

TITLE
HAND written

20 poems
30 pages

un edited

editor wanted



hand written

fires where the fish grow

fires of eternity ~~It's~~ where the fish grow
it's all I want to know.

It's where eternity moves real slow

It's men coal

fires of eternity that the musician

knows

hand written

check All The Doors

check all The Doors

watch all of The horrors disappearing
city storage,

Baggage,

The Guardian of hell seeks my soul

Hand written

To
emancipate The
LASHING

BACK

a Tear,

A Lark in Stunned, Another Tear a snuffle,

BACK, Another tear,

BACK, A SCREAM

DAY Turns To night under the moon,

BACK To the forest BACK To ~~the world~~

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

Many Streaming Down The Face

wait The child WAS only looking for the Answer.

So emancipate The cancer.

handwritten

WAX FIGURE

Behind stone castle walls
medieval Hallowed Stone ancient holding
candlelight and the Idea of death
~~MAEIVELLE~~ MACIVAILLE ~~and~~

caught naked with out A Belly

The castle, Smelly cheese

So Rich from The moon

Please, So The hounds can smell

and I exctpe from The Judicial sound of

mans Logic

MAEIVELLE cleaner now in all The Lands

hand written

Galileo

Galileo perfect in the poets timing
and each line its spell

Now the cycle broken by you the neat
only in history kept

lets sort out the prophecy

See the fermionant

~~Picture features in the sky~~

Picture features in the sky

its all a riddle for you to solve on high

how perfect is our history

Social Mapping

hand written

the poets pen / the wind within,
Avalve to ascend to deepening and sewing threads
threw,

again, and again, to. And to

Ray after, ray after, ray weigh!

in ~~its~~ quest to find the right trend,
con's old, its child's play.

To the way from heaven, lets play / lets make a try.
king Silence that holds the way.

lets have inter course with the gypsy /
~~lets~~ lets ~~not~~ accept the poet,

able to conquer ~~the~~ with a word like the churlishism
you see? or the simple water fall calling on humanity
to call the bluff of the fatigued Government

around in circles, dearking, ~~the~~ learning in circles,
The poet is inspiration to the world like the sparrow fly
THAT poem will never die so follow me to the cinnamon

Tree THAT grows ecclesiastical leafs of harmony, fortune
of the free where we read of the bees and the birds
its just a dream for you to dream, just showing

you who's on your team in theme so lets advocate for
Science slowly and have ~~revolution~~ ~~revolution~~ - revolution
smooth and calculated Lets turn on the

and

hand written

Smoke one

Smoke ascends into the heavens

~~Heating~~ pleasing the gods/angels

And odds

Sure as the snakeskin belong in bars
after all their only blue blooded cars

hand written

into the dull night

in the dull night
in the deep night
when everything seems bright
we expect more from the light
we expect it to give us ~~our~~ sight
to be our might
make us feel the fight
so may the wind wind blow ^{the} ~~the~~ kite
to the highest height

hand written

heres my number

heres my number,
Drive me crazy,
I want to be lazy,
Be my refuge.
Let Sobriety be my illusion
To All in force my nature
DEATH to my foes.

Hand written
WHAT A
GOOD TIME we had

on fourth of July
on occasion of the SPI
our HAM on RYE
no more wickedness in our eye
its time to retrieve our TYDIE
forget the tears we cry
lift up mt signal on High
Remember WOOD STOCK
Spread the ~~GOOD NEWS~~
GOOD NEWS

hand written

A thorn in the flesh

I Am Tortured

it is ~~Benign~~ Benign

~~A~~ A thorn in the flesh
it is a Sigh

Mock me, my Trial is

But I shall Preval Preval I SHALL

hearing of Thiefs and harlots frail
help me eradicate this spell
from upon which seas I still

Hand written
TeAts Spell

TeAt, for it we bleed,
ats insuring seed,
HALO'S Ring For its need,
Pages and Pages of Purgatory's steep,
Take me to DEATH, THAT Great honor
upon it we feed
unmercifully, the human soul keyed
The Lock
The Deep
TeAt

hand 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 did tower above my being

I walked upon the sea shores of eternity
and the fish did sing

Hand written

Spirits Asymbol

Spirits travel from man to man
Revisiting the land
we live in a spiritual world too

where there is no band

The waters flow

every one knows the land

The sun's movement.

They speak confused words 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 ~~civilizations~~
etc

CIVILIZATIONS

in hand

where our ancestors roamed hand

Hand written

The nails of The Devil

The Devils nails are long, Red.
as long as his song

So I'll put ~~it~~ 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 Song.

Hand written
Smells of fire

Smells of my past sail
They set the borderlines of the heart
the beating,
The SMART, ^{Senceual art the heat}
~~the Senceual~~ the ~~Senceual~~

That rose them from my memory
cart

Reconciling as if I were on Along Lost
Island with them playing seal
with in, They my friend and my Sin
my Pen my Pen
~~memorizing~~
~~memorizing~~ with in

The Smells of my past sail me to the
textures of solitary ~~and~~ SUNS and
Voluntary NUNS OF THE HABIT
Playing upon the beaches of my deserted
Island I command

Hand written

Like music

Like music
move with it
Left threw the Ages

men, women, And children upon stages
The Angelic choir
memorys forever more kept
in music high thy Lore

Handwritten
murdered ~~plates~~
PLATES

I don't know what you're trying to ~~turn~~
turn me into ~~of~~ using your Gypsy voodoo
and crimson glory of ~~the~~ PHOENIXS
Dead long ago

its an excusing ~~factor~~ factor

All because I know what's the matter
And still I beg NOT to be the matter
until the world comes to a hater
Seducing children to eat off murdered PLATES
That we will only touch in death

Hand written
nothing imitated

imitate nothing on
nawana, Amiss

Killing like fire and the serpents
~~kill~~ Huss

calculate reason and deaths

~~kill~~ Huss

Hand written

The Vanishing

Vanishing Ideas like
clouds dissolving
evaporating like distant memory
Paused
Blood drying up or water

Hand written

Beautiful Bear
Beautiful Bear

Beautiful Beautiful Bear

Beaten Bruised And Stom

upon my last sentence you ^{owe} ~~owe~~

Dead Rabbits from my Train to flow

Beautiful Beautiful Bear

Hand written

Angel of fly

wild flower of angel sprout
near By!

Sprout with the fly

Shout and cry
tell your storie

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 fail

Hand written
Gold fish in hell

Gangs/Bloods/Crips/Deviils/Christis

Rest in peace tips

Forts Like ~~knock~~ Knox

clix BUDDHA And ox

The woman's fresh ~~lips~~ lips

Rose ^{Peppais} ~~peppais~~ Blood Drips

its deeper than ~~words~~

words, they'll have you hooked

Like Gold fish in hell

Mason bricks Booked BABALON ^{AV} Can Guns

~~Booked~~

Purple and Gold dragons upon their handles

~~There~~ There quite bold crips

Phantoms upon a stage Chinese

~~Walking sticks~~ ~~Walking sticks~~ WALKING STICKS

~~heavenly~~ heavenly road MADE OF Golden

Thoes of the crucifix

Hand written

man memory on ASwing

BACK To memory where it serves
man correctly

healing Archy where it deserves man -
~~respectfully~~ ~~respectively~~

- respectfully crime is a violent thing

in The ^{BABYLONIANS} ~~ASWING~~ Silent Swing

PARDEN me directly
Gold and Purple Guns

Dragons on the handles
worlds of ~~the~~ returns

The Grave rewards TONS

~~I miss you~~

I miss you man
~~and~~ Runts

hand written

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 madeof golden
thoes of the crusifix

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 withthe angel
sing near by every ear and never die

beautyfull beau

Deaut, full beautyfi

beautyfull beautyfull beau
beaten brused and stow
upon my last sentence you owe
deadrabits from my train do flow
beautyfull beauty full beau

hand written

social

the poets pen
the wind with in
a value to ascend to
deepening and sewing 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 child's 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 churibum ,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 eccleasitical 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 whos on your team in theme
so lets advocate siences slowly
and have revelution smooth and calculated
lets tyurn on the universal mind
unwind

gallileao perfect in the poets timeing
and each line it's space
now the cycle proken byu the neat
only i0n hystory kept
lets sort out prophcy
see t5he perminant
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
macivelli caught nakid with out a belly
the castle smelly cheese
so rich from the moon
please so the hound can smell
and i excaped from the judical sound of mans logic
maciverlli 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
waitat the child was only looking for the answer so emansipate the
cancer

hand written

smoke one

smoke ascends 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 alright
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 sobriety 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 retrieve 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 benign
athorn in the flesh it is a sighn
mock me my trial is
but i shall prevail
hearing of theifs and harlots frail
help me eradicate this spell
from upon which seas i sail

teas spell

tea foir 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
unmercyfully the human soul keyed
the look
the deed
tea

written

all shall follow ours

walking in the stars
all shall follow ours
for an hour i was king
i walked in paridice 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 ansestors romed hand in hand

the nails of the devil

the devils nails are long
as long as his song
so ill put itin 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 sencual 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 volintary nuns
playing upon the beaches of my deserted island i stand

hand written

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 because i know whats the matter

still i beg to be the mad hatter

untill the world comes to lauphter

suduceing children to eat off mirrored plates

that we will only touch in death

nothing imancipated

imancipate nothing on

narvana a miss

killing like fire and the serpants hiss

calculate reason and deaths kiss

fires wherethe 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

evaperateing like adistant memory paused

blood drying up or water

check all the doors

check alll the doors

watch all the horrs

disapearing

its savage

baggage

the gaurdian of hell seeks my soul