

THE A

I sing from the beauty of the brightest taste  
Heaving wide up awake in sleep heavy sees  
Ten thousand light nights total dark to a wake  
Of sun beyond sun, to totally own (ZERO) of me.  
(You know (ones) thru (nines) are real easy to find.)  
[No drug] [No drink] [No sleep] [No friend] [Alone]  
All time is night breath to shiver spring in winter waste

W A K E G A T E

[one] [empty] [floating life] [delicious] [taste]  
[bright] [circle] Self I

No good. No bad. No God. No breath. No mind. Awake. All see.

(You know for years you never get juiced in it.)

Bright years of bright nights into bright days  
Into bright breaths into bright waves into  
Flying away from all directions into

No direction  
(toward whatever  
Odysseus meant by)  
home.

A complete known  
own.

Like a flying  
tone

Over  
the dirty moan

of furious Self-hate's dead eye groan:

I. Poke's the name, Self-Hate, and penetration's my game. Do I bore you? Get the point?

Stars shine bright on shatter light. The key bottom line key under a reamed fake I scream's whine dark drone: The way to happiness is through pure fright with cunning anti-fright, folks.