

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 tooooooooooo
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 essence 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!}

Because HERE IS MY
TRUTH: HERE: I have already
grasped through you to
your rounded thigh veins,
fat, and blood notes!
In mind and body crossed.
But now that
you know this, I have
not... maybe!""""""""

I did not understand this.

Part 3: (undefined)

from west to east it

stretched thin and deep!

The mist and graphite imprint
of the last kiss wished
and its music. (which



you could never ruin and will
stand beyond its moment.)

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
dancing
with stains of
pink
and green,
with the swing
of snap dragons
and angels.
This is love.
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.

Charliiiiie, Goooooooood Night
Lil broooo, Sleeeeeeeep Tight
So yooour, dreecaaams Might
guide you home.

Part 29:

1. 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
O OO OOOOO OOOOO OOOOO OOO
Its all about love

