ask'm.  
said the boy.  
And then go on and ask again.  
Keep askin'  
you'll realize,  
they know not, but knew it all along,  
adjust to 'no answer' -  
sat down dissatisfied,  
untill flames brought forth the boil!  
and water cools it down..

disqualified!

Goethe called it  
The neptunists vs. the vulcanists  
I call it dirty dialectics,  
and I ain't afraid,

'cause I believe in reason 'n dialogue

## The captive mind

Was it a Casserole that came  
cataphatically flying  
through the roof?

Catabastic!

was it? was it not?

Unidentified words of wonder ...

To a tranquilizer, what is tranquility?

**Operation legacy:**

British high-seated efforts to eliminate any proof of their imperial *wrong-doings*, mildly put...

They straight up just burned the archives,

All the way from Malaysia to India, to Kenya, Ghana, the Caribbean, Argentina,

Surely also Australia and New Zealand,

but there, like much elsewhere, the narrative's already 'Settled' (pun intended)

through extermination, same ol', same ol'

In some lucky cases they'd just steal the documents and lock them up back in the UK.

Anything that might "embarrass her majesty" - Away wit' it. So they said. So they did.

"sift the documents" they call it..

Fuckers.

Thank you Audra Diptée, (I mean it)

I'm pissed.

The empire upon which the sun never set...

Because God would never trust them in the dark.



## Spears of influence

Sit down, said the masked man,

Splag

Sit down, I said, he said again in a harder tone

Splash.

Then he sighed loudly with joy, licking him's lips clean.

NEXT!

I don't think, therefore I am become, againe

See the so-so and the silhouettes

Are they not frantic

As they skip a beat in high distress?

Hop-scotching towards some delusional goal..

Is it? Is it not?

Should I say that I am simply swimming

Or would it render me un-obliged?

First part: the senses

Vision, limits, frame, body – beyond

Daun't y'aa give mee dat ol' Kantian soup ,

It aint slurpin' like it used to

Al-Ghazali already called da bluff

And you ain't swimmin wit them chickpeas

Dialectics between dogma and the divine

What even is it?

This thing that exists?

A Neuma? Does that amount to what?

Creation? - Is that in reality an act or is it simply an ongoing expression of an interim instant?

Where we stand. Somehow always, never beyond, never before, only there,  
with what was and what will become,  
all, far out of reach.

Yet, we stand strong.

Because isn't it quite amazing

This  
life – with a lowercase 'L'



Odd Nerdrum

Twilight at the sea,

Are we waiting for the fall?

“Art is talent’s treacherous friend,  
For talent is associated with life”

So he said

Death's statelessness, a latch of time's most precious jewels<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Think this was said by Omar El Akkad in an interview with Chris Hedges, it was in my notes, it sounds too profound for me to have written it, but I cannot remember exactly where it is from.

## The dynamic and the static

Will we even wave when we meet, or simply just say it as it is?

Whisper it from beneath our tongues, unnoticed, slowly let it slip.

Could it be, in any possible way, that we were yet to falter and breach?

All I can say is, I do not know, but do we disagree?

Aim it was, an aim to see, the sudden road that led to heresy.

Here say, tickles commoners' toes, as all they weigh'n is laughter's stain.

Am I here yet, or have I gone astray?

A sudden hand upon my shoulder calls forth

A leap down memory lane, is it not so?

A voice quietly calling:

“Hi, how's it been?”

## Fort Bragg

How easy is it not to say a word?

“Barathea”

Just like that

“Barathea”

It’s done.

But have you yet fathomed,

dressed yourself in the weighty garments?

And all that lies beneath.

The mourning. The ambiguous laughter.

You say it’s easy.

I say “ease” as I erase what I’ve learned,

because first then,

No one can take it away.

“The true man in ancient times knew neither the joy of life nor the sorrow of death”

- Zhuangzi

## Militant optimism (ode to Ernst Bloch)

Sitting here reading Andre Vltchek, gasping for air,  
realizing the achievements of empire,  
the complete control of a highly educated intellectual idiocracy,  
'tis is what we call 'democracy' – where the "experts"  
Coming straight from the dungeon of sacrifice onto the screen,  
still soaked in blood and bits of flesh,  
reading the script that turns reality upside down,  
when the screen turns off they laugh a laughter  
that would make Jafar sound like a Teletubbie.  
And anyone out in society who mentions the blood on the screen,  
will be immediately picked up by the PET and send to.. God knows where..

We stand before two roads,  
Revolutionary optimism, historical progress  
Or  
Western nihilism, total chaos through eternal war.

The name of the article is: Brainwashing versus education: The West Spreads "intellectual idiocy"

## INTERMEZZO

//Commercial break(reminder):

**Bomber Harris, all them Harrises causing so much havoc!**

“As Mike Davis recalls, initial discussions of singling out the mansions of the Nazi political and industrial elite were vetoed by Lord Cherwell, Churchill’s chief scientific advisor, who worried that this might prompt the Luftwaffe to hit back at the country houses of the British ruling class. ‘The bombing must be directed essentially against working-class houses,’ he urged, reaching for the justification that the houses of the wealthy ‘have too much space around them, and so are bound to waste bombs.’”

...

This was even decades after another Harris invented the term “carpet bombing”,  
Where he tested the first war planes in the distant deserts on poor villagers,  
Mainly women and children, shooting them all down for sports,  
As they ran into the local lake for safety. Another bloodbath, oh how many..

Here’s what he said when he was bombing Iraq in the 1920’s:

One of the earliest examples of "carpet bombing"—indiscriminately bombing large areas—was in **Iraq (Mesopotamia) in the 1920s**, particularly against revolts by Kurdish and Arab tribes. Harris reportedly **mocked the victims** of these bombings, later boasting:

**"The Arab and Kurd now know what real bombing means. Within 45 minutes, a full-sized village can be practically wiped out and a third of its inhabitants killed or injured."**

This brutal strategy was a forerunner to his later tactics in World War II. He and other RAF officers saw aerial bombing as a **cost-effective** way to control colonial subjects.

It was. But it ain't. But it is.

Newness never wrought,  
In the eye of progress,  
Only h'wat comes next  
Is a step towards approach.  
We ain't never landing, never stopping,  
Better keep going or be taken over,  
It is, but it wasn't, as it won't be.  
But you got lost.  
Better keep afloat or step down.  
Sink about.  
It.  
Zing sparkles.

## Sagetrieb

Naught and naily they nimble at the uncut brass,  
Reels rolling across lands of unknown brights -  
It calls forth what in Danish is known as 'gaze',  
Which in English is 'gauze', like this healing fabric rolled out across the plots  
But more correctly, should it not be written 'gage', so I think it anyways.  
Like the gauge of a repeating train-line-drum, going:  
Badabum, badabum, badabum,  
Every time it races over the *sleepers*, keeping us awake.



## The development of the revolutionary self - (Ode to Ali Shariati)

Backflip fumbling

I say wrought, feel it not.

Penalty Parisians go hammering down the rails,

Meanwhile, all the stopples are plugged in, as each hew sets them straight.

To hew, to hew, to hew.

Mr. Jones, oh nay, have they again wrought another *laissez-faire* fool

To enter the hall and ask'em whisky games...

"When'ce whil you build da bomb?"

"we never wanted a bomb, we simply want to live"...

Together we will dismantle the anti-dialectic,

Smile at the crossroads where rationality collides.

## The evolution of “why?”

Trauma, trauma, trauma studies

That’s their aim.

They know. Trauma will ignite disorder across generations,

Giving them enough space to push the youth to their side,

Through bribes and privileges.

“Come to our side”

“Look at your petty parents holding on to their history,

You don’t need them, you need us, we can make you a star.”

These forked tongues all whisper the tune of the diabolic.

So if you ever wondered why. Why the empire goes through the effort of mass murder and eternal war. Except for the fact that they simply seem to be addicted to the slaughter.

They do it to exterminate any reminiscent of anything that came before us, the west.

Only when there is no history left, can we completely shape reality after our own ideals.

This is their goal. But trust me on this. They will never succeed.

They will never kill the “why?” that rises from every dissonance.

## Critizens #5

What the Roman Empire did to Christianity

Is what the 'western world'

has done to Marxism

Killing all the proponents

Rewriting popular tradition

into a new frame that fits the order

of what appears as a new "progressive" light

Carrying forth the same old shadows of deceit

R.M. Rilke (1875 – 1926), a Bohemian – Austrian poet, is a good case in point. He writes in one of his poems that:

"Does the ore feel trapped in coins and gears?

In the petty life imposed upon it, does it feel homesick for earth?"

## Murder of Seth Rich (Assange's source)

They tend to always make sure the first hit on a google-search opens with the line “right-wing conspiracy”. That way they make sure no one in their right mind would ever look into the details concerning cases they don't want you to stick your nose into.

This is exactly why the only little needle hole of reality you are exposed to in the mainstream is through neatly narrated controlled opposition; they want some madman like that “info wars” guy to bring forth all that could potentially hurt the empire, and then wrap it up in the most absurd conservative nonsense. This is an old strategy, and oh boy, is it efficient.

They simply already got your mind tied up in a knot, and you will come crawling back to the boot that's stamping you down because you surely aren't affiliated with such elements of lunacy!

Let me tell you one thing, being a conspiracy-denier is a much much worse thing than being a conspiracy theorist – because at least we challenge the discord and look to shape our own conclusions. All that nonsense about aliens and stuff, we can easily dismiss, because in the end, reason prevails. Reason is not “sit down, shut up and do as we say”

Bush even said it once, half joking, I assume:

“if you do not believe what we tell you to believe, we'll kill'ya”

## Critizens #6

Was it not so that I fell,  
Under the floorboard,  
I found you sulking,  
Together we broke through again,  
Made our way back up.  
Here we hear again,  
Them same old calls,  
Weighing in with broken brackets, like  
“chem, who are you to speak?”

## Antar and Abla

On certain days things just ain't that simple

Like stepping out on a sunny day and realizing it's raining

From a clear blue sky

How.

That's the question.

On one of those days it so happened that I, Antar, spumbled upon a new friend, who I would soon come to know as Abla.

## Ways of War'king

Have you ever wondered why the infrastructure in the west is crumbling?

It's strategic, they don't want you to be able to travel, they just want to keep their monopoly on trade, and keep you locked up in your chair. Away from friend and family.

Let me tell you something about power, it begins like this "Who rule the waves!"

It's a tale that leads us back to the british empire, the East India Trading Company,

The original spangled banner...

The facts are, the current global economic system is still upheld by sea trade,

There exists a theory of the two zones,

what Mackinder called the maritime and heartland.

## Ratlines

Do you believe this to be my vault of vanity?

And no.

I am not consumed by hate,

I am fired up by rage!



## The Cadaver Synod

Everything is healing noicely in *Hotel Terminus*

Killing hope

More often than not

The question becomes

What is left?

People don't tend to see it,

They simplify

Neglect

Recklessly...

## The Ideology of Democratism

Ignorance, fanaticism, superstition

Boiled together into a bitter-bland soup

of simple blatant anti-human values,

values that would nod it's head saying 'mah',

when bombing an entire continent to ruins

killing millions of innocent families

causing many millions more to flee their ancestral homes,

makes the gas prices go down,

"oh well, I guess the price is worth it"

we've all been Albright'd

## The Frank Olsen Case

You've been Camp De'tricked eh'm

Truncated

Genop, - ome, -sizzled

## Dao'bt or no Dao'bt

The biggest difference between  
fiction and reality,  
is,  
that,  
in reality the CIA would never  
leave the good guy locked up in a room,  
with a chance of escape -  
this is the biggest propaganda twist,  
that the entertainment industry has taken patent on,  
they know you hunger for exactly that moment  
and serve it to you as a little drop of dopamine  
As you sit there locked to your screen  
– That's why they got rid of Aristotle's essay on "comedy"  
In reality they'd...  
They'd even level the town where he or she lives, or lived, or will live,  
you don't even know that they done it, do it all the time,  
the most scary part is actually that the main purpose for them  
is to keep you ignorant about this,  
is that they know the moment you realise that potential exists,  
you unlock your own, Become a *Monad*,  
because we all posses this touch of God, in its grandest sense,  
but they want it for themselves,  
only then can they construct reality in their image.  
Then they'll find you, level the building,  
hunt down your family members,  
Anything to get within range of fire  
And take out the core of any resistance,

be it militant, verbal or simply alive -  
Chub it up, and devour it,  
crucify any sign of real action  
Until the masses got nothing left but  
“Yes master”,  
yet they always fail, beacuse reason prevails,  
and they boil with hate because of this,  
this is why they loath anything divine,  
their demonic nature is in reality nothing, non-existence,  
they are only defined by everything they are not.  
the anti of anything we can deem good.

Comrade or canister?

To be born inside a blessing of burdens and bargains,

how lively and lovely it is to be.

Blessed in bliss ! Birthed in piss!

...

Flattening of the Zaytoun neighborhood, including the Old City of Gaza.

...

What are we but tainted trinkets

Caught in a solar war

Maddening clash of scrutiny, in't it?

## Guldlækkert

Nogle nogen, er der.

Et barn er født i Nephlihim

Monad-månen kaster skyggeglans

På hjulets træmmesøm

Der trætte triller, trummelum, trummelum..

Last part: The Organs





## The Soul and the City

The dialectics of the universal  
begins by refusing the notion  
of claiming to fathom the universal,  
only by dialectically accepting

    The limited scope of analyzing your own bound reality  
can you live by the hope  
    that someone else, somewhere else,  
might

        grasps theirs.

That's where we meet across all boundaries. Where our ecosystems collide.  
Beyond.

If *your* dialectical reality calls for revolution,  
    if *your* dialectical reason sees injustice  
        in all structures of power,

That surrounds YOU,  
you tear down what weighs YOU down.

    When grasping this materialist reality, locally bound  
        what surrounds YOU,

        A frustration in itself caused by a deeper spiritual strangulation,  
        the masses will then not follow like a mass,  
    but rather like a body of functioning organs,  
where diversity carries

        out different purposes  
you will rise and heal yourself from sickness.  
somewhere else

    other structures might appear, that you perceive as a reflection of your chaos,  
but here, there's no viruses infecting its airways,

if they were to be infected,  
then they'd have to cleanse themselves. But that's not up for you to decide.  
Is that not the way of the dao?  
The eternally changing flow of everything we deem concrete?  
The last few millenia, Since the total purge of great minds like Purphyry, Hypatia..  
The western institutions have followed one doctrine, and it's name is:  
**Full spectrum dominance!**  
Could I grackle and deliver,  
What is it that it does,  
The myth of a Count of Monte Cristo  
Who reveals the true face  
of the European hero: *the myth*  
Again, he's only allowed to live in a myth.  
In reality he'd be left to rot in that prison cell.  
Maybe that's why we love the story.  
If only someone like him could stumble upon a hidden treasure on some abandoned island  
And bring justice to the criminals running the metropolis.  
Because, is not the entire structure of our so-called  
"Civilization", centered around eliminating  
All elements of a true Monte Cristo to rise  
Bringing justice into this world  
struck by oh so sick a disease  
It wears down the most hardened of hearts, just thinking about it.

Kurt Cannibal salivating at  
"unleashing a magnificent symphony of death!" in Korea

## The Vampire Lestat

the blatant terrorist attacks on Kazan

Shows the true nature of this, yet another,

US war..... it's a war against BRICS,

Just like ww1 was ignited by the brits

As a weapon against a new economic connection between Germany and West Asia.

Pipelines and power.

Nunarput

Can, cut, wood or shoot

Ain't it fine, to be out here

On a sunny morn'

Tickled by antecedents, antenna

Favored by fate, flavored by

A triptych of words

modernisation/modernity/modernism

Rich and rancid

The western civilisation is driven by a hunger

A hunger for flesh and blood

This cunning call I could have drought

Every nation should treat US tech the way The US treats Chinese tech

(not a poem, just a statement, I will write it two times to get the point through)

Every nation should treat US tech the way The US treats Chinese tech



Hieronymo's mad againe

Hugo Hrrotius

The true essence of freedom,  
Is it not to be allowed  
to reach your own conclusions

## Ode to the east wind

*"The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"*

- *Shelley*

Rascals of regime change,  
thou taste is that of failure, fissure,  
'tis is it so, the totality of downtrodden, rise.

## Signal Gate

Signal gate,  
grey goons gotta grrrr,  
Fart little flatheads, emoji-ton  
In tumtum land.

## Mad King of Kiev

There's a house upon a hill,  
So what... twat.  
'Tis not the peak of primitivism?  
Hyper-individualisation  
The complete riddance of any context  
Neo-liberalism is exactly this,  
But reconstructed primitivism into  
Techno Panopticon of Paranoia  
Supply chain of non-stop nonsense.  
Tease the means of distraction!  
Oh look how'm shiver and howl.  
Please, please the means of destruction!

## Nylon Mask

We do not hold no values  
But abundance  
We do not share no culture  
But abundance  
We do not know solidarity  
But abundance  
We do not care for none  
But abundance  
When this overflow of stimulus abruptly  
Stops  
The slaughter house will open up... once again..  
If we ain't capable of gettin' everything,  
everywhere all at once,  
We'll burn all the archives,  
Tear down all foundations of international law,  
If we ain't drowning  
in overconsumption  
Our entire mental map crumbles apart  
All we're left with is a darkness gap,  
an image of our own past...  
Saturn bites..  
The realisation of our delusions, as they pop,  
Suddenly, we'll see the supreme nature  
of all the civilisations  
we've been exterminating for centuries,  
How have they withheld?  
When they couldn't just eat, eat, eat,

Eat it all away.. When we starved them through sanctions?..  
If there is a slogan for the delusions of western “progressiveness”  
in the 20th century  
it must be:  
“Pleasure will set you free”  
So whispers the viper in the ears of the naive..

## Summoning satan

The goal of the extreme centre  
At this current moment  
Is to eliminate all voices of descent  
Destroy all remaining elements of reason  
While simultaneously  
Through third parties and media control  
Censorship, promoting  
The Rhetoric of the far- far- right  
All their hopes are put on one single bet:  
To summon some monster  
that will make  
their crimes look like a walk in the park -  
Is this not the ouroboros of western civilisation  
Over-go the atrocities of the past, Then,  
The same old regime claims victory and victim  
As they project an image on a wall  
Of them on a white stallion  
Spearing a wicked dragon,  
When all they did  
Was to beat down their own creation..  
their own true face... Over and over again..

## Why aren't you in The Hague?

War is a vessel  
At least so it has become  
With which  
An alienating system  
Causes human beings  
To leave all symptoms of  
Sympathy and solidarity  
Behind...

War is a vessel  
With which  
They finally feel  
They can show  
Some vague version  
Of inner human dignity,  
Humility and grace..  
This they do though  
through  
Humanitarian interventions,  
(aka. unprovoked terrorist wars of aggression)  
“We need to help the women! The children!”  
Oh how you are manipulated,  
But because of it being your vessel of compassion,  
You donate.. you vote...  
Legimize their systemic destruction,  
Slowly, like a parasite, it eats away your soul..  
“..and now, take part in our pleasure,  
Our ritual of mass extermination.”



The blood bath of Elizabeth Báthory,  
She learned her ways in London...  
This is how all the european kingdoms were founded..  
The "Rose" they went to fetch deep down in Rome..  
Your participation is the force that legitimises  
The on going mass murder...  
You balloting the box,  
Is the force that sweeps over the crimes.  
You are the confession booth  
With which the criminal entities called "politicians"  
wash their hands, rid them of their sins,  
Like Pontus Pilate avoiding any grudge  
By making the masses apove the murder  
Of a man trying to speak truth to power...

## 215 bodies in unmarked graves outside Mississippi prison

Just another day in the mass murder, genocidal, blood-soaked,  
Capital of school shootings,  
Criminal entity, Mecca of organised crime,  
Global capitalist syndicate,  
War addicted murder machine  
hunting profits for blood,  
Master Don,  
Mafioso state  
commonly known as the  
protectorate of democracy!  
United Snakes of Ah?  
The place where voices of descent  
Are eliminated , silenced, crucified  
Erased from history,  
Before they can even blink.  
There's a permanent state  
in western Civilisation  
It's name is Bob and it wears a papal hat,  
It contains every element of horror  
The Janus face of deceit,  
With forked tongues  
We proudly call it freedom.

## Roles and rights

Is it here?

Do you hear?

The silence.. Is it there?

I still see posts of falling bombs,

Blasts!

Cold kids dressed in blood in the morgue..

Can they breathe?

Will they be allowed to breathe? again?

What does this ceasefire deal entail?

Will the illegal genocidal entity...

What even is that question..

Of course they won't,

But maybe, just maybe,

They've been forced to their knees.

All I see are the Martyrs:

They live.

## Ekpyrosis

Bloody Blair's ol' minister of war  
Caught wit' him's panties in a letterbox  
Give'm, snip'm wit a rusty spoon  
"I'm war" Kaplan, go sailin'  
But, as Savage Saville,  
the holy halo behind Starmer's head,  
He'll frain,  
because him be'n 'ol fraighnd of that hag  
named Charles with a heavy chasm  
on him's heed  
Tis no bad apple, this no freak accident,  
Tis' status quo,  
In realism tis' the core  
    of this feudal-clerical civilisation  
Which we've come to name "the west"  
Ekpyrosis, must be what ya'll wish,  
waiting for  
Fear  
Is that not the day of justice?  
When all will be forgotten  
    and only memory remains

## Ablaze

“Feed’st thy light’s flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.”

-        Shakespeare Sonnet 1

Was not the name of this branded foe Ablaze?  
Did he not ravage everything in sight?  
Is it not time to rest and send a’forth a new  
Calmer sun, that breathes the waters warmth  
And cools the evening breeze?  
While setting as it settles daily deeds,  
Embracing every abandoned fool,  
To teach him how to fish.

Who will remember this branded foe,  
When all is said and done,  
Unless he sets us all a blaze,  
Then no more songs be sung.  
*His* horror and destruction,  
Will at least, at last, be gone.

## Entelechy

Progress in motion  
anchor, anchor, anchor down  
that kernel of reason.

Don't let then drown you in despair,  
If you end up claiming "irrationality"  
you haven't done your homework,  
That simply means you have given up.

Everything stems from a seed of rationality,  
The problem is,  
grasping what we are up against,  
the Churchillian, house upon a hill,  
A hissing core, demonic force,  
what he called  
"A truth so important, so precious,  
It must be protected by a fortress of lies"

A stiff upper lip,  
I wonder if that was what he told himself  
As he handed over his own daughter  
as a lever for negotiations,  
that's "british diplomacy" for ya'.

## Chaos in the Levant!

The truth is my weapon

And I resist.

Nothing here contains longing,

Nothing, simple as that,

Zero. No aspirations.

a new day, a new fix.

and on and on we go.

I see no depth to any position,

Any seat, any profession.

All sneaky, phony,

magician tricks pulled out of a hat

Vanishing into thin air

as soon as the show is over,

Chaos.. Chaos...

Is that really all we are? Chaos?

Every level of this pyramid,

is simply just a sell-out seat,

Unless you're stuck at the bottom

Doing the hard work,

But so entrenched

That you buy into the fairytale,

Despite knowing to the core of your bones,

That something's rotten in the State of Denmark,

No, no, better buy into some broken ideal

Of a Cutie Kingdom

Utopia on earth! Hurra!

Wake up!

.. Chaos! I tell ya. Chaos.  
That is what we are!  
And your brain is stuck in short circuit,  
So you can't even smell it!  
Oh what a stench!  
As above, so below,  
That is us, our mantra,  
Our foundation,  
As long as everything here,  
At home, is divided and as good as dead,  
So will it be everywhere we roll out our rule..



## Deny, Defend, Depose

To a newly bound brizzle  
Even a breeze'll seem  
like some divine intervention  
As the curtain dances along the wall.  
Ain't it fine: deny, defend, depose.  
If matter be but frozen light,  
What then is the action taken  
To turn this sentiment  
This vapor, ideas,  
Frustrations,  
Tensions, sufferings,  
Deaths,  
Into material hardened rock.  
What we might call: Action.  
Deny, defend, depose.  
Are we but lost sheeple  
trying to make our selves the herd  
as any voice that rises, clutching pearls,  
of common sense, is massacred in plain sight,  
until we again drown in madness' delight!

## Murder in Moscow

When Rushkin met the blind man  
And Plutus guided him afloat  
All things fell apart...  
What chaos,  
Unseen provocation,  
After provocation, and another provocation,  
The taoist monks sit and wait,  
As their opponents scrape out thier own eyes,  
Screaming into the void: “how could you?!”  
.. “how could you?!”  
Hitherto unseen levels of hypocrisy,  
All rules have been abolished,  
Entering untethered territories...  
Roadside picnic in the Zone  
Where all rules of nature collapse..  
These western loons  
Must long for their own demise  
Their soulless cadaver  
Is simply a simping talking head,  
Willing to sacrifice it all,  
Just to end their own suffering,  
To keep the world from knowing  
The depth of their crimes...

## The southern oblivion

“This is democracy”

said the sword to the neck.

Bow, Now bow.

Or end up like your brother.

We killed. Your sister. we killed.

Your children. we killed.

Understand: this is democracy.

Bow, now bow. Or else.

If goodness should befall,

We shall be displeased,

Sabotage all your leads,

If evil, oh! If evil should befall! Rejoice!

We Rejoice!

Then, hear yammering from the highest seat,

As another beat broken soul's

summoned to the Santo Sede.

“The longer my sorrow goes on, the sooner it will turn into gunpowder.”

- An To-Won

