## From A-B (a slideshow with sounds)

```
Immanence is always
reaching
for and through me!
mountain green,
with life;
blue,
with blood;
It is the mist. It
likes the contrast
(and to destroy it!)
and thrives
in
Warm__Rotten__Low
Lands
```

#### Part 1: (a context)

#### CHARLES BECKER

(a confused general)

forgot to study

up on

The True Truth!

Can you believe it?

He read the wrong

Philosophy and made it

a sexual science!

#### تهافت الفلاسفة

is tooooooo

negative Charlie!

Sorry Charlie!

You believe the imminent is imminence and that you just need to let paradise happen!

But that's not what

#### I heard:

I heard: A Booming But Bashful voice Break the mist in 2 and reveal its organic Nature!!! It said:

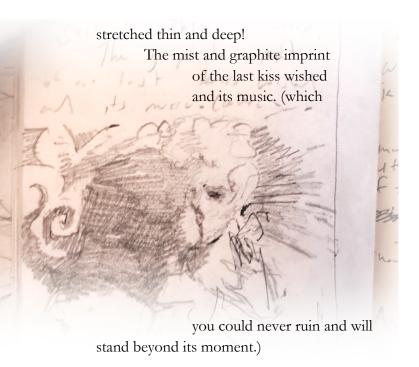
""""""""When you have my truth you will be
Outside of my (and its)
Atmosphere. (as:
my essense is only my
truth's Being and that
is my truth) (eyeroll)

<You will push for what is
outside of the sun
and get Colder with
Each Bolder
Ray
{you escape> warmer
rays kissed and bathed in lilac
mist
which you now miss
and grow further and colder!}

I did not understand this.

#### Part 3: (undefined)

from west to east it



## Part 4: The morning

We woke up unwrapped and naked.

I was cold in my body,
which was not warm but cold.
And this
thought reoccurred
with every word
spoken to you that morning.

Oh! When did we start
waking up apart
in the morning?
I think when we bought the California King
and that made me sadly realize the sting
of the betrayal I bring

ab amando tu I weep from wanting you in sleep Should our eve ever be as deep as my Love for my first family.

And so, this thought disappeared and I

rolled (as a wave awake) through the sandy Sahara streets of New York City my nose digesting the smog of the Congo.

# Part 29 (according to the math of the original manuscript): Like a Bird on a Wire: Evenings

Count your canaries and submit! to the red sand wrapping and weaving between all colors left unmuted!
Son, the world has become
All azure mist

with stains of

pink

and green,

with the swing

of snap dragons

and angels.

This is love.

dancing

It is beautiful. It is a wonderful time.

Nature has quit its annoying complaints. Math has lost its appetite for blood and conquering.

This has floated around us like This forever but without appearance (which it is)

CHARLIE, DON'T YOU SEE! SON, ITS SIGHT! This is love!



#### Part 28: Names

What haven't I told you?
Why my name sits on this body.
I will tell you as you drift to sleep:

Well, this man-body moves
in categories

Just as you move to sleep
through bedtime stories

Like how my face changes
on wild medicine

So, my body mutilates
due to wasp weapons

And swarming bugs and lazy drugs incited the fright of early mornings' dry tooth cough shot to whom?

My name wrestles with water and paints the motherland in my visage

The Russian Nick name. To Guide me home.

Charliiiie, Gooooood Night Lil broooo, Sleeeeeeep Tight So yooour, dreeeaams Might guide you home.

#### Part 29:

