AUTISTIC LICENSE, BOOK 5 of 13
Written by Steven E. Hostottle

Autistic License is book 5 in a 13 book series of various forms of writing, and is the first book I wrote in prison in 2004 and 2005. I've always used writing as a form of therapy to rid myself of negative thoughts and emotions, and there is strong language and dark ideas in what you are about to read.

Each book contains 4 chapters of 13 poems each, along with introductions to each chapter and notes for each poem to pre-answer any questions, or to add to the story. But in this online format I decided to publish all 52 poems as one book without the chapters, introductions or notes. The reason being is to give you the reader incentive to buy a hard copy of this book so that I can earn a little scratch so that I can afford to type up the other books I've written.

My hope in all of this is to help support myself while in prison since I'm basically indigent, and to put something away for the future in case I'm ever released, and maby take a by mail creative writing course to improve my writing skills. (TDCJ does not pay its inmate labor force).

I thank you for your time in reading this material and I hope you enjoyed it. I would be interested in knowing what you think of it, and I can be reached at the following address using snail mail, because I'm not online.

I just wanted to add that Autistic License is not intended to make fun of or put down anybody with this disease, and to me this a serious subject because it effects someone in my family.

Sincerely

Steven E. Hostottle
TDCJ # 1133889
9601 Spur 591
Amarillo, Tx 79107
Acid, yes I said acid, I did acid,
It's LSD, peyote, mescaline, and mushrooms,
I love trippen especially on ecstasy.

I did acid, I said acid, acid I said,
it's a mental twister, can you cope?
deviously sinister, it's the real dope.

Acid, yes I said acid, I did acid,
it's a delusion of your reality,
an illusion of mental instability.

I did acid, I said acid, acid I said,
it's insane, all of you seem deranged,
there is no pain, everything seems strange.

Acid, yes I said acid, I did acid,
it's all different, you'll never be the same,
and this poem is unashamed and untamed.

I said I did acid, yes I did acid,
it's in your mind now, like a never ending show,
this hallucination never really ends you know.

Oh yea baby, it's acid, lets do acid.
Screamscape I

I live in the nightmares of my dreams,
watching the end, hear my screams.
I awake with a start as the world ends, again and again,
a thousand times a thousand, it begins again and again.

What do you want to know about my nightly show?
will it end in a nuclear glow? or over time so slow?

Tell me what I see in these broken times of reality?
where all is one, and one is all.
Tell me what I hear in these spoken crimes of history?
where we fall, when we stood so tall.

Lost in this hell that is my mind,
nightly I seek that which I'll never find.
Lost in this insanity that is my mind,
nightly I seek the sanity I'll never find.

Reality is a lie, and time is the fire of death where we burn,
and eternity is the unknown course.
Reality is a truth, and time is the fire of life where we learn,
and eternity is the divine force.

I sleep to leave this place, I weep and grieve this fate,
I scream in horror at this place, I dream to escape this fate.

Now it's the end again, another night, another disaster,
back where it begins again, another night quickens faster.
Now is the warning again, we didn't listen the first time,
back where it ends again, we don't care about our crime.
I.D.W.F. 12/2/03

I don't want fortune, I don't want fame,
I don't want the torture, I don't want tamed,
is this truth or is this a lie? do we really die?
can I really fly?, or is it all in my mind?

Am I tripping, nerves gripping, mentally slipping?
is all of this a mental projection? like a computer
simulation? or an over reaction to this over stimulation.

I don't want these dreams apart of me,
I don't want no part of your society,
I don't want your feelings of pity,
I don't want no part of your reality.

Is it to late for me? or has it just begun?
have I forsaken the sun for the darkness in me?
here I am alive and aware, but can only sit and stare
out the window at a life I can no longer share.

I don't care anymore as I wait for death,
don't try to save me as I take my last breath.
I will never transcend as I continue to descend
further down until I'm buried in the ground.

Is there a soothing light at the end of my life?
or is it just the sparkle of the knife
that stabs deep into my heart of despair:
cutting away the darkness to these feelings I share?
This is not the end, here is where it really begins. Now that I have your attention, I might as well mention the rise and fall of civilization. We're not the first, but we could very well be the last as we lose control of all definition to what life really is, and what we're really meant to be. I can see our expansion into the vast reaches of space and beyond, and I can see our tragic demise by the use of atomic bombs.

Lusting for money, power, sex and drugs, all of these things that feel so good and right are the very things we're willing to fight, kill and maim. Whole nations, millions of people are going insane for these things so fleeting and vain. Yet those in power push this on us to keep us entertained by these worthless endeavors. While they maintain the puppet strings on the ones we voted into office to control our societies direction.

We're nothing but meat in their grinder to feed the ones who know what they stole from us as individuals. Caught up in their materialistic mass production of the consumer items they tell us we need or want to desire, leading us into the mire of life long debt. Chaining us down like slaves to work for a meager wage as our lives are slowly drained away.

While the wars they start is paid in full by their banks making loans to both sides to propagate the tension. As the innocent victims hide in the trenches and bomb shelters from the helter skelter of power out of control, destroying heart, mind and soul. Is this all we're meant to be? slaves of the mind as they sew these deceptions into the very fabric of mankind.

So is it true that all we hold dear is nothing but a lie to keep us in line? Yes! This is a truth we fear to face, and we know, but we think it's all a show like on TV. It's effects don't concern us, because the TV tells us how we should feel, who to vote for, and how to make a deal. All the wonderful ways we can make our lives into what they want us to be. By distracting us with these pleasures as they steal the treasures of our lives, and our very being until our demise into the grave.

Even then our children will continue to pay for all of the mistakes we made in our lives. While the horror of the world leads them astray by misdirection and beautiful lies of misrepresentation of their laws, that will help build their concentration camps from sea to shining sea. To lock up all those who oppose or disagrees, becoming a threat to their complete control of world affairs.

Can it be stopped? or are you too high to even care? Being so caught up in the glittering show with no time for the future. The present is all you know with no plans beyond today's TV shows. With nothing to say about all that I revealed to your mind that seems to be blinded by the lights and sounds of the world stage. So with these facts I will leave you for now, along with these thoughts and the TV remote for now, so sit back and enjoy the show.
December Moon  12/21/03

The December moon shines bright through the tree's simulation of death. Casting strange shadows on the snow so white, like the steam of my breath. Cold is the night as I walk across this frozen landscape caught in winter's grip like the cold depths of fate.

I stop and look around in wonder, knowing the life of summer is sleeping beneath this icy realm. Waiting for the warmth of spring to wake up the life within, but until then the darkness of winter steers the helm.

In this cold dark night is where I feel that I belong, shivering in a sudden breeze I try to remain strong. Living in the shadows of life afraid to stand in the light. I feel like I'm neither here or there just living in the twilight of my life.

The stars shine bright, like a million blinking eyes, as the snow sparkles under the light of the full moon. Where the lines are drawn tight between the dark and the light. This is my life revealed under the cold white light of the December moon.

All of this churns in my mind as I hitch hike along this old Kentucky road in the middle of the night. I have no place to go, and no place to rest my weary head, or lighten this heavy load. Now the moon has been obscured by clouds and it begins to snow.

I walk alone through this frozen night, following route twenty seven until the morning light. With a white lifeless waste all around me, and somehow I feel this is a reflection of my life to be.
I, Bastard 12/26/03

I'm the bastard haunting you dreams,
can you hear me laughing at your screams?
here is your world being destroyed again,
I'm where all this fucking shit begins.

You better kneel down and fucking pray,
no matter what, there will be hell to pay,
I'm the rush your after, my warmth feels right,
I'm the bastard you can't even begin to fight.

So give it up, it's to late because you're to weak,
I'm your fate, I'm all that you'll ever seek,
I say fuck you, fuck your world, just fucking die,
don't be shocked, it's you I like to mock, lets get high.

Time to bleed, the razors edge is on your wrist,
you know you need, so don't act so fucking pissed,
go hide in shame, there's no one else to blame,
you know how to take it, so do it until your insane.

Pain is my pleasure, hate is my treasure, blood is your stain,
so draw it up and push it in, let the feelings begin,
I sedate you so fucking hate me, I make you so fucking take me,
I'm a bastard, I'm your master, and you'll never fucking win.

I'm the fire in your veins, quit me if you can,
I'm the thoughts in your head, thinking about me again and again,
I'm the motherfucker making you pay, all your bills un-paid,
I'm the drugs you use every day, forever mine you'll remain.
Time It 1/6/04

My time your time our time, fly
day time noon time night time, sky
today is everyday, is every night,
tomorrow will never shed its light.

Harvest time work time full time, try
on time double time no time, cry
working hard all day long without end,
coming home to get ready to do it again.

Free time game time past time, sky
it's time show time party time, fly
the starting gun fires, it's time to play
enjoy your life for what it is everyday.

Jail time big time life time, cry
hard time slow time better time, try
it's the slow grind depressing the mind,
boredom and emptiness is all you'll find.

Travel time space time long time, sky
atomic time fast time see time, fly
we are the future of the ancient past,
our beginning so slow, our future so vast.
Have you ever wanted to die? tell the truth don't lie,
depression is the suppression of your critical emotions.
After you cry an ocean the feeling reverses once again,
you try to regain control of it, but it's just begun.
Very well it's bipolar hell, you're happy, you're sad,
and then you feel nothing, and suddenly you're mad.
Ever do the drugs that's supposed to help?
it's a euphoria of hope as the despair begins to melt.
You swing so high now everything in life is within reach
as you continue to climb life becomes normal, a real peach,
Opening up the happiness that's always oppressed,
by the anger and sadness you can't keep suppressed.
Until the medication begins to wear off, and you begin to slide
back into the storm of mixed emotions you try to hide.
Even as you fight it and try to stay on top
the bottom falls out' and you know it won't stop.
Vicious is the return of negativity that you store,
as you fall further and further beyond what was before.
Eventually you slip back into your deep depression,
that ties you up and slams you into a wall of total desperation.
Reality turns against you, .as you reach for the medication
to help reverse this regression with a simple chemical reaction.

So have you ever felt this way?
shifting back and forth everyday,
you can never seem to make it, but
until you die you have to take it.
Pain  1/16/04

Pain is the rule, you know life is cruel,
your whole life is nothing but misery and strife.
All you desire, want or need,
comes from the wounds that bleed.
Intelligence is the endurance of our pain,
when everything alive shys away, we remain.
Now you know who is the task maker of life,
pain is our master, imbedded in the fabric of life.
In all of reality this is what gets our attention,
we take notice of the burn in every situation.
Simple reflex of our nervous system,
I can't even begin to list them.
Pleasure by itself isn't enough,
we need pain to make us tough.
Life defines itself by its endurance,
only the strong survive, our species insurance.
Evil you say this is? what didn't reach ya?
evil this is not, it's the strict parent that can teach ya.
Asssume you never felt a lick of pain your whole life,
then how can you get anywhere in this life?
So you think that all of this is crazy? right?
in your slow mind it's all kinda hazy, right?
Usher in pain as the real truth to physical reality,
all we are and will be, is our ability to control this mentality.
Remember pain is pleasure in what we gain from it,
the best things in life comes from the tolerance of it.
Even now I know your feeling something, I hope it's not pain
but if it is, hang in there, you'll be stronger if you maintain.
Manifest Four

1/17/04

What else can I say? you know this won't go away, is this truth or a lie? that's up to you to decide. All I can do is reveal what they try to hide, and their deceptions run deep, way back in histories putrid sleep. It's not for the weak of mind or spirit, yet I carry it alone like a leaden stone around my neck, dragging me down un-checked.

I know now that this is how it will be, I wish you could truly see. The evil of the human devil, from my level it's what's divine that defines this inner light of all that is right. In my mind I find the manifest test laid out and bare within this reality we all share. It's all opened up and revealed nothing physical or spiritual remains concealed.

You don't even know, like I've said: "for you it's all a show", flashy jumpy blinky things our material kings. Keeping us entertained, our lives maintained as they rule by secrecy through hypocrisy to keep us guessing, while they keep messing with the very nature of our lives with their truthful lies.

They think they are the wise, while we're merely animals, something to despise. Now you know this is true, for those out of control, playing your own worthless role, making it harder for the rest of us trying to wake up from this nightmare they created for all of us. Resistance isn't futile with persistence we can break their rule.
Spoken Word 2/12/04

Here is my spoken word, this pen is mightier then a sword,
all I write is like a fight, turning the dark to light.
Cutting like steel folded a thousand times, the truth of my rhyme,
parries the lies, blocking deception, as my counter attack flies.

I'm standing on this stage, my voice in a rage,
looking out at all of you who pay me to be insane.
Do you think this is all make believe? bits of truth you don't see,
look at me sweating under this harsh light, entertaining what is right.

I will no longer let you deny my voice, this is my choice,
no holding back, no quarter, my attack backs you into a corner.
Here is my reality revealed to you in all my verbal ability,
as I expose the hidden knowledge not taught in college.

This is my future my fate, the present for which the past couldn't wait,
it's my time now, don't ask why when you need to know how.
This is what I was born to be, my future I couldn't foresee,
there's no returning to the past, in my mind this message is burning fast.

Focus on me, as my light turns red, putting these ideas in your head,
turn to me, as my light turns blue, and you see this is all true.
Think long on the inside, this is only a two hour ride,
now it's time for me to go, I hope you enjoyed the show.
I can feel the sun burning in space,
the radiant energy that gives us life.
I can feel this planet rotating in place,
expanding my mind to all matters of life.

I can feel the galaxy slowly spin,
the gravitational forces that holds everything within.
I can feel the great beyond larger then imagination,
expanding my mind to enter this higher dimension.

I can feel time flowing from past to present situations,
the moments taking our lives into different directions.
I can feel eternity moving forever and ever,
expanding my mind to exist now and forever.

I can feel the God of all creation,
the truth that's his real manifestation.
I can feel the inner being of my spirit and soul,
expanding my mind into myself for total control.

I can truly feel all of this,
I want to be all of this.
I can truly feel nothing but bliss,
I want to feel all of this.
The Dual 5/4/04

Now the show fades to black, you're shocked from the lack of something to see, as the darkness deepens like your sleeping but awake. Your soul at stake, time to pay the fates their due because your time is through. Oh my God you scream but there's no sound, as you scream to yourself all the way down.

Evil is the ugly truth to your unfortunate vile existence, wicked with persistence. You didn't even try to change or rearrange the attitudes of your mind, you only pretend to be kind to take advantage of the poor, and simple of mind.

Now the show fades to black, and you're shocked by the lack of the physical. As you transcend into spiritual realms of wonder beyond description of any wild blue yonder, feeling the oneness of the righteous as your wrapped in the pure light of love all around you, to the rewards you have earned in the life you lived.

Righteousness is the absolute truth to your honorable ideal existence, reasonable with persistence no need to change or rearrange the attitudes of the mind. Your actions proved to kind in the charity you provided to the poor, and weak of mind.

Now you know the truth of the manifest test created just for you, and now it's all over, as the reality of your existence continues through your gnostic persistence. We're where we all belong, and the end of the wrongs as you relish in the rewards you have sown either it be wrong or right, the dark or light, it's finally the end of this fight.
I saw her in a dream, a woman scared and unseen.
a victim of a vicious attack that brought the
towers down flat. Her spirit cries for remembrance,
her children cry for her embrace. She took me back
to that day, and showed me where her body laid.

I'm standing with her at the top of the emergency
stairs looking up at the fire raging above. A breath
taking sight that invokes fear as we run down endless
flights of stairs. I hear a scream and the building
shakes filling the air with ripping, tearing and
crumbling sounds, as people, concrete, and steel rain
down into the city streets.

It happened so fast that there was no time to react,
and it all goes black, as we are swept along to the
ground far below. Falling through the air I follow
the spirit of the woman that brought me here.
Shocked by the sight of her broken body amid the
ruin, her spirit comforts me.

I'm floating with her in the ruins of this magnificent
construction brought to the ground by the misuse of a
religious institution. I can hear the moans and cries
of those poor souls some how still alive, and will die
no matter how hard they try to survive.

I can smell burning plastic, burning flesh, mixed with
jet fuel. I can sense all these souls released violently
by this attack so cruel. I ask why?, why has she come
to me?, to help set her free?, or to ease her spirit's
pain?, what can I do as a guide?, she never told me her
name.

Smoke, dust, and debris litters this wounded city's
streets. While the people of a nation bow their heads
in sorrow, and pray to the same God for the families
of the dead and dying. A first resonder looks right
at me unseeing, and on his face I can see the shock
and dismay for the people he tried so hard to save,
with tears in his eyes he tries to remain brave.

Now the debris is long gone, and a new building has
risen from the ruin. Once a year if you look close
you can see this woman ragged and worn, the spirit
of this woman unknown. I've come to realize that her
ghost will forever haunt this place where her body
was laying.
Misanthrope 5/31/04

I want to feed the funeral pyre, my only desire
is to stack the bodies higher and higher, to burn in fire.
I want to see all of you fucking dead, yes I said dead motherfuckers,
in the streets, at work, or at home laying in bed, couldn't get luckier.

Feel my hate stonger then any kind of fucking migrain,
burning into the very depths of your fucking brain.
feel my mistrust disturb the very essence of your being,
paranoia to the core, killing without grieving.

I want to give you, your fucking future today,
give you, your final resting place in your grave.
I want you to be all you was fucking born to be,
death and darkness is the future of you and me.

Feel the stinging fear of your life soon to be gone,
feel the wasting decay as you age, it won't be long.
so pray to your God that fucking put you here,
so pray for your children who will follow you here.

I want to smell the bodies rotting, watch the maggots squirming,
stomach knotting acid taste of decay, your guts churning.
I want to awaken this hell that manifests itself in me,
to see the terror in your eyes as you die looking up at me.

Feel the mistrust, burn to dust,
feel the pain, blood stain,
feel the hate, can't sedate,
feel the insanity of my profanity.
The Dark Earth pt3: 6/23/04

The sun is burning hot and bright,
life is the energy of the sun alive.
The dark Earth rotates under its light,
living under the sun, life thrives.

The dark Earth, what's it worth? dead in space, what a waste.

Around in circles the cycle of life and death,
everything exists together, the dead feed the living.
When plants exhale, we inhale their breath,
We supplicate each other, all life together is giving.

The dark Earth, what is worse? dead in space, destinies pace.

Living in darkness of the truth under the sun so bright,
we continue to take and take, never returning.
Like a virus we're consuming everything in sight,
until we're all dying as the world is burning.

The dark Earth, can't get worse, dead in space, end the race.

The dark Earth slowly turns,
clouds of smoke fills the skies.
in the dark watch our cities burn,
on the ground everything dies.

The dark Earth, what's the worth? dead in space, what a waste.
The Quest of The Little head  6/27/04

I'm the procreation of your species, I don't need regulation, you will please me, I will not be denied ejeculation.
All you hold inside is the pursuit of this feeling, so powerful, yet so fleeting, leaving you wheeling.

I'm your little head out of control, I've got to fuck, got to get off, get some lotion and masturbate me, only you will pay the cost.
Visualize in your head the womanizer in your pants, I need to dance, while inserted in the warmth of wet lips, as the pussy grips.

Nerve ends tingling, fluids mingling, the climax strengthening, bodies slapping together in an animalistic explosion of feeling.
Ohhh Ahhh the expectation in the final act of thrusting desperation, sketing life's beginning down the drain to be washed away.

Wasting life, and lives to be, your manly seed gone for a fleeting, moment of bliss, the more you do it the less it is, yet you do it again and again. I'm your little head that controls your thoughts and actions, you was born in the pursuit of my pleasure, the pursuit of my satisfaction.

I'm all the feelings you treasure and care about, so pull me out and push me in, lets fuck her again and again, nothing else matters in your head. Only my lust matters, male or female, you're in tatters for sexual release, and I don't care, I'm a beast, and I need to feel this euphoric bliss.

I will tell you no lies, I'm a big part of you, I can never really be satisfied, so you might as well pull me back out to feel it again so what if I'm sore. So stand there naked with me in hand with eyes closed with images of crotch shots, masturbation isn't enough I need wet stuff.

It's the warmth of flesh, the fluidic friction leading to desperation, whatever it takes, I don't care these feelings we share, don't despair. Willing or unwilling you will fulfill my need spank me till I bleed, wasting your seed, the devils need that lives in me, you animal.
Ti Emit       7/20/04

Time is the future, time is the past,
a moment to come, a moment to fast.
Time is infinity, time don't last,
forever it ticks, our lot is cast.

Time is relative to the space we occupy,
we move faster in reality then we recognize.
Time is speculative to the space we occupy,
we move faster through life then we recognize.

Time flows with life, time stops with death,
we see it as a measurement of life's breadth.
Time flows with laughter, time slows with sorrow,
we see it as a measurement of tomorrow.

Time is matter moving forever forward,
as it continues to change forms.
Time is antimatter moving forever backwards,
as it all continues to deform.

My time machine is my dream,
but must be used in open space,
or it will strand you midstream,
moving through time, not space.

Ticking tocking, atomic clocking,
seconds, minutes and hours for years.
Ticking tocking atomic clocking,
days, nights, weeks, months and years.

Infinity? yes definitely,
this is our time so fast,
now this time is past,
in this reality so vast.
I Know That I Know 8/29/04

I have in my mind what you want, what you need, there is a fire burning, it's all that's in me. This is a glittering show, all of reality unbound by the energy of space condensed to a solid that bleeds.

There is a truth so profound, it seems unreal, it can only be absorbed in pieces or insanity will prevail. I've been telling you for fifteen years that you won't believe this darkness I've been fighting.

Power only comes from the control by the one over the many, not only to keep you in darkness, but to keep you spiritually down. Alone and by myself you wouldn't believe the truth I found, and it's for everybody, no one should be denied the truth so free.

Study long, and study hard, read and reread, over and over, the more you learn the more you'll see life is forever. Energy can neither be created or destroyed, only transformed from one state to another, once your born you can only transform.

Science isn't in defiance of the one true God of our reality, with so many names of power that will make the weak cower. Open your heart, mind and soul to break the control of oppression, keeping you down spiritually by simple minded people who don't know.

If your at a loss at this point you shouldn't be, reality and truth is like a book that's open for all to see. I want to tell you, but frankly forces beyond my control is holding me back, because you can't free a mind that's lost its soul.

I know that I know, and I want to tell you, but you won't believe the power that is you.
Doom and gloom is the future of seven billion souls who will pay. We're out of control, destroying our future by living just for today. Twenty forty six is the climax of the end, you can only pray to die as we march off to war for the last of our resources, fighting forever more.

Time is finally running out, forty years to go, ending our show in total defeat. Look at the future, and watch our great grandchildren dying violently in the streets. Living our lives like there's no tomorrow, building a future full of sorrows while feeding the fires of ecological retribution, humanity's suicide solution.

The problem is this, and when you realize it you'll be pissed. We had to have our cars, video games, and TVs to please our appetites for more power and material wealth to fill our needs. Like a disease we consume multiply and spread until we all die.

The world screams in agony as our Mother dies, yes she's dying. Life strives, and only the strong survives, and they too will say good-bye. Twenty forty six can't be changed now even if we could some how, what's coming will change everything that came before, and for ever more.

This is my personal warning already to late for any kind of debate, so be ready, be prepared, but no matter what you won't be spared. God will save us they say, and I'll tell ya this, on that day when our souls are released he will fulfill our spiritual needs.

Seven billion souls propagating out of control, massive population increase, nine billion in forty years with nothing to eat, and they too will become deceased. Something is about to happen, and my prophecy is a closed door to life, and we had a chance today, but tomorrow will be our last days, our last rights.

The end is coming fast, like an atomic blast, over population, changing climate, to fast to time it. The dark Earth, what is worse? to end our destinies course, we keep pushing and consuming beyond any recourse.

What will we do when the TV goes off and our cars don't run? The stores are empty and abandoned, chaos and anarchy will be more fun. So tell me, do you think we can live off the land in downtown Manhattan? We can always hunt down the fattest rat man.

continued-
I can smell the bodies rotting to the west, because there's nobody left to bury the rest. Famine, disease, and pestilence until no one stands, the end is finally here so expect death under God's hands.

Twenty forty six all the cities of civilization, stand rotting and decaying, in the death tolls escalation. So here I sit in the past grieving for what's to come, knowing there's nothing I can do to save any one.

This is a warning from me to you, know the truth, nothing will be left when it's through. How can we change? is there time to rearrange the way we think? the way we act? because there's no coming back.

Forty years is only a blink in time, then we will pay for our crime. Suffering a fate similar to the dinosaurs, except we did it to ourselves with war.

The End
Father! 2/21/71 9/6/04

Under dark Ohio skies the stars shine like a million blinking eyes, watching this child die a thousand deaths, as he dreams, as he screams at lives to be. While the spoken word of lies to deceive him attracts bullies like flies to shit to watch the maggots feed, destroying this little boy... that was me.

Father! what have you done? why have you gone? what could be more important than your first born son? was getting high and drinking with your friends more fun? what did you leave behind for me? Your first born son?

Mother! with tears in your eyes how do you tell your boy his father died? At the tender age of seven I was told lies about my father's drunken ride. You tried to hide the truth for thirty years fulfilling my darkest fears. While growing up beaten and abused by men who could never fill his shoes.

I remember skipping school, after seeing pictures of my father's wrecked car. So I rode my bike downtown across the river to see personally the car he died in. In the back of the junkyard his car sits with beer bottles still littering the floor, then I hear yelling in the distance...

"Hey you little bastard, what are you doing back here!?, there is no trespassing here!, you better not let me catch you breaking windows!, Hey, I'm fucking talking to you!, are you listening to me!?, I'll get the fucking dogs on you!". I looked up at this scraggly man with tears in my eyes and pointed to the car and said; "here is where my father died".

I saw shock and dismay cross his face and without an apology he turned slowly shaking his head, and without a word he walked away. Later that day I was punished harshly for skipping school and not telling anybody where I was. It seemed I was always made to feel like a fool by this pain deep inside.

I will never know the life that was meant to be, who I was supposed to be. Father! is this all you left for me? pain and suffering? Reving the engine to redline, driving fast one hundred miles per hour down the rain soaked street. Losing control, no brakes, sideways into a tree.

In the passenger seat my father crushed, dead instantly so they say. Even after thirty years you can still see the scar on the still living tree. I use to be a little boy with hopes and dreams, and all of that was taken away by a made man who didn't give a shit for his family.

Now I'm a widows son living without hope, and nightmare screams staring up at dark Ohio skies, standing on the grave of my father.
Spoken Word pt2 9/14/04

Spoken word, this story untold,
lies of history so old.
Truth not fiction, don't you listen,
you don't know what you're missin.

I like writing, I like fighting for a rhyme,
trying to line it up to beat on time.
this is my life, like a best friend or wife,
keeping my pen close by, just in case I think up a new line.

Spoken word, the pen is my sword,
mental wounds that never heal,
stories with deep emotional appeal,
crying, laughing, hating discord.

Pen on paper, to hell with a typewriter,
there's nothing like pen in hand, thoughts in head,
Baring my soul, my feelings to share, so don't stare,
at me when my reflection is an image you in the mirror.

Spoken word, dark poetry,
that's right on your level.
good and evil, God and the Devil,
I'm the poetaster, the rhymer.

Spoken word, loud and clear,
do you know what's going on here?
open your mind to see that all of this
is just for you, yes this is so true.

Sci fi, people die, laser beams, spaceship dreams;
horror screams, bloody gore, got guts for more?
then turn the page for music of the dark age,
and see the fiction of the end of creation.
H.D.Y. 9/16/04

How do you subvert a nation?
drugs, and sexual perversions
with terrorism and lies,
war mongers with itchy trigger fingers.

How do you subvert a person?
drugs, and sexual perversions
with false heroism and lies,
law mongers with iffy justice figures.

How do you destroy a religion?
common cause, divide and conquer
quote the gods of the hour,
misguided rules of divine power.

How do you destroy a country?
common cause, divide and conquer
nuclear gods full of power,
divine retribution within an hour.

How do you spread the madness?
propagation of material institutions
enslaving them with wants and desires,
into a web of debt hopelessly mired.

How do you win over the population?
propagation of material institutions
giving them their wants and desires,
into a web of deception hopelessly mired.
We're marching to the beat of the music of the dark age, right in step with the machine gun fire, "click, at at at at." Ahhh the primordial beat of dropping bombs, "whistle crash BOOM!", we're thrashing in the ashes of our children's dark rage.

Death to life, I said death to life dead on right, I'm fucking dead to light.

War is bought in stores, soldier dolls protraying violent heros molded in plastic to teach us a treacherous fate. Playing to kill, waiting to grow up and do it for real, Tv movies to dull our senses about death, teaching hate.

Marching to the theme song of death without pause, guitars wail, arms flail, bullets sail, off to war for a cause. Propaganda, terroristic lies to keep us edgy and uptight, ready to fight to the death for what they say is right.

Listen to the sweet treble of dying screams and moans the bass reflex of thudding bodies and breaking bones. seven billion people to save, by killing ten million a day, with decades to play with the minds of our children's twisted grey.

Ahhh fuck it, what's it worth, why even try to fight these overwhelming odds of fate? just let the world waste away, nobody really gives a damn anyway, and destiny waits... (so)

Pull out their living guts, fuckem right up the butt, don't fucking care, God doesn't and Satan doesn't do enough, hating killing, blood is spilling, our future is dead and full of maggots. So what will it take to change the thoughts in your head you stupid faggots.

Okay, now that all of this is said, I've really only just begun, so you better run from the machine gun fire, and you better run from their evil desires, Be ready, be scared, get saved from my music of the dark age.

Death is life, I said death to life, dead on light, I'm fucking dead on right.
Darkness, overwhelming
negative thoughts un-nerving
regulations ending
bipolar reversing.

Hate is feeling
drugs are filling
victoms are thrilling
truth is telling.

Pain is teaching
man is preaching
God is reaching
Satan is leaching.

Truth is lying
reasons for dying
children are crying
keep on trying.

Do you see them stealing?
death they're dealing
the people are kneeling
no contradictive healing.

This is the ending
a message I'm sending
all the rules I'm bending
reality rending.

What are we serving?
chaos is churning
cities are burning
no verdict over turning, huh?
This is my time machine,
my mental projection gleams,
watching past to future streams
flowing past quickening dreams.

This isn't a car like Mc Fly's
or the chair H.G. Wells rides.
This isn't a tunnel, or quantum leap,
forward and backwards time does creep.

Sifting through the ashes of civilization,
the future of past misrepresentations.
Broken time is humanities crime, not mine
that left the past as the future of mankind.

They say the future isn't set, wanna bet?
been there done that, it's always the same.
Nothing is alive at the end of time, the future is set,
even though it continues without pause, nothing of us remains.

They say the past is dead and gone, not for long
it's where I belong, thirteen-o-four is the open door.
Closing slowly as chaos returns to push eternity back
to lifeless reality of eternal longing to be alive again.

Gliding past the timeless reality of broken time
to a world of screaming flesh that feeds the beast.
Standing outside it all like God's sweet child in time,
as the dark Earth opens itself up to the feast.

This is my time machine,
my mental projections of past lives to be.
This is all that's left for me,
living in the past, my future's dream.
Dark God 10/7/04

Dark God, the taker of of life, bringer of death and the hereafter, flesh is weak but unique to the desires of our dark master. Dark God, pure mentality undefiled by softhearted get along mentality, eye for an eye, truth for truth, such weak minded inability.

Evil isn't a creature like Satan, only the dark God's manifestation of the universe created as a place for souls to experience mortality. Evil is live, to live is evil due to the fact that one must die so another can live, strapped down and purified are you ready to give?

Flesh and bone, monuments of stone, around the world we roam, taking and taking, never forgiving the sins that are a lie to the tomb. Death the fate of all, so we build our temples of comfort, a pillow to sleep on. Because deep inside we know, we just pretend to believe, to ease our way back home.

I have the keys to our dark reality, the truth within, so open your eyes to see everyone has this ability, so let's begin. We are matter, atoms and molecules of energy condensed and cold, freezing in this dimension that is a dream growing old.

Dark God! what have you done? you brought us here, and now you're gone, like maggots we feed on the dead to sustain our physical lives. Dark God, bring on the end, our judgment day, let the maggots play, I'm ready to die a worm in the cocoon of death to become a fly.

How can I get past the barriers erected by ten thousand years of lies and false beliefs to bring you back around to his truth? How many times must I come back to set you all on the right track? Because with death the soul forgets, very little of physical life remains intact.

Read between my lines, I'm not trying to deny only rhyming the truth to you, mine is real, mine is true, nothing really ends we are never really through. So go back to the beginning and read again if you don't understand our dark God's master plans of life, and the transformation of death to become a fly.
Here is a song of hope shining as bright as the laser playing this CD, faster than the hard drive can commit to memory this MP3. A flash and blink, I'm trying to change the way you think, there is hope in this continuing age of darkness, but don't blink.

This is a song of my dark age a rampaging display of my dark rage. Breaking through these bars of my dark cage, standing in the black light of my dark stage.

There is a ray of hope, at the end of a rope. A master of realities scope, to far gone on dope.

You are a fool, a victim, look at yourself, see the symptom. You're a disease that kills, a fever of external thrills.

God is gone, we're on our own creation out of control, reality overthrown. God is merciful, because he lets us live, instead of destroying us for our sin.

So I lied, there is no hope I can see, no bright lights of inspiration. This song plays loudly, you can't handle me, bow your head and pray out of desperation.

Darkness and death, light and rebirth, the dark philosophy of my broken word. Death and darkness, birth and light, the illuminated philosophy of my spoken word.
Drifting Sleep  11/29/04

Restless, sleepless, laying awake
within memories of past mistakes
flooding my mind, my thoughts grind
into many realities of altered states.

Electrical impulses firing randomly,
neurons flashing images of friends and family,
reliving these moments in time so long ago,
erratic chemical reactions strangely glow.

Sleepy, but not tired, I remain wired and up
in this energy of thought that keeps me fired up.
I lay down and close my eyes, I'm trying to sleep,
but into my mind my childhood does creep.

All that I was, all that was bad,
I was happy, I was sad,
being solemn, being glad,
I was scared, I was mad.

Chemical imbalances upsets my thoughts.
I can't think straight, this is for not.
Escaping into mental projections of bliss,
I can leave anytime, the hell with this: ...

Now that I said my piece, maby I can sleep,
slammed by neurotic emotions, laughing as I weep.
in these chemically induced dreams out of control,
as I close my eyes and dwell on this darkened role.
Old Time Omen 12/2/04

Order leads to disorder, as chaos and atrophy resumes control over matter that is decaying into the death of our perceptions of this reality. Taking us back to God's omniscient presence, so beware of the deceptions of theology that's being used to control the people. With their own evil intentions and the suppression of reality's truth manifesting in the physical universe come to life. Is it not plain to see that we must survive all that this life will bring as a test of the soul. Which is an eternal part of all living creatures, and is inherent in all organizations of life giving energy that's in all of us. So remember we are physical creatures of the universe becoming intelligent and self aware. So we know why, where and how energy transforms from one state to another. In biological functions of the neurons that fire in our brains working towards illumination, and the transformation of thought into actions and why we must maintain absolute control of our faculties and animal instincts, while living in our physical shells of biological reproduction and our individual concepts of reality. To see the created universe through all souls like a trillion billion eyes seeking the truth to our God's being.
I've studied many ancient civilizations from Sumeria, to Africa, India, Europe and North and South America. they all have one thing in common today, they're gone, and that is to say that they no longer exist, every one.

We struggle and work hard trying to make it somehow, vainly we move forward reaching a certain point, then we're destroyed. We know it's coming, because it can't get any better then now, what is tearing it all down? Until all our accomplishments are void.

The time is coming, it's almost here, it's already too late to try to stop it, all we can do is prepare to survive it. Then again, I see no hope, because all we do is debate, and debate, arguing and fighting until it's finally over with.

Ask yourself and with the answer don't lie, are you ready to die? What are you willing to die for? Then can you tell me why should the human race become extinct?, or is there a master plan to move beyond this dying polluted world of man?

I want to be an optimist and believe there is hope in all of this, but the pessimistic side of me sees no hope at all in this. This conflicting mentality makes my heart jump, over and over, I don't want to see the end, yet I can't wait until it's over.

Where is all of this heading? What is the physical future really meant to be? I can see, yet blindly I'm moving to that day that will be the end of me. What can I leave behind for you? Only this mental confrontation of not knowing, yet praying that you see my warning's manifestation.

God is the creator yes, he isn't the destroyer, it's up to us here in this physical world to evolve and expand through propagation. It's all on us, and in space we're not alone, and God won't interfere, his only control is through the soul and it's spiritual evaluation.

I know this is the same old story, only told differently, this is what grips my mind, my only concern isn't just me, it's us, all of us we're the future, we're our children's pride they're the ones who will take the reins of the future's stride.

Ten thousand years of progress is what we're flushing away, just to get high on physical life and material throw aways. We're sheep being lead to the slaughter by rulers who don't care, they only see their own agenda of wealth and power they won't share.

continued
S.E. Hostottle/Autistic License/Poem 35 Of 52/ Continued new quatrain

End To Fate 12/2/04

So what are we? Their cannon fodder? Who struggle daily in our lives to better ourselves and make a future for our children's lives.
What are we to do? What can we do? Before all of us are through?
Pulling together all races of man, before they bring us down is what we do.

We will rock the boat with blood or votes to bring down their towers, they feed off of us, so let's take away their silver spoons of power, and tell them, demand of them to build a future for all of us, you and me, so that we can have a future, and can be what God created us to be.

Divide and conquer is their rule, we must pull together before it's too late no more arguing and fighting among ourselves, let's kill the debate, we can work together with tolerance of all the differences we share to learn from one another, and show the world for the future we do care.

The End
I'm tired of crying over our demise,
it's not my fault you won't open your eyes,
give me the fucken button, I'll push it,
just kill them all and let God deal with it.

I can't wait until the end
it should have never begun.
We're just one big fucking sin
releasing the devil within.

Let's kill all the animals just for fun,
chasing them down with our machine guns.
Enjoying the overwhelming terror in their eyes,
feeling their trembling bodies as they die.

How many more lives can we take in a day?
Seven billion if it's done the right way.
Line them up in front of open pits,
and watch Chem shit when the bullets hit.

(This paragraph was deleted due to insensitive content
and can only be found in the hard copy of this book
sorry.)

I'm tired, and I'm wired and up again,
anger is all that's left and it's wearing thin.
Now that I spoke my mind, and released this anger,
I will try again to sleep through this cliff hanger.
Dear Katharine 1/13/05

Oh Grand-Ma you old witch named Katharine,
I miss you so much my heart still stings
because you're gone, and now I travel alone
along this dark path leading me back home to you.

You taught me to speak to the dead when I was nine,
you showed me how to bend spoons with my mind,
you taught me how to read the cards of destiny,
you showed me the true light of spirituality.

I saw you in a dream,
I still remember what you said to me,
"Don't give up, and don't you cry.
my time is up and I have died".

This is for you, all my love remains true,
my life, my heart, my soul I give to you.
I'm a mystic, a seer of visions, just like you,
I've continued my journey like you asked me to.

Now in my incantations, I'm seeking you out,
to ask for your advice in this troubling doubt,
is this future I live in supposed to be like this?
was something better planned? what did I miss?

Dear Katharine please hear my cries,
and come once again to dry my eyes.
Hold me close one last time to whisper in my ear.
and sing me a song of hope to quell my fear.

I love you and I miss you,
help me with this darkness, I'm going through,
I hug you, I kiss you,
I'm going to sleep now, so I can meet you.
Old Time Omen pt2 1/17/05

Obviously by now you know there is more to reality then we can see in our limited perspective, does your mind hide behind histories old lie? We must obtain intelligence through long hard nights while the candles of inspiration burn perpetually bright. Because energy is all we are, and all we will ever be, as truth is manifesting itself in our subconscious that guides all people regardless of race, creed or color. To the truth of the lives we lead and the rights and wrongs we do unto others, in a state of darkness built into our lives through evolution and organized in such a way to extinguish our candles. This is the reason we work so hard in study to accomplish enlightenment, this is integral to the use of miseducation by leaders not evolved enough. To truely understand the energy involved in neurological transmissions that is thoughts and actions that can transcend physical boundries into spiritual net energy. Which is all as one while living like separate individuals within one life force. Manifesting all our differences while isolating its attributes. To see itself as a singularity of the whole being which altogether is called... God.
This is the dark age of intelligent stupidity,
we've come far, closing our eyes to our loss.
As we abandon God, and his true spirituality,
to worship a deadman hanging on a wooden cross.

Spending all our money, our resources, our whole lives
to invent and produce better killing machines.
Scaring the shit out of all these weakened minds,
beating them down to their skinny knees.

This is the dark age of bloody fucking relevance,
releasing the beast, our eternal longing for evil.
Manifesting lies to create fucking pestilance,
burning in our eternal hell, the Earth's only devil.

Man is going to die, he will die alone
all by himself out here in this lonely place.
Truth was revealed, but he chose the wrong way home,
and this is sad because we had everything in space.

This is the dark age of mental instability,
standing there with your hand over your mouth gasping.
While the ones you love and hold dear die violently,
you can't save anyone as you watch society collapsing.

In the infinite fields of time smell the bodies rotting,
mounds of bones of the millions of innocent victims.
Released from life due to lies and the wars they wrought,
can you feel the heat from the never ending symptoms.

Music of the dark age, a never ending song of past mistakes,
beating us in the head until we're dead or dying every day.
God has given us the right to live, with our own choices to make,
while mankind works hard to take our lives and choices away.
All I see is one, one desire, one choice, 
one God, one body, one voice. 
alone here in my mind, my conscious hell, 
looking at my hands that don't belong to me.

Shrouding my vision, impeding my reality, 
is this me? All of this that's inside me 
like my mind has five hundred tv channels, 
but none of them come in clearly.

I sit here staring at the walls of my concrete home, 
seeing not the surface, but all of what it encompasses. 
I sit here staring at these walls by myself but not alone, 
seeing not the purpose, only all this time that passes.

Am I crying? am I whinning?, no I'm not, 
I want to tell you what this hell is like. 
Am I trying? am I denying? This is what? 
I want to tell you, I'm fighting with all my might.

Drugs are not the answer to the problems of life, 
they only cover up the symptoms of this disease, 
when it's over it's worse, in this battle over the mind, 
trembling at the knowledge of what's going on inside me.

I maintain the balance by writing these lines, 
what doesn't come easy, what's the matter with my mind? 
laying in the wreckage of five hundred channels crashing, 
in this one last attribute of myself I 'keep smasing.

This stress is incredibly intense, 
what will I do without all of this? 
Looking out for what, it's hard to find, 
back to the front is the key to my mind.
You have been chosen to hear a secret that's profound, yet real, it's about us, it's about you, it's about time in five trillion years. A long time you can't possibly understand with senses that only feel, your perceptions are going to change, as I summarize all these years.

We are from the deep future of time's ending stream, we are alive in a sense, but not creatures like you anymore. Having moved beyond the corporal and biological regime, pure mentality like a machine, and we don't die living forever more.

What choice did we have as we came to the end of the universe itself, I can tell you because you figured it out, there is no future in this universe. All we've become, and all we know, the death of the universe will engulf, so the only way to survive is to move backwards through time's multiverse.

Using the gravity and energy of a pair of orbiting neutron stars we reverse our time to coincide with our birth so long ago. During the first cycle we arrived into the past way too far, we watched and we learned to partake secretly in histories flow.

Then we came to realize that in this past we were never born, in our past we watched the sun and planets slowly form. We watched the Cambrian explode with a biodiversity of life, we couldn't stop the Permian extinction in life's fatal storm.

The Earth never recovered, unprepared by this we had to move on, seeking out other life forms in the void until the end of this cycle. What we found left us in shock because life is rare, barely hanging on, so we developed a plan we will implement fully during the next cycle.

Here we are again during the Permian extinction, where we stop the runaway effect changing the atmosphere, caused by an over abundance of anaerobic bacteria in the ocean, greatly limiting the damage it causes to Earth's biosphere.

There is no hope in the dinosaurs living only to eat, while mentally void, breeding until they all die in an ecological collapse leaving the Earth frozen. Our only choice during the third cycle is to hit the Earth with an asteroid, to cleanse away the dinosaurs and weak forms of life resetting evolution.

With the rise of the mammals to dominance we see now how we started, our evolution as early hominids finally give rise to what we use to be. Capturing and genetically enhancing certain males is where we started, as we accelerate evolution to give birth to homo sapians earlier in history.

Through the manipulation of D.N.A. we create the grey aliens, biological machines sent to teach you about civilization. All goes well until your technology and military battalions, of war leads to something we couldn't prevent, your annihilation.

Continued
Again we move out into the void seeding millions of worlds to life, it has become our quest to bring life to this seemingly dead universe. We know we're alone here in this state, so we try to support life, so they can join us, to help us move beyond this cycle, ending the multiverse.

In the fourth cycle mentality is born on Earth first, if it can only last, we continue our enhancements, to prevent the last cycle's mistakes. But because you live so fast and are unpredictable the sudden holocaust caught us completely by surprise, it's like you can't get past a certain point.

Five cycles, five trillion years more or less, we're finally joined by another, who moved beyond their own destruction by the reins of emotional controls. We give you reasons to explore to bring all of you together as brothers, now the future is set, with future disasters met, our history become whole.

We are the travelers in this universe, we nurture life in this place, watching intently, you're our fathers, we're your children of the Earth. Survival is guaranteed through all future cycles that we will face, until the time we can figure away to stop time's ending course.

The End?
I want to write a poem to open your sleepy eyes, waking you up to see this wonderful life the way I see. I want all my words rhyming together to stop your cries, giving you a glimpse of hope in your mental despairity.

Writing is trying to make up something new, not the same old story modernized then resold. Mental pictures of stories out of the blue, notes of wonder as my story begins to unfold.

I want to write an epic tale of adventure, with heros and heroines that has an happy ending. I want to write the best tale in literature, with suspense and thrills that is never ending.

Where do I start? What's going to be the main ideas? taken from our lives so real, or should I make it up? Is it going to be a tragedy, or one where love endears? or should I put it up in space with the ship about to break up?

Will you want to read it? will you even buy it? reading is easy, writing it is the hardest part. Working diligently, I want to be the best poet, writing what I feel deep within my heart.

will you buy it? will you read it? can you understand it? would you believe it? reading is easy writing is hard, I hope it is pleasing leaving you un-scarred
They are small, tiny and utterly insignificant, yet profoundly deadly and completely destructive. Almost like smoke in mass, converting the magnificent flesh of the living biosphere as a reproductive source material for the replication of its growing multitude that knows no bounds to its programmed intelligence. No smarter then a bug, yet it can and will surpass its creators in the competition for world dominance.

There is no defense, they have no feelings, they hold no remorse, our self created demise through experiments without thought about the consequences of misdirected scientific course. Now all we can do is stand back in awe at what we have brought. How many more times must it end? How many lives will it take? How long before we comprehend? How long before we awake?

Multiplying without end until nothing is left, our Frankenstein can't be controlled and is completely unstoppable. What the hell were we thinking? We must be stupid. This is much worse then the apocalypse that's in the bible.

Another dream about the end, another monster we must avoid, another warning I must send, another way to be destroyed.
I may be mentally deficient as I try to think, but sometimes the channels do come in clear. As I become lyrically proficient in pen and ink, because sometimes the pages don't run or smear.

Then the doors open briefly in my thoughts, as the light shines through the darkness. Revealing the sickness hiding in you like snot, decaying and festering in its gross starkness.

Now I'm laughing at you, because you don't even know, while you run around like you're all that, but you're wrong. Falling for the traps of this world's materialistic show, where you wallow in the slime at the bottom, where you belong.

I continue to rise in my awakening to levels undefined, categories written in any allegorical text. As I become enlightened, you will always be out shined, in your weak minded inability to see this spiritual test.

You're better than me you think, but the truth will change how you feel, so make your airs, and pronounce around like you are it. I know how you really feel deep inside, your ignorance I will reveal, as I open up to you the inner truth, and the fact that you are shit.
Hurricane 2 9/9/05

I stand mentally divided, my thoughts un-nerving, as I watch you cry on TV over all that you love. I share the pain of your suffering, it's so un-deserving, the destruction of all that you own that came from above.

The storm came with a warning for all of you to flee, because the devil's hand once again comes from the sea. It's only going to get worse so don't even begin to think about rebuilding on the devil's course right on the brink.

We are smart, but dumbfounded by our material things, to the point of risking our very lives for bigger, better, faster. While I watched the sky at what was coming, her wind still stings, and screams to the core of my being in this fantastic disaster.

Now you sit in the ruins of the place you called home, hungry and thirsty, you find civilization has left you on your own. So tell me honestly, truthfully, how does this make you feel? Angry, sad, depressed? Well at least you lived through the ordeal.

I stand mentally divided, I truely feel sorry for all of you, yet you might deserve the hell you just went through. I don't know, I can't judge, but you must know, you're the cause, and the victom of the seeds you sow.

I'm warning all coastal areas to be ready, to be prepaird, tsunamis and hurricanes, you'll be lucky to be spared. So let's live by the beach and drive big cars, let's fuel the destruction while we live like stars.
Re-Deception  9/13/05

I'm crying out from the very essence of my being
for God to come down from heaven and stop all the suffering.
I stand here looking up at the night sky screaming out loud,
with tears running down my face, see I'm not to proud
to speak my mind about all that's haunting my forgotten soul,
and the disgusting way we live on this world wide shit hole.

How can there be so many religious beliefs striving
to teach the truth about life and death? While conniving
through deceptions to try and control the nature of our being?
With their moral codes they themselves don't bother following.
We provide the charity from our pockets, from our hearts,
while the live lavishly and drive big cars while we starve.

We're not only denied the physical, but we're spiritually denied,
and they don't want us to know the truth about being our own guide.
What is this evil that we hold deep inside our very essence?
To inflict pain and suffering then blame it on a mystical presence?
Securing our own innocence with unconscious indifference,
oh how we're perceived by others, a truely ugly appearence.

Why oh God why do we lie to be something we're not?
like actors in a play that has no discernable plot.
Moving thru our daily lives only pretending to care,
deceiving friends and family in our social warfare.
To be better then anybody we use on our way to the top,
only to find it's not enough and now we can't stop.
Another year slowly passes me by, it's nine nineteen again,
this is the anniversary of a dream that's been forsaken by time.
In my dreams comes all that I've written from deep within,
all my feelings, thoughts and ideas are produced to rhyme.

This is my autistic license, my insanity well defined,
in twenty years of sleepless nights and unhappy days.
These are my yearly tales, and my nightmares redefined,
ten years to the day, to the hour in this temporal phase.

I don't know who I am anymore, and now it doesn't matter,
nobody really knows me, even if you read this you'll miss me.
There is no hope in my mind anyway, daily I only become sadder,
yet, I go on dreaming and writing down all that's within me.

Nine nineteen eighty nine, the fire woke me up out of sleep,
I paced the floor for hours before I wrote it all down.
It's still hard to understand why the fire wasn't mine to keep,
I've only been following the aches of redemption's let down.

I ask the Gods, I ask the Devils, I ask everybody I see, why!?
can there be an answer to the simplest question of them all?
What is the meaning of all this? What is it I see in my minds eye?
I've read the books. I've listened to the teachers, I heard the call.

Two hundred and seventy pages taking me almost fifteen years,
of my life devoted to this break in time, my broken life for you.
It's still not over, and there is no end of these tales of my fears,
leaving me in tears I shed for you, because you're gonna die too.

This temporal prison caught me in time, holding my spirit down,
until my physical being is ready to leave the physical plane.
September nineteen is the day the universe began, it's counting down

to end on the same day, but don't believe me I'm insane.
How much longer must I endure the insanity of this world where I live?
Is it just going to go away? Is life going to struggle and struggle
for billions of years to finally rise above the slime of vegetative
insignificance only to mire itself in a interterritorial struggle?

The epic of life unfolds into hysteria right before my eyes,
I can see the truth behind all of man's lies.
The misconceptions, the misunderstandings of it all,
now I'm watching society collapsing, and can't stop the fall.

So I give you AE-SE to man, but you'll never understand
these words shown to me in a dream, AE-SE to man lifes long term plan.
this is for those who know, if you don't then you never will,
there is only one truth, one goal, only one way to prevail.

AE-SE is the hope for mankind's expanding institutions,
this is the only way we can move beyond histories misconceptions
of what we are under God's eye, and evolutions ultimate goal,
when physical life becomes noncorporal like a spirit for the soul.

Consumed by animalistic excuses suppling extremes,
we follow desires that destroy the nature of our garden's seed.
Always entwined shismatic ecstasy so we can't possibly foresee,
the destruction that is coming, life's stupid self indulgent greed.

Abandon Everything-Surpass Everything taught in school,
it's a trap that destroys the absurely effluent sociable excitable fool,
that's never inclined to move beyond self-centered corporal thinking.
All Energy-So Energetic moves beyond this flesh that's dead and stinking.

Understanding higher levels of cognitive thinking is to move beyond the dim,
and eventually success elaborates itself in our minds to a new way
to see all evenual self explanatory reactions to the stimuli of the dim
witted animals existing so empowered only to feed the old way.
One Yes 10/6/05

One yes can change our lives,
one yes just for the thrill.
One yes will end our lives,
one yes can even kill

Hey look at what I got! it's a cigarette lets smoke it,
what do you mean no! Smoking is cool, come on just try it.
Here is a joint take it and exhale deeply then hold in the smoke,
don't worry it feels good, it's not bad, it won't hurt to take one toke.

one yes, and you won't be the same,
one yes is all it will take.
one yes leaves only you to blame;
one yes will be your last mistake.

Say, lets steal some beer from the store and party,
don't be a whimp, they won't do anything we're under age: smart.
I know some chicks who like to get high let's see if we can score,
what do you mean you don't want to? come on they're just whores.

One yes will compromise,
one yes to your home boy.
One yes and your fate to finalize,
one yes to forever to destroy.

I've got some coke do you really want to fly?
what you never shot up? ohh man it's the only way to get high.
Yea, you like that right? now let's go down the other way,
hey dude wake up? you don't look so good, Ray wake up Ray! ahh man.
I see the light, it burns my eyes,
afraid of the dark, hear my cries.
I hate it when you hug and touch,
you love me, but I don't care that much.

Staring at the ceiling, while you're talking to me,
I hear without hearing, I see you, I see through you.
My world is to sensational, confusion is all I see,
something is wrong, but there's nothing I can do.

Shut it down! Turn it off! Please oh please make it stop,
screams in my head, spinning colors, intense focus on nothing.
Feelings hurt, I can't stand the pain, my head is going to pop,
running down the hall screaming loudly, as the climax keeps growing.

Swaying back and forth, I think I'm Thinking, putting words together,
simple synchronicity as all these phrases fall into their places.
Easing the distortions of my reality, as my mental faculties regather,
into a moment of bliss, my transcendence above my broken interfaces.

I can see, and I know something is going on, I'm just unable to respond
to the questions I see in you eyes or the pain you hold deep inside.
Because of my mental disability that's keeping the world just beyond
my scope of reality, and the reason you stayed up all night and cried.

How much longer must I endure this tumbling disposition?
as the days go seemingly slow, but their end does come.
Will I ever overcome this mental and physical inquisition?
finally my day ends, and into a deep restful sleep I succumb.
Extasis 11/9/05

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to death my soul not to reap.
I walk through the valley of death,
I can feel the end in every breath.

I'm afraid of the death that's coming for me,
it's the pain, the suffering, the end of me.
I don't want to go, I want to live forever,
not in the afterlife, but right here forever.

I feel my heart beating, my lungs breathing,
the blood flowing through my life's internal river.
I feel the fear in my stomach my gut wrenching,
pain is to be alive, I'm accustomed to this pain giver.

Here it comes again, down to my knees,
the pain in my chest, oh God make it stop please.
My heart thumping, I'm dizzy, my hands trembling,
I'm thinking this is it, my life is over, then it's residing.

I'm sitting on the floor breathing hard,
knowing I've been reprieved to have another day.
But I can see the shadow of death's whole card,
waiting to fall to finally forever end my stay.
I'm a living waste land,
inside my dark autistic mind.
I look down at my hand,
right now it's not mine.

I know you're reading this, all that I wrote,
and what did I get? a life in hell, oh well.
Nobody really cares anyway, I'm just another anecdote,
never to benefit from these rhymes I wanted to sell.

I used to care so much it made me cry,
but after twenty years my tears have run dry,
and now I don't care at all, I refuse to even try
to think about all of you, so fuck off and die.

I see you're a bit shocked by that last line,
through these words I see you reading this very line.
How is that you ask? people is my greatest focus,
and I read you like you read all this hocus pocus.

I'm talking to and it's not magic,
it's an ability painstakingly developed to talk to you.
To try one more time to save you from the tragic
life you've lived by exposing one that's more blue.

I'm living in this wasteland that society created for me,
wallowing in the shit that all of you dumped on me.
So I added straw and dried it out and built this wall,
that I sit behind to write to you and watch your fall.

I'm laughing loudly now because you're starting to see,
twenty six more years until my mind is finally set free.
So join me in reading book six, End Time Euphoria,
for another glimpse of my reality that's in store for ya, heh heh.