

**OF WHAT IS DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA IN
21ST CENTURY WONDERLAND: ODDITIES,
MARCHES, NOTICES, EPIGRAMS, STORIES,
ILLUSTRATIONS, MINOR ESSAYS, POEMS,
LISTS, CONVERSATIONAL RAMBLINGS,
ANALYSES, JUDGEMENTS, EXCERATIONS,
AND PROPHETICAL SHOUTS UPON IT &
THE IDEAOLOGIES OF ITS BEING.**

What is democracy in America? It happens in the ubiquity: the quotidian is the every matter of its existence: where the people exist, the people consume: where the people consume, the people are in the market exchange: where people are in the market exchange, the people are ballots in the political machine. It is the supergrocer with everything on earth and nothing at all but a bin of apples and an unremovable heap of storage bins. It is all Culver's Fish Sandwich with Duke's Mayo Bowl. It is College Football Live. It is the Alamo Movie Theatre in Nebraska for Vintage Flickers of Nostalgia in Paradise. It is Artisan Tacos for Hipsters. It is Artisan Coffee Roasters for stayhome dads. It is a nuclear separation in the preference of television commentaries and taste in musicsounds. It is Adam & Eve Sex Shoppe who is proud to be an American Unamerican Committee. It is the Olsson Group Law & Financiers with Boomer Radio poolaying the nostalgic hit of Jesus is my friend by the Doobie Brothers. It is Mouth of the South beside the Salon for Women and Club Pilates. It is Bubblegum Beth who is going to keep on booming, my friend. It is Pearson Education Corporation for your children. It is The Shoppes at the Gretna Outlet Paradise. It is the Paradise Shoppes at Lakeside featuring the Paradise Legacy Shopping Plaza: Shucks Absolutely Fresh Fish House Oyster Bar, Beauty First Salon Store's HAIRSPRAY SALE, Dante's Fine Dining Pizzeria, StretchZone, and the Spine Disc Centers of Prosthesis America. It is Bomb POP for kids: it is firebombskies for veterans of war in celebration of their genocides. It is Democrat vs Republican unto the ends of the earth. It is Nearly Naked: The Lingerie Boutique, Revival House Cocktail Lounge, Unnatural Abhorrence Aroma of Factory Pork in Grease, The Cordial Cherry, All Seasons Floral: Seeds Stems Blooms. It is Legacy Pilates Yoga and More with the Black Instructor and the White-Ew Ladies on the Billboard of Windowshoppe Paradise. It is *the garment district* in All Lowercase: Powered by the allWoman. It is The Salem Women's LibMarch for Palistan 2029. It is Halloween for Protestants with children in daemomasks from Toys R Us. It is Milan Laser Hair Removal for the Hygienic of Antipathy unto the Self as Human, Blue Sushi Grillbar afterward, and a Boba Yum splash. It is Marvel Comicbook Action Heroes Live on TV: this is America Worldpolice: Salvation from the Alien Race from Beyond who want to murder your babies in Apartheid Palistan and then everyone lives forever. It is America Superman from D.C. against LexCorp the Israeli Embassy for Television Audiences Int'l. It is Regime of Israel Terror Network as only TV Show: it is TV Show of propaganda toward Genocide against All Jews of the Earth: it is totalitarianism of Merovingians. It is Holy Roman Inquisitions on a Witchhunt for the Zionist Global Capitalist-Communist White Supremicist Alien Jew World Emperor in the Yiddish delishoppes of Brooklyn. It is Roja: Mexican Grille of Paradise Nebraska. It is Blue: Sushi Sake by OMAJPN at Eppley Airfield. It is Hans Global Construction of Paradise Apartments Complex for University Students. It is a sticker which says "I Voted." It is a Park Ranger who is Sacred who shall police the police from sleeping people and give citations for rule violations of how to exist in the forest of the government's propriety. It is the government with final propriety entitlements upon every inch of the borders of the state and a nation who believeth in their own total freedom of persons. It is total-world statehood with citizenry in will to happytimes forever all in consumption under the One Statehood: it is all the nations of the earth's peoples gathering into one singular statehood and professing allegiance under statehood in disguise of "God" learned as children by rote unto the symbols and flags of unitarian statehood. It is man under complete watch of the videologue of the state with complete certainty of his freedom as an American, or of there being No Possible Life Alternative. It is the state with total control and ownership of every inch of the surface of life. It is America the Free & the Brave. It is Mel Gibson in Braveheart: The Patriot: The Passion of the Christ. It is Christina Applegate in Anchorman for the Comedy World Tour of Business Woman Amerika. It is Abortions on Billboards: it is Jesus on Billboards: it is Funplex on Billboards: it is Billboard Magazine: it is People Magazine: it is The National Enquirer Ethics of Paparazzi: it is billboardworld of every person with a scheme. It is obscenity without any speech of human peoples. It is human existence without humanity: civilization without humanlife. It is apocalyptic morality of the libertine peasant in a thousand loops of solipsism. It is a spectre of total godlessness in a nation wherein all professeth "Christ is King." It is a house of mad conspiracies about Jew World

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Empire in the ballot box and a silent wish for lynch mobs. It is the Universal Psychiatry of California's New Normal whose normal is unique from one generation to another in the same places of the same geographies. It is the Church of Christ Jesus at its Pinnacle and Precipice: it is Corpus Christi, Texas at Girls Gone Wild Gangbang Rapehouse Bacchanal of Fraternity Greek Springbreak. It is San Francisco without a hint of its name's existence in total irony. It is The Angels of California in the Military Studio of Warner Brothers and Turner Broadcasting Network. It is Rockefeller's National Broadcasting Company in your living room. It is the world on Tube TV.

And where is **YHWH** in this midst of abominations?

Ethics of democracy in Capital Bureau of the Corpus e Pluribus Unum: how to be the good customer, how to be the good clerk, how to be the good bossgirl, how to be the good store manager for the overseers, how to be a good employee, how to be a good spindoctor, how to be a good whisperer, how to be a good librarian, how to be a good computerizer, how to be a good maskalart, how to be a good encrypter, how to be a good salespitcher, how to be a good politician, how to be a normal liar, how to be the Normative, how to be the automation, how to proceed in harmony with the Societal Progression unto the Maximum Gross Net Value of Consumer Goods and Expenditure, how to signpost authority figures of your very own party affiliation as salvations unto mankind, how to conquer your subjecthood and introduce yourself to nobody, how to carry a shoppingcart for a thesis at a University, how to walk with snappy jazzfingers in a brown sweatsuit with a bag of Cheez-Its The Cheesiest Mac Chippos, how to serialize the self into the marketplace for a fictional idea of the founders, how to sublimate the founders into the absent void of the parental father to become a good employee as citizen of employment, how to critique the USA into reformations of minutiae unto a complete forgetting by the every generation whose referendum is against all things old toward the unknown of civilization for the entire globe, how to enjoy your vagina and make your man to bow down unto it, how to make all men homosexuals and/or Superior Sexual Athletes, how to signal one's moral value by the keeping sacred of certain opinions without which there would be no moral value of the person about which there can be no relevant historical or philosophical inquiry besides that which is already known prior to the amelioration of the mob with the virtuous opinion, how to be certain that the mob is the mob and how to adhere the opinion of all individuals into the mob and how to in this regard teach them to think themselves wise for adhering their thoughts into the mob of thought, how to pass the examination, how to gain the creditscore, how to be deliberately deceptive and believe the neighbors are out to get you, how to worship Inanna in three novels by the modern woman at Menard's, how to project oneself into the goddess Isis for the astrals of the Aries convergence with Leo Mercuries in fashion for the pussy wets at Menard's, how to be remarkably scandalized by the vocalization of the obscene in the happenstances of the ubiquitous of Generally Everywhere USA of the all spiritual mutations of possible form of man unto the hyperbolic as quotidian and mundane of normal, how to accept as unquestionably normative Corporate Coffee Shoppe for Paradise in the university library, how to feign the unthinkability of another's commentary on a perception noticed by him in order to ostracize and tabooate the anybody who comments on anything happening anywhere about anything for any reason at all, how to properly stare with maximum Silent Feigned Perplexity upon this person's address of you into the alienation of criminals or properly ignore their personhood from any return or acknowledgement of address at all, how to plant total identity into factions with no roots and call the sauterized stems to be full trees, how to believe in no religion except the reason that there can be no religion for there to be no religion at all, how to conform all practice of religion into a proper municipal order and the Great Municipality of World in Democracy, how to be the ruler and policeman and psychiatrist of your neighbor and household other who is a stranger to you whom you refuse to speak to for their tabooeness as the socialweird for outward speaking, how to estrange every other in your household to protect your opinions with silence and furies no matter your reasons for believing in your opinions because they are *your* opinions and do this lest you have no identity of opinions at all, how to annul the relation of other with a to-do list of nonthings, how to acquire your very own opinions from an amalgam of sounds and furies on TV and church and LeBron New Christ Jesus, how to unsweeten all of existence with an asocial worldview and declare the right of all persons to all-pleasure-access in all situations of the everyday, how to properly grieve that Officer on TV who is in your family living room, how to save big money at Menard's, how to concierge the hotel lobby of existence, how to treat the everywhere as a hotel lobby of enforced social norms and quiescence of the the soul unto soullessness, how to not respond to the address of other lest you respond to the address of the other and there be a solicitation of any further contact with the other for the sake of doing what is moral unto your sacred selfhood of pleasurecomfort, how to demonize anyone who seems to think you owe them an acknowledgement as a person, how to demonize any human other who does not immediately fit in to a known category of your experience of the Standard Normal of Normal Human Obligatory Behavior which shall and must include as Normative for Safekeeping: all transvestites, all dragqueens, all tatoofaced whitemen, all nasal awls on whitemen, all caricatures of severe mental disorders which conform masses of geniuses into themselves, all stupidity which is employed by a corporation, all corporations, all market insurgencies, all fabrications of all media, all pentecostalists, all worshippers of satan, all BDSM, all homosexual marches against sexual modesty, all trademarks of sloganeers, all traffickers of propaganda, all torture of animals for meat, all silence and joylessness of all children, all inhumane unfriendliness, all automatonism of service people, all automatonism of the self, all forms of religion in lukewarm states of practice (except Islam which shall be Practiced by all under the Neoliberal Sharia Law because they are Oppressed Peoples of Primitive Societies under Neofascist White Supremacist Zion of Violence and Genocide as Strictly Condemned by European Court of Law Justice International), all jewhatred in euphemisms, all whoredom as the sacred empowerment of new womanhood, all addiction to videogame and television and doomscroll and telephone and sex, all addiction to opioms and prescription amphetamines for little children and prescriptions for antipsychotics unto all people with IQ over 140 who are not acceptable and are weird when they talk about stuff and therefore must be psychotic and delusional because the average people doctor said so, all things under category of Definitely Not Stereotype of Jewish on white people, all psychopathy of the enforcers of social regularity, all sweatpants in public

and all abnormalization unto tabboation of all those in nonconformity of fashions, all tabooation of all nonconformity as an obsessive because it is not like what everybody else is doing which is what everybody must be doing because everybody is doing it, all expected appearances of the typical without any alarms or surprises under any circumstances lest there be discomfort from the mundane, all entire lifetimes in total supermundanity of every single day in total repetition, all ideological vermination of that which appears not economically useful in the immediate present circumstance of the person in practice of that art or science, all castration of man from time of boyhood, all devourousness of mothers upon both daughter and son for annihilation of the husband who is projection of the father unto the sublimation of womanself as the father-mother which her own mother was not enough as or father was fullness of after the grave, all pagan spiritualism in BDSM houses underground as therapeutic sexparties for special people, all negro slapouts of each other because that seems negro, all and only immigrants from spiritual places like Buddha's Dot India or the Middle East of the Primitives walking barefoot in street of neighborhood (not permissible for whites, Jews, blacks, Mexicans which are all Latinos, European others, and only available to Africans in traditional robes: otherwise there might be a policecall about the homeless schizo or gangmurderer or probable child sex predator or serial killer in the neighborhood because he is barefooted in August in the street), all narcotics of pornography, all concomitants of candylands and donutcreams, all flagrantly obscene graphics upon teeshirts, all unfiltered and dogmatic deception on television concerning all values of what is to be valued and expected of value in all reality with full knowledge of public in the dizziness of state total deception, all abominations in the history of man lest there be any Monotheism or love actual, all humiliation of personhood in job interviews for lowlevel employment at minimum wage service jobs, all pretension to title in labor of lowest service work.

Hide in the dumpsters! Hide in the sewer drains! Hide in the giant corporate buildings because they are not permitted and the cannibals do respect the policy of officials. The cannibals love official policies! They especially love the officials who call themselves rebels against the opposing party! The cannibals worship all officiality. You are not official if you do not have a stage and a title: therefore you are not real: the Official has a magical officialness: the cannibal reveres the Official. He is the magnate of their mental conceptions which happen in slogans and the mire of zombiepeople. (They even walk like zombies from cinema. This is one of the Jokes of God and it is Dark because they will eat each other in some half of a decade en masse on Global TV and this will not be one of God's miracles against them: it will happen moreso as a result of bad mass economics and evil mass hatred between everyone and abominate mass addiction to filthy meatslop among great Nation of nations of the earth.) Anyway, the Official might have a clipboard or a podium with a design of an apparent movement or political affiliation—and the Official must have an affiliation—for this is as the totem of the cannibals which signifies Divine Authority of Officials to be the Officials. The Officials whom they do not like are the officials which whistle against their Official Team for rule violations. The Official supporters of the Other Team are Evil and support this incident of the Officials, but complain of the Officials when they whistle at their Official team. When their Official team loses apparently by means of an Official's whistle against their Official team, this "probablistically" signifies a Secret Conspiracy of Officials against their team or for the Other Team which is related to Zionism in some nefarious and uncertain but definitive way. The cannibals do not like the Jews because they cannot understand why they will not worship their totem objects, or why they think they are a nation with rights. Also they done did seen the Jews killing babies innocents on TV and that wasn't what they liked to watch on TV so now they hate Jews moreover than just not kneeling for Justin Timberlake's Jesus Picture on The Voice. The cannibals would prefer all things they do not immediately understand upon immediate surface revelation to be killed with violence. The cannibals do not consider nor will they consider their practices in any manner, and therefore they will executioner all talking of their practices as potentially strange and hard to understand after a question. The cannibals drink the blood as wine and eat the flesh as bread as a religious sacrament unto the hope that their god will transsubstantiate into their asophagus as they chewswallow him as fleshblood in transliteral metaphor. This the cannibals believe is necessary to enter Paradise. The cannibals believe they are of heaven and are existent to convert the earth to their religion for their religion is the only way to heaven, which is Paradise because there the earthhell of the Jews which has nothing to do with them whatsoever under any circumstance because all criticism is Evilmost Action Always; and also that all nonworshippers of the religion of the cannibals is a certain path to eternal hellfire for God is Love and therefore shall never Judge what is eaten but condemns all men for private lustfeelings of any women and all nonpractitioners to Eternal Damnation in the firelake of Torments of Satan.

Niphli! Cannibal Order of the Universalist! The cannibals are in the dormitories! The cannibals are in the halls! The cannibals are the Officials: the cannibals are in the stores and the markets of dreamsteaks! The cannibals are in the platform of the stall! And the eyes which are devourous as the grave, and the tongues which swallow personhood of men like the swallow blood, and the spirit of cannibalism is ubiquitous in waiting for the Day called *Anthropophagia Panphysica Diamerikana*. Eat up the slopmeat! Eat the poultry geist! I give to thee a poultergeist: slurp another tripe of pigflesh! Suck down another animal's blood in the pleasure of your mind! Worship Georgie Washington a little longer:

You will be the cannibal in no time.

And this also shall come from **YHWH** God as a distinction and differentiation between the American and the whites of Europe: to distinguish between the peoples of an ancientness, and the ways of those whose only cultural root is in Chistianity, and this for global television of horror in livetime.

HalleluYah

*A Note upon a Wicked Incident of Conversation with Generation Alpha Z in a Library:
The Generation whose Entire Lifetime is in a Crackhose of Television Audio System Worldwide Unltd.*

“Hey how ya doin, man?” saith the sinner against all modernity.
“I’m just chillin here, man. I’m just sittin right here. I’ve got study hours to get.” and he is on his smartphone these last four hours.
“Study hours? For an organization? What do you mean?”
“Mr fraternity has an app that measures how long I’m in certain places to have academic excellence.” and this is a matter of fact.
“What? They track your location?”
“Not exactly. It’s just everywhere when I’m in these places like the library and the Kiewit.” and the Officials *are* the saints, and they are *always watching*..
“So, kid, what do you study?”
“Hospitality.” and the trolldrums *are* waiting.
“And how many hours a week are required?”
“8.” and he is racing himself to discover reason for hatred.
“Ever consider going to the books in your freetime? Shakespeare? That would be a goodthing to do.”
“I like what I do, no thanks.” and this is a demand to cease the unsolicited suggestion to do good.
“Oh, but you might consider it instead of the reddit pages? Why not? What can you lose?”
Silence and a frumpy pout. Shit. The teenage manchild is upsetted and is texting somebody about it.
“Forgive me, your majesty, for I suggested you doing something without your request, and that is always wrong isn’t it?”
“Yeah.” and the toddler awakeneth.
“And the worst evil somebody can do is tell somebody how to live their life, isn’t that right?”
“Yeah.” and he *does* noddeth in a white hoodie with the grey sweatshirt and the grandpa socks and the reebokshoes and the boleggedness in relaxfeet. (and he is hunchbacked in standing up now to go to the restroom. a bit frankensteinish of gait with the hoodiepockethands. and his getting up is in the process of my writing, not the event which hereon continues.)
“And there is nothing worse that someone can do to another besides make them feel uncomfortable, huh?”
And he nodded his head with a poutlip and smiled at me as though subtly noticing that I was having a proper moral breakthrough about him, as toddlers do when you understand them and acquiesce to their pouting, except this adulttoddler will call it collaborating. (some here is written in later notes. not all is happening in real time. clarifications, clarifications, clarifications toward a bigger picture of the truth.)

“Well, good.”

Later on...

“You ever think maybe you’re wrong about that?”

He looks about dumbfounded, awestruck, and unawares of this as a possibility but a certain and definite offence against him. And at present he is seeking an official figure of authority to tattlet on me. That was akin to a suicidal act. I knew it. I wanted to upset the fraternity boy. Yes ma’am: I don’t give a shit about the comfort of these narcissistic children outside of my personal safety from their responses to the possible thought of what might be considered an uncomfortable situation akin to harassment whereupon they would most happily and assuredly, as here and everywhere in my works and days noted, send me or anyone else to jail for it. I certainly might have been forbidden from the lobby of the Dunkin Donuts in the University Library of University of Nebraska Lincoln.

No, he’s back. And without an authority on his side.

Thank God because I’m wandering Lincoln for a bit and the rest of the library is mostly like an actual university library.

This is my alumnus. Hurrah!

And to conclude this minor tale: As the poet proceeds to wander into the huckspucks Fastfood Handbreaded World Famous Superchickenfried downtown area of the city,

4 Campus Police Officers arrive to my person in 3 Vehicles, as if in a warranted search for Lincoln’s Most Wanted Criminal. Given that I am notorious for these things, and given that I am no rookie in dealing with the authorities of police, and given that also I am certainly not inconspicuous: another city police officer arriveth on the scene.

So I simply retell the event. The tattler apparently lied, saying I played an instrument of music to disturb and disrupt the entire library. And the officers did, as always, let me go. *Yadyada*. Call me Yoseph with the authorities of the Pharaoh: my crime is now attempts of conversation with the university students, and free utterance of critical speech against the people. The copper told me just to avoid the students because I look different, and the students of the new generation do not know any better.

Total garbage. Let them burn in Gehenna with echoes unto forever.

Visions of the earth in globe of Metropolis: Take Three:

Lady Gaga and Jay-Z on the Stereo at Habibi’s Sad and Quiet Hookah Lounge.

The poet playeth the guitaer to a Hebrew notation.

The Arabim are better than the whites: they do not impose strict enforcement of all behavioural normality upon all others in their lounge. It is something of a refuge for nonwhites.

They do not desire to serve me all Kippahladen, and do not acknowledge my presence other than a few stares in my direction, which return to their own doing soon enough. Only noticing. These are people of civilization.

Mostly Iraqi and Afghani here. I speak no Arabic but *asallah m’leikem v’m’leikem asallam*.

21 Century Americana Negro Dance Music for the Muslims of Central Arabia in America:

This is the melting pot of tolerance. This the coexistence of the Great Amerikhanate:

Shun, but tolerantly: the televisions are on TV. Everywhere has televisions to be on TV. There is no quietude in the safetyroom. Only the silence and trafficking of the machinery. British Homosexual Man sings on the stereolist of the Muslim Hookah Lounge: everybody is estranged to themselves in Columbia's vaginal orifice of the entitled liberty unto the happiness of the pleasedumb.

These Muslims are more sad than anything. Infidels. Whatever. This city has a Jew or two, but nobody knows about him. They have Sabrina the Teenage Carpenter with *Espressopussy*. They have Billie Eilish and Cardi B who shake it like jelly. Exit to my own jukeboxxing the playlist unto Anna Zak and *Harbu Darbu*. Turkish coffee and I attempted to peacegreetings! Ignored! Bye!

Oh, Yisrael:

The homosexuality of PRIDE is a problem cataclysmic as a cultural dominion in disturbances.

The messianics for yeshua are religious problem number one as whoredom and cultural betrayal but are warmer.

The hasidim for palestine are a national crisis with their attention seeking.

The secularism is more tragic than significant of mass animal sacrifice unto false deities.

Longterm it becomes severe and suicidal: in the hour it is good from lipservice to the rabbinate.

There is obviously no genocide. *HalleluYah!* Mankind *can* know basic arithmetic for reading.

Glory instead in the triumph of war against the enemies at your doorstep!

Glory instead in the heritage which **YHWH** has Granted unto you inside of your gates!

The democracy was inevitable and an ode of the intelligence and the stubborn folly of the people.

The factory farm animal consumption and sacrifice and bloodeating of the dairy is an abomination of the whole earth,

You shall not conform to their ways: you are better than them instead.

The skyscrapers are an abomination of the whole earth:

You shall not conform to their ways: you are better than them instead.

The landlords *are* a tyranny and a bloodshed to the poor in *Tel Avivi*: that is no realism of expense of rent without a scum as a mogul.

These things must go: I am just getting started.

These are significant things of the global ubiquity which must go: they look edible but they are Historic Dangerous in the Face of God.

Thus Sayeth the poet whose God is **YHWH**, upon whom the Spirit of **YHWH** Speaketh and Remain Oft and in my Anyplace.

The question I repeat: where is the Glory of **YHWH** in this?

He Telleth of Himself in everything: and Telleth of everything from itself.

The principal notion? There is no principle besides cost & money & economy for the individual everyman: thus the Mockery from God beginneth:

Harry's Wonder Bar: aromatic of the wonderbread isle of whites in the Walmart.

They have popcorn and a statue of Captain Morgan: this is democracy in America: alive for dead people and in True Living Color of Oz in Emerald City of Tradmark History.

"We are witnessing history before our eyes in real time, people!"

This is the entry-image before me:

Booze And Fun Times =D Real Life D=

Crown Chocolate Shot \$5.75

8 Ball Shot \$5.00

YHWH God Telleth unto me full oft His Regret in Creating the Allowance of this country's architectonic.

His Genius is in the Mathematic of the details, however:

BANK

VAULT

\$300 \$300 \$300 \$200

\$300 \$300 \$300 \$200

\$50 \$50 \$50 \$50

Captain Morgan

POP CORN

—"How long you hangin out?" Bartendress asks the redbear with girly shoulder shrug in this Immediate Now—

WE I.D.

{*Budweiser*}

12:07

MUST BE BORN ON OR BEFORE THIS DATE

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...and what does anything signify of the sempermundane?

...and everything appears original and mad of the sempermundane, yet ever the sempermundane in a worldhost of commodifications all propagating themselves as means and significations of the fulfillment of the Utopian Ideal...

the hypernormal as unto McHappy Meals Forever...

the hypernomian as unto the McSerious Mister Ma'am Person in the gasstation...

the hyperreal as unto nonbeing without McTelerobot in Official Denim Genetic Pocket of McPerson in semiautonomous game of augmented McReal toward absolution in pleasureprinciple...

ומלוא כל הארץ כבודו

And shall I say I know the Significations of the Speech of the Holy One in all the instances of the lifetime entire? I am a longhaired son of a sinner. I am a nobody in the Nebraskaland. I have an eye defect and a lasered tag in my cornea. I am crooked nosed and beautiful. I have an ugly face and eyes with deeps of the mourning of love and such a madness that I cannot realize myself. I am a real living shadow of myself: what was my childhood but in the wargames? Duty calls for Alexander the Jewmade: and what am I with imaginations of brutality in the Hookah Lounge? What am I but a reversal to become? What do I know of anything at all?

Nothing, but Or, and/or the orb of dust, and/or

Absolutely Nothing at the All of His For:

And born were I to carbonate rust:

And the sunsprouts shall bust on the vapours someday:

So I shall sing, I shall sing

*Hereunto **YHWH**: unto **YHWH***

I shall rhapsody in ever my sing of my days.

יְהוָה יְהוָה יְהוָה

This is the repetition: total individuation with a will toward the annihilation of individuality. Individuality of personality is an extreme taboo. Uniqueness and eccentricity have become diagnostic qualifications for psychosis, delusion, and schizophrenia in the sacred clinics of psychiatry: also, among the masses who feel entitled and morally responsible to enforce the system of the sacred clinic no matter their educatory ineptitude of the field of psychology and the personality in the literature of man, there exists a thoroughly malevolent gaze from the masses of the personality of the mob which seeks to swallow everything into itself which is unlike itself. I cannot express this enough. It is total egomania toward egolessness. It is total freakout upon all freakseemingness. It is total paranoiac reality. It is war happening in the Middle East but happening in America as Wartime TV Programming. And, yes, it is only by complete integration into the the mob—that is by complete disintegration from the self—that the people of the mob tell themselves their statements of self-identificaton which are by the mob, of the mob, for the mob—as every individual is to be ruled in the essence and spirit of Democracy in America: and in this sacrifice of the self into the mob, which they must serve proudly at their individuated and selfidentity distinguishing corporations, they are hollow as also is the grave or the womb of a barren woman: and thus they swallow everything. There is no escape from it: for when they are individuated and not amongst the mob, each is in a mob beingstate. That is, every interaction becomes the same with everyone as all turn into the mob of the mobile internet of sensations which exists only in the screens of global television. Thus the whole world is to disintegrate into the internet and its glass for the sake of becoming as the mobs of America are in their whiteness. And this as prototypical of the entirety of the thought of democracies: for all electoral gathering requireth contest between electoral representative of the party and electoral representative of the party. The parties must gather in groups which are as separated and rival mobs of affiliate religious thinking: they gather together to support the representative: the representative must perform propagandas to prove himself likeable and trustworthy and wise and goodly unto the mobs in order to become elected as a leader of the mob which elected and supported himself foremost (also the donors inevitable at the zenith of the empire of democracy), and then over the rival mob which did not support his election into Official Officeness.

Therefore there is no possibility of a governorship who becometh an elected representative by means of total honesty: these must all become deceivers to some capacity, and the advantage is with the one who deceiveth most thoroughgoing through the entire campaign of the politics of election. Are we certain? Play game of games: a flatterer who flattereth a crowd that is a mob of humanity with flatteries stands against and opposed with a man who seeketh to speak to the crowd that is a mob—for every crowd becometh a mob which seeketh to sate its desire for power and authority—with a sense of justice and honesty of the way things are in their uncertainty: who shall become their leader, if the decision is in the hands of the mob entirely? Will this contest even resemble

something like a contest? No. All who have known humanity in any capacity upon the earth know this: humanity loveth lies and delusions: for lies and delusions begetteth simplifications of the Real which prevent mankind from suffering the mystification and terror of uncertainty along whose path there is Truth:

for the Way of **YHWH** Is Strange: His Is the Great Mystery Absolute: there is not a man who will or has walked—even Moshe—who can say at the hour of his death came in the Fullness of the Knowledge of the Works which **YHWH** Doeth from the beginning to the end, and then moreover Know the Reasons for His Doings from His Eternity Overupon the everything hereon.

I cannot know a tree from its beginning unto its end and the Work of God thereupon:

I witness His Poetry is for Himself:

And the moss in the termitechew upon the bark

*Is the Glory of **YHWH** God also.*

Moreover, man is a beast whose will is to pleasure: he filleth his belly with his labor: this is the universal bellybrain that is in the spirit of all his collectives: his bread and his sharing of bread, his tent and his sharing of tent, his rest and his sharing of rest: his sublimation in his tale and his sharing of tale, his thought and his circumstance of thought and his sharing of thought also and the circumstance of the sharing, his song and his sharing of song: thus man is a beast with a will unto God and unto a communion withal:

Therefore he is a religious animal: his religion is the spirit of his community of politic: and therein he is politicosocial:

System of governance and rule of law

are universal to the condition of man:

also is the taboo and sublimation

from the tales of the origins of his clan.

This is shared also by the primitives with whom I live called American Citizens of Nebraska, or as the Pygmies of New Guinea, even as amongst the magical thinkers of Protestantism without a Native European will to the sublime (for the Americans are not European: Americans are nobodies: these not a people: they are a golemfolk like a Babylon or a “Christendom” or a “Christian Blood” as an ideological phenomenon: they exist as real humans: except they are cultureless but in some revolving generational shift of protonormativity unto New American Hedonist Puritanism), amongst the low and engineer-oriented culture of the neanderthalic and unphilosophical Romans, amongst the higher cultures of the Imperial Chinese and the Antehippodromatic Lakota and Antechristian Invasion Iroquois, amongst the idiot societies of Denmark and lovepoetry England (whom I do mostly adore), among the Ubuntu and the Shebaim of bdelliums and onyxes and furs, among the Egyptians and the Mesopotamians and the Aztecs and obviously amongst the Jews, and et cetera and et cetera:

Thus there is a hierarchy in the order of governance and systems of governance and in rule of law

and in tabboism of culture which allow for the growth into the fullness of the human person

in conformity to the necessary fact of the sanctity of the obligations of the actual human socialbonds of relation.

Humankind requireth the cultivation of the individual in the midst of homogenous societies which have

a sense of mutual collective intradependence of moral obligation of community under that which is Immortal.

Democracies—especially of cosmopolitan ethical order—are thereby lowest form of governmental system in creating the good of man in any of these things for the sum of human life: even tyrannical regimes allow for mankind to exist in a wakingstate: therefore more catharsis can become in the midst of life and rupture thereunto which remove from total zeroism of disintegration and mob: and the mob is righteous who riots under one tyrant: it is against the tyrant alone: the mob who riotmobs in a democracy riotmobs against the opposing partymob of his own people: for the loyalty of mobs under the perception of ostensible choice as freedom is the perfection of the totalitarian will: let the mobs become totalitarians unto themselves, unto each of their own members, and in division from each other: thus the tyranny is the entire system of governance which cannot be thereafter removed by anyone of the mob at all. I respect it in no capacity: not even theory: what fools of men would idealize mobrule as an empowerment of individuals unto themselves, in order to pretend that kings never heard the people’s cry in mankind’s history?

Inheritance of kings can be the only system of government which can be considerable as wise ever again. **YHWH** has displayed unto the whole earth the burning scorch of world-democracies without any inhibition on the masses who, like a gluttonous body without a mind who ruleth it, consumes without satiety unto the consumption of the earth entire unto life in wormwood and common locust. Kings and Chieftains. Judges under the kings, elders as conunsellers, counsellors among and under Chieftains. Read *Torah? Yitro?* It is Good as vineyards of Tuscany or the Rhine, and as olives of the Golan. And there is not an acceptable alternative to kingships without the discovery of new methods of oppressions which have been repeated in perpetua upon mankind by himself in more expensive robes and a rank of higher autonomy. It is better men are born into it: his earnings he attributes to himself: thus he pretends his riches are his and poverty the fault of the poor: his birthright could only be attributed to God: aristocracies and inheritance of estate are also necessities of the goodness of civilizations which individuate property ownership of lands and wealth. Give all of civilization into the hands of the masses of men all existent unto their own self-interest? Men are pusilanymous and oriented toward fable and mysticism. Men become panicked in little matters and drive impulsive into the most wreckless and dangerous ways. Men suffer themselves to their own falsehood for to be untrue lest they be true and face it, and then preach upon steeples about truth and meaning and the falsehood of sorrow and despair. Men commit themselves to holocaust entire peoples in order to evade the shame and embarrassment of their own humility, and to avenge themselves upon the small who have wronged them nor anyone in any matter unique for wrongs done them by the mighty in order to feel themselves as men of pride and mightiness lest they suffer to have humility. Men favor those who hate them and reject those who love them for no reason except to be beloved of the one who loves them not lest anyone not love them. Men categorize all sorts of the manners and the works of life into absurd relations and all sorts of idiot lines of judgement in simple wrongheadedness from lack of searching with a spirit

humility and the recognition of their own ignorance in them, and this moreover they do with an impulsive certainty which determines the guilty innocent and the innocent to be guilty, the true to be false and the false to be true, the good to be evil and the evil to be good, and et cetera and et cetera. Shall he gather himself into giant psychical groups of sempertemporary-throne-anointment, and in this do that which is good through all the seasons of the earth's vivacity and decay and renewal? Let us cease and have regalia and magnanimity and aristocracies and nobility and the magisterial as phenomenalist ideals return into the earth. Shall the UN's Geneva Convent be the new parthenon of the Dissemination of Global Morality? Shall we decide against the philosophers of Athens whose parable was that the will of democracies is death to the philosopher and the sage who asks questions of the people? Oh stupids of the West! *Niphli!*

If I were king
I would have a prophet
Who calls me also of dirt
And tells to me my sins before **YHWH**:
I would offer every man
Of all mine own an appletree
Or tree of figs for sweetness under shade,
A vineyard of the grapes for wine
And vines of all tomatoes for a line under the time.

סלה ואמן

This is their formation of thoughts:

"America must be gettin ruler'd by that Evil Zion because America ain't doin' what Doha said was better for the Muslims and why policestate the earth for Innocence killer Izreel in Korea? You support death to innocents? What? Me go vegan? That's not possible as a human to eat plants. Disgusting! Protein matters rocks! I will never stop eatin' that meat no matter what happens to the animals! You could skin 'em alive and quarter 'em while they bleat and I will eat that piglet afterward watchin' if tastes all goodliright! Because I am a christian and I am Paradise because I love Jesus Christ!"

Or, they say in their heart while the other is talking,

"Well, America ain't doin' what I think America ought to be doin' and I don't believe we should support that Genocider Jew State because I don't understand therefore I should rule and therefore there must can onlies by a Conspiracy of Netanyahu Anti-Christ and my once Beloved Donald J. Frenchfries are gonna be mine after this discussion and that wench over there is lookin' sexy with my drunkeneyes this is my lastseconds of convolove for Politics of Barstool Sports: and therefore Israel is only a conspiracy of Innocent Baby Deathharvening : prove me wrongheaded. At the end of the day I just want faeries and sprites in Disneyworld for everyone because I am a goodeveryman for that girl over there. Democrat Club 2k26. I'm sleetin'! It's drunk! Let's have another shot! Not you, Jewguy Zion Supporter who loves dead babies. I love meatslop! Fuck you for tellin' me about cowsouls!"

Or, they say to their own mind in experience of conversation,

"Jesus is my hero: I hate the Jews."

Or, they say for safekeeping,

"I worship my vagina: therefore leave my dick alone: the Jews are evil: smoke weed everyday."

Or, they say as the Good Argument,

"Why shouldn't Iran nuke Izreel off the earth? It's ommissible: why should I give a shit since they're genociders anyway? I think we gotta genocide those genociders because Hitler knew they was genocider peoples. Hello! What is he stupid? Think the Ayatollah ain't got knowledge secrets about their secret Hebrew codes? What is that Gematra Kabbalah? I do not know! Because I therefore refrain I will not ever look into knowlin' about it bu' Jews are reading i'but by whadrand interheads tell me what they think it sometimes is from that was a dissemeditation and Madonna the Niggerlover likesd it therefore it is Babylon on purpose and do mah thang on me for life without that dragon on me but it is the Deathcult of Epstein! Yup. That's what I found for my beliefs to become for me to know what gods to worship. Save the innocents! Gimme that meatslop!"

They believe in their heart that **YHWH** Is Satan,

and Jesus is their salvation from Him.

"Jewish? Reddish: therefore not Jew: Niggas? Negus: therefore kingman is all Africans of Ethiopian first Old Bible Enoch Hebrews."

—Logic of the Black Hebrew Israelite Christiano-Muslim Panther of America:

"and Because the Slaves of Egypt were Jews and Egypt is in Africa
and We are descendents of the Africa, therefore We are the Jews
because we were the slaves in America: and we read the Book
of the Hebrew Israelites from our Masters in America:

Marcus Garvey! Powwow hurrah! Give reparations to Palestine now
because they are colored Salvadorians like us to be
Black Americans under White Privilege Imperialism.

We are Harvard Yard: this is DuBois Academy."

Or, they say for righteousness and claimant of ancestral victimhood as personal historical identity

(which would be something tragic were it not for the near global debauchery of all music into hip-hop/rap: it's fine, but as a cultural phenomenon it is a serious deformity and will to sing without song and sing without beautification

which is a perversion, also the stuff from America is the soup of every primordial sexual disorder which can exist in the minds of the daughters and the sons who slobber and who shake),
“Amerindians are not real. America had slaves only first and ever and all only crimes of slavery and racial prejudice are white american which includes all paleskinned earthpeople doesn't matter anything at all otherwise but pigmentation for racial identity because the world is America and there is never slavery elsewhere but we were kings who owned slaves in the Ottoman Palestine because we coloured of America were all Giants before the white civilization. Newsflash, sleepyhead! Just find out? America had slaves before the whole world and gianter because 3/5ths is a lie and we need happiness too like everybody's earthright is! Save the innocents! Gimme that meatslop!”

Get the picture? I'm sick of this retardism. This fatass has 4 books, a journal, a laptop, and a scone: he has a moustache and a posture: he is editing a paper: and he has an iced mochalatte: he is struggling! What a guy! She's gotta get some giggly water! That fatso is a blimp! I did attempt hellos. Ugh. Three hellos to no response before I call him Mister Fatso with a scone! There is nobody else. I teach him about how he ignored my human existence and the evil of that: now he turns and acknowledges full of excuses: “Oh I thought you were on the phone. I'm trying to work. I have a right to be completely rude and willfully ignore you with effort.” Shocker! Lies to evade confessing to a wrong! No way! There's nobody else in this room of the cafe. I'm looking right at the guy. Addressed him three times before calling him a fatass! What? Should Mister Bloodscones and Mister Bloodmilk Latte have my immediate and penultimate respect under God for His fatassery? I wish somebody called me fatass when I was a meat&dairy eatin' libertylover fatass fuckoff! Woulda saved me so much time! My family just watched and felt better about themselves. So did everyone. Now they hate my love and reason because I am vegan and all muscularlike on me belly. Tinyhands! What deformity! I think otherwise I am prettyboy! **YHWH** hath Made me Beautiful in all humility! All is good in his time! Pianofingers!

This coffeehouse officially stands with Immigrant Families and believeth strong borderlines are for the weak of mind lest any Immigrant Families do not see that they are standing beside Immigrant Families during these Trump Times of the Evil Salvation of all Deportees from the Great Disaster of America (by some otherwise violent and *tapuchot* means) so that they might still sign up for a Punch Card and have the Veggies with a Double Bloodcream Mixer Mocha: therefore join Lincoln's Sacred Artist Collective Sketch Club: because highschool never ends for anybody in a democracy. They have a secret prom night every two years here for 30-year-olds in the music scene. I went once some ten years ago. It was weird but I felt included. That was a nice thing to feel. I think I might be able to list the number of times I have felt truly included in the last decade. This is a comedy of loneliness. There was Quincy's birthday party with coworkers at her house with a pool. That was fun. I fell for a girl there who turmoiled me thoroughfare thereafter and we never kissed for the sake of her crapstock boyfriend and her ideals of selfhood. 2017 House parties 3112 Y Street Lincoln, NE with Jack and Brennan as Roommates Sophomore Year of University. Recently also this weird catlady at Jake's Cigar Bar invited me and her coworker over to smoke pot as a threesome without the sexual intention I think. It was kind of a nicety until she disagreed with me about some things and I got high and that's kind of a freaky Event with the God Equation being so Close for a boy as G.T.C. and then she threw me out onto the street that night and there was a couple times in Hawai'i I was part of a group for a conversation for a little while and we agreed on things and contributed to each others' thoughts. That was cool enough. Whoo!

May God **YHWH** bring slow torment to all the fat happy arrogant peoples of America and let it burn with the rage of its own hellfire with an eternal scream that is never forgotten from the earth, and they devour as bread their own babies for their gluttonous and cannibalistic rage against everything that is human and good in the earth.

So high over my people they standeth to themselves as they worship their own towers of their own images which they have molded and kilned of their own dungheaps, and may they swallow all their own fecal matter in their starvation to be called the good and decent among the cannibals: may they roll their shitdung into burrito-to-go boxes and swallow and suck it down with salsa from the urine of their golden saintwhores and let them murder each other and splice each other limb from limb to get what they desire every day and every hour of every day wherein they walk about in their murderous silence under the sun. May their women eat the genitalia of their men. May they cut it off and sell it like butchers at a stand on the street as an act of what they call virtue. May they boast onto social medias all over the earth with their grandiosity of the morally infallible for that they butchered my people under then sun with delight and pretensions to heroism: for that they existed upon the bones of ancestors of peoples superior by a vast and deep canyon to themselves, which cried out all from under the earth against them as they partied and partied and partied and partied and partied and partied and partied generation after generation after generation with no remorse until they became the people of silence by enforcement of all the people, unless in mobs they rioted, and in mobs they rioted lest my people have a nation of our own. Therefore let them have the worst imaginable end of any civilization in the history of mankind, because they said, “Free Palestine” upon the grave of the Amerindians: for that they said “I just want all innocents to be happy and safe” with a bathtub full of the blood of Vietnam and Laos and Cambodia poured fresh by **YHWH** with every forgetting of theirs and each their new Memorial Day: for that they said “We are great and nothing can ever bring us down from our throne of the highest historical morality” with all the blood of all the peoples on the entire earth collected in their pocketbooks like it were a treasure and a great boast of their kingdom of pleasures without end. Yes, for that their entire being is to blaspheme **YHWH** with their own faces carved like godheads into a mountainside on the spiritland of the Lakota and gave apotheosis to their FounderFather and said “In God we Trust” of their own paperdollar,

Oh **YHWH** Will Consume them with no fullness until their every remnant
of them is gone and removed forever but for
a ten-thousandth, or a fifty-thousandth, or hundred-thousandth of them
Which followed herealong,
And turned themselves entirely to **YHWH** God

And chose the will to do what is most difficult and hard
In the lands of the northern forests of Canada
Or as a town in a village of nowhere by a stream or a lake.

728

This city seems worse every time I come here. Limerence? Maybe.
Recognition of the frequency of the irregular abhorrence of transmutant Adam as deeper of potency in every next movement.
These are all crimes against humanity. Their infants are crimes against humanity.
They are cruel with every movement: in the bus I sat down and looked about me: I make eye contact with a dreadlocks nigger
And nod friendly: this the neoniggerdom as kingman: his response as threat of assault unto death.
My evil habits of my reach. I'm incurable: this proceeds to turn into some cognitive distortion of a hyenamoukey
barking orders at his natural master. Not because African: because black in america is only conscious of himself as
Historical slaveblood and thus is slave as slavemaster of master attempting now in the dialectic:
Therefore his cruelty and impulsive wrath are without any sense of proportion or crime or social relation.
A sad fact: he only does this to apparently poorer whites because he is still subordinate to the rich white like the other whites
until the wife is on the medication.
They taboo their children into this at age 2: the mother will cover over the eyes of her son from turning to look at the other people
in one local bread bakery. Population 300,000. You can see her eyes upon her child say, "I bet you would taste good
in the fryer witha good breading. Rich golden brown. Juice of olive drizzled over. Ketchup & Mayonnaise. Mmmm.
Oh my goodness! That stranger wants to eat my child! That one! Not me! I would *never* think that! Iced bloodcream and gelato!"
Holy shit. Tell them not to and realize it is grandma with eyes also. Unless I am mad about my observations.
What do I know about them?
Everything. Their lives are not actual. They pass in automism and hatred. Egomania without selflove. Complete sacrifice of self
on altar of corporation lobby for the sake of a payday. The preacher is learning to misbehave with silence:
I want them to die with all my hatred. I looked at that child in the eye with that recognition like a wish upon them all
until he smiled thrice at me. I know my Jews would never think to kill a child: you do not remember that the Germans,
the Russians, the Arabs, the Poles, the Franks, the Chaldeans, the Ukrainians, the Italians, the Brits of the 1200s, the Spaniards, and
the Americans circa 2k29 would not blink twice to kill one of mine. They say "God is Love" and their practice is "An eye for an apple,
and a tooth for a nickel, a life for a loaf, and a hand for a book." It is Written, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" and they say,
"That's fucked up! Leave the whole world blind and asexual with that philosophy of the devil!"
Devils everywhere. Everyone knows about all the priests of the catholics. Everyone is like a windup puppet doll of
humanlife nomenclatural scripts. Nobody wins. It's a horrible plan of life. This is nonexistence as actual life. This is the shitsweeper
in a state of pride in shitsweeping for the best company to shitsweep for.
Can't even flirt with these girls and the friend won't giggle. "She's totally into me, huh?"
Coworker formerly talking with whose boyfriend is Native: walkthrough sidestep after the flirtsy one called me sir all
accidental and offhandlike! I'm wearing Eves Saint Laurent!
It's so cold outside and I am so good looking but I do not know how to talk with dumb women.
It is not a skill of mine. They're mysterious and unpredictable for being women also,
but I think they think intellectualism of conversation in meeting is creepy by comparison
to flagrant sexual remarks.
That is based on experienced, but I'm not Mister Flagrant Sexual Remarks with strange women in public of harassment threat
ubiquitous society of the holy femmedom.
You can say everything except for an intellectual thing or the real thing which both would be to them creepy and gross.
I just said, "Your laughter is supple and whimsy like an apple." To no reply but an apparent undersmile.
Then after a time in chorus with the radio I said, "Don't ya wish your girlfriend was hot like me" from across the cafe.
I don't really care right now. I'm exhausted and that is not worth whatever species of effort must go into a week of that sort of loving.
AHHHH! I want an intelligent woman! I want 3! I want intelligent *and* Israeligood women with me! I like them so much!
Oh my! Talk me into a headspin without a house of lies please! I wanna know what secret thoughts go through you
Whenever you're at the busstation! Tell me what you think when you're winding your hair like that in the mirror!
Oh animal breath! Oh eyes of raw animal woman! AHHHH! I'm in a feverstate!
YHWH Preserveth my life from these whore women of America
and I cannot give myself the mockery of lies
for the sake of the morals of castration in
Christendom's malevolent jesuswill unto mankind.

And what is this of their great democracy? The voters who are the masters of course, and their lives in the typical everyday!

ROUND1 Kill the Jew Killers: Chibi Dolls in Vending Machines. This is childland cafe disney arcade in total disturbia nightmarescene.

Arcadeland of ROUND1 in worldcurse. It is all television! No matter how far from the television existence is happening: All events in America must be TV to be Real: the TV is the only Real of their knowing.

It is already television before the existence of TV: if the course of accruing the whole host of life is into the person:

There the buay delta offall wumblng wumblng wumblng into the ground of the nonsensical

CHICAGO CHICAGO CHICAGO

HERE IS SATURDAY NIGHT WITH SETH THE MARY POPPINS IN CANDYLAND

HERE IS ANTIZION WAR TV

HERE IS DEATH IN REAL IMAGES

HERE IS SERIAL KILLER TV

HERE IS PEDOPHILE TV

HERE IS LAW & ORDER TV

HERE IS HISTORY TV

No, no. This is the videoarcade and I am melting, melting.

Where is **YHWH** in this?

It is arcadehouse of a thousand abominations whose lights are tiktoktiktoktiktok:

I am spinning in a voidloop on my feet: stuffed animatronos for hook ledgers on pins and do they notice me in typescript?

This is annulment of the mind This is annulment of the mind This is annulment of the mind:

Momma Tyedye Millennial gal has her boytoddler in green coolparty shades and backhatted

shake it fries and JapaneseMake it a Combos

Red Bull Mix n Match

Gemini Big Stuffo under the Claw and lights

I am spinning and spinning and spinning and sinning

Dance all night to best sign ever:

VEGAS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN VEGAS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Dodododadadadodo dododododadadadodo

Lubadubadubadubu lubadabadubudubu

Lupupdabadabadabaopoop

OH NO THE CHILD DROPPED THE PRIZE THE CHILD DROPPED THE CLAW THE FRIES

Is that family from Oklahoma? Where do they come from to enter the void?

Is this within earthspace? Am I on Planet Telluride?

Is this Planet Disc Golf? Is this Planetary Fitness

or Planet Hollywood I witness?

Maybe it is the Hard Rock Cafe.

Maybe this is secretly Nashville at the State Fair.

PLANET CARNIVAL DISNEYLALA TOKYO FUREVER !MASH!

3 faerie nymphs go running by about 15 or so all idiotlike and probably not virginhood anymore because this is Amerika

What is death? What is madness? What is love and the realm of perversion in attachment?

I am so tired of ugliness and the loveless. I am so tired already and I am only 30.

The city of traffic consumes me alive. I do not know what to do with myself in it.

I want to jump off a roof and die as the endless screech echoes and reverberates into the Soul of God and descends.

Budweiser: We I.D.

EVERYTHING IS MUNDANE: this is Tulsa, Oklahoma 2011.This is Hershey, Pennsylvania 1994. This is Knoxville 2013.

This is Hollywood 1967. This is Linoeln, Nebraska 2026. Get out of your asscheeks, Robert! Get out from your flaps, Annette!

I have no idea what to do with myself. I'll sit. No more walking down O Street.

Next week is a Blizzard. Who will house me? There is a synagogue! Is Inferno coming? Am I going to die here?

Am I already dead and gone to a videoarcade called America?

Is this heaven from 1517, Mister Luther?

They have HALO: Modern Warfare by Dronestrikes and the VICTORY ZONE.

They have Service by 1000 Televisions.

MURDER EACH OTHER UNTO SHEOL or

GET THOU THE MERCY IN INFERNO AND WIND TUNNEL

BY **YHWH ELOHEY YISRAEL**

I hate you all! How do I exist? This is the 21st Century?

EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL THE TIME

There is no end no end no end the merrigoroundgoroundgoroundgoroundgoround and back again

EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE FOREVER IN REPETITION FOREVER GENERATION FOREVER GENERATION
FOREVER FOR

EVERYTHING FOREVER IN TOTAL REMOVAL FOREVER FOR GENERATION FOREVER GENERATION FOREVER
GENERATION FOR

death
Go to the bloodbank of the Heartlands! Go to the Heartlands Mercy Hospital! This is according to the teengirl's sweatshirt props!
Tiltawhirliwhirliwhirliwhirliwhirli Tilitawhirliwhirliwhirli

Is not everything in the Hand of **YHWH** God?

Knockoff Dave Chappelle just agreed that all nonamerinians and nonforeigners are white at this point.

Nodded with a baptised amen. These white teenage frankensteiners are clockwork orange babies I swear it.

Jews! You know this! Does not matter where you or your 20th great grandfather was born: you will be the foreigner to them:

Only now you are the indigenous to the Europeans after you left because they tried to murder you all for being foreign:

We can't stay amongst these retardos with all this contention about who God requires to be the morally superior
lest he curse them from the face of the earth.

They are too stupid to Fear God: therefore God is Merciful with them for a while

and you in the end because He Loveth you more than those with a Supreme Love:

and you are the master race for this: everyone else would tyrant maniacs with will to total bloodshed:

You are the only people capable of that sceptre and a sense of universal neighborhood love:

Obviously you can hold hands in public. Obviously you are the most goodhearted people.

Kein, Yaakov: atah yapheh min ha'adam.

Everybody disagrees: therefore it is obvious.

Also our daughters are best of the world's peoples.

Don't get too bloviated now, Rivkah! I saw that, little Rachel!

You are a real cutie and a ray of sunshine:

And unlike other women you do lose most your native beauty with whoredoms and idolatries.

That's a virtue! God hath ruled in your favor from the others!

Ruin upon that wench who never loved! Don't worry! Main Street Lincoln USA did that already!

I saw her at the Open Door Mission looking for boars! Oh my little Adonisgirl!

Shake that ass Khana! If I was richer I'd still be with her says the radio. Wanna know about Goliath?

His name is Alejandro and it is an adult female forearm. Unto midhand. About exactly.

She was the princess! I think we all agree at this point who are here after the other inquiries:

However, if this is first: come back: make it last or fifth:

For to because this will flummox your dooie ass sideways:

I have a country rhythm with my bluetones and ain't nobody like us

at surviving: that is Yehudah. Ani Yehudah k'am'ha'aretz. Is this Hume?

No! This is a paltry Hebrew speaker! An illiterate! A nobody! An undisciplined!

A wormshow beneath a maggotbrain! A festivity of a crackerbarreller!

I future basketballer circa 2007. Thank God I white man can read but cannot jump:

I'm more of a swimmer: see me in a pool! This is me in total exhaustion.

Havel havelim: go fuck yourself with judgement of my works.

I can go on forever because God Filleth all of my emptiness with Kisses.

I am still sitting in the videoarcade.

It comforts me now.

See? I am disgraceful.

ALL WORLD UNDER DESTRUCTION PRINCIPLE FOR VIDEO ARCADE PLAZA FACTORY

Deplorable truly: I feel like I'm crouched together like a naked voldemort inside of a TV aquarium.

Oglalla aquifer! Can I dig my soul unto thee?

I cannot wait for the Chinese to have some farmers here instead a white people.

I think they would get along well beside the Amerindians.

They have to farm only.

Let them do right.

No more books of common patriotism unto a new shiny ideological political schema by plagiarist man.

Common land: common plan: common hope: common will.

Life is so much easier than you make it and you all die:

Eat fruit instead: plant a tree with them: plant a third one:

What does not kill you strongers you: I hate Kelly Clarkson's songs:

I will stand taller from this weird deathtrap I think.

My angels are probably annoyed with my thoughts on the roadside.

I know God is. Everything literally feels like deathcoming everywhere because it is: and the enormity cannot be

described with enough of my throwing chimpfeces on the wall. Democracy in America 1980. Malort!
Get drunk! Get drunk again! Get drunk again! Get wastelanded! Get drugged! Get pillled! Get medicine 2020
by your Sacred Hero Phychiatra Pharmacorps.

I'm just outpouring thirty years all at once.

The doctor wore latex to hold me first. Such warm and humble beginnings.

Why do men measure the opening and perform the entire giving of a birth? What perversion is this called norm?
I swear it is a crime to notice other people in public.

Especially of protected groups: children, teenagers, all women, white women assuredly, black men, Arabs,
Latinas who act like white bitches, whores, Fat Chinese Gangsters, morbidly fat people: protections from? Perverts,
Shame, Homosexuals (last category for black men, and homosexuals are anyone who maybe appear to do anything which
might be considered gay if responded to by anyone who is also a closeted womanthink nigger—differentiable from nigga as
a retarded donkey is from a wild stallion which white women ride but only a black girl can tame. That may be the case for
both. But Marquise is my nigga in the dishpit and Bibi is my nigga in Chief of Military Operations. Now you don't even
know what I mean. I won't talk like this in public but with intimates. Only if you catch me sleepless eating bread only in
the streets of vagabonding and you like a good five hours of weird. *HalleluYah* for I am loopy and pride is a disease for
nimkenshits!) I'm proud of my loopy behaviour lately though: it is ugly and a metaphor. The world is full of pointless
bullshit: so are you, reader: fuck off with your judgement! I am not interested in your opinion of God: We talk like Friends
and you do not: therefore listen. Also 10,000 years of failure in political systems: we're giving *Torah* a longterm attempt:
that is: 1000 years without remission: kill my children should they set up idols in Yisrael. I'm serious. That's a nono. In the
house? Bad! Abomination! That's it for them! For anyone in the neighborhood and in the house!

The world is more a neighborhood than a house huh? Universal brotherhood of man kinda *tapuchot*?

Treif b'goy naval?

Sorry, Idealism of the Mickey Mouse Hegelians! Evil! Nobody can do that! Anymore with historical reasoning!
Hillel did not mean it like that anyway, but fuck him for changing it! Also yes I do mean go through the list:

remove that name from the adorations. Ask them if it's joyful or a great vexation to study Gemara.

"But God wants us to be joyful in Babylonian NYC Crown Heights!" No, He does not. Not all them performatives
for the crowds of nonpeople to be envious of your sacred supercapas that make you holy untouchables.

Ugh. Hasidim! God loves you but you create so much internal dispute between the angels.

Also God makes you ugly in the face and pectoral region because your inheritance is of a Baal.

Have respect for your mind and some literalism and some poesis of the prophets.

Sometimes all the teachers are wrong: ask the gentiles: they are all wrong about everything since the
first! That's difficult! See! You have *Torah*! Kept it! Great Job! Only monotheistic religion ever! Proof is in the
original doctrine of the Holiest Book. The Lakota were also prophetic and mostly monotheistic.

Stand by me in my feathers when we go to war together my people.

YHWH Is God Ein Od Milvado.

And I will not forget the land of the holocaust of man,

a land upon whose blood I was raised,

and the bones of its peoples who cried beneath all my paths.

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They will have cateye fingernails done on Tuesday morning and have firetrornadoes some Tuesday by nightfall.

Where is the money? Everyone has it except for me. I have no money:

This is about to be a weird time. They have loan payments and a scheduling appointment.

They have Steve Harvey on TV and the football game.

Oh my family would never understnad enough to listen, but they will wake up at 1 AM.

Is this really all to burn? Smell: it must.

ALL OF IT IS TO BURN THE PLAIN ENTIRE FROM OMAHASODOM THROUGH LANCASTER GOMORRAH EVERYONE
GET OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

THIS IS HELLFORM SOCIETY EVERYONE

THIS IS HELLWRATH OF ***YHWH*** TO COME

For that their maytyrdom is to be criticized from a basement:

For that their holiness is to do whatsoever their eye desires:

For that their goodness is to do naught of anything unto any other:

For that they are sarcastic to the possibility of there being thing any of the real of life:

For that they speak in tongues of all lies and sarcasms and falsehood is their only knowledge:

For that they are thorough iniquitous without any regard for what is happening.

For that they believe good judgement in their dogs to be good judgement as their own judgement
which is their only measurement of any judgement's value as a decision basis

despite knownworld existen all in quantum maths:
And their thoughtform is: "If I think this, then I must think this also in order that not I seem to think this other
thing and that I think this also for me to be who I am."
For that they say, "Israel and Jews rule the earth" while California builds the world's death in robotics,
to which they also say, "Wow! Looks a good one!"
For that every one of their thoughts is a crime against the name, General Human Intelligence:
For that it is their preference to exist in this regard:
For that their safety is from though, and thought has become to them a schizophrenia:
For all these things and a thousand abominations of the mundane Amerikana
upon the grave of the Amerindian who was noble:
YOU SHALL DIE IN GRAVE OF CANNIBAL. GRAVE OF FIRESOUP. GRAVE OF TORNADO WIND AND BUBBLE
CAULDRON FIREBURN AND RUBBLE THROUGH.
Thus Spaketh YHWH Adonai Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael
Selah v'Amen.

Life in all pleasuredom maketh the days to pass in nonsense:
The dream happeneth when naught signifying the world unto the man in life:
The real happeneth as the man in life trembleth in the Significations of **YHWH God** therein it.
This life of all things in perpetuiy of the cycles of pleasure
can have no potential of goodfuture in it but for in its document and its removal from the idolatry of man.

They are all idolaters of their own fecespersons: to this object they sacrificeth all of their animals as DaMEATS, and becometh as
DaMEATS unto each other. They talk of genitalia as DaMEATS. They talk of human bodies as DaMEATS and human resources. This
is DaMEATSland forever USA.

This is the evil of Adam and of Yisrael: that he become himself unto an American:
for theirs is to have all pleasures of dopamine without a cherishing of the fruit,
to eat the meat of torture and abominate slaughterhouses without satisfaction everyday thrice:
All the earth and all the heavens and **YHWH Himself** desire only to purge this entire society from the earth.
And this will be at the turn of the new presidency:
Look upon the fate of these plains of Sodom & Gomorrah.

Thus Sayeth **YHWH God**.

אמן וסלה

Democracy as an idea is a farce: this is its essence and zenith: total capitalism on complete will to excess for the sake of excess
without any will to end it. Pusuit of happiness as a right of man? All mean in pursuit of their own individual pleasure at a constant
state, and without any inhibitions in sex, consumption, drugs of TV, drugs of annihilation, athletic festivals, restaurants of tortured
tastegood meat, antiqueshow nostalgia barn, radiohost chatterforth anon,

And what good is there in it? Moreover this as libertine right of existence with a responsibility of each man and woman and
later-teenage child to decide upon the facerecognition and person of the ruler of the empire, and all of its subrulers in turn? This is
wisdom? This is the progress unto the liberation of man? Progress? Enlightenment? Science? And democracy? Where did the
intellectuals learn such disintelligence as to vanguard such presciene of sentiment at the helm of their elevation in books? What
death did the mind of man suffer for this to have become normalstance, and unquestionable axiom of those with goodwill toward
human civilization? We bring cataclysm: solution? More liberty of democracies to convince the mass to follow their great deceiver
politicians! Did this come from the Vatican as a control tactic?

I have there is no better creation of the systems of man to impose, as constitutional to the spirit of a place, a totalitarianstic
governance upon the people and the spirit of the people than a democracy of bureaus and a house of entilemets: democracies breed
totaliaranism of groupthink in the herds of Adam: thus they impose malevolence unto each other everywhere and daily to mould
them into the shade of Acceptable Deomocracy Citizen: for where the people rule, the people will punish with brutality all who defy
themselves—the everyman as king. The only democracies that ever function are tribal counsels. There is no more to be said about
this matter, and plenty more to come to stare upon and to accept.

Cities of murderers among the normal, scorners of the truth, pure users of bodies of others for sexual pleasure, politicians in the dormitories, senators in the caferoom, liars without purposes, schemers for a pair of shoes, fools in arrogance of knowledge, deceivers in pride of truth, pornographers, pornlovers, pornaddicts, schoolers of doctrines of falsehood, teachers of dogmatic lies, sellers of gasoline and candies and cancers, hospitalers, vaccinators unto normal, phlebotamists, bloodbankers, bloodbanks, red crossers, martyrs of criticism, martyrs of disagreement, martyrs of discomfiture, martyrs of having a hard time, rejectors, repressors, peasantbus riders who return nod of salutations with threat to murder, robbers, burglars, methheads, opiaters, opiate abusers, general abusers, child abusers, pedophiles, suffocaters unto spokenword of happiness, stranglers unto spokenword of mentalhouse okayness, eaters of factory meat for thrice daily feasting, bloodeaters, swindlers, donogooders, marauders, shirkers, screwers, shooters, glamorgirls, creampuff boys, masses of proud homos, lechers, debauchers, traffickers of children, kidnappers in plainclothes, schoolhouse mass shooters, rights to ownership of firearms, rights to freedom of massmedia-public-speakers to be deceivers without an attempt toward truth of speech, removal of rights from streetspeakers from freedom of speech for disturbance of peace, peacekeepers who may jail all human behavior which is not padded and lifeless if they so please, asylumhouses for geniuses, looneybins for lonely people, morphinations for suicidal children, suicidal children in masses, narcotical amphetamines for children who do not sit for 8 hours per day easily, TV addicts, cereal sugarbins, gamblers of house and child for games which others play, strippers, whores, adulterers and adulteresses ubiquitous, parties for swingers, polyanderer motherss with little children, tabooism upon all polygyny, tabooers of more primitive reason than totemics, saints as goodjobdoers, heroes as municipal officers and hosers and scrubbers, vicegerant automobiles, recklessness of hoardes in pursuit of following the others who follow the others who follow these other because these follow these others and they follow these whom the first followers must follow to feel like the followers they want to become themselves as, dictators among the peasantry, selves of peasantry who call themselves kings and queens and demand their governmental president never become king ever, tradition destroyers, history erasers, haters of poetry and philosophy, murderers so often that murder has ceased to feel unnatural or abnormal even to a righteous man, ubiquitous malevolence underneath a total silence in all public spaces, professors of compassionlessness as virtue of women, professors of lovelessness as liberty of women and men, professors of passivity as virtue of men, professors of ambition for power and status and wealth as virtue of women, professors of libertinism, advertisers of pharmacology and sex, epoch of quotidian vulgarity of music and the obscene of images with desperation unto censorship of vulgar speech, never-sympathizers call wisdomers, evildoers called the tellers and the oracles, stockbrokers hailed as the sacred guardians of knowledge, liars for every purpose, scumgrubbers, childabandoners, children in masks forever, childmuzzlers, catholics, protestants, botoxers, face-change surgeries, body-double surgeries, body-removal surgeries, genitalia-removal and genitalia-addition surgeries, beerchugger trophies, gangbangers, financiers, stockmarketers, advertisers of evils and sublimate guises, journalists of defamation, propogandists as the everyman, animaliphiles consuming the torturemeat, misanthropy as wisdom and the self-identification of honeysuckle people, disease in the salt of the earth, forcefeeders, founder-worshippers, father-worshippers, mother-worshippers, jesters about the times of armageddon, juicers in the meatmarket, slop like brocade of worm in the meatfridge, shitgobblers, winebibbers, maniafreaks, paranoiacs and hysterical called normative for raitonale of all cowardice, all cowardice called rational and sane, all bravery call schizophrenia and irrational and wrong,

for none knoweth anything of **YHWH**:
for all are idolaters, and all are harlots,
and all worship their own stomach on a plate.
And shall **YHWH** not punish such places as this
where there is no redemption of any honestgoodness in them?

This feels as a springbreak from a psychological worldhell in paradise.
What I drive in is a profound longing for a world more toward the beautiful than what has peopled my existence from the latex of my birth.
The forests of Illinois are fondling the springswell and the dog is a glutton of playtime.
"Tugwar me! Tugwar me Adam! Tugwar me this carrot! We want moshiaich now!
Oh I win! Here play again please! I happy to be with you! Hello rain! Hello arm! Oh me gets me in there!
Is I smart? Is I ugly? Why not you play all time?" Oh sacred beast beside Adam! Oh dog whose life I reflect in mine!
I see myself beside God so vividly in the dog unto me. There is a tornado watch on the weatherreport but peaceful chirruping in the greenyard.
These appliance wizards rule a lovelier group of Americans herein Illinois Southern.
They live in barnyards and hospice centers: they do give themselves and know each other and makepeace with artisans.
They are happy and proud to host a poet in a suitjacket.
Some Metaphysics at work? His toward Salvation possible? Smalltown USA is a typical lowshow of the worst Ameriforma.
Universal freelunch haters and welfare haters and povertyhaters in politics:
And yet a generosity in the actual world of life in small enough doses to be American, larger though than everywhere else.
What is this place which sayeth hello in Paduka? What is this peahail which hovereth over the walking paths? It is nice places!
Tornados may form in Mount Vernon. Here are the echoes of newsreels from the other room.
Will be here through the evening with updates of these strong and damaging storms.
I eat in the dangerous adventure of wild plants from the woods.
They are greenleaves from the sprouts in a dirtpatch between the trees.

This could be poison! Oh America's grandmother! Oh this is such an odd family of mine!
I am adopted from birth and they are the only I have known: but ever there was a distance between us,
and what do I know of what family means but what occasions of fits and befrazzlement and lakespots I have known?
There is a providence: that is certain. They can be lovely. My widowed grandmother is a lunatic and a hootholler.
But what a pot of gas! What a bowl of spinup and old tales of countrytime!
What a gossiplover! What an old maidqueen! What a spinster! What a love!
Oh Peggy! You were my favorite once. Kinda odd now. Things move so rapidly and so slow.
Now it is all messheaps and her insults which are goodnatured but rooted in some will to demand my whole lifepath from me.
Doggo goes hoptrotting with coffeebucket on the patio of klutazaorund. Oh let the boy playful go round!
Peggy hates those damned molehills. But the mosses grow there Nama!
*And this greengreen country yard
of all springtime purplebluffs,
of pinkflot infant peachtree muffs,
of tendersprig and gumtrees tall,
It is the Glory of YHWH God!
Everything here feels so soft
under the rainmist dewmorn call.*
We are under a tornado warning: Oh, Grandma, please doubt that weatherman!
This devil with his talk of fronts and fronts. And now the phone alert is on!
This is wellout ahead of the storm! Outside the winds are a gentle leaf and a bird in peacesong.
Nemo the yellow labrador is twirling the coffepot on the patio.
Everyone is in a fright about the tornado. I who speak with God **YHWH** declare firestorm in Sodom:
Sodom to be Omaha: Gomorrah the county of Lincoln.
These dogpeople! Absurd! Everyone is in shivers but the birds. I will listen to the birds for the present weather warnings.
My Gracie dog was in a panic on Friday.
Play it safe sayeth the anchorman. Oh but he's a nice a man and all potatoes and cancerlived of TV they say.
Oyveynu! These newsmen are paid to lie! They have everyone suckered! Here comes a madness of America.
I will probably shift this poem to the absurdities of democracy book. It's the comment section.
Live television! Where's the tornado? In your livingroom! Dizziness for all! Nobody knows! Everything is a secret!
What outside? Nipsy birdsongs and a gentle rainmist. Oh look those two finches went fluttering payfully by the door!
Listen to those twitters! To all I am the schizophrene because I say there is no tornado!
And what happens if the meteorologist is wrong again? Well good, saith Grandma! Poor thing! Roped on a string!
These fuckers who fool in hysterias old country widows for monetary gain of audience membership!
Oh guess what is on 60 minutes! War in Iran! Warfare Television by Sacred Photojournalist!
What about those expenses? What about those bills of war? What about Rajj for Senator of Illinois?
This is the first time ever in the history of America there was war! Everytime! What about the Oscar's for Palestine?
Propaganda campaigns endless! Lies! Lies! Lies!
Damn these demonologists! Damn these reporters to the grave! Damn these talkingheads in livingrooms!
These people appearance themselves as friends and family! Let them suffer the death of cannibals! Let them have their bones broken on rocks!
I hate them physically for they are vipers in a pit of the consumption of the elderly.
They are consumers of the elderly who offer the alchemical reactions of freefoaming hysteria.
Here comes Scaredly Auntie! 4 little doggos come a'runnin in!
Oh, now the newreel shall send you to the Oscars for Iran again!
Gotta be sure Southern Illinois is here for the tornado of movies and humors and politics!
Vote Gavin Newsom 2028! Vote democratautocracy for Democracy 2026!
Vote Burr for Kentucky or else those Pedophilic Murderer Afghani Allforeigners shall chewswallow your dogs for a steak!
The tornado is what it is. I am concerned for the windgusts upon these poor dumbfolk and their pridespots.
No damage reports yet: Everyone run and hide to shelter in place!
The media is inventing popular slogans: bombogenesis. This bomb cyclone, invented 2026, is a result of the Iran War's Gas Dump
because Israel rules America and therefore there *are* too many Mexicans but we are the liberals and therefore say hello In
Ethpañol on Conan TV. Don't panic! The tornado is on the loose in your area, but a few minutes away.
Other circulation is in the radar polygon. Watch out, Egypt! This tornado is going to destroy your mobile homes, and might even snap a treelimb!
It will at the least overthrow your vehicles! Tree damage is possible in likelihood. Subtle!
Northwestern Chicago School of Meterology: TV time is time of lies! Turn every storm into a crisis!
Turn every event into a terrorstorm! Say, Get into your safespot right now! This is boshank velocity! Chaos! A flank from this big redorange
radarfront! Be in that safespot! Applecreek has circulation in the vineyards! Circulation in those two exits! Appleton is in Altonburg and
you are going to die if you do not shelter this minute!

Meanwhile in California: "Welcome to the Oscar's everybody! Here is Elon Musk with the World in Global Peace for the Movies!"

I want my daughter, my mother, and my dog to know this is torn out of the dystopian visions of Orwell.

These TV people own the entire county. They say anything and everyone listens in poorhuddled crowds.
A little rotation outside. A little turbulence in the treetops. Probably a good kiteflying weather. Mary Poppins might drop in with a rainsplash.
Here come the scatterfeet! Visions of democracy in Southern Illinois!
The people are kinda sincere: the media is worse than in the city! These are mad times we live in! Mad!

And I am still the schizophrene to everyone
in my own family of upbringing because I go
Aliyah my feet
toward *Yisrael*
to preach the street I meet!

There is a small wind outside. I checked. It is probably panic hour. I wouldn't quite fly a kite yet, but would tighten my hat a little, personally.
This is existential! This is covid! This is the threat of modern death! Whatever TV man says! He is Official!
The TV man is telling his daughter to stay home till 7:30 to drive. Woah! It is 6:37: you have one hour to survive!
Oh my people! It will not be long! These mediamen can do whatever they want!
Here is how genocide begins in America: the TV man says go!
How long until they begin the open stirring of Israel paranoia on the TV set? How long until they begin the tornado of Jewfetish schizophrenia?
How long until the reality is not what is real? That day is long since past. How long until schizophrenia is description of the outdoors:

That day is happening this hour.

There is a rain now. When this passes they will pretend it was a grand warning. There will be a picture of the most damaged area on TV.
Oh my! It got worse of a sudden! Maybe I'm wrong again. Or this is the Mockery of God upon them: Here is some evidence for you!

Remember that 30 seconds of sustained wind and rain!

But these storms *are* real. They *do* exist.

Oh my mother and father in Sodom. My nucleus of what was like a homeplace.
I said everything there and was despised most often.

It is literally to burn in hellfire. **YHWH** has Spurred it from my mouth.

YHWH has Shoutpurged it blooddrunk from my lips His intention
to everyone I met around.

Underground? No chances. It will trap.

There is a blizzard there this hour.

YHWH will make them think I am wrong
or trap them home without a hope.

Oh what will come is what will come. *Selah*.

And here is coverage for a hundred thousand square miles. The rain is tapping on the screen.
Birds were in chirrup all peacefully. Dogs are all happyplay. There is not a thunder. Whip o'wind a bit. A good rain.
What will they say when actual horror happens? Will it be the same? Will they show the images? Will it be on TV?
Do they know a thing of what is happening? In Illinois? This happens once a month without tornadoes.
Now they have tornado warnings for the same thing. Still looks like rain. They hope he is wrong again but they must listen.
Even I have acquired a slight paranoia in the heavier wind. Were they right after all? Am I the lunatic?
Nope. Here it goes: a regular storm for Illinois called the bomb cyclone.
I remember when the skies turned orange in California and when I arrived in Omaha the newsman pretended it was normal how-california-fires.
The locals were in flight to beaches for apocalyptic last hurrahs and possible island swimaways. The animals were not in total panic,
but a man of five generations in California said he had never seen anything like it. I cannot convince people that I was driving there.
It was Horrible. This is a rainstorm called boogeyman. How dark it comes at sundown time! Terror! A windgust!
Those were nuclear skies. California 2020. I might've pulled the trigger if I were God: He Is the One Most Merciful. That is true,
Mohammed. Here to give an update to the Theosophy:

Equally mankind seeketh delusions and reason to believe in delusions:

There has not been one image of this rogue tornado which definitively exists shown on TV:

Better for the panic: an invisible enemy: an unknown which feels like might be what's happening, and it *is* darkout:

After sundown like the day before? No: the tornado causeth the darkness this hour: nothing else has ever happened like this:

All the winds are evidence of tornado: the rain is evidence of tornado: the lightning has come and is evidence of tornadoes:

the thunder is evidence of tornadoes:

YHWH Cracketh the thunder over the Perry County folk:

—Rah! Boom! Sound the alarm!

I Hammer thee with a good rain! A Strike! A boom!

Bazunger! Baretard! Badumb! Vevulah!

Stupidfolk frankforters! Stupid cape girardoes!

Dumbboats! Become wise! Who is it which diturbs the peace?

This is like the Speech of **YHWH** in this: meaning mine is interpretation of His Laughterfun:

The storm is over the station and is producing much thunder and lightning for real this time.

Still no tornado in sight of any sighting. Only the definitive radar.

Mohammed prophesied all men loveth the truth. He says a lot about "the truth." How simplified for the circulation of a lie!
Call a thing the truth enough: everyman will learn to lie: these payments of Doha are reaping great benefits!
What concerns me is the fate of my people. What is truth from a fire? I believe it is a fire.
What is their truth from a plant? Believe it is a fire of death: and the TV man begetteth life to them.
Call me the new weatherman. I who am servant of *God YHWH*.
But let us begin again where the end begins, and continue on our road. March 15, 2026.
