BARRY BLEDSOE
REASON & RHYME
POETS VOICE

BOOK 2
These words are my mind;
This scroll is my body;
This ink is my heart;
This pen is an extension—
—of my soul—
This is my voice...
Hear me, speak!

These ones for my Sun King—
I love & miss you Dante.

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(Barry Bledsoe #1240)
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(Great, Bless &z;)

(Reason & Rhyme)

Reason & Rhyme:
So many reasons to find
the voice of my being,
and search for the truth,
through the stories
of Locke & Common Sense.

As I search, these scenes call...

A simple mind becomes complex.

So you can think outside the box,
and understand the causes.

As you listen to reason,
and reason to be.

To crack your skull—
and see what's inside.

The reason is laughter,
not so few know.

To read & write,
and make sense of insanity.

Just to remind сами.

Reason & Rhyme:
So it all stays so fresh in your mind;
never to expire;
connected thoughts;
& trains of dots;
to form an image or view;
to step through;
reach all formidable conclusions;
so you no longer assume;
for facts adduced;
shatter openings;
& have justifiable cause;
for the premises of effect—
drawn upon the faculties of creative reasoning;
on the precedence of madness or sanity;
for this evidence—
is raw power—
there can be no excuses;
as you stand in & listen;
act just sensibly—
intelligently—
with rationale—
for reasoning is the case—
as you think in & out, thoughtfully through;
deduce all the analyses to form your own perceptive—
prevailing in circumstance;
haven't sound judgment;
for being & acting wise;
is the best tolerable substance;
appropriate, sensible;
suitable, acceptable;
this is the logic—

to reason & rhyme—

(based on blestof #3)
Mother Nature!!

Sometimes destiny is overpowered by fate; when Mother Nature sees one she can mold, use for her own purpose; she sends fate to snatch one up. To take one out of the web before the spider spins its webs. She then bulges one in circumstance — maybe locks one away — turns off one's hate away — as one searches within oneself to find answers — as Mother Nature has one purpose, making one use one's mind & talent; dragging one through the pits of hell, through every unimaginable circumstance she can put one through — she does — only to make one stronger; for ever greater task & harder choices that lay ahead; waiting for those footsteps that awake them. Mother Nature test one with crises; & if one can overcome & use crises as a stepping stone, than one becomes brilliant; than Mother Nature leaves one genius; & one stands apart — yet connected in one's own unique. Than one is handed destiny & hasn't been made worthy to receive it. This is the life I live; in still here, still breathing, hotter, stronger, stronger, wiser beyond my years...

I tossed & turned caught in the dragon's flames; searched heat; that pushed all deficiency. False character attributes; cleansed me of all backpast — I spreaded captured in its flames; as the dragon seared my vision, blinded me to the view — burned my eyes until I saw with new sight, look slender stronger body; covered in scales; balancing the weight of circumstance —

(Barry Cleo Se # 4)
Flowers around me;_flashy claws &
Snapped back_; Crackless flames; Malignant
Winds_; Bright & alive, such vibrant life;
The prism I see, to see through, upon a
Color spectrum of light—The cosmic dance
Of the wise dragon; Entice me, lure me,
Over the edge, I so I spread & fall
Into its fathoms—to chart the unknown depths;
Into the darkest pitch I go, enclosed in onyx;
With my body I form a pyramidal, enthroned
In my temple; meditate; position & pull up the
Exaltable with the ‘will’ power of my mind;
Break the exaltable substance to my shrine. I
Turned granite stones into gold, & painted
The tiger with stripes powerful & bold—
Than combined the two, & sent it on a quest
To find it’s way back home, leaving a trail
Of jewelz on its journey for others to find
& behold—Deeper I went into my meditated
Connection to God, back to my headhead: Heaven
Out the window, watched the world spin by; I saw
The connection to all thingz & the great
Harmony to life. My vision took me further
Than what meets the eye; I watched the
Unknown become known with each breath of mine,
Conquering space and time; The span created a
Bridge, which led to a door; & so I moved with
The sound of each silent step; A traveler upon
An old path, searching for more; & so I stepped
Outside of the view; in search of a new door.

(Barry Blessett #5)
PINNACLE HAIKU

AT THE PINNACLE
FACING THE BRIDGE—
TO CROSS IT, OR NOT?

(BARRY BLEASDE #6)
LEAD

People are always looking for someone to lead them—however, you should always know that it's so much better to lead yourself.

Find your own cause & purpose; because human nature will always strive for connection; the difference is known whether those connections liberate us or further oppress us.

So many teach others to step over one's teacher; but that shouldn't be so—because a teacher can only teach you so much; as you come into your own, you will have reached the limit of that teacher's teaching. So in a sense, you have liberated yourself. When you find yourself at the apex; it is wise for you to pay your respects to your teacher & teachers; kindly stepping over them as you come into your own, & continue on the path of self-growth & elevation.

This is all stand-alone; when you understand something, it's on top of you; when you overstand something your ontop of it; when you understand something, you've embraced it; & when you understand, you've made it your own. When you make something your own, you can further alter, change, improve, & modify etc. So it better suits your needs & purpose. When you make something your own, it becomes yours to do with as you please; there can be no room for limitations; because you have just become the teacher, the student, & the teacher all in one; to form something new; that has just begun, & so the journey begins on a different degree.

With the truth known that nothing is ever really our own—only this moment to rise.

(Barry Blessett #7)
GREAT MINDS WILL NEVER HARBOUR DOUBT OR WEAK FEELINGS—THEY MAY EXPERIENCE THEM, HOWEVER THEY WILL NEVER HOLD ONTO THEM.

TO STAY STUCK IN THE RECURRENCE OF RETROSPECT IS SIMPLY TO STAY STUCK IN IT; ITS STICKING NO PURPOSE OTHER THAN NOT TO EXIST IN THE PRESENT MOMENT. TO VIEW IN RETROSPECT FOR THE PURPOSE OF ONE'S STUDIES IS TO USE THE PAST AS A JEWEL FOR THE PRESENT MOMENT AND A RICH FUTURE. FOR RETROSPECT IS A WORLD OF ITS OWN, AND THERE IS ITS EXPERIENCE—A GREAT TEACHER—WHO SPEAKS TO YOU IN YOUR MIND; SO TO USE RETROSPECT TO CONVERSE WITH YOUR TEACHER "EXPERIENCE" IS TO BECOME TRULY RICH IN RECURRENCE, ALLOWING NO TIME FOR IDLENESS—BECAUSE YOU CAN VIEW THAT WORLD FROM EVERY ANGLE, AND ALSO OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES—FOR TIME IS NEVER AT A STAND STILL—WHAT CAN REMAIN STAGNANT IS HOWEVER THE INDIVIDUAL WHO REMAINS ASLEEP IN A GREATER STATE OF IGNORANCE.

So in time to wake up to a new behemoth;
By studying your past, utilizing experience to master the moment.

(Barry Grose #8)
locked behind this steel door, pressure keeps pressing on my brain, tightening the screws of reason as I struggle to hold onto all things that keep one sane. & sometimes, I think about moments of my past when I was played for a fool; if I want to experience that kind of magic, I use that energy as a tool, to hone a fine blade & sharpen my sword; motivate myself to be prepared for what's in store - for even a fool can transmute & transform, in a state of Neither of ignorance - yet - become so much more... For every loss there is a gain; for the universe as a mathematical design, as what's taken is replaced; just as what's given out, comes back in multiple states, to the one that is down; there is nowhere to go except up; traversing the balanced beam, walking through the center with close-up - this square, this box, this cube; that contains a physical body in a geometrical view - tightening the screws; applying pressure, these invisible construction crews - layer upon layer of memory, building blocks to raise up, then topple when it's too much; to demolish, then organize; to dissect the rubble until every piece of ankle has been inspected; then to rebuild, to store, discard, or re-use - these messes - practicalities, microspores, particles, minute grains - sporadic dots upon a canvass, with no reason or rhyme - no synchronicity or arrangement - to create what it may, when words do not suffice; for the image says all there is to say; & there's nothing left anyway, except me; peckish myself back up, walk it all in the center for balance, with a close-up, to transform (transmute), from a foolish state, useless anchor, to motivate the sharpening of my mind positively; my mental sword; so I can cut the screws, release the pressure on my brain & say save, in-save -

(Barry Bleske #9) painting a canvass with dots geometrically arranged.
Many nights pass;
That I think of you—
Wondering how you are;
Where your at?
What your doing—
I think of what your days are like;
Of what you learned in school;
If you made any friends;
Or have a crush on a certain girl?
I hear your laughter as you come through the door;
through your backpack down;
Run to the fridge;
to open it up & snarl in;
Than ask—
What’s for dinner.
I think about how much you have grown;
Since our separation;
The type of things that would hold your interest;
& how you would think or react in certain situations;
Seems like yesterday—
Since you fell asleep in my arms;
Told me your dreams—
But so much time has passed;
From that moment I wish I could never leave;
I carry you with me everyday—
Every night—
Every moment—
Every thought in here—
A year there so far away;
I remember your voice, your face, your touch;
It’s something I’ll never get enough of—
Until my last dying day—
My sun—
I love you with all my heart, mind, & soul!!
(Barry's Ed. #10)
Broken Haiku

Pieces everywhere

Broke - shattered -

Layed bare.

(Barry B. Edsoe #11)
WATCH IT ALL GO AWAY
& COME BACK BETTER
THAN BEFORE

I WATCHED IT ALL GO AWAY; EVERYTHING
I HAD; EVERYTHING I CREATED—EVERYTHING I
CHERISHED; EVERYTHING I HELD ONTO—EVERY ATTACHMENT—
I WATCHED A SMILE FADE & BROKEN INTO A THOUSAND
FRAGMENTS & UPON THESE SHATTERED REMAINS FROM
THESE OWN MOSAIC... I HAD IT ALL; EVERYTHING A MAN
COULDN'T WANT—A BEAUTIFUL WIFE, A BEAUTIFUL CHILD;
A BEAUTIFUL HOME; A BEAUTIFUL LIFE... THAT I
CREATED OUT OF A DESTRUCTIVE PAST; ONLY TO DESTRUCT
ONCE AGAIN, BECAUSE MY MIND HAD NOT CHANGED, NOR
LEFT THOSE SHADOWS BEHIND. A SO MY NEW LIFE WASN'T
SO NEW; BECAUSE UNDER THAT NEW LEAF PIECES OF
THOSE SHADOWS BEHIND TO EAT THE WIND, & BEFORE I KNEW
IT, FROM UNDER MY FEET I WAS PULLED UPSIDE
DOWN—MY WORLD SHATTERED BEFORE MY EYES—
AS IF I WAS UNABLE TO RECONSTRUCT EACH DAY,
I FOUND MYSELF IN THE RINGS OF THE TRENCHES SO
FAR AWAY FROM BEAUTIFUL SMILES; EACH STEP I
TOOK WAS SHATTERED. FRAGMENTS OF A SHATTERED LIFE.
I LIVED ON THE EDGE & JUMPED OFF EVERY CLIFF, INTO
THE SHADOW CREVACE... & IN THE DARKNESS I STRUGGLED
TO EXIST... TO FIND MY PLACE IN THE WORLD CLOTHED
IN RASH & HAVEN... ONCE BEEN RECH, I SURVIVED
WITH BASIC ESSENTIALS & SLEPT WHERE I COULD;
I BATHED IN THE OCEAN AT TIME'S AMONGST TROPICAL
FRESH, UNDER A BRIDGE; OR I CLEANED MYSELF
IN EAST FOOD RESTROOMS WITH NO ROOM TO REST;
I HUSTLED FOR FOOD TO EAT & FRESH CLOTHES; I TENDED
TO STAY AS FRESH AS I COULD, SO MY HOMELESSNESS
DIDN'T SHOW—BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE
MONEY AS A HAND OUT; NOR REFLECT TO EXTREME
MEASURES FOR FINANCIAL HARD... SO DEEP IN MY
MIND I WAS—

(Barry Blesse #12)
I walked, I walked; I walked; sometimes for days. . . just thinking how my life turned out this way; & when I was tired I slept, on a bench; under the trees; on the beach, in the bushes on the street; . . . contemplated reality upon the break, & so many people did I meet, all the while I was free, free from every attachment except one . . . the one who has my heart, & is my true love - & that is the one thought I can never rise above, but always serve & until my last dying day . . . my Sun.

So for sometime I lived my life this way - so deep in thought - I had time for nothing else except to think; I went through all of the questions - I found all the pretty answers - & so I threw them away & contemplated deeper, to the very meaning of it all; the Whys? the How's? I started hacking substance from all that was around me; for I found the less I had, the richer I had become; I followed a stream of consciousness & picked up jewel after jewel . . . the crumbs from the rich man's table - I stored them inside the treasure chest of my mind. I started to study & test life - I found the rhythm of the crowd; I the reason why people move as they do; what motivates, & what so many hold onto - the power of destruction of circumstance, & the "will-power" of mind - I found more riches in a man clothed in rags; than I did in a man in a suit - I found beauty beyond physical appearance; I found lasting truth hidden behind smoke; I found & understood the true meaning -

(Barry Bledsoe #13)
BETWEEN NEEDS & WANTS, & SO MUCH, MUCH MORE. I WAS FED AT TIMES BY THOSE WHO WERE CONSIDERED SINS; THEY SHARED THEIR FOOD WITH ME, BOTH BODY & MIND. THEY WELCOMED ME INTO THEIR HOME, THAT PLACE WHERE THEY LAID THEIR HEAD & GAVE ME THEIR THOUGHTS, & STORIES— WHERE OTHERS FOUND A REPUGNANT ODOR, I FOUND A SWEET SMELL— FOR I REALIZED THERE WAS DIFFERENT WORTH HERE IN THE DRESS—a FOR THIS DRESS CONTAINED MUCH GOLD!

(BARRY BLEDSOE #14)
EVEN though it is not what it seems; there is more in what meets the eye, than what you perceive. For the true face wears a mask; that alway's smiles; to captivate & allure; protected by the good samaritan, but who are "they" that wear these mask? for "they" are all around us; "they" are the one's you least expect; "they" wear the mask of titled rank, prestige & felicity; "they" sit atop the rungs of Jacob's ladder, in the highest position of society; used by these power & position to serve their own cause & purpose... all the while to display the professional mask, which always smiles, with polite & respectful manners; greeteth you at the entrance with a firm & sure hand shake; complementeth your style; with smooth words about your tact for time & appearance; speaketh else's only to blend camouflage; these mask that "they" wear allows no room for questions or second guess'eth; because the imake that appears seems to be a perfect mirror reflected, of all great virtue; we all wish to have & so we never stop to ponder the one who shake's our hand, smileth at the entrance... for do we really know those who we think we do? do you really know the one you have close to you? for the mask is everywhere running the city; running society; running the state; running the country; running your friendship, forever running... for how very rare it is these days to truly see - selfless state - an unselfish face, in most untouched, purest way -

(Barry Blopsoc #15)
EVERYTHING IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS, THERE IS MORE TO WHAT MEETS THE EYE THAN WHAT YOU PERCEIVE. SO LOOK & LOOK AGAIN, TEST & APPROVE... BECAUSE FACADE IS NEVER 100% - EVEN IT SLIPS, IT GETS TAXED, OR FURCHET'S... & THAT'S WHEN YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE TRUTH, HE'S HAPPY IN HIS MASK... & REALLY SEE WHAT LIES WITHIN.

(Barry Blewett #16)
IF HUMANITY CAN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE HIGHER PLANES OF EXISTENCE BY CAREFUL STUDY OF THE LOWER PLANES, THEN WE CAN SEE THAT WE STILL HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO REACH THAT OF HUMANITY. DREAM OF ABSOLUTE EQUALITY AND FREEDOM. BECAUSE BY STUDY OF THE LOWER PLANES, WE CAN STILL SEE THE MANY FORMS RACES, PREJUDICES, MELTDOWN HERE IN AMERICA, WHERE COLOR STICKS WITH COLOR; RACE WITH RACE; HATE IS FELLED EVERYWHERE. IT IS EXPRESSED IN DEGRADATORY SENTENCES; VULGAR, INDECENT CONVERSATIONS, MUCH VIOLENCE AND EXTREMES; SO MUCH MORE. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING IN THE FREE WORLD? WE STILL HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO!

(Sorry, Bleesoe #17)
When you do something in the name of God
"they" call it religious.

When you do something & say you heard the voice of
God - "they" call you insane.

When back in the day it was all in the course of
a crusade & considered normal.

— what a bloody mess —

This holy war's inside myself & the world.

& this is supposed to be the way to God!!

(Bared Breeo #18)
Why would you sell yourself?

Just to get high.

From selling yourself?
Spider, Skeleton & relatives

Spider escaped through a crevice & ran along a crack - as fast as its legs would have - to find a dark hole & plan its next attack; down its burrow ... at the entrance - it spun a web to make a trap door & to lure others in that were on the search for more.

"Those darn Shoo Flies; if it wasn't for them, I'd be one full Spider right now - "although that beloved deed turned out to be so much smarter than what he let me be;" now, didn't he!! Always shadowing his shadow of doom, as if all along he knew, my web - my web!! My web!! I thought I had everything spun - just perfect!! Well, this time there will be no mistakes; for I have something in store for the one who seeks' & searches for more.

& so Spider kept spinning a beautiful trap door; this time it spun with threads of gold, to lure & captivate the eye's Behold - with the promise of riches worked in material made the spider

"Ha! Ha! I'd like to see a Shoo Fly get past this once. It's shit firmly in place!!" "Aw - look how it shimmers like tattered bauble's - what perfect base!!" That damn beard; I can just taste!! Yum! Yum! Yum!! - Ha! Ha! No Shoo Fly to bother me ever again!!"

& so Spider kept spinning a beautiful trap door. Web. A lace of gold!!

(Barry Bendor #20)
To leave is fatal with close calls,
& you're blessed to have another chance,
Now it's time to stand up & give er' go best.

Belief couldn't really be called belief anymore,
because skeptical was back in the form—
so he now stood straight & form; sole in his
convent & all he had learned...

To leave comes a time when it's—
best to appreciate life,
to take a bad situation
& make it right.

To leave is so much more to find,
than within before the eye,
for you will search
far & wide ... I deep within.
"Well yes, except so much more than that:
I've been dead all the while. The experience is terrible for me. So many different angles to see; viewed in 360; nakeds as naked; plus, I've been dead, chased off those jewelz... "I just feel great to be here, great to be alive, now I see all these wedg'd through spot drums eyes..." so I know what to look for now..." & am bucketing a new pair of shoes, wait shoe fly's!" So I can take any step & choose & fly above the sheet!!

"Sometimes you don't really make any sense, yet, "make all the sense" when do that make any sense?" do I sound sensible to you?" or are we beyond past common sense?" to make the sense common - for those who try to have all the sense!!"

"Hey, you rattled my brain, lil -
I like that my skull & bone's, in this your apart of my marrow, I'd really be done & felted with sorrow, without you, my skeleton!!"

"Now - "Don't you try getting all mushy on me, ok I'll turn you to related;" or how about a piece of protein!!" Hey - "you can't get any protein if you don't eat your meat!! Ha!! Ha!! "Run my head into the brick of the wall!!"

Skeleton related, stepped with purpose around the cell, "Washin' her hands & feet, just look at this place around us!!" where others see a brick wall, confused it was; "I see a sick twisted general circumstance whatever to be sequed & changed into something neat!!"

(Carney please #24)
"What do you have to mend? Because on
bouncing around this skull chased tons of thought,
that I'm not to be run over on the track!!

"Well, for one, we're still level, still
breakfast, so we have opportunity. With opportunity
anything is possible." Look at all we have; it's so
great that spiced didn't suck out our brains through
a straw!! For we have a great mind; if it would be
such a waste to wind up as slush in sugar's stomach;
so let's use what we have, take ownership of ourselves;
justce & improve; that which we are; think set our rehab
on great hearts!! For the power of a great & benefited
mind has no limit; I know that body & mind are one;
I can feel power I didn't feel before!!

"Yea! the power of a loony boy!!"

"Now, really skedadd it's time to improve,
so are you with me?"

"Where else am I?" In brain, crazy blocks
your mind went my skull; in this mind — in this brain,
great mind; so in about to dig deeper & see
what I can find; to loosen the bolts & screws & find
another way to leave you .... you to much!!
Ha! Ha! "You Baw of Baw's!!"

"Well, it's time to take a memo; remember
from this point on we are one ... there's no-
timing for a split. So make the best of it!!
& stop calling me that!!"

(Berry Season #25)
Drone on & on & on the perpetual flight of this sepulcher; take me on an endless plight of the here & now; fill this space with times' expanse; the emptiness saturated with imagination, hopes, visions, dreams - levelling out so many lives' mentally, for the recurrent expression & visualization to be projected one day physically - with choice, to change destiny - to even be backed time & implant balance & harmony - to change a past one day in the future; & right the wrongs that are bestowed upon me; sealed up & shut in behind this steel door; planned & prepared - while all those around me stay stuck in petty frivolity; & the happy madness of ignorance, believe that these own existance; & drone on & on & on - the endless plight of this sepulcher - for only here & now; for it don't expanse time; as I saturate the empty existance with mind-emotions, creating all I want in life, hopes, visions, dreams; implant mentally; recurrent visualization to be projected 3rd eye & one day manifested make it something out of a wrench situation; bestowed balance & harmony here & now ... this sole future created my own auto-suggested as they'd drone on & on & on...

(Barney Cleverse #26)
This bay of peas,
MURDER & MAYHEM,
This DREAM OF JUSTICE
Lives in Exile
TASTE OF SUFFERING
TORTURE, IMPRISONMENT
SPELLED OUT POLITICAL HISTORY
COUNTLESS DEMONSTRATIONS
SOCIAL LOCATIONS
REVOLUTIONS
& POINTS OF VIEW,
THESE GREAT MEN OF OURS -
WORKED FOR REFORM
Worked... Went... He
AN open book to read,
STUDY the good of Life
& ITS VAST COLLECTIONS
ENVELOPED IN SILENCE
Upon a Mountain Home,
Marched... The Days Away;
MEMORIES OF TOMORROW & YESTERDAY,
Submit... THE TURNOFF WHEEL
Pleasure... CONTRIBUTIONS -
Go... AGAINST THE GRIND,
NEEDS... Arise,
For... SPECIAL ISSUES
For... Everyday and Chance;
These... Periods of youth;
OFFER's CONTRAST,
STUCK IN BETWEEN
A HOPE & A DREAM,
ENCROACH. ENHANCEMENTS
Build's Starch Links

(Cheryl Blessoe #27)
COMMUNITIES & ETHNIC ORIGINS
MOVEMENTS OF LIBERATION
TO FOLLOW YOUR OWN LEAD
TO REPRESENT YOUR TRADITION
IN THEIR POLITICAL GENERATION
IF GENDER DIFFERENTIATION'S
ORIENTATION'S OR ORIGIN & BACKGROUND
THE PAST IS THE FUTURE
HERE & NOW
MAGISTRAL RELATIONSHIPS
IN THE HOME OF SOCIETY
INMATES LEFT BEHIND
NOT WITHSTANDING DIFFERENCE,
STRUGGLE OF ROOTS,
EMBEDDED DIALECT
PARTICULAR REVOLUTION'S OF THE 'HEART',
NON-VIOLENT MINDS;
TO LOCATE US ON THE PATH OF ENLIGHTENMENT
INVOLVED IN THE DIALECT
OF SOCIAL TIME,
STRENGTHEN FOR EFFECTIVENESS,
TO DEVELOP A SYNTHESIS,
FOR PROPER CIVILIZATION
DEVELOP BEAUTY APART FROM HORROR,
FOR CURRENT ALTERNATIVES
ILLUSTRATE & ORCHESTRATE THE CONTRIIBUION,
ACTIVATE THE ACTIVIST, BY BECOMING ACTIVE;
NEVER TO FAUCTION
THE PEACEFUL INFLUENCE OF LIBERATION
THERE IS MUCH WORK NEEDED IN THE LEFT,
CALLING FOR EXTREME LEVELS
IN THESE TIMES OF DEVASTATION;

(BARRY BLOOM # 28)
CAPITALIST VENTURE?
DEFINE THE SEVERITY
ACCORDING TO BEHAVIOR
& YOU BE THE JUDGE
DISCOVER YOUTUBE, EXIST
RECONCILE & REFRAVE SOCIALLY
FOR THE PEN & VOICE IS A MIGHTY SWORD
TEACH (US ALL)
THE STRUGGLE & BEATING NATION;
ALL OF THOSE IN A GREAT WIND;
ASK WHY?
WHERE, WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, HOW —
WHO, BENEFITS?
INTERROGATE THE STRUCTURE
DON'T BECOME CAUGHT IN THE TREND
BECOME A ROMANTIC TO YOUR OWN PASSION;
REVOLUTION OF HEART & MIND
KNOWN NO END:
— STATUS QUO —
COMPASSION ARE PEOPLE,
SOLED IN FOUNDATION
YET ABLE ENOUGH TO MOVE, TO COMPLEMENT EACH-OTHER,
IN A DIVERSITY OF PARTICULAR SOCIAL ACTIVITY
EXPLORE IN CONTENT;
UNDERSTAND THE WHAT CONTEXT;
A PAST SURFACE AHEAD,
CURRENTLY MEDIAN, TO INTERVIEW YOUR HEART & MIND;
THIS PATH OF LITERATION —
SELF REFLECTION
GLOBALIZATION
GLOBALIZED FOR THE BUREAUCRACY
IS A MASSIVE BURDEN, WE ALL CARRY —

(Barry Seegoe #29)
It's excess runs into internal conflict — for all must state its purpose; in spite of the split; search inside; difficult context; seek truth & courage; for hardship, we are all prone too; peaceful protest; created for collective opportunities; of collective souls — levels the laws of karma; never complain about hardship — just make it; Charlie's in present predicament, always seek 4 ways to overcome peacefully; contribute our own crafts for a purpose; this life of experience & practice; training the keen mind; structure the structure; consider moral overture; ascends in space & time; to arise above the norm, I circumstance; becomes secondly adept; to traverse the halls of kindness; change the current; one vote at a time — form(ish) a great alliance; went the truly devolve; protest(ish) & rebel; for there are no limitations in life; & cooperatives ... to develop true populace, from the soul of justice.

(Cayley Glasgow #30)
That fits the criteria of all human needs & development;
- Equality -
- Reiterate civil liberty;
- Speak to the donkey & elephant;
- Intervene in the instrument of our values;
- For the power is located here & now;
- What article do you speak of?
- To contribute so passionately ...
- Solidarity -
- Undivided -
- With common positive goals -
- To cultivate the seeds & knew,
- With no resistance, this fertile soil;
- For the survival of our culture;
- Nor just the practitioner,
- In extraordinary ways,
- These fellows of ours;
- Spoken word -
- Ignites the flame of compassion;
- To take root -
- In otherwise worn hearts;
- Transcends the massacre;
- In a government controlled state;
- This land of the free -
- In forgiveness,
- Home of the brave -
- To liberate, so many voices;
- To heal the scars;
- Of in justice -
- In this society we love in today;
- Here & now;
- Racism, segregation ...
FAMILIES LEFT BEHIND,
- END EMERG-
SPEAKING PREJUDICEDLY TO CONSIDER,
FOR MULTIPLE REASONS,
DISCUSSION THE HOMELESSNESS OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY,
MEDIANED CONCEPTS OF BRAND PURPOSES,
SEEK THE WORLD-
THESE SILENT VOICES,
DESCRIPTIONISTIC PRACTICE,
PEACEFUL RESISTANCE-
FOR INFLUENCE IS THE MOVEMENT OF TRADITION,
THE BEAT OF THE MIGHTY DRUM;
IN OUR SPIRITUAL CULTURE,
BECOME FAMILIAR WITHOUT ROOTS,
TO TAKE ROOT IN OUR ANCESTORS & HISTORY,
FOR ROOTED AWARENESS;
A CONNECTION WITH ALL THE EARTH,
TO COUNTER MATERIALISM;
THE STICK IS EVERYDAY LIFE,
THE REALITY EFFECTS;
REMEMBER US OF OUR GROWTH AS A PEOPLE—
STILL SO MUCH MORE TO DO—
CULTURE DEFINED,
BY BLOOD, LOVE, RACE, TRADITION,
"YET" EQUAL IN LEAF & BEAUTIFUL MIND;
THOSE EXONERATED IMAGES,
PULLED OUT OF THE PRISON,
THE ONES WE SEE & DON'T SEE;
KNOW & DON'T KNOW—
THE TERROR & HORROR,
THE MASSACRE OF BLOOD SOILED SOIL;
TERRORIZE THE EARTH,
ENCARCERATED SPIRIT—
(Carpet Beosue #32)
THEY EXTREME SITUATION;
IN A YOUTH FELLED NATION;
FELLED WITH EXTREME MEASURES;
- MEDITATE -
THE POWER IS IN PEACEFUL SOLUTIONS;
UNITED IN MAID;
EQUIPPED WITH MIGHTY SWORDS;
WRITTEN & SPOKEN WORD;
INK & PARCHMENT;
THE SCROLL OF THE LEARNING SCRIBE;
OFFEND THE STRUCTURE MORE THAN REST;
REVOLUTIONIZE WITH PEACEFUL SOLUTION;
FOR HOW MUCH GREATER CAN WE ACTUALLY GEMPS?
IN THE BAY OF PEACE -
ENO TIME TO DISPERSE WITH CONFLICT;
THE IDEOLOGY OF THE MIGHTY PEN;
CONTRIBUTE TO JUSTICE;
IN THE PROBLEMATIC STRUCTURE;
A STATE OF HER MOUNTED HORSE;
-MEDITATE -
-STAMPED -
-ENVELOPED IN SILENCE -

(BARRY FLEET #33)
Since when did education become a privilege? I'd like to know who said that you can only be taught if you pay such a price, or act accordingly too—don't get me started on what they teach in school!!

Education is a right!! Not a privilege!!

If one were to depend on the institutions of the modern day; one's education wouldn't go to far!!

(Carry Gosswe #34)
How to Create a Social State

By: Saul Alinsky

There are 8 rules that must be observed before you are able to create a social state. The first is the most important:

1) Health Care... Control Health Care & you control the people.

2) Poverty... Increase the poverty level as high as possible, poor people are easier to control, & they will not fight back if you are perceived everywhere for them to love.

3) Debt... Increase the debt to an unsustainable level, that way you are able to increase taxes, & they will produce more poverty.

4) Your control... Remove the ability to defend themselves from the government, that way you are able to create a political state.

5) Welfare... Take control of every aspect of these lives. (Food, housing, income, etc.)

6) Education... Take control of what people read & listened to. Take control of what children learn in school.

7) Religion... Remove the belief in God from the government & schools.

8) Class Warfare... Devide the people into wealthy & poor. This will cause more discontent, it will be easier to take (tax) the wealthy, & win the support of the poor.

Do all these things, & you will succeed in destroying a once mighty nation!

(Barker's Ed. #35)
Now I know why God made us just right—
when an artist is created,
they can't stop until their creation is perfect;
a true artist knows what he's talking about.
The ones who don't eat, sleep, or even clean
themselves in the process, until their vision
is manifested!!
The recluse;
The omni-parent;
The ones we don't see—
"yet"—
have so much faith on...

(Barry Bleske #36)
A Love He Never Had

This is That Summer Time Blues,
Sitting Here Thinking About you;
"O" baby—

What am I to do,
Because everytime I close my eyes,
Music comes to my mind;
I can almost hear these tunes,
That take me away,
Closer to my baby,
"O" baby—

You know a man is down and out,
When all he thinks about is a love he never had;
These feelings you make him feel;
Just be the center of his world;
Cuz every time you say,
"On your feet,"
My heart skips a beat,
& I don't know just what to do,
With these Summer Time Blues;

"O" baby—
I this love you make me feel
Sitting in this lonely cell!!

(Country & Western #37)
Body Haiku

This is my own life
Matter, spirit, I am here—
Skeleton abode...
This is the age of pushbuttons, who push buttons, with the push of a button. The era of the cutthroat edge. The technologically advanced, the times where we have persona[ ... ]ed, the elements reixture them into a human degree of life. This robotic age, where anything can be imprinted from the mind or made. It really is intent to create what we think. But what is our end goal—to dominate or populate other than what we now control? To briefly extend our footprint to new worlds & raise a United Flag pole. For we have crossed the speed of light, & broken beyond sound barriers, to travel the globe & any destination under an hour. Such raw power— we have— So why are so many of us still behind left behind? Some populations on this planet don't even have fresh water to find— as the earth spins on its axes & its magnetic pull; is the earth really moving or does the universe have us fooled? The elements are pressed & combined; jumbled what we want; with the combination of a circuit board; & a battery power heart; with a computer brain we have created a composite being— New life. Have it reason... I have been searching & searching for keys & clues to figure out two— This message is for the immortal; left me up to the degree with you— for I have found the cycle & the egg & flow; the structure behind the blueprint of all things mechanical, advanced. This age in technology, with a push of a button; push[ ... ] a button; through a push button...
It belongs there because someone put it there.
If you take it when it's not yours, something has to replace it...
That replacement can come back to bite you, in the most darkest gruesome ways—
than that which you took.
Something has to fill that void—
So is it really worth it?
To take something that's not yours...

(BARRY BLEESE #90)
LABELS

I'm defined by this, your defined by that,
let me put a sticker on your forehead that says: "This is what you are". Since you make such a big deal of it anyways - and because of this label, you must act a certain way, or do certain things; because this is what you say you are - and so you are defined by this label - and you find yourself categorized like a product on a shelf in a convenience store, which explains all of what you contend - so here let me brand you... & stick this sticker on your forehead & say this is who & what you are... so you will always be this & nothing more... now make sure you live up to the expectations of your product name... so you can be bought & sold before your expiration date, because remember you are what you label yourself to be.

If you don't live up to your product's expectations you'll get thrown away... with all the other bad bracelets... have you ever thought about peeling off the label?

Is it what feels like to be - to be free from a label -
Is it to be free - from categorization & definition,
there yourself, true depth & substance - for the maker, is just a label;
and what we project ourselves to be.

(Carry 6 Edits #41)
You say you love me
But you're in love with an image;
So if my image fails you
So too, does your love fail me.

(Carly Simon #42)
ORGANIC

FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,
to give us VITAMINS & MINERALS,
FREE FROM PRESERVATIVES & GROWTH HORMONE;
Those things which cause cancer—
A BODY DEFICIENCY;
FOR WHAT FRESH & ORGANIC—
HAS NO NEED FOR SUCH THINGS;
THE WORLD TODAY IS FILLED WITH SO MANY PRESERVATIVES;
"YET"—still manages to decay,
SPRAYED & INJECTED WITH CHEMICALS;
TO ALTER A NATURAL STATE,
COOKED & SERVED ON A PLATE,
CHANGING ORIGINAL TASTE—
INTO SOMETHING MALIGNANT,
TAKE THE SEED & PUMPKED IT WITH SO MUCH GROWTH HORMONE
IT NO LONGER IS WHAT IT ONCE WAS—
WHO CAN SAY WHAT'S IT OMEGA?
or what it does to our BODY?
ONCE IT IS DIGESTED,
THIS IS THE SUGGESTION,
STAY AS NATURAL AS CAN BE—
WATER FROM A FRESH SPRING,
EAT A FRESH SPRING,
FRESH FRUIT TO MAKE A DRINK,
MOREISH & REPLENISH YOURSELF WITH FOOD FROM EARTH,
NUTS & BERRIES, & ROOTS—
VEGETABLES & FLOWERS—
& YOU WILL HAVE ALL THAT YOU NEED IN THE BODY PYRAMID;
THIS IS THE NEED OF THE ANATOMY—
BODY TEMPLE—
FOR MEAT WHEN SICK; SIMPLIFY THE PROCESS OF DECAY,
LOOK — YOU COOKED THE DEAD—
EAT ONCE SOMETHING IN ITS LAST MOMENT;

(Barry Science #43)
That released chemicals from the land—
that body's last defense,
so it still fights you from within,
& that's how disease sets in,
"Green is the land" to the one who feels the soil;
they shall have all they desire to have,
all the body needs—sufficient to cover all the wants,
& save the taste buds,
free from growth hormone & preservatives;
that preserve nothing & stop all growth;
your ancestors needed no such things,
for there are pure ways to accomplish the same feat.
"But" your body is your own—
& it's your choice what you choose to eat.
E + Motion

E = Energy in Motion. Emotion.

Guide your emotions for the achievement of your desires — or use those energies to motivate & stimulate you — sustain, avoid & direct those energies; harness them so they don't run rampant & overpower you — instead use them to make you that much more powerful!

(Recipe 81-20503e #45)
LOVE & HATE

HATE was crouched over in an angry sorrow, closed off & cold from all the world.
& HATE said: "I HATE, I HATE, I HATE; I HATE THIS & I HATE THAT; most of all I HATE THE FACT THAT I HATE ... How do I turn out this way? To be dark & cold & to hate all things ... HATE'S malevolent eye, hideous in shape, grotesque to look at ... Stamped maddened throughout its dungeon; on the walls hung once beautiful paintings; that hung now by shreds; pictures of hearts filled with dark; & people smiling with black X's marked over them. A small candle flickered to & fro ... I hate harbored all the hate in its lonely soul. "I hate the way people smile with such happiness & joy; I hate the artist who creates such masterpieces & upon the mind employs beautiful views; I hate a whole heart with so much depth & warmth upon emotions to truly feel" ... "I HATE," "I HATE! "THAT I AM HATE!! & I HATE to feel!!"

Love came upon a gentle wind, folding her winds in; landed at the entrance to HATE's dungeon. Beautiful in form, majestic in perfect shape, Captivated to look at; her steps were light as a feather; "yet" strong with purpose for Love had no burden; nor alterior motive ... Through the darkness Love proceeded; & with each step Love re-affirmed her meaning. The deeper Love went into the darkness & cold, she slowly began to leave a warm embrace upon HATE's tunnel.

(Barry Bledsoe 46)
As love came your hate's dungeon, her heart skipped a beat & fluttered. As she stood there & faced your hate's malignant form, hideous in shape & grotesque to look at...

& hate yelled "why the hell are you? & what is it that you do? in my face! for no-one asked of you, nor invited you here! before I say!! before!! I hate the way your looking at me, I hate the way you look!! I hate to have company!!"

& love only grew bolder & fearless & brave is love! noble heart... & she said: "I love you!! & with the power & impact of those three words...

Hate froze, slack jawed, & eyes open wide... a second passed before hate replied: "what did you just say?"

& love replied: "I love you!!"

As the words of love further sunk into hate, he became conscious of once thick... how he was suddenly starting to change...

"how can you say that you love me? when you don't even know me?" "I am hate & I'm filled with hate... just look at my form & shape!!"

(Back to back #47)
"Love said: "You were once hate, I
you were once filled with hate, I as fat as your
form & shape; it does no justice to who you
truly are. . . . I have been searching for you for
sometime; I am your other half. I am that you
need in life," believe in me & the power
of love." I trust that

\[ \frac{I}{=\frac{\text{love}}{\text{you}}} \]

Hate looked around his universe & saw
with new eyes his miserable existence; hate went
& stood in front of his broken mirror & saw all
the hate in his eyes & left . . .

A moisture escaped his eyes, rolling
down a hate filled cheek across a hated chin;
falling off the dark, cold ravine of hate;
plunging to the ground with such force & impact
that shook the world . . .

Love came to hate & took him in her warm
embrace; & as these two opposites connected the power
of love transformed hate's shape... & beauty replaced,
to grow a heart out of a malignant & grotesque form.
For the true essence had arisen & overcome with
those three powerful spoken words; & so hate turned
to love; & out of the dark, cold, unfeeling awoke the
meanwhile to life ... creating beautiful works of art,
joy filled hearts & smiles that have more power than
a million scribbled words... & all the different
ways to say: "I love you."

(Battery Blonde #48)
ANGEL OF MY HEART

FILL ME WITH SO MUCH LIFE-

YOUR EYES TAKE ME IN.
Spider finished its intricate gold web; made into a magnificent trap over. It laved its constructed & webbed adorning—

"I'll catch me now with this masterpiece; I finessed it's & while o're at it, I'll catch every traveler that come's along this path, for none will be able to simply pass, now to weave a spell to entrance—

So much time went by as spider harbored so much ill-well against related, patiently waiting for him to come this way. In the mean time spider stayed true to his world & caught & ate as many travelers as it could. Snekily they reached it's hole with many treasures & bones—

"Ha, ha!" Look at me, look at me, look at me now!! Spider yelled mad. Danger on top of riches & bones; "Methinks can stop me, for the secret I have found, & now it's only a matter of time, before the one I truly want comes this way, for truly these other fools have been entertaining, but not as much fun as that related— "He's the one!! & he's minded ... for de-brained!!" All move to de-fame him, break him, break him, & suck out his brain through a gold stew!!

S'wash, pawash, pawash, pawash. He's a wash through a gold stew. Who thinks he's so smooth; what I want I could do; what I should do. Bone stew!! — Spider went mad in its hole slamming & breaking! Has treasure, jewel, snapped bones, as he to prove to itself... that it was really capable to do all it wished to do!!
ONE STOPPED TO LOOK AT THE CREVICE & CRACK THAT SPIDER RAN THROUGH... THAN ONE CRACKED THE CREVICE & CRACK UNTIL HE COULD FIT THROUGH... THAN TRAVELED IN A PATH, SO LIGHT WERE HIS STEPS, IN HIS SHOES FLYED, SINGING A HAPPY TUNE - NO LOOKER DOOM -

DADA DUVUM
DADA DUVUM
DUM DUM
DADA DUVUM
DADA DUVUM
DUM DUM J6
DUM - DA - DUVUM
DUM
DUVM

J6 LOOK AT THE LIFE WE LOVE,
SO GRAY & SPLENDID AS THE WORLD SPINS,
IT'S MINE TO TAKE ON J6

DADA DUVUM
DADA DUVUM
DUM DUM
DADA DUVUM
DADA DUVUM
DUM DUM
DUVM - DA - DUVUM
DUM
DUVM J6

(BARREY BLEDSOE #51)
Jo the sun shines,
The birds cheep,
The wind blows,
So sweat is the taste,
& fresh the smell—
Such a splendid sensory overload — Jo

"One — one — one!!"

"What?" "I am" ravish here; stop screaming in my mind, your destructive my peace that's so hard to find."

"I was just gonna tell you — in reality, happy, we're back together, you know; heart, mind, body, soul."

"I am, too; I mean I am one. I mean I'm happy, we are too — no, no war, I'm happy. We are one, you know what I mean; blended together in a spirit of harmony; no longer in conflict with each other; at peace!!... which is so much better than internal war!!"

"Om — men" to that, amen — ra, amen,
praise gawd, praise lord, hale krishna, hale rama,
jesus christ pharaoh, zoroastrian holy
deity one, the source of all existence, mother-
nature, spirit in matter prophet, central point of
origin, mother mary zeus, keper of light,
iluminated one... hallelujah!!

(Carey Blesoe # 52)
"WHERE DO YOU GET ALL THIS FROM?"

— MY MIND —

"YOU SEE EVERYTHING HAS A CENTRAL STARTING POINT, THEN IT'S PUSHED OUT, AS HUMAN KIND BRANCHES OUT THEIR OWN CONCEPTS, BELIEFS, & IDEOLOGY TO FORM THEIR OWN RELATION TO MEET THEIR NEEDS. BUT WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT, ONE UP TO IT... EVERYTHING CAME FROM 'ONE' & I AM A GREAT & HONEST SPEAKER, WITH A GREAT MIND."

"YOU ARE JUST AN AWESOME ONE AREN'T YOU? I MEAN AREN'T WE? I MEAN... THIS IS GONNA TAKE SOME TIME TO USE TO; I'M SO USED TO YOU LEAVING ME, I NEVER KNEW THE DIFFERENCE; I WAS TO CAUGHT UP IN YOUR DRAMA; I HAD NO TIME TO STUDY MYSELF; WHAT WE ARE; WE ARE ONE, WITH A DEVICE CONNECTED TO ALL OTHER ONES; EXISTENT IN THE MOMENT & CAPABLE OF SO MUCH MORE."

"I KNOW, I KNOW; JUST DON'T GET CONFUSED FOR NOW THAT WE HAVE REALIZED OUR CONNECTION THAT REALIZATION NEVER LEAVE YOU, FOR THE TRUE TEST IS EQUILIBRIUM TO ACHIEVE & MAINTAIN - SO I PROMISE NO MORE BECUMES OK!!"

"WOW - THIS IS REALLY NEW OF YOU, I MEAN US; I MEAN ONE - I NEVER KNEW I WAS CAPABLE OF SUCH RAW POWER, DISCIPLINE, & PEACEFUL STILLNESS OF MIND - I FEEL GREAT!! & I'M READY TO DO GREAT THINGS!! I CELEBRATE SUCH A GREAT DAY!! TO BE GREAT!!"

(Barry Gleson # 53)
"Hey, where have I heard that before?"

So one traveled along. Somehow he's
happy songs of millennium, so deep in thought;
the sun shone, the breeze chirped & a sweet
breeze blew through.

(Barry Bleo#E54)
SOLITUDE IS THE GRAND AUDIENCE I PERFORM BEFORE. I AM THE CENTER PIECE THAT STANDS UPON THIS STAGE. THE CROWD IS FOLED WITH SO MANY DIFFERENT THOUGHTS; TRANSMUTATE IT THIS WAY & THAT; WATCH ME; MY WORLDS CAREER ABOUT THE PLANE OF TRUTH; BRINGING ME CLOSER THAN WHAT YOU THINK. STEPPING INSIDE THE BOX OF YOUR THOUGHTS TO FORMULATE A NEW GEOMETRIC SHAPE; BREAKING YOU OUTSIDE OF THE LINES OF THE NORM; SO THAT YOU CAN FORM SOMETHING MUCH MORE. THE UNIVERSE IS MENTAL; THE POWER OF YOUR THOUGHT ALONE CAN OPEN DOORS. NEVERTHELESS YOUR POWER WENT SO MUCH FORCE; THE STANCE OF YOUR PYRAMID IS THE SHAPE OF YOUR BODY AS YOU SET CLEARLY YOUR MIND; RELEASING YOUR ENERGY CENTERS; GRASPED IN THE COSMIC MUDRA TO FET; ANY DESCRIPTOR, ANY RELATION, ANY BELIEF OR SCREW; THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX; TAKING THE SQUARE & RE-ARRANGING THE LINES FORMING YOUR OWN GEOMETRY OF YOUR OWN ALCHEMY; FOR YOUR OWN ASTRAL ANDY COMES FROM HEBED STATES; DRAWING YOUR OWN CONSTITUTIONS; CREATING YOUR OWN ASTRALOGY; SO MUCH MORE THAN THIS WORLD YOU ARE; STANDING UPON THE CENTER PIECE; LIGHTING THE STAGE; TRANSMUTATING THOUGHTS ABOVE THE CROWD; AS YOU PERFORM IN SOLITUDE; SO GRAND; THIS GEOMETRIC SHAPE. 

(MEDITATE!!!)

(Barry Gleason Ch 55)
WHITE WALLS

WHITE WALLS STAINED; CHIPPED & CHIPPED - THE
CONFESSES OF MY SEPULCHRE - DIRTY ALABASTRINE GRAPPOLLY
FOR MY SKIN TO MAKE ME INQUIRE WITH THE WRETCHED
THAT COMES WITH APE - THESE U.V. RAYS SEEP INTO MY
BRANCHES - BY CONSTANTLY STRANGLING MY PUPILS IN DRIED DECLEAN.
EVEN IF I CLOSE MY EYES LED THE FALSE LIGHT PIECES
THROUGH & TO THROW OUT OF WHACK MY NATURAL BIO-RHYTHMS
& CIRCADIAN RHYTHMS - FOR THE NATURAL HAS BECOME
UNNATURAL TO TAKE MY SLEEP & RE-BO ME OF MY BODILY
FUNCTIONS... TRYING TO CHANGE THE MEASURE & DEPRAVING
OF THE BODY... SO IT TOO IS NO LONGER IN HARMONY; TAKE
THE INSTRUCTIONS THAT INSTITUTES DISCARD; PLAYING A VICE
OUT OF TUNE; TAKING THE VEILS; EVERY WHICH WAY IT CAN TO SENSE;
AS I STAY INTUNE WITH MY REALITY - THESE SUBTERRANIAL
WALL'S THAT WE FACE EVERYDAY; YET - SO FEW KNOW OR UNDERSTAND -
(80% DEHYDRATED = 40 TO THE SINK TO DRINK - H2O - ONLY IT'S
BENEFIT; WITH SO MUCH FLOWRIDE THIS WATER; IS SOMETHING
OTHER THAN PURIFIED WATER; FOR NO MATTER HOW MUCH OF
IT I DRINK, MY THIRST IS NEVER AVENEGED - WHAT PURPOSE
DOES FLOWRIDE SERVE? BECAUSE IT DOES NOT HELP TO MAKE WATER
PURE - BUT IT DOES CLOUD THE GENERAL BLOOD WHERE SPIRITUAL
ESSENCE BESIDE'S - TO MAKE ONE SLOW & SUNKEN IN DEATH
ENERGY & POWER FROM LIFE & THE KEEN MIND, SO IN COUNTER
TO A SICK, OR A WEAK - DO I DRINK WHEN I THIRSTY TO
COUNTER BALANCE THE BEST I CAN? OR NOT DRINK & DEPLETE -
FOR I HAVE NO OTHER SOURCE OF WATER OR DRINK; I
TASTED RAIN DROPS THE OTHER DAY, THROUGH THE GRATE
OF THE WINDOW; & THE DIFFERENCE OF THE WATER WAS
SO PROFOUND, THE REST OF HEAVENLY DEW WAS SO FRESH
UPON MY TONGUE, I SATURATED IT BOUTH DOWN; & THOSE FEW
DEPS, FILLED ME MORE THAN THESE BLEEP - BUT
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRUST WHAT SHE SAYS - SEARCH FOR FACTS
IN YOUR OWN WAY - GOOGLE IS A POWERFUL TOOL -

(BARRY BLEASDE#56)
yet- even then; it can block or mislead you;
so search your search engine (find, fact, fact, fact,)
and never be a fool—
for aluminum chloride hydrate in deodorant
causes cancer too—
what's the truth behind the sinking of the
titanic? & the start of the federal reserve?
what currency has more power, the united state's dollars, or the yuan? & is paper money really worth it to earn?
for if the world collapses, just give me a pack of cica seeds & let me survive off that...

because i'm on the brink, breeched, break; snap! eyes were open, stepping out of my skin; to a powerful divine mind, embracing
everyb(ath i am) to live in the moment creatively, my own sovereignty - visualizing, conceptualizing, auto-suggestion! mental images, clothed my ego
with my own created sensory perceptions - eyes were open! yet i see through my 3rd eye, stepping out of my skin - on the brink, breeched, snap; break - look at this around me; look at what surrounds me - where walls; dirty, stained in spots; moldy drab; repugnant yellow streaks; brown & black shoes; gray steel door; gray steel bunk; stainless steel toilet & sink; & a gray steel table; with a concrete floor, plain coarse grain - different shades where; black, brown & gray.
where are the colors to stimulate & proscribe exuberance & uplift; everywhere es drab & mako=0; drab, drab, drab-
& they wonder why one goes mad —

(barry gleason #57)
& this is et, day after day, after day,
after day - sensory deprivation to deprecate
& deprecate the great mind - what further
cause to deprecate, & that saturate with u.v. rays
& every subliminal plight & fight - Im standing
on the periphery of the break to semblance
normally; teetering on the edge - there's more
to life than this - so, I take counter measures & use
this realm as my studio, my mad house, to create
great works of art - a million different voices
that fall my head; screaming out on these pages -
jumping out of the walls, & concrete into my mind;
to be imprinted upon the canvass & be given a new
life, instead of this muddled existence. I say
"they scream, take me!! Take me!!" & dive inside
my eyes, as I kneel there, in the walls, in the
concrete, for they know I will imprint them
into a new realm, with so much more life than
this cell - a million different voices on the
break, each with their own body bleached;
snapped off the walls & concrete, to break open
my mind. In this mad house, to set them free,
upon the next canvass I touch & create - my reality -
speaking this language to break down barriers,
because when you control someone's language & the
words they use, you can control their mind -
by imposing a vocabulary with common word
usage, that limits - instead of arise-, you hold power
over the mass, as the mass can be forced into
desired shape, funneled into desired purpose,
to further a cause for an intentional effect -

So let my words arise!!

(Bailey Steenson #58)
ONCE UPON A TIME

THERE WAS A TIME UPON THE EARTH

WHEN JUST BEAUTY WAS ENOUGH

(Barry Cleaspole #59)
EXCERPT FROM: SUBLIMINAL POLITICS
By: James E. Combs
& Dan Nemo

EIGHT HIDDEN NEEDS EXPLOITED BY ADVERTISERS!

EMOTIONAL SECURITY; REASSURANCE OF WORTH; EGO-IRRELEVANT;
CREATIVE OUTLET; LOVE OBJECTS;
SENSE OF POWER; SENSE OF ROOTS; IMMORTALITY.

THE PRIMAL THEME EMPHASIZED THAT USES A CERTAIN PRODUCT HELPS ONE BECOME FASHIONABLE,
POPULAR, SEXUALLY POTENT, SECURE, EVEN IMMORTAL.

SOLEDIORITY IS A DEEP-SEATED EMOTION.

A DESIRE IN MANY PEOPLE. AIDS HAVE SECRET MESSAGES
THAT COMMUNICATE PRIMAL THEMES AT AN UNCONSCIOUS
LEVEL. THE MERE ARRANGEMENT OF OBJECTS & PERSONS
IN VISUAL ADS IS MANIPULATED TO APPEAL TO PRIMAL
DESIRES.
Drinking & drugging is feeding your demons,
when you sober up you beat them,
when you stay sober you release them,
& each day that you are clean,
you can watch them go further & further away from you!!

Barry (2009-04-02)
You said you were my best friend —
but when I realized that all you ever did,
was hold me down—
I haven't stopped brooding yet!!

(Crappy Bleach E#62)
CHURCHILL COMMENTS ON HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH PAINTS

"So very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint in the palette with a very small brush, & then went off with my prepared brush & mark about as big as a bean upon the apparent snow-white shield. It was a challenge, a deliberate challenge; but so subdued, so hitherto, indeed so cataleptic, that it deserved no response. At that moment the loud approach of a motor car was heard for the drive, from this chariot there stepped wistfully & lightly, more other than the helpful wife of Sir Sonny, 'painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush & the delirium! Splash & the turpentine, wash up into the blue & the white, Francis! Florence! on the palette, clean no longer, & that several times, please, smokes & slashes of blue on the absolutely lavender canvas. Anyone could see that it could not be back, no evil fate averted the savagery; violence... the canvas became in helplessness. Before me... the spell was broken... the weakly, the horrid song... killed away... all ceased... the lastest brush & fed upon my victim went..."
A MELTED DIFFERENT FACE!, INTERWOVEN & CONNECTED - CONCRETE MAKE, GRAY SUBSTANCE; LEADS CURVED & DULLED UPON THE FLOOR; I STAND HERE WATCHING THIS PAST RUSH SPEAK LEVEL - A LETT OF IT'S OWN - AS IT BECOMES THE FOUNDATION OF MY LIFE, AS I STAND OR SET - SITTING LEAK E NOW AM; WATCHING THEM TWIST & CURL, THE WORK OF ART THAT ONLY PRAY E's CATCH - & THEY THINK ON JUST SITTING HERE, STARE & AT NOTHING AS IF I'M REALLY LOST OR - LOST MY SENSE, MY HEART ON EXISTENCE IN - JUST SITTING ON A DIFFERENT PLATE, HAVE NO DROPPED, MY SENSE & WON'T LET GO.

SO, I STARE AT THE FLOOR, I STARE AT THE WALLS; I FIND WORKS OF ART IN THE AVERAGE THINGS PEOPLE PASS BY - WHERE THEY SEE NOTHING - I HEAR A CALL & SEE IT ALL - STRAINS & DROPS; PLASTER CHIPS, CHIPPED, CRACKS & CREVices, FOES & DIFFERENT FLOORS, SANDY, GRAINS; FOR EVEN THE SUCHEST THINGS HAVE THE KEYS OFFER TO PAINT - INTRICATE PATTERNS ... & SO I PULL MY THinks FROM THESE THINGS - PAST THE QUALITY & THAT'S PART OF HOW I CREATE!!

(Carrie Gleason #64)
A painted portrait

SPEAKETH TO ITS BEHOLDER—

Silent.

(Barry Cleojo E#65)
Evil is so cunning;
I weari's the prettiest face;
Selom do we realize its seductive embrace.

(Carly Bledsoe #66)
OVER POWER

= WHO?

We start to have problems in our life, when we reach physical maturity...
Because that's when the guy between his legs - stands up - that he's been holding down...
& the woman she's kept closed wants to open up;
So life becomes about them & not us - prepare yourself to beat those people in your life who want to overpower you!!

(BARRY BEOSE #67)
You say this
But you really mean that—
How can I trust you
After you turned your back—

Here you are now
But what am I to think—
When there's so much between us
And so much at stake—

We each know what we have to lose
What we love & well protect—
So why fabricate your lies
Behind a smile
& the words "I love you"
When I know what your set out to do—

How complex the degrees of my life
Have become
Because of the more I learned & know—
So now the weight of this knowledge
Comes with me everywhere & to—

You say you're my best friend
But why do I feel like you my worst enemy
—pretty little lie—
Always trying to get the best of me.

I see to your core
Past the charade & the mask you wear—
I'm not scared of what you are
I'm more than prepared—

(Barry Bonds #68)
I wish that we could end this peacefully
But I feel that it is not so—
So when the end comes
I want you to know
I'll always love you—
—Even though—

(Carrie Blystone #69)
RECESSION HITS & MAKES IMPACT!!

WHAT ARE THESE APPROVED PROPOSITIONS THAT DENY US IMMIGRANTS INDEBTED VOTES
TO DENY US PUBLIC SERVICE LICENSES & ANTI-SEMITISM
THOUSANDS OF OUSDERS
WHEN ANCESTORS BLOOD YOU SHED
OVER IT THE BLOOD YOU DIED
OF OUR LONE
IS THIS AN APPROPRIATE KIND
OF THIS OR JUST BEHIND
THOSE BORDERS OF ILLUSION
FOLLOW THE SAME OPERATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
CONVERT THEM
STAY THE WAR ZONE
ABROAD AT HOME
Watch through infrared scopes
Chase us with helicopters
Floodcloth senses
With sensory overload
Catch us
TO SENSORY DEPRIVE US
THEN THROW US BACK ACROSS THE BORDER
OR ON THE LANDS
THESE OCEAN SEE"
OF HUMAN DOES
BODIES IN THE SEA
ON LAND OR DRY
SOAKED UNDERGROUND
IN STALIN'S FENCES

(Barry Goldsobe #70)
A CORPORATE VENTURE THAT DRUGS
US IN BUREAUCRACY WEATHER
SENSE IT THE STORM
LIKE A WAR
THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
EXPOSES THE EXPOSURE & DEHYDRATION
AMONG THE UN HUMAN RIGHTS
OF THE PEOPLE WE ALL FACE
FIGHTING COMMISSIONS.
THAT ENDANGER US ALL
NOT JUST A MEANING
FOR THE STRATEGY IS KNEW
FOR THE INFRA REAGIN
HAVE THE POWER
TO DESTROY OR BUILD
COVERED ON THE ENTER, SQUARE ROOT
THEM AGRICULTURE OF LAND
THEY STAND
FOR HUMAN RIGHTS
& FREE TRADE
OF EQUITY
& PEACE INCREASE HAD
FOR TO DEPREVE A HUMAN RIGHTS
IS TO DEPREVE & HUMBLRATE THE SOUL
FOR WHAT IS THE SMULLRED FEED
TO ONE WHO DESECS TO BE FREE
FOR, FOR, WATER, & HOME
MULTIPLE FREEDOMS
ON THE, NO, TRESPASSING, ZONE
NEVER FEAR A RISK
BECAUSE CAREFUL SOUNDS
RESULTS IN RESULTS

(BACKBREATHED #71)
IF KNOWLEDGE IS PLAYING HARD TO GET,
WISDOM WILL LET ME SLEEP WITH HER;
AND WHEN IM DONE
UNDERSTANDING WILL SLAP ME IN THE FACE
FOR CHEATING;
WHEN YOU REST ALL THE ANSWERS WILL COME FOR YOU.

(Barry Bloomer #73)
Some things are left
Better unsaid.

While saying less is more
While saying nothing,
-Sometimes-
Says it all.

(Carry Cleosue #74)
ENEMIES are always GREAT to HAVE;
They keep you young;
& your mind FRESH;
BECAUSE you HAVE to STAY in SHAPE;
Always think of WAYS to BEAT & OUTSMART THEM;
So thank you—
All of you HATE ME!!
& wish me DEAD!!
For you HAVE given me the FOUNTAIN of YOUTH;
I shall out-live all OF you—
with ETERNAL LIFE—

(BARRY B (EDSJOE #75))
SCARS THAT PENETRATE TO THE DEPTHS OF WHO
WE ARE - LEAVE LASTING IMPRESSIONS ON OUR MIND.
HEARTS THAT SHAPE TODAY'S CHARACTERS FOR LOVE THAT IS LOST
CAN BREAK YOU DOWN & DRAGON YOU TO THE EMOTION
OF FEELING'S OCEAN; FOR BROKEN HEARTS BECOME HEAVY
& CRY OUT, RELEASE TEARS FROM HURT EYES. FOLLOW
AN OCEAN, & SO EMOTION, PULLS US UNDER. WITH ITS CURRENT,
& WE SUFFOCATE FROM BROKEN HEARTS, FOR THE ONE WHO
BREATHED LIFE INTO OUR LUNGS HAS MOVED ON. & HEARTS WE
ARE UNDER THE SURFACE - TURBULENT SEAS - FOREVER
PUSHING TEARS INTO A HUNCHBACK OCEAN, WHERE TO THE
COMFORT OF SUCH RAW EMOTIONS, THAT ONLY ANOTHER
EMOTION CAN COMFORT & CALM THE SEA. SUCH POWER OF
EMOTIONS THAT TAKES US UNDER OR GIVES US WINGS.
BROKEN, SHATTERED, CRUSHED & CRUSHING; A BALLS
SCATTERED PIECES OF LOVE TO BE FOUND... AMONGST
THE FATHOM DOWN.; TO BE PUT TOGETHER & MADE
WHILE BY YOUR SMILE THAT WAS MEANT FOR ME & IS
ANOTHER NOW...
THE METAPHYSICS OF A MAGNETIZED MIND—
Harshes — no such word as impossible; for anything is possible, as all that is of existence is an outward projection of mind. Check out the word now to the word “impossible” — Im + possible; Im + possible doesn’t seem to be to strength of a limiting factor. So if impossible really is, Im possible; I am pertaining to all of what I am, I know that anything I think is “possible.” For the “I am” is connected to the “all,” the “all” is an outward projection of mind; so with my individual mind that is connected to the “all,” anything is possible for “I am.”

(SaRaH BLEsoE # 78)
ONE TRAVELED ALONG THE PATH & CAME UPON
A MAGNIFICENT HOLLOW DOOR, INTRICATE IN DESIGN;
INTERLOCKED & WOVEN, SHINING BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN—
"WOW!!!" JUST LOOK AT THIS! — ONE'S STUPENDOUSNESS
HELPED TOAPIView & ONE LOOKED & STEPPED CLOSER; YET
HE COULDN'T SEE NO HANDLE, NOR LATCH, NOR KNOCKER,
HE STARED SPELL BOUND...

"YOU ALWAYS WOnder Why WANDER Away
I Say; "THERE'S NEVER A Sill Moment WITH YOU
BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD Go BACK; I DON'T LIKE THIS Thing!!!"

"Don't you see?, THIS is THE Door WE've
BEEN LOOKING FOR; I WONDER WHERE IT LEADS & MORE!!

"I DON'T KNOW SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL
RIGHT ABOUT IT; I THINK IT HAS NO HANDLE FOR A PURPOSE!!"

"PROBABLY BECAUSE THERE'S TREASURE INSIDE
& ONE STEPPED CLOSER.

"I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA; DONT TOUCH!!"

ONE INSPECTED THE FRAME, BUILT INTO ROCK,
WITH NO CRACK OR CREVICE, NO SEAM; & IT SEEMED
TO BE ENMESHED IN GOLD THREAD, CROSSING, CROSS-
-CROSSING THIS WAY & THAT; YET — THERE WAS NO
HANDLE, NOR KNOCKER, NOR LATCH—

"COME On, ONE let's LEAVE, JUST LET IT BE!!"
"No—we can't spend our whole life scared to see",
"Come on already" & with that one made his hand
into a fist to knock

"What if whatever is there doesn't
want to be disturbed?"

"Oh! Foolishness—man why would it
have such a splendid door?

-I went that one knocked—

-Knock-

one went to pull his fist back; I realized
it was stuck—just as the door revolved, slamming
the rest of his body into it, causing to the
bright strands—The door spun & spun & swiftly
his head & body—round round; faster & faster
like an out of control merry go round—until one's
vision blurred, loss of his sense of gravity, a
thousand spins in a minute—A sudden stop—
one hurt. Suspended in the door; dizzy, dizzy,
dizzy—gone—everything kept spinning &
steadily before his eyes! His frame of mind came
to treading-based—vertigo—One felt sick—
stomach twist, turn, acid knot—puuukkkk! Leece!!

"AW—Fuuukk!!"
"I told you, I told you, I told you..." One's vision slowly began to clear; brain (balanced out), as the synapses fired (7 mental threads snapped & clipped - Focus). Focus - focused; one's eyes moved around; he tried to move his body but couldn't get out; he was enmeshed in bold threads; he realized it for what it was; a dazzled web!!

And then, just then, Spider said:

\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{DUUM-DA-DUUM-} \\
& \text{DUUM-DA-DUUM-}
\end{align*}
\]

"Ha! Ha! I knew it; I knew it; I tested & approved it; all who come this way are fools!! Captivated by what the eyes take in; spellbound by mateless size had!! Spider flipped upside down from the ceiling; a dim light shone in from the door of hole -

One was raving; there was many treasures; jewel & knick, everywhere; for the crevice was stacked; jam packed with them; for Spider had been busy; catching all who came its way; eating them & keeping their tricks; all about the floor was pooled with skull & bone's amidst the treasure; for these were the rest dead.

"O! No - it's Spider one thought;"

"See you never listen; only if you'd listen; I thought we were making progress; what are we going to do now?"

(Carrey Cleese & B.)
"I don't know, I'll figure something out. Maybe I should of listened to you & just turned around when I had the chance!!" Then again don't we make mistakes in every choice we choose?

"Aww you look so happy to see me!! Spider said- months across the ceiling with its 8 legs...

Dada DUM! DADA DUM! DUM! DADA DUM! DADA DUM! DADA DUM! DADA DUM!

"DUM!! DUM!! DUM!! DUM!! DUM!! DUM!! I'm so happy, so happy!!" I just knew you'd come & it was only a matter of time until my fun began! My taste buds! No! No! No! I'm jumping out of my trunk!! Just see what you've gotten me drunk!!

"Spider, what is it that you want of me?"

"I've done you no wrong!—just let me be!!"

"No! No! No!" It's so much bigger than that!! I just can't stand you... you think you're a holy moley!! But you're just mentally relaxed!—Spider jumped & twisted, landed on the floor, on top of his feet; he dug through the pole plush bones, hold tokens, jewelry, skullz, & fremz... "Where is it, where... is... it!... ah!! Here it is!!"—Spider held up a gold straw! "Hai! Hai! Slurp... slurp! Slurpy time!!" Spider laughed & out of his mouth, droolently at the mouth; danceh, marchin 4 legs at a time; the bone claunched & clacked together playing their own tune, Spider was happily mad from (Blaggy Blagoe & Blagoe) Sprightly in its web & catching the one it wanted.
ONE WAS STUCK I COULDN'T MOVE, I SAW
WENT SO DEEP IN HIS MIND, SURPASSED SPACE & TIME,
& REMEMBERED A JEWEL:
"IF THE BONES DANCE PLAYFULLY IT'S YOUR TIME"
& THE SPIDER SPINS ITS WEB AROUND YOU
& YOU FIND YOURSELF STUCK I CAN NOT MOVE
"IT'S TIME TO DESTROY & REBUILD EVERYTHING AROUND YOU!!"  

REALIZATION SNAPPED ONE'S MIND WITH THE FORCE
OF COSMIC UNDERSTANDING AS THE WEIGHT OF REALITY
SET IN, FEELING IMMENSE PRESSURE ... - FROZE - STOPPED -
TIME STOOD STILL - ALL PROJECTIONceased.; NOT EVEN
A TRACE OF THOUGHT - ABSOLUTE STILLNESS - JUST
BURST TO BE ... I ONE'S SPIDER LEFT HIS BODY
SUDDENLY, Astral projection ... TIME RAN, MOVED,
PROJECTION PROJECTED, AS SPIDER ARISE OUT OF
BODY & MIND - MIND ENERGIZED THE REALM, INCREASED
VIBRATION'S I ALL THE SCATTERED BONES ...  

SPIDER STOPPED DANCING AS THE WindS Broke
SPACE & TIME \& BLACK JAW, AS BONE & FRAGMENTS CONNECTED
FORMING A SKELETAL WARRIOR WITH SWORD & SHIELD!
Swoosh-al! It's sword in a GREAT ARCH At Spider's head
"ALIGHT ON ME, NOW!!" SPIDER YELLED THROUGHOUT
UP THE HOLO STARR TO CONNECT WITH STEAL INSTEAD OF
NECK- CLAMMER!! - THE SWORD SLICED THROUGH HOLE;
SPIDER WOKE & MOVED, AS SKELETAL WARRIOR KEPT
CONTINUOUS WIELDING IT'S SWORD RESECKER - THE "HOLE-
CREVICE" STARTED FALLING TO PIECES; SPIDER SHAKES;
SPIDER JUMPED TO THE CEILING GLARING MESS- THE
ANOTHER BLOW-
"NO, NO!! NNOO!! ALL MY WORK!! MY HOME!!
My HOLE!! My Riches!! My Jewelz, My Fools!! My
Bones!!" NNOO!!
The walls caved in,

"I'll bet you believed it's the last thing I do!!"

Everything toppled upon itself, turned to rubble, rocks, bones, treasure, dust!!

Destroyed, for everything lay in the mix of destruction — for one’s mind exploded upon itself with such force it shattered the reality of the realm with such powerful energy projected throughout rates of vibration... shattered the physical sense / shattered heart, mind, body in the process.

Left went the dirt of one’s bare essentials; spirit flew over the pole of ether that was far below!

(Carlyle Denson #84)
Sometimes it takes a genius to awaken another genius —

in this case the secret to rhyme... it’s all in the syllable’s — because thereon resides the ebb and flow, the high and low, the different vowels & decibels, the octaves; the musical notes upon a scale —

than it’s a matter of bleeding words, & connecting those scales; so your words don’t necessarily always have to rhyme — as long as the syllables connect —

than to blend your reasons into rhymes; it is to flow upon the octave tube; & keep in the forefront of mind; the meaning you wish to imply —

or you can make a list of all the words & reasons you wish to use — then compose it all together for orchestrations use; touching upon syllable & rhythm words; & all that are in the notes of your scale...

or you can simply freestyle & enjoy the ride — for in time to use your best — great mod!!

(Barry Bleed #85)
You see most people would lose their mind not having anyone to talk to – so scared of isolation. The fear of being alone, with no communication, no one to call, no touch screens to take selfies.

Save you from it all. A glamorous stroll upon the red carpet, you come, camera flashes, as you twist and turn to strike a pose – "OMG! Where would you be without technology? Where would you be without recognition? Will anyone recognize you? Please recognize me? You say – "I need you to see me." Glamour, flash, glam, fame – you just a manekin that needs paint – "Oh! So much pain!" They see you are so different among the crowd, you stand out – thick, dense, jowly, bleek – this is me – "Do you see me?" Selfie, selfie, selfie – now wash it all away.

Speech's down the drain – locked in septic tanks, solitary features with no crowd, no carpet, no technology to touch a screen, no calls of communication, no one to recognize you / when all alone, you don't recognize yourself / now stripped bare, burdensome essential – the reflection in the mirror, "Says: "Here I am" your true potential & so the manekin has no paint or bauble / shed off, costume & design. Refused in its most natural state, no longer confused, free to step out of the shield that we place ourselves in over time & feed ourselves – to hold onto that truth, before we paint ourselves again, upon the many different layers that are to be applied with the artist's touch – isolation is not all bad, because it forces us back up with the depth of substance that –

(Carol Bledsoe #76)
- gives our life meaning!

As we take selfies to capture the moment, instead of living in the moment, embracing the red carpet stroll, amidst camera flashes & microphones, as we seek outward recognition for the glam & fab, bling & glamour, dependent on ourselves apart from the mannequins we design & paint with our jewels & kenz, that styled, saddled the cool, the block to razzle dazzle the isolation & keep us connected to the touchscreen so we don't fall down before tanks, in the crowd isolated to standout—before it all washes away, captured in our reflected in the mirror behind all the many layers, taking pictures to savor a moment to show the world "self"—apart from the drag & the fears of being alone!"
IN OUR HASTINESS
WE MAKE HASTE-
TO DO THE AVOIDABLE.

(CARRY BLEDSOE #88)
Listen

Specter knows that sometimes sense
Mend & it speaks through instinct & premonitions
To twist your gut, & snap your reason— or it
Could make you second guess!

Listen to Specter!!
IF HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS, THEN THAT
WOULD EXPLAIN WHY LIFE IS A JOURNEY. BECAUSE
WE QUEST FOR OUR SOUL MATE; THOSE WHO HOLD OUR
HEART; BUT WHAT IF THAT WHICH HELD OUR HEART
CANNOT BE FOUND ANYWHERE? WHAT IF KNOWLEDGE
HAS OUR HEART, & WISDOM IS THE MAKER OF OUR HOME;
Therefore each moment that we live, each experience
is a quest of soul ... thus the journey never
ends, as we become wise in our search for
knowledge, I understand that each moment is
the heart's home .... So, with each beat we
create life into existence, a reflection
of soul — & along the way we find those who
travel with us in spirit, open and close doors
making lasting impressions, as we seek both
a right home of the mind, & a right home for
the body.

Soul

Mate

&

So

Much

More.

(Barry Bisson #90)
Ego dominates & it holds that power position over your soul. Never want it to loose itself or let go, from the status it has gained. Now there is nothing wrench with ego per se, as long as it's used constructively; but that's something you want easily come to know, because ego blinds with delusion so you want know, it's true motive; because it shaped, shaped & molds to fit so many different roles; taken it you on a journey not of your own.

It can destroy, or it can be used to grow, depending on who's in control - you or ego - to find this truth, you must search within & once you find an answer - then you will know what to do.
GIFT OF G.A.S. -
RHYMES;
FREE STYLE;
POETRY;
ART;
PLAYS;
DRAMAS;
ACTS;
WHATEVER YOU MAY CALL IT;
IT WILL ALWAYS BE KNOWN
AS TRUTH.

(Anthony Bleuose #92)
CRICKETT HAiku

MAKE MArK MUSiC FlOW
ALL THROUGH THE SiLEnt NiGHT LoNG —
A CRiCKETT CHiRPS LoW.

[SMOKY B. COOEE #73]
YOUR ASSUMPTION LED TO DESTRUCTION; INSTEAD OF SEARCHING FOR FACTS YOU JUST ASSUMED. I THE MATTER OF YOUR OPINION THAT WAS FORMED FROM YOUR ASSUMPTION DISTORTED THE ENTIRE VIEW.

There are those who spin webs to trap you in; & get you to do just exactly what they want you to do— Sometimes the spider is the one you least expect; the one you have closest to you— Sometimes the web is spun from afar; haven't been the one marked; although it is mostly the person closest to you; that has the power to hurt you; because they know the most about you— & knowledge is power—

Best friends make great enemies, because each other is known in depth, & so to the level & depth of the web that is spun, is that much more complex; as the stakes of the battle become that much more dear— haven't spent years by each other's side, only to be at each other's neck!! Be on guard, for even the worst circumstance can play your entire world upside down; & break you into situations you never thought you'd experience this left around— Remember, I pay close attention to who's close to you—

(Barry Glocks #94)
THE MELODRAMATIC IMPERATIVE STATES THAT THE ELEMENTS OF A NEWS STORY MUST SATISFY THE TIME & SPACE REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEWS MEDIA. IN SHORT, THE ACCOUNT MUST (1) EMPHASIZE SYMBOLS & MAKES READILY UNDERSTOOD; (2) BE ENTERTAINING, NOT BORING; (3) TELL A STORY WITH A BEGINNING, MIDDLE, & END; (4) PORTRAY REALISTIC ACTION, FALLIBLE ACTION, & DENOUEMENT; (5) DEMONSTRATE CONFLICT & STRUCTURE; (6) OFFER LEADENLY & SUPPORTING CHARACTERS PREFERABLY AS WINNERS & LOSERS, GOOD & BAD, RICH MAN & POOR MAN, THE HAVE’S & THE HAVE NOT’S. THESE SAME ELEMENTS, OF COURSE ARE PRECISELY THOSE THAT COMPRISE THE BASICS OF MYTHOLOGY—SMALL WONDER THAT THE NEWS MEDIA ARE KEY MYTHMAKERS IN OUR SOCIETY.
you can buy a pair of jeans
for a hundred dollars—
but the people who sewed them
are paid pennies
in 3rd world countries—
these factories
harbor back broken labor
stooped over & droppin' sweat—
for cents—
not enough money do these women
make to feed their families;
but, we never think of this
as we are caught in the latest fashion;
the poorest people here in america
are much richer
than the ones who stitch our clothes—
for they live in dirt floor shacks
with plywood & plastic sheetin'
or, whatever they can find—
how many mothers do these companies make?
yet can't, or should I say don't;
we better 'yer' refuse to pay those workers;
mostly women's endual money to subsistate,
themselves & family?
when a raise is asked for
the union will face & refuse;
so these people live & work of fear
for this reason is;
that's feedback crumbs & morsels
from the rich man's table—
manufacturers imported materials
from our companies
—here in the u.s.—

(carey clemons #96)
EXPORTED ECONOMIC INJUSTICE,
BECAUSE OF THE PURCHASED POWER
OF THESE PRODUCTS WE BUY
& SPEND OUR LIVING; OUR CHILDREN
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OTHER PEOPLES' LABOUR
IN A PAGE OF PAGES
WE CAN BARELY FER IN TOO —
BECAUSE WE'RE SO FED UP WITH AVON
OUR STOMACH POP THE DAMN BUTTON
OF ALL THE SWEATY UNBALANCED WORK
WE'TH TO STICK —
A THIS IS A FREE TRADE ZONE —
Ha! Mo!
For Whose Benefit?
Whose Power?
US Or Them?
Or They?
Demonstrate the Pressed Activist
To Impλe Pressure
Up & The Corporation
To Enforce Codes of Conduct,
Before We Purchase A Product
Where You Are Markets —
For We Are The Suppliers
Of The Imbalance
& Than The Hard Truth
This Is Human Right —
& Civil Liberty
Reject All Flaws,
Until We Have Guaranteed —
A Supporting Wake
To The Workers of These Countries!
Investigating The Conceded
(more binppsh# 97)
Let grant equal trade benefits,
to improve working conditions,
or I propose "us Americans"
be as a strike from clothes-
all loose weight - naked-
so we don't snap the buttons of the button pushers,
who oppress the button stitchers -
unless the company is fair-
to all parties involved,
its time to investigate
the products we buy!!

Case #98
BEAUTIFUL SMILES upon a body canvas
PERFECT in captured form -
FOREVER expressed,
The Happiness found in life -
REVEAL posture Vitality
SURPASSING Mortality
MOMENTS of ETERNAL Bliss
- SMILE -
SUCH BEAUTIFUL SMILES
That give life meaning
APART from the dark horror
Holdback onto the make
TO make it through the flood
Always lift up the way
Through the winding paths,
The suffocated strain,
Tears of only read
- SMILES -
SUCH PERFECT, Happy smiles,
INNOCENT in its pure State of Joy
ILLUMINATING the canvas of your pleasant face
TAKING me Deeper to the cause -
OF WHAT MADE YOU SMILE -
- SMILE -
SUCH powerful smiles
That give me cause & purpose
That Motivate me, to push on with perseverance
To not loose Hope
To not give up
So one day
I too, can experience the cause
Of SUCH a BEAUTIFUL, Perfect, Happy,
POWERFUL SMOLE

(Always believe in smiles!)

blessed #14
IMMORTALITY

- FOREVER ALWAYS TRUE LOVE -

MY HEART IS FOR YOU.

(Barry Blestee #100)
THE ART & SKILL
OF LETTER WRITING!!

He my name is _______
I like this & that _______
I am such & such & such type of person _______
We can relate on _______
In my free time I _______
I enjoy _______
I am really looking for _______

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah —

(Sorry, this seems to be incomplete.)
WAKE up SoBER

WAKING up SoBER;
Knowing I WENT to SLEEP SoBER—
Let's me HIGH enough
To MAKE it THROUGH —
THE DAY!!

(BCREY BLEDOE #102)
THE SCRIEVE

Life is a story, told by many mouths, written by many hands, seen with many eyes — each of us has our own epic, our own saga, our own pages to fill. Words from imagination, or those spoken with experience are most powerful; the most moving, the most touching; to break down barriers, to move forward, to bring a heart back to life. Ink is the life blood to a scribe; for without it there would be nothing, and they would cease to exist. For parchment can be found upon any surface; doubt a service as the scribe takes traces of themselves, their story. The beginning, the end, is never the beginning, the end; for each has its own start into the next page; for the middle simply connects the two. To write is to live once again. Having been deprived of everything, not by one’s own choice — to be stripped bare “yet” left with paper & pen. Is all there is in my world... & for these jewels I am thankful for having realized what I am; I would have it no other way; for I could not go a day without them; for they have become my best friends; closest allies, & knower of my most intimate thoughts — nothing is kept hidden from them; for each physically stuck at times drives me mad — to know that I am here, when I wish to be there, still. Making the best of the years; “yes” life is a grand story Pope with it all— yet, we have the power to be our own author’s; page by page to chart the course & outcome of our life; for the scribe realizes the power they hold in their hands; therefore these options are limitless, not defined by circumstance; as the traces of themselves they forever leave behind on parchment will always immortalize them.

(Sealey BEESE=103)
I MADE

HAL! HAL!

When I was poor they rejected me;
I came as a homeless man & everyone shunned me
except those of the street—

I came as a rich man & they embraced me;
I came clean in a suit & had doors held open for me;
I was awed & looked over—

But little do they know minutes before—
I was the same sordid unkempt man,
they could not back to stand, or look at—
they turned their nose up as I passed,
I made degrading remarks.

This is the difference of make
& shows you just how blind some people are—

(Barker 15, 305-310)
I put the first 25% of my life through hell.

So I could live; the other 75% quite well.

I'd live to be one hundred and twenty—

I probably pass that.

I can remember when I was a little boy I prayed, I dreamed, I wished for wisdom. I for the first 30 years of my life; I went through endless hardships, pain, loss, terror, emotion. I had great lows & immense heights & so much in between. For to gain wisdom & experience was my teacher; & I, the student. The more that I knew, the more responsibilities were placed upon my shoulders; & the more that I knew, I came to know, that I knew not enough. I learned that to make changes, you must have power... not only within one's self, also the power that exist in the world, to make a change, you need more power than wisdom alone. This is one moment, when thyself begins to ask, for wealth, riches, influence; because coupled together with wisdom, you will then have the power for the next step of the next degree; to the never-ending door of endless possibilities.

That's when I noticed that I was challenged once again, becoming more powerful!!

(Barney Seguso #105)
I now you don't have to go through what I went through.
I've already done that for us.
Your next step should be, take all the knowledge I've
built, & use it to surpass me—
as you travel on your own path; propel us even further into the future!!

(Sheckler & Bens 106)
- Don't!!

  Don't!!

  Don't!! -

- Womp - Womp - Womp -

The portal chanted search for the seeker to find - colors sheeted & warped across the color spectrum, into dark purples & blue hues; the sun exploded upon the ether, particles of sky filled with neon stars - Spirit traveled faster at the speed of light toward the sound, the air thickened with energy vibrations -

- Don't!!

  Don't!!

  Don't!! -

- Womp - Womp - Womp -

Spirit moved with purpose; for the quest never ends, as everything starts from within & is pushed out - the search for more - back to reality - spirit quest, liberation; free to be, contact upon a great light!! A vortex of pure energy, shiny crystal violet -

- Don't!!

  Don't!!

  Don't!! -

- Womp - Womp - Womp -
SPIRIT GAZED UPON THIS VORTEX.
LISTENING, ABSORBING... CALLED TO BE STILL-- A
BRIGHT LIGHT BECKONS, PURE ENERGY, VERTIGINALLY
THROUGH THE ETHER--

"DON'T!!"
"DON'T!!"
"DON'T!!" --

= WOMP - WOMP - WOMP -

& SPIRIT KNEW WHAT IT MUST DO; FOR
THE QUEST WAS JUST BEHIND, FOR IN DEATH, THERE
IS LIFE, & SO SPIRIT STEPPED THROUGH!!

= DON'T!! WOMP!! DON'T!! WOMP!! =

VERTIGINALLY, CONNECTED, VIOLET LAYERS
ELECTRIFIED. PULLED & TwISTED, TURNED, PULLED,
PULLED & DISINTEGRATED... A BILLION AND ONE
DIFFERENT PIECE'S TRAVELED THROUGH FASTER THAN
THE SPEED OF LIGHT!! TWISTED, TURNED, PULLED, A BILLION AND ONE DIFFERENT PIECE'S
TRAVELED & SHOT THROUGH A CRYSTAL VORTEX,
PURE PARTICLES, FASTER THAN SPEED OF LIGHT--
--COLLAPSE!! -- BOOM!! BAM!! SMACK!! HEART, MIND,
BODY, SPIRIT!! ALL THE PIECE'S FORMED BACK
IN NEW SHAPE, AN INTRICATELY DEIGNED MOSAIC;
A TEMPLE ELECTRIFIED-- ONLY NOW ONE WAS A BODY
COMPOSED OF ALL COLOR SPECTRUM AS LIGHT SHINES
THROUGH, & HES 3RD EYE PEELED THROUGH HIS
SKULL, DARK PURPLE ELECTRIFIED HUES - EXPLODING
SUN, PURE ENERGY, ILLUMINATION - LIGHT, TO SEE
THROUGH ANYTHING -- HAIL TO THE LOTUS JEWEL!!

(Ciddy Biddle #108) -- OM MANI PADME HUM --
ONE STOOD UPON THE PLATEAU OF THE
SPIRITUALLY ELITE, SOLED IN BODY & MIND, FEARLESS
IN HEART, IMMORTAL IN SOUL. I FEEL SO POWERFUL;
I CAN FEEL THE AURA!! MY 3RD EYE IS TRULY OPEN,
& IT TOOK A GREAT SACRIFICE FOR THIS TO HAPPEN—
WHAT HAPPENED? BACK THEN? BACK THEN? ... SUCH A
GREAT STEPPED STONE, FOR OUT OF FEAR, FEARLESSNESS
ARISED, FOR WHEN I GRASPED THE CONCEPT THAT
WITH DEATH THERE IS LIFE, I NO LONGER FEARED
DEATH; I MADE CIRCUMSTANCE SERVE ME ON MY TERMS!!
FOR WE ARE DIVINE!! WE ARE ONE!!

- = AM = -

ONE TILTED HIS HEAD BACK & GREAT LIGHT
ENCRUSTED OUT OF HIS 3RD EYE, BLESSED THE UNIVERSE
BAP; UNDERSTOOD HIS KUNDALINI, AS A MIGHTY &
MAJESTIC DRAGON SHOT IN THE SKY; SPLITTING
HIS SKULL & THEN OBVIOUSLY THE TWO HALVES OF THE
BRAIN AS ONE; FOR ONE MIND'S EYE IS POWERFUL;
THE PANEN LHAND ENERGYIZED, INJECTED MANKIND
THROUGH THE TEMPLE (BODY) REJUVENATING, PRODUCING
RAW POWER—STRENGTH, VITALITY, ENDURANCE—AS EVERY
ENDOCRINE GLAND REPLENISHED & OPENED; THAKA CENTER;
ONE'S ENERGY RATE OF VIBRATION INCREASED, AS HIS
COLOR SPECTRUM SHINE BRILLIANT WHITE HOLO LIGHT!!
THE CIRCLE OF AURA AROUND THE BODY—BEAUTIFUL ART
CAPTURED IN PHYSICALS—

& DEVAH SAID: "I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME, WATCHING OVER YOU FROM THE
EDGE OF CREATION," I WONDERED IF YOU WOULD CATCH ON
OR BECOME IMPATIENT? FOR THE QUEST IS NEVER
EASY; THE QUEST IS TREMENDOUSLY DIFFICULT, "YET" I
AM AMAZED HOW YOU HELD ON & MANAGED TO OVERCOME

(Barry Seidman #69)

- THE OPPOSITE OF YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE —
"Oh, wise and mighty Dragon," one said with a bow. "I knew there was more to this life than what I have been allowed."

"I found many keys; yet few doors; I read thought scrolls; I found hidden secrets; I found one path out of every thousand to hold; and more or substance, I kept back around the snake's task. It's tale, I have heard, but wealth; those crumbs from the rich man's table! It further sustained me on my quest."

"And Dragon roared: "Yet!"—still-there is more!—The journey has only just begun—I know your restlessness. You shall subdue; you shall master. To motivate you; for you have grasped the truth of your soul. Now knows peace."— And this you shall have forevermore."— Dragon snapped its teeth, twisted, turned, around one; majestic wings moved the ether, as Dragon blew a flame."

"Oh, great and mighty Dragon," one said with a bow. "Knower of all thoughts; what is it happened to me from that day?"

"Oh, diligent seeker and student of the way; travel on the path—do not stray. Even if you go on a different course, your compass shall guide you to your desired goal. You must now sow enlightenment about the maze; for it is now your duty to liberate, and awaken those in a blind state...break the mold of bullshit and despondency!—And Dragon roared!—Yet you there is so much more!—And blew the carrier blower!!"
ONE BOWED: "O GREAT & MIGHTY WISE DRAGON, YOU ARE MY SENSE; I BOW HUMBLY BEFORE YOU, AS YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THE WAY, GUIDED ME FROM WITCHES ... FOR TO SERVE & LEAD, I CAN SEE I AM MADE; FOR I KNOW, THAT TO KNOW, IS TO KNOW MORTALITY AT ALL; FOR SO MUCH MORE IS AT STAKE..."
ONE BOWED RIGHT KNEE TO HEAVEN, LEFT KNEE TO HELL.

- DRAGON Twisted & Turned, Spirals in Air,
Around One, Snap, Shit, Radii, & Flicks to Touch, Shoots the Flames, Almoced Scale's Enclosed & Roared!! "My Student! My Warrior! There is a Great Battle Before You! For Much Darkness Surrounds You, "O" Keeper of Light, True, You Have Become Delightly Awakened, & Arisen Out of a Fallen State, Surely There Are Shadows That Have Taken Up the Chase, They Hunt The Trace of Your True, You Have No Time To Waste Away; You Must Further Train! Be Prepared! For You Can Not Fail! Thus I Can Not—Must Not—Speak Much Of! For Experience Must Be Your Master Here; Just Know & Remember That I Am Always Here, Watching Over You From the Edge of Creation—For You Have Attained Equal Ground, Are Now A Force To Be Reckoned With! Master Not Only Yourself ... However, You Must Master This Realm!" & With That The Great & Wise & Mighty
Dragon, Let Up The Sky With A Flamethat Inferno
Brilliant & Bright ... 

As One Bowed In A Deep State of
Meditation's Might! Invested With Royal Authority
Become In A Knight!!

(Carol Cloeset #11)
BARRY is currently incarcerated in the Florida prison system; locked away in solitary confinement; trying to educate himself, he is busy using his time constructively creating his next book; quote, poem, work of art, innovation & design; he also meditates daily & studies to improve himself in all ways & degrees; he sharpens his sword & polishes his shield in the endless quest for knowledge, wisdom & standing & integration ... please feel free to contact him about anything at anytime for whatever is on your mind!!

- NOTE -

"The collages in these book's connect together like a puzzle (9 in this one) figure 9 out, they should already be in order as you read through,
Sorry- if it's not scanned or copied in its entirety- I have to rely on help out there to make copies & such. I have the originals to all artworks, writings, & collages... (These are my own creations & design) if anyone is interested, I can customize make, create, draw & design whatever you want- as long as I have some method to look at. I can draw it; or create something of my own for you... as long as I have the pieces I can make collages... as long as I know what context, content, theme, or desired feel you wish to have, or achieve, I can write it for you; or rhyme it. - "Well, I'm here doubts? What do you do?" Feel free to reach out"; I hope you enjoyed reading & viewing my work, as much as I did creating it!!

Travel light!!

(BARRY B. EDSOE #112)
Broken promises

Loose ends, unfinished chapters —

The book ends, anew.

(BARRY BLEDSOE #113)
THEY SELL OIL BY THE MILLION.
YOU CAN'T SEE THE WISDOM TAIL;
& THE 3RD EYE SAYS,
BUT WHAT'S UNDER HIS HAT?
THE REASON BEHIND HIS SMILE?
FOR KNOWLEDGE COMES & GOES,
& WISDOM MAKES YOU KNOW.
BUT SOMETHING IS LEFT BETTER UNSHOWN—
UNTIL GRADUATION DAY—
HOO! RA—O. HOO RAY!!
—DANTE—
THE SCHOLAR OF SCHOOLS,
HELD UP AN ANCESTOR SCROLL,
CLOTHED IN ROBES—
HE RISE FROM HIS THOMBS UP,
of APPROVAL—
AS THE SKULL PLAYS THE KETTLE;
CRYSTAL SKULLS & DRUMS;
THAT OF LEHEND & MAGIC;
PLUMS THE HEART
VENTRICLES—RIGHT & LEFT;
LEFT & RIGHT ARTERY—
TAPES—
KNOWLEDGE TREES, WRAPPED WITH SNAKES;
LEON'S LIBERTY; GEOMETRY; NUMBERS; & SHAPES;
UPON THE WISHES OF AN ARCHIV
THE GOD APPAL;
REACHING OUT FOR HUMAN FORM;
FLOWER FALL;
END OF THE SHAMAN'S WIND & FEATHER.
DESTINY TO PREACH;
WHAT IS THE FEAR
THAT'S HOPPED ALONG IT?
For even Nature cares for it's young;
Turn up the stereo
& Pierce the ear-drum,
In here up in the mountains;
Watch & the chameleon roll face;
Shift & change;
A tree with no leaves upon eerie landscapes;
-This world-
-Verity & Cancer-
Sunflower vortex,
Catchlight shades;
As the Buddha plays the violin;
For these folk people
Hoppin' along;
In search of meal worms;
Climb the stairway to Heaven
With Jimmy page & Zeppelin-
E - Rawk & Rawks the show;
& the game leader does crowd control;
The train is coming through;
-All aboard-
Video games; soda & popcorn;
Tunnel通风, with tunnel rocks;
Blend DNA strands;
Perfume flowers for ancient whales;
Read so many books;
Do you see the Korean art?
Make art symmetrical forms;
Balance & Harmony;
Make art play & makes art;
For a salamander turtle
& 3 postcard outer covers
This is 8 Jacobson orchard of a Snake's turtle;

(Barry Keen #115)
Upon Jacob's refuge —
Hare Krishna!!
Search through books & find wisdom;
For these are dead trees;
Lizard snakes,
Drippily a rattler's venom;
To catch it all in a snare;
We at well —
And do I mention,
They stand back to back
Between 2 snakes;
For the castle unites us all,
Grown on Walt Disney, jewels;
& the selected hole of six headed Frogs;
Hear ambulance, crows speak,
To all you done size road;
Eye squinted blood;
To even & where dress,
Egyptian 3rd eye reflects;
The sun to her Earth;
Jesus Knocks upon a grand door;
Well you open;
To explore?
The venom delivery system;
That changes with the four seasons;
Standing in a heart, hole,
Darting like a green that causes it's yarn;
Tadpole Flowers,
& Buddha —
Pickly Banks eat ice cream;
& Watch Turtle Love;
So funky & slow;
Churchill speaks in code;
(To my glory - #116)
BECAUSE THE SNAKE SLEPT IN SKIN;
ERAWK IS IN THE CUT;
ONE LEFT UP;
CONTEMPLATIVE;
BAYONET ON THE GENERAL'S HORSE;
CHARISMA FOR MEDICINE, FOR SICK TO ADD—
TO MAKE A PROCESSION;
BLESS SMOKES—
—OM—
BREAKFAST OATHS;
REMARKABLE SPEECH;
TO DISSECT YOUR TODS—
FIVE LEADERSHIP STYLE CODES;
DANTE HAS THE REPELLENT IN INFERNOS WINE;
& HE WANT HER TO—
HE SEEN THE HAMPI IN A TREE;
BROOKLYN IS THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP;
MONITOR THE COBRAS TO KILL;
& FEED THE BEAR FRUIT;
AS YOU WEIGH THE FEATHER OF YOUR SOUL;
YOU THE SCALES;
SPOKEN & WRITTEN WORD;
TRANSMIT & RECEIVE SOUND;
OFF A RIGHTEOUS WATER FALL...

(Carney Blocker #117)
“He must indeed have a blind soul who cannot see that some great purpose and design is being worked out here below.”

Winston Churchill