Title
Handwritten

20 Poems
30 Pages

Edited

Editor wanted
hand written

fires where the fish grew

fires of eternity. It's where the fish grew

It's all I want to know.

It's where eternity moves real slow

Thanx coal

fires of eternity that Thanxian

knows
Hand written
Check All The Doors

Check all the doors
Watch all of the horrible reek reeking
City Stragon,

Baggage,

The Guardian of hell seeks my soul
hand written

To
embrace the
LASHING

BACK
a Tear!
A leap in speedness, another tear a snuffle, a BACK
Another tear, a BACK, A Scream

Day turns to night under the moon,
BACK to the forest BACK to
The wild to hide as if the child died
of who/what/when/where/and how
It's not just another child, BACK, A Tear of
Sweating streaming down the face
wait the child was only looking for the answer.
So embrace the cancer.
Hand written

Wax figure

Behind stone castle walls
Medieval Hallowed Stone ancient holding candlelight and the Idea of Death
Maciville Maciville

Caught naked with out a belly

The castle Smelly cheeze
Is rich from the moon

Please, So the hounds can smell
And I excape from the Judicial sound of
Mind logic

Macivelli cleaner now in all the lands
GIALLIEO

GIALLIEO  Perfect in the Forts Temple
and each line its space
Now the cycle broken by you. The next
only in history kept
Let's sort out the prophecy
See the termipant
Picture features in the sky
Picture features in the sky
It's all a puzzle for you to solve on high
how perfect is our history
The poet's pen / the wind within,
A voice to send to deepening and sewing threads
Then,
again and again, To. And To
Day after day after day weigh!
In its quest to find the right trend,
its old, its child's play.
To the way from heaven, let's play. Let's make sky.
King Silence that holds the way.
Let's have intercourse with the gypsy!
Let's Accept the poet!
Able to conquer with a word like the churlish you see? or the simple water fall calling on humanity.
To call the bluff of the flinty government around in circles, rearing, learing in circles.
The poet's inspiration to the world like the flintly
That poem well never die, so follow me. To the cinnamon tree. That could ecclesiastical leafs of harmony, fortune.
It's just a dream for you to dream. Just showing
Serened slowly and have revolution. Revolution and
and unknown.
Handwritten

Smoke one

Smoke ascends into the heavens
Pleasing the gods/angels

And odds

Sure as the sandman belongs in bars
After all their only blue-blooded cards
hand written

into the dull night

in the dull night

in the deep night

when everything seems a light

we expect more from the light

we expect it to give us a sight

To be our might

make us feel the fight

So may the wind wind blow the kite

to the highest height
hand written

here's my number

here's my number,

drive me crazy,

I want to be lazy,

be my refuge.

let sobriety be my illusion

to all infover my nature

death to my foes.
Handwritten:

WHAT A GOOD TIME WE HAD

on fourth of july
on occasion of the spi
our him on rye
no more wickedness in our eye
its time to retrieve our tydye
forget the tears we cry

lift up stil felsal on high
remember wood stock
spread the good news
hand written

At horn in the flesh

I am tortured
it is not benign
A thorn in the flesh
it is a sigh
mock me, my trial is
but I shall prevail I shall keep

hearing of thieves and harlots frail
help me eradicate this spell
from upon which seas I shall
Tea, for it we bleed,

its infusing seed,

Halo's Ring for its need,

Pages and pages of Burgundy steep,

Take me to Death, that great honor

upon it we feed

unmercifully, the human soul keyed

The lock

The deep

Tea
And written

all shall follow ours

walking in the stars

all shall follow ours

for an hour I was king

I walked in paradise

and trees and tower above my being

I walked upon the seas shores of eternity

and the fishes did sing
Handwritten

_Spirit as Symbol_

Spirits travel from man to man
Revisiting the land
We live in a spiritual world too
When there is no band
The waters flow
Everyone knows the land
The Sinners movement.
They speak confused words like Dr. Agnew
This band is as many as the sands
And spirits that fill the land
Where they come from you don’t understand
From ancient civilizations
In hand
Hand written

The Nails of The Devil

The Devil's nails are long, red, as long as his song
So ill put it in my song
and write about it all day long
I know where he started out with the dragon
in Hong Kong, with his song all long.
Smells of my past said
They set the border lines of the heart
The beating, the smog
That rose them from my memory
Reconciling as if I were on a long lost
Island with them playing deep
With in, they my friend and my sin
My pen my pen memorizing
The smells of my past sail me to the
Structures of solitary suns and
Voluntary nuns of the habit
Playing upon the beaches of my deserted
Island I command
Hand written
like music
move with it
Eft threw the ages
men, women, and children upon stages
The angelies choir
memorys forever more kept
in music night and love
I don't know what you're trying to turn me into using your Gypsy voodoo and crimson glory of two Phoenix dead long ago

It's an excusing factor

All because I know what's the matter And still I beg not to be written until the world comes to death

Seduce and children to eat off murdered plates that we will only touch in death
Handwritten

nothing immaculate

undone, nothing on
nowhere, among
killing like fire and these parties
kids

calculate reason and deaths
kids
Hand written
The Vanishing

Vanishing Ideas like
clouds dissipearing
 evaporating like distant memory
 paused
 Blood drying up or water
Beautiful Beautiful Beau
Beaten Bruised And Stoned
upon my last sentence you owe
bead sabits from my train Stillow
beautiful Beautiful Beau
hand written

Angel of fly

.. wild flowers of angel sprout near by.
  Sprout with the fly
  Shout and cry
  Tell your story

Let your tear come out of my eye
  Minuet to minuet
  For the hour is nigh
  Sing with the Angel
  Sing near by every ear and never die
Gold fish in hell
Gangs/Blacks/Crips/Devils/Snitches
Rest in peace/ripped
Feet/Like Knox

Dix Buda/TA and ox
The Women's Preachers
Lips
Red/Devil's Blood/Drips

It's deeper than cold
Woods, they'll have you hooked
Like Gold fish in hell

Mason Brick/Booked Babblestorm Gund

Purple and Gold Dragons upon their handles

These Quite Bold crust
Phantoms upon a Stage Chinese
Walking Sticks

Heavenly Road Made of Golden
Thes of the Crucifix
Handwritten memory on A Swing

Back to memory where it serves man correctly

Respectfully, Archy where it deserves man—respectively

In The Babylonians Silent Swing

For Den me directly

Gold and purple guns

Dragons on the handled worlds of twins

The Grave rewards Tony

I miss you man

Kund
mans memory on a swing
=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-=-
back to memory where it serves man correctly
healing archy where it deserves man respectfully
crime is a violent thing in the babalonians silent swing
parden me directly
golden purple guns
dragons on the handles
worlds of nunes
grave rewards tons i miss you man runs
=-=-=-=-=
gold fish in hell
=-=-=-=-=
gangs bloods crips
devils christs
rest in peace trips
forts like knox
clix budah and ox
the woman preshus lips
rose peddles blood drips
its deeper than words
thell have you hooked
like a goldfish in hell
masons bricks
booked babalonian guns
purple and gold dragons upon the handles there
quite bold grips
phantoms upon a stage chinese walking sticks
haavenly roads made of golden
thoes of the crusifex
=-=-=-=-=
angel of fly
=-=-=-=-=
wild flower of angel sprout near by
sprout with the fly
shout and cry
tell your story
let your tear come out of my eye
minuit to minuit
for the hour is nigh
sing with the angel
sing near by every ear and never die
=-=-=-=-=
beautyfull beau
=-=-=-=-=

beautyfull beautyfull beau
beaten bruised and stow
upon my last sentence you owe
dea rabbits from my train do flow
beautyfull beauty full beau
social
-----
the poets pen
the wind with in
a value to asend to
deeplining and seing men threw and threw
again and again to and to
day after day after day
weigh
in it's quest to find the right trend
eons old it's schills play
it's the way from heaven
lets play , make day
king silence that holds the way
intercourse gypsy and except the poet
able to conquer with a word like the churibuim , you see?
or the simple water fall calling on humanity to call the bluff
of the futiged goverment
around in circles
learking
learking in circles
the poet is inspiration to the world like the spider or fly
that poem will never die so follow me to the cinnamon tree
that grow ecclesitical leifs of harmony
fortune of the free where we read of the bees and the birds
it's just a dream for you to dream
just showing you who's on your team in theme
so lets advocate sciences slowly
and have revelation smooth and calculated
lets turn on the universal mind
-----
unwind
-----
galileao perfect in the poets timeing
and each line it's space
now the cycle broken by the neat
only ion history kept
lets sort out prophecy
see the permanant
picture fixtures in the sky
its all a riddle for you to solve on high
-----
behind stone castle walls
mid evil hallowed stone the idea of death
macierlli caught naked with out a belly
the castle smelly cheese
so rich from the moon
please so the hound can smell
and i escaped from the judicial sound of mans logic
macierlli clean now in all the lands
a tear /back a nother tear /back a scream /
day turns to night under the moon back to the forest back to the wild
to hide as if the child died of whop what when where and how
its not just another child back a tear /many streaming down the face
wait: the child was only looking for the answer so emansipate the cancer
smoke one
-------
smoke asends into the heavens
pleasing the gods the angels the odds
sure as the sanhedren belong in bars
after all there only blueblooded cars
-------
in the dull night
-------
in the dull night
in the deep height
when every thing seems olright
we expect more from the light
we expect it to give us sight
to be our might
make us feel the fight
so may the wind blow the kite
to the heighest height
-------
heres my number
-------
heres my number drive me crazy
i want to be lazy
be my refuge
let sobrity be my illusion
to all inforce my nature
death to my foes
-------
on fourth of july
on occasion of the spi
our ham on rye
no more wickidness inour eye
its time to retrive our tydie
forget the tears we cry
lift up mount sinah on high
spread the good news
-------
thorn in the flesh
-------
i am tortured
it is benighn
athorn in the flesh it is a sighn
mock me my trial is
but i shall prevail
nearing of theifs and harlots frail
help me eradicate this spell
from upon which seas i sail
-------
teas spell
-------
tea for it we bleed
its induring seed
halos ring for its need
pages and pages of purgitorys steed
take meto death that great honor
upon it we feed
unmercifully the human soul keyed
the look
the deed
tea
all shall follow ours

walking in the stars
all shall follow ours
for an hour i was king
i walked in paradice and the trees did tower
above my being
i walked upon the sea shores of eternity and the
fish did sing

spirits asymbol

spirits travil fromman to man
devistateing the land
we live in a spiritual world too
where there is no band
the waters flow
every body knows the land
the sinners movement
they speak like dragons
this band is as many as the sands
and spirits that fill the land
where they come from you do not understand
from ancient civilazations
and where our anestors romed hand in hand

the nails of the devil

the devils nails are long
as long as his song
so ill put it in my rong
and write about it all day long
i know wherehe started out with the dragon
in hong kong with his song all rong

smells of fire

smells of my past sail
they set the border lines of heart
the beating the smart
the sensual art the heat that arose
them frommy memory cart
reconcileing as if i were on a long lost island
with them playing deep with in
they my friend are my sin
my den my ken
memorizeing with in
the smells of my past sail me to the
fixtures of solotary suns and volontary nuns
playing upon the beaches of my deserted island i stand
like music

like music
move with it
sift threw the ages
men women and children upon stages
the angelic choir
memorys forever more kept
in musics higharchy lore

mirrored plates

i dont know what your trying to turn me into
useing your gypsy voodoo and crimson glory of phinixes
dead long ago
its and excuseing factor
all becausei know whats the matter
still i beg to be the mad hatter
untill the world comes to laughte
sudeuceing children to eat off mirrored plates
that we will only touch in death

nothing imancipated

imancipate nothing on

nirvana a miss
killing like fire and the serpants hiss
calcluate reason and deaths kiss

fires where the fish grow

fires of eternity its where the fish grow
its all i want to know
its where eternity moves real slow
shamen cole

fires of eternity that the indian knows

the vanishing

vanishing ideas like clouds disapearing
everpateing like adistant memory paused
blood drying up or water

check all the doors

check all the doors
watch all the horrs
disapearing
its savage
baggage
the gaurdian of hell seeks my soul