

Enigma,

by John Johnson

What, then, are we watching with these marbles of peculiar sight?
What is the true meaning of this?

Identity. # Purpose.

No finger-print is identical to another's. The telepathic randomized
frants. Do we know what we hear when we hear it?
He rambling. # Unfamiliar voices and choices provoked by solitary
confinements. Using our subconscious claws to scratch print of
wounds of auto-suggestion. Toxicant forms of voluminous screams
quaking and shaking the equators of our hearts. Streaming wars
of blood, sweat, and abuse.

Abundances of pain.
Absences of recovery.
Rediscovery.
Greed.

Wounds river and ocean deep. Pond deplete of gratitude. Man
desiring possessions of the gods when he is far from heavenly latitudes.
Beauty belonging to the beastly job. Power stored on platters
to the power gods.

No-Government.

No-Police. # No-Master.
No-slave. # No-whips. # No-ships. # No-tricks.
No-shit. # Equality. # Reparations. # Freedom.
Politics. # Capital. # Gain. # Sex. # More-Sex!
Pleasure. # Birth.

Nations of reincarnation without incarceration:

Splicing. # Clones. # We. # Them. # They. # Us?
Genetic manifestations of extraordinary engineering. Where did we
evolve or fall from? The wheels within wheels? "Clouds."
Constellation. Sirius A or B? Both? # Dogon Astronomers. # Tribes.
Gangs. The sacred geometrical golden spiral span shortening the longer
we exist. Ripped from headlines and torn apart by both, love and
parasitic-passions. Lusting for fruits we are forbidden. Unnecessary
actions. Wasted sentiments. Razor sharp utensils of insults straight

arteries of intellect.

#Hoodwinking. #Molestation. #Abandonment. #Trauma.
#Protection. #Magick. #More Magick! #Healing. #Cubits.

"Results..."

We choose to praise the gods when the romance is one-sided.
Why? They bury secrets underneath surfaces we lack
technological tools and extensions to reach. Envy them much?
The sentiment is mutual. We are more beautiful, and are not
immortally bound by way of bones and flesh. Decay. Everyday
is a gift. Everything is more tasteful, because it doesn't belong
to us forever. We'll never be more loveholic than we are today.
We will never take in this same air again.

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