

*Book of a Sheepdog whose Shepherd is YHWH*  
*of Places Outgoing in the Greenworld of YHWH*  
*through the Scorchland of the Great Amerikana.*

*Journals and Stories from Amerika in TV Internet*  
*Worldform: Finale Season as Winter in Sodom and the*  
*Heartland Places of New Egypto-Babylon USA*

Christmas Eve & Christmas of Babylon's Infant Light Deity of Year 2025. A Tumbler Written March 19.

There was fog in a profound thicket. The marquees slept beneath the fog,  
And the train is forever going, going so that the earth has no rest under it.  
It is a revelation of *dor tapuchot u'zanim lo emun* called Whole Amerikana From The First:  
and I am driving alongside this nightwhistle  
Which awakens all the frogs in throngs and the grasshoppers in thistles beneath the earth and the waters:  
There is a world of possibilities available: think possible to drive headlong into the bilious train:  
It has no defenses from me: visions of anarchy in the USA for 2031.  
The train under fog is shadow of Oz and the Great Worldvision of 1920 upon the Graitowers of terrors, and I shudder  
with excitations upon the original Congress of the New World in the Imperium of Future Society.  
The Glory of **YHWH** Happens here also, however, and arises like the sun but from puddles of apparent accidents:  
Even the decay—yes, yes the decay! the decay upon the leaf is as the oxide of the copper beam!  
Wind and rain, wind and rain! His Strumming on the scenery for Himself!  
Oh the glances unto the puddles of Eternity! Oh to be in the human shape!

And the fog lowed continuous overupon the whole road: and the train of autocars went racing, racing  
Into the wreckless and danger obscene: *and also this is normal*: the danger obscene of velocity  
Which palpitates upon the vessel of Adam and echoes in all of his jumping and turning about  
With no purpose but impulsive directions toward gain and acquisition and musts and apparent place to be.  
Oh! We are sick with ourselves and our own vomit is become our entire diet for returning unto!  
We have no joy nor memories in the remains of our bowels which cower under the fog of the unknown:  
Yet they go racing, racing unto the void with the haste of fools unto a blind end!  
Also it was Christmas Eve during this race: travel of 50 miles in the night of aggregate death for speed:  
What are you all rushing unto? What is the bell to save? What is the clock for the arrival in punching?  
Where is the heron upon the hills? Where is the sand in the siloh of stills from the cave?  
I am faltering, faltering into the fault of the earth: these vaults of my soul are Filled repeatedly by **YHWH**.

Springsongs I sing not for Amerika: I sing of death and this paranormal fog of days  
Whose substance has fallen like fable of mystics over the heads of the children of Sodom:  
I am in it and I am not in it: the world goes on and the disappearance has already happened of men.  
On Christmas day the neighborhood is snowless despite the tundra of the great midwestern plains,  
And there is nobody in the world out of doors: there is nobody except more of the machines of the morning,  
And the machines of the afternoon, and the machines of the evening,  
And the machines of night which spoil out everything in living doom.  
Noises and screeches and noises and the infinite hum over the skies: it is panic in every hour:  
The dread of apocalyptic nightmares has **YHWH** put upon my soul: I am living in constant graves  
under the Great Abominate Towers among the abominate people beneath the mountains of economy  
for the sake of His Own who refuseth all wisdom of noticing the omnipresent of the Real,  
and therefrom go to forth, and leave.

This is the nation from all the goyim of the earth: I was born unto it, and I am a stranger in a strange land.  
The remnants of relation which remain are in the screens: everywhere is the silence and the howl of machinery.

Handwritten text in Hebrew script, including the word "עצ" (Etz) and a long vertical string of characters.

There was a friend, briefly: hope I offered and path of life:  
 From the scrounging corner between parking shack and fence of pharmacy  
 Came Aladdin: Aladdin I would have taken you to Bulgaria had you been willing to serve for me instead:  
 Instead you turned gutterpipe upon me, and hardmeaning eyes and distances and weird driftings  
 And a pole vaulter's judgements of mind: I had goodwill toward you, though my family arrived at our house  
 And discovered a vagabond permissionless in their house and therefore had a fit of violent wrath against me  
 For allowing a human being to sleep and eat upon the Shabbos of the week of their sacred Christmas Giving:  
 And I hated being there thereafter: like a sacrifice of my person for a roof upon my place to record musics  
 And write these literatures. Also I have a dog there who is helpless and the sweetest sad little thing:  
 And she is my only friend in the world because nobody will hear me with such patience:  
 My mother sent me to therapy for explanatory grievings in the first month of a divorce like I had acquired a mental disorder.  
 My father has accused me of verbal abuse literally for interrupting the Live TV—I talk one too many minutes consecutively!  
 Attempt reasonings from all direction for gentile adoptive parents to say their lack of experience of antisemitism in Amerika  
 does not signify lack of significant antisemitism in Amerika and that Jews *do* live in Israel and Jews *are* lovelier  
 No matter what sameness the neighborhood who are not Jewish display of the human personality.  
 Oy! I go on and on and the world is burning under the heat of Germany on Miami Beach and Sweden in Palm Springs.  
 Sudetenland Amerika! Amerika: where Sodom never ends from its beginning!  
 Dollar General in Tamaroa with Corporation Lollipop Guild and The Soda Company which chainlink and fence  
 upon the hope of a cartographer's notice of population zone.  
 Oh! It is a furnace from **YHWH** which is the Metaphysics of the great silence of masses:  
 They are in the Fire already: their appearance is but as atoms in separation:  
 The red hornets and the kadsollop bugs and the quailwhistles are more of real personhood than these:  
 Oh! and stinkbug spine is the Glory of **YHWH**—symmetry! formula! structural integrity of trees!  
 Every poet is a tree! Every poet is a coal also and a shovel of the Words of God! He foxes into his hole!  
 Oh! I am in the wheels at last: At last I can speak as I please! At grandmother's impatient unreserve! Nobody listens here also!  
 They *do* think I am a nuisance also—oh well! I pestilence speak as locust sing upon the land Amerikani!  
 And all the herbage and all the leaf and all the wheat in springbud spaulling shall have no verdure  
 As verdureless springs were all their fountains for giving to bring: and the fog of the cloud of the furnace  
 shall hang upon the metaphor of their herds in all their days  
 ere come the vultures and crows and the dogs and the worms  
 for their bodies all strewn in the streets.

סלה ואמן

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Night of January 13, City of Sodom—Omaha. A Journal. Christendom 2026 is Year of All Entries.

All existence so quietly, all music slowly speaketh unto me, and then there is—BOOM—sonorous looming!  
 Centripetal with and from this fugue of psalmist questionaires  
 Into the Fury of Distortions which **YHWH** Giveth in Displeasures Sore:  
 His Vexations unto Rod Disciplinarian upon all those whom He loveth for.  
 Streams of madness color the retinue of the ineluctable modality of the ocular:  
 Impure movements of song of heart in the riverbed of passions in blood of flesh.  
 Sound in hapless blockages, and the radicus of Heaven's Master bends into a soil of deeps:  
 as a flail upon the wind is in a troublulous sea: purpose to return upon them all the  
 evils and blasphemies which are spent in *tsoeivot vivulot*, and a hundred times from light.

Freedom in the mind of man begetteth freedom of the act in soul-reflection: so doeth the man who walks humbly in the Auspice of **YHWH** his God:  
 and what is it to walk in freedom? Does not the Omniscient Keep the heavenhour's Keepsake, and bondsman be the bastion of lightflashes and sighs?

*Do I thus flee from world or chase  
 upon the heavenskies and windfall  
 unto Him in daylights  
 and hereunder the glowing nights?*

And can either be not or, but all phenomenal *Ha'Or* be named and separated not but in the distance of the form of claim?

I walk in music into creekbeds: and the cellophane days cease from me. Here we are again: a gas station of hermetic peoples and abominations and  
 rye from the Lithuanian market: this latter part the otherworldly among the heartlandia dream sequence:

*And herein at the Motomart  
 is Amerika entire  
 by name and by the pricetag  
 where candyplastobags respire.*

Abomination of Millard the grand metallic  
 whose watertower is visionscope of frog hallucinatory of Oneworld Corporation Ishtar:  
 Abomination Millard the city of supermarkets  
 whose choppings become of the Chicken Pharmacose Factory:  
 Abomination Millard the prisonhouse system of schooling  
 whose banishment is the poor player of bardstrings:  
 Abomination Millard the electricity gridland  
 whose district is deathmarch of empire:  
 Abomination Millard the drivethru-house  
 whose people is 100 fastfood stations of a million manmachines.

And I go willing unto the riverstream to meet my friend Alladin: hope therewith of friendship: and the friendship is disappearance of all of our hours of the mind's turning to abuses: thus the annulments are of his from me: mine from him: a departure into the absurd and silent shadows I watched him enter, and ever colorful unintelligibles of graffitis are beneath all the bridges of the Amerikani:

Ruins all neanderthallike in futuristic pathways of a former life in sequences of 10,000 years ago: and herefrom man may goeth a'wandering into the world again with slowness of the grasshoppers in the heart of Adam. *HalleluYah! He Giveth revelation to the poet of knowledge!*  
 And the streams are serene here. Hypothermic temperatures, and the bushels are houses of wasps from foreign lands: I lay in them and find a bed of sleepers, for

*הצור תמים פעליו:*

*The Rock—Téleological His Poesy Is:*

And the night goeth on in foreign winds: I nestle in the bushellumps of growing bubbant earth, unknowing of where cohort of wasp is: sweetnesses and the apple on my tonguebuds: though of rest I partake no share among these frets and frays and coldbitter windfalls.

*Is it all a human bog?*

*Is this a loitering bovine call?*

*Is this a telenetting podcast?*

*This is Sodom imaged all in glass:*

*Omaha of nights and desert of days:*

**YHWH** *Has Heard the cry of stays:*

*Goodbye, Juliette. Goodbye, team USA.*

*Goodbye, Roman candlelight.*

*Goodbye, nomenclature of the piddlepaddle maze.*

*Nowhere is safe for you to hide.*

*The world will know that it is all mankind*

*You have built the world to so despise.*

Megasaver has Dean on Cane from Engineer Corpus of Army University: the question? "Will any person offer a 10 minute drive to house where a notebook is forgotten? A ten minute drive which is a 2 hour walk in the scorch of frozen wind and the tailpiping exhaust of the river of autocars?" The answer: Dean on Cane: an elderman from after 15 or so solicitations of paranoid others on a Tuesday after dark. The Amerikans will call this my sin of solicitation against other people needing to protect themselves of the man of God who is fictitious and really a serial murderer—this being a confident judgement as necessary to prevent all goodness and generosity of mutual faith: thusly they safekeep their opinions of "World as Necessary Disneyland for Human Immortals lest there be anymore War TV in their living rooms which disturbeth them but keeps them on high alert." How many requests can a vagabond man make to the people whose drink is tequila and maple syrup? How many requests for a small giving must a beggarman make in order to elicit any favor apparently illicit from the city whose meatfest is thrice a day and whose happymeal is Ted & Wally's icecreamery for everyone always? How many shall walk by to willfully ignore the need of the needy in the city of riches and freedom and lights?

*Nay! Nay! One of a hundred spareth a wight*

*For a decency call it of millionaire spite:*

*Space oddities under the pale moonlight!*

*Earthstrangers in vats with all fear as all sight!*

And Aladdin brushes his magic carpet for himself to seem not homeless for me, and respondent to me unto nothing. Oh let us to ride the grocerycart through the city! Oh to let us breach the northwind in spirit of friendship! Oh! Mule be not and follow me now! Oh! I build thee wigwam behind the restauranthouse, and Aladdin I do not know you anymore! You Sabbatheth at my house: I risked my safekeeping for thee: I have come to befriend thee fully: and you abandon me for a ditch and a handful of the clubhouse idolmoneys.

*HalleluYah! HalleluYah!*

**YHWH** *Giveth and He Takes*

*And the heat goes on!*

I shed in the Sportshowbar called Shul of Amerika: the Spenser, the Shakespeare, the Dante, the Milton. In the travelling of urgency everything must go. Let it be gone. An instrument heavier than a fiddle? There will be more where you are going. Do not become sentimental now: this is folly and wastespaces. This is loathsome complaint unto God during hour of Salvation: and this is an iniquity moreover. To where is the field unto? Am I pioneer of sprawl forever? Nay, nay. Do I go to Zion already from here? So many things to abandon. From here there is whim and eddying of the void: I am vagrant upon the deeps of the Real. Where is **YHWH** in the midst of the evergoing?

*Steady on the Breath of the wind His Messengers He Sendeth:  
He Speaketh from the night upon the shadow's lowly darkness:  
On the seas of the voyage YHWH Doth Calleth  
As a flock of Nether albatrosses:  
He Thoroughgoes the Blackminderosses  
And Purely Streams His Deeps upon the zenith places,  
Whose Voice doth Echo in all nephesh of human faces.*

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A telling:

There is an African restaurant in Omaha's downtown called *Africa in America*. A bit absurd in lumpsum. They also have identified with slaves of Amerika to succumb to the pride of immigrant success stories: and pigmentation is a banality of ethnic distinction. Some Brussels people arrive and are bored and are boring also. What existent in the oculus? Not even always. What is between Africa and Europe? The Mediterranean Sea, a thousand languages and histories and musics, lightbeams, structures of contemplations, value-traditions, a thousand years of unique masks, dressmakings, subtractions of possible necessity, topologies of homeshape, topologies of lust & love, fragrances of tonsure & ridicule, tabooisms & structures of house, terraforma & kitchentops, tablelove proprieties & greetingforms, courtly adjournments & adjurement of courtesies, movements of rhythm & substances of deepest woes from expectation: therefore differentiation *is* the breeding ground of knowledges between us. One Universal Peopleness is of the most perverse ideologies of Adam: for what Theophanism has not been heretofore told as different and unique from every other in every place? From where does the course of human cultural value begin? One Universal Ethic? One Unitarian Democracy? One World of Protestant Moneybank Courthouse and Catholic Bloodbank Hospital: One Universal American Disneyworld—and this *is* the meaning of the people who say, "We just want everyone to be a global peace of democracy and the human rights of Geneva as decided by America and France and Britannia and Germany circa 1946."

This is a great cruelty and an iniquity which I have seen under the sun: the globe in integration unto one universal ethic from the inventions of the minds of men. And the immigrant in America is near always better in morality and humility than the American born unto the citizenship of this country—except that for his blood might be truthful Jew or soil's Native: they feed me freely there, but the surprise is my challenge of the American warehouse of rocks & wares & civil emptiness & compares unto the better-humaned Ghanaland & Kenyaland & Togoland of yore: this begot a quiet ire in those whose lands those were: and soon the Sarah of the room had lied about the time she knew, and onto the street toward the bus where I was sent I flew.

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Chicagoland, January 14th-17th. A Remembrance as a Rambler Written on March 15 & 19. And A Journalist's Inquiry Jan 16.

Comedy and Madness and Love and Wrath all abide in the Unison of the Heartplace of YHWH.

I am acquaintance ever with the dizziness of being topsom beneath His Fingers: and He is Become oft Tired of idleness in this letterbox of endless words of my fountains of ink which do go unto Zion, though I tarry and I tarry along.

That is: He Begot me poet unto world of man and Mount of Zion, sitting: and I have repeated wasted and famined myself from it oft and aloft haloo: this for that I say to my heart unto desperations of blindness and follies: "I am surely nobody worth a hearing.

What am I but an *am-ha'aretz*? What is my family but bumpkins of the countryland of gentiles? What am I but bastard son?

Nobody. I am a nobody. I am nobody worth telling.

And what is the world-historical in me?

What am I whom nobody sees?"

Thus goeth my facade and truth: it is real unto me and I delve into lampit books: so goeth a telling in repetitions from the labor of my work: in pangs of avoidance and recesses from the inner nature of my lights & contrasts. What a brightness of the holymad!

What a scripture of the dolt in illuminate streams of his own offal! I am a vegan *tsaddikalike* in a land of open brothels!

But here is Grandmahouse in squireland of country hoboken squeaksqueak halls of birdies. I sleep with doggedoggie on Annette's ancient bed. Host of what seem like old shrinerrooms as childrenrooms of the parents of the grandkids. This house is the nearest thing to a home which I know: it has a real homeliness. This house is a place of childhoods and my parents may be on the verge of death in the swirl of hellfire tornado upon Sodom. t. Oh my people. Oh my lovers. Oh my my old friends. It is going to look like a horrorshow of the world's silent nightmares! Thus it was unto the heavens and the earth: thus it shall be forevermore. Oh world! shake and duly tremble!

It shall be a beach of dust and ashes of all 1.5 million

who live in nowhereland with no will to goodness ever:

And must have safety safety safety beach in Florida for the holiday.

There is no safety in America: it will be a sky of orange and snowfall of masses by the Hand in the Wrath of YHWH The Destroyer

Of Worlds Who Is Creator of Worlds therefrom.

Oh but the time and times is ever unknown to man of the day:

A year or a month perhaps he may state:

But the definitive is Known and Chosen only of God Who Is YHWH.

What a hissing! What a torment of laughter in the grasses! I am not in Chicagoland here. I am in the countryside. What happened in Chicagoland?  
I am narrator of my life after the fact: who else is interpreter of **YHWH God's** Narration through all time of space immediate  
but anyone of themselves?

Chicago came and passed in schools of seating areas and the silence of millions. It is Witchtrial Salem in Enormity. It is the sprawl of the artillery of psychwards. It is birdless whose pigeons eat themselves and bones of other birds in the street and the homeless act as masters in arrogance of direction-giving. It is a city of no paradises whose entire being is cement and ironworks. It is a city of no hospitality and my Jews of Chicagoland are undiscoverable and unknown to all: hidden in the fear of gentile masses: waiting for the day to come: and why not flee to the fatherland? Shall we wait forever upon the mercies of the Amerikani? File suits and complaints until they prefer us to be living? Oh, so I walk my dead unhappy toes on a *Kabbalat Shabbat* to any discovery of a synagogue: I find the synergetic-reform-conservenoughts and the lady president forbiddeth me from asking a sleepinghouse on Shabbos in the Bellavista neighborhood: she calls a taxi and gives me a whole \$40 and rusheth me out unto the city's outskirts to a poorhouse. At least she did not abandon me to the 1 Degree Celsius snowcovered street for a sleeping on the Shabbos! Hurrah! My people doing so good unto ourselves! I did not even let her in that I was a convert! And there is not a Jewish soul who has ever encountered me who thought me anything except a native-born son of Yaakov. Is my own people no better than the goyim of the Banal Abominate B'nei Amerikana  
Here: originality from Grandmother's divingroom table. **YHWH** Is God and the sweetums of the forest are under the cycles of violent winds this day. The kitchen is a mess. Oh the house of my childhood in Sodom! Oh how I was raised in Sodom! And Chicagoland is a wickedness on the earth.

What did I see?

I saw blindness walking unto imaginations of treasure island in the pavement of streets.

I saw a riverstream of black tar from the boil of caracasses in the pot of melting.

I saw the gem of the midwest in parade of sportgame time and puckshop happy favor.

I saw the fools in a hundred layers of narcissism continue jumping in retreat from an offering of directions to a stranger.

I saw the signposts of the psychward teaching the masses of the necessity for propagandas against personality.

I saw the stupid of everyone accepting the arguments of propagandas about the necesssities for propagandas against the danger  
of accepting a large breadth of potentially acceptable human personalities.

I saw them enforce the jurisdictions which declared uniqueness to be schizophrenia and schizophrenia to be a criminal action.

I saw there was no sunset and no sunrise in the city, only the repletion and sickness unto death.

I saw the niggerpolice as white and black and always desiring of bloodshed upon thoughtless instantiations of their own paranoia  
also upon the prevention of conversation and interaction between peoples of different backstories.

I saw white niggerdom in jungle fever in the back of adulterous railways between grandmas and the attendants of the subway.

I saw cataclysms of fanatics in space whose existence is very small like an insect or smaller than insect with a grandiose will to  
semperanonymous hurries: this person who is very small also believes anyone who stops them for what is narcissist for being  
interrupter of hurries of necessity beingstate with everyone hurries forever unto the end.

I saw the mastersuite of the Midwesterner and I was disappointed with the local boredom which is the same as of little Omaha.

Better funtimes is Jacksonville! Better funtimes is Tallahassee! Bettertimes funtimes is even Lincoln Gomorrah!

Better funtimes in Tamaroa! Theodosia has the lake in the summertime and the springtime and the fall! Delightful!

View is amazing! But could you live without a beergarage in nearer station? Neighborhood is lovely! People are hellform  
from those cities. Small isle of white. Liveable in 1950s maybe. Ask Ginsberg and Marcuse though: abandonthat  
dream also. Go to Now! Not upon the beach but the water is serene!

Homevalue \$150k sumtotal. One bathroom studio in city of trashheaps and silence and Duh Bears: \$2500 monthly.

Wow! Must be some important people who live here!

What a nonsensical illusion of America: belief?

More money is more value: actual?

More expense is more of the same existence, only elsewhere. Therefore, the Amerikani believe there is no place not like home to be:

Therefore none do goeth out to see:

Therefore all have their own certainty.

Their prophets of meteorology are wrongheaded everyday, and their words are ever the certainty of ages. Democracy! *Noaphlah!*

*Naphlah* thou Amerikani! Sleep on! *Niphli!* **YHWH** Cometh in the end of night.

Chicago is hellfire in the whole scene and I lost a notebook of a hundred poems and some were whole masterpieces.

I accepted this as the Taking of **YHWH** from me and looked not back as if it were a sacrifice when I knew I was defeated.

The sun sets pinkly sweltered between the bosomtrees and I am lonely, lonely in the grassbed of my inking dreams.

These are psychotic stories. Chicagoland is frozen and there is no man or woman who is kind.



In the lowlights of the hotel stairwell

After busrides of confusion and delay:

Motion in haste unto Zion and airports of fretting:

Discoveries of self in outskirts and a tourguide:

In terrors of failure and hesitations and spiritual murder charges for all the kids of Amerika:

The Voice of **YHWH** came unto me,

*You will not return to be cannibalking: is that what you think?  
I like you for your consciousness.  
I love you for who you are.  
And you Fear Me.  
Become who you are and not a martyr.  
Return to the house of your mother and father.  
Do you want the easy way or the hard way?  
You will be safe: I will keep you:  
Just know this:  
I Desireth to go Home to Zion far sooner than you are thinking:  
Be ready when I say: it is amazing that I am in this place with you:  
I cannot crack your little code, my little sunshine girl  
But for that I love you, I will carry you: Do not be afraid:  
Keep your eye awake for everybody and devote your work unto Me,  
my son and my child, little Jacob.*

Thus I was in the bus again: there was a portrayal in the bussation on the getting in:  
Human feces on the walkway, a cocaine dealer, cigarettes in the feces:  
A mural in simultaneous odes of the geometries of the Oglalla and the Azteca:  
These tribal deathmarches: in the North beneath the Puritan:  
in the South beneath the Catholicos:  
There were heads in the soil and colors in the earlier days.  
Everything is in removals. Everything is in upheavals.  
Nobody knows what has happened. Nothing in the earth can remember itself anymore.  
Who can say what has been in this world but simplicities and a world of the outdoors and questions of the Great Spirit?  
I have known the Plains Aborigines were monotheists also.  
These are peoples unto **YHWH** also, and He loves them and wants them to be His also forever.  
The driver which took me hereunto returneth away by an accidental: the mother and father beggeth me homeward.

Oh! And what severities awaited! What love in squalorous damaged barns!  
How many times was I in remembrances of the asylum in this harsh winter?  
How many times was I affrighted unto their committing me unto the ward for talking too long  
and being annoying about The Bible?  
They are Christians! Mother loves me so! Oh! Whatever! A glimmer of hope  
And 39 days of lies and throwing the foecalia across the floor.  
How good it is to be unknown! How lovely to be born! I was the adopted son! I William was the bastard!  
I suffered the addictions of the father! Here is a story of Bethlehem and reddydes and frequent flights into the city of Sodom  
for to feel paltry relations apart from the loneliness of the home wherein I was raised for this. Lonely tears! Crybaby I unto **YHWH!**  
(Looking for a family in Yisrael! Mameshe! Abba! Aww! I am a sweetheart but I do say controversial things fairly regularly!  
I only want engagement! I want somebody who listens ere they reply! In hostilities of negation who then call me Mister Contradiction  
for being anything is disagreement with their path for my life in Modicum of Protestantist Averages!)  
All in Reverances of God are my controversies!  
All for teaching in the Fear of **YHWH!**  
I am a loverboy also! It was always a dream in dramas! I don't want dramamine forever! I want a wife and babies!  
Wait for the story of Hawaii! They all want syringes for me and anestheseologists!  
They murder their lovers out here! They murder their children with silence! They infest the eyes with the dust of their own tombs!  
These are human fleas! These are necrophiles for Jesus!  
Ah! Chicago, Illinois: Millions in the Salem of Silence:  
Millions in the psychward from 1975: Jungle fever and pills forever unto robotcity!  
I shout thee down unto the wind:

**YHWH** Sayeth:  
*Tornado howl and winter call:  
Lake of blue shall standeth tall  
Unto thy city of abominations all  
And here erase thee for thy gull.*

זאן וסלה

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Night of January 29.. City of Omaha. A Journal.

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Darkly take wines in visions of the astronomic upon a municipally scorched earth.  
Tunneling lights like serenades of God unto the slowdriver through planetary casinoroulette of city in Modern Amerikana.  
Wind goeth like armageddon unto highwaybound and south or northway or all metropolis at nightscene.  
Metropolis of illusions vacated from daylight firmament and leviathanian sprawl the city sea.  
And is it not aquarium of *God YHWH* to be hereunder the waters existent and beyond us?  
There are ever the reefs along the roadway in the cinematic window. I am bubbling unto hysterics.  
Superfull martini glasses cup of runneth mine spirit mine spirit mine runneth over without the liquidation,  
*and is a man but also glosses of His Holiness or as the grass  
that needeth solely milks and parliaments?*

Pantomimical engineering of architectonic entire: *YHWH* hath set His Glory in the heaven and the earth:  
*and is it humankind or makebelieve  
who build beneath the spires,  
which flash the Real into the Gates  
of Eternity in a settingplace,  
to war against the God Who Makes  
a babe to sing His Name upon a happy lyre?*

*HalleluYah!* *YHWH* hath Made a poet of a shoestring lump of cakes.

I can be His Glory in this: look here what God can Create  
*of a nobody from a nowhere place  
of averagelearnt and of averageburnt of bangs:*

And yet I am so beautiful from my little boyhood!

I was a sixmonth talker! *HalleluYah!* *YHWH* has Evercalled me by my name!

Travel the windy rests of the brutal, and herein the brothel of Sodom hath no surprises.

Stop the engines in the coldwind to lounge of immigrant Africa: here again for no truth of Africana: or the roadsidealong  
whereto the rumble of militant velocity maketh noxias unto the bubblant greens!

Now I sit the swelled epicenter of fragrant incenses—factory of polaric senses—  
and the crowd pleaseth to selfarousal of declamation chanting in ballad of karaoke trongbong 'n trill,  
“Fuck ICE! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck ICE!” Pollickitickall opines!

This is the Edge of the Universe: Amerikani in ghoulclown decorum, transvestites who demand all politeness  
be the argumentation of what man might womb the child and what lady might father be known as to be,  
and, in the serialized end of storyblock, these cereal boxes of societal relation are all nausea unto soul  
who seeketh after wisdom and the good of mankind.

Benson: seattlite hipsterbrothel for secondary whites: these turnstiletos have a black boyfriend: these are the masters of the universe:  
whores in the psychedelic bodega, trannies in the lockerroom of gunshows, artshow from the freemason temple,  
the waitingroom of hiphop paraphernalia in teenagers who loop the world in hopelessness and sarcasm.

They demand obligation to comfort forever. I want to go with velocity. Memphis: what a sequence of pyramids for the fisherman.

A little spin here and there: is this Evansville's evangelist? Somewhere of Cleveland in gentrification? Yes, yes, and the poet writes  
again the state of pleasuresacks: all in circulation forever of evergoing velocity.

A report: Transvestite of Metropolis shouteth coward at my politeness after demand of my politeness:

I reenter to offer requested insult: the sacred transvestite of McQueensworld Bavelim turneth me out with warning  
of policecall because Black Lives Matter and the owner follows the infurious.

Absurdly! All absurdly wrought from the claykilns of worldhell! And the pretty bartendergirl whose eyes all drought with arsenic of  
lovegirl and vivid lining of lusteyesplashes and the fuckme glances turneth

to armholds of husband who is woman in transgenitalia disguise! Deadhead nazis of oblivion! Deadheart nazis of libertinism!

Crucibilist of Salem is the transqueen called Delilah: Church of Neon Jesus-Lucifer: hermeneutics of sugarfaerie mochalatte

and cookieberrie zoomcall reports: and they do hurleth their feciation upon the insides of the eyelids of others like it were  
a dewy springmist: and the piety of King Lear unto their literates is the madness and gall of tyrants who deserveth the betrayal of  
the angelic blameless evertrue innocents called woman!

And thus wrote the poet,

“Oh *YHWH* this is a people who hate the Idea that You Are God of Eternity: forgive me this transgression of company in their ilk: how  
rarified has become any conversation with the other people of literatures, and ever they are null or dullard of understanding; of moral trumpets loud  
and all in selftelling of the comforts of hypocrites; of politics genuflectant unto lies and vastswathes of general ignorance from which their hatred is  
to relent; of gratification only to immediate pleasuresenses; of religion dead entire; of figured searches unto nothingness toward an inkling of  
thought which happeneth as it were as epiphanic moulds of the enlightenment for them to have a thoughtform appear unto their own person in  
mind of wanting.”

*I agonize in sharing in them for a portion of my life!*

*Oh! Everything is circular of ephemera forever,  
 And yet this is a factory of the simulation of mankind!  
 Everything is in scripts: be warned: I repeat myself:  
 The deep of this is somewhere in the elastic form:  
 Every generation recounts itself in happytimes:  
 Every generation believes they lived through the world war:  
 Every generation exists upon bloodshed perpetual:  
 Every generation believes there is no grass on the other side:  
 What is the parental consent form for the movies?  
 What is the pageant of the childgirl femmeplastics on TV?  
 And the sacred linekeeping of children from a neighbor's commonspeech?  
 Am I Hebrew enough, oh God?  
 Am I enough of lion? Am I in rotations of a fool?  
 Am I a tool of guses? Anything can become into my soul  
 When the recognition is of senses unto the whole:  
 I do not know of life: there was a trampoline in the suburbs that was broken on the other street.  
 A breath of lepidopteral nets: I have hands like a woman. 8:22 PM.  
 Is this traumatic? Is a word real until it is felt and spoken?  
 Baruch Ha'Shem **YHWH**:  
 Kiy l'Olam Hesdo.  
 He Maketh me stand upon the heights of the great:  
 And I am a crate of apples rolled out upon the quay.*

Call me enemy of the people, then. Call me enemy of their grandmasters also in hand of turncoats: these womanchild paranoiac sociopath  
 meatlovers and manchild companions of nihilist rapelove psychowarden meatswallows: television showtime about David the King  
 after Ricola throatstuffers in one minute of commercialism: all is opulence to insult the native dignity of Adam: all is equivalence:  
 all value in equivocation: all meaning of good or ill as subjective and subjecthood in similitude of belonging to fury of lookingglass reports  
 of value to reflect another self into: all ostracism to any unfamiliarity: I envy them nothing: whores for jackals, jackals for whores.

*HalleluYah!*

*For She has Bekept me separated from their friendships  
 And I shall leave unbounded upon the Wings of Eternity*

*Floating in the song of my soul l'YHWH:*

*Oh impatient heartache of the animal's grief!  
 Oh unforgiving sorrow of the loins which pursueth mine eyes  
 unto these leprous of heart and bloodstream!  
 Oh unhappiness of love in these borderlines!  
 Oh evangelists to the nullification of the drunken!*

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**YHWH** Spaketh also unto me this night these Words in a passingby  
 of a Habibi meatseller truck:

*—Jordan is a serpent who lieth in wait.*

*Syria is a jackal who knoweth not when to lay down its head.*

*Lebanon is an aspforn from under its rock whose teeth crack with its venom.*

*These are enemies of Yisrael. Do not forget of the year 1948—*

And thus Spaketh **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael** unto me  
 upon a question of who should hear the platform of Salvation's truth of sweepstaking.

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What is this metallic yawp of primitive electric rage called their music?

What is this betrayal of the beautiful from the soul of Adam?

Is this the descendent humanity of symphony and requiem and epicsong and knighthoodlove and civilization in odes  
 of the philosophical and the sublime structures of the moral?

Are these the children of Europe? Their remains are the feces in buckets on the streets. Oh descendance of shame!

Oh great shame of Europe! Generations of Amerikana lovesongs! Generids of tripe and tropes assimilant! Oh shamefulness of Europe's obliviation!

Oh ridiculous screech into megaphone of the Amerikana! Oh absurd factitious of this schoolhouse of my life as teenager and boyhood!

This is karaoke from Pretty Boy Entertainment: this is Nebraska: a barracks of human affection between all man  
 from himself and from

his fellow of suffering in the same oppressions.



*Selah.*

And the way homeward bound I drove the mother's Subaru throlong the westward roadway of West Center Road:  
The city of Omaha Sodom is a great city: it is 20 miles by 20 miles and a million people are inhabitants of this slut.

And I saw along the West Center Road many multitudes of strangely called places, many names of businesses and restaurants and gestations of gasoline and christchurches and banks whose names had oraculous measures as from **YHWH** the Creator Ultimate of the all in the Eventual under and swallowing beyond the stars,

And I drove many miles the slowdrive of automobile riverway for to know and to list some few of the multitudes of various types of places of all that which passed before me, and these are the sorts which I recall to have beheld in my eyes, of all the strange matters of the 21st Century Amerika which long I have been all too accustomed to and familiar with as a normativity:

From the riverroad upon the Saddle Creek unto the West Center spike, at some ten of morning strain upon the dark of morninglight,  
I saw Human Body Shoppe for prosthetic limps beside International Senior Center whereabouts is Pyramid Contractors and US Bank building whose rooftop is a pyramid of glass shaped as those of Giza; and who of human intuition would plan the sarcophagus of our alienate rooms with Purpose unto knowledge of its meaning in a sequence of semiotics and teleology? No, the sequences of the architecture of these sprawls of cities, the movements of the epical in the nieghboring forms and sentences in catch: these are Purposed by **YHWH Genius of the Episcrpt:**

*YHWH Who is Genius of my genius in being,*

*YHWH Who is Mind as Eternity's Seeing:*

And I saw thereafter the Calvary Mt. Catholic cemetery of happy Sodom at whose gate's entryway was an ironworks Jesus statuegraving whose likeness was as an image of the New Universal Apollonaire of neologism in the Catholic fashionsense of grandeur and form of cancerous beauty; and I soon saw thereafter a plaza which beheld in itself China Garden beside Too Many Tanks and a Goodwill Clothing Shoppe and Elevate Medspa;

*and there is a halation*

*upon the shape and the color*

*of the ordinary*

*in the pupils in the shades of the holy in being*

*As YHWH Createth overupon the movement*

*Of the lodge that is the shape of beingforms*

*And the occupancies, and the clusters, and the lines  
of invention in the naturaspectre.*

*So I eateth in wonder:*

*And the fruit is borne unto the bud of tongues:*

*And the wonder is in the blood of Adam.*

And also therefrom I saw the Center for Mental Health whose emblemation is a peaceleaf, whose shape was prisonward, and this among a district of corporation lawfirms and towers of more banks;

And I saw also the superdome cathedral of collegiate athletic spectacle which is a religious gathering;

And I saw Little Caesar's Fastfood Pizzeria and Dante's \$\$ Pizzeria and Piezone's Filthslop Pizzeria and the multitude of 24 Hour Mexifood Tacohouses and 24 Hour Americameatstuff Religion Drivethru and Taste of Thailand without incident and Mongolian Grille from China and Red Robin Gourmet Meatgrounds and Internation House of Pancakes of 24 Hours also by the stripclub of Omaha's Famous Redlights and Burger King and McDonald's Clownburgers and La Mesa de Margaritabowls;

And I saw the Planet Fitness gymnohouse beside the Clinic Warehouse and Jazzercise the Parlor for Sacred White Mothers in GoodShape and Philanderer as Instructor, and there was a Groomer for Dogs in every Plaza: Lakeside Shoppes Plaza, Legacy Regency Pelican Plaza, Welch Fargo Plaza, Wilde Shoppes Plaza, Village Pointe Shopping Plaza, Gateway Plaza Shoppe Malle; and Playe Parke for the Kides and Dogtopie with cages and a hoste of bankerers and retailerers and telleres and thinges;

And I saw the house of richman whose riches were of the blood of exploitation in foreign lands, yes, mine eyes did have witness of many great houses upon the stitched hands of Bangladesh and the bags of candy in Chicagoland are in the streetside of the pauper, and he goeth mad into his patch of tarts and rubberwafers which sate for nothing;

And I saw between these places multitudes of churches of every sort of the interpretations of the New Testament, and many multitudes of Conglomerate Gasoline fuelstations also were scattered along this road besides, and also amongst these multitudes of bankhouses both great and small, and many multiples of the supergrocerystoremarkets for the millions and the obscenity of excess which is in them for all the Amerikana people who do not know want, also I saw for me storagewarehouses for the obscenity of excess of stuff-possessions which the masses cannot fit anymore into their great househouses, also Spin!Pizzeria and Guild Mortgages, bowling-and-arcade Venue of Experience, general clotheriums, and many drunkhouses for the masses of the Amerikani over all the road besides;

And this only a fractional is of a general sampling of the many sights of the obscene that is an abomination to all sense of common people with ethos of the earth in any part of their own mind, and therefore unto **YHWH** and in the *Face of YHWH Forever*: and it is like cinema of corporate oligarchs in sprawl of the obscene and abominate, and it Shall be thoroughly ridden from the planet by **YHWH The God:**

*Innocence in it is there?*

*Evils all throughout:*

*Innocents in it are there?*

*Iniquities abound.*

And this is written to show a display of the absurd of the debauchery that is the obscene of excess of the Amerikani, and so I drove further into the edge of the city where the road ends of a sudden at The Farm—Gates Neighborhood of Houses which had no more the uppermiddle value, and this was the end of the West Center Roadway and the great black saint Amerikana saith how she feels great to be politics support in Palestiner children dollar give from The Farm of Omaha's Proudest Slaves;

And this also is to display the extraordinary existence of this age under the Auspices of the Poesis of the One of Eternity Who Is **YHWH** Whose many Maths of the enigma of life and Riddle Infinite also are to bring all unto their exigetical *telos*, and herein of a sort of mental wrack of Pure Genius of the Allengineering from origin to total sum of Things, and also of a Will to the Comedy of Absurdism and Theatrics,

Who Spaketh unto me once, Saying,

*—I Am the One Who Speaketh through their mouth*

*To mock them to their own face*

*Without their knowing of it:*

*In this you will know I Am Who teaches their mind unto you.*

Thus has Spake **YHWH**,

and the world goes on as if all manner of things were a teleshow of the metahistoric unto

Him to Whom all of Creation beginneth and returns from its dwellinghouse of show.

And this is the end of this brief story of logic in a day in the courses of the document of history in Amerika,

Asking: Where is **YHWH** in this?

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January 31. Night. Sodom the 14th of the Amerikana: Omaha, NE. Journal Entry and some transgressions of the letter on the page of my own words.

Saturday night in Amerika's heart of darkness: city of artificials of halcyonic lightbulbs, fluorescence in glasstubes which cuckold the heavens of starlight, and the urdaban machine carries the torches of God's nightmarish Vision from the deeps to the stereotid for the automatons to autodrive thereunder. Megalithic hospitals and the Durham Research Center of Patron Sainthood of Animal Torture for Genetic Waste in Experimentations unto No Knowledge. Megalith highway Hajjist spuriers and megalithic houses of stonemen. Blackstone: free brothel of the city of whoredom: watch their game of fetish and the alacrities of the stupid and godless which all declare "Christ is King" and the semperdioxymoral morality of 21 Century Protestantism. It is travelling amongst swine who eat swine and traffick roll like bloodstream of the ancients through land of madfull drivers and mannequin people: humanity existent as golemlike in the image of Adam: and what is to be *b'tselem Elohim*? To drowse into and out from form of seems seems the only utterable scenario also. That is, unless one be in halfdream state between awakenings, the pseudanthropical nature of these primate substances, these resemblances to the human, will make believe that you are the insanity: much have I noted this and shall: for it is true: their sanity *is* delusion toward ideological safekeeping and obsessive enforcement of tabooish nomenclatures of norms which have ground in nothing except generational popular acceptance, and unutterable insanity to them *is* to reason toward Knowledge of God and unto what is noble. Original thoughts or songs or works or readership of philosophy are to them an apparition and signification of madness, faggotry, retardation, schizophrenia, pretension, and/or satanism. I cannot abide amongst them any longer.

This night: club soda in Red Lion Jazzclub: everyone is a Christian anymoe: all the kids of the new generation profess Jesus in grandeur and demand everyone else do the same. "You got Jesus in you? I believe in Jesus sames. Yeah! Gotta get that savings! Earn less! Pay nothin!" People who meet by Instant Friendmaker AI on webcam rooms and algorithmic providence: last of human decency lives the shells of hollow desperation. The befriended youth descend upon my location: "Let us make trivials of the words of sages," they say, "Otherwise we must should listen: better to demean, dismiss, and diminish the observations of the more observant, more learned, more spiritual, more religious, more reflective, and more intelligent than me," sayeth literally unto themselves the generations of the Protestant Amerikani—and they do *acknowledge* the *actual fact* of another's superior knowledge of the fact and logic and exegesis and spirit of a matter—and so they say, "Because if I myself have not heard it or thought it before then I myself have not heard it or thought it before and that means that I myself have not heard it or thought it before and therefore you cannot tell me what to think who do you think you are? My TV favorite? You are a lunatic! You can't read things and believe what books say! That is stupid! I question what I read in the CNN TV! Gotta do research dumb monkey! Duh! Don't you watch TikTok? I have seen war with *my own eyes* like I was there! Genocide is the Jewish Problem! Christ is Born Again! Don't know you don't care! I'm telling on you now because I'm uncomfortable!" These are also men in barrooms. University students at public universities in Amerika. The Protestant Universal Ideal of One World under Lucifer the Female Jesus whose name is Washington Columbussia. And the sex-feminists *are* neofascists who *are* the sacred enforcers of the normative and the tabooism of social relation whose seravnts are their boyfriends called severe mother-father complexes who also are neofascists in this: banality unto total obedience of all official policy, and a thoroughgoing hatred of what is foreign unto themselves—the extremity is theirs alone in this: theirs is also a will to defile completely the entire human personality of all peoples and conform it into one universal image of sameness of normative thoughtprocessing and expression, with only acceptable excesses permissible from this for a semblance to an opensociety safety feature. Those groups are written elsewhere, but do include as sacred and protected by mass culture: transvestites, rampant homosexuals, drag queens, cybertronic elders with all prosthetic bones under skins, botox girls, facial tatoos, BDSM fetish parties, et cetera. Women ruined by age 22 by a dozen men at least: this is called female empowerment, but this is said before. It is abominate morality for a hundred years turned global ideal. This is end of days morality. This is the obscene beyond the obscene. This is the obscene in total obscenity of silence. This is time for to fury and to panic. This is time of world gone under. One little party princess needeth exemplification for potential behavior from Pop Divaqueen Idol Taylor Swift who is Incarnatia of Pop Divaqueen Idol Britney Spears who is Incarnatia of Pop Divaqueen Idol Madonna who is Incarnatia of Pop Divaqueen Idol Marilyn Monroe and so on and so on and this is the imitation game of millions of boygirls and girlboys who call themselves their own original while dressing in plainshirt and bluejeans everywhere they go. They demand be princess divaqueens. And Madonna was Like a Virgin for Prayer in Black Jesus. This is the

Protestant Sexual Ethic: Halloween girls with a crucifix in booby cleavage, brothel girls who call themselves the pietific and sinless. Degrade her not and be damned to her pedestal of expected treatment of her: degrade her from the start and have her ever on a leash: degrade her never and be true of speech and this is the worst of degradations ever suffered in her mind to ever reach. These homeopathic bitches are pathetic: because they want to be dogs for dogs who keep dogbitches underneath: and moreover they are very cruel and very mean and they act like intelligent conversation is for creeps of strange intentions but sexual overtiness is good and healthy and the only permissibility between male and female in public meeting. Central belief: "There is no morality of God's expectation: and I am immortal. The only goodness is to pleasure me, and as long as I do pleasure me and say Jesus is *my* Mangodseed, and that the Persian magicians *did* consecrate him to be Messiah-godking of the Jews, and that he *was* the Divine-umbilicalcorded-godbaby, then the Selfsame God of Abraham will spend Eternity with *me*, and only this can be why He would choose to stroke my clitoris forever in Eternity. Moreover, isn't that Unbelievable? Therefore because it is Unbelievable, then it must be believed as from God! Otherwise there can be no belief of mystical children!"

In otherwords, they say, "There is none who have ever been, none who will ever be, and none which are in the earth, better in any moral capacity, judgement, doing, or reasoning than me. But mine is the Company of God for Eternity because I believed He walked on water in the fleshword! I held up my hands last week in church and that was very bravery! Also one should lukewarm be in their temper of faith lest they be a bad employee for FREEDOM USA Incorporated which is God's Sacred Company for Whites & Christians Only. Also for transqueens because they have rights too in jesus sextherapy heaven. Get out of here, go to your country which should stop existing, intolerant Jew!" Or, in other words, "there is one and one is three and if I believe this more than that there might be a humangoodthing under God then heavenbliss is mine for all godlike Eternity." Oh, but to know their eyes which consume man for a meal of personal entertainment and power from their impotent seat of mind! To know their contest of status wherein they call themselves all dogs in a state of generational cannibalism, and this as a normal and positive outlook to the way of the world! To see the gluttony in the choplicks to shed blood during rape festivals for taste of conquest of some faceless nameless neighbor for the satisfaction of their own heart of the diseases of a cruel mind! I among them am called the schizophrene, the abnormal, the strange, the stupid, the incompetent, the evil, the bipolar, the psychotic for noticing these things and utterance of speech!

And **YHWH** Is God the Everoneness, One as One Only Everness to Be:

**YHWH** Is Mastermind of conception and formation of all order and ordination of mathematic of symbol and rhythm of tone and oscillation of the Speech Ineluctable from the realm of perceptible and of the Noumenal imperceivable and Real as Absolute Person:

Thus believing I am hellbound narcissistic lunatic in the understanding of the Christians and a great despair in the heart of those who love me by name and rote. To believe in the moral under God is to be an ignorant idiot and satanic pharisee to them.

Comedy: to say, "Just because a man was a Jew once and performed magic tricks of healer sorceries, and called himself Godbridge, Godson, Manson, and Godselfbreadblood, does not mean that he is." Oh dumb Saint Fitzgibbons! Oh neurosis of the world! Oh obsessives in catatonia! Oh ribaldry of people peeing allover themselves! Oh doctrine of original sin! Oh doctrine of God as Love! Go oon teaching the world of eternal toruture as Just Punishment for disbelief in this mad gospel of moral perversions as the Final Purpose of the God who Is Love! See what your portion in God shall be! Here we discover the final generation of this absurdity: blessed be **YHWH God unto Eternity unto Eternity—Selah!**

*Nāphlah* Christendom *Nāphlah!*

Your onlyfans girls are your final display!

But a further note on this doctrine shall be for later. Their congregations are my story. I just had to indulge the topic at brief: Christian Doctrine is a grand joke of human reason unto me: and this spectre of grandmaster christendom is an architectonic of despair and alienation and suicide and brutal sprawling enormity and vacuity of heavenlights and megaphallomania in Metropolis and death of all trees and universal narcissism of the Amerikan Imperial Order and an overgrown garden of all invasive weeds: and what else were the engineers and architects and founders of Amerika, as all the presidents but one have been also? Protestant. This is a nation of Protestantism: the proof is everywhere. Protestantism with will to Fitzgibbon Jail for all the earth: I don't even know what that means: monolith of world: monoculture pharm of oncology world: gargantuan bricks of ore and cement, wonders of sprawl and construction of sprawl, and the pipes and the wires beneath the earth snake beneath the surface for ages. This is totalitarianism of democracy: the puritan ethic upon the spirit of hedonist capital. All autotmatonism in silent world of Neoliberal Protestant Repression of speech for fascism and android to flower and for the new allowances of the Islamic Hajjists. Yes, as the apostle said, "You are not children of the earth, but children of God in heaven: so remember that you owe to this planet only the destructions of its wretched demiurgic foolwrought surface." Therefore *Nīphlī!* All Christendom forever and ever—*Amen!*

*And the Jew hath lost his marbles again!*

*Of pennies replete I plead for the dagger!*

*Get from me throat, ye serpentine blagger!*

*And the Jew hath gathered the eggs of a hen*

*only for quiet of his den: Oh Benjamin!*

*Begin again! Oh Millethammer of the Voice*

*Who Maketh the groundswell of perception!*

*Oh kaleidoscope of brain and reception!*

*Oh apperception of the soul! Oh phonograph ineluctable!*

*Oh world in represented Wordlights of God!*

*Oh rogue and loathsome night of mandatory pedestrian heartlessness!*

*Oh cinema-sacred Amerika-denizen!*

*Oh wannabe swiftgirl fakeplastic Gwen Stephanie!*

*Oh everygirl richman wants never working!*

*Oh everygirl in acrylic nails of diva posterboard humdrum!*

*Oh everygirl in instagram who makes her love her boredom!*

*Oh glamourplasticlipstick upon the lips of whoredom!  
Oh megaphallic dipstick who limpeth from her sorenum!  
Oh everygirl the brothelmaid ideal! Oh everygirl the disneygirl in life osho-forreal!  
Oh you poor and deranged women! Oh you daughters of degradation!  
Oh daughters of narcissism! Oh daughter of Amerika's pride!  
SO beautiful! SO lovelygirl! SO bride-to-be! SO divorce-for-curl!*

Oh **YHWH**, look upon all the retards You have Made for the Glory of Your people!  
Oh **YHWH**, look upon all the glories of the *Tórah* you have Purposed to Create  
who bend their knees to wretch in steeple!

*Thy servant will not follow in their ways: let those who transgress to be moral unto themselves  
Display the Glories of the Wisdom of Your Law in becoming golems of the senseless:  
thus I see Thine Own Work, my God,  
And there is in its watch a great mirth and laughter, deep and very dark upon its Day of Judgement  
unto the goodly after.*

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### February 3, Lincoln, NE. A Journal Entry.

What does it mean to live in society of womanrule? *Que signifie anon?* The manwomen and the womanmen one knoweth immediate of existential instant of perception. Manwomen are the common. Evaporation of the feminine essence. Men of bustybreast all fat, and the yolk is foied in the vat of hysterics and haughtiness USA. How monogamous the puritan after the age of partyhat! Oh spoil of the brat! Oh rats of fascism! And the whitecops are less the brutal than the blacks! Have a treat to the life of the buffalo which shall again to roam beneath the *Face of YHWH* The Eternal.

*It is an exploit of the tyrant: fan a dollarbag and house of entertainments,  
fill the belly fat in pricetag of soporific ragtime; and in the parish  
is a priest, a secretary, and the bookkeeper's daughter; a host of  
North American martyrs, and revenge in the form of sex: masters  
offereth libertyland to womansex, degrade the sex of man to girth  
and length of phallotechnic: and what is a whore who is where the whole  
city is a brothel, whose professors are bawds, and the parish is all in adultery?  
and this when the nation is a city of sameseeking cities? who is a mother then?  
who is a wife? who is a lover without will to all strife? Niphli! Glassbreaker!  
Womanworship of Babylon! Begone! Døwn thou matriarchy of the libertine!  
Whoredom of masses! Whoredom of love! What else is the land  
where the women all proudly anarchical rove? What is the prisoner  
of her truest affection? A dog whose goodbone is a gift of donation  
who bowowows to a bitch of her own degradation who owns him.  
What is the historical of the human? The father of daughter  
and mother of son degrade the same and/or opposite one:  
though twins they be of opposites, the psyche keeps unconsciousness  
through the many ages and generations; and each together  
their atoms split, and chaos of the nuclear befalleth.*

Thus saith the man upon whom the Spirit of **YHWH** Speaketh,  
*And the differences toward enlightenment  
Are ever shone unto his faces here and faces there,  
And ever to the good he bears his walk alone,  
And never worship of a woodthing or a stone,  
And never to a flesh he turns himself to worship prayer:  
And yet a man's suppliant weeping bemoans he often to the human,  
And the man of God shall bemoan also and hear another's moan  
In the land of livingfolk wherein he ever roams,  
For to all suppliant man or maiden, who ever is alone:  
Help them to atone: help them to be lifted up: help them to grieve:  
Listen to a tone:  
So listen as thine own days are to you,  
Also must to Him Beyond be Everknown.*

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February 5, Odd Days. A Journal. West Omaha.

There is an orb which flickers a skin of candleflames in a glass whose Ruler is The God of gods. He sustaineth the heart of the *tzaddik*. He Stands Renewing the *nephesh* of the goodwill and pure of heart. When **YHWH** Is in the Presence of His Eternity's Guises: He Alighteth His Face upon the anthropopoesis as like a sailed anthropokite which like a winged seabird in hunt or search on a drawn string doth go upon the winds of His Wordworks, and the Search of Providence has its bread of livingdust in truthfulness of all the world. Is this not our end? Neighborgoodlove in fact of death, goodly willed in revolt of death's quiescence? *B'tselem Elohim bara oso: v'ahavta l'reakha k'vokha:* and thus the Love of God confronting? Man resteth on a crown of twigs and leaves, he calleth a fray his laurels, and what shall he take to The Judgement? Days of His Sustenance live in a prayer unto Eternity's Stare and Ear Ineluctable: prayer in the place of no signification but unto **YHWH** shall fill the tablature and signify the world in the individual: deed of seen and of unseen all Everseen in His Place: and yet the home is to be more of Graces than in the outgoing places whose host of many faces require and demand forever. Thusly among and through this isle of echoing wasteland of suburbia He has Dogwalked me this springlike afternoon of a milder temper and an almost abnormal sense of the possible good in the semperrarification of joysounds of the multitudes of children who people these many megalithic plywood houses, and there was a garland of neighbors floated up and out from the apparent nowherelands of televisions and conditioned airsprings. And I prayed for Joshua the Beardedwhite and for Thomas the Doubtingwight and for Lativi the Immigrantson of Togoland and Shaun the Cafe's Patriarch who was a Christian but had himself opened unto the philosophies of *Torah*. And this became noteworthy for that of 1000 houses in an unincorporated zone of the city's zoning laws where there *is* a semperparasentient earthsilence in every weather and in every season, where every house is shut completely, and has been nearly all of my life. Thus it becomes a wonder akin to the appearance of righteousness when a person stops to say hello and even talk for more than the brevity of a wave. When a person does not immediately ostracize difference of personhood and instead is curious of a person's learning, *this seems as a holy action by comparison to what is the normal* in the life of a man who seeketh to offer and to find friendshipliness in every place. Amongst 12,000 people or so in a square mile: 100 or so went outside on a day of sun and warmth in midwinter on the tundric midwestern central plains of Amerika. And the action of aimless wandering into and from the relation of human life is ever to them the way of the schizophrenic: even the kids are operant on timeschedules and lists of must-to-do for schoolroom things! And the mothers and fathers are all so fastly pacely walking! But there was some real scope of what is human in the faces of this day. But I do not know what righteousness looks like in other people except in yellers at the marketplace and shoppingmalls and homeless meth addicts bicycling hamsandwiches around to others of the homeless. Listen! Reatdr of the moral! This is a beginningplace! Yet! What more is written already! And there will be so infinitesimal which remains of those who moveth all the flowers with the grasses.

*"But oh thou people to be remnants!*

*How vast and thoroughgoing thy repentance must be!*

*Act as if it were tomorrow's midnight,*

*And all Salvation was dependent upon you knowing*

*Your neighbors all by name, and invitation*

*To a meal of fruit and root and plant and stew*

*And bread homemade of floured grain ,*

*And acceptance of the invitation:*

*And instead of natural difference of opinion,*

*Relate for circumstance of suffering and oppressions the same!*

*Relate by tales and stories in conversation!*

*Yes, gather ye together for a goodly meatless dinner!*

*Do not forcefeed that abominate meat unto the children of your neighbor!*

*But feast ye all together from the gardenfields of all the earth!*

*For any goodness whatsoever of the hospitable*

*Would be a difference from what is the day-to-day of this.*

*Thus would be steps toward the Pleasure of **YHWH**."*

728

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February 9.

I am at war with myself: I the mad and toothless frogsage at the edge of the cragblossom on the strange pool  
of lifedays and the the candling youth with antlers in fists of revolution, and what is the lightwave  
which comes with Officiate Messengers of **YHWH** floated all about the terrestria of wonder in land of His Creation?  
What is the purpose of a day in the Dread Metaphysic? What is the perfection of solitude in these shadows of strange hours?

*Zeh ha'yom asah Elyon*

*Nagila v'nishmekha bo.*

And he rejoices, doesn't he, who walketh humbly with **YHWH Ha'Elohim Adonai Kol Ha'Aretz:**

Trembling in Vicinity of His Presence, and hereupon the spacestation of an orbitrock in the infinite

beneath the deep watery hyacinth heavens of His Glory—Everywhere His Glory Is—

As on the twig of epiphannic faces, and the barracuda shapen into the dust in the tubwall under the bathwater:

All musical notations in the luminous Mathematic of **YHWH God of Ancients** is the host of Creation spirits!

And the demiurgic is a swell of beautiful lifewell underneath the whole earth of lifebloodspirits!

His Glory is upon a streetsign in decay whose oxidation turns to redfoxred in magmaesiac movement in perfect stillness:  
The Glory of **YHWH** happeneth in sixcrossed faces of creaturelike oddities upon the surface of a log in moulting:  
And upon whom other shall a man call as Master of Nature and the species of Noumenon hereunder  
and from this become also His hammerchisel and hammerrod and thrushsong?

**יהוה** בדור דור

הוא האלהים

**יהוה** אל לעולם:

Walk the greenspaces and behold the emptiness of the riches of industrialists. Witness the banal of wasteland. The preacher shouteth down the rows of houses in the void of the categorial worldhistoric in terraform beneath the bondcultures of the human:

“Look ye wonderbreaded freaks,  
Sleep ye wonderbreaded sleep of nations,  
Ye land whose own law of sanctification,  
Your own laws which exalt the freedom unto  
speech,  
As right of mankind from God Himself,  
Exalted above the Law from Sinai God gave  
unto Moshe,  
You burn it from your heart to preserve  
Your right to happyfeeling and creamstuff  
for dessert!  
It is what is your own dessert: silence of  
a graveyard in the desert.”

And the preacher freeyelleth and freshouteth more the words here writ and writ before.

“Wasteland of utopia machinery in sprawl!”  
“The lunatic is in the forest talking about the mayor again!”  
“TV screening of comprehension as intellectual development  
of adult children!”  
“You freakshows of normal who terrify themselves from neighbors!”  
“You will get cannibalism from **YHWH** as portion because your meal  
is all factory meat and sate of all pleasuregut!”

*And the walk goes on along the autoroadriver  
beside the cooing talk  
All dovely in the berrytree,  
I say hello to pair of doves:  
Marmeladear and Marmeladay,  
And then I ask to them, I say,  
“What is the way of everloves?”  
And Marmeladear and Marmeladay,  
They turned to me and cooing sang,  
“All goodlifriend on perch of tree,  
And share of good the goodlisweet:  
All goodlifriend on stoop of swing  
And lovegoodlove without a sum for counting:  
Thus your heart goes trembledown  
When thus your love goes dead from sound.”*

*Oh! and **YHWH** knoweth the names of all His little birds,  
His birds like keystings of pianoplisse here called spisselatisse of species motion.  
And is it all so beautiful, in the end? Maybe! Whoopsie! Wow!  
I trollop in the sun betimes, and skip the hollophop:  
Am I the bony leprechaun or the hearkenlove upon a pony?  
Hey Joni! Knock that Amerindian Statue Idol over because it is a phony!  
Giggliboo little child! Googoo lil'scout! Now the mould begins.  
Satisfied? I might be baldric when I'm wedded at this pace.  
Thirty and a pretty child. Ope! I killed a duck again, saith the goldidog!  
While you're sleeping, I'm on the hunt!  
What a grouch! What a scrooge! What a game delay! What moulin of the rouge!*

*No, no. Instead I foible am the joyful skip of every Jew in the Glory of YHWH.*

And look! The children who play behind fences as kindred to prisoners of prisons. Schoolhouses in model units of prisons. Recess behind iron bars. Extraterrestrial abominate towers of satellite poles in the yard of highschool teens. Tower of death! Abomination Tower! Tower of evil! Tower of lies! Golem Tower! *Down! Nīphli! Goodbye!* Megasuperlithic electric gridvomit and same feces of "Thou shalt not pass" upon spinfence at entryway of schoolyard and mass-disaster unit. In the neighborhoods I shout,

"Ye who glory in thy riches,  
But have never tasted of an apple  
From your own yard! Ye who call freedom  
Your possession from the Dream Amerikana,  
But have not laid in your own yard!  
Ye who boast of goodtimes  
But make children into paranoias!  
Ye who talk of Christianlove  
But turn the neighbors into imaginary pedophiles and serial murderers to avoid the burden of love!  
Confess your sickness, and repent!  
Damn ye, damn ye, damn ye,  
Evil and wicked neighbors of Sodom!"

Oh and the palace of TV which *is* the gathering house.  
All the idlewills and nonentities who shunned the faggot in ponytails.  
What a nestleplace! *Nīphli Sodomhouse Omaha!*

I must be a wickedness on the earth. I escaped in haste and did not tell every person I have ever met who was ever decent unto me.  
And I genuinely feel pang of regret for this. What perverse affection ails my kidneys like infection of Sodomite vineyards!  
Oh fires upon the land of Sodom! Let their blood be upon my hands! Whomever they were whom I passed by on the way out!  
A cup into the bathwater! Like an octagon of a wooden pooltub! Call it a bucket!  
The bloodstains on the wood day-by-day or it is all dead flowers already.

**YHWH** Moveth me to confess of everything. It is not an immaculate record of the lifetimes of prophets.

*HalleluYah! For I am alive and waiting...*

And hereupon there were Jerrycombs and some other kids of some sincerity. Maybe they'd be knocked around in preacherfits a bit and find no help:

Maybe they'd become better than myself at this whole ordeal of showtime: Bye, Channy girl! I was never born for this machineworld.  
Oh, and maybe they do not. Maybe they abandon everything with Salvation on the doorstep.

אמן וסלה

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February 10, Tuesday.

1

Southbound 192nd Road. Riverstreamway alters the submarine boat: vesselmachine go by molluskhut and hermithouse and by elephanttusk patio of squidlair of suburbias. Hop on the magical mystery subaru where **YHWH** Is Creator Who Owneth of all of His all is alive and He Verily Mostest. Oh, take the draindrive: southernbound 370way eastbound to supercity: on the shoals are neongaslight banks with King Kong Gorilla and Dairy Queen in lot beside: in the swims all the autowheeling lights are turbulent, turbulent and relentless of hammer and stockade upon the steelworks. This is the outerspace ride. I am on the surface of the moon in visions of gravity: there is only pavement and the spaceracks which God hath eroded into it by the seasons of chisels. What a sequence of starlights! I am tripping into nothingness with a cup of water and prayer upon this burning sheath of words! I am a pistolwhip and stubborn as a mule! Every poet is a gun. Here I space cowboy willowtalk the dropping moontide: and I am an impatient idler from the land of abode in currency of space oddities.

*The flight doth goeth on the waltz of all the flowers:*

*I the monarch lepid fly to fruittree for the bowers:*

*These are not as honeybees*

*Who maketh honeyhives,*

*Nor as ants who labor hills*

*To gather for together thrive:*

*These are parasites of all human ill:*

*Their attachment is a means to kill*

*The stillfulness of human will:*

*And there will none of them be still.*

What is the difference of myself? I am not Eliyahu: or I am David: more likely? A thousand stairwell coverage between this distance it seems. And they always seem to be looking down upon the zeniths where **YHWH** lifteth me unto. Convalescence in a house of words: I am going, going. Go into the fever lest there be miscarriage of these infantiles. Judgement, justice and judgement shalt thou do: **YHWH** Poureth into my outpouring: I become emptiness continually. I have oft and ever opened my hand and door and heart unto the orphan and widow and poor. This is a goodthing which I am worth anything for. I have suffered and grieved and hallowed echoes of the hollow walls of my affections. I have seen my limbs torn apart and my

heart stomped upon beneath the vagrant heels of the loveless. Do I have wisdom? I knoweth I not what I do: who has gone into the orbits of heaven and seen God? Who has gathered the eras of the earth into their heart and looked upon the reel of history in its days under the sun from a place of clouds with the angels? Who has offered themselves as dust unto the earth and returned to tell of what comes after the body was abandoned? Who knoweth the Knowledge of What Is **YHWH God**? I have met betimes the Dread of Yitzhak and hardly so have I been asked of a Moriah. I have known my *Elohey Yaakov* the Same: and sofaralong the griefs and pangs and heartaches of the heirloom of the flesh of animals have I been Wrought unto Salvation: and I knoweth thus: **YHWH Desireth of no castration,**

*Nor does He wanteth of palesick selfmakings,*

*Nor does He partake of folly liefs,*

*Nor does He joy of false beliefs,*

*He Turneth sick the man in whole which turneth himself to be a sickly soul:*

*He Asketh for naught more of kindredness than but to Freedom Be obedience:*

*Godliness is for not man: Man likeneth not Ever unto Him.*

*Holiness is of a wish: to will into the being forward without the willfulness to sin.*

*Bewonderment is of a love for His and goes unto His Loveingness:*

*The child who of roots begins in the Torah:*

*His fruit shall come in seasons full abundant and full of many kinds of fruits,*

*and from his mouth shall be an olive branch whereon resteth a dove and many shoots.*

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2

Beanery cafe: owners: psychical lesbians in trudge of milkspresso. Feminarchy of architectural Salem. I, man, talk-attempt to ownerlady about realworld political economy of empire 2026 in which one party talks of future children who have future children who also marry, and the everyone else is leaving. (A parable for children about the chickens. What are possibilities?) That is, I talk about the expansions of Omaha and its quitesessential largesse at midnight from a hill. (Beware: this is repetition. So is the everywalk of life in 21st Century Sodom!) The traveller saith he hath seen the big cities of LA, San Francisco, Philadelphia, DC, NYC, San Diego, Austin, Dallas, Houston, Phoenix: this woman is suffering from friction and narcolepsy. A sort of silent nodding which says, "I'm confused, are you ordering the lipstick or the coffee? And why is this man talking to me? What is this stranger think he is for me? Does you have a dollar, Mr. Schizy? Nod along for the narco. What is he saying? Weirdthing." Must have loud thoughts, these. Oh, the narcissism of minor differences which is how the Amerikans only know to differentiate themselves from everyone, and thereby situate their life upon a tiny little island of despair and doomscroll and cowardice and the safe comfort of their very own machines. They stink and sprawl and buildings crawl yunot the firmament like scumstacks in drunken circles about the town of festivities in silence and the thrall of totalitarism—and all shall feel the same in canniballand and Firescorch and Windswirl Grand and Floodstream upon the tower porch and Dollarsweepodust and Chinawar and for all are same of empire, all the same of whores, all shall be the same under the Wrath of **YHWH** Who shall bring all these things to pass, for He hath Declared these things all unto me, and them lucid as the sun in the commonsense of every signal's telling—but herein I only spoke of the Wallstreet Monopoly Money to the lady who sold me coffee. Another girl entered who was to be a serviceworker: teenager and not daughter but definite employee. I say hello as she enters in crossing of the present conversation:

"Don't talk to me," she says in a tone whorish and haughtilike and imperious and with a certain aggressive hostility that was as if she thought to say unto herself, "Be unforgiving unto all men who attempt any greeting to you in public. You are a sacred object and a superbride-bassprincess to be and therefore none can ever speak unto thee without your permission."

I quippy and delighted say, "I'm sorry, do we know each other? Have I done something to you and have forgotten?"

"No." Forthrightly. Honesty *is* a good policy. "But you should leave if you think you can talk to me or other people here."

And I, "Expensive for a judgement, huh? I just said hello."

And she, at least 17 and no virginal little lover: "Yeah, that's weird,

and you're on camera."

"Um...Miss I did not move a muscle from my seat. I'm drinking coffee. There are 4 people here. Aren't you customer service as this relationship stands?"

And she, so ladylike, "I'm done with this.

I'm not having this conversation anymore.

It's making me feel uncomfortable."

Attempt these mental acrobatics every other instantiation of attempt to any conversation in the midst of everyday life with literally everyone who is woman! Doomsday morals under the Auspices of Eternity have not been so pronounced but in cannibal eras of the antediluvian age! This already is cannibalism of the soul! Upon exiting this house of the Sodomite ladies: I remark her look as though I were the first man in a frenchpress suit she has ever seen in her life: and the lack of classlessness makes her feel discomfy in her britches. Also that I was "the first who did not grovel underneath [her] with apologies."

Then therere is Chelsea the lesbian in Underwood Portlandia North of Roadway California who was a Jew and is no more: and this is a concern: what is the Jewish person meant to be named as? Diaspora of 2000 years: what is the Jewish soul? What is the Jewish personage? What is the Jewish heart of love? What is the *Pintele Yid* become in the Amerikana? Is it all a sacrificial goat for the bellyfull and a cup of rights for your identity and personhood whole? Oh my people, what have they done unto thee? What does it mean to share the Jewish blood and betray the whole people into the chainsaws of strangers? Is this a Jew also? Is this to welcome back into the fold? Ask of the Law of God: you will discover the answer is absolutely never and no: shall the idolaters who call the inquisitioner more of the Bible's wisdom than your fathers be called the Jew and welcome among the people? How can a Jew be a Christian? How can a Jew practice Islam? How can a Jew practice the worships of the Krishnas and the Buddhas? How is



this allowed, and the man who desires to kneel unto **YHWH** and give his life unto practice of *Tórah*, who will war beside the people for the sake of the faith of their fathers, how is this one shunned at the gate, turned out, and ever named as the *gerim* of strangeness? This is iniquity and a sore perversion of the whole Law and Purpose of **YHWH** my Master in Giving of *Tórah*. This is a great faithlessness in Yehudah. This is a spectacle of derision and folly. This is a crime against the entire people, and a blasphemy against God moreover. For it is in total disregard for the entire Law of what was Written from *Sinai*: and for favor some sentimental feeling, and a pseudosacred keepstakes of a tradition which stems from the roots of Alexandrian schools and Seleucidic times of bitterens and resentments and wrath. Are you stupid, oh Rabbi? Dost thou not knoweth about the goodness of multitudes? Have a nation and suffer it to incubate in smallness and littleness for the sake of maintaining a sinful ordinance? Is this wisdom? Is it wisdom to establish yourself with a religious gate which is shut unto the desperate of the strangers, and which openeth only to a house of vexations and turmoils and suspicion not be a perpetual *ger*? Were the Germans waiting in line at the Synagogue to convert? No! You hate those who love you, and loveth after those who hate you: is Yisrael a homeborn slave? Shall a king turn peoples from his land, who strengthen his hosts, who contribute and abide in the Law of his lands? Shall a prince turn hopeful friends away who admire of his works, and desire to receive only of his congregation and his script of words? How did Ruth become into the congregations of the people? This is how people shall come into the congregations of the people: and you will know their loyalty how? As they live in loyalty amongst you. This is an arch-sin against God and common reason. Stupid and blasphemous and cruel. —Anyway, I'm sure Chelsea the lesbian who hateth **YHWH** and demandeth freepalestineslogeaneering would have easier access to right-of-return than I do, because I, though I have six years kept the Shabbos and studied almost daily in *Tórah*, quibble with the Talmud and simply disagree that the *Bavli* is from *Sinai* and not *Bavel* from. And for that to me Maimon and the mystics seem foolish through a third at least of their writings. Let the people become: thou, Rabbi of Bavli, hast invented too many ordinances to be free.

—*Purim of abominate mitzvot. Hanukkah of abominate mitzvot. Sukkot of absurd additions and abominate subtractions for a peasant's keeping. Pesach in abominate keeping with false sacrifice of lambs, and false ordinations unto every tradition of doing. Winebibbers on Yom Kippurim who excess more than normal drinking: abominate logicicianship of Bavli! Abominate wifetale histories of Aggaddah told as prophecies! You will be very ashamed to have entered the Yeshivas and not exited with questionnaires upon the Gemara. Certainties, certainties, certainties, and every question ringeth insincere. You are all wrong: and that is your share with everyone else because you have forgotten Me*

—Sayeth **YHWH** Eloheykha—

*Because you have spat My Name from out of your mouth so as to never speak Me*

*when I Everspeak Myself unto you: you instructors of spiritless practice. You teachers of the good who doeth not any. You hypocrites of dumbwrought fables who permit every abomination of ancestor worship and ancestor prayer and ancestor reverence and ancestor image-stare, who pray for "Moshiach now!"*

*So I have heard My people's outcry, and it is become a nuisance unto Me: therefore I give you Moshiach now: he is not your bloodkin: can you handle the dregs of humility and disgrace which my child*

*who is My good servant shall bring to you from a thousand speeches in fifty days? Shall you cork a reservoir of endless knowledge unto Me? Shall you slow a river's deluge which gusheth from the heavens into thy gates? Do you understand what it is to meet a prophet? He is a child—*

*And a freak:*

*He is an infant*

*And a balloon of lumpy airspits,*

*He is absurd*

*And my favorite:*

*I Shall sit the kingdoms of the earth beneath his feet*

*And he shall adjourn the *Tórah* in *Zion*:*

*Also he shall set kings under the feet your servantboys*

*And princes shall wash your feet*

*Because he is a maniac:*

*And I Am with him:*

Thus Saith **YHWH** *Y'savaot Elohey Yisrael.*

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3

Let it be known and resound in Yisrael also:

All the enemies of Zion are the enemies of **YHWH Elohey Yisrael.**

The Satmar and the Neturei Karta: these, Spaketh **YHWH,**

Are worse than a Native Jew who converts to Orthodox Christianity.

These shall cut off their holy peyos and shave to sleek their coils of beards.

These are worse than Muslims from Lebanon.

These are enemies of the state of Zion.

These are enemies of the whole people of Yisrael.

These are enemies and blasphemers of *Tórah*:

They have no knowledge: they say, "*Moshe* commanded the Jews at Sinai to be good servile slaves to the nations who occupied Arabic Palestine."

They have forsaken authority: they say, "*Moshe* taught the elders

who taught the prophets who taught  
the Yeshiva which came about but lately  
for Jews to never violence anybody  
and be peaceful submissive always.”

They have forgotten God: they say, “Turn the other other cheek.

Obey the laws of the goyim  
like they were from God.

Eat their grapes, pray for their riches.

Abraham was a master for us to be ever slaves.

The christredeemer will come

and carry everyone to Zion in his own two arms!”

These are Christians already. These are Christians who betray the blood of their fathers.

These are the traitors of the blood of Yehudah.

These are the enemies of Me, saith **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael**.

Their crime is treason against the state of Yisrael, and treason against their own people:

Their crime is blasphemy and a will to false teaching for the sake of subservience:

Their crime is to incite legitimacy in the heart of those who hate with genocidal fervor the people of Yisrael  
and all the Hebrew people of the earth:

Their crime is to loudspeak their blasphemies against God, and call this an act of faithfulness to Me, saith **YHWH**.

Their crime is to pray for the demise of Yisrael, and wish for the annihilation of Yaakov—and to then add to this  
an ideology of blasphemy which declares theirs is the *Torah*.

Has my people long since forgotten? Moshe commanded through *Me*, Sayeth **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael**,

Thus: that every inhabitant of the land of Canaan be dead under their blade in their own blood:

That this would be the Pleasing unto Me. They prefer *Aggadah!* They like *Cemara!* “*Midrash* shall overcome  
the errors in God’s Word of *Ha-Torah!* *Kabbalah* will unlatch the key unto the manner from which  
the God of heaven speaks!”

I have Commanded through Moshe My Slave: thou shalt neither add to my Law, nor subtract from My Law:

thou shalt neither add to My Judgement, nor subtract from My Judgement:  
but Justice, Justice shalt thou keep and preserve within thy gates,  
and execute it with due balances, and do not discriminate.

Shall you defend the people who wish for your death everyday? Shall you stand on behalf of those who desire your grave?

Are these your mother and your father? Did these raise you from your infancy? Did these cradle you in your helplessness?

Did these sing lullabies for you? Did these bake you good treif and you enjoyed of it with their fignewtoncakes?

Have these nations wanted other than your annihilation since the first day of their perversions of your own doctrine  
which they call their prophecies and revelations unto the Paradise of Eternity?

Are they become worshippers of martyrdom as the Christians and the Muslims? Better to die without faith  
than stand on two feet in faith against those who would butcher your own children alive?

Does **YHWH** Curse those whom He Blesseth to live as slaves beneath the masters of foreign nations?

Does **YHWH** Give His Own People unto the mouth and jaw of the ironworking nations and warmonger goyim  
unless He has Forsaken them?

Does **YHWH** Give Triumph and Victory unto His Own People when He wants to Curse them from the earth?

Does Yisrael have victory when **YHWH** is turned against them?

Is that Yaakov asleep in the Scriptures? Is that the Rebbe shmoozing with a wildass and a primadonna girl?

The Great Rabbis have turned the victimhood of Yisrael into his holiness! Yes! The Curse of Yisrael has become his righteousness  
in the teachings of the rebbes!

The victories and triumphs and glories of Yisrael are to these lovers of peace the shame of our people and a rebellion  
against **YHWH** Whose Name they will not even call upon for themselves so as to learn wisdom!

Shall factions such as this not deserve the punishment of treason? Is this not a capital offence against the entire people of Yisrael?

Is this not the Prophecy of Moshe? Shall a blasphemer not have the stoning? Shall one who sells his people for a broomsweep,  
who signs agreements with the chiefs of nations against his own brethren for their treatment of enemy nations  
not be put to the whippingpost and the great humiliation? Shall these not be stripped naked in the street  
and silenced who sell their birthright for a nickel and a cake in Latvia? Who sell their inheritance for a soupbowl  
in Brooklyn? This is Esav! This is Edom *v'ein Yisrael!* They cheer for the downfall of Zion!

They pray for warheads of Persia! They welcomes the bombs of Hezbollah!

They open their hands for the missiles of the scorpions of Gaza!

They want Yerushalom to be the City of Quds! They want My Holy Place to be the city of Mecca the third!

They want to be an orphanage in the street of Mitzraim! Those were the good old days!

They had protection in Vilna until the Zionists came! They had goodtimes in Lodz!

They remember fondly the times of Kiev and Warsawa! They love it in London!

Brooklyn and Queens and New Jersey are good! The government officials are their vigilanties!

A solemn vigil is their desire to become among the goyim! They want to be a museum piece to remember how the world can hate!  
Their image to stand as a remembrance! Yaakov to be a hallowed grave! This would be their innocence!  
This is how they vex **YHWH** in every prayer of every day! Their prayers are abominations!

These "Torah-worshippers" who think themselves the holy ones of Jewness: these Yiddummies like golems of the Faith of Yehudah:

They hate *My Torah*: they seek everywhere else for their knowledge and call it *Ha-Torah*  
and will not even humble themselves to open the philosophies of the goyim.

But they love the goyim masters, and they pray to them for a blessing!

They desire no wisdom: they do not seek Me.

But I have raised a lion from the dusttrail of rabbits, sayeth **YHWH**, and a ravenous wolfpack from a herd of cattle in the dust of the kilns  
of the nations:

The secular ones amongst My people have I raised unto the head: these led unto sovereignty My poor people.

I prefer them today: these are not the hypocrites of Yisrael: but the rabbis have turned My people away from Me with their oppressions  
and antitheses of structures upon the Faith of David.

Go on, my people. Make them a mockery in Zion. Humiliate them in Yerushalom. Humble them with goodtimes of a jizya slap-in-the-face.

Recall for them a memory of the jizya spitting on the forehead. Shower them with good Arabian nights under quarantine laws  
and segregations from all places after sunlight. Who was God then? It is I Who Speaketh, Saith **YHWH God of Avraham**:

I send My Servant unto thee, My People: shall He do everything for you? Shall He lift every finger in the direction to point?

Shall he need speak the whole for the repression of the whole people under this reverence  
unto teachers of falsehood and blasphemies, teachers who made Me goodscribes?

Is this the Way of *Teshuvah*? To never listen? Was this the righteousness in the ghettos of Lodz? These were the shepherds to Auschwitz:

Instead of calling humbly unto My Name: they silenced the whole people from it. They said, "**YHWH sleeps**.

*His Hand is not in this.*

*He only can Favor His people.*

*We are holiness itself by rights.*

*This is our right: to be martyrdom*

*for the earth to love us.*

*And to prevail we shall study in the Talmud!*

*That will bring us out alright!"*

Never did they lead My people. Never did they go out into the street commanding all to call upon **YHWH**!

Never did he call upon **YHWH Ha-Tsur Yeshuaso**: The Rock of His Salvation: No! They yearned for idols of Jesus and Mary and Hillel!

They desired Akiva instead of Moshe! They wanted Shammai instead of Jeremiah! They wanted Maimon instead of David!

They called upon martyrdom from their temples in the ghettos! Theirs is not to have any further authority in Yisrael.

These have invoked the Ire of **YHWH** for a hundred generations: **YHWH** has Tolerated them for the sake of His Glory:

He Spaketh, I Myself have allowed it that they should bring themselves unto the nations with their rabbinic teachings:

For these are good upon the goyim: and better than the teachings of the goyim:

But in Yisrael they are abominations. Therefore, for the sake of My poor people, and the lifeblood of Yaakov,

have I not turned My Face from them to let them be removed from the the face of the earth,

But have blessed them with great numbers in Zion: Yes, Saith **YHWH**,

I will reestablish My *Torah* in Zion: and the world shall come to know the Knowledge of the Glory of **YHWH**.

These tyrants of My Faith shall not be acknowledged in Yisrael any longer: these are who do not listen to the prophets:

these are who will not seek the Law: they will even protest against standing alongside their own brethren in wartime:

they even want special protections from the duty of the protection of their own homeland of mother and child and sister and

brother and father and forefathers before them: they call this a duty unto *Talmud* biblestudy. This is *Sanhedrin* time:

both not those for assistance when Iran arrives as invaders! They might welcome them for a martyr's genocide!

Do not seek these when Hezbollah and the Turkiye declareth war upon Yerushalom: they are still sleeping: it is not yet

the sunrise! They have studies! They will not carry a sword! They will welcome bullets into their houses

and be confused about the wildass who lied! They do not surmise the enemy to be other than a friend of total honesty!

They wave American flags and will not tolerate to think of leaving! They like the TV poohbear! How ugly! *Yisrael!* Yank the beards of

these draftdodgers in Yisrael! Pull the turncoats from these pusilanimities who waste their life in vexations and talmudism!

Remove the hats from their heads. Bare their pate cleanshavenoff like the fools of drudgeries which they are.

These who hypernomenate the *Torah* into gemarakabbalatalmudistic follies whose rash is upon the middle section of the *Torah* Written:

that is like hives or an infection of a wound upon the Spirit of holiness in the soul of Yaakov which

reacheth humbly outtoward His God.

They teach to lack of genuflection unto the King of the Universe. They teach people to never kneel before the Creator of the Quantum  
Mechanic of the Infinte. They teach to standup in the Face of Eternity and declare 18 blessings in rote-repetition everyday for to unlatch the Keydom  
of the Doorpost of God, and they teach mourners to say not My Name. They teach that an oral codex of 2000 laws and disputations can be  
transmitted in perfect unison for a thousand years because a mysticism—and that it is blasphemy to not believe this because *pirkei avos*.

*Pirkei Avos* must be believed because *Mishneh Torah*. Which must be believed because *Rashi* which must be believed because *Midrash* which must be believed because *Gemara is Aggadah from this Sanhedrin of the Kohelet and a Psalm is this Sanhedrin for the Kabbalah to say this Midrash is Torah and Final*. This is the religious law of the talmudist! And he only cares about religious appearances!

Let it be forgotten from the heart of Yaakov, that he may rise and be no more a slave of nations!

**YHWH** has thus Spoken through his servant *Gershom Eliezer Ha'Nazir min ha'Nebraskanim*

for unto Yisrael, this day of stenographing from journals, as an addition hereunto, March 17 at midafternoon  
from a diningroom table in Illinois Southerly. As a fullness from many Speeches He has Wrought from my lips in the Burning.  
And hereafter we return to where we were before.

יזח

4

And **YHWH** Is the Mast and Ship of Sailor, **YHWH** Who Fashioned the visioneye and Made Good the heart in wonderpraise

*so Spaketh unto Me  
in the dust of early night  
in this His dust aquarium  
of neons sultribright of civilform to all undo  
where blight is on the pillars through,  
in this His aviary where birds sing of His Sight  
and sing for cheer to all who of Him know as the God of Fright.*

And behold! The Word of **YHWH**

*—Call them all as golems until thou knowest otherwise.  
They goyim of goyim in the Amerikana have forsaken  
Their inheritance to freedom of will of the mind,  
And so I bind their remains of residual intelligences lest they turn  
And soon discover My Salvation. Theirs is this: a manifest ideal of selfsacrifice  
For the sake of pride in their own subserviential eyes to be existent  
For themselves in purpose to serve selforientally a master  
Whose face they have not seen,  
Whose name they know only on a checkbook and a trail of pennies  
for the rent and the feed.  
Humility for them would be to sin against themselves,  
And to do right is an evil in their heart of looking to do.  
These will not confess a wrongdoing  
but for how they have wronged their own wallet  
in this war or that way,  
or for how bad an employee they have been of late,  
And better is the common streetdrunk in violence  
In Mine Eyes for more existent to be from this—*

And thus Spaketh **YHWH** of the great oblivion unto obliviation which the Amerikans have willed for themselves  
in through all places of the city of the lights of Sodom in the Heart of Babylon.

\*\*\*\*

#### February 12. Omaha Crossing Stations.

This is America in visions of Menard's: supermegachurch of pedophilia and selfdegradations unto pedophilia; supermegabanks in the image of sink&steel&glass leviathans whose resemblance is Hollywood spacefleets of the Empire of Evil Planetary Deathbrigade; sirensound in the farmland to Murderscene Whorescene of the everyday and silence is the rapewill of the masses; supermegasuperstores whose everything is bulkbuy superexcess to value superexcess as goodsavings on purpose—Oh! Oh!

And **YHWH** Is Master Is Master of every purpose in the Origin and Ending:

And He giveth His servant to dispel in rave of the ejaculatory mind from the subswallowing of His Designs between the

motion and the image

empire and the nation

His Architectonic and the Sublime of His

and therefrom unto the architecture of the misanthropical unto Common Utility Humankind and falsehood as Real and tyrants of all the masses; those who Fear the Truth of **YHWH** and Seek Him shall find—Oh! Behold! Behold! Oh my people!

I pray for old whitebeard Will in the foam and security isle

inside of the ioacre supermegautilitimarketstore of machineman chandelier abominations, hexwrenches, drillbits, industrial generators, machinaworks, machinabag pasta, Mallory's Apple Butterjam, Malort's Espresso Vodka, catfood-in-a-can, John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith, Joshua in goldrims and a nametag to be your guide in goyslop, Protestantia flooring & tiles & appliance & rooftops & electronics, SAVE BIG MONEY, puritanicamachinagains, Skittles Snuggie In-a-Box that is the Great Amerikan Rainbow Leprechaun Dream, electrical screwdrivers in the lesbians, 50lb bags of riverrock for the few proud marines, erotica novels for the missygoodwifemoms and torpors for flagnavalmanboar in the flaghoodiepoopoopants of Amerika the Patriotbrave, and these of all sorts and varieties and neverending supply,

*and this was the meaning of life...*

*and this was the meaning of life...*

*and this was the meaning of life...*

*and meanwhile in California...*

The neanderthal geniuses engineered for us the happyrobot apples for which the dumbskulls dance in the Village Pointe Shoppe Malle, and there is no goodness of the fruit in them. *Niphli!* thou plotschisms of Silicon California!

And He is **YHWH 'Isavaot** Who Spaketh thus unto me  
Under a crabapple tree in the grasses of the suburbs:

*I will burn thee every inch in all city and in all wilderness unto the pacific sea from the desert branch  
That tree of desert nor tree of sequoia will remain to stand from Seattle Sodom to Diego San Gomorrah,  
That all these may return in abundance, and all of your people are erased and that with all of your engines  
Of willful retardismal disgrace to the intellect and spirit of mankind, and your will to be gods of autorobots—  
Which you have made in your own image of naught except for wires and the intelligence of machines—  
And your plots to sever from My planet of Love the speciae of all mammalia and winged bird and all of sea  
To fill the skies with more of your little and pathetic spacemachines which are but like a halo of flies  
About the earth of your masterdom, you breed of devils, you amerinational serpents, you breed of goyswine,  
You evilspaen of inveterate whore mothers, you illwrought animalsyrum whose mind is all infestation  
Of malware in pink matter, you idiot farces of men called masters of Silicon Valley, you banal foppish underlings  
Who call yourselves gods of machines on a ratwheeling runningmill, you soporific amerikani goyslop slapdick minstrelsy  
Of a revolution unto your own automatonical obliviation, you nonenigmatic personless bores of samewrought automatism,  
You protestant warlord donkeys of bigtusk neolithium brains, you peasant galleries galore, you children of peasantry amerikani,  
You disgraces of the possession of wealth, you beautiless artless collectionless ignoble valley-bred troughshit eaters of factory bread and meat,  
You know-nothings of your own yards and your own woodses, you masters of the amerikani, you cist upon the name of Simian,  
You solipsistic monkeys of Silicon who know naught of the philosophic, you spineless insectbreeds of psychomanwill,  
You flatline thinkers in same goystupid treadmill as your employees and customers:*

*For that there is no man to have walked the earth in all My Watching, nor will there be again another who is  
so much of evil in doing and in will and in consequence as you of the California Valley of New Robotics:*

*I Myself Will Breathe thee from the earth in Heavenfire, and all of your worshippers and all of your servants of the greater  
Californialand therewith you.*

*And there will be no escape from My Hand of Wrath:*

*—Thus Spaketh YHWH 'Isavaot Elohey Yisrael.*

*And the only repentance for them will be to complete  
dissassemblment of all which they have built, and to walk bare  
naked across the state of California from Sacramento to Palm Springs.*

*Tossing dust upon their head, weeping and wailing  
of their great way of all sin, and to fast whole  
weeks from bread, and whole days from water, and to  
crawl the cities in self humiliation like the dogs  
beneath which they are lesser in Mine Eyes, or  
there will be no possible form of life for them at all  
in any earth or heaven beyond when The Day of  
My Wrath cometh very soon unto them.*

*And their slaves can forsake all of their bondage  
by volunteerism unto liberty, and turn unto Me Alone,  
and escape their doom and destruction.*

*Thus Spaketh YHWH 'Isavaot, Elohey Yisrael.*

הדברים יהיה

אלהי ישראל

סלה ואמן

\*\*\*\*

February-March 2026. A Poem of Movement unto the Paths which God Determines. And a Prophecy.

1

Issue of fathers, ancient: the disappointment  
Unto yellers, the tells of disgrace, to and back,  
One and the other of the cradled babe. Why should I call  
Where the ostrich and the awled bull me into  
Another ruse of a separate hatchling? I have no possessions  
And the fog of deeps has fallen of **God YHWH**  
Upon the roadlines of the great highway  
Between city and starcity—and the foglights of Metropolis  
Are all beneath the throng of this thick veil.

I watch a golemgirl be singer grand  
In karaoke spotlight band  
And it is a limp animatronic doll,  
Her swing and swing to limping thrall:  
All merrigoround, all pantomime,  
All elliptical, all soak of lime

*—Solipsist in pantomime, pantomime to know their name:  
Thus is the way of the femmanarchy, of whore and ancient bane—  
Said **YHWH** in Entry to Citygate*

*—And all sacred old profaned  
For whore of desperate peasant fame—*

These are the words spoke in the Spirit of **YHWH God** through and Upon His servant

*And the fools of the costume mannequins dress ever in gowns of the godless and mystical:  
And the fools of the golemhose wenches suffice to sacrifice life in the will catalytical  
For will to the stench of the drench in the blood,  
For the quench of the wrath and froth of the mud,  
For the wrench in the belly of froth in the pangs,  
And given her rest to membrane of the best of loinhangs:  
And for this from her breast does she duly flee,  
For to flee to her body of sin must she be,  
And this is her selfdefinitionness for herself to see:  
Romance is dead in the shape of her scene.  
Call me romantic: call me the glitz:  
The old world has fled for the new testament:  
The earth it all reels, she reels and she trembles,  
For the slave is slavemaster, and the real is dissembled  
In the people of excess of milk in a jiffie,  
Where only the foam in the heart is remains,  
And there is no witness from boil of bloodshed  
Save who sibpeth from it for saving their lanes.*

2

Toadhouse grule and hip brulee  
Color me skipping me feet today  
To Pahloo Pahloo Pahloopity Zoo  
And who are you Jack? Begone!  
Don't ever come back—fie, shod!—  
To me for I've never been so as lonely  
As when **YHWH** has Been the God  
Of my soul's own truthseeking:  
And for this piety all thee made me to abhor  
Or a chore of abhorrence to give a hearing for.

And shall we say the kitten's wedding gown is six feet under the stone already?

Or shall we ever learn to doubt The Everthunderer Who Throes

Between the skull all the day, and then the more of him

Who calls upon **YHWH**

Ever for to Be his own Master?

Shall we have a heart to heart and then to heat and turn wildgoose and loose

All the pennies to games, play the lookingglass campaign,

And advocal plenipotentiare

For all for advocacy of advocate sake?

No, no, that is not what I meant for at all for to say...

Disrub thine secretions from the doorway!

I meant thine empire can do only catastrophes for pins in the ear:

A cromptop man in the Hannibal Donut Hurtscoffee Shop at 4 in the Morning:

24/7 Entertainment for Papergirl Slop:

And what horsemen cloppeth unto thee now, ye revelatories?

And what abomination is between the filth in thy knees?

*It is all of an ancient matter:*

*The pole of reformatories—*

*And call me the madman mad as a hatter—*

*But doodah skips the normastories:*

*He slippeth the slippery snake of the eyes*

*Which serpentine slanderslit sick little lies*

*And he runneth to **YHWH** his God in his cries*

*Who sootheth his soul with Her soft lullabies.*

*HalleluYah!* For I live not as they are,

I walk not in their ways,

And I sunder not myself to ever serve them.

*HalleluYah!* For **YHWH** Has and Shall Lifted

Be all my shofars

And my trumpets and my strings

And all of my horns

And His Glorious Works I shall Praise

In Zion whereunto I march.

*Amen v'HalleluYah*

And He Is The Everbeen Rock of our Scion

Sing unto **YHWH** the songs of New Zion!

And *hava nagila* forever this day

For ever He Maketh our every day.

סליה ואמן

3

And **YHWH** Spaketh unto me

*B'ha'yom* in the Chicagoland Salemist City and *b'ha'lailah* in the Lincolncity of Gomorrah County:

*—Do you want to know of their religion? What is the religion*

*Of Amerika? Protestant Deism for Protestant Jesus:*

*Protestantist of self-deification: Protestant milkland*

*Of Protestant death: Protestant fiction of dictional*

*Magical love for believer in makebelieve follies, and Protesant*

*Atheist giveth as much from his usual solipssubsisting*

*Resistance lest goodness he give from his impatient duebusiness.*

*Protestantist of the nonproflithub: Protestantist of bureaucracy demos:*

*Protestantist of swinebarbeque rub: Protestantist of swinemilk in the tub:*

*Protestant of the murder of infants: Protestantist of cosmotopia:*

*Protestantist of Egypt's Antioch: Protestant coffehouse Bagel's & Joe:*

*Protestant colossus in Jersey Subroses: Protestant waterngate from*

*Protest of Theodore rose: protestant Teddy from the President hose of  
Protestant Washington who the ancient rites of the Elders of  
Babylon every initiate knows.*

כי שם יהוה אקרא  
הבו גודל לאלהינו

*They are all Protestants of logo and official and titlestaff and stage.  
Protestantists of Lincoln's fascimos, and Protøstantists  
Are they all who are not foreign to their ways. The Protestantist  
Consumeth all, he belches, and sayeth, "There can be nothing  
Impure which can ever rot or decay or stink unto Eternity's  
Place: and there is only the same from all people who ever take step  
On the earth in any of any of humanity of Adam for fallen are  
His days." This is all evil unto Me: and there is no destruction  
More vast and banal as theirs is: this is the proof  
Of the Great Amerikanaim: the Chirsitan is the Lowest  
Form of the religions, and democracy is the lowest  
Manifestation of the government of the regimes of  
Empires and of any of civilizations.*

*I Thought I Taught this from the days of Solon's Athens:  
But only the ideals of a secular Christian shall deny what  
All evidence and reality witness. And the idiots will ready be to say  
Theirs is everafter being from death with I Myself  
Whom they scorn and mock in all of their ways, and fear not Me,  
And blaspheme with their sanctifications of the false and profane and idolistic,  
And with their profanements of the sacred for their own selflooking's sake—*

These are The Words which Spaketh **YHWH Tsavaot Ha'Qadosh Yisrael**  
Unto His servant in the  
Midst of these places, upon my calling in every place,  
For the Where of His in the Everyplace,  
And unto this man He shall Speak of His Ways.  
סלה ואמן

4  
*Shall we speak then of buffoonery?  
Be goon to balloon of their every sumfoolery?  
Do I stumbleblock herein the blend and mock  
Of the dead in the spirit in kind?  
Yes: let them fall in the blind locomotion withal  
Into pasture from dizziness of milk in my Truth  
And go madly all hearingfull from stupor of loop  
Of His Gin in me books from their grin on His stoop.*

*And the bandwidth of the earth is ever only so elastic:  
And then what means or measure can be a cupfull overdastic  
When the trashbin of their plastic the rivers all do vomit  
And the meteors of planets whisper if they want to comet?  
And what man of God can be never mental spastic  
Where corruptions rule for ruling's sake and the good is shoppingcart,  
Whilst every person stakes his lips to silence of the heart?  
All are evil, every one: decadents all the watchmen are  
And the earth cries to be from them forever far.*

*They drool in a dream and dream of their stool  
And drool for the stool of the master:  
Their master a fool who looks TV-so-cool*



*And a tool of the papal spellcaster:  
And Allover them One So Ever Most Highest  
Who Patient Abideth till Wrath be their Wine:  
He Maketh thee mine like a handful of sandsoil,  
And as dust from the Vengeance that shall Brenneath your toil.*

*Tõil and toll, ye elegant troll  
In Vatican City wõho Milligans rolled  
Underfoot, and villages mulled.  
And babes hast thou raped,  
You wõho hath made mutilate men  
And wõmen adulter full of:  
As foretelling and lot from the serpent  
Called Jesus you knoweth also as devil of old.  
Who am I wõho here speaketh so bold?  
I am the Lion Yehudah: so fold thou and kneel,  
Thou lecherous dungheap,  
And bendeth thy bones To **YHWH**  
Who Giveth me Speech ecstasy in the Drang.*

*And shall we not uncover the cryptic?  
Shall we not discover strumdræd of the mystic?*

*I am a man from Nebraskaland fed,  
From the land of countrytime lawns and shutins and hermits,  
The suburb of the dumbly where the stupid is fetish  
Who clap and play puppet for hand in their kermit!*

*Shall I call myself prince in the blue coffeehouse?  
Shall I not be redneck in the streets of the mouse?  
For that I am ostrakon given, my sin is been yshriven,  
Their scapegoated man follows the freely floæwn quay:  
Unto the Ladder and off from the hook:  
I know the strangeland is my stranger: hurray!  
How they hate their own face and drill bit in another!  
How the Sodomite man will never give place!  
And for that I am Jew, choler lunatic me,  
Choler me throatbee, choler me true:  
Color me redskipping me feet upon you!  
You masters of deathmarch  
Called progress "Be Kind."  
You masters of lies and deception and sign:*

**YHWH** the God of all gods,  
the God of all masters  
the God of all forces of His Allspace Aeterna sub Summo Deo  
the God of the Judgement which cometh in Eversooncoming Day  
To bring your terror of millenia to fall upon you.

סליה ואמן

יהללו יה

5

This is but one of the ways of their godlessness  
in which each turneth unto themselves as the good of goodmost thing  
to serve and for to happiness ever forever always and only everywhere be:

They say in the eyes of their heart while they flatter  
all while they curse on the heart of the tongue and the tongue of the heart:  
"For that this man has Refuge in God,

And because he speaks to me honest,  
And for that he speaketh to God also,  
I must will the evil unto him, for evil he do not do  
Yet for which I make my martyrdom good:  
Which is the best mostgoodthing me of me  
I can have for the service of truth."

For they are mad and they are retarded of their own will,  
Who sayeth in certainty upon their heart, "There is no God,"  
And they speak of philosophy as though they had read it  
Who readeth no books but thingthinks all thought from a reddit  
And blameth all scam on a man in a nook.

Oh and yes and yes and yes I am the strange  
Who speaks of belief as that which does change  
The perspection: and who believes of no purpose  
Is purpose for lies in the selfmade pan  
With a handle of wallops and shingles and tries!  
Silence beneath steeples of Amerika: Silence beneath peoples of Amerika:  
Silence of cosmopolis in whirlpool of self: Silence of mob in enforcement of senseless:  
Musician-priest in devilhorns: Beelzebub-love in the Bodega bandstand:  
What is the Zoobar with chicken-in-doughgrease?  
A frail imitation of goonish megooner sheafs.

And yes their panhomosexuals dragqueen costume fetish themselves  
with audience of undulent mothers and fathers and boysons and daughtergirls all,  
And yes their transvestites are belligerent about the bathrooms and by knife & utensil  
they changeth their genitals to talk how is fluid without definition to become in the coming this way.  
And yes their whitebrandname hipsmags do wear a tattooface and tribal awls everywhere in sight  
like a cannibal he shares the gymshorts: but he was nice enough,  
And yes they permit videologues of oddfolk in public but restrict all speech of the public oddfolk  
lest they seek more than object of everyone for his bad imagination of the good.  
But I am the trespasser against society! I am the campus villiany! I speaketh in Amerika!  
The people want me dying! My mother wants me boxxed into a warehouse in Ashland!  
The people hate love in actuality! My father is in the TV again!

6

And the rooster-preacher of the dark of morning goeth all about a-running,  
He shouts cockadoodles to the neighborhood all under wave of silent snooze,  
"EVIL NEIGHBORHOOD OF EVIL NEIGHBORS ALL,  
CRAWL YOUR GODLESS KNEES ALONE FOR YE WICKED SOON SHALL FALL:  
YE ARE EVIL EVERY ONE, ONE AND ALL AND THUSLY:  
EVIL IS YOUR RELIGIOSITY, YE CHILDREN OF DEMOCRACY!  
YER JUDGEMENT IS OF SALEM, YE CHILDREN OF THE CRUCIBILISTS!  
YER PRACTICES OF SODOM ARE, YE CHILDREN OF ALL BLOODSHED!  
YE NEIGHBORHOOD OF EGYPT'S NEW ASP!  
YE MOTHERS OF MATRIARCHALAND!  
YE FATHERS ALL OF BABYLON! YE SONS WHO DO NO GOOD OF LOVE!  
FOR YE ARE THE FLOCK OF JESUS! THUSLY YE ALL KNOW ONLY ILL!  
FOR YE ARE ALL THE STOCK OF STEEPLES! THUSLY YE KNOW GOOD ONLY AS A PILL!  
FOR THAT YOU SAY, "It means not anything, to do Will of God:

For our God was infant in the manger:  
Therefore though God the Same Gave Law of His Way at Sinai Mountainplace to Hebrews,  
He killed Him Sonself as Selfsame to Erase the Law He Made for Hebrew People of the ancient Covenant  
To give it to the gentiles for to never keep it  
Bekers that wers ter hard for gentiles fer ter keepin!

And for God loved His Sonself Sameself He copulated into Mary immaculately Manifest Immanent to be of David by his  
Joseph daddy through whom He Sonself Sameself Jesusbaby was not through as born but for prophetic utterances we think Matthew the  
Greek fisherman was right and otherwise all eternaltorment for jesusgod-maryjesus-allgod-allman-holyspiritbeing is Assured Lovermercy  
of tripersonate-godhead-onethingness-being which no I understand can but is Salvation for All Mankind lest Eternal Torment and

therefore Paradise from sinworld for being born to apple eatin' Adamskin so eat meatflesh forever 'cus God saidth Noah was not satan but Jew Synagogue Is because the Word is fleshGod forma all Christ Bible Scripture is Godpenned and all teachers of Sinai Law which through God Is Revelation are satanspawnteacher-pharisees becaue Jesus said I can eat whatever and do whatever and therefore becasue I lala all questions to be deaf-childbrain I have my inheritance with Paradise Jesus in Godheaven with Him who Died for so I do not die without knowin' He died for my fleshbein' which is my sin because applegardens exist and that is Adam & Eve not Adam & Steve so I do not keep the Law because that would be satanic Jewstuff and Jesus King forever Rules forever!"

THEREFORE YOU ARE WRETCHED FOR YOUR BELIEF, BECAUSE YOU ARE DUMB AS A PURPOSE AND CALL IT WISDOM!  
THEREFORE YOU BELEIVE ALL WHO ARE NOT DUMB TO BE OF DEVILWORSHIP!  
THEREFORE YE ARE THE WILLFULLY DEAF & BLIND & RETARD AS RELIGIOUS SACRAMENT AND WILL HAVE NO SALVATION IN THIS!  
FOR YOU ARE PURPOSEFULLY BLIND TO THE WORK OF **YHWH** AND ARE PAGANS WORSE THAN PAGANS OF OLD  
FOR YOU REFUSE THE HUMILITY OF REPENTENCE AND THE FREEWILL OF SACRIFICE!  
BECAUSE YOU ARE STUPID ON PURPOSE YOURS WILL BE WORSE THAN MUCH WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH WHEN  
YOUR FEAR AND YOUR CALAMITY BEFALLETH UPON YOU!"  
BUT GET THOU MADCOW DISEASE FROM YOUR BEEFSTEW, AND YER FLESH DISEASE BE IN YOUR SOUL ALSO  
AS YOU ALREADY SPIRITDEVOUR THE BRAINS OF YOUR OWN AND YOUR OWN CHILDREN AND OF EVERYBODY'S SKULL!"  
So, or so, said the rooster of the morning who went a-running in the shouts which echoed over houses,  
about the days to come before the Judgement of **YHWH** *Fire All-Consuming*:

*Whose Wrath is Furnace-Nostrilling, Inferno burnsæelter on the Deep,  
upon the burn infernal on the soil Adam keeps  
Beneath His Sight Ever-Eternal, and the bloods from under here upseep.*

הלל

7

This is the human desolation: planet cement as corpse in trolley market for ethereum and lithium oxide for little children.

This of a banknet's lalaland worldemporium of toyface sappytime and dollarthrill nostalgias on the radio.

Here is solution: go to Now, Maester Wilhelm Normface right go

On up unto the neighborface and say

"Hello! Good meeting ya! Dankashern! Yodeleedeeshoo!

I shamefaced ten years bygone before this hour to meet you,

And here we never ate even a puddinloaf for on purpose's sake

Since we did occasionally cross paths by accident in the yard."

Say, O Mister Tweedledum to Mister Tweedledipsy, "Something other than besides

Weathernice for a pacewalk for sizings up the bulk but the TV Coder

Is my retirement box for me and anal Susan."

Say to yous, Mister Donkeyherded Swinejuice suckling on the Retardisthmus Lollipoppus, "Why not do good instead

From pickling all the garbages of chickenslurp & bonejuice & packages

Of every crime in your eyeball for jarring? Why not instead give the kids

A headlooking phrase of thought about personness from instead

Of the asphyxiation of them all ubiquitous for their heartthoughts

Beacuse your alienation drives them to suicide for hope of joy in life?"

Why is yours all to lie as to survive over the matters of your own true feelings of the heart

In this freedom century country? Why is any happenstantial thing a thing to be denied

As if this way of she who all denies

Kept you safe from all unhappy feelingstate

And guaranteed your pleasurepies?

Why do you abdicate from the truth of life's pangs for to never speak them,

And enforce positalking as religious

And make sacrilige to commiserate?

Is it a burden to be known and to know any other?

Is it a horror to be witnessed?

This is the starvation of the human heart.

This is the deprivation of the human heart in human eye.

This is the depth of human hollowness:

This is the song of human lies:

This is the desert of inhabitation:

This is where there is no human of other for companion:

This is where there is no human to share the humanshare of humanlife.

I am the man without human companion except for dogs and trees and birds.

I am the man at the poolside, typing.  
I am the man in the creekwater bath and briefly of the shivers.  
I am the man who suffers all and falls to none but God:

*And shall we call it no new thing  
When autobodies telering?  
Shall we show it with a spoon  
When telemarket eats the bloom?  
And is it gloom or is it greatness of the mind  
Which a fraction daily weeps for love,  
And which doth make the spirit kind?*

*And what shall we then speak of God  
Who Disciplines with Talking Rod?  
What shall we have to guide the human on  
When man of world in stupors  
Goes riding to his banal doom anon  
And none have known of God  
The All-Personhood as Noumenon?*

O drunkykept whopperslop Managerie Officer Woman in the Target,  
Why not stop the foolshit for the supercorpus store and instead  
Of doing playmimic ideaman of manplaster in dolelimpdickens burpcommands  
Do not that with a good reason being that yourself is Godwatched and born  
And that playmimicry will not be good for you as it stands under the Judgement.  
O Sir Curface Humptylumps at Supermegagrocerbakery who doggedsmiles  
Without a wit in the mockery of cripplesticked him but a traipze along  
The tiles for some unknown oracular superroleplay man called Big Boss  
Of senior employment, Run from the plastic bread! Run to the forest! Run!

And that is the human pictureshow of a night in the tripsy rigamarole in the life of Sir Moshiach Lipsy:  
And the anthropomorphoscene in land is constant desperation: a ghetto of the soul's starvation:  
They are anorexic of love and anorexic of the soul and anorexic of wisdom and anorexic of the goodness of the whole:  
and the obesity is morbid unto all the living world.

סליה ואמן

## 8

The permafrost is layers over the tundra, and yet the winter hath ever its days of the sun.

*Snow falleth in particles unto the earth,  
Snow clumpeth altogether in every particle's gathering together place,  
And the snow melteth away in the dirt again,  
And the dew vanishing up in the day.*

Ecological drought but the phanstasm of economy continues to grasp the air in its fists for pleasures endless.

*Springtime zephyrs sweep the plains  
And coldness is the Northern wall  
For all the children of the sprawl  
Prisonlocked in pseudanimate grave  
Of screenflower worth and life augment to save  
And through eyelid is awl  
And all people of stall*

*Mobwalk for syphillis of the show brain:  
Tripping as donkeywine ever turned lame.*

But the immediate palpitations of inundated epidermal coaxes unto the epileukopathic, the epikinesiological of sweetwind Becarried  
through the name of the skin is a delightedness:

*Yet there are not hoardes of little children  
All frolicking frolicking about for at play  
Over this or of any of any good day  
For years and for years and for years  
Of the curtainscenes beneath this ever sitcomical neighborhood  
Of a clerk in cinemactical gleen:*

*For there is not human life of its anthropomorphoscene:*

*It is mere anthropomorphic:*

*Its humanlife is a philosopher's epigraphy*

*Upon the epitaphs of their gods of machinery.*

They fill the asophagus of children with the dread of age and with lithium and with amphetamines for the examination of schoolhouse unto Job Oasis: they think this as an ordinate limbic movement of psychotropic cure of natural inefficiency of the playful and the impulsiveness of the humanchild. They labor their days for banksheets of papermoney and give their children unto strangers in nursery schoolhouses for prices of fixed annual mortgage rates or the cost of a month in Sicilia or Mozambique in order to continue to labor for the sake of providing the Good life for their child in a stranger's nursing and socialization. They mock themselves like hermitsnails in a hurry to return to their underrockplace and they do jumpscare into their little shells and hiss like rattlebaby serpents at the neighbor who offers any will to the real of his friendship. They desolate their own ineluctable circumstance of relation to the eternal human existence by willing themselves to a purposeful and deliberate enmity to the idea of social situation of any possible obligation to respond even to the paltriest forms of human courtesy which can happen in existence or have ever happened in the existence of human life on earth—even to willfully ignore a neighborhood neighbor who greets them from under his own tree as they walk by in some sort of vagrant huddled hurry to make a loop about the neighborhood for exercise in walking; and in this very subtraction of their own will to any existential relation to the humanbeing of their entire ostensible and real circumstance, they will themselves and everyone around them likewise to a mutual starvation of the entire humanspirit and of the common ethos of mankind: this ghetto of humanity has big comfyplywood houses with many televisions and many things and many storagethings and many toythings and many games and many foodstuffs and many clothings and many imitation jewelry things and many things and abominate electricicity things and abominate heatgasses and abominate idolatrous things, and they have their great big green yards and their forever-and-ever empty patiotables and forever-and-ever empty chairs of empty patios and always-ethically-safeshut garagedoors and always-safety-shut frontdoors and always-safety-locked backdoors and always-world-from-shutblind windows and for always there is never anyone in the big green yards and for always is there never anyone talking above a whisper and for always are there never children in barges at imaginative play and always is there ever some powerwalk going this-way-and-that-way and always is there never a man who will say anything about this circumstance of silence but that it is *good* and *pleasant* and *safe from sound*, and always is there ever the sound of machinery upon the firmament and always is there ever the images of people in machinery autowheeling themselves in velocities unknown to man & the earth ere but a generation or two ago and always is there ever a cycling spin with the current of man washing under and always are there ever the videocameras which observe all the walkings and talkings of the happy neighbors and kin and always and forever they want this to be and always is there never a man of freedom to be here. And it has become as a virtue unto them to live in this manner which they declare as their happiness quota of lifepursuit lest ever under any circumstance of the visible and audible and palpable reality of the world they should be required to offer—that is to inconvenience—of themselves their own of anything at all for any reason whatsoever under the sun—for all unpleasure is become the enemy of their entire worldview—and this evasion at all costs is of the sacred act of their heroes and their righteous patriotic bravehearts who defend their own rights to pleasure by any legal means and any legal costs for this is above all other things and people which come and pass under the sun.

It is a farce of the face of Adam under Eternity's Auspices which is this civilization which is *eretz midbar*: theirs is uncivilization: an uninhabitable wasteland of a nation which is universally inhospitable as purpose of moral reasonings and cultural normativities and obsessive schizopygmy-like taboisms which howleth from the daylight as desolation and gloweth in the night like the bloodfontain of subterranean ancient bones of peoples beneath their entire architectonic of McHappiness unto total death for Jesus. Everything outcries unto **YHWH** against the continual existenc of this one nation, and *I can hear it* surging and palpitating through my very blood vessels. There is not yet the vernal equinox from this appeal and **YHWH** hath offered many beautiful days unto them: but these are only all the normal people of Amerika: and they hate the light of the good for to be in it, though in theirs has never been a day of actual want in their entire life. They think the beggar is whoever chooseth to sit down outside on a bench. They think a vagabond dresses in Eves Saint Laurent suitjacket and pleats and Italianleather woodheels. These people who live in total certainty of judgement that they do not give judgement, whose mental apparatus of judgement is named, "I who know of my ignorance am entitled to this opinionstance for 'cus I like it about which I have no knowledge and I don't care if truth is because other people told me it whom trustbunches I them for procurement therefore mine is mine Opinion Original factory and everyone else's differents opines exist for ther existent and I hate who mine hates because everyone has stance rightses and therefore has to lest anyone change it now or I would not be existent and my semblance in this opinions. Ipso facto, Jewfaggot!" And this forever in projections unto their self annihilation.

*Do I bloodsport me grievances*

*Or scratch me pen into walls*

*Of dungthought in skulls*

*Whereon dungbooty calls?*

*Do I philosopher or prophet rave*

*Who has cursed them to the grave?*

*And is it all so sinister*

*That one of them should minister*

*As witness of their sins and stir*

*The frothpot of their masters*

*Who mock them all as cauldron curs*

*And would not blink to cause all of man's erasure?*

*Let us call it His Mercy*

*Which hereupon shall be His Wrath:*

*For Heavensent is Storm and Fury*

*And their own extinction is only path:  
 They have turned all from the ancient way,  
 Said ancients have but naught to do  
 With anything of humanness today,  
 And goodness gives them the ick  
 As ancient roadstone is but to them a little prick.  
 Therefore as California gives its lick,  
**YHWH** shall Firelick thee, Amerikani,  
 With Firetongue and Horrorthrong  
 And dust shall be its oncology clinic  
 For Silicon Valley and pill psychogenic  
 And Babylon magistrates all in the bills,  
 For Hollywood idolwalk in Catholic vigils  
 And Disneyland marmelade all gift for the kills,  
 Icons of Marvel and icons of rust,  
 Murdermad angels whose face is of dust,  
 All the nation in California rubber,  
 All of the earth under the Californian to blubber:  
 Saint Francisland of freelove disco,  
 Of glamorsex and their drugglamorshow;  
 The oilrigs of Bernadine, the winetrees from the fields of wheatgold;  
 Infernal ring of infernal will  
 Upon the ancient talltrees,  
 The sprawl of mass economy  
 Of pilgrim puritanery.  
 For universal stationboal  
 Of hollyhill and gelhamhock,  
 And human self does herein roll  
 As jellyslop of soul surfeited  
 Befitted into selfless whole  
 To predestinate self all  
 In land of panself all in pandaemonia to fall.  
 Thus saith the poet who waits upon **YHWH** as a knealtforth servant,  
 Upon whom His Spirit Burneth and Resteth along.*

And I drive and I drive about this city of Sodom in the Heart of Amerika, and I go from place to place as a sojourner and as a bestranged and as a wandering preacher as shadow slung and bard and observer in the city I have known for my whole lifetime hereunto, a stranger truly to even the neighborhood of my childhood and adolescence and nearly my whole twenties unto becoming into manhood—in a place I will never understand or comprehend of its whole architectonic and signification in the history of man; or of how any man or woman of the living would sit and decide—without any threat of force or compulsion of law—to reside an entire lifetime and bear children unto it and build a household into it to resemble some idea of a resemblance of a home among resemblances of homes, as a choice of the free and the rich of the world. This city of the house of my childhood is Sodom *min ha'Sodmim*, and even my childhood home and the people who raised me in it have become strangers unto me since I was but a teenager—only they have kept a financial gift and provided a house to stay in for a time and times to pass the times by—and this *does* make them exceptional among the parents of the normal Amerikani; and this estrangement also has been bound and strictly kept since I have Oathed my soul unto **YHWH** to be man of the people and Faith of King David: and the Ever-Poesis of **YHWH** I cannot grasp for every instantiation of the Semiotic Dread Metaphysic of days but I witness Him in the addresses unto Adam and the sons of Adam in all the forms of being under the heaven: and in the furthestmost banal regions of myself also of whatever I can imagine in me I witness of this blighted Comedy of the worm in the bud of man's original seed: as if **YHWH** Purposed this is to be in his essence: the will unto total net zero of being and feels as toward all pleasures and eateries incarnate: and let children of men forever caution themselves herefrom ever to any return unto anything like this again in the earth of the dominion of Adam.

סלה ואמן

9

And I cried out of my tired heart into the fog of thick becoming,  
 Upon the bog wherefrom the soot uprose from my sore breast as of a winter chimney,  
 Saying unto **YHWH**,

*“Total individuation underneath collective urge to total uniformism:  
 Totalitarian atomism of man with total conformity as its ideal of perfection:  
 The individual spontaneous, the unique of expression, the eccentric of genius and ways—  
 These are the criminal of action for the exile and banishment of lepers:*

*And I am moreover the outcast for that Thou Art my God Who Is become my Salvation.  
I am the bescorned man of all my own old friends and the scourge unto them is my opening  
Of words in their houses—even my own mother and father who have raised me  
Hate the voice and presence of my speaking.  
Yes, I am the ignored and the object of their furies, the scapegoat  
Of the most absurd accusations, and For Thy Sake Alone  
I am celebrant of future glories without number.”*

And hereupon I stumble dark hallucination  
Glasspond worldvision: panorama photostock  
Like bluelightspell necropathogenetical epiphantasiac  
Nihmarescape in mania of shutterstock  
Photokinesis semperkinetic  
To bloodslot ephemera migrainal

*“And I am sure they would all rather become cannibals  
Than kiss the neighbors hello and goodbye,  
And talk to the neighbors about the good and ill of life.”*

*This I prayed in execrations upon this Amerikana wherein there lives  
only the vague Mitzraical asp  
and all of the grape of the Sodomite wrath.*

סלה ואמן

10

*I lay me here down in a pasture of purpulent blooms and yellowwilds loom through my hairbraids:  
So pretty the sun! So dapper the wheats! So silly the trees in the sway!  
I am the antichrist in the family: Auntie screameth it to grandma in her flood of furies:  
I answered why I am no Christian: this evoketh the revilements unto a new name!  
(And I thought Jewnigger would be the worst I would here ere to date! Or Juden in the psychward!  
Or devildog in New Orleans! Or satansecretly in the psychward!  
And Doktor sayeth I prayed Hebrew in the hall which was the thing to be Named “Aggressively!”)  
She is also concerned for me poetries: people are wondering if it senselessness as I might be:  
And I am antichrist for that I the disagreeableness am in the house of the evangelists:  
And I am the antichrist for that my God is YHWH and I say a man is ever but a man only:  
And thus a man I am for this:  
I am the antichrist for that I offereth a reason and so dare to question Who hath Made these bloomsprings in the green:  
whether twas a man of flesh and worm as me, or A Person One Eternity?  
And speaking thus, I am the incarnate unreasoning: for that I think a man the sunny orb could never make:  
And so I am the antichrist who will not bow to a man of flesh and blood: I am the antichrist for I am not a pagan.*

*So it is with introductions! I wonder of the willowpond and wander with the woebegone:  
I am the ever woebegotten: woebestrewn and woebegarden:  
I was once in kindergarten where the fools doth play: then I was a perfect Christian:  
Who never turns his head to sway into the musics of a philosopher’s riddling arugments:  
For then I had no wisdom but to run and play the Davey tent! How I ulalooed!  
How I pneumonia blued and chased the girls at school! What a creepo! What a fool in radiohosts and phonecalls!  
The orient calleth me backward: YHWH The God is become my Evermaster.  
Oh! Am I so rude for talking? I know, I know I pestilence of earth am for eating the wild kale.  
I know I am the fiddle Played by God for these lines are never stale.  
The sun goeth down: the earth turneth all about: and this is a story of a walk in the town  
Of Gomorrah and flight from Sodom: unto Sodom in a little town  
Which desires not be thought so far from Sodom of the cities:  
How I laid down and wept for Love Infinite of YHWH God and here become pathetic.  
A dog and I lay in the yard: and the hills are all rhythmetic.  
May God be with me now or I ever in disgrace: my arrogance is this: I sought for wisdom and say a thing.  
I know the end is ugly, and the world goes ever to its place:  
I am a man so young and lovely for YHWH hath Shined on me His Face!  
HalleluYah! Ashiyrah l’YHWH! Anokhi l’YHWH Elohey Yisrael!  
Blessed ever be His Glory for it shall ever be His Grace!  
Look! Ani ha’moreh! The Glory of YHWH is hereupon a cornstalk fall’n  
from harvestdays, deadlong from winters breezes: narrowwing! narrowwing!*

*Oh the haroldry trumpet spring! Oh the harrowed cometspaces! Oh nebulous faces over bozilk strings!  
I cannot even begin to express the wonder of His Effervescent Handicrafts! A little bug is on the screen at last!  
Oh His Enigma pools! How it pools in homeostasis! Here I am in the Infinite Love of HIm from univ ersage again!  
Balances! Little inn! Let me be going again, my friends!*

You don't remember? They would to suppers and the shop  
and they were married: thus begins our tale:

I was married and then she disappeared into a puddle of mire and dung and jizzums and slop of strangemen:  
I missed her on Sunday mornings after the weddings between our distances:  
She was my sweetheart and my Kitty:

So I went to the house of my childhood in Suburbs of Sodom Omaha: the free brothel, the city of lights and riches.  
(For I had no workplace and none of money and we were laboring for the inlaws as it were. Her words:

*"I would sleep the streets of New York City and bum the world with you, my man, my man, my pretty daddy man!")*

So I was aggrieved. So I was wroth in prayers betimes about her. She was to mother my children: this in another story, however.

This was a schism of the mind in the house: thus the days were frights of asylum threats because I was not entirely in opiums of television,  
and felt it. I used television and was addicted again: I read Shakespeare and Ibsen and Miller:

I read Freud and Maimonides and Zohar: I read *Tree of Life* of Rosenfarb and the cattle cars are waiting upon us here, Oh my people:

The violence will be gruesome: the humiliations will be short.

And I read Kant in the springtime before, Hegel and Bellow in the summertime  
and Zinn the autumn of year ago from a half a year ere this was written.

The USA is all crime from its inception: man needeth the will to conception: Hegel is a farce:  
and the only possible God is **YHWH God of the Tórah**.

What is the fruit in the wormbelly? The flesh of Adam in the fish:

Thus a king eats peasant feces: and the diminution of a soul from death is the question of *Herr Moses*.

*Shylock, Shylock, burning bright*

*In Venetian city lights:*

*What of mortal hand or dye*

*Would frame thy truths as petty lies?*

Oh, I want my bond! I want my bond, pretty lovegirl of Babylon! Little Channah! Little Katharine Grace!

Oh you wait for the turnpike that awaits! I am Prince Hamlet and was meant to be!

What a necrophile! What a disgrace to the name! What a silent sea!

Anyway, that was an ass I am: it is time to be busy with the words the words the words I am again begin.

*Nymph!* In thine horizons may all sins be forgotten in the Judgement!

Sweetly I sip the fragrances: and alas a lack of alacrity is upon the back of laquers!

So it was a voidplace: I localman also read without money in my trolley cart.

I read Alfred Jarry: America is Ubutopia:

I have been in the debrainmachine:

Look the usurper lives all for his greed!

Glass Menagerie? Menagerie in Scotland Yard:

*Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow*

*Shall pass all with alarums!*

Oh Nibelungenlied! Oh goodwives! Oh beowulfs and stories of the catholics!

How sweet those mediaeval times! How gaily went those slaughterous knights!

*Times and times and times before:*

*Everything has dropped here from the floor.*

What is my picture? Am I mad, or do I read?

This is infant literature! I will seek the earth to plant my seed!

This protestant world had me willing to praise the Catholics for dressage and architectures!

Hellform! Sodom USA! Eurovision Roma Bavelworld Forever! Oneworld California Catholic USA!

*Hey Peter, Peter! The Rock of Zion Comes the Hungry Omnipotent All in Fire Eater:*

*Hey Peter Piper Pumpkin Peter! Upon my Rock I sing thee dead! Hey thou Techno Peterman!*

*Hellfire burn thee down from all the gates of heaven!*

*And Joni loveth Chachi!* I was in a collegetown called Lincoln Gomorrah.

Theer were carwashes and vacuums and rocks. There was a cigar bar and a zoo bar and a bodega's alleybar with a new investor.

There was thebarthebar and everyone was peeing on top of each other. Once in a while there were some couples:

Mostly it was bacchanalia in silences ere before the parties.

I cried myself to sleep many nights from their presences and their emptiness and the enforcements and their rages..



Oh! Everything was worldform in visions of Sodom! Everything was a plain of bitumen and asphalt!  
There was Memorial Stadium at the University walkalong. *The bones!*  
*The bones outrieth beneath!* There was hellfire to pay for the meathouses and the stench in restaurants of Sysco City.  
There was the local state basketball tournament for the highschool boys.  
Everything vanishes into a dream.  
What was the last boat of my grandfather? He had jostled cheeks and a grin from the Cherokee side.  
All the dogs loved him. My grandfathers I can grieve in truth.  
My other grandfather was the child of the immigrant's child:  
He was Robert De Niro in a referee uniform. Why am I here like a rabbit?  
For what end am I tucked into these blankets at the house of my widowed grandmother?

Am I so high above everyone to think to be in errors for a fright from God?  
Do I think myself so much the better for a vegan diet and monotheism in *Tórah*?  
Do I keep *Tórah* in every passage? Are my walkingplaces all in recitations?  
How often are the Acknowledgements of God in my days? 18? 22? 31? 10 or so or 3?  
And how many times do I walk to my knees before Him in wonder of His Glory?  
How many steeples have I cursed? In how many ways am I the worse?  
I stumble at the coldwater of a creek. Bathe in this ere the nightfall before the spring! Crybaby!  
Sleeping outside for a purpose? Get in that cold lake and show all you are worth it!  
**YHWH** Showeth Himself Holy unto His holy ones: His Wrath matcheth the Fear of Him:  
A Word from Him and I shudder: and here I eat espressos and the kibble called Oreo Wafer Soysugar Creme:  
Oy! At least it is milkless! Embarrassment of prophets!  
There was His Word along the highgates of the city:

*Get thee out: for in three days of times from the Shabbos*  
*I will alight this place in fires*  
*From Gmorroah Lancaster County to Sodom Omaha:*  
*Go now: do not delay.*  
*Do not fret the Shabbos.*  
*Go like your life is at stake.*

*Are you mad? Am I makebelieve?*  
*What do you hear when you hear Me?*  
*Get thee from the land of thy mother and father*  
*who mother and father are yours not,*  
*And go unto the land of your fathers of blood:*  
*Then go thou unto My land of Zion.*

And here I am with a fruitcake: I have ticket unto NYC Pesach: ticket therefrom to London: ticket therefrom to Yisrael:  
What am I dining with anymore? What have I to fork from my lightnings and gentlemanly mannerswings?  
The city did not burn but the fires in Nebraskaland were records the days of those that thereafter.  
*Was it a threat upon me? Was it to alight my going?*  
*What is a day in the Face of God? What is 1000 years in Eternity?*  
*72 Hours: and is in an hour but a year? What in a year but a day?*  
*And what of the Jews who will hear of the Word of YHWH?*  
*I know what cometh now: it will pass and warn the masses:*  
*The masses will hear and forget in a daze of events:*  
*The newsmen will pass it with prettygirl batting her lashes.*

This is mad poetry: I am writing in haste:  
I am become Da Vinci with unfinished shambles:  
What am I to lose except a thousand years after my goodbyes?  
Oh works on open pages! Let it be said: "**YHWH** Giveth him a freedom that inspires."  
And hereupon the world I verdict all the styrofoam songs and gyroplastic jingles to be gross and abominate from any continuance.  
I want life! I want beautiful life! I want living to be reality!  
Everything is distant until there is yelling here: everything until the screams and threats is in a host of lies:  
Everything is in houses of lies until the wrath: everyone weareth a body of masks until the rages arise:  
Everyone is drunk with pleasedom! Everyone is so polite in conversation!  
Nobody talks of anything that means anything at all!  
The farmers till their field for swine and feed the herd with what they feed the swine:

The newsmen speak the easy third and fret the widow from her bionical ladyspine.  
I do not understand anything at all anymore. This is a mere nightmare and a dream in the forest with the frogs in the water.  
In St. Louis there is a giant mural over the trainstation of Queen Isis the Abomination of Egypt with doves for hands  
and greeting others is potentially suicidal between the paleskins and the jews and the blacks.  
Kansas City is a pearl once upon a time: three sisters of the Great Plains: Omaha: KC: Saint Louie:  
Omaha is brothel in the psychward: psychward from the brothel: the brothel from the warden.  
Kansas City is a madhouse full of whores: the older buildings are so pretty and the violence is a chore.  
Saint Louis is all of violence: murder everywhere: murders and adulteries and they will kill you for a stare:  
The warden there will prison thee for walking wrong directions:  
And Omaha is where they say: "He is A Mental Illness without a diagnosis in the city! Get going!  
He speaks aloud! Make contact fast!  
Arrest him!"  
Oh grandmother you are a confusion greatly! Oh house of all confusions!  
Isn't this a good review? I hate America. Everybody hates me here and I fear my family will sell my existence for a shoelace.  
It doesn't make any sense: there is a sweet look and then a host of explosions:  
In such sweetness they tell me to shut my mouth whenever they want to domineer my religious experience with opinions.  
Religious feeling without and reason without they are: therefore I am the schizophrenic:  
What is there to say? I have written the hyroplanes in the videogame arcade and I am best loved for a ziptie on the lip  
and my person as all boyhood: therefore I must grow up and remain here with employment and a mouthshutting:  
This would be safety: also, sweetly I must needs medicines because I am upsetted by the antisemitism:  
This also is a sign of the unreasonable. Happyhouses for everyone! Everyone is killing the children!  
I was beautiful in a former time yelling accusations of rape at the parents of Maine for the muzzles and ozempical eyes  
of their children at the ice cream shop.  
I am beautiful here also but it as all dogmatics and a show of world: also I am more blithe than I was: this is for the longer sentences  
of solitude wherein I have only known adult life.  
I leave tomorrow in the night upon the iron horse of ages for Manhattan.  
The Redbird maketh me wander to imaginations of a former dream of life.  
How I yearned to live among the Indians of the Plains! How I longed to live in tepees from the time I was a babe!

Here was a child in overalls with a stick! Here was a boy in gym shorts in the woods!  
Here was a child in the creek! Here was where the wild things are! Here the boy went chasing bobcats!  
Here the boy went running with the hounds! Here the boy learned the gunfire sound!  
Here the dog sighs at the feet of the boy! Here the boy wonders what relations have brought the dog about!  
Here is the boy in a tumbler! Here is the boy in the grass! Here is the boy in the pen with the cows!  
Here is the boy in the quiet and shouts! Here is the boy who learneth to swing! Here is the gumtree and mud in coldwater!  
Here is the boy in a bowl of lentil soup! Here is a boy who eats the wild leaves and bigroots and beans!  
I am a chicken! You cannot handle the truth! I am no savior for anyone! I am a born king! I would trot the horses!  
I was born to be a king! I was born for nobility! I am philosoph and poet! I was aristocrat in the days of my teens!  
I was a pauper in all of my pringles! I was a pauper to be for these people who never did love me to become what to be!  
I was a prince as beggar in the streets of the cities of Amerika unto **YHWH** for to know what His Providence Means!  
I was a gilded stream! I was a perpetual sea of outpouring! I am a gilded riversing! **YHWH** hath made me the earthlove of His Glory!  
I am Cyrus with a reed! I am King David with a symphony of songs! I am no Moshe—his is greatness beyond any man who has lived:  
I am Eliyahu in loneliness weeping! I am Eliyahu in running of fears! I am a King Solomon which drinketh no beers and does not desire  
so many women! Also only Jewesses for me! I am not interested in stupid! I will not be fooled anymore!  
I drink my own tears and lament of the bastions of evil which liveth under the sun for millienias of idolatrous seers.  
I besorrow the world! Auntie sayeth me Antichrist write poems all deep and dark and nonsensible make her tearies to cry!  
Auntie! I am the Antichrist! So what! I am much better than Jesus: let us be honest with ourselves for a handful of rice:  
Absalom also is better than Jesus: Manasseh the King was better than Jesus: Jesus is the Lucifer birthed to the earth:  
Jesus the Idol of idolatries: Jesus the man who made himself to be god  
upon martyrdom cross to be fisherman net and the scythe of the lost;

Oh! I will write a treatise upon this blasphemmer of **YHWH**! I am a child of **YHWH God**: this is my schizophrenia:  
This mathes me antichrist: to be human and not boweth my knee to the christman of Judah,  
And instead turn myself Yehudah to be:

Thus I am man in the carnival scene of all women and clowns and the collarshocked host  
Of Amerika which only knoweth but to lie and to boast.  
Oh **YHWH**, may it burn and burn and burn and burn and burn and burn and burn for generations to see and foresee  
Until the land is clean for the aboriginees all freely freely freely  
(and for some farmer Chinese and Koreans and the Siberianese  
to enjoy of the lands which can giveth all plenty all men could all ever need).

