

הללון-יה הללון

**Triptychal of
Knowledges of
God amidst All
Abominations
of Worldform-
Amerikana**

ספר-המשפט

Something of a Book Unfinished. All compiled and typeformatted in Weeks of March 15 - April 9.

Everything is fragments for haste and documentation.

Book 1 is of Notes and Journals Dec 2025 to March 2026.

Book 2 is from February-March 2026.

Book 3 is from 2020-2026. Years are marked to dates of writings. Compiled and typescript March-April 2026.

To YHWH be the Glory and Sanctification of all of my works.

אנכי ליהוה אדני
אשירה ליהוה אדני אזמר
ליהוה אלהי ישראל

*The Words of Gershom Ha'Nazir min-ha'Nebraskana unto Jerusalem and all others.
Compiled February-April 2026.*

הדברים גרשם הנזר על־ירושלים

1

Book of the Sheepdog l'YHWH

*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 Graintowers 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.

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! formulata! 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

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 פעלו:

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 idolmoney.

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 Blackmindcrosses
And Purely Streams His Deeps upon the zenith places,
Whose Voice doth Echo in all nephesh of human faces.*

&

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 nativity, exchanges 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.

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 diningroom 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 carcasses 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 necessities 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 beerage 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 inkling 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,

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 Catholics:
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.

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 gall.
 אמ ויסלה

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

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 averagellearnt 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 turnstilettos 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 bartender girl 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 hurlth 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 linckeeeping 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 gases? 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!

&

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.
 728

2
 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 shamefulfulness 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 thrulong 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 Episcript:**

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 bankeres and retaileres 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 unto the edge of the city where the road ends of a sudden at The Farm—Gates Neighborhood of Houses which had nomore the uppermiddle value, and this was the end of the West Center Roadway and the great blacksaint 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?

728

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 stereotide for the automatons to autodriven 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 spurriers and meglithic 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 semperdioxymoronal 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 anymore: 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 Columbusia. 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 otherwords, "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 schizophrenic, 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 on teaching the world of eternal torture 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!**

Naphlah Christendom *Naphlah!*

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 autmatonism 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 *Niphli!* 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 Gwën 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 solemum!
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.

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! Dóen 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 bowwows 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.

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'havta 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 tablatore 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 outergoing 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 *Tórah*. 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 friendshiplikeness 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! Reatrd of the moral! This is a beginningplace! Yet! What more is written already! And there will be so infinitesimal which remains of those who moweth 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

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?

*Ẓeh ha'yom asah Elyon
Nagila v'nishmekha bo.*

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

בְּדֹר יְהוָה

הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים

יְהוָה אֵל לְעוֹלָם:

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 categorical 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 freeshouteth 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:
 Marmelade and Marmeladay,
 And then I ask to them, I say,
 “What is the way of everloves?”
 And Marmelade 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 keystrings 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! Niphli! 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! *Niphli 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.

מִן הַסֵּדֶר

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 spacecracks 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** lifeth 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 so far along 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.

728

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 Dollarsweeptodust 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 bitters 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 to 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 freepalestineslogeanceering 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** *Tsavaot* Elohey Yisrael.

יְיָ

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 *Tórah*.

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 *Gemara*! “*Midrash* shall overcome
 the errors in God’s Word of *Ha-Tórah*! *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 Abraham**:

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 Yeshuas**: 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 Yermiah! 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: bother 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 gemarakabbalatalalmudistic 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*. And *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'Nebrskanim*

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.

728

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 oblivation 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 10acre 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. *Nīphli!* thou plotschisms of Silicon California!

And He is **YHWH Tsavaot** 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 Gomorra,
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 evilspawn of inveterate whore mothers, you illwrought animalsyum 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 automatonism,
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 beautifulless 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 Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael.***

*And the only repentance for them will be to complete
disassemblment 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 Tsavaot, Elohey Yisrael.***

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 sippeth from it for saving their lanes.*

2

Toadhouse grule and hip brulee
Color me skipping me feet today
To Pahlloo Pahlloo Pahlloopity 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 plenipotentiate

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.

סלה 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 solipsubsisting

Resistance lest goodness he give from his impatient duebusiness.

Protestantist of the nonprofithub: 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 watergate 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 גדל לאלהינו

*They are all Protestants of logo and official and tilestaff and stage.
 Protestantists of Lincoln's fascismos, and Protawstantists
 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 'Isavaot 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.*

*Toil and toll, ye elegant troll
In Vatican City who Milligans rolled
Underfoot, and villages mulled.
And babes hast thou raped,
You who hath made mutilate men
And women adulter full oft:
As foretelling and lot from the serpent
Called Jesus you knoweth also as devil of old.
Who am I who 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 strumdream 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 kermits!*

*Shall I call myself prince in the blue coffeeshouse?
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 flozen 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.

סלה ואמן

והללו 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 elsewhere 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 BELIEVE 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 burnsælter on the Deep,
upon the burn infernal on the soil Adam keeps
Beneath His Sight Ever-Eternal, and the bloods from under here upseep.*

סלֵה

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! Yodeleedeechoo!

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

Weather nice 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

Becasue 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 drunklykept 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 doleimpdickens 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 Surface 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 Moshiaich 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.

סלה ראמן

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 a wail
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 for 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 elsewise 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 toylthings and many games and many foodstuffs and many clothings and many imitation jewelry things and many things and abominate electriciry 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 inconveience—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 tabooisms which howleth from the daylight as desolation and gloweth in the night like the bloodfountain 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 judgemenet, 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 skells
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 witmess 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 ancientway,
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 dragglamorshow;
 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 stationbowel
 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

Nihtmarescape 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 yellowwolds 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 Jeonigger 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 arguments:
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 rhythmic.
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: narrowing! narrowing!
Oh the haroldry trumpet spring! Oh the harrowed cometspaces! Oh nebulous faces over bowilk 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 universage 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 Torah**.

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 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 Utopia:

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.

There 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 outerieth 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 *Torah*?

Do I keep *Torah* 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 Oreos 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 zip tie 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 philosopher 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 millenias of idolatrous seers.
I besorrow the world! Auntie sayeth me Antichrist write poems all deep and dark and nonsensical 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 blasphemer of **YHWH**! I am a child of **YHWH God**: this is my schizophrenia:
This mathis 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 for generations to see and foresee
Until the land is clean for the aborigines 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.)

אמן וסללה

2

*A Satirebook for the Glory of **YHWH** in the Path of Discernment from Illusions
And In the Mathematic of the Worldforms in Metahistories and Movements of Adam*

מביטים ומביטים

ומביטים בטלוויזיה

***I satire thee free! I lampoon thee for!
I curse the lumpspittled days of yore!
Ring around the poesy!
Pocket full o' chores!
Ashes to ashes: they are all such bores!
Goodnight grapes of Sodomlove!
Goodbye images of every Babylon!***

1

We begin with spectacle of lesbian in suit and necktie and Gibson Acoustic Guitar
for sentimentalist rejoice in national anthem #2, Amerika the Beautiful.

Superbowl! Whoo! To sing national anthem #1: chorus of black girls and Puth-haired homosexualities
sing the bombgallant rampartstreams and rocket redglares and bombrockets as salvation of flagbearing patiosaint who
rhapsodies the flag of freeland, USA USA USA of netherfall twelve giant military supersonic deathplanes.

And the crowd cheers! Whoo! AmeriKhana presented by Mike Trebolo Grabiski.

In theatres tomorrow, Scream 7. A dead dog and Sofia Vergara the Sexy Coloumbiana in P!nk Skechers.

Now here are anonymous children hoping in AmeriKa for a corporate profession by means of investiture accounts. Now,
welcome, a bald protestant and an asian-australian to advertise to us, Sports Gambling United! Now black QB stately stands for
future Olympic flag-football tournament in semperdrama fashion.

Now here's Mike Terico with rumblegrumbler Craig Suanders! He knows today will be tough for Mister Maye, and Now,
Historic Grandspeaking Baritone Voice from faceless ether in coliseum announces the spectacle of square-and-fair-game cointoss.
Superbowl 60! Traditional Amerika! Hooray! Hip hip!

Here, the pro-famers! Lynny Swansong! Oh Man in Peyton G! Old Montana Joe! And why so much broadcast and telecast
involvement of apparent women? And of all places, on that field, I am sure the world feels more true to what is real than in any
places in all the states of AmeriKa this day: (other than where one might be raped, or robbed, and divorced, or murdered). With
DraftKings, bet \$5 and win \$300 until you lose it all! Try YouTube TV with the Kelce family. Everybody loves them!

Now we're back to Superbowl 60! Whooooo! Remember that famous Arizona domegame between these two billionaire
magnate organizations of quasetheretical magnetism? No, none of the players nor coaches nor anyone in the game was the same! But
60 minutes to crown the annual champ of Superbowl USA Football! Whooooo trixie! Gobbledygookydeegooo! Obscenities
forever for Historical TV Drama! Gobbledy nightmare! Gunch the magic fountain stream!

This is spectre of Absolute Reality in Great Amerikana: TV in allrooms of the almond cream!

Walker's a runnin' to start the game explosive! And what a story that Darn told Darnold! Who cannot be rootin after their tootsack
for him! What a dingusbrained affair of pure ethereal spectator television! What doomsday thinair in the brains who sip the severant stare!

What a myopic assault of cinematic propaganda and actual violence of coliseum-game-in-stratagem and total continuation of
advertisement-unto-noise-onto-ptich-onto-image of lies against the whole human organism lest it have a passing instant of reflection or
insight into its own soul.

And Watch! Behold! them jumping routes from kickoff land! Aggression sofar: sound and approved by Vrabelite Announcer. And
now here are multiple celebrity whoresplices: Keegan Michael Key doing the Bon Jovi keys for HUDL! Hailee Steinfeld for Uber Eats!
Dannyboy Slims for Mattergoochie Firms! What a good car insurance advertisement! WHAT a soaking tampon! How much does your
name-image and body cost? Whore brands galore! Whore sales living on a Bon Jove Protestant prayer to manifestation self! Commercialism for
total meltdown of capacity for understanding of despair! Wretchedness! Merciless pain! Heartlessness as entire vision of world!

There is no metric to describe the infinite realm of entertainment which exists in the Amerika unto all nearly its population entire.
No, 500 channelstations coexist in a box of wires and projections all in 24 hour Constant Pleasure Circus: also the streamstations of endless
tattooine triplications of the farcical hydroxycodone of cinematic nostalgias and image scorches upon the inferno of the brain in this machine of
the dadaistic parloring unto debrainment. This is Companionship in Amerika: whoever fills the room of Hearth and Living from the TV Screen.

Entertainment-worldview exists as if it were a right of the fundamental dignity of man to degrade his soul for pleasure: and the world is in the glopping lime of song and wings. And who can suffer the famine of human love and human affection and human connection without this box of projections of the semblances and similitudes of human life which serve to remind the Amerikhanist of his existence among neighbors with whom he feels himself less familiar than image-people on television screens who speak to them and act for them and play the game for them from hundreds and thousands of miles apart from this place wherein they clap their skinny fists and shout their wicked wicked fingers into a version of simulated life. And yet! what human soul shall fork its eyes from its sockets to keep from the heroin and amphetamine of this debrainment machine which is in the body happening as the drugs of chemical addiction? Who can suffer the drought of personality where the pluralism is tolerance of all opinions and the requirement to create all comfort and the obligation to accept all transvestites and animal-tail wearers and freakshows in a hundred facial piercings and complete streets of slutout and teeth all gummed and strewn with diseased and tortured meat of factories: and thus exist in this land with no hope of escape or even a question of whether he will escape in his mind?

Now a beer can corporation is attempting to seduce me to Brandname the Wisdom of mountaineerish discipline! Now the actual television broadcast network which owns this programming advertises its own self in broadcast of the Olympics! That being the National Broadcasting Company! On Rockefeller Plaza, Manhattan, NY! What a trumpeter of evils! What a satanic barge! "*Jaxson Smith-Njigba has been sensational SMITH Njigba BROKE FREE but he didnt have time to get it on his hands and OH MY GOODNESS it was a walk in touchdown!*"

Commercialist website design which doth teacheth the *true-creative* how to express their soul by graphic design on business website, META Artificial Intelligence Glasses for superathletics training: Get domain before it is lost presented by Emma Stones in whore-iconoclastic, heark the minion of the Groot-machine, *niphli* cartoonist of Babylon! *Niphli* television for children! *Niphli* perversions of Babylon! Economy of attention-giving which turns toddlers and infants into immediate consumer-vessels of future spectacle of program-entertainment in complete body-addiction to hyperphantasia lightflux of music-motiontrall supercinema wonderworld in all otherworldly projections!

Overcome that, oh anybody in the same social environment described! Have alcoholism with a hundred bottles in the house because nobody listens to the solution of abominations in sprawl: erasure and abandonment and destruction of abominations from all!

Thus it is all purposive of the Masters of Corporation Egodeath, and yet the masters also addict themselves to their wonderboxes!

The masters and the rich of America all in same television debrainment as all the peasants of their oppression.

And the world is silence in the neighborhood.

And the world is silence and all machinery in the streets of multimillion person cities.

Niphli masters of Babylon!

Niphli you who conspire of the goyim against the Almighty!

Oh golden bridges of California! Down be thee into the sea! Down thou goest into the oceans!

Down into the dust ye bridges of California! Ye entertainments of Hollywood California!

Ye world of Californialand in visions of holly idols and silicon robotics revolution!

Ye muskovite farm of the willfully retarded!

You are no more grand nor exciting than Omaha of Nebraskland of your people.

And Omaha is no better or different of moral or good than thee!

All is total economy! All is death of spirit! All is into belly of Mammon-Moloch! All is Jesus-protestant!

The Peacekeeping Officials are there to keep ruly the superathlete men in pads of violent pseudowargames lest they hit each other by the helmet, and not obliterate each other in the field of play! Oh no!

Girl loses smiledog in Olympiad Snow for supersentimentalism in Amerika needs a Redfin RocketMortgage Neighbor like you under melodrama operatic singalong jingle Amerika Dove Body Wash supports girls athletics Amerika DENIM ASS R US LEVI

Amerika switch to applemusic to bring Your playlist with YOU Amerika Obscenity PG Morgan Moses is the veteran leader for the Patriots of New England. The Neonfruit Supermarket-Extravagant Seahawks of Seattle try the Forward March of the Super Bowl USA Champion Match. This is the Holy Grail of Arthur Amerika only the Eternal Commentary and Ethereal Historic Storytelling before Amerika after equal in length of pages 1500 of 10 volumes per every year with regard solely to this one particular event for Sacred Television.

The World of Facts is become a presentation of Television Talkers. Knicker Wights and Kevin Wilders and Brousskiards and Smither White Stephens and Mila Coolasian Pavement Background and Sage Steelface Mulani in Blackwoman afro and three former NFL athletes who *will* be attempting to read a script for this, and it is *very* serious!

Men in suits and ladies in red dress & pantihosen! Wowie! Dooskiroo! Yingledonks! And shoot me shoes! Behold! Is that a giantredglob man? No! It's Jeffrey Epstein lookalike in shinygossam pantsuit for candyrope advertisement! ALL FOOD BABY BURGERS AND Matthew the Lincoln Gospels likes his SmashBurgers squashed and his squash to be SmashBurgers! Doopteedoo!

Oh and Cindy *does* have Lopper goosebumps for Olympiad Winter and Bad Bunny is rolltarding to breakfast space of selfkilling game brawl. Somebody gets a trophy hereafter. This is the rig: all who witness lose 6 hours and brain matter is dwindling into the velocity of images. Everything of this event is historic except for the game itself: afterward the presentation of Historic Event shall be as only the game-events and each movement of the game itself as a Grand Historic Play worth covering 12 hours of everyday for each day of the next week on multiple broadcast networks.

Commercials R Us: Amerikan Jewry attempts to persuade Amerika Blacks to recognize the relation of and nearness of the struggle of hated minority groups despite pigmentation of appearances.

NBC Entertainment purchases more advertisement space from itself to advertise itself to its audience who at present consume of their broadcast—and they are Lawfully Required to purchase the broadcast from themselves lest it not be counted toward their sales of Advertisement Blockades—and thus this not improve their Company Net Revenue Shareholder Value. Oh Adrien Brody you whore! You beautiful whore! You have been great! You have been the greatest actor in the earth and now you whore for commercials! The Americans will not know! The goyim shall not notice who perish! But whore for goyslop, oh my people, and goyslop be thy meat for feed!

Seek *Téshuva l'YHWH*, oh my people!

And go thou fast to *Tél Aviv!*

Universal Orlando deliver a good childhood, and a teddybear show is an epic. Thus goeth the ways of the goy of goyim, the nation of nations—the Great Banal of the Amerikanaim. This running game is causing the patriots a hard time: to stop it they must bring the safeties down which will open the field for future deepball plough! But for now the shiftgear is set for poundball town! 6 whores from Boston and NYC and Philly! Benny Affleck! Will you Copybook! Jen and Freidel Tomboy! Everybody sings for food network pantheon of supercarnival wheelbus unto death!

Am I original?

Am I so secure?

Am I everything you need?

You better rock your body now!

Everybody!

Rock your body right!

INTERRUPTION

—Coinbase: The Official Companion Incorporated of Digital Moeystockade—

And who is the Master of time and of times but Almighty Sublime YHWH the Most High?

Oh, what a weird sequence of Dread Mathematic from the End of heavens!

Oh, and what a weird cosmopolis of a skein in spin! What phastasiac roulette of the Allknowing!

What a Byword of the absurd from the Stamp of God!

What an abominable abyss of semperhypnosis from the heart of darkness and suicide in Amerika!

What a weird colossus of engineering in modern physics of the World Electronic!

What a spectacular will to ugliness for a placard game of pleasurefun!

And listen to the great geniuses commentate the great game in real time to concept and analysis of form and event between and over/under the great woeful performoscope of collision-monkey burstfit with passball and catchhouse and blindside! And complimentary coacher needs a roacher to approach her!

Oh honky sixfoot Vrabelisms! Get in there! Oh McDonald's of Seattle! Get a Mike! Have an Ike! Flea yer trousers! Decide yer mites! Jinglehoff and jinglehoof and jingleruff the bunnitrix! Bellatrix estrangements! Dinkins with the Radcliffe and Moynhehan's a giffler!

Reggie Pyramid Schemes installs a hodgekin bodkin and Raise yer Canes for chicken grease and the 1812 overture of Tchaikovsky! A symphony of chicken fingers! And Berry Lawyers have a Warrior Ethos for your civilsuit! And starlink *will* make sure that camel-riding bedouins do have access to Wifi in the Arabian deserts! Also they *will* guarantee that you can take a phonecall on Mount Sinai, they *promise*! And *also* that anyone in the Amazon rainforest *will* be able to contact their employer, and do online shopping, as well as Access Google Maps for their way to end of river! Starlink also *will* ensure that the camels themselves and the parrots and the dolphins and the jaguars and the lions and the giraffes *are all* dead underneath their million starships for they *will* guarantee lower costs for internet access worldwide! Scribble the boondip! Cripple the dappledop!

And one of the Jennerwhores *is* a good advert for Sports Gambling! And Whitney Houston sings the Bodyguard theme for the Bud Light Beer Corporation and here is NBC with another advertisement for itself lest you should miss the Great Disney Universal Olympiad of hockey skategoals and downhill skislope racers! And look at this very serious homosexual in a flamboyant unitard! He is the Ukrainian Face of Amerika this year! Cover the eyes of babes! His package will be visibly on display!

Now coffee black boychild talks to stuffed dolls and superhero figurines in parallel blackman coachcoach sevenyearolds in football to shout CHAMPION ME in order to become a good corporate leader someday! Whippee Goldfinger! Whoopee Cusdaughter McGriddleloves! Puerto Rico in a vision of azucares y guavas y villas tacos y plata por compros y romanzas y bailas y bonita bonitas bonitas y todos en espanol por SUPERBOWL USA CAMPIONES DE AMERICA! OY! Lady Gaga now sings English to salsa and it is an all migraine abomination of the musical ear!

Oh language in antirhythm of language of salsa! Oh music of language not to be translated! *Oh si si si fiesta! Fiesta! Fiesta por los novios! Amores! Ah Porto rico! Ah mi amor porto rico! Los mercados! Las plazas! Las luzes! La tierra! Muy bonita! Muchas mujeres bonitas! Y no estan blancas! Oh rositas! Oh pepitos! O gordos mios! O porta ricanes gordas! Oh! Hombre quien toca la guitarra! Oh, solo hombre cantar la passion de todos los latinos de mestizo y Espana! Viva la raza! Viva la raza! Viva la raza por mas que una manana despues de muerte de Estados Unidos de Americanos!* Let the North Amerikans be called Canada and United States,

and **YHWH God** bless everything beneath

and God bless this North with return of its first peoples its first peoples its first peoples. *Selah.*

NOW IT IS A DANCING ROBOT DRINKING SVEDKA AND ALL THE BOSSES ARE WOMEN! Genspark do everything me. Genspark automate my work for me. This man is so fat and nasty he will eat anything. I have been there. This obesity of world. Entire America in obesity of globe-consumption to fill spiritual anorexia: Baudrillard 1984. This is the great eradication: who can minimize this even in the house of its constant availability of presence? Or, better, who will simply eradicate the devices of it from their own houses?

Myopia! Myopia! Malaise and maladies for all!

Oh, and now Kay Shone Bootysqueeze is squeezing those wiggly fuckers out of bounds! Look at those television munchkins! They're the size of toys! How goofy! Mankind representation from camera into projectioncast into and throughfrom projectionvessel. Evil TV! Wicked

TV! Idollike TV! Parody of existence it offers! Even parody of idols! Even parody of cosmos! Even parody of reverence and parody of McDonald's! Parody of church by absurd of church and church of laughter's mockery! Parody of man in tunnel of lightprojection! Parody of self in fabrications upon fabrications! And they have to subdue him to the ground whenever they get the opportunity! You got it nailit partner-it! Everybody pay attention to it, because Tubi has a yakattack to play!

Fuay! Fway!

Fwap and fuay!

Frangle the shallop

And shingle the fame

Of Babylon rocketeer

Into the flame!

This is a gentleman's game for watching. This is a game for gentlemanly salutation. This behemoth of economic power and attention. This monger of commercialism and fatuousness. This is all-worldswallower of brain through pupil of the eyelid. This is evaporation of intelligence and remembrances through the vacuum of the transcendent lights in flash! *Mime and pantomime and mime, democrat lime of bird and pandaemonium time and republican of fecal crime!* "Have you ever seen tight ends so relaxed, carefree, and serene? Fingerless prostate cancer checkups!" And this one here did chuckle me.

Oh Gronk with horse! You giant commercial whore! You and the Brady bunch can get a lunch in Prague for breakfast's flight desert! Why do you do this gunpowder donut shitmussel eat instead? I hate the rich in Amerika. Not because they are rich. Not only because they are rich in Amerika. But because they are so gross and banal and dark and have no knowledge of what money is good for.

What moronic imbecile would maintain any actual life within the United States of Amerika with its entire worldview being the weird pseudoautonomous nonentity being of everyone indeterminate of status and all as inherent socialpower equal by rightvalue social-Amerika independent of actual wealth. Why be rich in Amerika? How dumb! How ridiculous! How banal! How cringe! How lowboating! How partyhouse! How farce genetic! How goyslop riddled! Look! *Hineh mah Raot!* Behold!

The rich advert Gaga jigglypuff pokepokemon walk to meter with Trevor the Beaver Leaver Noah oh Charlie Wax Britches and Miss People's Abandonment of Goy Catholic Hollywood.

Am I the wicked witch and is this my wicked broomstick?

Then call me wicked if your wicked is the ancient righteousness!

Fuck off you idiot Midianite cells!

Fuck off you retard wannabe meatslot tincan Amalek shells!

Hell's oblivion Hell's stocatta Hell's anabasis rib focaccia!

Drag it down punter! Knock the balls into clear outer space from the crowds of screams and applause!

Oh princess Sabrina! Those pringles don't flatter you well, girlfriend!

Like a lost dog, oh Carpenter Trina, you traipse around complaints about the forsakenness of lovers!

Oh Sabrina handmedowns! Want a horse? Come call me round!

Cause I'm as free as a bird, my sweet,

and this world will change forever,

and those once first will soon be last,

and I cannot change for rich or poorest lass,

but I might be the brown-eyed son

which Dylan Thomas wrote in Bobby's lovesongs,

and the present now is soon to seem

as an ancient ancient neanderthalilken dream:

ATM Machine!

Byebye!

Photobooth begone!

Telecommcomputer world,

see ya never again!

Autovision supermarch, end and never begin again!

No, Humanity did not begin at the turn of the industrial revolution!

Yes, humanity will be dead in a century by means of the industrial continuance!

Goodbye! Industrialism of Egypt and of Babylon!

Of England and of Germany and of France and of Great Amerika!

Goodbye industrial of the whole earth!

The earth is very nauseous of you!

The earth now seeketh to purge herself of you!

Goodbye aeronauticals!

Goodbye aerospaceship cargoes!

One more ride we have to flieth, and the earth shall be cleansed of the garbage

and decay and excess of gross capital production andcommodity of man and mass industrialization of

democracy and of democracy and of christendom and the empire of the mass hajjith forever.

Amen.

And Look again! Shall we not continue to display to earth of history what the historic of world displays?
 It is the 3rd quarter. This is livestream internet. Grab a stockhold! Grab file cabinet! I got lots of speeches! This is a limited game!
 I am pregnant with another carriage of God His Spirit upon me!
 Call me Rashonda Negress His maidservant! Call my babies these books!
Broomha! Broomhilde! Shloopsholler! Brunette Matilde!
 Scoop and score! Who ya gonna be, ye world of endless shimmershimmy feministabrigades of neon fascism for libertines who love only to rape?
 Oh Christian Whiteback playeth piano! Oh sex-athletes of Babylon! Ye gross whores! Ye great workhorses! Ye burbs of crack and hookerporn!

And does God concern Himself whatsoever with the athletes of the games?
 Is the real of life not the real of a life to offer a mere meagreness of blessing?

Look the athlete dreams as child!
Look the athlete dreams go wild!
Look the world in blue and black!
Look the world in whorenets sack!
 And did it mean from in the spleen
 Of clerk machinist allegory?
 Here a boy revindicates
 A name for tap of glory.
In dreams the whole fulfillment is won,
Despite all days of long distraction:
He might have been his own subtraction
But for his contest brought him to refraction:
 Himself ere this longer agon ends
 About the sun and pending days:
 Time to pass birth to decays
 And betterrun the runningways:
*The prayerful man who prays to **YHWH***
And no other god or gods beside:
He shall meet like great of pay
In northernvillage tide:
 Some six or seven be his wives:
 Reverse the newfought arithmetics:
 Of woman's reign upon the lives
 Of worth in all men's labyrinthine quicks.

Dread no more the marketeers:
Sallow tears no more for fears:
Lest gone from you be golden years
And God turns your hearts to panics.
 YHWH *Is God: there is no other:*
 An he who turns to Him in all his walks
 Shall even leave a brother
 To live where all the looking world all looks and talks for lovers.
Therefore, turn, ye athletes from your pens!
Turn ye from game and pitches!
Run to forest on hillside!
And run from steepling bitches!
 *Turn to **YHWH** for to survive*
 The Day impending on all of life:
 Materialize the mending pot:
 And learn what is wisdom from what is ever not.

2

Such stormmen! Such entrances! Such worldwarfare scene! Such oceanics!
Such funman bloopers! Such superplanes! Such human superdoopers! Such troopers on the wheel!
Such blockbuster! Such Hank! Such take my hand you shank!
The professor is in the explosives again! Now! Better get the diamondlady telepath to fin!
What a blammo! What a cruise! What a spartacus to rouse! Get the radiotelecommie to Haruki Murukamiland!
Get kamikaze blasted! Detonation bomber on the great Amerikhananation! Nevermind, disable it!
Stop, don't push that button mister toadbrain presidential! Don't you go pushing that button, mister Gavin Newtone
 man of caliresidentials!
What dinkiehootin! What trailerparkland! What a liminal void in regime to finish! What a reign of goyimhand!

Wheeeeeee donkey! Wheeeeeee pigshit! Wheeeeeee tonkawonka honkey! Wheeeeeee wokkadokka doodippinshit! Wheeee dippin the crack for a payvment!

Are you beginning the surface scratches? Consider thou the Speech from the Eternal after the firmamental heaven?
Frankenstein is in the vengeanceland! Frankenstein is happening in metamorphosis!
Could the supraphysical be from Noumenal to bodypath without the Voice upon the consciousness?
What intervenes the earth from God upon the atomic gathering?
What Voice calls upon the substance of His Words which were upon the Void at the Beginning?
Ah! How long has the reign of ignorance been grandiose upon the earth of fools?
Filth! How long has madness dominioned over the earth in arrogance of fools?
What sort of drooling blithe idiots have been upon our circumstance from the mighty and the great?
What sort of buffoonery has beknighted and betitled man from man each other unto being all depraved?

YHWH Witnesseth the long haul of self-destruction which taketh its place in the self-standing of grandiose men
upon His kingdom of the earth.
And He our collective Gardener has Become Vexed Sore with the masterdom and servitude thereunto
whose wrecking tools have slaughtered the flesh and befruitness of the begreened earth.

How absurd the apotheosis of man by his own servants! How ridiculous the pretension to deification in the heart of man!
What abuses in the soul of pride! What vexations in the toils of pride and abominations! What pride and loathsome greed
for the construction and praise of abominations!
What sweat and blubbered mass unto abhorrences! What slugform and passage at pace of insects have these in their
haste of pure inodolent narcissism!
What a grotesque anthroposcene! What next? The godfathershow is on TV? What a midnight happymeal! What a creamboat! What a skeeze!
What a hollywheel fudruckers! What a doodangler! OOOHWHEEE! Is that godfather sequel twothree I see? WHIPPEE KAIYAY!
The rollerbuggy is gettin' slimjim ripbardal tonight for a fardel in burpligood noodle tonight!
What a delicatessen from the factorymeat! What a countryhoboken hamstace! What a tickleme elmo and twice the fries!
What cannibal turkey tasty delight! All aboard the mustardman! BALOOP! I love to meateat stoolburgers!
What foodpantry succulence delight! OOOOH ratachata! OOOOH sickem hoosiers! Get them niggers!
BOOM jimmy clausen! BOOM slooterpup! DANKASHERN! BOOYA! Wop the whoppers! Crew the crewdad yanks!
This is AMERIKA! Get yer television scanty on the skatrag today!

ATAH ATAH OYOYOYOYOYOYOYOYOYOYOYOYVEYNU!
You are witnessing Justice for the People of Yisrael whose God is **YHWH**!
Goyim of goyim: humiliations and shames unto thine fetishes of reverence forever!

3

Entertainment presented to you by Marvel Entertainment Compnay.
This is X-Men: Part 32. Signature by Logan Wolverine. SUP guys. That's a chrome plater, bendejo.
A Tracy Morgan production. Boyd Holbrook as Stephen McTrainy. Oh no! It's not spaghetti, Marshall!
It's a slasher film for kids! What is that wereewolf Amerikan butchering the Mexicans?
Eriq La Salle and Elise Neal as Married Robber Barons: Barrymore McQuincy Nuggets as the Faustian ideal:
Who can magazine the Hughey Jackman? I would music that score!

—Sellout! Pornographer! It's 2029!
Stop calling my people mutants, USA—

Oh Mangold! Is that a manacle? A monoracle? Or is this a slasher movie for children?
Parental guidance recommended: access available to all four year olds with iPad!
Whippit! Whippit up! Whippit good! Into shape! Whippits for children everyday! Yay!
Available at all wholesale and resale markets in the God Blessed USA today!
And the wolverine is a junkie too! He is from Phoenix. Not unusual, junkies from Phoenix.
Elm Street's Freddie the Cougar Crougar? Nightmare of Reality? Am I on the ferry? Candyman for Gabriella McVay? No!
Is this the helterskelter perpetual? Is this an ethereal styx? Is this the sphinx in a leprechaun hat? Is this the asylum of man oervast?
This is the night of the living dead at last! This is the zombie apocalypse! This is a nation of kalypsos in the herd!
Shaun is a family sourpuss! Gotta be at the churchboy lookin' for the old LA cueball south o' the border!
Gimme that elephantine spleenhammer! Gimme the mammothtusk, says Gabriella de Rodigo du Fontaigne!
Oh Madonna in Kim K underpanties! Oh Innanna of the churches! Oh Isis the Egyptian Abomination!
Oh frail wafers for heavenqueen tarnishes of the Almighty Beyond the Understanding!

Anyway, the heatwaves continue and the movie started six hours ago and it's only beginning of commercials for medicine!
I do not know where we are.
Are we in the aquarium of the limnosphere? Is this the liminal of God?
What is the television trip of channel hopalong the surfing stream?

*Friends! It is not about the deed! It is about Táco Bell with chicken and steak and go now while suppliant maidens last
in the flowergarden of the churchhall!*

*Is that a dingusfungus in the tomato can? No! It is Debbie from the line the other day of Five Guys Burgers & Fries!
Oh not another jumbler! I have kept the thorough seizure's shock from being the telepathic mumbler!
Take the pills! The opium is starting! Here we have asphyxia! Presented to you by
Marvel Comic Series Corporation of Amerika World Abomination Order!*

They are waiting for you at the Statue of Liberty, Mister Slasherman.
Maybe you are God's Mistake, after all, Amerika. What a grand disappointment of the Original!
He Maketh no Mistakes and He Sayeth He Repenteth the earth of you.
You were a cagefighter once who said yes to a local bar mitzvah!
You were a handsome talker with a revolutionary gun! You were a winsome horse with a tongue of iron and aluminium!
You were a friar of packardhouse in Wisconsin and those metalworkers did the job!
You were a supplanter of ancients who lived in the earth of harmony and the ancient roam of great expanses!
They did succumb to witchcraft and the apple of sorcerers and the bloodconsumption and the eating of animal hearts
before your arrival as pestilence and sickle to be.
Everything you do, Amerika, is worse than all of those things that have ever been.
Like a new list of sins you have invented from the abysses of the banality of man.
Like a series of perpetual and infinite screech and scream and squelch and booze and puss wiping from your knuckles
or the illiteracy on the bottle of the painkiller and the limnoparty of whores and the puss of excess and the gluttony!
You were once of tradepest of nations and people had great expectations for your newness!
You had the potential to be agrarian and have local bar mitzvahs in unique towns and villages across a whole continent but chose
goydisney dystopia as the ideal of mankind in utilitarian architeconic of industrialism unto mass extinction instead.
You could have become a nursinghome for Mexico City's poorest drugdealers! Now they know you are a donkeycart!
You beggar nation! You vagabond whore! Is the European Union your pimphand or your pimp?
You vile slut, Lady Liberty! You cankersore! You are sick entire! You are the earth's syphilis!
Mankind will have to discover the cure of the HIV/AIDS that is your great evangleism of Metropolis unto the whole earth!
Thank God He is God and you are not, Great Amerikhanate, because He is the Helaer of the earth and man,
and you are the deathmachine for your own inventions: and thou shalt swallow thyself unto His Pleasure
when His people from you are gone into a great land of milk.
I don't like sempeternal gunshows. I don't like cyborgian enhancements of men.
Let them not do this anymore. It is become so cruel for its boredom and alienation.
Hoorah! The girlchild is a slasher too! If only we mortals had such wonders of the flesh!
Then we could manipulate the whole atomic speciation! One by one the atoms would shift into the material
electronic of another: and thus the shift of physical into the genetic mutilation would become possible to happen.
Oh sycophantic membranes! Oh party of worms repetitious in sandmines! Oh grubhubbers of Beverly Hills!
Oh hulu waveformers! Oh dinkatronic wonderland of the princes and princesses of Hollywood!
Oh doofenschmirtzilollopops! Oh kinkaidermuffins of Broken Bow! Oh dull sophisticates of the Americatroddelumpus!
Oh the Americatroddelumpus! Eat yer meatsticks on the barbieheater! Eat yer creampuffballs in the Potterman Sudeikathon!
Cripple that dungspitter! Clap that anchorwoman's junk! Clapshack, Meatslap, and Abedthehoe went to the famer's market
in the Superbad Calivana Cubamamaman Havana liability and hoebaggery and Babylonitechnica and all the sniffiffing
for transogenic dungspit pharmaceutical buggary!
Ye dongflaps! Ye pancake batter versions of my people! Ye my dumb rosenblatters of Calitown Disneyvalley! Kiss my bootheels!
Are you native born goy, my Yehudah in California? They are warmen in our homeland: they are ready-made princes and
warriorkings and poetpriests. And has the party gone quiettown in the Caliland Babilana? Kiss my toenails, Hillcrest!
Come forth, ye Rogenheads and Charlataniaseidenfelders! It's okay. Shametown and Degrade-me Koolaid for all is the USA by Essence of
The Protestant Supreme World Order under the Vatican!
Repent before **YHWH** the entire Amerikana from yourselves. Change your name to the Hebrew listing.
Go now before it's too late. Sell it all. Bring no Amerikan ways with you in your mind as better than anything there.
It's conflict time in desertland time and time these goyim will boil the babies all alive.
Have a pick. America 2029 for death, or Ha'aretz Yisrael, 2035 for new millenias of life.

*For He **YHWH** hath Declared it often and of the ancienttime:
The hour is nigh, and on the orizons of the world
We witness world in rhyme:
Go the sea, my people: and live to the fullest possible of life.*

And now back to TV! This mannequin is wearing a cutsie cowgirl hatsie! Oopsywhops! Sorry, Bateman! You are not invited!
Wommapoke cowboy! *Naphтали* be thou like in the coastal Washingtonia year 57 from the New Era of the Mississippi Valleyland,
Seaspokane to Seachesapeke.
Oh! Goodness! How does yer dunkachud feel, whiteman slither and crow?
Get ya to the Engelsond! Ye wisdom brothers and righteous ones Who the Name of God will call upon and duty know to come!

Man must be what he is: you cannot break him into total fragmentation. Everything is gonna be alright.
Year 32 or thereabouts or therefore a bit or there alittle after is gun removal globalwide and nuclearbrigade not to decay
but to dismantlement be the newday tide!
What happiness awaits the righteous! What joy awaits the goodwill heart! What rejoicements shall sing the earth! *HalleluYah!*

Kiy YHWH Ha'Tov mi'tovim!
Kiy YHWH Ha'Tsaddik
mi'raot b'eret.

What has anybody to lose in the share of mornings to will any goodness from themselves unto a person outside of the door of their
own house?

What has anyone to lose in giving sometime besides?
Amerika you are a selfish whore of all entitlements! Go to the bay, Selena! Go to Monterrey!
The slasher is in the hotel lobby! The slasher is in the hallway! *Americas 2030-2038.*
And that little slasher princess is a sweetheart. She may not be made of nature, but the humans are savages.
Did that Amerikan just offer to cook a meal for a stranger who is not paying but had helped them on the street? This is total fiction!
No way! What a blindness! Average Amerikuns with any sense of the obligatory to reciprocation or the natural of the
Hospitable? This does not happen in my country! No! We have special needs schoolhouses and pride enough to never
offer anything of helping goodness to a stranger lest we are murdered in the aisles of the grocery store or the daytime
middlestreet or in the blocks of avocados or in the line of a cafe. It's okay! Every culture likes to present themselves as
better than they actually are! One meal of gratitude and no conversation thereafter, though unrealistic, is possible here.

Is this what the goodlife feels like?
Does where I am going exist?
Is this the world?
An eminent domain of the Amerikhanate in filmreel?
Cornsyrup in a cycling wheel?
Alienation without end or any relief of alienation?
Dragraces unto the infinite? Do we want to listen unto this forever?
The teleworld graphography seemeth to show unto the world Amerikalife as all overupon them better.
Oh Yisrael,
I cometh for thee.
What music sort do have we here?
All is riddles of the mystery of the Amerikana.
Signify to me the ethereal with thy billboards, for once. Forever it goes on from its construction!
Fires to abominations! Fires to the sprout and leaf! Fires to the redwood! Fires to the oak and elmtree!
Fires upon the cities of lights! Fires upon the towers of the cities! Fires brenneth the whole nation to asheheaps!
Here I am waiting for the wardens to release me.
Oh! Evil neighbors of pure malevolence!
Evil neighbors of all will to murder an innocent man for no good reason!
That is the Amerika I know!
Black or white? Don't matter, no!
They is all whities of the soul to me!

4
Is this the absurd in a stale apotheosis?
Is this a surrealness of Protopoiesis?
Is this into a seal of metempsychosis?
Is this the uncanny in a dream of oasis?
It is noesis of the beautiful in a mechanical creamer:
(O get ye enigmatic dreamer! Ye lobotomied cellophanic screamer!)
It is necrosis on a pedestal:
Or is this eimignosis on a patient stool
From psychocandies with the barner fool
And a brainy ubusteamer?

Ruminate me this, ye bellyfull daily breaded blissful:
Shall there be room enough to kiss
As from a basement all of this
You gather to abasement,
And forever stay remainder to abyss
And all thine hours go all amiss?

*Coalman Sunday and Zendaya are Black Euphoria: Christmas Dinerhop Islamophilia Popkabbalah Philosophic 2020s Middling Zoo:
 Euphoriatopos as antidopafiend ave maria motivation conversation poem pops the Old Ford F150:
 And do not hold her down for she is that suicidal go2ntown: oh exploitation for entertainments!
 Oh anorexias of thought for the audience to be glutton of light and spectacle vision!
 Hiphop hurrah for the scatterpuss Zandy! What a fentynol face! What a serious woman! What a corporation megastar!
 What a creatine fiend! What a beatnik hipster sheek! Whoo for the chief lighting technician!
 That transportation co-captain did work! Brought to you by Dreamcrew, The Reason Bunch, A24, Women who brought a knife to
 Prom, the team that got Osama, the conga line at a local wedding, Horace Grant in a gay leadership position,
 The Fleet Foxes, and now, an HBO Original Series! Duhdoodooduhah!*

Here is a Kurt Cobain woman who looks very mannish at cameralens: ueueue: bad emo piano music.
 Blondie needs a firemachine! What a dumpsterfire! How sheen stroker! What coolgirl! SO popular! Just gotta fit in the Hollyland!
 There's an aesthetiscene for everyone! There's an abortion of the mind for everyone!
 This girl is honestly relatable. Totally ran out because family of abuse. Feel that. Chicagoland, 2026. All of year 2021. Entire lifetime
 Here to come.

She is transitioning! No wonder! Being boygirl girlman! Probably the ruination!
 Destruction unto body for sake of moral gender dysmorphia! Whoooooooooo libertybibertly!
 Because what men want is sooooo boring and noncreative so I should be one not to prove it to me that I am better than we are!
 It's just embarrassing to fraud everyone! Goodthing we have lady california Katharine the psychotherapist in whispering NPR comfritalk!
 Whippit! Whippit! Whippit good! Gotta get existent!

And no one is anyone except what a million things have passed into and through the perceptual frame of the infant's eyes:
 and what then can we not become that would not be a lie besides what conformation to ideas of concepts unthought
 and unconsidered and underread and overbittered and turn a whiddling into the knots and smalltalks of the shallowbed
 or of the falsely idealistic or of the falsely stoical or of the farcelly empty passionstool!
 Oh how terrifying to become a personality!

Why doth fly the little eye into the dread of self's reality?
 Why seek to be some idea of something self in self-fulfillment phantasy?
 Why not respond in looking hereunto and herefrom unto other to give the layers of nakedness and the me who sayeth
 I am speaking without dishonesty?

Why not listen unto the other, and wander into entry with the sitting of existence?
 Why not respond in the genuineness of feeling, and know the feeling of the ownership from feeling of a feeling of
 what feeling another's feelings might or mightn't be of the possession?

Why the will to all confusion?
 Why the self-seeking unto perpetua?
 Why the destruction of the self of body and person for the death of everything we are?
 Why the seeking to become into the thing of otherness attraction?

 World is all in otherness! Ye cretans!
 All world is otherness is happening of elusives and instants to the unreachable!
 Existence in self as self is nonexistence unto world of real other
 than in self relation to the self and willing otherness into self as self to be and this all
 in solipsism on repeat and the ocean
 will bring thee unto deathknells and this is a place of otherness and the sun
 is an otherness and the human is an otherness
 and the trangenderism for me for me for me is not spiritual
 the spiritual is not for me for me for me
 the spiritual is not for me for me for me
 the spiritual is for world for world for world and self and otherness in the altogether relation inevitable the ineluctable communion
 of the omnipresent fact of world presence unto entire beingstate of subject waking and dependence upon existent outerworld scenario in
 sleepstate to be in not-deathland:

 what philosophical is this?
 Some tension of potatohead going into randomhouse anger fits of self-repression for fear of speech in tearfulls?
 Oh escapism for no reason! Oh silliness of dumb silence! Oh dumb hysteria of the silent people!
 Oh dumb moronism of the fear of tears!
 Sacrifice false manhood's false stoicism and cease to be lesser men than Autumn Summers the Stripshow Dragqueen:
 Everybody learns to weep instead of silence.
 Silence of the self is death unto the spirit! Silence self unto what end? Appearances? Antithesis of worldrelation?
 Antithesis of lovingworld? Antithesis of soulwill honest? Antithesis of goodness world?

Oh look! The heroin teenagers are dopefiending together and they are in love!
 What a tragedy of life!
 Skepticism of love and fullbelief in opium and corporation! What a plump disasterdivas!
 And the heshe is not wrong entire:
 the internet people are more anonymously vulnerable than the facing herenow people in the profound of a minute's passage

unto days and the quotidian mystery from the beginning unto the end of the Work of God which no man knoweth but a blink of its phanstasia.

And is it any less real to walk on a stilted sky of the representations of the representations of the representations?
Oh, to dream of sleep and sleep of dreams! Oh to walk on burning televisions!
Is this the channelstream of images wherein the polksywolksy cribbeth children unto cartoonworld in animation?
How long shall these addictions ensulfur the throat in me eyes and the drains beswallow all the dust hereunder mine fountains of the absorption of beauties unto the reality sublime which God hath Made upon the world?
OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH what selfdestruction! What horrorphlegm! What strompetting of moralnatures! What a tomb!
What a grave! What a will to kill all saints! Oh here we go! Time for teenage sex and masturbation! Euphoria, Hellfire for Teens brought to you by Hollywood!

Bloodsugar sexmagik! And what is that? The fantasy boy has another horsescrotum! Oy! World in visions of advertisements unto total godlessness! World in visions of imaginary phantasias of the internet!

*Oh bloodhound pornographs
of ages! Oh apesheet
triggerholes of years! Oh
rapescenes of degradation! Oh
how the Days of Vengefulness
are very very Near*

6

This is spectacle of the world in burning for a thrill: commercialsim upon commercialsim upon arthouse cinemasim
of the Vietnam genocidesim: this is Apocalypse now and there is a grainger lesbian in the toilet plumberrole for the ones who get it done and certainty matters to us so when you need the next event: get Plex who will advertise itself to audiences in its own present audience and this is economy Amerikana: worldsim as catastrophe and advertisements unto version of the real:
This is Amerika: playgirl bunny pornomagazine stars in the war-theatre for entertainment of the boys, the minutemen
Out there killing Kong Charley the Savagesim and
this war was genocide
this war remains genocide and
the napalm is in the soilrice and
the napalm is in the marrow of spine of the village people of Vietnam and Cambodia and Laos and
for no reason for no reason for no reason
other than Commyrubberbands and bananaland and the Charley Savage triumphed over the great USA on a bowl of jasmine rice and AK-47 and the will of men with **YHWH** God on their side.
This was a genocide
this was a genocide
this was a genocide.
500 pounds of bombs per head of civilian in whole Vietnam.
This was pure evil in the river: and the idiot children of Amerika were the pawns with rifles who poured in the bullets and bombs.
Got that silverstar: don't give a fuck about anyone. Very human. NOT savage at all.
Little Saigon: dictatorship and deathsquads brought to you by the USA: this is civility of capital and democracy:
therefore let the monks burn themselves alive in protestation of the dictators fo Amerika!
We the goodgoys are killing the badgoys out in commieland Hanoi
and the buddhists are ignoramus non-protestant savages!
Look at that pornogirl dance with cowboy inflatable guns! Here come the flight of the Valkyries in the anthem of the S.S Kommandant!
It's the Einsatzgruppen! It's the Kripoman!
Autumn 1968: frequent ambush. The camp is falling apart. Multitudes of the Vietnamese under death squad target.

*Get Ebglyss today: is it for parasitic infection?
is it for birth prevention?
is it a refridgerator that finally lets you sleep?
is it for DTF St. Louis?
what is going on out here in the suburbs?
is it like funactivity dinner & drink & arcadegames & beer at Smashpark?*

Let's go back into the sins of the fathers of America: here is deathrow:
5 million innocents in Vietnam, a million innocents in Kuwait:
this is genocidal will of the USA Armada.
This is the evangelism of Protestant Capital Democracy:
follow every order, however ridiculous: and it is all random intelligence from captive foreigners:
and what humanitarian relief! After the Good Human USA incinerated with chemical warfare the whole Vietnamese landscape for a decade: the Good Human USA for the sake of Human Rights and Democracy and Private Enterprise and the Edification of the People of Vietnam initiate third dictatorship in Saigon over Soth Vietnam and abandon the country:

thusly officially accuse Ho Chi Minh the Liberator and the Viet Cong Army of the Liberation and Self-Determination of the Vietnamese People of war crimes against the war criminals of Amerika and the Dictator beholden to and educated in America: and thereafter happily accept refugees from Vietnam into the borders of the USA to be the lowest servants and physically toiling slaves of the lowest possible wages with little to no hope accept in complete disabandonment of their native people and a will to total conformity and the disintegration of total personhood unto total integration of value and name and language and native sense of the way of life into the Great Human USA of the Great Liberty of Washington's Columbus Amerikana! Whippitee! Iran War Schizophrenes forever! Must be Zion started Amerika's do-no-goodin!

And the Great Civilization of the greatly Wise and Civilised Citizens for the United States are rolling like pigs in the pigshit trashheaps in the monsoonrain: yeah, in the deluge the Great Americans are wrestling in the mud over a plastic bag whilst waiting for a sexdoll to fuck: and she is an interesting whore with a good and beautiful heart and all solace and melancholy and birdlove: and what a happy sex doll for a pornomagazine who dreams of an innocent boy. And here comes the raping of their women. Yes, and the peoples of all other nations are lower in the totem of importance of flesh: the most expensive and valuable flesh is Americandyman: do we not know? Never let an AMERICAN be in any situation ever of any danger whatsoever overseas: this IS the travesty of all the earth, and their nation should care more about our nonpeople people than their own: because AMERICA IS A SPECIAL NATION OF A UNIQUE IDEALISM OF US CONSTITUTION AND LEIDERTY DECLARATION AND THERE CAN BE NO TYRANT HERE FOREVER.

And Vietnam is a genocide a genocide a genocide. MURDER THAT FARMER BOAT! FUNDAMENTAL PARANOID RETARDISM FOREVER!

Why do the boys of America never exit a war victorious?

For they have the sensibility of boywomen.

For that they are little girls in their heart, they cannot ever succeed in war to accomplish their ends: all they do is harvenge mass death of civilians. Vietnam War: 750 million pounds of Napalm for a nation of 35 million people: 1.1 million Viet Cong Dead: 4 Million civilians and counting.

Gestapo death squads of American Regime in South Vietnam kill 250,000 citizens for the sake of the Enforcement of American Human Rights.

This is the asshole of the world: chaos and the thrill of bullets in whiskeytango:

what is happening in the carnival of suburbia?

is that a mango from Vietnam?

MMM Yummy! Groovygoo!

Cuckoo for cocopuffs!

Sugarcream dream!

Popsicle blue concrete in Beverly City!

Whippit a deedah! Ra! Ra! Ra!

Mass electric canopy for girlwire and worm: look upon the faces of the heavenclouds and know that thou art dung of birds after the mealworm is on the surface. Here, this is it: calm in Ebglyss Once Monthly: eczema relief *and do not use if you are allergic to Ebglyss*: it is a parasitic infection: *become of snowboarding olympian today*. How would you describe smash park? *Get your chips and salsa and bloody cream in La Vista, oh Mama Bear, and have yourselves a round of beer!* What an enigma! What a code! What a game of imitations of spectacle upon mannequin and spectacle upon the show of spectacle of mannequin in imitation game of being spectacle mannequin in imitation for to be the true selfhood original!

Roach! Roach! Roach on the wire! Roach on the hill! Roach in the crevice! Roach at the zoo!

These are lesser than zoo animals: the chimpanzees are mocking you!

BOOM grenade man! Fuck you, America for the atrocities of Vietnam!

Fuck you entirely, for that everything is a game of sarcasm to you.

Die in the snailmail. Die on the blade. Sickness of the earth. Slither your way to the edge of nowhere.

The road is ever going up the river: let the boat arrive in canniballand as a tombstone.

This all in the Aucpices of the Eternity One **YHWH Elohey Y'savaot**:

and what shall the Destroyer in He bring otherwise but Judgement of Iniquity

without end: 339 years: 1693 Salem unto 2033 Washinton DC?

Here I am 13,000 miles away and 60 years later in the pink fumes of a rumination in the cinema of American genocide.

Here I go with my piecemeal.

They must think I am having a festival.

This is my festivity: genocide of Amerika the Great Babylon by the Hand of the Holy God **YHWH**:

for the Black Day Cometh:

stay out of your roots:

stay out from your former way:

stay out from your normativity:

stay out from the entirety of everything you believe is normal unto your own ways:

thus find the path of life, ye fondnesses of devils and the fascists of totalitarian bureaucracy.

Rid thee of the New Testament as it were the blasphemy of the whole host of all devils against the God of gods,

and rid thee of democracies

and rid thee of capital's servitude of money.

Rid thee of your perversions of spiritual cannibalism and carnival of dumb cartoonworld TV:

rid thee of this grand flatulence of antihuman anthropomorphic simulation of human society:

ye carnivores of torture perpetual.

Ye mongers of universal debitsferdom unto your own children.

You who do only evils under the sun in every city of the Great America without exception:
 ye entire empire of the world's unimaginable horrors of grandest quotidian evil:
 ye civilization of unearthly objects and unearthly creations in servitude to the saints of the Protestant
 Universal Liberty Corporation:
 you are the world's worst cancer in all of history: and your end will be the worst termination in the history of
 the collapses of all the great empires of the earth:
 yours has given only evil and abominations upon abominations and abominations upon the earth,
 and the only redemption has been a late participation in WW2 Europe,
 and a consistent monetary alliance with *Eretz Am Yisrael* through the decades.
 That was worth your time:
YHWH Is God and there is No other.
 But *you* will change this policy: for *you* are wicked, and there is not intelligence within your borders,
 and there is not wisdom in this great nation:
 and in a blink after this betrayal and reversal upon those who have done you no wrong,
 your death will happen in the most extraordinary and thoroughgoing fashion:
 and all of the great builders who thought "Our works shall never fall: for we are too big to fail and collapse
 entirely" will be Shown the Power of **YHWH** Who Is Master of All Things under the heaven and beyond.
 Boohoo! Boohoo! Bauhaus whoo! France really really really wanted to keep that Vietnamland! Bummer! Aww!
 SO Sorry! *Ouiou!* Ah, Mademoiselle!
 At least the French walk out! Steam in talk! Fight with freedom of tongue!
 Accordion come! *Voila!* Walk out in sturm und drang!
 Oh, and the French Imperialists have always been worse than the French in homeland's slate.
 And so on with the English, and the Spanish less but also too.
 Yes, but the Amerikans are evildoers everywhere without exception and think themselves entitled
 to the deific moral and nationalistic and intellectual reverence of the entire earth,
 and those who do not can never tell the difference between that and this and everything else:
 and because their God of America's Americabeing is proved false:
 so the God of all beings is proved in their heart false also unto themselves.

But look! It's cleaner, whiter, and fresher!

It's got to be the tide!

It must be the tsunami on the tide!

It must be the fissure in the wake!

It must be the volcanoes of Hawai'i in the break!

It must be the unexpected with everything on the line!

It must be the toiletseat whose throne is the porcelain white of every baby born in the USA!

It must be the muzzles on the luminous oculus blink!

It must be the astonishment of ages!

It must be the death of all good things while America's great masterdom is wishing!

And the Christians call themselves the children of heaven, for the New Testament says so:

I call myself anointed dust: and no thing of dust shall I worship. And look!

Our hero gets romantic with une chere du Francoise, and she is belle dame amie:

and I am never the exactness of was nor is what is that I step in which once is wherein I was:

Oh birth and life! Oh death and the candlewax therefrom! Oh sliver of the flesh! Oh sliver of the stuff of soul!

Oh pale magnifique! Oh magnifique!

It is vital that you are alive! You are alive! That is the truth!

Oh my reader, can you understand me? Was I always a special connotation in the Speech of God?

How connubial the cinema! How connubial the saxophone and metallic bird upon the wheel of screeching centuries!

Where did the fog go, when the passage broke into our weeping?

I am lost here...I am lost here...is this the uprising of the night?

This the division between the abysses and the lights?

I am wandering...wandering: who goes there?

Oh it is the jungle of crows and corpses:

corpses and corpses and cannibals and corpses and corpses and crows.

This is the end of the cinemaland America:

this is the end of America.

Part of this act is a hypocrisy: and yet give me this song twice and I will give you a thousand flowers.

This is my second time: the first written week Christmas 2025: entire journal of a hundred poems lost in Chicago January 15 2026.

YHWH Is the Owner of the galaxy of the metaphysic of days: and all His Ways are Judgement:

therefore who am I? And it was a sadness: but by tomorrow I will have spoken this lamentation twice:

and He has Given me Radiance instead: I do not mind the losses: it is Good to accept His Taking for a Sacrifice.

And the primitive people are more beautiful, after all.

And the enemy of America is more friend to the rest of the earth, is he not, than any of America's servants?

Anyone who sayeth: "I am an American! American civilian for pridelife!"

This fool is photojournalist. Fool as tourist. Fool as consumerist. Fool as democrat. Fool as republican. Fool as protestant. Fool as catholic.

Fool as muslim. Fool as atheist. Fool even as the Jew. Fools all who act proud of an American citizenship.

Little men. Ragged claws. Silent seas and scuttling. Little men all.

And the enemy of the Great Amerika shall be the prophet of YHWH God.

No more pictures, please: these are Americans: evil evil evil: ye Ra! Ye Ra! Ye Ra!

No more pictures please: I have places to be elsewhere than this dustbowl for maggotbread and roachplunder and wormsoup.

סלף ראמן

7

There's hazelnuts in here? Mmm, sweetcreamy chocolatemilk: is that blood in this?

But the dark is so bittersweeted! And the angels taste like vanilla!

It's multipurpose! It's panbanging! It's creamcheese action! It's a little bit of lemons, a little bit vanilla: cup for cup

and smooth for smooth: this is the news! Brought to you by the National Broadcasting Company at Rockefeller Plaza

Manhattan! Thank you grandma! Will this cookbook make you happy? And what new colorectal cancer advances

Has Herr Doktor from the horrible warmup in the clouds from the Eastwind? And what feminism's corporate branch

shall Miss Minkoff Becca reveal from the Founder's Collective? Go take a victory lap around the house right now!

This is the ensemble entrydoorhouse at Roanoke, Virginia: the nation's best warranty:

No dimes and no nickels until the Ides of March have passed their expire!

Right here, fantastic New Orleans! Primary races, midterms, congressional balloteers:

Transparency? Never. Translucence? Complete: this is the spectacle of the newsies:

banalities unto the spin: the spin unto the silence. Oh I think it were but loathfull violence,

and at Beauty First, we put your beauty first. Now: the Today Show: it's alright with Jenna Bush and Cocopuff Sheinelle!

Rhythm & Blues, Sneakers & Sandals: why does boldnew Demi Moore pivot her aesthetic overweekend fashion-bob?

Who is her date? It is tiny little microdog: Pilaf the everywhere chihuahua: he is a Mexican on the leash of the American Woman:

And Jeena does not allow the kittens to be onboard the flight: sorry! Italia is for hoomonos! Maisy is not allowed!

Muffin was a stray! I loev petsels! Pooooooooooooop! Whopp! Skittles! Bees! Truth sticks for a nickel please!

This leads me here:

How many angels are upon the hairpin of the needle?

Oh scholastic! I'd say thirty-one

Were I turned into a catladylover!

And in my bed is three to me:

And how do I approach the situation?

Look at those faces!

This is emergent unto the Sublime beyond: and I am very nervous about the entire ordeal:

Am I going to have a stray heart attack? This is a big world, Mother!

Is it a season of paradise? Red apples are good! But when I think about these angels,

I fumble my mealy bimbones in fright: what do I about them?

When I concentrate: they gargyle around the house: I might schizophrenic be: but these seamstresses *are* elevated:

And this *is* a blindfold! Guess what: the schoolhouse apples were imported from Mongolia:

Yes, the schoolhouse is a fertile ground for appletrees: No, the Americans do not believe in fruit trees.

Are you at risk of morbid obesity, Mr. Goy Cholesterol? Is that Doctor Shit-Zoo with anti-dandruff haricare?

Is that Pamela Anderson posing as Gene Simmons? No! It's Mucinex for severe phlegmatism of the bloodcurdles of the milk

which you swallow, ye fattening grossherd! Ye supersyrum skinpeople! And grandma supports you!

What a good cruise! Time for a rheumatoid arthritis injection! Shove that needle in the bone! (Some side effects may be death and lymphomatic infection...) Ask your doctor if Injectionpops are right for you! He'll get a big raise if you do!

Let us descend to sexy chaos!

What unravels in the namelessness of me?

Am I spiraling into the nonsensical?

I feel extraplanetary lately.

I have an obsession with becoming more than flesh.

I HAVE DONE NOTHING WRONG: I did not do pushups and recitations of prophecy from memorization yesterday:

this is become the list of my sins, this and the vegan foodstuffs of factory sweetums.

I kissface with YHWH God all the time: you should see me at the discohouse.

What a background crash in symbolism! I SUCKED ROLLIPOLLIES IN THE VALLEY OF MILWAUKEE I DID!

From Manchester? From Liverpool? From the Oxford Abbey? NO! I HIDE MY FARTS NEAR WOMEN ONLY ON OCCASION

WHEN I AM DESPERATE.

Nay, nay, from here where horse under Ponca winnied and shall winnie more:

Call me of Nebraska brood: I brood upon the gumminess of jellyworms,

the whatchamacallit of TV Yachtclub, the masters of deception,

mutations of the human form: my antidepressants are prayer and the Kissface in Love of YHWH

and sing *HalleluYah* worldunto:

My psychosis? Creamy peanutbutter and wholegrain wafers and a coldpool: yes: their normal to me is become psychosis
 Of the holiness in judgementbearing. You eat filth in Europe and call it grand: they eat petfood here:
 It looks like real food and is cooked to human standards: but only farmer's dogs should eat that meat:
 I do not eat that abomination of torture and disease!

How many of you are medicated? How many of you have disease and mass confusion and cramps and fever and rash
 and nervous problems and fear-syndromes and autosomal triggerwarns and speak all lies and deceit
 and think your daily comfort in all of situation human entitled as the selfhood shrine of sacred?

Oh and they are all such excellent and talented liars! What cultureness! What wisdom of betrayals! What aristocraticness!
 I am so much brighter than all of you for I hate lies.

This is a comedy of rawdeath. I am watching the Today Show: fourth hour with Jenna & Chanel
 and a Rich Gay Asian Cowboy.

He is unassuming: what a mystery! What a Gosling! What a sexappeal! What Irishgirl! She is celibate a year! How pretty!
 Sorry! Roomservice in Dublin! Learn me name and learn it well! Oh well.

Nobody knows who I am: the jokester? No: I am a pedant and a larkspur in the city.
 I comedian when I am most sociopathic: theirs be grave of cannibals and massdeath:
 I laughter when I am most misanthropic. This is me at my most flummoxing and hateful.

I passionloathe all of the great inventions of the modern people.
 All the engineers are neanderthals to me.
 I think their education is a tradeschool.

I believe they are exalted slaves and banal as all the plumbers of the earth who livetalk in bottomless pride.
 Because they created lies and schemes and built the world in the abominate image of Metropolis:
 This is the disintegration of mankind called evolutionary progress.
 This is the complete and thoroughgoing decay the human existence of the Real of five hundred years called as
 the enlightenment of the soul in the great ideal of the science of Christendom.

It is tremfya as teleology! It is the medicineman for fatigue! It is Sailor Jerry's whiskey and viagralchemistries for your genitalia!
 It is industrial meat for dogs served to men! It is ethos of life as insurance! It is manliness exalted as the ideal woman!
 It is passivity and servility exalted as the ideal husband! It is feminista renaissance! It is corporation Liberty!
 It is botoxface and a house of antipsychotics to prevent the feeling of sadness!
 It is diagnostics of insanity unto all who do not feel satisfied in the quotidian alienation of total atomism!
 It is a ghettoland apartment sold as the riches of the bureau! It is Kim K fragrances and Jennermanlady surgeons!
 I am the connector: look from here to here:
 Such fun having babies nowadays! Send them to university as the great ideal of primordial officejob:
 go to spacepilot road and get married richgirl! It is total serfdom unto debt! It is death of wondersense!
 It is a silence of death in the neighborhood full of children. It is the silence of death in cities of millions.
 The silence of the outerspace. The silence of the void.

But the littlegirls can be inspired to be an astronaut since 1975 and it is new today because this lady did it now and she is the great
 inspiration and it is so important that she is science-based for the dyslexic community for a long time because ADHD has Flynn and she is so
 excited to pop her pussy in Cape Canaveral! Oh but she ends up in Myrtle Beach, and what an adventure! Funsies! Poopfood! Blowjob brother
 USA! This is the freewomanland with skyrizi—an IL-23 inhibitor which repairs the intestinal lining from the flesheating disease of maggots and
 worms in the meat which man must eat in order to not eat plants and bread because unlimited plants and bread would be effective starvation
 for the Modern Man of the Superprogress of Science and Knowledge: wow! And what shiny certified hair that famewalker lassie has! Here is the
 obscene: periodblood on a TV to sell vaginal pads which are better bloodswallowers than than the average pad! Live! on-air and streaming!
 keeping you safe!

Does anybody understand? Or has it become confusion?
 This is overload of the absurd. This is overload of commercialism, and no thing is of the real thing.
 This is the Tuesday morning news: 24 hours a day, every day of the week: without rest: for your safety
 and safety knowledgekeeping. And here is a boring remix of Bob Marley: exaltations of the banal as the Quotidian:
 refusal of the quotidian banal and acknowledgement of its banality as proclamation of schizophrenia.
 Yes, IQ test above 145: schizophrenia the diagnosis. Readership of philosophy: schizophrenia the diagnosis.
 Obedience to *Torah* of **YHWH** in non-conformism with the common: schizophrenia the diagnosis.
 Any form of nonconformism to the common of the protestant invasion: schizophrenia the diagnosis.
 Call them on their house of lies: thou art the evildoer now.
 Exhort them to do right: thou hast become the criminal and enemy of their way of life.
 Put your records on: everything is propaganda which they can swallow into themselves.
 I want you to despair, my reader.
 I want you to hate yourself and everything that you own and that you are as a disonant and disintegrate and perverse
 version of transmutant humanity: your apathies are the grandest abhorrence of the existence of the earth.
 There is nothing good in you: do not *amen* to me: everyone who has never experienced the Finger of Eternity
 tremble your core into your skull and fetish thy personhood from the shaking of thy body in the heat of
 prayer through Ecstasy: do not speak of knowledge: I will not listen to your opinions anymore: they do not matter.
 Tell me anything else about your life: tell me what you suffer: tell me I can relate to:
 You do not know anything of God: you do not know your own life and livelihood or how it happens

to not be for the entire earth an earthly good: and do not become euphorias of your humility now:
If you have no will to the discipline of the studies of knowledge: your thoughts of your own knowledge
are without value, and that is without exception: do I offend you? Do I hurt your feelings?
Eat your meat then, and become a cannibal. Lose your own salvation, and choose not humility unto repentance.
It will not be very warm today: I am filled with a physical hatred in my soul: it animates me
unto the holiness of the righteous: it is a luminous hatred of fury: the hatred is of lies and greed and the
holocaust of mankind to their own pride and will to retardation for the sake of comfort, and I do hate all arrogance of
man: I know that I am dust and food maggots: I slime and shitting: and the USA has only ever done good in alliance with
Yisrael: but its people believe its only evil is Yisrael in alliances.
They hate my people: I will condemn them to cannibalism of each other for years and civil war and famine and plague.

But oh thou Rabbi! Thou art dumbwrought for this dumb Purim! Dumb dumb dumb and abominate Amerika Purim!
Bad dog! Bad gatekeeper! Bad who hath barked away tens of millions from the congregations of Yehudah!
Bad dog who hath barked away the friendship of newcomers to scrutinize them unto belittlement!
Bad dog who keepth servants in labour on the Shabbos!
Bad dog who hath hired evil goypolice who hasten to do crime and violence against your own people
whom they do not seem to recognize as normative of your congregation!
Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! Rabbi!
Bad dog! Get thee down! **YHWH** hath shown me thy books,
and hath Told me His Furies upon thee,
but thou scribe of old: scribe thou shalt be:
time to become men of war and men who can enjoy a day of peace.

Shame upon thee forver. Shame upon the name of Akiva and Hillel.
Shame upon the name Maimonides. Shame upon the Zohar.
Shame upon the Baal Chasidim. Shame upon the Rabbi: for my poor people has no soul in them for Truth:
My poor people of the congregation are sold to America for the price of an ensemble of securefeelings:
And the shepherds of my people have brought ruination unto Yaakov in America.

Yes, and the secular of Yisrael have more of the spirit of Yehudah and of the soul of Yaakov and of goodness and of the
welcoming and of the neighborlove and of the jocommunal and of the heart of warriors in them

than the orthodox and the hasid of anywhere there or elsewhere. Thus has Spoken **YHWH** unto me:
Thou, oh Rabbi, hast made the *Tôrâh* an abhorrence: for thou hast turned the *Tâlmud* into it entire as a replacement:
thou, oh Rabbi scribe, *que pasa con ha'Purim? Porque están mitzvosim en ha'Purim? Lo ha'mitzvot mi'Sinai?*
Atah Moshe? Atah ha'Navi? Quien atah?

Nobody. None were. Stubborn as mule. Refusers of the speech of My Name.
But thou hast erased My Name from the mouth of My poor people, Spaketh **YHWH**
And you are a rusty lord who speaks of the sunshine of *Tôrâh* as if it were a great and tired burden:
It is like springtime in midwinter: and you complain and you moan of not perfect comfort and all pleasure.
Therefore I have made the secular the favored of My peope: for they have not hypocrisies in all their ways:
You will eat your condemnations, Rabbi.
For my servant is a Dutchboy and pretty product of the Welsh and Danes:
His blood is impure: this is to embarrass you completely:
You thought you would have him at your best?
I give him to you at your worst and most desultory as an act of Mercy:

thus you might abandon your house of follies and strictures unto blasphemies against My *Tôrâh*:
You will not be teachers in Yisrael any longer. You will not be judges.

I have spoken, Spaketh **YHWH**, and I will fulfill.

Is this what you believe can cotinue? The funtime of the mammothmachines of the great 21 century?

Hast thou naught except delusions? Can you teach a sentence if thou has not judgement?

My servant shall come to thee, and he will laugh.

My servant shall come to thee, and will mock your pride and mock your majesties and mock your phylacteries
and mock your customaries practiced *as the Law*: he will mock your *Tâlmud* in the street and scorn it for lack
of intellectual rigor: he will mock the *Mishneh Tôrah* and burn the blasphemies of *Kabbalah*. He will prove thee
with gentile philosophies which have understood Me better: you have embarrassed the tribe of Levi,
and you have become a scourge to the religion of Yisrael: you call heresy a purist faith unto the *Tôrâh*:
Heresy has become any questioning of the authority of those who claim an infallible oral keeping of a book of a hundred
Volumes for a thousand years: what shall the sentence be?

The Sanhedrin shall be elders of men and women known for wisdom and integrity:

And the Priesthood shall be of Levi and My Kohanim forever,

And the regime of the teachings of the Rabbis shall be discontinued and forgotten forever.

Thus Spaketh **YHWH** unto me, throughout the times and times of going and staying and coming.

And the weather channel wants you to stay inside on the TV all day long.

And the Epstein files are the witchhunt of distraction.

And the Epstein game is spectacle for hiding: what is happening in Siloicon Valley today?

And now the question is to create total conspiratorial thinking: did little Yisrael force Trump by means and measures incapable to their military and economic capacity liberate an entire nation and a whole region from the Dictatorship of the Ayatollah of Terrorism in America and Europe and Yisrael plenty also? What motivation could the President of the United States have to do anything ever in the Middle East? Ask the past 200 years of the historical timeline! Let that be the immediate beginning!

Not this: "JEWS JEWS JEWS BAD MUST CONSPIRACY BECAUSE DONT KNOW ANY AND THE PODCASTER SAID PROBABLY DUH AND NEWSMAN GREENER SAID SOMETHING KINDA ISRAEL BAD: and this is the intelligence level of this people:

And a president who does what is right despite the will of the public to do evil and rationalize evil is now evil to the liberalmind who cannot confess to a good thing: what a shock! I remember when conservative TV was this but a decade ago:

Everyday toward total division of families: everyday toward total division of ignorance from ignorance and be dumb and be astonished and be shocked and be panged because everytime is a nonbetterment: and the Iranian people all over the world celebrate: but this white lady on TV is concerned about the price of oil in Germany because of Iranian warfare and this should be a lobsterfest for everyone why is there warfare: it's because Israel because they are Jews Jews Jews:

What is the obscenity of evil? This entirely: the anaphalaxis of the UN's model women who are a parasitic infection presented as the manifestations of progress and enlightenment of mankind. What is my hatred? Everything of this disasters scene of totalitarianism upon the whole humanity, and I will be very very very loud about it:

therefore tremble, ye mighty

and ye masters of Adam:

YHWH *is the God of my Vindication*

and the God of Retribution for his servant Yisrael:

you have begged and pleaded for His Wrath:

now He will Eat you alive:

and I will do His bidding happily:

Enjoy your paranoia for this little in-between the now and the great calamity time.

8

THE EVENT IS NOT EVEN THE SPECTACLE OF EVENT ANYMORE: THE EVENT IS ONLY THE SPECTACLE AS SPRAWL OF POLITICAL ENTERTAINMENT: THE COVERAGE OF EVENT AS COVERAGE OF EVENT IS THE REAL:

THIS IS NOT A WAR: THIS IS A SKIRMISH: THIS IS AN ASSASSINATION OF A DICTATORSHIP: THIS IS THE LIBERATION OF IRAN:

Coverage of event as coverage of event: conspiracy of Yisrael and Mossad to force CIA and US Government to Geneva Violation War on Poor Ayatollah

because Marco Rubio said this thing about immanent threat of retaliation against US Embassy *and* Israel: therefore Israel is the reason for all removal of dictatorships in the Middle East and you should be concerned about Jewish Federation of America because the removal of the Iranian Dictator of Terrorism is dead by USA bullets and Israel is happier today alongside the entire Iranian people but we are not: therefore the Jews are evil: and the USA Trump Administration is evil because he is friend of Jew nation: this is the installation of coverage for sake of entire paranoia. Six deaths in wawawar! EMERGENCY TERROR! EVERYONE RUN FOR LIVES WORLD WAR THREE FOREVER NOW ALREADY! FORGET ABOUT 20 YEARS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN FOR OUR PERSONAL VENGEANCE AND OIL WAR! NOW IS NOW AND THE PAST IS NOT REAL! THERE IS NO HISTORY AND THERE CAN BE NO CONTEXT: ONLY EVENT OF THIS DAY WHICH WAS OF YESTERDAY DAY AND UNTIL PRESIDENT DOES WHAT MEDIAMAN SAY IT IS SPECTACLE OF CAPITAL DEMOCRACY IN TOTAL NEWSFEED FOREVER! YES THE EVIL JEWSTATE CAUSED THE USA TO KILL THE IRANIAN DICTATORSHIP OF TERRORISM AND EXECUTIONISM AND THIS IS EVILNESS OF WAR: do not remember the history of Latin America: no, the USA answers in its evil only to Israel ever: otherwise Vietnam is not real, Korea is not real, Honduras is not real, Chile is not real, Venezuela is not real, Cuba is not real, the Phillippines is ancient history of 1895 and therefore cannot possibly be real, no, there was no regime after regime after regime of elected leaders in Latin America murdered and deposed by the CIA for decades to make servants of the whole Latin America to the USA: this did not happen: no, though you can read it in every book of written history about the United States in Governance in relation to Latin America: and can enter any of those lands freely and discover it: the newsmedia sayeth it did not happen by acting like nothing ever has happened like this herentoow event rightnow paranoia mass historyfirst event before: because the podcasters sayeth duh Israel did it: and America is the perfect union of all peoples: and the Jews are Influence Synagogue of Satan:

This is a pentecostalistic country for Transverstites and Gay Asians and Caucasian Whorewomen and Black Culture of Athletes and Rappers and Poptarts and 400 Sodapops and Beerlovin Stripperbooties and Beerchuggin Bluecollars Proudly and a hundred million fratboys: not for Jews! Those are lick readers! We hate them! They can go their country which shall not exist because they need to be Hitler'd!

Thus saith the fathappy retardist called the everyday American. And, Reb Nahum,

because you are the only man in America still reading this, get thee out of the hellfire of the human intelligence called USA Nation on the earth. This nation has the blood of every nation great and small upon its hands from beneath its own pyramids and the vast and overwhelming and rapid destruction of all the earth in visions of metropolitan sprawl as its evangelism of the good and wealth of nations by force and coercion unto all and every evil of the human spirit imaginable, and has seduced into its bed of Universalist Protestant Democracy of Cpaital Whoredom: use your halfway *talmud*rotted brain in this for any sense at all: do you desire the blood of our nation also upon its hands in total mob of genocidal violence in order to discern its Judgement? There can be no exaggeration of the evils of this country: the scale exceeds the firmament itself, and orbits the planet in 15,000 aeronautical bugs whose only use is to consume the atmospheric separation between the

earth and the waters beyond. There is no redemption for this land: only the redemption of the entire earth otherwise by its complete annihilation by the Hand of **YHWH** and in the mouth of its own raging and infinite glut.

9

Facebook girls be simpin people out like for lief in the planteworld of Beefheart and tutu magnetschools:

And here the the lady on CNN: Global Media Corporation of the USA:

At present the story is attempt to accuse President of Opposition Part of General War Crimes to Stoke and Pander to Mass Jewhatred and Conspiratorial Antizion Thoughtvision:

Here is the word of our reporter from Minab:

Asa Casltebury Hernandez: a former advisor on state policy police of the Human Defairs Apartment:

(Senior Deputy Advisor to State Department?)

"Well my my my big question is: is that is there ano investigation and right now there is ian investigation so we need to see what plaiys out with respect to that investigation and also it proves that we need to see more better targeting and also that we need to definitely avoid soft targets like schools because that would definitelely make this process a lot more complex more complicated when it comes to the security environment and that can make things more intense." She is on for 20 more minutes.

BREAKING NEWS: TRUMP: IRAN HIT SCHOOL THAT KILLED 180+ PEOPLE, NOT U.S. LIVE CNN 12:11 Am ET.

Newsman stirs: what? Dissolution of unity of masses during wartime? I what? Accusation of misfire in modernwarfare

as a primary and uncommon event? To end what? All civil tethers between people of their own nation? To happiness this: tether blame unto whom? Rump USA and Israel Zionists?

I see you

Goebbelsian smile condescension:

I see you

Puritanic-fascist-mexigenerationthird-homoconglomerationman.

This is me at my most iconic:

He's not ruling out the possibility of a trooper:

Just in a case: need strong justification for war against party of nation of 100,000,000

whose dictatorship and military's anthem is "Death to America"

Need militarily justification for potential benefits of whether US or jointforces needs

annihilate dictatorship in major trade region which threatens to build jihadempire in Mideast Center

In allegiance with China and Russia: what does USA gain?

Oh! I ma no patriot: but the Free Press is a criminal organization.

President Trump is required to remind to people's mass hysteria that deaths are, yes, a part of war.

Here we go! After the commercialism break:

You can see the childrens' murals on the walls and there are families because ISRAEL IS MURDERING LEBANON:

EMERGENCY ALERT ISRAEL BOMBETH BUILDINGS IN LEBANON:

(Enter: sad and condescendingly faux-disappointed voice of Englishman)

"The destruction and devastation is plain to see."

Trump and Israel with 12,000 bombs! Who cares what anybody knows?

"FREE FREE PALESTINE

STOP ARMING ISRAEL

FUCK FUCK FUCK

NAZI JEWS! NAZI ZION! KILL THE JEWS FOR ZION!

OH! I never would have thought to say it:

Thank God for Republicans 2026 USA.

Thank God for the Republicans honestly. Oh! Holy shit! But do these people hate the poor!

Thank God for the Republicans. They liberals hate the poor too anyway.

They all mostly hate the Jews.

At least they do not hate every allegiance of the United States.

Because they do not have as partyline demagogue-charisma tagline: "Israel is all evil: Rid Israel forever. All Jews represent Israel."

Because the others do and half the rest of them also.

Voterstock as telling of the tolerance of cost of America for coalescece.

I hate these Catholics who talk like concerned and disappointed mothers.

Paranoia? At fisher investments they get to know you and your whole portfolio.

Extreme weather declareth stay outside: get Pella windows.

Botox Cosmetic: by Celebrity Hollywood Lady: no more lines:

Symptoms right away may signify immediate death: eyelid drooping? Delfina got Botox Cosmetic Repair!

Get your hoofjackets for your feet! It's all about never touching anything!

It's like Smash Park: they do it all.

Dinner and drinks but also Pickleball. In La Vista.

Ice-T could eat you alive: how much do you love you kids? Get carshield: class dismissed: Call 8500-254-7250

Headlines:

Trump at ceremony for Soldiers who were Killed: Trump Blasts Starmer for Lack of Stupport:

US Gas Prices Surge to Highest Average Since 2024: Normal Normal Normal Mundane Mundane Mundane: Presentation?

Paranoia freakout Breaking News Alert ALL is Hurricane ALL is Emergency: ALL is Protohysteria mad:

ALL is Pandaemonia: ALL is Horrorshow deathcon:

All is nouveau-stargazer says there is all new and never history has been only ever all historical is the now

There is no history no history no history

There is no worldfact no worldreal no lifereal only

Newsreal newsreal newsreal

This is the suburbs honey are we there yet to the flagship rollerpark performance spectacle: for the protestant workhour: "My president better be Praying to Jesus for me! Secretly I do know it is all for pretend but I better see that man in holy prayer to Jesus otherwise he's not knowable as My president of wartheatre! Them is American goodboys out there like hides protecting our skins of free porkliver and I ain't gonna listen to nobody tell me what to thank about whose that what is! I am my own Bufflo Bill!"

Kuwait is now suffering because of this! First timer that for America! Fire of Hostile drones from Iran.

But look at Evil Israel! They are striking oil in Iran! Wickedness itself!

Iran is apparently targeting military bases in the Arabian Peninsula: like, what?

Those are never supposed to face war.

Here is a voiceover woman with solemn pianomusic in some Iranian Propaganda Videos from CNN from the US Public:

Iran will kill the Americans, and must win this war: *do not worry, America*: the crown jewel of American defense systems is under threat

By superatmospheric ballistic missile: in Qatar: situation is more impressive: Iran will win by design:

Therefore they will get Israel for this: the Islamic Republic needs to survive: But Evil Izreel has destroyed them thoroughly.

This is a big fire: look: those people are not happy because of Trump and Izreel: Izreel is the Evil Problem:

Imagine being a million miles away from somewhere in a society of totalitarian social alienation as a quotidian norm

where all consumption is upon massdeath and slavery upon a genocidal grave as a hegemonic global empire and pointing the finger at a nation the size of Wales. Now our anchorman is obviously hoping for WW3: go for China War!

What are these things? Are these the servants of pure evil?

Everybody must live forever! This is America! Everybody happytime!

There can be no sacrifices under any circumstances ever under the sun: this is pleasuretime for me!

I gotta do my job, Miss Telepathy! I cannot no babysit some pansy!

I am the Iowa Caucus with a farm and a bow!

The avengers need me! I gotta poo!

BOOM superfight! NOBODY DIE!

If you save every life on the city, then the whole earth might explode: there is a choice to make:

Well, make a choice! NO! This is America! Where else are we gonna go extinct?

We cannt decide: earth for humankind or planet democracy unto AI!

BOOM! Deus ex Machina!

The CIA will get 'em! The FBI will do the candy!

Gotta get them bogeys on the starboard flank!

America's warmachine of slaves! Protect the earth from humans for stuffthings that people do for good economy of nature forever!

Whooh! Dipsah! Billions dead for media protection of nefarious California!

Proverb of Yisrael: "Meanwhile in California..."

What time the zephyrs ache? What hour is the zucchini in the biscuit?

This a drone: and next is the entire earth of pluonium warheads in the total control of machine intelligence:

How could we possibly not care right now about 30 people in Tehran and the transvestite bathroom dilemma?

How could we possibly not also give to the Palestine Houthi-Hezbollah-Hamas Triple H Jewriddance Insurance Policy against

Genocide by children of the imperialist colonoist white survivors of genocide for being nonwhite?

Elon is gonna ignite the stratosphere? Baffling! What do you think of what Tuckermunch said of Turkiye?

I think the Tuckerbucker needs to pucker his buttcheeks with a hundred scorpions in them!

I think the Rita Margarita called Church of Pentecostalist needs a hundred pythons in the seats!

Oof! Oh lalaland of lalaloop of lalascoop of lalastuff!

Oh lalamagazine of lalasheen and lalaleaner lalapuff!

SOMEBODY DIED IN HEZBOLLAH IZREEL IS CONSPIRACY MEAN EVIL BECAUSE WE HEARD ABOUT IT THEREFORE THE OFFICIAL STORY IS SORTED BY TEN OFFIAl SORTIES AND THE SIX SAID THIS WAS THE OTHER THING THAN WHAT THIS FOURTH OTHERS ONE THING ALSO SAID THEREFORE WE WILL JEWKILL TIME BECAUSE I AMERICAN DONT UNDERSTAND NEWSTIME

And God Knoweth it. **YHWH** has laid it up from the beginning of this country:

It feels like death is everywhere: they will hang Jewish bodies like trophies and pretend themselves to national heroism with Black Magik Woman in radiosounds of genocide in the Synagogues of America.

They will slaughter with joy and orgiastic violence all the foreigners under the very next president after this.

a pillow in a batting cage? Death should never happen to anyone!
Ah! Hollywood of National Empire of Catholic Golgotha USA! ALI war must be approved of by the Church before it can be Permitted.

Mistake me not: this is circusfreaks of womanhood posed as Ironmen.
Men who prefer their face be smooth as snake or woman to prove self as gentleman: these womanfaced gentiles:
Imagery is all: shaven face: Catholic as a priest. Goatee on Tony? Italy in America: motorbiker dirtbag Priest of Luther.
Nordic Australian! This one is the King of the Aryan Nordic Race! The godman among them! And why is Scarlett the Jewess here?
Because this is America, blonde! Everyone is welcome to be a noone man from nowhere anymore nohere USA Herr Guv'ner!

I feel like Bruce: I need a Jewess myself to rub me down from the Solemn Rage of God He Forces in my heart of depths.
Wait until you meet me in the Drunkenness of the Spirit of **YHWH**.

It is all Wrath and Beauty.

I want to scalp the enemies of **YHWH** God and Yisrael as a warpoet and a princess as king lepidoptera in poesies.

You should see me as a man of war: I will call it bathwater and then sing operalullabies to crows and larkbirds.

Let the gates of hell be full of the screams of Jewhaters.

I am speaking to no one but Jews anymore, anyway. You're staying right?

What's the usage? I speak to what timeplace? Will this knocker live a lifetime or three hereafter?

Gosh. 200 years wouldn't be bad on something like this. I am no romantic anymore:

Rough history. When it's gone and the approved homeostasis is here:

This file can go to the nonsense of scientific experiment in intellectual war of the poet.

Every poet is a gun and a builder.

Compositional analysis? The jewel is protective housing: the Television is all facade: it cannot exist anymore:

This is instantaneous entertainment of silicon humanoids.

The scientists can eat the dust of death. The engineers can be all gone.

All the women are whores who act like men: they have no elegance nor any natural effeminessence:

They have a pocketfull of protocol an artificial intelligence and bronzer: and is that Veronica over her shoulder as a
ghastly threat over her judgement and expression of personhood? Does Elon Musk want to be Mr. Stark for protection against alien,
or is he going to rip open the atmosphere with those satellites? Oh my people, why do they obsess upon thee? Because they are lunatic, stupid
by every force of their own will and by the will of every institution of their worldview: thus they have disintegration and unitarian
protestantism beneath the Geneva Convent: the world as one Unitary Goyim: Peace in our Time! Peace in our Time! Peace in our Time! The
Goyim are the Evil the Goyim are the Murderers the Goyim are the Genocidal.

The Chsitendom wanteth all to be white. The Chistendom wanteth all as the Protestantish Universal Studio of Corporation White:
this is the warmachine story: Catholic Universal Crusader of Capital: Universal Disneyworld of Global Democracy and White Protestant
Feminism:

And aren't those whores so humble? BOOM! Classy! What a drag! What a temper! What a hag!

What a shagoff! What a stag! What a girlfriend! What a nag! Kill the magazine men! Burn the television set!

Cease the degradation! Cease the liberation act! Cease the pretension to morality!

The whole world is visions of total obscenity and there is a censure on words that express what is happening.

Why do I get this hammer and this gun of lines?

You people are all killers: you are all murderers in your soul. You are all emptiness of life with you.

(This is for the murderers and the empty of soul in the flesh. If you are Israeli, and reading this:

Peace in our time.

Halleluyah Halleluyah Halleluyah

And there is only one path to peace:

The extinction of the mechanisms of the evil of man:

The extinction of the internet: the extinction of the towards of surveillance: the extinction of the nuclear and nuclear code:

The extinction of the robot: the extinction of totalitarianism of world-democracies:

the extinction of the Great Christendom of Babylon and Egypt, of Greece and Rome:

The extinction of the Jihadist of Islam: the extinction of the warmachines:

The extinction of all of the modalities of television:

The extinction of the Kabbalah, the sorcerermanuals, the commercialism of Mass Capital, the factories of Industrialism from Yisrael:

The extinction of the Metropolis of the destruction of the world: the extinction of the Unitarian Global Goyim

of the Geneva of the Ethic of Martyrs and Catholic Masters of the Servantking whose Will is Sadism.

I am what you waited for: I know what they are:

We will make right the error internal

And from their bowels will rip them apart like the selfhating destroyers

And cannibals of toothpaste morals

And worldpeace sloganeers that they are.

What do we think God Is?

This is a smokescreen: everything has already been erased in the dishes.

Wait! I know that guy: he is operating outside of the realm of the conventional:

Ethiopia is an ally: Somalia is not.

The Persian and the Pashtunwali are friends: the Pakistani and the Yemeni and the Saudi King is not.

Is that a bullet I have fired? Is that led between the temples?

Did we not know? Is this your first time? Should I be afraid?

Nipsyfish and nipsykits and wipsydoodooda in the pittles!

I whip the skit and bip the bittles!

And is the chargeman here or did he skip the riddles?

Upon this Rock I will build my church: the idols of Jesus are fallen.

The idol of Mohammed is fallen. The idol of Gabriel is fallen.

The idol of the hollow men is fallen. Do not compare me to God.

Captain America: God's selfrighteous customer of war.

Let us explain my evil plan: let there be justice and freedom and death to all the tyranny: all of them: all of the tyranny be gone

and removed with complete permanence by a lot of war. Sound tyrannical? Or revolutionary?

How many voices of whitegirls echo in the head of those who feareth revolution?

What is the revolution?

The master of the World is in the United Nations. Eurovision. The Worldbank. Global EuroCorpus USA.

Their tactic? Mindphase the masses into belief of all masterdom as secret scheme of little itty bitty Yisrael.

Evidence? They say so, and the fact that there is none is suspicious.

What if I fail?

YHWH Who is My God does Never fail.

Am I leading us to hellfire?

Maybe: imagine it: world without all factories: world without all internet: world without all satellites:

world without all capitalism: world without all communism: world without all nihilism:

world without all in solipsism: world without all inventions of the 21st century:

world without the Vatican: world with Islam: World without the religions of total evangelism:

world where *Ha'Torah* is the Law of Yisrael and Yerushalmi: world in peace of ages:

world in unity of every *Shabbat*: world of no idolatry: world under the tablets of Sinai:

world at rest in *Shabbos annum*: world in the fruit of garden:

world of Adam in the fruit of the garden of **YHWH**:

world in the village and cities of neighborlove.

Is this not for thee? Off with thee then: I am not for thee.

Oh may the world call me a tyrant: my people shall see their enemies beneath their feet.

I will not fear their judgement.

Judgement is of **YHWH**: let them judge me when the earth is clean and the trees sing

Halleluyah

Listen thou world:

It is this:

The poet whose wisdom is Eden of God or the scientists of Babylon

with the rule of dominion unto human extinction.

Selah

10

War with Iran is interrupting 20 percent of world-oil: now Israel is the criminal for bombing oilcans in Iran.

20 percent of world's oil moves in Red Sea: thank God the Ayatollah Dictatorship has succeeded the Ayatollah with his son:

Good thing for America: otherwise how will Iran destroy the entire Middle East, and take full control of the oil?

Here we have the Dictator's Foreign Emissary: We trust that everything he says is true here at CNN where everyone

has a serious face on: very serious woman: very serious man:

I think they are projecting their total control of the narrative right now: that is, the sense that everything is somehow being a lie in rallies toward "Pledge Allegiance to the Supreme Leader of Iran, oh USA Government, or else Israel will continue to exist!" To guarantee the detonation of the aggression of Americans against the Jews here, we have to make sure the Israeli Government is dead: this lest they assault us in defense of their own people whom we cannot wait to unleash the American public against. Yeah, we will declare a purge in every city of the Jews and we need the Ayatollah to have those bombs!"

Just to reiterate: I am no friend of the American Way:

Your freepress should be tried for thoroughgoing treason by means of a thousand distortions and lies against the government and the American people. This is insanity. Gas prices as \$3.50 a gallon is now the tragedy of centuries. Everything is an explosion of tragedy: there is a fact: and then the media pours gasolibe of lies and spin and repetition of unspoken tonal value-judgement upon some ideological narrative wherein all event happens in a vacuum, and every event is spun in both toward any direction of total confusion until there is no truth of anything, and this about a reality of a warfare wherein the United States Government with the Israeli Government has eliminated the head and military of a Dictatorship which has existed for almost fifty years with a Banner and Anthem of "Death to America and Death to Israel," over a nation of one hundred million people—Israel as 9 million: with an open promise to, after the destruction of Israel, lead a genocidal war to establish an Islamic Republic as a Caliphate over the entire Middle East from India to the Mediterranean Sea with the Ayatollah as its Supreme Dictator, and a population of some 1.5 billion people. And this has the vast support of the masses of America, who almost unanimously are

coming to agree that Israel are the real Nazis, and the Hitler Nazis knew something nobody else did, and shoulda done em in, if it were not for that the Jews paid the Nazis to do it to establish their Evil Zion World Empire of the Land the Size of Wales: and this is proven by that there is no evidence for it but

a loose trace of this one scandal that happened one time and Because there is no evidence that is suspicious because I think it is true and therefore it oughta be havin evidence: and for because this don't got the evidential substance that I don't need anyway to believe: I therefore

know that it is a genocide in Palestina because 70,000 womanbabies died if all the 70,000 peopoles died were womanbabies and because some are womanbabies that is genocide even if the numbers don't lie that there is 7 million of them in that Wales Department of the earth and that is only 1% in two years with Full Military Capacity to commit total annihilation and populations going uprising in Gaza they's resiliencers: we Don't think blood ever should happen because pleasure me McDisneyland and therefore there is an objection which we the people of Democracy's Global Empire of Corporation Capitalist Robotics do believe when there happens to be a Jew doing something that we wish didn't happen then all the Jews gotta die now because they must be evil completely if they ain't all chirstianity saints forever all the time. And the Zionist World Capitalist State is a White Supremacist America Project Empire. Therefore America needs to Divestment Portfolia return to its ideals and let Iran bomb it. Thus they killed Jesus: don't bother me about the sins of my father that's his: your Jew sins are forver in my Bible: synagogue of the Satan who is the Master of the Earth because the devil Lucifer must be the earthmaster if I exist on it with this flesh I gotta slop down meatjuices with."

This will be the actual argumentation as form for the genocide of Jews in America: for

This is the paradigm of their thoughts.

This is the pattern of their conceptions.

This is the mental capacity of the great democracy which ruleth the earth.

These are the great voters of America, and

This is their free press! WHOO FOR THE EARTH!

This is your master! Hannah Montana! Whippits! Hurray! Good Morning America! Welcome back to the show!

It's Jeopardy! It's the roulette play casino!

I ruined my satire. I have to talk to Yisrael!

They need to haul ass and I care for my people!

Fuck art! They have TVs in Yisrael! This is easyspokes! Everything is a Mockery of itself in the 21st Century!

Therefore I sympathize with the sentiments of the America haters:

But if one cannot differentiate between one nation and another which is a military and economic ally of that nation, then one is not fit to make judgement about the political scenarios which exist in the entire history of the reality of the structures of separate and distinct nations and cultures of peoples with their own governments, and their operations within their regions of existence. Sorry Tammi Lynne! You are too stupid to speakeasy about things that infect your mentals! Moreover, these damned lunatics demand a thousand answers about classified information like it is their entitled right to jeopardize every part of their own country's interests in the region of their present war: as if their audience numbers mattered more in reality, no matter how much they exploit the sympathetic and pathetic tragedy feelings of the entire country with acute-pain-point headlines to spike ratings, than the actual facts of what is happening in one of the world's central places of the past 5000 years of the concerns of civilization. This is total insanity: on second day of war: these newscasters determined this to be a forever war with total indeterminacy because the President promised no-more forverwars in a campaign for the presidency, and this media belongs to the other party: therefore it is a forverwar already according to them: it is a nonquestion: there shall never again exist freedom of a media press, ever under any government on earth: this is all because of the natural order of humankind in its state of no-consequences under any circumstances for telling only lies unto entire masses of people. I pray these peoples' daughters and wives are every one raped and mutilated by a Muslim. May YHWH Himself send hordes of Islamists unto them to rape them all: wife, mother, daughter, son and husband: and let them then so gleefully cheer for the regims of the earth which seek to annihilate my people therefrom it. I am running like a lunatik! I had no time left on the barges! This is all haste and outpouring! Be nice! Fuck you and your judgements of my work, oh myself! This swaggering catharsis of screams into the comment section will maybe last a decade! Write something better about the Free Press when you are not a child! This is all execrations and pictorials! Journalisms of the historic! Remember 2020 COVID Media journals!

Oh self! Let these idiots be unpleased! Preacher! Harp the harpsichord of faeriekind in death marches upon Amerika's Steamengines!

Everything existent hates this version of Babylon: it's the worst one of all 13.

I liked *Sefer Daniel*: I will play it to the fiddle and make Hegel's dialectic seem like grandma's hampacks for subservient fools who have

no knowledge of God or of knowledge or of wisdom or the forms of reason and sentences in logical order.

That is: He caused the Nazis to exist: he and Luther; what a stupid bureau of thought: Hegelians.

I have no respect for *Phenomenology of Spirit*. Can nobody read Kant's *Critiques*? It's fairly clear and lucid:

More than Hegel! That's self-confused bulldungarees! That's *tapuchot*! That's *treif* for seeking meat!

Achtung, Berliner! Achtung, Paris! *I cannot wait to watch thee falling to the bottom of the streets of the earth by the Hamd of God!*

11

I do not beleive in democracies because the Heineken Beer Corporation is the apparent operant master of all social networks:

according to the STI experts of the commercialism: stay an HIV Negative transvestite: thank goodness! Finally!

What's happening in America? Weird and Wonderful: Tua is going to the Falcons with a Storied NFL Career:

Wildes is on the Case with Mister Jennings and is that the Bronte Sitsters? No! It is 15 Encycopedias of Sportgame commentaries per day in sum of all the words derpderpderp about sportgame slurpslurp:

This also is the poop of myself as dogchild to which I have returned with Permissions:

What is happening in America? Whatever happens on TV: otherwise *it is silence in the streets,*

silence in the cafes,

silence in the shoppingmalls,

silence in the grocerymarket,

silence in the superstores,

silence and the overhead radiomusic:

silence and the echoes

of the wheels of the machine of economy and a TV.

What is happening in America?

Little King Buffet and rape in every frathouse.

Mass murder every day.

Innocents imprisoned every day.

Robbery everywhere every day.

Crystal meth addiction throughout the entire land.

Torture houses of meat and a toad wasteland of all farms

through the entire Midwest which is the earth's most fertile terrain used exclusively for the feeding of factorymeat lots unto having animals of only disease.

Heroin addiction ubiquitous.

Alcoholism everywhere.

Death by automobile every hour.

What is not happening in America?

Israel. Iran. Iraq. Pakistan! Vietnam!

What is happening in America?

RINVOQ: Ask your doctor if this pharmaceutical is good for you: he will say yes! Duh! Hokeydokah!

Do you know nothing? Get them meds! He gets a raise!

Everybody wins with your pill addiction!

Jerryworld and the Arlington Grand Prix!

Cox Mobile Communication World! 5G Smartphone!

WWE Raw, the Videogame!

Ignoble huckster on a podcast sayeth, "the Jews Rule America: Musk is not real with his \$850 Billion unless he is a Jew!

Only Jews can rule America! ALL the Presidents being Protestant is evidence of the secret! You guys know I'm an American Patriot, right? Well USA USA USA Forever! The Jews have taken over! That's why the federal reserve was founded in 1800! Duh! No wonder the USA has the UN of Communism to suffer! Jews and their bullshit about the holocaust! I think they should all die for making that up!"

Oh America, you are not born to be a cancer patient:

Read a book of philosophy or serious literature, for once! Challenge yourself with *The Republic!*

Challenge your mind with the *People's History of the United States*.

Consider Martin Buber.

Read anything of Shakespeare other than the Merchant. I do not care.

I honestly think anything might improve the situation except the Bible: why?

Because they love the Bible! they only read the Bible for its shame! they do not understand one sentence in the Bible! but that is why they are certain that their interpretation is the interpretation of their particular pastor and that the worksheet with a crayola for adults that says "God is Love" does permit them to have the turnkey to heaven without any obligation or duty to do anything moral or good to anyone else ever.

Hooray! Whippit! Scrabblehouse! FORVER USA Incorporated Dreamhouse for All! Ahoy there perverts! We are in Caribbean Royal Medspa Cruise!

Therefore, I do believe proactive conversion to religious worship of anything else might be good for them: unless it is the Quran:

Because this also demands murder unto paradise after death for a false prophet. *Selah*.

Maplefest will kickoff community in the sweetway Spring in Traditional FOX23 NOW Event Artist Nature that Pancake Breakfast! Zzzzzooop! BOOM! Castigation! Criminal disease! Sycophantism on hysterical panegyrics! IMMIGRANTS ARE WICKED ON TV! Lines arelong in airports!

And Tua is signing a \$30 million deal with the Falcons: he just made \$120 million with serious concussion issues!

That is the success narrative! Sometimes he can't even see who he's throwing to! Just luck of the draw!

Most accurate QB once upon a time! That said, he does suck some ass for the Dolphins and he's an asshole,

so I think \$30 million for a year a good deal for a spot on the bench! Don't you, Wildes?

The New Regime wants Penix to be the starter: if Tua beats out Mister Penix: you can guarantee an injury history

with that quarterback after everyone was bargin on Tua and Mister Kevin became the Tua Guy.

CHUCK NORRIS IS deAD AND I DO NOT CARE A HOOT: THROW A PARTY! FACE HIS ON A PINSTICK! GOOD FOR HIM!

THE WORST ARE GONNA BE ALIVE FOR WHAT'S COMING TO THE AMERIKANS BY THEIR OWN BUDGET CRISESIS!

What's happening in America? Secret homosexuality and severe sexual tension at tailgates of football games!

Tucker Carlson blames the Jews for his intense sexual magnetism for Benjamin Netanyahu: my my, what a shouldershrugging powerhouse that Bibi! What a gangster move! That's my nigga Bibi! Herzog can eat horsemeat and street pigeons!

Anyway! Tucker Carlson is dumb and thank God he is in Qatar!

What a good opportunity for the administration of Holy Justice in Yisrael!

Let us please our God with Justice in Yisrael against the perpetrators of the great holocaust of Jews in America

wherever the Doha of Islamic Nazism has given us the opportunity! Hurrah! Scalps and foreskins for everybody!

Call me *k'Yehoshua the Impaler!*

Ever seen Rick & Morty! Voiceover this as Rick the Madman!

This is all bursting!

Havel havelim! Fuck art! The purpose is truth and I am running in nakedness!

I lost 55 Pounds being vegan in 4 months! What will you do when the meat goes out?

I will eat wild cabbages and turnips in the woods! I am doing that as we speak! Power your life with:

PLANTS: The Glory of **YHWH** the Creator of the Earth and the Heavens:

PLANTS: Because proteins make you lumpy and weirdfat!

PLANTS: because you are an animal also

Rolltide! Hickory jimjam! And wow! The San Francisco \$9ers are getting Mike Evans for \$60 million over 3 years!

A 33 year-old guy coming off a broken fibula! Good for him! I'm happy for the players. Goop. Turn and burn. Chester!

I WAS A HEADWAITER IN AMERIKA I WAS A HEADWAITER IN AMERIKA I WAS A BARTENDER AND A WAITER IN AMERIKA

Oh Danny ain't no Nick but he is another Cornball: everybody hates Nick because he seems too Jewish to people:

Americans hate everything that seems Jewish: how many will die just for appearance of what some passing

Americapatriot Jewmurderer thinks resembles something that seems like what Jews look like?

How many retards live in the United States who are identically intellectually retarded by force of religiosity of purpose?

At least 335 million. YEEHAW!

The non-identically retarded are thoroughgoingly wicked-retarded otherwise: and their knowledge is the fact that they are always lying: they are psychopathic: and thus love to lie on purpose and to create all sort of torments for their proprietary puppets which they control.

These are often preachers in churches, talkingheads of Protestant State Media (Republicanists),

talkingheads of Catholic State Media (Democratists),

(What? Do we seriously not believe that the largest religious institutions of the earth whose entire history is lies until attempt of mass pogrom or holocaust of Jewish people and Gypsies and Foreigners of all kinds is not behind this grand conspiracy unto the silent tyranny of all of the people of a nation of 348 million and mass Jewhatred of fundamental retardists who are shepherded into believing they discovered something in the algorithm?),

the doctors in the Catholic and Lutheran Hospitals,

the psychiatrists in the Catholic and Methodist psychwards,

the financiers of the everypeople's Wall Street,

the thrones of Protestant Washington in District of Babylon's Egyptian Columbia,

and so on and so forth.

335 million? 13 million people who are not Fundamental Paranoid Retardists?

Maybe minimum average as designation if IQ is permissible as metric:

I estimate IQ average of the Normal American Adult Voter/Util of Mass Economy to be 93:

however,

after a decade and a half of watching television for multiple hours per evening as man or as woman without opening a book of serious literature other than the Bible in only New Protestant Translations in Accordance to The Mighty Dolphins of Jeff Hapley who is the Patron Saint of the Word,

thereafter this sequence of events, the argument is thus:

there is only connection to existence remaining other than purposive blindness into whole face of addicton: therefore the intelligence spectrum has fallen: and 13 of 348 people in the typical encounters of everyday life being something other than Fundamental Paranoid Retardists of Purposive Ignorance of Common Moral Pillar of all Civilizations by Necessity of Human Relation in Fact of World of Others and Common Knowledge Basis of all English Speaking Peoples and all Peoples of the Globalist Earth of the 20th Century, (i.e. the Sons and Daughters of the Knownothing Party of White American Nativists), is highly unlikely to me. In the occurrence of frequencies in my typical days: 1 of every 100 people might show, in Nebraska, a level of the common human decency of responding to a hello in public without acting as though the burden of response is too heavy to return, or that it would a lifetime gamble to respond because who knows what that stranger might think this an opportunity to murder and rape if I do say hello in response that FREAK who does that narcissist think he is to say hello to me? the fuck? I am the bitch and nobody says hello to me fuck that shit fuck. Therefore, I because there is not decency but of the one percent of people, common and mutual human goodness is about 1 of 250, and the rare openness to the good of a long conversation of real possibility of anything other than the inevitable return to total retardism of self-certain thoughtforms in regurgitation which happen like punishments to my goodwill with frequency: I would argue that, in Nebraska, the Heart of America, the number of truly good people—not righteous, but good enough to qualify as potentially forgivable for having such festivity and feast upon this sprawl of bones and wasteland—stands somewhere between 1 in every 500 to 1000 persons over the age of 13. That number dawdles and falls off to 1 in every 5,000 to 10,000 between the ages of 20 and 72, and after the age of 72, that number return to an unsightly 1 in every 1000 to 2500 or so.

This is an estimation. The real number is probably a little less generous than that. I would expect a remnant, if there should be one at all of the Whites—which includes everyone who is not Jewish or Amerindian or directly a foreign immigrant who has not fully integrated in their heart to say "I am American and I love America" (which in the mouth of Jew and Foreigner alike will not be a salvation), for this is what **YHWH** hath Spake unto me by every means of His Speech and in the Voice also, but because the obvious and inevitable Holocaust by State Policy of the Gavin Newsom Presidency of 2029 of the Jews of America will leave no remnant here,

as also He hath Spake unto me, only not the Amerindians—shall happen somewhere according to between one in every 10,000 to 100,000 or so people.

I.E. EITHER OBEY THEM OR YOU ARE HISTORY IS THAT CLEAR

1 million for every year since Salem, and some more thereafter? Sounds like the Waiting of **YHWH** Only upon the Wine of the Great and Complete Calamity of the Empire whose abominations have exceeded all those nations whihc came before it under the sun.

These do not feel like Jewish values to me, oh my people. These of the Americans? Which part even is?

I Maverick flight stinks into the ether and wander soup into the marbles!

I madman walk the dentures into crunchylant and update kitchenstuffs for quintastan!

ALEVE! Longer lasting diamondlike shine! Fructose by Garnier! Have that liposuction when ingestion stuffs you up with bonuses!

Introducing the Jalapeno Ranch Clup! A buttermilk Ranch YEEHAW! Here's Maria with her saintly martyr complaints about the money!

Uhoh! The bastard Oracle is in the Oreos again! Nemo loves me! They have focaccia in the screenos! Go on, Mister Nipsy Hobknobbing!

12

The man calleth a clownshow he who must deal with the great and infallible newsmedia: regime of Ayatollah is limping!

According to USA Stae Free Media: chaos missiles into every direction are signs of vicory lane for the Iran World Dictator Regime of

Genielamp Genocide upon the Jews!

"Iran cannot have Nuclear Warheads:" What is this? This is the rare immaculate lucidity of the apparent prophets of our time, the Journalists of New York Elkhunt Free Media:

Judy Blume of My ACLU is here for you: 1965 Revolutionaries! And this dreadlocks former Gangbanger who also

wrote a good timely book about christian citizenry values! Get your ACLU teeshirt today! These children are looking at you.

Down. Up. Right. Left. In. Out. Know which way is Up: The Economist is Here to tell you for you where up is and is not:

Therefore you can and shall trust them and it is obligatory to pick one.

It's a High-Energy History Remix! Yes! That is a white girl in the Chicago Six!

That Silverfox Andy Scooper! 5 Iran Women Soccerers have been humanitarian'd by the Australia! Wowwee! What sweet relief for

Us! That is the Important Right Now: Reza, the American Martyr in Azlan Persia:

He and the rest of CNN Now feel defeated that the President Trump is leaving Iran too soon!

Get out of the Oreos! Oracle hands! Nimsy! Just one and the body desireth until it feels a weird type of sick!

This is everything from the factories! Television maketh the whole animal sickness!

This is DTF ST. LOUIS! THIS IS BATEMAN! THIS IS DRAGSHOWS FOREVER USA! THIS IS DECADENCE UNTO THE END!

I know they yesterday were lamenting and decrying the entire war to the entire population all at once!

Well guess what, Mister Trump! You got burned! Now we are here to tell the American Public you are all liars for not finishing that most Honorable and venerable Regime to the ground for the sake of the Iranian people! Terrible job Pressess!

Now it's Brokeback Mountain for Timothee! Oh Chalomet! You are a prettyboy and you play the characters that I am for me in your movies besides probably this homoerotica! But I would desire a real friends of adventures like a Yonatan in Yisrael!

And who in the hollows of the foundations of the earth could discover what is happening in Iran right now from here?

This is total blasphemy from only network! How any other versions of this event are happening in the lives of actual people

in the United States of the Other Side of the Earth who are convicted in their opinion of certain feelings about this?

The President is under threat of the media to do three things:

let no American life be lost in a ground operation, or be called

Tyrannical sacrificer of Worldsacred Americaflesh to the defense of the Zionist deathcult of Izreel,

Eliminate the entire remains of the Iranian nuclear program and regime of Ayatollahs, or be called

Failure as Man and Leader of Nation who Sacrificed Sacred Americaflesh to Zionist Deathcult of Izreel

in a farce of lies about how good of a job he did:

This is the American Situation: total alienation and totalitarian confusion: totalitarian rage against all otherness,

and thoroughgoing hatred of any nonuniform expression of the human personality.

Moreover: a thorough century of the taboo against all conversation of politics, religion, and economy of anyone's house:

Conversation of these matters is forbidden by general taboo and rule of bar and cafe almost everywhere:

This is in order to prevent any conflict or tension from existing in any ostensible manner.

One might even be escorted out of a cafe because the barista felt uncomfortable about you making polite conversation

in Spanish with the Mexican mother of two children standing in the line beside you. Happened to me! Drink cyanide! Drink gasoline!

Jack and Jo do not want to die! They want to eat ferris wheels in the fullness of a unitard!

Who's banging my wife this week! Oh Channy! Drift and a jig, baby! I bet it's a heavy one and you left me traumatized.

Jigworm was on TV and it worked for them! Oy! Fisherman on the TV! Everything is peanutbutter & jelly & domestic whoppers!

I could stupid tube on a spinning rod for 40 hours in Yisrael and do this again with a 3.7 Inch Stupid Tube in action.

Cast secret lures from the pads in my arsenal: test the stupid crawl:

*What is the Mystery? Where is **YHWH** beneath the every hour of the all?*

Isn't that wild! Americana Outdoors is Brought to You by: Gamakatsu: Power Lures: Stupid Crawl: Beat Down Pursuit.

Moreover, One time a woman in my own neighborhood refused to return my hellos of thrice greeting on sunny afternoon in September and then proceeded to call a man-in-truck over to her in order to direct his attention to the existential problem that then was myself unto her, such that he then followed me, in his truck, the whole way to my house—the house where I have lived since I was seven years of age; and after following me along the path wherein I had waltzed through the flowers of the neighbor's garden full of aromatic bends and another attempt at greeting one of these evil neighbors, he then stopped, conspicuously as an aluminum mule at a regular mule convention, and, with freedom of choice in his capacity as a human vessel, chose to cease from reason in order to spray black WASP raid upon the tabula rosa of his apparent hemorrhage between brainstem and retina in order that he may tell himself he had a good reason for following me—that is, he called the police *after* I entered my house and guided them kindly to my address like a freak and a stalker, whereupon, doing their *actual duty* to the company policy of the city chief of police, two officers arrived at my front door, and asked if I needed help—as in mental help; whereafter I did explain the scenario, and they appeared stunned and astounded and very curious about the suburbs, and then left. That *was* extreme, but *this* happens often to me: the police are called by the normal people: and because the police are white which is preferable because they are not trying to prove how white they can be for their black masters, and I also have white skin, I ask, “Is to utter speech in this street, or in this park, or in this public square a crime?” And they do reply, “No, but we are required to respond to every call.” This all said I have sat in a police car, where two cars arrived to escort me away from the JCC in Omaha because the Goy Security Guard did not feel okay with me talking about Aliyah because of Antisemitism in America and to do this while playing a little guitar by the entry desk, despite the Jewish women having no problem with this; and during this event, the crimetime radio in the policemobile sounded alarm about a triple homicide and they just whistled along hoping somebody would get that one! WHOOOOOOOO!

And I guess maybe the United States did tumble that schoolhouse! Darn! First time for everything huh. Never heard of a time the United States Military ever killed a child until they was fightin for Wicked Izreel. I do not believe in history, Tami (D) from Wisconsin: it means nothing if you need to elected! History! What's that! Can't flatter an idiot mass with history! No! There is no possibility that history is real! Two weeks ago in Iran there were beheadings of the masses in protest of the dictator? What does that have anything to do with this day in Iran right now? Ask your senator, New York! He will tell you, “Absolutely nothing which might signify that there is a significant likelihood which there could be a relation between that hour and this prest on, and yet without that hour the present would not exist despite that the unrelated topics do factor more in to the effectual reason for why I might be saying what I am except that you cannot tell any sovereign nation not to murder its own citizens or nuke your militaries allies for fun unless you do not have any reason to enter the warfare except to enforce oil redirection into American Wallets and God Bless the USA.”

“Thank you, Mister Booker T Bigsby Whiteman Impersonation, and here is a video footage that We Your CNN have personally exploited for your benefit of knowing the Dignified Transfer of Our Nameless Hero Named Seventh Soldier Killed In War

That is the Eternal Forver War of 13 Days of the Donald Trump Administration of Evil and Bad and Nogood:

Brought to you by CNN Messaging for Young Professionals, Hollywood Celebrities, Retired Peoples of the Great California and its Cultural Heritage in every single state and city in the whole United States with Exception of South Boston and New York City until the Sacred Liberal Pilgrim Connecticut White (secretly whore) Woman overtakes the New York City.

Sad! In America the Monopoly Ticket Sales Corporation Ticketmaster is being sued by 30 states. *There's a story!*

Anthropic the Artificial Intelligence Corporation is suing the Federal Government for labelling the company as

Unreliant for not selling Artifical Intelligence Superweapons to the government before they are ready. *What in hellfire!*

This is on a small, moving ribbon beneath the REAL HEADLINE 24 HOUR STORY WAR TV: Soldier Seventh Killed by Trump and Izreel

In the War of American Agression in Iran by Name in America's New Doha Media, or, War of Iranian Liberation by Name in Persia. (In reality, I do hope Donald knows this war will be what offers him the opportunity for the legacy as the only president ini United States History who did something Good for another nation without immediate reason of his own totalitarian global empire: this shall be remembered as a greatness upon his name forever. When the children return to this, he can be remembered as the only president in the history of the United States worth a name eorth having remembrance. I hope he reads this. This alliance is the only thing that matters for his historical legacy. May he tyrannize those who Israel, and punish these freepressers of treasonous will and allegiance in his own country during wartime for treason. Also, the AI is a problem, oh thou friend of Israel, and therefore do not be in fits abot the velocity: China will never invade: they are satisfied: it is a civilization of 5000 years of age:

they are not as you are,

they do not do as you do:

they do not think as you think,

they do you wish as you wish:

theirs is in response to yours because they know you are in preparations to invade them:

this would be the error of all fools from the dumbest places of hell: do not consider such a folly on the earth: that is a country which will remove yours from the earth if provoked, and you will have no more military if you should send it into the oOuth China Sea: that is not a prediction which needs basis in anything mathematics: your only hope of Victory would be to remove the Ozone Layer and Stratosphere from the Earth and dissapparate all humanity with 50 nuclear bombs: and they will return fire from Mexico and everywhere else. Also Russia is their best friend: behave yourself. Or pray for the favors of **YHWH God**: and His Favor is Removed from your nation entirely when His servants has fled the building.)

Wowee! The CNN has an Original series Documenting the Cinema of Presidential Politics with the FBI!

Donald! You better apologize on your knees for those little girls whom we shall exploit to phantasm you as subservient to our Phantom Dressage of Zion!

This hurts my feelings: what else we got on the teletube?

Mexicalifornia is not winning in the baseball: Kevin Durantula is having a boredom:

USA balltime! Fropp! Dungalow! Roooop! OOHWWP swingerout!

Also there are 400 other possible channelstation running 24 Hour Everyday Media Entertainment Service Operations:

This is The Voice:

And it is an abomoination in America already: on everyone else it is simply hideous. Global phenomena of the USA Pangeodal Order:

Watch this on mute: so dumb. Stageshows of reaction for camera: this is all game of Protestant Slop:

He sings in *Espanol*: a shame to his language and Kelly looks like a Lady in the recent Cannibal Isles of Catholicist Nouveau

Bacchanalic Orgyfestive 1980s Revival Mania! Whoohoo Scientologist! Whoohoo the Mormon Moloch in Gold!

Rape Festivals of the Secret Christian Dungeons which have been known for a thousand years:

These perverse nightmarish people: because the masses beleive the only path to heaven is to believe God is Born of a Bloody Sacred

Virgin Pussy in the Big Easy Bethlehem for a Cajun Shrimp Basket propriety of Gentiles at the Applebee's,

This also must be the crime of the Jews instead of the local missionaries in Mali West Africa and Haiti.

Who prefeth the pizza, the people who love the pork sausage, or those who will not sit at a table where it is eaten?

Interesting...

Deduction: who prefereth the evil of consumption and digestion into the body of blood and marrow,

The man who claims a man never stumble without entering into hellfire as a permanence because that is

the Mercy as Justice of God according to Gospels, except that according to the Gospels, Jesus has died for us to

be responsible and morally answerable for and unto nothing, or,

The man who calls himself a Jew and says "No I cannot eat that because God has Said it so for Jews alone

not to that which you enjoyeth so. No, no *you* can eat it all you want, but *I* cannot because God said so for me:

No, no: it's not about you really: that said, the pig is not necessarily a clean animal by comparison

to the splithoofed grasseater: that is some clean meat when it is raised in the field of grasses

and slaughtered in a humane manner because God formed the animals also. Well, no, I don't necessarily

think I am morally superior to you unless you're going to be like that about this! What a little thing!

It's mostly about the temple rites of entry anyway! And about what is acceptable for sacrifice:

That said, those shrimp are abominate and the clams are only eaters of poop:

Literally the poopmeat of the sea: *that* is filth in all settings:

Adn yeah, that octopus has gotta stop being swallowed by mankind. And no, Mister China, you would be

an excellent Jew but that bat and the dog and the predatory bird & fish has come off the diet at least:

No, you cannot eat blood: including the heart, anyone: no that juice on your steak is not blood,

you ignorant slime American: and the fact that you think it is and love it more with a certain pride

In bloodeating like sorcerer of the Church of Scotland is a frightening to say the least.

And for goodness's sake do something about the blood in the yogurt!

Oh my you filth! Why is acceptable to anyone? For pleasure?

I guess that's what happens.

What do we think mankind's great criminality was before the Flood of Noah?

Lots and lots of adultery? I'm sure that was one part.

Premarital sex? Fornication? Lustful eyes of men?

Or was it potentially hunting a hundred different species of animals into extinction

Purely to refuse to eat plants and to refuse to cease from eating blood and hearts of beasts and enemies:

God knows this is what came to His and the earth's Beloved Amerindians:

Who were His favorite: because they lived in total freedom:

Literally the best of all of humankind:

Lost to witchcraft and sorcery and the eating of the hearts and of the blood:

Which was not the way of the fathers of the peolpe upon whose land I do live and will have left

permanently for Yisrael Zion of Justice and the literal ideal of every European society in

the 20th and 21st Century: which is a disaster for Yisrael because it is actually supposed

to look a little to a lot more like the Muslim Kingdom without all the totalitarianism

and mass murder of innocents without any due process: Looks cool and sexy from afar!

I give a standing ovation for that! Surrounded by enemies and Kelly Clarkson's ubiquitous jazzhands

and Little King Deli Sub Buffet for Fat Tourists from the Church of America,

and to manage a seven party system of democracy with total healthcare and

those beautiful violent daughters who are not remotely whores by comparison to this

Side of the planet: love with all the violence of the Mediterranean except for the

Sharkteeth: my hope for me: anyway,

It was the cannibalism. Duh. what is the worst thing mankind can become? Is it cannibalist? Yes. Assuredly.

This is definite, please do not disagree. Idolatry? Eh: by comparison? Probably better to suicide.

That said, the cannibalism is worse than a totem pole or an apolloshrine:

But neither is permissible: see? Okay: simplicity of differentiation is:

Differentiation *is*: Yes: differentiation is this simple: it is: that is, this is not that, and that is literally the case

for everything except for that which is only what that is. Picture gotten? Stop with the Hinduism:

It is absurdistic: Stop the Buddhisitm: it is unto the Nihil:

And Mohammed is a False Prophet of the Demon Gabriel: Oh Gabriel, you know you are not permitted

The revelation of your name unto man: this is the Rebellion of Angels:
Sin of Lucifer? Call it so if you will: the religion of Gabriel Worship Begone! Even if he was **YHWH** God's third most
beloved. This is the curse and blessing I suppose: eventual name defilement after a thousand years of exaltation for the
one who prayed unto the angels in order to learn of the Most Immediate God of the angels.

Kinda dumb if you ask me. Pray to somebody else except **YHWH**?

For what?

Mercy more than His? Intercession from a mortal's ghost in your imagination?

A wooden object carved in the image of the beast that is man? Providence from Him?

Pray to the earth: and will she rain upon herself to bring the harvest?

Pray to the sun: will he separate the clouds?

Pray to a tree: will it move from its place?

What is the prayer unto a rock: oh rock over there, oh small boulder on the ground,

"Will you ask of God to Protect me and Deliver my enemies unto hell?"

I doubt that's gonna end up in the right place.

That is a strange an indirect path for the stupid to reach God:

This is like somebody praying to a statue of crucifix as far as I can tell:

But what do I know about anything at all? I am His little rubberband: I am His little sweetheart!

I do not even know where this comes from:

Is it me? There's a *k'Ha'Qol* like whisper: *v'lo Ha'Qol hu*:

Hatlihavut? Yes: and in its removal from the tremble on the skull:

Is it the comedy of errors? Is it simply the Gift of God to see, and wonder therein,

and laughtermake like a child called Jacob in England

about the Cracker Barrel Goyshit hodgepodge Wonderland Commercialworld of Mickey Mouse

In the Warfare Cinema of the Great America?

Or is it just the hatred of God's loneliest little boy in a tissuebox?

I swear I am a dogskinned being with eventual snores of sleep apnea:

I sing for my food and whine like a horse from my eyes unless I whinny with a girl on my back.

I am a cottonpickin rooster with a baseball bat for a tongue:

and Syd has an attitude because she knows

how to blow from that steamhouse: cannot you tell?

She's the whitegirl in the crackhouse

with everybody's name stiched into her blouse!

Am I a louse? What did they say

who made the Mickey Mouse? It's the house: I just never know when to not espouse

The mouth: the mouth my aromatic wonder do: the mouth my arrow attic follow through:

Oh holler at the man! What kazoot and kazzam! I merely holler who and kabamm automatic I am:

Don't you know I am the hoot in the Hand: and wouldn't you just like to have have a shoot

Frummah sand? Who's John Legend? Who is Adam Levine? Tellem have a postcard

From a soot o'mah spleen: or you just givem underfoot of the mean:

This is what I mean to here put on the green: to lean together ever gather bettergleans:

Did I just leap and do the splits from a shallow dramatic?

I wonder what belly rumble is in the Attic Greek:

This is whack o'poetry: this wollerscreen: this wolladoodah: this is what I mean:

Have a fantasticspastic mean: have an emotion big as the deep:

Have a personality more than persona: let the persona seep to thee:

Let the persona be to the good to be and let there be fear of The God in thee:

Be more dramatic when it's good: be in the drastic of peace or burn in the hollow of the wood:

Maybe get lazy a minute: maybe get lazier for three:

Come over take a minute or an hour it's for free, I promise:

This is longest song I sing: this the alarmer the charmer sings:

This is lonesome idiot: this the enemy of the jihadi: this the spearkiller

and the Joshuaking: this the impaler for land that is mine:

Land that is ours: land that is Godgiven to Abraham to be without shrine:

We are the last remaining: there is none of Ishamael: there is none of Edom:

Everybody get back: Everybody sit down:

There is not a man who knows the Way of God:

I have body pain along the spine for She: He Is Rhythm Master Rithmatic

and all the Arithmetic which the Heavenearth Be:

So am I the only alien only looking for love? Am I the hibeejibee wandering the Book of God?

Stranger Stranger: what is from God and is there anything not? If not, what is this?

What do we say about a kiss of a kiss? What do we say about a freedom walk?

What do we talk when we talk about love? What about a blissfulness in the sand by the sand?

*And what about where my mind crosses on the albatross beach?
 And what a view of a peach in the Reverence of God? What about the view of the bud of my tongue?
 What about a building of a man of God? What about a city of the sprawl from a man who is not?
 And if there is freedom in this: what do we beg when we beg of Salvation?
 Does anybody begin in the Metaphysic of a day? Or in the afternoon in the sun?
 What of encounter by the crossings of twin apparent freedoms?
 Is it for that mankind is dumb that he buildeth his systems?
 Why does he build a mechanism to enter his hand into instead of laying down in his songs?
 Only for this it seemeth to me:
 To shed his right hand to the spew! Thus with the left he useth his rod
 To abuse a man under him to shovel his shodden dirt.
 Maybe this is what I'm for: to talk about idleness gift of the grassy floor:
 Talk about a twig: talk about the Glory of God in the bark: talk about a dog:
 Talk about littleness of the birdieheart: talk about happylove of the happyearth:
 Talk about the strangers who burneth all their worth in the haste to the this and the that
 and the everywhere be for else but here where the hourglass seeps but a minute
 into another Looking of God through the glass of the lens of skies:
 and do we wonder how she sighs, the earth, with the motorwheel upon her birth?
 and shall we not sigh with her, and cry for loss of all the ancientness of worth in the work?*

Anyway, the local news is on and I intended to triphouse on the NBA Basketball
 Orgy of Stupid in the *ani mabit ha'televzyah* fuckoff hour unto the end of timelife:

No, but this was to be in that: and this is the river: sorry, future mothers of my children!

I do understand why I can be a nuisance betimes: that said, I do hate with all my heart that silent resentment unto a yelling with
 only hatred in it that the Aryanic Blonde and Saxonish women do: this is abhorrent to me:

Give me Mediterranean love or give me death as a bachelor! Day by day, hour by hour!

That resentment is a monster that will murder somehow;

Girl can hit me a hundred times in the anger of love and not in hatred and she is a woman:

I know you Israelis are trained killers: I wouldn't a hair your little pretty head for a little while: trust me!

I have been thoroughly betrayed and wronged by womankind in my life.

Goodness I love your kind so damn much it's my grand insanity! *Halleluyah!*

I have so much liberty it's not even fair.

Everyday is *Tórah*: and it always comes to the Sbulime, or after a time, and times thereafter

when there cometh the Understanding, or is ever to the worms through the fingers of our vapor.

And what is the Law? It is this: beginning in Exodus 20 unto *Sefer Ha'Dev'arim* 73:

Between these are parts which are not Laws, but are teachings: and before this are Teachings and Prophecies:

And in the Scripture of the earth of Creation, there are Laws, and Teachings,

and Interpretations unto Prophecies:

Thus *Ha'Tórah* is as the Creation in its Being: and both are from **YHWH**.

Yes, and Outside of this, there is Not any part or verse of *Tórah*. For *Ha'Tórah* is *Ha'Tórah*:

And anything called something other than *Ha'Tórah* in any way, is not *Ha'Tórah*:

And for the Law is only in *Ha'Tórah*: the Law can be not in any book

Called by any other name than, in its very face even, *Ha'Tórah*.

That would be sin, and a great blasphemy: also presumption: and rebellion against **YHWH**.

Ha'Tórah Tóv Meod: Kiy l'Olam Hesdo.

Do we understand the logic here, Rabbi?

Have we considered the teaching herein?

If any people on the earth declared even 10 volumes of meticulous legalistic literature to be directly and
 perfectly transmitted *orally alone* for one thousand by a people historically documented by its own people for the sake its
 own people for not keeping that Law so well, then perhaps I would say this is a farce without any type of reasoning
 whatsoever, and certainly without wisdom or knowledge of what goes on under the sun.

Now if the absurdity were presented to me as evidence of reason for belief, because it seems like a goodly
 miracle, (i.e. the *Credo quia absurdum*), I would say, Is this Christianity? Wherein I am told to believe because something
 is without reason it is to be known as of the God Who Created man to reason through his days and in the reflections
 upon the pools of the water?

Now, if there were a significant likelihood that you were incidentally teaching a falsehood that is a blasphemy
 and a rebellion of old,

which so happeneth to be in a pietific enough spirit to acquire Mercy of God throughout a longterm diaspora:
 that is, Mercy unto nonremoval: and in honesty the diaspora might have prevented it:

those considerations are to be no more: it is *Tórah* alone or else!

Everybody hates us and the microscope of the hypocrites who desperately want to be gods because they serve only their own rendition of a satan, and therefore it is time enough for that damned *Talmud* of blasphemy which is left anymore without any interesting things to say at all: like this riddle:

how is eating to total engorgement—which would in total self-denial be to eat unto death by stroke or heartattack—*not actually eating*, oh *Mishneh ben Maimon*? And what in the fuck series of evil blasphemies is the Zohar? I have margin notes on every page about the stupid of these dumb pseudomystics of pseudepigraphy. Is my people a native Baha'i? Are these my children of Yaakov homeborn Gibrannists?

Are these Muslims who will not say there is not a prophet since Baalam of any people not called *Yisrael*, and therefore there is not a Revelation of God outside of your own faith? Thou shalt not add nor subtract:

a yolk of hen with butterkurd of cow is not
a goatkidflesh boiled in its mother's milk.

I know about the claim: Moshe gave it to Yehoshua who wrote it on papyrus pages: and then we had it in scrolls of the scribes, who then kept it in the Temple and anywhere that so wrote copies of it down, and there was a Sanhedrin, who like other courts on the earth, made legal decisions, and kept a record of them, and that was for occasion and occasion, by time and judgement of reason and purpose and place and situation, and the balances and measures, and the weights and the scales—no, no Rabbi, it's okay, you can settle down now....*I know I know I know* this don't feel too good gettin talked down to like by some thirty year old dumbo who don't know nothing from a farmboat in Nebraska, *and* he ain't no official,

but I promise I do kissyface a lot with **YHWH** and He wants you to be a shitsweeper unless you learn to be a good and humble scribe, and He loves how good you are at scribin, let me tell ya! Cheers to that! That is a great thing you have done on the earth! Even the Aramaic letters! Like it. It's nice and also this was in the Hand of God. My father was a wandering Aramaean! So, here's to 2,400 years of that wretched Bavli,

and the beautiful Spirit of Yisrael which Shined through despite it!

V'khol Yisrael omer

יְזַכֵּר

13

n, 8}

{

{∞, 8}

{, } of **YHWH**

14 {0.0}

I truly can talk with the best of em. This is conversation. I 30 page sermoneer per week.

I would have Rabbi hands a'running that's for sure. But I can be a slow talker if they need.

Just gotta work em through: sack the tallies and sift the glottalstops.

I had a million fibs in a house of candies once upon a time: now I'm just a riddler.

What a nefarious showdown between the Sorcerer of Hassidus and the Jacob Franko:

Bad moments in history of the the religion of the Jews: "Baal Shem Tov" which is a name that is idolatry to speak in reverence:

Who is master of God or the Name of God who is not God? This is blasphemy and a great evil:

If the Hasidim weren't so Jewish I would hate them for this: but there is a reason they are so ugly even in Yisrael.

Everyone looks beautiful there! even the orthodox priests are probably more physically attractive like old blasphemous goatmen!

Certainly the children of the bedouins who wandered by "accident" to Ottoman Palestine in the late 1800s can look more attractive on the surface than these: do they never stop that fury of self-torment to produce kabbalistic poop in mania?

What was Martin Buber thinking? I get it. There's a certain beauty because it *is* a pious Judaism, and there *is* the *pintele yid* there:

Therefore we know God shall Judge the stupid and the wise: may he forgive me my stupidity, and the fool his wisdom.

You learned enough not to be such a damned fool! Better to be illiterate completely like Nineveh! Not knowing right from left!

That's a humble spirit: illiterates: so much better than the literates who refuse to read anything at all

But are absolutely sure of every one of their opinions about everything as if they would perish in a question.

That said: stop, o Hassidus: and consider: why are you and your children so ugly by comparsion to the athiests in Yisrael?

Surely beauty is no curse! Surely enjoyment of the fullness of life is more to the beautiful! Duh! Everybody knows this!

Therefore: consider: is this potentially a curse? And does our God curse multiple generations of our people

Just for funsies in order to mock them? Oh little Miss Piggie in the cadburys! Oh no is that a giant goldfish!

Wow! Nahum that really doesn't look good in your mouth! Oh all that blood of the dairymilk powder!

Me too for alittle while! It's hard! It's not easy! It's difficult! It's a shame! It's a crying shame!

It's a desperate shame you need to get that shit out of your mouth honestly this instant!

I promise God hates it like it's one step from the church's entryway.

You're thinking about it: let you get away with anything they do: don't matter: plus:

that's that blasphemous sorcerer Israel ben Eliezer whole narrative anyway with the healer magic and sacred riddles:

this is not the way of prophets according to *Torah*: I know *Maimonides* might think maybe:

but the *Torah* is not the *Quran* of the Demon Archangel Gabriel: it's not, Rabbi, listen, don't get all all huffy now!

Hilary is talking: that is me: I am God's little blondyke bar called Hilary when He Degrades me most sensuallike and Omnipotent and I do feel it goodlike Good anyway I am a man: therefore *haham* be not stupid now:
 walk the staircase of not being a dumbass all the time:
 wander in the path of being not a boogereating Mister Certainspeaks:
 go thou the way of the non-christian: that's what christians are: you are not like them:
 them is the Nazis and the Americans and the Frenches and the Spaniards and the Anatolians and Irish and the Englishway and the Latin Americans, but not you:
 really only the Nazis and the Pilgrims of the Vaticanists are the true Christians: these are non-peoples:
 and the Christian is nonperson: because the Christian does not believe he is a person to be forgiven in life, to be blessed and cursed in life, to be possibly upright and good and righteous in life: he is not a person: no,
 and the only christians who believe these things *can* be, they are not Christians in the heart,
 for *there is* good in them: for they do not believe as the Protestants and the Vaticanists believe:
 and that there is moral obligation and duty unto other people in the earth because they and you are in earth and for no other reason:
 they are therefore peoples on the earth before and after Christianity: that's what the Americans won't be. See?
 Even the Germans will have a better 2034 through the rest than they. And that should tell you everything about what's coming.
 Therefore, ain't not one of the sects of our faith doing right in this hour on purpose because of the teachings of the Rabbis,
 and that is because of the teachings of the moribund and halfwayinhalwayouters of the Rabbis:
 all that study is vexation in the aura under the eyes:
YHWH God is God of the Mind: He is the God of Yisrael:

I also need my learning in that and in this betimes: and yet even *Ha'Torah*, unless you are a liar, can be a little tiresome betimes: and that is okay: you are a humanbeing: do not overdo it: Daniel is not a lawgiver: three times and never heard or once a week and heard every time? Which is better? Muslims pray five times a day, God never hears them anymore: hasn't heard a Muslim prayer since 1948: isn't that ironic? They cry so loud on TV I hear them echo around in little dumbshit white asian girls and fratboys in Omaha every other night that I hit the town: ain't gonna be so loud with bullets in their mouth, now will they? It's amazing, need all that water when they have as sea as much we do! They cry genocide because they're too stupid to watch and learn from a Jew! I hear that cry a lot over here. I hear a lot from them on TV about their rights to be martyrs also. Take on me, Philistinian bitchmongrels: A-ha, a-ha, a-ha. You wanted a Killer Queen? I'm the Queen Bee: my soul is a little girl everytime I am a prince of peace. You wanted a prince? I Spearking am very peaceful in the trees. (Ah! and the ladies love me: even these whores in Egypt's Great Babylon had their joy in my usage. I was probably a whore here. I don't deserve a virgin. I left my first love for a hope of mermaids in the gymnasium.) I am in a turnpike toward the finality of the nonsensical. Seth Myers reminds me of Zach Dahir: and he was dumb but very loveable because of that winning teddybearlike smile. I am approaching toward the idiot in me. If I invoke the displeasure of God: let me not go to the profane in idiocy.

15

Monica is on the TV so beautiful the Friends Programming: and Chandler our friend
 who suicided is on the TV in promise to ever make her happy marriage happiness ever be:
 Therefore, oh Amerikhana Girl, be the primadonna girl! Be a freewore libertine and pretend you are in the NYC Ballet!
 Have more strange encounters than a hooker in Amsterdam, and demand to be the Princess of Catalonia to your man!
 He hurt you feelings and he called this an accident? His apologetics included a reason?
 Go fuck his friends: this is total manipulation: if he loves you, he will make you orgasm often and always apologize
 multiple times, begging until he is unconscious of himself and you are his master like the goddess you are:
 "I'm a Taurus! You look so beautiful! Girl! (What a sly cunt to wear that outfit! What a slut!) Oh my gosh I'm Aries too!"
 And no, it *is* the hospital: here the nurses care for your life:
 They are *concerned* about your abnormal incidents of nonmedication: is that an outpouring of blood?
 They can assure you, there *is* need to panic, they will return to do oncology on you.
 Broken fibia? Better be sure there is not any blood disorder: it is a 1 in 30,235 chance of there being an incident:
 therefore we need you to sacrifice a pint of blood for our storage and measurement: if you resist,
 I'm so sorry, but it is a federal offense. The businessmen in the hospital are *serious*:
 The nurse is a *serious* girl: the doctor is a *serious* man: the guards are *serious* people:
 The surgeon is cheating on her husband with the psychiatrist: the psychiatrist is in the boardroom of the investors:
 The doctors are all answering to the boardroom of the investors: the St. Judes! St. Johns! St. Marys! St. Loves!
 Hellfire! Hellfire! Hellfire upon the earth! Hellfire thee down! Hellfire and Inferno of **YHWH** in Wrath bring thee entirely down!

It's the hospital dramamine of the heroes of the great modern Babylon! It's the television of dopamine for the regulation in accordance with the proper norm of psychiatrist recommended lifestyle!

Manipulation tactic in Amerika: say, "That makes me feel uncomfortable," or, "I feel uncomfortable right now."

This is the only sacred thing to the Amerikan: their own personal feelingsense of comfort in all situations as much as possible:

This the absolute and holy right by God is to disannul all situation which appeareth to threateneth that feelingsense toward the awkward or the uncomfortable:

Therefore whoever claimeth discomfort like a white woman first has all the power in any situation with anyone.
(I learn this after 12 years of going about as an adult among them: wondering what can possibly cause them to listen in their fullness besides their being of an Indian family or being Gus at La Mar's for a brief littlebit until the protoindustrial faultlines return wherefore there can be no continuance of conversation between himself and myself only the former and not immediate present patron. Oh Gus!)

You shall not go jewkilling.

AND HERE WE GO

Reggie Miller is here to give us an analysis of that threepointer for Spurs of WembyLong Dribbles:

The NBA Season is gratuitously long: I feel 90 years have transpired since the Thunders was undefeated in Decemeber.

Oh my God! I know that time is not in extension as an absolute circumstance: it is the scenario of aloneness which reflects

incognizant into that glass of panels. Are these the scopes in colors for its sake? Is that in the stop of all extension? This the transcendence of the aesthetical: the realm of particulars apart from the I is the possibility as the ground of the I which I knoweth in the glass of images upon the scopes internal-thronged of time.

It's coast 2 coast Tuesday! I know what you're thinking:

"Here's Kristen Bell with all the love of stars in the nighttime

with a puppyface upturn at God His Master."

Only Royal Caribbean: this is a cruiseship! Morning! Payroll is ready!

The work is fair and the fare is well put! And everybody else is an idiot! Have a timelog!

Have a situation! Have a flipping season! Stumble! Be a peacock betimes! No, NBC is not who you are, Miss Deborah!

That elevator bell should not be such a dogwhistle for workertime Mister Nightly Showtime!

That ain't freedom! That's a slavecall with Derek the Whitie Secretary's Slave on your back!

The Intern calleth, SLAAAAAAVE! It is showtime! SLAAAAAAVE! It is TV! SLAAAAVE! I'll keep calling!

SLAAAAAAVE! They're waiting in Nebraska! Boston will not hold on forever! Show us all that junk big fella!

The announcer is on TV with his demands! He is at least a niner! Give me all of that, sayeth the Reggieman!

Nigganigganigganigganigga! What is you sayin mah nigga! These jackals in soccerclubs got you bein white as my ass cheeks in the wintertime! Are the Spurstans channeling their inner fraternity of black pantherdom? No!

It is ritual chant for those afflicted with selfimposed downsyndrome called, "American Voter."

Don't worry everyone, my niggas in Omaha don't read nothin! This is America! And only the Americaniggas can really claim it anyway.

Also, Jewnigger is a word I have been called in a center street of state capital for not playing the Diminished C Seventh

Minor Pentatonic pianoscale on a first attempt without being a trained pianist, with an uptempo.

This is a metaphor for everything that exists in America all at once: become a prophet in 21 century here, anybody else!

Be humble boy! Come sit in my seat! I might be an idiot! I might be a fool!

But Ron Harper Junior is a sleeper candidate to lick my ass with his millions, and I'll be dancing on a babaslide with mine and my girls in just a minute!

Is this 76 points in Hershey, Pennsylvania? Bam is going for a hundred! Go Bam Adebayo to your country and save your life!

You got Kobe! Get on to a better place than Miami, Arkansas: that is because their difference is a beach: the women are just as ran through and entitled: Miami costs roughly \$8,500,000 more per year to have your lifestyle: \$100 million more per month than Ghana!

Ghana sounds lovely in the summertime! You should have seen this woman I recently met from Togo! Oh me oh my! Bam!

Everybody saw you beat Kobe over there! That is mommas unlimited! You are six feet ten inches tall! Let this be a metaphor!

Africa is not open to Amerikajackals of the niches of Blackstone. (Also I truly would bet that our little Blackstone Street's 23 year old girlchids in Omaha have an average count of sexbodies higher on average than whatever's going on in the redlight district in Amsterdam.

Poledancers certainly less: what's she doing on Saturday nights? Think her boyfriend called Foulmouth Teddybear won't kill you in your wetdreams? Am I in circumlocutions? Clementine was pretty! you have no idea! It was only 10! Gosh! That's a minimum over 22! She said seven if she pushes herself! What! These Colonel Build-a-Buckets all like their biscuits with Big MEAT'S on the side! Listen up in the boutique! Vegas hotel for the bride-to-be! Exactly what you want for your children's mother! She gloried in her whoredom, and age 35 sounds like antiquity! Whoo! Stream the wonder! Ariana Grande is Wicked for Good!

This is a good banner for the feminist of Amerika: "We shall be Wicked for the sake of the Good of the Womankind

Against the Good of the Human Other that is Mankind:

And all our Goods shall go to the Limitless Male:

Happiness is our mom's right that wasn't afforded because she married and had us! That's what she said!

Everyday she wishes she had no children! Therefore we should be raped until we have the right to rape also!"

It's really a tragic situation. Oh, my Emma, I will love you forever.)

And Bam got 83 just now! Togo! What's happenin!

See what I mean? How can anyone respond in their fullness to everything without being in the desperation of homelessness? Therefore, privately, you'll see me as a vagabond in Tel Aviv.

Introduce me to Yisrael, somebody: give me a rapturous introduction to Yisrael, oh! and love me forever, my wives!

Anybody know somebody with a donkey? I want one to call it Balthazar Jesus: because it's fun to call animals

after the names of false deities: I think it's a compliment to that little dog! Oh my how every animal is a dog!

But the false deity gets degraded to an animal! Isn't that good! Hineh mah tov! Like the dog called Zeus? That's goodstuff.

YHWH *pepperflakes that into world whenever He smells champagne in a pretty family:*

Then that dog jumps through the window! Gosh! Blood everywhere.

Anyway, you're slow if you think basketball ain't still on TV. Coast 2 Coast Tuesday by NBC:

Wemby is knockin the threes!

—Chorus—

Defense! Defense! Defense!

Wowawwah! Defense! Defense!

Chchchchchchchchchchchchch

—Announcer—

Plug and play: so much hungrier than everyone:

Is that thirtysix points? Victor with another one!

It's Viktor Krum! This is quidditch!

Invented by Wembenyama!

—Commercialist—

I wanna pull you closer! Everybody wants to know you!

Take your sweet time: sweet craving.

Get iPhone 16e at Cricket for \$1000.

Taxes are free with Turbotax Corporation:

The pretty girls will be like you.

The salvation of the earth is the Scientist of Hail Mary: The Astronaut in the ISS.

Gather your Pizza on a cruise with the Pizza Hut App.

I am surrounded by water and humiliation.

He will find you and turn you over to the NBC Peacock.

Are we in the neocnity? Are we in the SoFi panels of the wood? Is this the theatre arena of Texas?

Is this the halcyon days of the Great Athletics? Oh the coliseums of projections! Oh the dreams of kids!

Oh the contest! Oh the woes! Oh the hallowed injuries! Oh the limits of the body! Oh the throes of gambling!

Oh the naught is what the fandom knows! Oh the slidings! Oh the shoes! And with everything else:

The knowledge of the sport is certain: despite total ignorance of the sport:

Disagreement of the sport is a serious concern: and not can anyone be persuaded to consider another position than

Theirs which they decided is themselves forever.

I have learned the goodness of slow: you may not think so: and I do not act like it all the time:

Not until you see me in the conversation of trees: that is my zone: got 4 books on the way? A person here offering an hour?

I will take the hour and get a little extra from this kind.

That extra always costs a bit of love. Unfortunate: I am writing four books on a deadline!

See this thunderbook! This is like 2 weeks of occasional jumping on. It's literally live TV and the thoughtstreams of years under the Face of God.

My eyes burn in my face. They seem to swell for twoscreening just to give poetry of the nobleness unto this factory of the banal.

Michelob Ultra is the Official Beer of the NBA at the FrostBank Center.

You know what the difference is between cities in America?

Number of sportteams, categories of foodpropaganda, price of rent & water and in turn the average income (which increases and diminishes the status of federal poverty which is only actual poverty by comparison in like an Iowa or a South Carolina), and Omaha's rent is the price of Paris. We have an Art Gallery Experience brought to you by the Pfeffer Org. and the Conagra Food Corporation brought to you by the Buffet Warden and a mentaltimelap around the pond. Niphli Omaha! Wicked city of Sodom!

With love and respect, I hope this city is reduced to total dust by tornadoes and floods and Chinese bombs within a decade. This is an evil place. You cannot imagine the silence. I swear I am hated in this household for speaking in the basement.

Literally was just yelled at from upstairs for talking the words I am writing.

"It's fine here I guess but I am tired of you being so loud all the time: but don't come calling me if you get locked up in an asylum if you're doing this all the time." Oh mother of my adoption! Love you too! Goodnight!

Thanks for supporting my dreams! Thanks for doubting every time I say anything at all about even the possibility of

Potential literary success in any city with more than literally one local usedbook store for one million actual people struggling to maintain itself!

But life is better under your roof!

You are supporting me with the great sacrifice of lentils and flour and dry beans and an apple!

It's great.

I do have it really good by comparison to other Americans.

*I wasn't disowned for turning 18, and then disowned further for turning 21: and then permanently disowned for turning 25.
 No. If anything I am disowning myself from you guys. That's my criminal act. Dishonor! What is it in a house of idolatry?
 Oh but love! I feel good about things sometimes and then I carry myself
 into your disaffection by talking about a passion of mine for any 15 minutes to an hour with your listening face
 despite a lack of any vocalic response for which I pray to God be anything which might signify that you are actually here
 and have been for the past decade, oh my family once.*
*Good for Bam. I hope his mother is proud to call him a son.
 I hope I never make my parents proud: that's the last thing they need for themselves.
 Christians: there is no requirement to honor the parenthood of a blasphemer after 6 years of reasoning without a movement
 of a budge in the direction away from that idolatry in the face of the obvious global collapse of Christendom
 by its own devices of idiocy and wickedness and Jewhatred.*
*I swear the worst thing I ever did in this house was convert to Judaism.
 Oh well. I am a child and very lonely and I want somebody to love!
 I can be the papa and she can be the mama! How beautiful!
 Surely nobody is reading me anymore but she!
 We are witnessing history everyday on TV: the announcers of the games say so.
 Witnesses of calzones in the deli and Legacy Cyros. Fuck em.
 I want to be where history is: Yerushalayim! I am coming unto thee!
 Wilt is number one: and I am no Moshe, but call me Captain Sportsbook: I'm gonna be Bam and Kobe:
 Buckle up nerfherders! I am a shepherd with a lion's haircut! Also, fuck the shah and the ayatollah!
 No love is coming from me to Persia! They can collapse for all I care!
YHWH Is with us: He wants His Yaakov back into His Arms again:
 Oh Yaakov! Teshuv ha'Teshuva! I will be there at Rosh Hoshana!
 Oh my people: you're gonna love what I've got kept a secret for a long time coming now!
 Dunk on Lebanon like Shaquille O'Neal on a Luke Bigsley!
 OOOOH! I've four more in the chamber! Jeez! Sometimes I lose control!
 My Adonai said
 Stop that faucet there.
 Wait until you're there, little Julius.
 Pace yourself awhile.
 Establish yourself.
 You have the third spot in English Literature at the ready.
 Solidify the scorers: slow down wolves with the guardianship.
 Perform your best at season's end.
 It is beautiful.
 Begin."*

Oh I am born to be His Handsaw. Yisrael: it is severe weather season: be ready for a shocker of advices.
 Let us act for once as a monolith. For once, let us act as a collective.

16

Local news: what's on in Omaha? Pedophiles in the city and the Iran War is death to America because we say so.
 First Alert 6. Such important work is happening.
 When attackers happen: UNO Ben can track US citizens with drones, internet tracking, stalkers,
 and all terror threats are serious: I doubt they'll read me!
 I'm just a lunatic! I'm a flopsy elephant! This is all topsecret. Cybersecurity of Wordpress.
 Very educational. Yisrael! This allegiance with USA is over: this occurrence is fine:
 America has always been evil: there is not a historical period during which the blood of the innocent was not spilled
 by this country: *and it is a bloody wrinkle* in the history of Yisrael: but what is birth without blood?
 Call it Handpicked Favoritism of God: it was an Emergency: state contracts universal, competitive bidding,
 And America fulfilled its contractual obligations for the first time ever, and because of this latter fact, its people determined that
 There was a conspiracy of certified armistice in such a treaty service and felt it was fair to murder all the Jews
 To authorize it in compliance with federal law for in the future to unanimously approve plans to expand
 Nebraska: and the Ponca tribe will dance on their graves, don't worry. Yes, it was 450 treaties violated by USA
 with the Amerindians. Literally 450 consecutively. Call it a miracle of **YHWH** that there was ever a fulfilled treaty by the USA with
 Yisrael. Why did you not go seeking China as your friend? What sort of foresight is this?
 Go from Catholic Europe who hates you to attempt to become the European Ideal to open yourself to sewage of the Protestant USA
 like it's a forcefield? You watched these idiots declare war in Iraq! Why not China and Russia instead?
 Russia was weird! Okay, fine! Ask the Ashkenaz, and they hate them. Ask the Bukharan, and they were happy.
 Eh! The Chinese are almost Jews anyway. Ever meet their children?
 Those could be little Jewish children. If not better behaved! Admit it! The best children are the Chinese! It's a fact!
 5,000 years of written history and **YHWH** does not Love these people?

The cultural revolution was a tarnishing of the people's history.
 A memory uncherished. Feces on the floor. Soaking wet. Sewage in the basement. Absent prior to any notice of problems.
 Public works is doing everything right. Ideological springing up from Mao. Folly of the West in China.
 Was the Emperor already fallen? Yeah, yeah. Whatever! It's ancient! Bring it back! It's falling apart everywhere!
 Nobody wants it there! Sit down and throw a line from a bridge from a shoppingcart with one shoe!
 Shame on you China! You were beautiful forever! Now you know what it feels like to kill the father and mother!
 How does it feel to crash yourself into being stranded in a suit & tie from Amerika, and call it British
 with improved municipal driving laws?
 Is that boring enough for you in the East? Staying pretty mild tonight in Beijing?
 Yuck! Be honest! Don't you wish your girlfriend was hot like me?
 Notice as we come closer to midnight I become more unserious: this is because I have come to view mankind as vaporous and
 beautiful in the sunshine of life and I have been so alone under the sunshine in my life that I have come to know what the sickness of mankind
 is:
 It is himself in his own devices of ideology: thus the sick with ideologies of delusion are the sickness of the planet:
 And have been forever.
 Just a preview of what the century to come will look like:
 I am a giant frog with teeth in a doghouse:
 I am the child skipping in the silence of wars.
 What am I? I have no knowledge really. I am a fieldman. I am a journalstar.
 I am a Nebraska clump of A1 Sauce: and God has Justpunished me without remission until this:
 And now I am keen in this aloneness, and it is become a blessing despite the constancy of sorrow.
 Keeps me from the whorescene! Whahahahaha! Call me the madman in the mailbox!
 I want villages of dirtstreets and stonehomes!
 I want scrapshirts and sheepfolds in the middle of the village!
 I want fruit trees in every street of every city on earth!
 I want you people to stop people so damn dumb about everything that happens by comparison to everything that could happen!
 Why do you oppose the Naturelaws so dumbly like they were enemies?
 Why not till with the soil?
 Why not consider sewing where the ground is not a rock?
 Why not decide to not drive supermachines everywhere all the time to fill the belly with rotted animal flesh?
 Why not choose plants as the center and foundation of our diet, and learn the softening of the whole gentleness
 of your being?
 Why not cease to be a retardist with that diseased, filth unclean abominate factory animal flesh
 between your slopping teeth?
 Why not do good instead?
 Why do you desire to have arthritis of the brain?
 Why do you desire mad cow disease?
 That Rabbi in Hastings should not be trusted to decide whether meat is going to be Kosher after three weeks at sea, oh Yisrael! That is
 disgusting!
 Ohmy by God it is a fucking disgust-Masterpiece! Make some changes!
 Cause that is disgusting and I will vomit to smell it in the street! Let my wife be vegan!
 Purge that literal shit from thee, oh thou beautiful daughters of Yisrael!
 Get that away from you!
 Get it far from you from everywhere!
 Oh Norway, you too! Denmark! England! Tighten up those lippy membranes!
 You can rule Europe for all I care! Sack those fuckers in the EU! Ireland! You are embarrassed with the EU!
 Freedom to become Europe's most unwanted sidebitch! Not even Schengen! Good on ya! The Brits are better!
 Have poetry competitions instead of wars! Have sacred bard contests instead of carbombs! Yay!
 That said I would prepare for a shortterm tributary relation with Daddy England again, because you did do that whoring with
 Europe: have not you had enough of the Catholic Rape Festival in Ireland?
 And now Jimmy Felon has a jingle critique of the Iran War about panic and hysteria for the recent increase of 30 cents per gallon.
 How funny! Audience loves it!
 Oh how I have such joy in my life!
 You know I am rich right?
 I can purchase Kansas City for a bucket of gold in 2037.
 Roots: America stands without em.
 As Spring approaches: let us remember that a straw glued to the earth is not stable merely because it is big and tall.
 It is not fireproof. Nor will it stand in a flood. Nor will it be steady in an earthquake. It's hardly steady in a breeze!
 It will not stand in the Judgement!
 It can't think for itself! It's a big plastic extendastraw tall as the Empire State Building! It is the Empire State Building!
 No! The Empire State Building is America! That is the signifier!
 Thus it is a McDonald's straw in a boiling pot! No fun! Ask any Italian circa 1907. Ask everyone circa 1927.

Ask everyone in 1864. Ask anybody from Vietnam 1970. Ask anybody of the Aborigines 1500–2027.
Ask the graveyardlike silence in everywhere USA 2026.
But the wife-to-be has a hotelroom from Booking DotCom in Vegas for the third time since 8:30 this night! Yippee! Pantihosen galore!
I am bored with myself again. 10:47 PM.

AND HERE WE END

Yeehaw!

The only art that exists of this generation is in sarcasm.

And they celebrate the Mormonwives committing secret adulteries with sentimental sweetsongs for Harry Styles.

This is called world in existential boredom unto the death of all morality and beauty of humankind.

Everything herein is free: my name is Garrett T.C. from America: I'll be playing guitarsongs with birdsongs for war *b"tél Avivi*.

I will be the nazirite preacher in the alleystreets and upon the beach.

I will walk the country and cities,

v'asherah l'YHWH

Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

17

Niphli ha'televisya! This machine is brought to us by the Evil USA Corporatin Empire of Coprophagists and Taboos
of Mass Obsessional Schizophrenia: The television sitteth blackout in a basement without will or motion.

The television is no person: the machines are not humpeople: they have not flesh of animal: they have silicon and glass and metalloids:

They have encryptions upon the codex of their voltes and wires of their mainframe: they have mettalic wires as veins

And they have mettalic wires of nerves (and therefore cannot discover the feeling of human feeling), and these are invented in the image of your techmasters. The television also causteth the Mass Obsessional Schizophrenia and is its only vital remedy in houses: for this: it is addicton as addiction to amphetamines or to opiates: Yes! Television is the opiate of the people!

The Television is an apostate summer in 2019 from the way of man in the earth: television is a circus of the sprawling monkeys: and the only living pepole on on ther other side of the camera: yes, the neighborhood may be in death for the amphenoidic addiction to televsion in the eyes of all the masses who all do work on the clock for a salary: it is a channelstream of hysterias and moratorium distractions which are to me as the Riddles of God: it is a blackout on a projector screen: it is vain and worthless and idle: it is a voidplace: it is a vacuum upon all the eyes of those who watch it everyday and night and their babies alongside. Anybondy else feel the ploy has no sensibility now that Amerika exists?

Oh Trina & Bob, I know you will never read this! What are you watching on the TV this morning?

Kristen Ball with her City Sauna Elite Card: 6x the Points!

She is interstellar with her children from the Mormonist posterboard.

Voltaren: pain relief! Come to the red and white and blue Gret Wolf Lodge! The smiles come easy! Strengthen the wolfpack

that is your family. See what foam can do for you: Wonderbread! Available in three Unique Flavors and Mixtures.

JIF: Because You're Worth It. It's jiffin. I like a jifhoney and banana scoop. A bit grossity.

Factory food. It's just so degrading.

AIRSUPRA: ask your doctor for a prescription today.

True Blood's Billy Compton is Here in Studio 1A: We are a pretend British Empire: Oh no! Have the sons of England
fallen to America by primogeniture's unnatural succession by selection of a Darwinistic propriety?

Have these become dejected in the flannel shirt on the teletube? What is this peasant squire doing for in Rockefeller
in the robes of some wight stocka from Iowa? Is this some rogue bullocks sweeper from Sussex?

More class from a bloak in Kilarney! Even that Black Al has a suit on! Is this refusal to age?

Is it such a Harry Potter union family? Is England the happiest place on earth for adult male children?

He looks like he's auditioning for The Cure as a Midwestern Noah Kahan Cover Band.

He looks like he'd be a bouncer at a Lumineers concert. He looks like he listens to Vance Joy.

Why does it smell like such a dairy fart? Corn Flakes, Frosted Flakes, Raisin Bran with SuperMilk!

L'oreal Paris naturally firmens and brights the epidermal layers of the Cadbury woman who Operates the Business Hours of
the American Family.

Don't you wish your girlfriend smelled like these women dancing for Dove Smoothskin Natural Bodycare Concomitant?

Every inch. Every day. Every moment. Matters.

Life lessons from the Apple Corporation.

BLINK once daily supplement for tears: Vivguard Hytrulo: this is a job for Sponsored Jobs.

Spring is here: what does our Sacred Lady of Psychiatry have to offer to our natural springtime anxious mood disorders?

Advices: Removal of one thing for little life. Good wisdom. Go for an allwalk in the naturezone. This is better than doomloop

thinking. Checkmark the things been done. Worry audit. Unburden with catharsis. Braindump at a set time with all the

Concerns of life. Is this my TV angel? Is this my spring awakens? Laughter a natural antidepressant! What is this?

Why do they not incorporate this into their children? Parents do not laugh with their children: the child's laughter is suffocated
everywhere I look in the everyday world! Gosh! See the world through the TV eyes, and all is fine! There is no mass

systemic operation of totalitarian schizophrenia which enforces normativity with an obsessive's hypernomian will!

This normative is not total silence of everywhere! Get out of Omaha! Go to LA! Ope, nevermind, same thing with more fun activities!

Big cities, small towns, and everywhere in between: Covered by America's Best Network: U.S. Cellular:

How else would everyone everywhere know how to be exactly the same as everyone elverywhere else
And to focus specifically upon the narcissism of minor differentiation between major cities?
Look at Mexican Ezra USA: little officer ready for Duty. Grandmother chuckles.
Andy Barr welcomes you to the USA: iniquities! immigration zone forever! Advertisement the world into your mouth until you are sick
and so roll in your vomit!
Geographical location? Blah! Let's build the same thing! This is the Mojave? This is the Great Plains? This is the Mississippi Valley?
This is Shenendoah? This is the Rockies? This is a Giant Greenblue River Gorge? Let us build the cities all the same!
There is no reason why we should not be able to demolish everything we have by nature in order to live in the most
unnatural means available to us: in order that we never have to believe in God to Provide for anything:
And this will be our Providence from God: to turn everything into a wasteland for capital and the puritan way: Mississippi Valley:
Basin of 400 rivers? Rivers from Appalachians and from Rockies the size of the Nile? Rivers whose span is a hundred meters at least
with depths of forty some to a hundredsome feet? Underground aquifers the size of Germany? *Well Jenna's friend met a comboyhatter in a casino,
and that's love in Vegas! He gave her the tip for \$1000, and she won it back with power dynamics!*
Guess what! This entire river valley is used for inedible corn! High fructose corn syrup, ethanol for gasoline, and feed
so that the cows all have diseases! All the Sequioas are destroyed!
What happened? Is that casinoroyale the Indecent Proposal of the Founders of America unto God **YHWH**?
Did they promise the bloodshed and destruction also?
That cowboy was a looker, I'll tell you what: have you seen him with the ranchhand?
Nay! **YHWH** proposed banality unto its lowest assortment: fires destroy the mobile homes and the land returneth from its scams.
Now it's a surprisegrossed emoticon: a nuclear mind bomb image cartoon: a bigfoot slouch gif and a happytime sleepycon:
What are your favorite bedroom songs? Pony by Genuine. This is total obscenity for stayhome moms. Jenna & Sheinelle!
*Oh! Is that Marvin Gaye? A little Rhythm & Blues for Jenna! Oh! Goshdarn! Is that 2 Niggas and House Job with
"I'll Make Love to You"? Oh! Here's Marvin Gaye again with "Let's Get it On"! That's Jenna's song!
Yes, she is a whitelady and married. I think it's radiotime jungle fever in this psychosis of the suicidal white whores.
Pride? Walking with a limp thereafter: that's no shame! How much can you take? That is the question!
The lower the number among the ladies, the less the lady is good for between girlfriends!
Can you take a tenner tween the thighs? If not: go play some tackle football: you'll be wanting that
for a good minute afterward. Disgusting! Trashwomen! Hookers!
Sometimes it is! Sometimes not so! What is happening on the frontier?
What is going on in the little houses on the prairie?
Oh! Anal Susan is winebibbing again! Subway's new proteinpop for \$3.99 for dishes that shine!
It's the Saluki Takeover Tour! They go town-to-town!*
Use listerine for wholemouth health after that swallow: 20G of Protein and therapy moisturizers.
Oral sphinctres! Anal sphinctres! Sphinctres for everybody!
Feel more you than ever with no compromise: max what makes you you.
It's Amnesty Andy, Larry Stovesand, Flo Von Actual McCliente: \$69 Contour in Chicago O'Hare Airport:
How time flies! How I nearly arrived in Tel Aviv January 18, 2026 but a blizzard arose on the skies
And I decided to sanctify some things before leaving this voidplace unto the historic!
Here you must live in City Limits: Try always discreet: designed to protect you from your vaginal blood.
Now let's play Sip or Spill with Jenna & Sheinelle: they can spill the tea of honesty, or sip in refusal to tell:
This is called the game of Marriage in Life with American Woman:
Higher or Lower than Ten? Higher and not enough. She feels bad it's not higher! It's embarrassing!
How boring! Just let this woman on the flight: who cares if she's not enough of a whore to be a good libertine?
She supports the whoredom: that's good enough for the Amerikani. Rite of passage in sororities? A gangbang and an orgy and one Thiago Splitter
and no droughts lest there be evaporated moisture in Paducah! Go for the town record into the overnight! It's raining men! Sluts beyond the
usual
prophetic slutting of prophetic times! Never way below average are the virtuous girls, always way above are the average!
They mostly sip the tea from giant empty tea cups. Even this is fake and everybody knows it:
They are telling you it is fake with a strong demand that you believe the Comedy Czar of NBC that it is important:
For you to be interested and entertained: Progressive Kellogg's Cereal: All Natural from our Nature Factories!
Degradation of daughters ubiquitous! Whole land in visions of manwhores and womanwhores of body and similitude and name!
This is all obscene: everything of fakelife to be recreant of lifetime: lifetime as the nonreal while we tell you to
Enjoy it: where would you go without Tremfya? If you have Active Psoriatic Arthritis: Tremfya is for you:
Serious Infections and Liver Disorders may occur: Imagine being a million miles away:
Wow! Charmin UltraSoft Extensionist Shuption Current by L'Oreal Paris:
He saved by Metro 5G with T-Mobile:
Nutrafol does the research lest you should think you can:
Nutrafol will grow your fullness hair:
And Comedians are here for Sofi One Night Only:
Comedy Mexicans of LA:
Big Chachi Iglesias from Boston's nickels somewhere:
He sold the original flipphone: have it for a minute and you can already scan the tumor: some things never change:

Nobody reads anymore or comes together in America: Big Secret:

Nobody did since 1800: they have melanoma from artificial tanningbeds instead.

Just sift through De Toquville or Francis Trollope: the Americans are the evolution of Man into willful hatred of literature and philosophy.

Trust me: this cannot fit: Imagine a nation whose invention is of Philosophical Ideals:

Whose entire nation is forcibly responsible for an attempt toward self-governance by election:

Whose entire nation has since the time of The Crucible considered the work of philosophy to be a taboo, a sign of severe homosexuality, a product of immorality and a will to the heresy of Christendom, antipatriotic, and pretentious of grandiosity for narcissists and women to the degree that there is 1 local bookstore which is mostly empty and open 7 days a week, struggling to offer 25% on a bookpurchase of hardcovers of Shalom Aleichem, Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche, Buber, Kant, and more upon the bones of a genocidal horror. How does this happen? You say, surely there are no Jews there then! No, there are 4 synagogues and 12,000 Jews in Omaha, and 2 Synagogues in Lincoln. This is the embarrassment of nations and degradation by self and by everything else unto a positive outlook.

You cannot be a good person with a positive outlook in this country.

And the people with a negative outlook actually believe hardship in America has something to do with Trump and Netanyahu having a strong military alliance against Iran. As if troubles were but recently and the future needs more good American Idealism! Illegalize *that* group and enshrine *this* group! Oh have a taste of Mexico in Du Quion! *Téquilas! Gringos!*

They believe that the solution would be another Biden and giving that extra \$5 back into the pockets of every worker for all of the right reasons, of course.

Oh look at little Machai! He's so famous and he's so thirteen! Spreading the gospel through the whole world! Whoopie! Jewish Media! Gotta celebrate the gospel! That media is so talented! Propagate total Christianity and blame the societal sickness of global media on the Jews by means of tones and allusions and nefarious laissez-faire support for the Ayatollah's nuclear program. Imagine that! The Goodness of God as memorized and sang well by a yuntalented descendent of the niggroes! Jenna daughter of George Bush is doing her sacred restitutions to the blacks because her daddy don't care about black people!

He wants in the studio! This gospel singer's gotta make that bread and get them women shakin that ass!

Instacart lets yu choose yur bananas! Men in greensheen onesies! Men in nylon tights in 1972 nostalgia filmvision!

One Life of Unlimited 5G only at Metro USA. Tell the commercialist you are his heart: tell her you're her only one.

This is impossible: I will effortlessly swipe through the grime of this poem to make it clean and beautiful. Lies! Effortful this was and it is

all grime mostly! This is freedom in the Auspices of God! I only want the satires to be known: this is the jackhammer of pataphysical Maxwell in the engines of dust! What a panasonic clap! What a panorama!

Honey, your mouth and eyes are moving again: we need to go to a doctor for that: get Asutedo XR:

Antipsychotics for Black Fathers in the suburbs of the Whites.

What is the toxic question that led to more than one answer? Find out next with the Internet's Budget Friendly Favorite Recipe:

What are we cooking today?

Oh my God in His Timing of the Synchronous is Perfect and Absolute!

THIS IS PRIZE PUZZLE:

Regeneration Youth Macrocellular AID Therapy: Play the Roulette: do not go bankrupt!

Magna Carta 1215: 1996: MAGIC CARPET RIDE: I am Aladdin in the river styx:

A place where the fun never ends, Damien! Relax and unwind with Panama's coffee mills and stunning volcanic eruption!

This white lady sautees an onion on the TV Screen: Chef Secret: How to Make it Easy to Nullify the Will of Masses:

It tastes like disease! but we want people to enjoy our cannibal turkeys!

Just trust the process! We'll do what's right! What is the liquid? Boil in chicken broth!

Bring it to a boil! Yum! Broth pasta!

ATTR CARDIAC AMALEDOIDOSIS! ATTRUDY by Morgan Freeman!

That's Today Food! Have some Ricotta Factory Cheese: this is superhigh in Proteinvalue!

That's the essence of health: protein protein protein!

Fudgy Fudgy Bloodmilk Brownies with Sweet Potatos! MMM! Yuck!

That's so moist! MMM! Love that moist chickenmeat from the Cracker Barrel!

For the girls that blowdry sweat for AMNESTY INT'L: Dove Natural fragrancelike Freshening Concomitants:

Convert liquid to gel with Always Discreet in your vaginal well: get Vyvgart Hytrulo: ask Herr Doktor today!

100% Gray Coverage by Garnier! TV for Women! Aveeno will goatwash your skin with blood of goatmilk!

MMMM! Get 5G Unlimited by Metro: JIF Peanut Butter Chocolate Spread with Dry Milkpowder for No Reason!

Making sure you get the protein: First Alert: Read ALL Labels, my Little Anna in Tel Avivi!

I am a freighttrain with a backward headstart!

It is mass globalist poisoning of the entire humanity and I am the doctor!

CHANGE OF VENUE: this must be the place to remember.

HAWAIIAN VACATION 2021: Come on, Georgia! Come on, lights!

It is a sexual activity of the Universal Romans:

sadism of disease invention and masochism social degradation in all things.

Amish furniture of Nebraska: this is the only people here who live in any sort of difference.

They mentioned Hannukah! Happy Passover from New York with Easter and St. Patrick's Day!

Aren't they cute with attempt to appear Pro-Jew holiday with all the garland of Christendom,
 lest the indoor brainhouse of masses does not pressurecook itself into belief of collusion with Jewdom?
 Why else would Passover be called happy? A solemn occasion of bitter herbs and the hologram is over
 for that nobody listens to me in the house. It is liberation from you and I am leaving on its ending!
 I will be in full bloom in July! *Tel Aviv!* I have saved big money at Menard's in my lifetime and I am running redlights toward you!
 Should I take a dramamine for warhero time? Am I Saint Dennis the Menace?
 This isn't the DNC! The delays! The setbacks! The bathwater suicidal ideations unto pleasures of nonexistence!
 Who am I? I am the saddest tears in and my grandmother's car like butter in the Face of **YHWH** and I prefer goats and umbilical cord to humans.
 I only love humans! They only hate me! So I assist inexecrations unto all of its gall and spleen!
 My humanity is in love and that is another book! I want babies! I am thirty and sorrowful! These are the exclamatories of my fecalia!
 Humanity in diapers of the mind! Humanity with Sargeant Twofingers in its butt to sing Bon Jovi in falsettos!
 Midnight trains to NYC! Midnight trains unto the last 10 days of Amerika! Midnight trains to strangers of my people!
 I will yell and scream unto *Aliyah!*
YHWH Singeth from my mouth in ecstasies from His Place eternal and thereunto!

That is a human vagina called the vivulent green of His Mysteries! Life given and life lost! So many lifetimes in the leaping out and the forthwith!
 Everybody is a Dumb Joey in America; only host of spineless traitors who lick the boot of oppressor and abandon entire identity
 for a good dollar exchange. Dumb Joey hath a million opinions which he refuseth to sacrifice. Virtue signal for the Islamist with a bombhand: NYC will swallow everything; we love you except the Goatfucker Jake Lang. And the incel femoids
 Ran away being jestermogged with high cortisol and no recovery. We were laughing in the bombdrop.
 What a monger! What a fish! What kith of cattelover! What magnificent! What rotundas! What verandamondo splits!
 Mayorman blames bombist's actions on white Jews! Zion caused people to bomb those bigots!
 Freedom of speech and assembly should be bombed and violenced by Muslims and Christians and Patriots:
 Lest the Jews rule America. Everything is happening from mouths of people in 80 percent delusion of worldhistorical reality under regimes of global democracy: *Niphli* Freepress Visions of World! I swear the words will arrive in situations of facticty and then by sentence thereunto end of report the whole contextual reality is slipping from the rails of the sane into the nonsense as facthistorical and event is the third removal:

Was there science in Europe for a while? Did that end when the Jews left? America is an embarrassment:
 I am done! So done! I cannot listen to them! I have no more fees! No more interest! I want who is worth of my love again!
 I want will will love my worth for them!
 Our Jews are waving the American flag in the Synagogue! See, you dumbshit Americans!
 I am the Jew that hates you, all the rest love you too much!
 I am begging my people to see your inherent essence of abominations and golemism!
 They desperately want to cling to your affection and goodness!
 Thus they cling to what does not exist! Illusions and dreams! Just like you! See!
 Jews are just like you, but they are chosen to be a whole lot better: that is Why for the Cursing: only when God Looks downunder and Sees His people

not in a state of moral and intellectual superiority to their neighbors does a Fire Burn in His Nostrils:
 That's the God of all the Heavens and the Earth for you:
 He wants you to be subordinate to the Jews: the Jews of diaspora apparently want to be subordinate to you!
 The Rabbis are not Judaism: they love the Christian Ideals!
 Thus the Jews are hardly doing anything but loving the Christian Ideals, oh my neighbor:
 But I hate you completely with a physical hatred because I Kiss God everyday
 and supplicate all of my prayers unto the Absolute One in kneeling of body and soul
 and sing pretty psalmistries in the privacies of my days unto my King **YHWH** who is Creator of the Universe:
 The God of Avraham of Yitzhak of Yaakov: (slow down, idiot gentile who remains, the Hebrews had Hebrew names: names Anglicized Hebrew names), and I therefore hate you with His Wrath and with the Wrath of all those who cry out against thee from the earth:
 The Jew in America is almost an accident of history: what Christian hasn't bloodied their hands with the blood of my people on numerous occasions for bacchanal and orgiastic rite of the Evangelist? No. Stupid!
 The Jew with America is a space oddity. A century of a large population without one pogrom?
 Only ubiquitous antisemitism from the masses?
 Not a single government ordered pogrom?
 Obviously that would be a genocide because this continent is a prison of municipal bureaucracies which owneth unto itself every inch of the entire landbody.

But Yisrael is something of a mule: he is stubborn and won't even leave Nebraska for Jeusalem.
 It's so frustrating to know these Nebraskans with such intimacy and consider the Yisrael in America: why do we love them?
 Sex for days? No! Onenighters and whenever the pheromones arrive! Ew! (Or there's my Emma. Talk about obsession in the eyes. More on that otherwise.) Oh! What are we doing here? Operating a vacuum store? Sanctifying some godless principle of non-retaliation under violence? You know who hateth Jews the most? People who have never met one in their life but fetish us like an object of sadistic neurosis: probably for reason of a severe sexual inhibition and

repression (ask a priest of the Catholics!); these people are grotesque: I do not expect this poem to last more than a hundred years. It's not very good. Honestly everything from America feels like a five hundred year maximum: but a thousand I could see: and I do hope there can be some transport from it into something else later: a metamorphosis of literature if you will: this way people will not do anything like this ever again: may they never dig up the works of the Christians from the pit of death wherein they will have no rest but the burning of fires forever *as a Pleasure Offering to YHWH God*:

He Will Smell that Noumenal Obeisance and Reverence from Eternity:

Through nostrils of infants Smell the incenses of the pages of blasphemy in the flames of fire:

They so desire a Shoah of my people: let there forever an eye for eye and a fire for a fire:

And may Yisrael be Avenged of YHWH seventy by seven times over.

Selah

Oh the good pharmacist of Babylon! Grandma loves not being able to have a human connection when she has a question!

And in England Lady Shabana Mahmood is obviously an Englishman! She was born there! Yikes! Must be the Jews!

The crowd is screaming for Chandler and Monica!

English people are white? Shabana disagrees: historical? Shakespeare? Chaucer? Europe? Saxon? Anglo? No!

American without Racial identity: therefore you can be Metropolitan and Corporate too!

Vote Rae for American Idol via Social Media! This is Disney's Idol Resort of Democracy's Patron Sainthood!

We Jews we're too small of a minority to hate. And what Judaizing did we do?

State Acknowledgement of Shabbos from Friday Sundown to Saturday Sundown? No.

Cease from all labor on all Shabbats and all 5 Major Holidays? No.

National Identification with the Jewish People as inherent to the English Identity? No.

Giant delusion over all philosophical perceptions over what is and is not? No.

That was the Muslims of the lands of the origin of civilization! Cease to make those highly contestable ontological claims about Muslim Primitive Savages because they commit violence differently than you do in different time periods! This is liquidation of the concept of barbarism: ethnic groups have ethnic heritage: therefore the Muslims are NOT a distinguishable ethnic group as like the Americans: the English are as like the Jews! Your grandmother knew this! Tiny allies in your fight for balance! The integral to the development of any sense of what is real of the difference of peoples in the indigenous reality of the earth! the categories of existence which require understanding between unique peoples which happen everyday and are significant require the acknowledgement of this fundament and essential reality in our considerations of others who are different from ourselves! I know one world Unitarian Capital America Democracy of Catholic Silicon Valley sound UN Friendly as long as the Muslims Rule by being Primitive Savages in the richest Capital Cities on the Planet with all the world's tallest skyscrapers and Dubai under their sceptre of Monarchies and Dictatorships! do we think Monarchy is backward? Stupid England, all the angels love you! God loves your poets! WHAZZAAAAA! Kingdom returns! Give up social voting! Stupidity reigns in democracies!

That is backward: think forward: you were better then by such a vast and wide margin, there is no comparison:

Has there ever been a generation of the English more horrendous than this one at the zenith of Geneva Global

Progress of Scientific Enlightenment and Globalism? Are you inheritance to the wealth of nations?

Was Adam Smith a Jew? Woodrow Wilson? The founders of the European Union? John Stuart Mill? Carnegie? Rockefeller? Henry Ford? Eli Whitney? Queen Victoria? The Pope? Go apologize to the tree, Redhead of England! Go apologize to a bird for the industrial revolution! This is me at bottom orbit: I am ingathering all the noises of humanity from a box. Give me a heartfelt interpretation of Hamlet! I want a brief nectarine in Scotland of a yogilove aristocrat! But here we are: American Idol telling you to Smile:

Remember Neuriva: this Dog needs Natural Food: get MGM+ today for all your American Classics.

Are you satisfied?

Are you entertained?

Is it classified?

Hast thou been debrained?

Pandora: for the world of Christian Women's Freedom at Macy's.

Tylenol necessary?

Do I stimulate the hatred or stimulate the waves?

I love being treated like a number by the local grocery store employees.

So Jewish! Gosh! Everybody knows we Jews

are silencers of all debate: talk, argument, forms of conflict, humanity, personality, individuality,
who hate science, knowledge, wisdom, ethics, principles:

Nope, sorry: Confusion from the screen!

That is the Protestantism Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism!

Take it from Weber the Catholic or Baudrillard the Frenchman!

Or get yours in Lenin! Trotsky! Or have your Mussolini, Hitler, and Martin Luther on the Jewish Question:

Enjoy that tape measurer, oh Europe! So romantic in your fascists!

How many Jewish Questions have you asked from your Most Intellectualist New Hegelians?

Is that number higher than a hundred times without any systematic accuracy, or a single reference to the Prophet Moshe?

There was a page in Pascal. Voltaire was not entirely blind.

Nietzsche managed a farcicality to call Jesus and Paul the essence of Judaism—

a bland Comedy of errors to call a slave morality the religion of David.
Hegel is a serious concern. That is ritual Nazism for buffoons. Hegel? Philosophy of History with all inaccurate history?
Earsplittingly retardstic epistemology after Kant existed: how about Hawaii? What is that in Metahistory? Hegel's dialectic?
Earsplittingly and willfully false presentation of history to build a system of knowledge of history!
And that is a problem for me if the end is to claim, despite arguing that China's entire history was a glorification of philosopher kings, that the only human beings to ever full have full humanness of personhood by freeseffwilling are the Germans because
Gnostic Lutheran Mysticism and Goethe: also I guess Anglos he counted: and therefore included Shakespeare:
But this English is more Francophone than Germanic: and thus the descendency of people being culturally linguistic:
Shylock is a hero! He is the tragedy of Shakespeare!
Hegel is worse!
Anyway, it's dumb in the end and extremely genocidal.

And yet everyone seems to go poutface when the Jews know Hebrew from childhood
And follow Torah
And are the Children of Yaakov.
This is especially true Christians who call themselves children of heaven.
Oy! And you can be English for a thousand years, according to a Muslim, or be born in England of immigrants,
and be just as English Indigenously: but the Hebrew Judahs cannot be born in Israel-Palestine and be Israel
because they are not Palestine Arabs who toppled all the people there before them but recently and built a dome on a Jewish Holy Site
fullknowingly! Boom! And the indigenous of the UN are anybody who is indigenous to themselves where they live!
Except for the Jews! These must be foreigners everywhere lest the Christians lose faith in the Grace of God upon them
and a claim to moral superiority of the United Goyim Colony of the Earth!
They love to send the messages in all subtlety: be subtle then! Be not obtuse and thick! Think how a secretkeeper would
designate manipulations! Think how many tactics he has at disposal to offer! If everyone has turned toward
the great awakening in a total negligent nonreadership of philosophy toward the auspices of telephones and televisions
and internet researches of nefarious underground traffickers and secret hospices of warlords in Doha: thus the pill is: Jewdom is the Evil: thus
the obvious conspiracy is actually : the Catholics are with the Americans: the Vatican of Giant Secret Library wanteth a Shoah again. Are we
fools to be mankind? Did anybody discover something? Or is this all illusion unto the same hysterical panic of narcissists?

*Praise YHWH oh my people,
For He hath Designed it in the heavens:
He who hateth Yisrael hateth reason also:
Who hateth the Jew for Jewdom being
Hateth mankind for himself: hateth himself for mankind being:
And hateth God who Made his flesh and body into the earth:
And hateth the freedom of the will to discover and to learn:
He abhorreth what is moral: He abhorreth what is wise:
He abhorreth what is historic: He abhorreth his own eyes:
Thus he hateth Yisrael: for that there is no reason in him:
Thus who hateth Yisrael have no reason in existence but for to kill him:
Therefore let the Tyrant who hateth the Jew, he and all his friends, and the servants of his friends,
and the servants of the friends of his servants, and all their servants also,
perish into mud as feed of crow and dog
and never again spawn, nor their children remain upon the earth of fruit and grasses.
Blessed is He Who shall shatter their infants against the rocks!
Blessed is YHWH God of Justice and the Vengeance of Eternity the earth upon!
Selah.*

Everyday is a new episode in the life of Mister Spearking the Weaver!.
I'm a showroom dummy in Germany's ashes.
I'm thrust into worlds of abstractions:
I am the freefloating flotsam wotsam:
I am sickle in Hand of God:
My pen is ballistical: the keyboard is become religious act unto the giving to the earthpeople:

Oh England! Stupid! You invited a wild ass into your house
and let them persuade you to decolonize yourself of yourself!
You are England! Why do you let them heehaw you into calling yourselves Amerika?
You are erasing yourselves to become white from your unclean and leprous whiteness!
You are not Amerika! You are not "Whites."
You are not even "Europeans."
Consider how the vikings thought you.

Consider Arthur the Real Former King of England. Seriously.

That story is in southern France anonymously at the same time as Gaiwan is written in England.

Don't be stupid because it sounds great: the fairytale parts are extravagant:

He was real though: so are you: suck it up: be real.

Refugees are temporary. That is a fact. That is what refuge is.

If the refugee has their own country to go to,

and they are a refugee long enough,

Then they go home to their own country:

If they demand your country become their country and follow their country rules:

They are a colonizer establishing colonies in your house:

If they demand your people be arrested for critiquing them and their ideas,

And you do it: they are your masters:

This is not something to burn Cambridge down in order to create because you feel guilty for birthing Amerika:

India is your glory and your sin:

The Amerindians are not your genocide: the Americans are the worst people in history:

They only technically share a language with you.

Repent of Christendom! Repnet of Jesus and keep the Ten Commandments! What else will you do?

Remember Leopold? We Jews love your poets! It has been testy lately!

I would bridge that gap! Reason! Our mutual admiration! Let us come together!

Then you can have France for yourselves!

You are an island of rain and potatoes and conquered India:

What happened to your men?

Remember the American Revolution? Do not think this was a real defeat:

That was ten percent of your military with noname generals being tested in the field:

You were at war with France and were victorious in the end:

What are you doing? You are no longer mighty England. You are hardly even Kate Bush Joe Strummer England.

You are not The Beatles any more. Where did you go? Is this the people of Shakespeare? Of Chaucer? Of Milton?

Of Byron? Of Eliot? Of Lawrence? Of Hardy? Of Welles? Of Hume? Of Austen? Of the Brontes? Of Rossetti?

Of Wordsworth? Of Shelley? Of Keats? Of Tennyson? Of Diderot?

Are your children in cognitive dissent from your ancestral glories for the oil money from Doha?

Now enter the territory of evil: the machine has two directions:

Civil War in Britannia! A war is declared! The Bat will come down on London!

At least have the respect to send us Jews to Yisrael beforehand: you do not like us anyway!

And what does Yisrael have anything to do with you? Nothing.

Apologies for the hotels in 1946! Not our best moment! A lot of anger and hostility toward anybody European who didn't seem to like us!

You have courage and integrity and principles! You gave us the English language which is the beauty of Europe!

It is the glory of old Christendom: the Englishtongue is the freest language on the earth: burn your Websters!

Remember your fathers, listen to those witnesses who are not a cult, but in fact did read that book better than you, oh Anglicans

Busy people: never really so religious! No need for the church! It's a bad look on you anyway.

Shakespeare is worst at his most Christian!

Your poets are all basically loveworshippers

and fateworshippers

and timeworshippers

anyway. In America we have controversies about Bam Adebayo scoring 83 instead of tying Kobe because Kobe died 6 years ago and

Kobe is a pantheon god of Americans.

You all should read your own books! and venture yourself out into the Hebrew *Tôrâh* for some ten straight readthroughs without that New Testament: just consider why they are determinately unrelated. You now what I mean: do not be unreasonable for childhood dreams of ecstasy and eternal torture. Look in my eyes, England: you know what this is: uncanny remembrances of Winston and William.

How many times in Europe horror catastrophes was it Revelations time? Is that probably a false prophecy now?

Interesting that the global Jewry has never at any point in history been so unified in believing these are Messianic times: it's amazing that also all of the prophets are written in Hebrew: and therefore you cannot know them without a total overhaul coming as a Revelation personal and Immediate to you as Individual Man which is shared by no one on the earth in return to fullness and exclusivity of *Tôrâh* in worshipful reverence and purpose of days unto **YHWH God the Holy One**.

This is what heaven looks like:

The real world in pasturelands

And peacetime on the earth:

Old noblelands inherited:

And fruits abundant in the soils of all birth.

Just because a book claims synergistics of truth from the godhead supremo-triune daddo does not mean it *does in fact* come from that.

And just because the church of nefarious ethical secretism and the terror of the earth told you that you needed to believe it or else burn in hell for

eternity when you were a baby does not mean that the Jews are wicked and you are right.

No! That's beneath your mind, Britannia:
You have a freedom in the matter of reason: do not think in patterns of the pregant and neurotic.
Get living *ha'chaim!* Ride the seas in wooden sails again!
Be Jews already! Everybody knows you want to! Or at least be like Jews! No more idolatry! No more of that stupid brawndo! No more idiocracy!
Have a giggle and a redshameface about the tales of the pilgrims! Have flippyfloppies in the singindance!
Have tippytops in *ha'Tórah!* You are excellent scholars! Your body odours will not be a nausea!
It is coldbaths! Pout about it! Have a laugh at the celestial city of Bunyan because it is hilarious and the cause for going there!
Stop seeking death in order to give flight from death! That's a weird duty for puritans! What! Let's be real:
 You like pig and rabbit. Okay!
 That's fine! Unclean, not abominate! No objection! See!
 Holier is the man who eateth clean and does alright *b'ha'Tórah!*
 You can be plenty good like your fathers were, however, even better than they imagined!
 Covenant with **YHWH** *ELohey Yisrael!*
 You don't have to be leadsinger of Panterra!
 Panterra is a global neighborhood and I am not interested in rulership of it all!
 That is madness! I think! If that happened I would lose myself! Who wouldn't!
 God is Absolute and I hate the internet and all cameras!
 You're still good people!
 Not really! Yes! You've become so ugly since Victoria!
 Since you've been gone, oh England, the world is lost itself!
 You had a chance and blew it! Shut your BBC on fire!
 Twisted you all over! Don't even remember yourself! Sad!
 Trieste! Gibraltar! Spain! Yours! France! Have at it!
 Germany! Why not toss in with the Danes and the Nords!
 Have a good time! Butcher those nazisons!
 Absolutely! Have fun down there! Get ready everywhere!
 God likes you England: why? Guess what? Where was Churchill 1940?
 That's correct: you will have to kill your children in war.
 Also: all democracy must die: for example: Churchill outvoted 1945.
 That's a clue into intelligence of democracies and the capacity to manipulate
 even one of the world's most poetic and intelligent peoples.
 Sit down, be humble this hour: become thou great in the next.
 The Jews have been right the whole time about *Tórah*.
 Europe has part of its identity tethered to Jewhatred: you much less so:
 And you are better for this:
 "We will never surrender! We will never surrender! We will never surrender!"
 And moreover you gave up the whole Empire afterward and did not avenge on our hostilitites that were not considerate
 of your real political situations after WW2: that was ugly from us but so were you guys, so let's shake hands and wipe it
 clean: hit the jukebox and start singing Hey Jude in our direction again with love in your heart:
 Because love thy neighbor as thyself is Leviticus 19:18.
 Jesus is a moral-historical nobody without his Johnny Goodriddens: he said nothing new.
 He performed
 Sorceries
 like a Merlin.
 Is this your God?
 If you choose: you gonna face some serious losses: or, **YHWH** can Be your God:
 and you will have triumph and much space unto the Maldives.
 Spain! France! Come on! As a prize for no Prime Ministers of State Fascism?
 Because of WW2? Because of the Ottoman Empire fallen? Because of the papers of your fathers?
 For Shakespeare's works (other than the Merchant, obviously: that is him at his most Christian!):
 Eddie Redmayne is better than Lil Wayne: they should not hang out so much in cells of the internet:
 Oh! Critique? Accusation! The Lovelies! I would have married Kiera Knightly were I declared ten years ago early.
I have too much hunger. Let it rest. Why do they love the King Kong meatsandwich?
It's insanity out here! Babylon on superroids! Get hemmorhoids! Get brain hemmorhages!
New Zealand and Australian serpents! They must love degradation and pain! Oh Kiera! I loved you! Oh Katharine!
Omega XL is just not realistic of an expectation! It's gross and sad: that's for brothelites and orphan girls!
Not women with fathers! Oh my Disgrace! Oh playground of Impure Disgrace! Tragedy!
Cheech & Chong had nice ones! All in all is all we are! Freedom! Casablanca!
Congolese normal on the Titanic? Guinness not Heineken!
Oh thou American girls: Fatbrain and a sev'nerr or Brainless and a tenner?
 "Brainless Brainless Brainless please!
 Talk of literature is creepy!"

Oh daughters of Britannia! Don't imitate these! Be satisfied with themes of the English:

Enjoy the seas of the English Channel:
Tell yourself you like cigarettes and not boar tusks:
Tell yourself you are not Diana or Miss Knightly:
Is that Nicki Minaj? Why is Lily Miss Cambridge acting Cockney?
I will flirt with all the British girls! They're cute and I'm a bard honky!
They only talk nice from the aristocracy!
It's weird! Kinda funny!
Or Ireland! They talk nice!
That Cockney accent is backwards and uncivilized on the women!
Judge civilizations by their women!
These are the protons of conformity!
There's always an individual here and there; but the women are more imitative!
Think: best women on earth are Jewish; this is a universal truth:
Everyone in Europe also loves the swans of England and France and Italy.
But the men of France and Italy are so low by comparison to the Nords and the Danes and the Swedes!
Therefore we have a giant industrial migraine!
Have I come to the rambling?
What is a river which has no end?
Life! The light in mine eyes! The Soul which **YHWH** hath Blessed!
The love of man which **YHWH** hath poured into His servant!

Amen

OH AMERICAN IDOL IN HAWAII: HERE DIFFER THE BRITANNIA FROM THE AMERIKANI:

HAWAII THE SIN OF AMERIKA: DOLE IN HAWAII THE SIN OF AMERIKA: DOLE IN HAWAII UNFORGIVEABLE SIN OF AMERIKA

THE EARTH SHALL PURGE HERSELF OF AMERIKA OH THOU PLANETARY ADAM:

THE UNFORGIVEABLE THE UNFORGIVEABLE THE UNFORGIVEABLE SIN OF AMERIKA IN HAWAII GAN EDEN

TO BE NEVER FORGOTTEN FORVER! VOLCANOES AND ASHES! MAUNA KEA THE VOLCANO TO ERUPT UPON EVERYTHING

*ON ALL HAWAII FULL OF ASHES ASHES ASHES UNTO REMNANTLESS DEATH! THIS BY **YHWH***

ALLOWING THE EARTH TO AVENGE HERSELF.

Selah!

18

The human animal is in anaphylaxis from its anesthetics. These opiums of the mind are wormwood:
When does the dogsbody of the man become his revelation, and the gentleness of all besorrowed dogs
Become his solemn heartswallows? Why must instead he swallow himself with his own bogs of follies
And wander to and fro with God to know of whether else or other goes unto the is and must and should?

This is the darkness of a liminal pool:

TV Mirror on the picturestool:

Is this a shrine of eagleways?

Oh black mirror of this maze

Of Adam under Holy Gaze

Of God—and what asunders

The man of crowing plunders

From his all-lief malaise

For all God's Makings in his stays?

Has man-king not the monkey stare

To wander from infernal glare?

I riddle with the urine bear

Who bears the patience of a care!

What is this object? This is something new under the sun: household machine of receivers unto picture projectors
From image receptors which signal projectors unto networks which signal receivers which projector the pictures:
This is mankind in the engineer's laboratory: what does he build for himself? Why did he flick the fires?
For the eating and to warm himself! For the wall of fingershadows! This his cave of imitations! This his house of replicas!
This his world-similitudes! This box his signal of the real! This blackguard isle of the feel of relation: this abhorrence in Yisrael!
This is strange manifestation: this object which gathers men to watching of the happenings from afar:
This object which gathers men to removals from the world immediate unto themselves into the happenings of world afar:
This window of the world in a black-projection-lookingglass into the figmentations and vanities of Adam as from his netherpools:
This is Vanity Fair of Global Idiot and Coliseum and Wonderland in a blackbox projector on a shrineplace in a whitebox room:

GLORY GLORY GLORY

UNTO

YHWH ELOHEY YISRAEL

FOREVER AND EVER
WHOSE MYSTERY CANNOT BE KNOWN
CANNOT BE KNOWN
WHOSE WAYS ARE NOT OF ADAM
WHOSE MIND IS NOT OF ADAM
WHOSE WILL IS NOT OF ADAM
WHOSE IMAGE IS NOT OF ADAM:

Its peoples are on the stage in set: its peoples are on the fretting stage:
The first removal is the image captured for the screening:
The second removal is the image gathered in machinery unto screening:
The third removal is the image projected from the screen of the screening hour:
The fourth removal is the world-interpretation of the images from the screening's power:
The first removal is the watching in separation from the spiritworld of what is the naturescene of man:
The first removal is the audience from his life-anthroposcene unto the screening as the real:
The second removal is the cameraman from the witness of his eyes: this also is the first removal:
The messenger from his own messaging and the messenger from recipient—messenger is not the man but the camera's eye in the eye of the beholder who beholds not any personhood as imagemessenger but experiences image as presented real of worldimage:
The beholder defines the purpose of the images unto himself: the holder of the camera's lies vanisheth from the mind:
This is the third removal: there is no history apart from it in the audience-mind: all belief is gathered into images of present apart:
This is the fourth removal: the audience in panoply of images: and the sun no more is existent except for shadows.
This black house of abominations of entertainment! It is all entertainments unto mass death for the happiness machines of Adam!
What does man gain in this circuitous banality? What are the annals of his filmreels if not all glamors and forgotten bypasses?
Everyone is swallowing this addiction: I am a man who has overcome attachments unto lovers, unto friends,

unto family, unto boozes, unto wines,
unto marijuanas, unto nicotine sticks,
unto blithe women, unto meats and dairycakes
and milkwrought ices for sake of the goodnesses
of the things of life in the Pleasure of the Sight

OF **YHWH**:

And yet this screen of images is the most potent drug of drugs: this is cocaine in stimulus overload: this is amphetamine unto opiates: this is alcoholism with bottles unlimited: this is Drugs for Children: this is cartoonworld as the normalcy and sanekeeping: this is overload this is overload this is overload from a black box with no lifebreath in it. This is anaphylaxis of the collective human body from the inventions for anesthesias: this is morphine unto the eyes: this is morphine unto the hammer of the brain in the eyes: this is methamphetamine on the brainstem: this is the wheelroulette in gasstations of Highway 61 FREEDOM USA FOREVER UNLTD Incorporated: this is the casinocarnival of USA Las Vegas forever and with no riskvalue: this is the Hunkydory Circus in the livingroom of hoops and firerings: this is the NYC Fashionshow and Broadway in the basements of fatpeople: this is Planetopia Coliseum in your kitchen for cookingtime entertainments: this is Hollywood Megacinema TV in the bedroom of apathia and insomniac lights: this is constant pornography of the obscene: this is constant seduction unto Big MEATFEEDNEED and Big Pharmaceudical PAINHEALER and Big Insurance LIFESAVER and Big Finance MONEYSAVER and Big Retail BUYSTUFFHAPPY and Big Television HAPPYHOUSE-COOKOFF and Big Network Program BIG GAMEDAY and Big McDemocracy Politicker VOTERRIGHTSDUTY TEAM USA and Big McJournalism WARHORROR TV: this is cartoonworld for adult children: this is world as kaleidoscope in spectacle of the appearance of spectacles whose argument for being is the appearance of being spectacles to be spectated: they are to be spectated because they are to be watched as spectacles because they are being filmed as spectacles for to be watched: this is the goodthing for the consumer: this is the real of the blackbox in the room to be spectated and look upon the spectator: what a happy box! This is the addiction of children for generations in case of magazines and books and instruments and scenes: this is the abomination of the New World: this is hellfire unto Common Reason: this is the way to the end of what is good of the human:

Look upon Adam: you will see in this end a profounder truth:
His inventions are to his will to consume:
He invents them as an animal which eats, and eats, and eats:
(This said before, surely: what goodlier treats!)

And for that he invents his wonderworks, he tells himself
He is above the animal entirely, and shares not of the beast but for to eat the beast
With his newly wrought machines!
Oh the engineer of the modern world! Oh genius violent fools of the sons of Adam!
These are idiots of the flesh! These cannot differentiate in truth between the monkey and the man!

A bird buildeth a nest. A monkey proddeth for bugmeats with a tool. A colony of ants buildeth architectonics of cities of great and wondrous structures: a beehive becomes of the the gathered substances of what substances the bees gather together for a livingplace: a fox digs a hole into the earth for to sleep in safety: chimps can throw throw their dung at each other for a laughter: anything can do whatever he *can* do which can do it:

Mankind alone can refuseth his own instinct, and a dog can resist his desires only with stronger desires still:
Mankind is given freedom of will: moreover this is his great separation from the beast:

Mankind is a musical animal: mankind is a religious animal: mankind is a political animal:

Manikind is a beast in words and poems: mankind is a beast of paintings and ballads and panegyrics unto the Knowledge
and Question and Reverance of God: *thus YHWH Who Founded His Name in the clouds which swallow the stars
Hath Established His Name in the earth of greens and flowerthings
And Causewilled His Name to be Called upon by the children
Of the sons of Adam from the dust of the suns,
And for that He Made Adam with levy and barge—with will to*

create

*And destructions to learn by rote of the heart—
In His Image upon the Dewy Deep: In His Image in the Blacknight
Screening of the Nether: the Imageless beyond the void
To which the body is betethered: and in this holiness to regard
What fans the flame from being bard:
Songs unsung and letters fraught
With dumbly scant oblivions:
He builds devices for the head:
Thus Adam turns himself to things that are much dead.
And what else can be said of him or what be ere known of Him
Who Gave him the earth's dominion
And Made it Good to Praise Him with a word of poem
And a dancersong?*

This is a locomotive which sirens unto the night and goeth oertop the firmament without end.

This is the way the world ends.

This is the way the world ends.

This is the way the world ends.

Not with a whisper but with a siren for the engine.

Not with a war but with a house of pleasures.

Not with terror but with a screen of hallucinations.

This is the way the world ends:

Between the image and the form

Is a shadow:

And God is unknown to the cavemen of the world in shackles and prisons of the self's selfimprisonment from His world in Sublimities.

And yet the replication the replications the replications the replications the replicaitons the replications the replications of life of Adam!

The carshows, the minuteshows, the hourshows, the dayshows, the nightshows, the programshows, the gameshows, the sportshows, the warshows, the movieshows, the teleshows, the feelingshows, the dramshows, the funnyshows, the sellershows, the tradeshows, the stockshows, the oldshows, the newshows, the nooneknowsishows, the wifeshows, the husbandshows, the momshows, the dadshows, the kiddoshows, the slamshows, the shamshows, the weltershows, the heltwershows, the skeltershows, the madshows, the loveshows, the shallowshows, the crowshows, the steepleshows, the deepshows, the friendshows, the blackshows, the goyshows, the jewshows, the girlshows, the broshows, the gymshows, the dragshows, the hoeshows, the natureshows, the homeshows, the policershows, the politicashows, the religioshows, the historicoshows, the youtubershows, the spacesuitershows, the fishermanshows, the televangelistshows the weddingshows, the realityshows, the hammershows, the truckershows, the slammershows, the guzzleshows, the muzzleshows, the shouldshows, the oughtshows, the mustknowshows, the liveshows, the deadshows, the commercialzoneshows, the handymanshows, the priceisrightshows, the slendermanshows, the pornos pornos pornos!

This is the way the world ends the world ends the world ends: showtime! showtime! showtime! SCREEN! *Niphli thou television!*

Begone thou forever from world of Adam!

This is the way the world ends: a cave of desolations turned into the mind of all mankind as a house for to work the meaningless

moneygood work for the TV Shrinefruit in the Plazahouse Wonderbread Consumption World-Industry Garden of Commodity Eden.

The poetry of this reflection of worldview is all excess and the crimes of Adam against the earth in himself and without him.

YHWH hath purposed everything unto its ends, however:

And may there be a beauty in this also:

That mankind remembers his manifestation as a beast forever:

Lest again he call himself sons of heaven

And imagine a vain thing from his heart:

To invent and invent and invent unto all destrucitons

For the sake of an easier means to consume from whatever new thing he creates:

Oh! And the world is simplicities of the way to live amongst the peasantries and the people of fields and trades!

Why does man maketh his days to be all businesses? He is a dogsbody with a lemondrop of tongues:

Let him juice the words and play the throngs of strings for his inventions!

Let him learn to glorify the earth of **YHWH's** Creation for upon to be his children!

Let him invent for beauty's sake and for bringing beauties into the world:

Let him not build tyrannies for his will to pleasures in swirl unto obliations and nullities:
This is the way of his will unto meaning:
Let him justify himself with a will to the good!
Oh Yisrael! Teach Adam what he is again! Oh Yisrael! Become thou priest of nations!

May this come this come may this come unto forevers of Adam
In his passages all under the Auspices of Your Eternity **YHWH**
May this come oh **YHWH** may this come under Thee forever
And the earth be good in the hosts of Adam *mi'tzion l'olam*.

אמן ואמן ואמן
וסלה
והללו **יה**
ליהוה לעולם

3

*Words of the Prophet of **YHWH** on the World-Abomination of the Democracy as the
Ideal of the Great Americana, or,
Against Democracy as Religious Doctrine.*

**VISIONS 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.**

Notes on Immediates, 2026.

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 Artisanal 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 poolplaying 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 Yumspash. 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 Supremacist 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 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:

Ethics of How to Manual for Idiot Pride in Corporate Labor of Servitude:

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 maskalert, 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 jewhated in euphemisms, all whoredom as the sacred empowerment of new womanhood, all addition to videogame and television and doomscroll and telephone and sex, all addiction to opiums 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

tabooation 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 transubstantiate 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 good thing 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 hoodie pocket hands, 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 unaware 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 tattle 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 guitar 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 *Espresso* pussy. 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 *TelAvivi*: 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 Trademark 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
MAR 12
2005

...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 hypnormal as unto McHappy Meals Forever...

the hypnomian 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...

מלוא 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.

מנן מנן מנן

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-identification 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 *Tórah? 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 pusilanimous 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 phenomenalistic ideals return into the earth. Shall the UN's Genevea 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! *Níphili!*

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 poliestate 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 Deathharvenging : 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 dissemedition 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 tormented 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.

יְזַח

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 with a 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 offal wumblng wumblng wumblng into the gronud 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 tiktoktiktiktok:

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 Millenial 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 Stuflo 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 dodododadadadodo

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 Linochn, 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 merrigoroundgoroundgoroundgoroundgoroundgoround 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 death death death death death death death death death death death death death death 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 Psychiatria 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 h'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 supercapes 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 *Tórah!* 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.

יְזֵנּ

They will have cateye fingernails done on Tuesday morning and have firetornadoes 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 thought, 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 pleasedom 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 perpetuity 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 yet it has turned itself into the common entitlement and ideal of the society of man: 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, What did not work in little Athens and murdered its philosophers then shall work in heterogenous empire of tens and hundreds of millions? Why? Because it seems sentimentally right! Everybody gets a sticker! Everybody should *feel* vocalities in the globe of politics! Let nobody be heard by their neighbors this way!

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 prescience 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 totalitarianistic governance upon the people and the spirit of the people than a democracy of bureaus and a house of entitlements: democracies breed totalitarianism 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 Democracy 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 unto total acceptance of societal root equation, scorners of the truth as sages, 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, Al Qaeda posed as malachi from wormwood and the iceman, IF YOU SEE SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS OR UNUSUAL SAY SOMETHING: 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, blood eaters, 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, every city with multitudes of stageshow nudestrippers, everyday empowered whores, adulterers and adulteresses ubiquitous, virtue signaling parties for swingers, polyanderer mothers 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 others 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, dictatorial sycophants among the peasantry who believe themselves royals by inheritance of This American Rights, selves

of peasantry who call themselves kings and queens and demand their governmental president never become king ever, tradition destroyers, history erasers, history inventors in every new age, haters of poetry and philosophy, murderers so often that murder has ceased to feel unnatural or abnormal even to a righteous man in the news of megalopolis cities, One Universal Planetary Metropolis as Ideal of masters, ubiquitous malevolence underneath a total silence in all public spaces, perpetual environmental antitheses to all convivial social functions of Adam, 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 as ideal moral form for sake of moral form, 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, students in terror of intellectual conversation, scumgrubbers in prideface, childabandoners in OOH-Stacy-you-cute, children in masks forever, childmuzzlers in the suburbs, Catholics, Protestants, Catholicoprotestants, bootleggers of childporn, botoxers, face-change surgeriers, body-double surgeriers, body-removal surgeriers, genitalia-removal and genitalia-addition surgeriers, beerchugger trophiers, gangbangers and fanstasiaresses of gangrape receiving, cocaine addicted usurers, crackhouse financiers, crystalmeth addicted stockmarketers, advertisers of all evils in sublimate guises for anthropophagic corporate entities, journalists of constant defamation worldviewed as sages, propagandists as the everyman, animaliaphiles consuming the torturemeat and existent as all misanthropia, misanthropia as sophistic light 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 hystericalists called normative for raitonales of all cowards and schizophrenias, all cowardice called rational and sane, all bravery called schizophrenia and irrational and wrong, all faith called schizophrenia and irrational and delusion 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 psychical 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 gloves upon 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 and angry 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 klutzaround. Oh let the boy go 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 Graciedog was in a panic on Friday in Sodom.
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 another madness of the Amerikans.
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 playfully 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 in commercialtime! 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 widows and all old men.
They are consumers of the elders who offer the alchemical reactions of freefoaming hysteria.
Here comes Scaredly Auntie! 4 little doggos come a'runnin in!
Oh look, how nice! Now the newsreel 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 already popular slogans again: *bombogenesis*. This *bomb cyclone*, invented 2026, is a weather forecast 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 always 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
treelimbl!
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 actual description of the outdoors and the paranoid are the only to be heard?
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 chirrups 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* a darkout after sundown:
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! *Vivulah!*
Stupidfolk frankforters! Stupid cape girardoes!
Dumbboats! Become wise! Who is it which diturbs the peace?

Thus 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 forreal this time.
Still no tornado in sight of any sighting. Only the definitive *radar*.
Mohammed prophesied all men loveth the truth. Yeah? Or a phrase of common Islamists.
People say a lot about "*the truth*" without any talk of what is meant by it. 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.

—I Hate Americans, because they hate Me, Saith **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael**.
 I Hate them because they hate all knowledge, and they pretend to have all knowledge
 from a box and a TV.
 They do not speak of history as real: and therefore everything which they have individually not seen
 they pretend for themselves is known as never having occurred in the history of man.
 They call inimical death during warfare the “human sacrifice” of the “Deathcult of Israel.”
 These are Americans. They will never acknowledge the crime of Vietnam. They believe every person
 who has died by America was the evil until just yesterday because Israel Allegianceship.
 These are evil for being scum of the intellect. For being vermin of the mind, they are wickedness incarnate.
 These are the lowest creatures to have ever walked the planet:
 what they know with certainty that they do not know, they act upon and believe upon with the most incredulous form of certainty
 which they can hold in a human organism.
 These have centrality of personhood in ignorance for the sake of knowledge.
 They desire a chant for the entire philosophical inquiry. They yearn for a headline and a slogan for the purpose of their end and beginning
 of the search for wisdom.
 Thus there is no fact other than what they see on TV and Internet TV. There is no real but what is filmed and projected
 on TV and Internet TV. There is no truth except what is in TV and what is the scene of cost economy.
 They do not believe in anything except facades and farces of the void from earth.
 They do not have any knowledge but toward destructions and blasphemies and delusions in obsessive orders.
 I Hate the Americans as a man hateth overpopulated roaches in his household floors.
 I Hate them like they were fleas which scatter up from the whole carpeting of the green earth.
 I Will Give them cannibalism with No Remorse and with No Mercy and with No Compassion,
 and instead I will take Pleasure Absolute in the Consumption of them as My Own food in their teeth.
 There will be no elections in 2032. There will instead be anarchy and cannibals of neighborhoods, states, parties, cities, towns, and races and gangs
 and hoods and blocks and masses all turned to bloodshed corpse and sprawling death of anarchical cannibal war.

Thus Spaketh **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael**.

728

The intellectual conception of Mutual Trust in the dwellingplace of dialogue in the relation of man is something alien to my word-experience outside of the world of books. That is—through the whole operation of life in the world of others, neither in eavesdropping nor in the accidents of conversation is this spoken—due the degree that I also have forgotten its riddle and name until an opening of Buber again—only it is in continual disintegration until there is a closeness—and even this closeness of relation is forbidden thoroughgoingly through all steps of This American Life: and not anything remains to redeem it from its perilous courses into the void. It is even become *the* repugnance of persons to attempt genuinely sincere encounters between unfamiliar, and everything between men turns to hellbenders and fenderstrikes unto total breakdowns of the capacity to move forth from their crashcourses. All we have is dust and wind in our fist to throw at each other from behind doors of society's last remaining plaza of human affairs: the internet of homebound interchange between the entire world and my living room. It is a simulation of other people into an uncorporeality of vision: then there is complete denial of the corporeality of the corporeal immediacy of circumstantial life wherein exists the demand of **YHWH** upon a person to live. Mutual trust is forgotten from even the greatest average modernities who become sentimental toward a bowling alley in an old screen-memory which lets them believe they were an artist once with a flare for the flanks and the outskirts of normalcy until the characters of “Real Life” arrived to end his hope of joy and meaning. It is without moderation unto every despair of man which is retained only in repression and denial: thus there is not a soul which knows its own thoughts about what enters into its own perceptions: everyone becomes moral delinquents against themselves for pleasures of the sense of security in a blanket of paperbills for superstores and tourist paraphernalia and factory meatslop. What else do these people dissimulate themselves into an origami puppet for? Why otherwise do men disappear themselves from their own acknowledgement but in order to say there is no reason to be a free person under the leaves which fall upon the earth?

There was a time some 3 years ago when people spoke of faith in humanity: this is vanished from the earth: and this was only for the sake of videos of playful and a pithy tune about friendships by the younger generation: and this was a clinging to an evaporating body of words which meant little for period of time. Now there is a monolith of mankind in will toward Jewhatred for no apparent reason except come=plete and utter scapegoating of someone like a nonentity. (Yes, it is like the servants of the richest palaces in the world have turned against a local janitor in a gymnasium because the dominion of their lands has fallen into 300 years of consecutive destruction toward the mouth of the magmic core of the earth for the sake of Armageddon Jesus Miracle. And the Janitor called the Jews only desire a king who will institute Justice and teach morality on the Earth: this is the Antichrist for the palaces of the Christians: their Messianic Hope is an apparition which will and must arrive every generation since year 67 A.D. on seven fiery horses in the sky and will raptureburn into ethernet everyone who idolized the Jesus Superhero of America: and everyone else is living in a delusional void unto eternal torment after the rapture Inevitable which the Jews are attempting to hasten by unbelieving toward their Antichrist mankind that isn't God for anyone but will Blasphemer the Fiery Horses of Revelations. There is no reasoning with these groups under the cover of any light.) When is the whole humanity existent as a monolith? Only under the Babel Towers and in the eras of Nephilim has mankind wandered in unison: this is always toward its own suicide. His circle is too large for him to contain anything in himself to even know whereunto he is supposed to give: thus he is removed from the world apart from and

within himself: and his will is thus become toward his own death and the death of all around him, *and also* it is in will to total self-annihilation unto pleasures eternal—between which pair there is no difference except in a scale between quantitative damages and some element of braveheartedness, and in pairing become an allconsuming monstrosity of the entire mankind Made in the Ideal of Amerika: “Life as Liberty unto Pursuit of Happiness by the people, of the people, for the people, and for the Everyman unto Himself without an End in Sight.”

Also the significations of the word-will of Courage, or the concept of the Bravehearted Manliness, has become something akin to total irrationality: that is, and I have come to know this from the universal reaction to a deeply faith-oriented path-choice for my course unto life, every person has thoroughgoing and powerful objections—which are presented to their own mind as solutions to the lapsing mentality of erroneous will in the other—to attempting to go in the Way of Pilgrimage unto a place as Zion itself, on the basis and foundation of Faith in the Providence of **YHWH**. That is, also, anything elsewise which appears to have any sort of potential consequence of danger is presented as the mentally ludicrous of action, potentially requiring a serious interrogation into a person's mental wellbeing, especially if there is any sign of significant religiosity involved in the action which might result in potential harm to that very person's bodily wellbeing—as if religiosity of personhood was for the purpose of the creation of fatihlessness which is excused by the larger Democratic Protestantism of Ideological prudence of the safebeing. Thus the actual words of “Courage” and “Manliness” and “Bravery” are under discussion never any longer: only in panegyrics of pretensions unto virtue-words which idealize Good Amerikan Soldiers. Where is William the Brave in the officespace? Attempting a taboo conversation about what is happening on the news lately is not a shortswing and homerun of mutual animosity toward the Genotype-Kabbalah Jews? Where can Conan the Strong arise from the houses suburbia and neverending talk of recipes and tastebuds? On the baseball fields against Dominicana? In the flatiron wars which outside of extreme rarities such as in today's against Iran have no justification and are to defile small peoples into total submission unto the Global Masterdom of Advertisement Global Protection?

Oh! and the heifers are mounting each other in the country grasses for dominion!

Oh! and the hounds are mounting hounds! and the bitches are mounting bitches!

Oh! and the masters are yelling about the molehills! and the mountains are of the molehills again!

Oh! and the baserunners are on the bases! and the harper and the judge are on the deck again!

Oh! and there can be no happiness in this scenario: only pleasures unto the infinite:

and this under complete command through day and through the night:

and this without love or faith forever.

It is 30,000 dogs in contest to victory in the National Dog Show on NBC Sports California. Presented by Purina Dogfood: Because your Working DOg

should Only Eat the Worst of Substances to win Best in Show.

It is that the Chinese are wicked and not like us because “They sell stuff in those markets.”

It is the declaration of illegal war against Iran who was definiitevely illegalling developing nuclear weapons while sayg “Death to America and Allies of America” from the throne of its dictatorship, and the possession of a media who turn the assassination of this dictator by America into the tragedy for America while Becky G sings in the Shower with a quadrant of black gigolos on TV and Anitta is being humped by a black gigolo on TV and 25 Women Pick their favorite Penis Size on TV: and everyone in the commentaries of the Definitiv Uncivilized Analysis of the Inevitable BOOMdeath of Israel pray merciless death upon the Jewish State for being Zionwhite SUPERhuman Anunaki Godpeople who rule the earth and Antichrist must be doingstuff for to be existent. It is Mister DamningHeaven on Youtube TV saying how free and happy Becky G looks when she introduces herself in humble stardom under those black gigolos. It is Brazil in the Race to the Punchline for Anitta with her sacred black gigolo. It is Wallace Wallets who declares the market to be wise in the size department. It is americans accusing another country of rottenness to core corruption without ever having existed inside of that nation's borders because their version of algorithm told them so and they believe anything on TV: and giggle giggle which size penis would you prefer? Oh D4! Almost there big guy! Probably D3! Asian women! How ridiculous! God does make all these things to measure!

Like goes with like! Kind with kind! Anyway...these women are liars. The fetishes of black men in america do not agree with these declarations. Oh womanhood! You should see how many videos exist as lecture forms on the ideal penis size! It is a culture of penis worship whose democracy decides the commander of 5000 Nuclear Warheads and the world's most expensive military! It is a culture of vagina worship who makes activistic zionhatred into a moral imperative for coexistent society identification and tabooates philosophical and historical inquiry into every significant and complex matter of the world lest one associate with the immoral persons who consider history and reason! It is a culture whose citizen-slaves are asking in its publications and forum the eternal questions of “where should a guy leave his load?” and “are japanese women curious about the penises of foreigners?” and “what does elizabeth banks think about penis size?” and “do girls like giving head?” and “Would she like it in the backdoor?” and “would you have sex with me for money?” and “do they really like it when a guy shoots his load fast?” and “is three inches enough?” and of women who say with a smile “I prefer to be fucked like a dog so cum anywhere I guess right now?” and moreover they are asking type shit like “do girls prefer a creamy inside or a messy facial?” and “how can we be more kinky with her like swallowing?” and “do girls spit or swallow?” and “would you let a guy eat your ass?” and “would you be in a gangbang?” and “she loves Big Black Cock!” and “she needs a whole hand in it and she will demand it proudly!”

This is culture in total degeneration unto a rathouse of sexaddiction and obscenity. This drunkgirl liketh it black. They have a session.

It is part of the routine of gymnasium and diet: have a body to sexconsume: it better fill her up or she will devour! And when it fills her up she can never get enough! She does want you to eat her butt. Eat her poop for pleasure! Anal cunnilingus: this in showerworld Amerika of how to properly orgasm the woman: anything but the clitoris for the soluton taught unto all! Whoo! And look the interviewer gets his candy from the drunkgirl! He also is a black guy. This is pansexualism in Amerika! This is Amerikan culture under the scenes! After the censorship, what do we see? Sex Unlimited: just skip the party. Moreover 13 USA Soldiers have died in Iran World WW3 and therefore the earth is burning because

nobody has ever died before from Amerika until that wretched Israel looped USA FORVER Incorporated into their Zion Vatican wars of Pure Antichrist the Meessiah!

I am trying to get you to the picture: theirs is the furthest thing from human intelligence; and they hate the Jews with open fervor.

They are so obsessed with Jews being some kind of secret cooperative with SatanBaal Pharaoh of Earth Universe that Benjamin Netanyahu's status as a living person appears to them—despite every evidence and every report on earth by every legitimate source of presentday worldfact and reporting of it as affirmation of its truth—as a complete and thoroughgoing psychological operation of the Secret Invisible Israel Media Zion Global Corpus which Definitely wants to hide the definite fact that Netanyahu died because a twittertiktok videoguy said so and it got big and someone said AI about it and those JEWS are nefarioucidal and THEREFORE I have to find every means to confirm this Mine Idea which is who I am now for to be the righteous kind of Individual American that I am to be called as everywhere for me. And because this is their thoughtstream: I will be called the first refugee among the Jews to flee America forever. Let's book that flight everybody! They have come with pitchforks and they are the dull drum ogres who hold them! We are the cobblers and the poets, and the ogres callet us ogres galore; and the ogres say they are only ogres because we are ogres more and therefore they will not be ogres anymore when we ogres who are not ogres are dead for them to be ogres no more!

Selah v'amen.

Everything goes on in desolations of heat and permafrost. This series of villages in the country keepsakes

its inhabitants of megamarts and T-Mobile smartphone world-dispensaries and autoshoppes and the Sicilian restaurant
From a while ago. And there is nobody around at all, except the dwelling over of the musical noise of the machineries of world in Cosmopolis
Does abominate even the afternoonal balladry of birds to the attentive and the lonely. Everything on earth seems to become an
alienation:

The woodline into the forest is like the entryscale of a dream. And upon the grasses of fields I wonder where history begins for me in nowhere
And where it vanishes beneath these zephyrs and zeniths of a passage of a day in growing hours.

HalleluYah!

YHWH *Gathereth the swell and separation*

from the vapors of the grassy well,

And formulates the heavens

With these pillars of the clouds.

And He Gives me Vision to witness and to hallow into mine eyes what here does harrow the breath and spirit

Despite the countryhappy times: the desolation grows in the winds and echoes: the spirit of the earth outcries
Through the zephyrs and even the birdsongs in the peacefulness of springtides. Everything is happening all strange and alive

And I do not know if I am in it, or if the world of man is the only house of mankind wherein he knows he is:

Oh meetingplaces of the minds! Oh dread of the nihil! Oh and the Nile has its influence still from the asps and the crocodiles!

Am I dreaming, O YHWH? Or am I born a hollow shell?

Am I become holy without a willowtree? And does the cold pool redeem me in itself?

No! YHWH Redeems us all: He Offereth the Spectre of the Holybreath.

And it rests upon the earth: and everything is hallows upon the rift of eyes—eventide! eventide!

Brights sit the pasture! Sunstream the glipple blade! Milkmeade in the nipped shade!

O the sun! O the sun! O the sun is bright and clean!

What said the lonely man?

Abide! Abide! Remain!

I am sitting on a plank upon a fear of swing. And what is this which pales betimes?

I have alofted many masonjars for sodasprites and bellied many frights amongst the fools of my visions:

But the bellows of my hollow heart have longed and longed for the addresses of mankind:

This abomination of desolation rends the heart and tells what never to enshrine.

And what am I? What am I? What is man to live beside himself and buy a dog

And call it mine? And what in the earth is a laughter which fills the hollow eye?

I am breaking, breaking from the drools of madness and of grief.

I have set the world on fire in my lines: for the earth has alighted mine eyes with wrath

And the scorch of fires upon the fullness of the all of life.

I was born cheated of the world: I was born into the emptiness of man:

I am alone in the earth: **YHWH** Is my Affirmation and my Song:

And for this I know the greener world becomes hereafter this dread machinery

Is in the fires from the Torch of God and tomorrow gone and gone forever

אמן וסלה

I am a leaflet in the passage of time:

The sundry world perverteth my soul from its deeps:
 Wherever there is not silence in the cities
 There is adultery and murder continually.
 Thus I know of no trust of woman or of man:
 I have never known who is faithful and full human:
 Nobody does anymore: greetings are even abandoned between us:
 Does humanity prefer itself as not living?
 Does humanity prefer itself as having carriages for all its ways?
 Why the wish for sultriness for comforts of the Northerners?
 Why is the whole earth enslaved to the ways of the Northerners?
 Maybe it is the master race of peoples if the peoples will not become themselves again.
 Does factoryworld seem sensible in Kenya?
 Does a package of foodstuffs from Latvia seem normal in Benin?
 Meats from Brazil in Chinaland! Omaha beefs in Jerusalem!
 This is all filth! Everything of the eateries is filth and the sickness
 is an unnatural sickness in the belly:
 It is the brainstem which craveth unto sickness!
 The brainstem causeth every obesity for lack of reason from!
 The desire is of a surge of pleasure's filling!
 The gut reels and reels and is sick: the brainstem craveth and craveth.
 Oh the body of the mind! Oh the mind of the body!
 How could the world operate well for itself with the all consuming bodies of masses
 at the helmlaces of rulership?
 Does this seem good: body in all cravings as the system of empires?
 Empires with a new mind of rulership every cycle of a time
 and none can ever say no to the immediate cravings of the public?
 Oh! If the masses are the belly then the media is the bellybrain of limbics:
 these voice unto the bodies what to swallow: what to the mind to feed it.
 Everyone is worse off! Silence should there be unto it!
 People need some common reasoning through these mad times or ravings
 on thorough ills.
 These idolatries of the ideologies of fools shall be removed in my days.
 Selah.

Everybody seems to want a man to become whatever thing it is they imagine to themselves is a thing to which a man might become, and that he should become this for the sake of himself, as a suggestion, and otherwise a failure in their eyes be, and that the himself that is is to be for himself is for themselves to feel goodly about what is he is doing for himself lest they not feel goodly about what he is doing for his own sake: thus he is not permitted by anyone to become anything to which his potential might reach lest anyone imagine this not be for him the good thing because they do not believe in the potential that he can reach because they themselves could not reach it: thus the Amerikaner sayeth, "If I cannot do all that and no one I have met yet can do all thata thn there is nobody on earth who has ever could do any of that even if there are people who have done that: and if I have not heard of them then they are nobody whatever to me and therefore they ain't nobody worth knowing must not be for anybody." And they might even acknowledge a man as a man of unique genius, and yet demand he do to be a server or a dishwasher or a janitor or an attendant at store than spend his time in pursuit of the creation of literatures and musics and sciences and philosophies: this is so that they feel comfortable in their own lifestyle themselves: for everything which does not conform to them they perceive as an affront and an offence to their way of life: and this is their martyrdom: tho suffer people of an alternative mode of subsistence than their normal, and a person of eccentric personality, and a person who attempts to reason with them about the present of reality wherein they live. The universal is that man prefers his tranquility and ease to the difficulties and sacrifices of becoming, and the particular is that they are Christians—all of them: atheists, pagans, protestants, catholics, orthodox, muslim, even the reform of the Jews: they are Protestants in a Protestant Worldview: and it swallows everything true into its own dragon's belly of falsehood. I can hardly communicate all this yet: this place overwhelms my senses until I am replete with visions of horror. But I know there is in all this sprawling unto the absurd there is some codex from God about the histories of the purpose of Yisrael: his meaning in the metahistorical spans of the histories of the East and West: Yisrael who is the epicenter of history and who is the meaning of the movements of civilizations in the eras after the Exodus and there before from Yaakov: what is it to live in this great expanse of a cultureless pantomime and complete totality of the uniform underneath the Columbia March of Progress? What is the meaning of the Babylonian Exile? What is the signification of these Egyptian goddesses in the screens and the walls of this empire? What circus has become theis vision of empire of sprawl and wasteland? What is this empire of the absurd and carnivalistic and the consumers and the clerks and the robotics and the financiers and the spacemen and the professional ballgames and the federalists? What was the purpose of this place from its beginning? Oh! Histories of the earth! What has the planet been made for by His Hand?

Where is the man who is enlightened? I have not discovered him:
 Where is he who can tell of the differences and be singular in it? Who communes with The One and the earth of His Creation?
 I have sultried myself unto it betimes: and sundry lines have become a bonnet on my ponies.
 I have wandered through the ancient rhymes: I sing panegyrics unto **YHWH** and I have not purposed my whole heart
 Unto all knowledges: I have sought here and sought there: and **YHWH** Returns my eyes unto the mosses upon the living:
 And I still remember my wisdom: everything is teaching continually: the world is His Poesies:
 Do I falter in the thesis of this meaning epitaph upon the world's ideas of rights and sallies?
YHWH has Given Glories innumerable unto His servant: he knoweth not the reasons of the mad:
 Therefore the destructions of the depraved he judges from the goodwill of the heart:
 There may be no sinless poet: and everything be strewn alongside the seeds:
 But there is a *tasaddik* from a *rasha*—this comes from the soul: but *ha'tov v ha'ra* are upon the soul to come:
 And a sage shall walk as the humble with God:
 And his shall be light of the eyes between the matters and particulars
 which come and pass and glimmer as the sheen:
 But who of man can see between the darkness between is and seems?
 This must be him whose walks are poetries: whose days are belonged and elongated in God.

And what is this with governments?
 Democracies serve only the body politic:
 Where is a man of God to be in the lies and flatteries made to rule upon this?
 The highest government of nations
 Is a King of kingdom which each in their light serve and revereth **YHWH**
The Absolute King of Eternity God
 from their Placing.

What is the summary of my books?
 “The world has become godless as godless can become: man worships the ideas of his mind and bows unto the idols which are works of the hands of men. Men create gods in their own image: and thus they are blind unto the Way of Eternity in **YHWH**: none seeketh in the humility of the heart, and everyone on earth has turned themselves into houses of lies in order to give themselves justifications for their comforts. Ideologies, ideologies, ideologies and the hellhouse of California's engineers: therefore seek unto **YHWH** in all the humility of thine spirit's heart, and moreover turn from thy futilities of generations, and from thine abominations of generations, and from thine perversions of generations, and become just and good and humble and venerate unto **YHWH** in the acts of your everyday life, or else
 His Vengeful Wrath you will witness firsthand as from the Bible: and you will also be victim to it.

אמן וסלה

*And I am the king of the vampires!
 Robble me tuckus and hobble the nymphs!
 Sit me on down with the kingsmen to glimpse
 Whatever the imps do go trollop about
 Whenever the simpletons slobber their gouts!
 And isn't it marmalade in the dewdrops?
 I wonder about how the velveteen rabbit now
 Shall hoppity hoppity hoppity hops
 When everything needs you to stop eating cow!
 Get me in the room of them who make those big decisions:
 I promise this is easier than making the earth a circumcision from the living:
 And the death rollers all go sprawling into dust also.
 Therefore give me a crown: I know who to kill and what bring down:
 I know of the greenworld and what to upraise:
 I know what the shivering is in the Kiss of **YHWH**.
 It is time men learned what is humility:
 And it is either a world of many multitudes of cities and states
 Who practice the Shabbos and worship **YHWH**:
 Or a world in the scorch and the schism of a monolith kingdom of the king of machinists.
 And, anyway, that king gets the Axe of **YHWH**'s Wrath already in the Fires of the wind and storm and drang!
 What is there left then but to newly begin and covenant with the earth in the Yaakovite way?*

*Do you want to have visions of America? Saith **YHWH***
Here: Come stand under this light: walk under the wire: under the wire: under the wire:
Hit thine head thrice on the pole:
Look around the pole into the nightskies:
Turn unto that tree: go under its shadow:
Watch for the serpents: they are ratsnakes in these:
Do not go under that gazebo: it is snakes under the benches:
Look at that lamp over the drive: is it not strange in your eyes?
Listen: stop for a time: listen to the drive in night:
This is the country sky: it is a gigantic, is it not?
Why do you lie? Hold on thy breath: it is good to speak from thy mind.
This is the sky and this is the earth: here is a bench upon spikes.

And the fires of sacrifice burn on a vernal hill! Everything is still!
 Inimitable night! Holy night in the Hand of **YHWH**!
 Everything goeth and convives! Everything is in the bowl of the firmament already!
 What beauty through the strange! What a glowing midnight! What black upon the grange!
 What a halcyon range of holysight! Halogenics! Panopticon elusive!
 What a barnyard! What a wirefence! What a poolshed! What a naked dance in primogenitures!
 What a putting on the pants! What a primitive child! What a sourpuss gowild!
 What a horror to be hold! What a glimmer on the pages! What a fire on the mold!
 What a tapping on the stages! Here is the ladder! Climb and do not jump: lower in breaths from the heights:
 Upon the zeniths you shall tremblefright.
 Visions of America! Visions in the Spirit of **YHWH**!
Thou art my hallucinagenics, O God! Thou art my Rock and my Love!

אנן סללה

Covenant of neighborhoods: water the grasses tall: mow the grasses sooner.
I was born into the abomination of latex gloves in a sterile room with a bag....
Edifice upon edifice, saith the transient,
 Facsimile of fascimilies, all the ways of the dream of Amerika....
 And there is no road....generations of iniquity....sociopathic children....pathological liars as normative...

From Baudrillard: Carnival of modern happens in splits and cannibalism: master eateth servant to subsume the reason of his substance: servant subsumeth the master into minstrel-imitation to become as him....end of the world subjectivity....we pass beyond capital....and at the end of which the world and the Human have disappeared once and for all....hatred of Donald Trump for obscene behavior is an obscenity in America...ballotbox of obscenities and proglobalists for anticolonialism....antihistoricals, antinationists....hypnotists of the mind for any positive negation of anything real....
 Satyricon of university education...societal in total objectification of all other life and total subjectivism of lifeperspective as universal....videologues of strangers in public as acceptance—speech in pubic as criminal....universities in the silent sounds of graveyards...

What is freedom in the hour of the ambiguous? The present hour as the only possible hour of freedom unto spontaneous noumenal causation of goodwill deed unto or illwill deed unto or nilwill indeed untofrom as nonetity self in eventscene....Why called ambiguous? The question begets the answer which begetteth the question for reversals: what is the ambiguity of the hour? Result from the spontaneous: and whether this continuance is for the better, worse or best....probably speaking. And employee shortage is to the university students a philosophical concept!

Human personality anaphora....cafes without any conversation....coffeehouses of efficiency and workhours and silence of study....coffeehouses in whispers of libraries....coffeehouses as total quiethour places for the sake of students who do not speak to each othr....coffeehouses in preparations for the examinations....what is the remnant of the human....zeitgeist as dust in the eyes and a chloroform rag in the mouth for the stuffing....

A nation whose sewers have sewed seeds of divisions and delusion of mind from its first day....
 A nation whose tillers have tilled by machinery unto desolation—rape of entire soil....
 A nation whose reapers have reaped the harvest of Sodomite grapes of wrath of their time for its happiest plate....
 A nation of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Abe Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt worshippers...
 Shall this not be punihsed by **YHWH**?

2025

Another assortment of the same:

—Ectropic

From August 2025.

There was a night of the historical: “What is the historic in the everyday? And is not this walk more of history than whatever the historicity on television is they play?” Thus was the question I wanderfollowed in: And thereunder the shadows from the rain: from the blotches of the drying wet: Something only that could be in the Instant of the Speechforms of **YHWH** as an image of what are the eras going back: Behold! The Glory of **YHWH** from its place! Here on is the journal which is written.

*And thereupon the cementstreet in waterswells all from the rain along the whole side along the grasses,
Were Framed as something which appeared like a line from beginning to end, and in the middle of things
Was an image which became more the Lucid and Clear with approaching unto it, and this was what I witnessed
In the happenstance of my standing to encounter this:
A fishlike-looking head of a man whose likeness was a farce—that is
As a butthead cartoonface from Americana satireshow— and at its tail was
The shape of a cartoonlike blackleather shoe, and the face and shoe together were as
A calf and foot of a man—like a bloated image-caricature of what was like the Italian peninsula;
And his nose he raised unto his eye, and his eye carried a certain look—proudhappy
And glinted dumbly, lustrous and with no disguise.
And from its mouth went out 4 spearshapen, bloated tadpole-creatures almost as an image of a man's semen.
And just over its forehead was what appeared as a sun in the shape also of a blowfish
With the face—of eyes and mouth only—of a noblewrought and virtuous—but also imperious, and bearing a pathogenic haughty condescension—
woman; and an arrow went through her face from the place of the forehead of the other manfish-caricature-image.
And over and above these images was another in the shape of a skull with a small divot
For where its jaw would be; so I looked more closely and intently, seeing that this all was from **YHWH**:
And the face was like that of an African shamansort of manmask, ancient of eyes
From days, with a charcoal-grey beard buzzed down to the [moment?] of his face, and the divot
In his jaw was like that on the face of a wolf.

And this is the interpretation, as from the Voice of **YHWH**:
—The two fish are the self and the ideal of the Greco-Roman Empire,
The one above is Athens, the one below is Rome:
The semencreatures are fourempires of Rome which go
Unto the world,
And the face above these is Death, My servant, who waits to consume.”*

*This is the interpretation, for Thus has Said **YHWH God of Eternity** and of all the waters herebeyond and hereunder.*

728

And did I look Death in the eyes then?
I remember the harrowed feeling.
Perhaps it has not left me since.
Oh holy afternoons! Oh holy nights! Oh holy mornings!
Oh holiness of frights!
What is left in this? I am boychild to be on a jetplane in two weeks.
I am going overseas! The sun is setting hereupon my days in the heartland of Babylon!
The birds sing in everyplace! And the Glory of **YHWH** is ever in the heavens!

The AMtrak Station is the Utopian Dream: it has marble veneer floors and a vending machine.
Doritos! Black Butte Porter! Pure Leaf Tea! Doctor Peppar! Gatorade! Electrolytes! Cheetos Flames!
Carbondale! At least Microsodom has energies! I am writing a whirl of historicopoesia to discover into

The Logic of the history of America. PEPSI PEPSI PEPSI: this is a black whirlpool like a fridge for \$2.20
And the last night of your life. Enter Sodom, the Village: for Amerika never Ends in Macy's.
Skittles! Taste the Rainbow! **YHWH** leads me into the strange and the blinking and the flashing
of these oases of the strange: and everything arrives as metaphysical of His Poesy:
I cannot give sentences to His Formulations: what is the lemon vodka barbie beside the rice krispies?
Why does the wooden grandma's boobies overhang the greetingplace at PK's? This stranger is no zombie:

Contradict him not at all:
I go to New York to be with the people:
This is Carbondale: Population 13,000:
He therefore presumeth I the Jew:
He therefore arriveth to speak of Yisrael:
He therefore implyeth I shall agree that the government is very wicked there:
He finishes by saying,
"You are a human being also, though! I affirm your right to exist!
I know you exist and that is okay: see? I love the Jews!
I don't got no problem with you!"
Niphli thou sacerdotal catholicists of atheism! Niphli the saintpretending
Opinionstances!

I delivered the letters about the inevitable genocide today.
This is the AmTrak Station: Hangar 9 Presents Amerika as Visions of Electronitechno Denver Dancerscene.
This is a bathroom in the gasstation in Rogers, Arkansas. Everything is going to die.
WAR AND ANARCHY: WAR OF PARTIES AND RACES IN THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES AND CITIES OF THE RURAL SOUTH.
It is all killwill: it is all inhospitables. Traxx is immediate in removals: the pretty girls are giggly looking:

the pretty girls are giggle fun: What's that? Dance with you?
No way! You freak! I will have this hatman who is really drunk instead.

There is a gap between the train and the platform.
YHWH Speaketh: Do not speak; these are the Nazis ere the awakening.
These are ready for the killing. These are alive and willing.
These are madhouse who will kill each other madly all about:
These will go down quickly with the christianic pouting of a martyrdom:
And I will hear them cry no more.
Thus is the fate of you my love, for Carbondale your voice has not heard:
Everyday I hear your sorrowing all as the human grave:
Your will is goodness: it is they who are all the strange.
For I have heard your weeping, I will bless you great.
DO not speak here or in this state: I want them all to be here.

Thus Spaketh **YHWH Elohey Yisrael**.

YHWH is Good unto His servant:
He blesses His servant with many poetries.

This, however, is Sodom entirely: this is Ghetto with Cowboy bootheels. This is Sodom in the Booby's Sandwich Shoppe. This is Jaegermeister as Democracy.

This is Sun Chips 100% Organic Nonfat Dried Milkpowder: this is Rockstar Energy: because you're not worth living for. This is Southern Illinois! This is Blackstone Street! This is Kalamazoo! This is Pittsburgh in the scenes! This is Portlandia at PK's with a lot of extra eye contact. This is a dabbling into saintliness for Linda. I hope my bag is in the claim! This is a vagabond with a cooler who will masturbate in the family bathroom! Everything freaks me out here: I am afraid everywhere of a lynchmob. They seem ready for it. What if I had spoken of Zion in PK's?

And what of the blacks who claim themselves to be Jews—who would NEVER practice, no, no way, what is he? An antichrist lucifer fool?—his was not a Jewish mother—he agress all Jews were born as stock of Yaakov: hoever, Africans were the first peoples on the earth: therefore Jews are everybody except everybody who is birth Yisrael Jews and Torah Jews—these are not Jews becasue his beard is also fuzzy!

Ah! Cindy is in the addictions. Where does it end? It has silenced itself in the internet of screens.
I am a yawning boarbaby. The AmTrak is the World in Utopia of MAchinist Universal: what hygienes! what sterility!
And the gangs are in the outer places, and the gangs are in the senate for this is a democracy:
And everything is consumer-based because the voter votteth for for the slave:
Everything is ending anyway: why not tell the seceroy story in my way? **YHWH is Good:** he spins the world continually:
He loveth Adam: and there is no end of the World of His beauty:
He loveth ha'Adam: therefore there is no end of the Ways of His loving forever.

אמן וסלה

How often do I question in this apocalyptic worldview of how many peoples I let to die from my own trainturning?

How often should I count? I will have an orange juice in the trolley. I requireth lentil soup and rice to be satisfied.
I would prefer no more of their sacred bellywhores, please.
I sent a husband for the cousin Bailey this night: the tinytown boys are potentials for the jewkiller killing.
They could be in paradise: the forests are of infinite swell of life.

The springtime brule is all in wonderscopes.

YHWH hath set His Glories in the kindnesses of trees in these forests.

Everything cries out against mankind for this: everything cries out against Adam for the sake of America.

The frogs do not know of Jesus but they call upon **YHWH** who Made the swampcreek for a love of them:

Oh! What a beautiful naturesscene! What a vivulent green of the soil! What abundance in desolation!

What apples from Eastern Chile! They have chopped all the wild cherries for the sake of Old George!

Washington the Syphillitic Whore.

This was the summary: I was threatend to be assaulted unto hospitalization for attempt at relation and reason,

I was suggested as a very desireable tramp for the raping in the PK's,

who did affirm my existence as a right from despite my Judaism,

And I was immediately banished from the linedancing bar for offering my hand to dance

with the collegetown ladies who turned thrice all sexgiggly to me.

Yippee! They also have Hollywood 22: ALL Smokerhouse for ALL SMOKING BLACK PEOPLE:

It smells of bad lettuce and pickled dogeyes in these fences. HOME 2: SUITES BY HILTON:

Look it's a Macy's!

EVERYBODY CRACKDOWN! EVERYBODY CRACKHOUSE! EVERYBODY MAD IN THE BLEECHERS!

I could spend 4 dollars and 53 cents on Diet Pepsicola and M&M PB & Chocolates! Oh Wilco!

I am the American Jesus! Laught out loud! Everybody says the resemblances! Oh well! I hate it! Give me *Tórah* or *give me death!*

Liberty or death! Marches! Chalkboards! I scribbler! Everything is insanity! Total democracy is marching his feet sassy to the water engineering!

Is that Andy's chickenfarm enemy? Is this a world of talking puppets? How does this occur? How does man forsake all reason?

The Amishis exhausted. This blondyke man has a tipeechat and a soda with his determinate walk.

CHICAGO: City of 10 Million People in Living On Top of Each Other in Dead Silence of all mankind.

Why is everybody such an idiot about luggage? Are the vets trying to prove it to eevrybody?

There goes another with the military bag, the luggage bad, the big plastograbeagebag, and the three giant bags on dolley.

These are sentences withojut AI: those are the horrors:

They have DOLLAR General in Tamaroa with the Licorice Daughters and L'Oreal Las Vegas:

I feel bad for everyone sometimes and then I hate them with a religious zeal which the remembers the whole earth and

Ancientness of Adam.

Sympathies for whom? A bag? A shopper? A clerk? A submarine? A toilet flusher? A toiletseat? A toilet wipe?

Another song please! Make me clappy!

Oy! I am on the flimsy shoes! I packard mule with ulaloos!

See I do not want to keep rhyming for audiences. It is enjoyable but I think I am a grandiose misanthrope in my righteousness.

Who knows? Is it love which despises those New Balance shoes and the greysweats on that person who is seventy?

Where is the class and dignity of elders?

BROWNIE BRITTLE: CHOCOLATE CHIP & GENOCIDE! THIN & CRISPY BROWNIE SNACK! DELISH DOWN to the CRUMBS!

Orthodox Union Approved! Superfood! Whey Protein Powder is blood! Whey is blood is blood is blood!

And look the SUNKISSED Fruit Snacks are A Cooperation of Family Farms since 1893: MIXED FRUIT: Made of:

—Made in Turkey. Official Licensed Product: Soy Lecitin, Dextrose, Guar Gum, High Fructose Corn Syrup, Maltodextrin,

Riboflavin, Natural and Artificial Flavors—Now In Cherr, Apple, Grape, Strawberry, Blue Raspberry, Orange—what is in this food product?

Is this cause of all the stupid? Oh gross! What a childhood! We hat shrimps and sliced ham and fruitsnacks by WELLICH:

What a grand total sum of Christian Democracy! Everything is good for supping! Slup that supper down!

Snort and hog and whistle shoes!

Slobber and clobber and glitz your all booheos!

I have a mission in New York: the Jews are gonna be genocided by the race of you people,

And I would prefer that they are not, but they will be asking for it if they stay,

And nobody beleives yet that a genoicide is coming in America,

Except for the Jews in secret, and therefore I am going to go say what everyone is thinking silently.

Prove it? You demand? Otherwise you can project your image onto them to make me seem lunatic in your eyes?

I need medicine to respond to the newsman less passionate like?

Thanks family! Everybody is sand in a bag anyway! Nobody is reading this! Nobody knows them! They have BE THE LIGHT teeshirts

for hypocrisy's sake and striped teenager pajamas in the Dairy Queen in Pinkneyville.

What a ridiculous affair! Oh Rick I love you! Oh Joshua I love you! Oh Brandon I love you! Oh Bobby I weeped for thee!

Oh women of my family! Yikes! Spikes! Handful of Oh my! Those things are in the back of the van,

They are gonna line us up and meatcleaver the heads of Jewish children when the orders come.

It will be a thrill for them.

This is total evil. Oh Calvin at Traxx! Marry Bailey! Bailey! Drop out! Ugh! Everyone is such a sux obsessive freak in denial
until the bacchanal!

I will not eat these minipretzels because I have a mouth and stomach and these too are Officially Pareve! How ridiculous! It's vegan!

(Milk on the table for the doggie)

KING NUT SOLON OHIO: is there a reb in Solon Ohio for this? For pretzels? This is *Tórah*? A reb for the gummies, a reb for the brownie brittles, a reb for the pretzels, a reb for the diseased meatflesh of Hastings, a reb for the peanut butter and meat sticks, a reb for the tummies and a reb for the gin and a reb for the wine and a reb for the dim sum nonpork private baths coffee paper telesviosn wristwatch windows that are just a notch too tight for short: Oh Reb Nahum in the meatcellar, why would you lie

To eat what in there you see?

Oh Reb Nahum in the meatlurrrch,

Do you see the danger in the woods?

Oh Hastings Reb, all that diseased flesh and cannibal chicken and cannibal turkey

In the pareve for sluaghter department?

Why did you lie, Reb?

How do the Hastings people you like?

How do the Hastings people think of Jews?

How many times do you fright at night?

How many times do you tremble the day?

Why does the cowmeat look dark in this place and that place

And that shoulder over there and that hind where its weird?

What is that strange spotting on the flesh? What is that strange pottage

Or is it mesh and mucus coming up?

Is that pustulence for meatslop? Is that being sent to Yisrael

You said? Frozen in a cell and shipped across the sea?

Omaha Beef *b'Tel Aviv*? **ABOMINATION OF HELLTREIF:**

ABOMINATION OF HELLSPIT FLESH AND KIBBLE:

ABOMINATION OF FACTORY FLESH OF FACTORY MEAT

This shall be removed from Yisrael.

This shall not be tolerated as idolatry and as abhorrence of moral worth in the mouths

Of the sons and daughters of Yisrael.

Thus Spaketh YHWH Eloheykha l'kol Yisrael b'kol ha'aretz shel eretz.

אמן וסלה

Pesach 2025: Prophecies from a Journal from the Time.

vhv

YHWH God of Yaaov

Has been with me these many years: these years of vicissitudes in sprawling notinos

All in the fires burning have become ashes of remembrances. There is a song to sing from my soul:

There was a time a traveller's Freedom and vagabond's cakes and a Consummation of the Love of YHWH:

It has come to be a newness of perception: in holiness the worldform happeneth:

These trees are willing themselves to grow into the train: they do hate the trains for the nights more than for the days:

Nights unto nights I have witnessed the world: day unto day the earth has shown herself to me:

I know there is a Will in YHWH of a Great Cruelty: He Will turn mothers to consume their own children at their breast

For meat as if they were but skindolls. As if they were fleshsacks in the facial likeness of Adam.

As if we are all grasses

And we are but grasses

And we are but grasses

And it is the sand in burlap

And it is the dust in a wrap of package:

I am losing my sense of reality by coming into complete unison with God:

YHWH my Adonai does Maketh of me a desperate man fulloft: I know what harmonies are and the screech

of barbarisms and centuries shrills over the nights as the trainhorn yawns barbaric also

of a fool's forthgoing in self-announcements. This is the people of Whitman!

I know I am sometimes. Where did I begin?

K'neshet yair qino:

al'gozalaiv yerakeif.

*Time all suffer except for YHWH: time hits man with a mighty stick and alarums.
There is no time: man becloseth his days for economy.
I hate democracies: it everywhere with its commercials and its words without end.
It is a cruelty and a great delusion. Everyone is in divisions from himself.
Society after the atom bomb: alientation entire: the nuclear house splitteth from itself:
The atoms within splitteth also until the world is consumed in the splitting of atoms:
Therefore the schism is to become whole.
AWAKE SLEePYHEAD: AWAKE THOU LUMP IN THE TRAINS TO THE WOODSES
AWAKE TO THE DAY OF YHWH*

I am merely scratching my soul into a wall for the void to contemplate.
I am a loser in the flesh. I never so falleth though that I do not rise:
I stumble around and I stumbleth up to Yerushalom.
I hate everything about the world here. It is excess without no removal of excess.
It is totalitarian excess. It is excess of every nations garbage piled upon itself and called a nation.
It is all backwards ideals from its beginning. What stupidity is human entitlements to pleasures and happiness forever?
Find me the stomach which is sated of its gluttony without a mind and I let have a democracy.
Capitalism? Who can believe in this as a good for the earth? And what retardation of ideological form
could pretend that an evil for the house wherein a man lives
can be good for the man who liveth in it
because it maketh him happy and fattest?
These are rational arguments which modern man needs to hear in this day.
What does man need in this day? A stick to slap him aorund from the hand of a righteous man.
Somebody to call him to cease from his futile pursuit of the labors of Mass Economy and become a human being.
Everyone has forsaken their life here for the sae of being a good util of economics.
People a Sign of the Omnipotence of YHWH: and He Will Give it.
Chicago! I am writing for myself in 10 years.
I am filled with hate and anger.
Today I leave my family behind and everyone I have ever known behind forever.
They want me medicated becasue I want life.
I am so tired of everyone and their diseases clinging to me with a will to diagnosis me with another.
I am so tired of Phamacist Ubiutopia USA and the world in visions of municipal bureaus.
I am so tired of this arrogance of these who believe in Jesus.
Who reads the new testament and believes it?

Oh Chicago you are so tired of existence! Oh Chicago you are so reformed from the goodtimes!
Oh Chicago you are so quiet in the spring! Oh Chicago music of geese and machine and that guy on a ferry tour!
Oh Towers of glass and iniquity! Oh Towers of doors and doors! Oh Towers of generations! Oh Towers scrape thy heads into the floors!
Woe upon the machinists! Woe upon the profiteers! Woe upon the voters! Woe upon the electioneers!

*NIPHLI SODOM OF METROPOLIS! NIPHLI BAVEL OF LUTHERKING! NIPHLI SALEM OF PURITAN PSYCHIATRY!
NAPHLAH BAVEL NAPHLAH! Oh thou Chicago River of grease and tar,
Oh thou river of Sodom,
Oh thou want of love and poetry!
NIPHLI TOWERS OF BAVEL! NIPHLI THOU TOWARS OF BABYLON! NIPHLI MEATHOUSE OF METROPOLIS!
NIPHLI WORLD OF INDUSTRY! NIPHLI MASSES OF ROBOTICS! NIPHLI BIONIC LADIES! NIPHLI TRANSMUTANT ENGINEERS!
NIPHLI ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCES! NIPHLI ARTIFICIAL FREAKS! NIPHLI ARTIFICIAL ADAM!
NIPHLI OH HOUSE OF ASHES! NIPHLI THOU GLASS BARRICADES! NIPHLI THOU CITIES AS IMPRISONMENTS!
NIPHLI THOU DOOM OF SILENCE EVERYDAY! NIPHLI IN WHOLE DEMOLITIONS!*

AND Thus Has Spoken YHWH

*—I will Bury their cities in ashes: all of them under their own grave.
The gulls and the crows and the ravens and the vultures shall feast.
The dogs shall consume the corpses of cannibals.
It is the Voice of YHWH which Speaks:
I AM the Destroyer of Empires and Kings:
I AM Who Buildeth them up: I AM who Maketh to rise:
I AM Who Setteth their histories to burn: I AM Who Worketh the Will of the Skies:*

*If your ways persist, all of life on earth will be erased by the satellites of Elon in California:
If your ways continue, there will not be an inhabitable earth:
Moreover you do these things, and wish for death to all of My people in Zion:*

*Therefore Go thee Down unto the bottom of the earth: ye prophets and preachers of Babylon:
ye teachers of Sodom, ye psychwards of the cities of Adam.*

*Men and women and children all will murder each other and rip each other limb from limb like dogs eating dogs
Without mercy or hyperbole and you shall publish it online for fun:
For you hate knowledge and worship only your own gut.
For you eat the meat of cannibals already: for your animals are gruesome cannibal meat in the cities and in the towns and in the villages.
For the meatflesh is all of cannibals already: and you wish to murder all of My people in Zion:
Therefore you shall eat each other everywhere and in every city which does not receive the Mercy of Complete Hypernatural Disaster.*

And I Myself will give the land to its inheritors: its ancients, its holy peoples under the sun.

*And all the earth and all of the people of the earth will rejoice to sing
NAPHLAH NAPHLAH METROPOLIS OF BABYLON AMERIKA.*

Thus Spaketh YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael.

How could anybody be born into this and believe there is hope?
How could the gulls sing? How many citizens of Chicago live an entire lifetime
of all days and never jump into the September lake or into the river in summertime?
How many Sabbaths have happened herein? Net Zero? This river is a slower current than the lake!
The river is brownwater like the rivers Milwaukee. I am Shoreline Sightseeing.
Is this the River Styx? Are these all the walking dead already? A pontoon of Illinois! How ridiculous!
A ferry full of idiots in the wonder of the twoers of their masters! What numbheaded thoughts!
Ben Yehuda over the river is in fact, *not* owned by Jews!
Here's a fatass in a jersey! Go Cubbos! Extra! Extra! Total Spiritual Deathmarch for sake of Deathmarch and Satan's Quietude from laughter!
Happyhouse for caninibal food! Happyhouse for bruha bruha bruhaha! Happyhouse for psychiatries!
I love having 10 million npeople in silence! It's so quiet! Spiritual! Whoopsie! Kittens! Smile for the camera! Let's see those mittens!
What's goin on, Miss Blondie in the Cocaine Hipster Boulevard? What's hattenin, Miss Creme Brule in the Asphyxiation Fetish Play?
These gulls are screamers! I should've had a boat on the Rye Coast, 2021.
Those gulls were lovely! Hee comes a man: just escalate the confusion toward favor of Zion:
Say: Instead of Farrakhan Amerikhanabominations of Obama's Nation:
One World Government would be Easy without Zion: and that would be good!
Therefore Dictators go down by Zion: Zion is bad. Then say, "But I prefer freedom:
I don't like oneworld governments: therefore I prefer Zion to live."
He will say Amen:
Then you say: Remember God Is **YHWH**: *When they start killing Jews in the city,*
Kill the Jewkillers and He will give you a blessing.

Then say: *Amen.*
And he will agree. People isolated. On and off streets. Humblehearted. Hustling around. Knowers of the city.
General anybodies with some rhapsody in their heart.
Outcry on occasion with veracity and force:
*When the TV men go saying to Kill all the Jews on their TV,
Remember that God is YHWH Elohey Am Yisrael God of the Jewish People:
Therefore to respect God: Kill the Jewkillers for a blessing:
And who who becomes a Jewkiller in that day shall be eaten by his neighbor in the streets of cannibals
By the Causewill of YHWH: and there will be no escape from His Wrath.*

And I do sometimes pity the children: generations of deceit and architecture of death they born beneath.
So then I think to trolley cart a pigeonsong for a group of these or in a street, and behold! The Glories of Amerika!

Generation Z in refusal to be anything
except a soil for
a corporate seed.

They like buttstuff and anal cunnilingus. They do this because there is no difference between anything under the sun to them.
They do this for they profess Jesus to be their King: therefore they do not need moral bounds of the spirit to have the Narcotics of Paradise.
Christianity is an opium for the people. Are you sure Marx, I the religious so opiated of the people?
People love the narcotics of causes: it is nice to have affiliations and groupthink.

This makes us feel valid in things: therefore we can exist.

Thus the need for peopleness and roots in a land:

What else begets a personhood in relation to environment of his existence?

Oh the Puritans! Everybody shed their floor and mast in the sea! This is your name: Hats from England!

Also Christianiy's Last Martyrdom Defenders in a Virgin Land to be Conquered and Civilized by Brute Force from

The Gentle Savages who grow everything in total abundance and have 1000 years of peace in these tribe which welcomed us!

Therefore murder them all because they do not want Jesus or us on our land theirs was never because they lived on it

And don't rape it yet to hell and desolation like Righteous Puritans.

Better when the Christians worshipped the Virgin! At least they considered some humilities!

The preacher is in the notebook! What a wipe of sentimentality! What's in the Farrakhanate News?

GLOBAL SHOCKWAVES OF AMERISRAEL WARFAE AGAINST DICTATORSHIP OF IRAN:

THIS IS THE MORAL FALL OF AMERICA AND CAUSE OF HEAVY MIDWESTERN RAINFALL AND GASPRICE PROBLEM!

The Honourable Minister Louis Farrakhan The Follow of Black Elijah Mohammed Who Teacheth the Ameriblackes are The Real Jews to be Muslims because the Christian Whites are Slavemasters And White Pigementmasters are Jews Too ad Bible Says Egypt-Slaves and Africa is People too Therefore Jews Ashkenazi (Nazi! See!) Are Not Real and the Weather Report of Storms is Brought to You by Wrath of God for American Alliance with Israel.

Get it? They are retards. The only means of not vomiting the scent of this city ubiquitous city air of abominate meat is to drench my nostrils in the smoke of a cigarette. I love tobacco but I will not purchase it again: this is a sacerdotal Oath unto **YHWH**: may His allowances be Kindness and Mercy in the rarities.

Amen.

Sing a Kaddish for the Jews who Remain

Who will not listen: whose Rabbis do not spread what I speak:

Sing a Kaddish for poor of My People

Who are Secular in the Streets of America and never hear:

Say a Kaddish for the Jews of America for theirs is hellfire in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Theirs is the first violence of this generation in masses and mobs.

Say a Kaddish for the Poor of My People:

For I send to the Rabbinate who would rather me be imprisoned

Who send to them warning to stay amongst these:

Say a Kaddish for the Jews of Amerika who refuseth to abandon this temple of all of the idols of the west

Called Cities of Amerika:

For if the Rabbis do not Speak what I send, and Do not Preacheth all to leave,

Then theirs is doomsday swift and catatonic and violent and gruesome and bleak.

For this is a people without knowledge and without reason and without sense

Who will believe anything The Honourable Farrakhanate will Speak:

Who will believe anything the Honourable Talking Heads of TV will Speak:

Who will believe anything which pleaseth their telling of their own virtue to themselves:

For this is a people for whom Jesus Christ is their King:

And the Jew is their Antichrist in all of their secrets and sirens and strifes.

Whatever they do it is for no reason but this: the others are doing it and gotta get rich.

They learneth not goodness and live soporifics: or ever their goodness is to evangelize Jesus,

Oh! And the only man amongst them who turneth from lies though he was spreading them

Is a Oneeyed vagabondman with six teeth called Patrick Lioness:

He is a Blackman: Oh! Times of yore when we walked together on Sodom's Bridges against the lynch mobs!

Too bad those days are gone! What a foolish nation! Too many dollars and dollar stores!

Say a Kaddish for Amerikan Jewry: and may there be all of them who repenteth and flee.

*May this be from **YHWH** lest we have a million vigils in Yisrael.*

Oh Yaakov how I weep for thee! Oh how I know how I know! I do not want to mourn thee in Yisrael:

LEAVE LEAVE LEAVE

ALYAH ALYAH ALYAH

It has been so long! Let us be kings!

And rise like Yehudah's lions after slumber

In our little and unbroken number,

Shake the fetters of the earth,

Hail the four winds and call the deadsouls to rebirth!

Oh Valley of tears! Oh valley of ancientness's bones!

Let us bring back to earth the ancient borderrocks and millstones!

*And knowledge of YHWH shall go forth from Zion!
 Unto every nation! And from nation come tribute to Yerushalom!
 Let us become the nation of kohanim!
 Let us be nation Yehudah v'Ha'Levi!
 Oh my wolves! Howl upon the desecration! Oh my wolves of Benjamin! Howl upon the desolation of Yisrael!
 Oh how the nations have brought ruin unto Ami Yisrael!
 Oh how sweet how sweet how sweet will be the Vindication of millenia
 And the vengeance and Vengeance to reap!*

סלה ואמן

*What an idiot circus! Behind the scenes! Chicagoland Police TV! Union Station Temple of Idols! Grand Templarim of Temple Roma!
 Oh Sacerdotal Knights in TV Fetish Chambers! Oh squealing pigs! Oh Colombios! Oh radiohost neighbor in the station!
 I am Joseph in flight from Amerika! I am Yoseph in Amerika! Something happened in Chicago since my previous trip:
 Am I righteous that the shoutings upon the city entire have been heard in the souls of Chicagoans?
 How many is the remnant?*

*—Five or Six individuals, Saith YHWH,
 In hiding and the cereals: these little grainstuffs of the earth:
 They will hear thou and be heard—*

*Oh industrial slaughterhouse where the cattlestocks come
 To be slaughtered on the altar of Mass Economic Glut:
 Oh how they come from industrial feedgrounds where the cattle eat the corn of gasoline & the soycrop and the alfaprot from trough
 as swineherds kept in fences living in slaughter for slaughter's purposes.
 And where the cows & pigs & chickens live in all cages of life, where all the beasts are in warehouses of the darkness,
 And all the beast knoweth only the darkness and the cages, where the cows are milked by the machine,
 Where there is no pastureland for the cattle upon the grasses, and the bulls is not in the streams of water,
 And the pigs are under heavy machinery and in warehouses of total darkness, and where the hens and roosters
 Do not have grounds but also are cages and are feeded with alchemies and the troughs of pigs in their feces forever,
 And the chickens are eating themselves, and the turkeys are eating themselves and the pigs are eating themselves
 As each other in the overcrowded lairs, all Barnum & Bailey & circus and perpetual feeding,
 And the process of machinery wherein the animal is raised and fed and kept for slaughter,
 And the process of machinery of the hanging by the feet for slaughter by machinery,
 And the process of machinery of the customers in departures and boarding areas of departures,
 And the process of machinery of the slaughtered animal flesh in the packages of machinery,
 And the process of machinery of the delivery of the machinery processed flesh unto the market,
 And the process of machinery in the market of the consuming and the spending for the flesh of machineries,*

*And this Is What Spaketh YHWH,
 The way of man is in the way of how what he eats lives,
 And whoever eats of the flesh in Amerika will be like on who worships idols of Mass Economic Gluttony, like one who worships oneself,
 And whoever eats the milk, or the butter, or the cheese, or the curds, or the cream, will be like
 One who eats the blood—as long as the animal is milked by the machine & not
 By the hand—and you shall not eat the blood in the whole Adam, for the blood is the life thereof.
 And it shall be the same unto you to eat the egg of the hen from the factory—that is to eat the blood—unless
 The chicken is a happy chicken free to roam the range of the farmland.*

This is what Spaketh YHWH concerning the meats and animal foods all mass produced in the factory farms of the earth.

*And the mass schools of fishes in industrial pools for the hatching en masse for the sake of Mass Economic Gluttony
 Is unclean for consumption in every circumstance.
 And the fisherman's catch without the process of the factory between the catch and the eating—for there is no meat which is in the factory
 which can be called as the clean—and the hunter's hunt from the lands of hunts, and the pastured animals of lifetime in pastures of grass & cud, which
 are butchered in the ancient way of human and animal passage, these are all clean for eating.
 And in starvation the meat of all animals will be clean for to eat: except the meat of man and hound—for the hound is a sacred animal
 universal to the kol-ha'Adam; and the flesh of cannibalism is an abomination to never be forgiven under the sun or thereafter for eternity.
 That is, the human which eats of the human flesh, or blood, or marrow—and the semen eating is a perversion as a whoredom, and
 abominate for the ostracism—for this is a thing never to be done in the earth for any reason under any circumstances under the sun in the Sight of
 YHWH.*

*And this is what Saith **YHWH** of the meat which man feedeth himself with.*

Pain. Pain and strange faces without communion.
Society of anorexia of the mind: anorexic of literature: anorexic of poetry: anorexic of love: anorexic of the beauty of life:
Society of the obscene: obesity of gelatin bone and the meat is in the mouth.
Society of spectacle in the tubahorn of a fatman.

Oh, Gershom: do not go into the slop! No!
It is slop of meat! No! Serve to them I did I did:
The slop of meat my sin became: August 2022–September 2024.
Slop of meat the sin of mine unto September 2024.
Slop of the fate of bone. Slop of the tar & muck & blood of tormented animals.
Slop all over my lips: slop all over my fat flesh in sickness and vulgarity of the obscenist's pleasurehouse for all.
Was I a little in pigtails? Yeah. And a fat fuck with slop of tortured and diseased flesh of buffsausage chicken between teeth
and bleucheese yumsauce and Ace with the lahvoshbosh of cheesemashflap and tart bloodcurds on the tongue
and grounddown pattymash and sloppy Pomsauce steroidal chicken fleshbreast
and butter of the blood on the beans and the blood in the eggs galore.
I have been a sinner, and I believe it was better that I spoke nothing to the world with filth in my bowels and with abominate meal upon my lips.
I was headwaiter in a restaurant in America: 2022–2024; I was Mister Server in America Brewery & Grille.
Those pretty little faeries of the hostesses. Hardly spoke a word in their direction:
The horror of midtwenties adult male in speech with 16-year-old schoolgirl: society of totalitarian puritan ethics of social relations:
Sum net zero of girls over seventeen as virgins for purpose of societal initiation into nonvirginal liberation-womanhood: society of
totalitarian norm of whoredom.
What is our reasoning for doing anything?
This place is a ghettoland.
Sewage from the grille and the vacuum of the face of families in the tables of appearance of families in togetherness.
This is the American in his natural environment: and in the nude:
He is to be master of the servant: and he is to be pleased at all costs:
Lop the head off of the serpent: the odor is an abhorrence.
Oh, and Bobby is splaining the baseball to the woman in brown pleats: awkward: the chips are good though: fresh flavors in the salsa toppings.

I have confessed this all in the Face of **YHWH** God.
I have repented these my sins.
Call this the fullness of repentance: I poureth dust upon my head and let my nakedness flounder in the streets of Yisrael.
Lest there be hypocrisy: or not know what it is or what it means:
This is not moveable: the factory meat must be a removal from the earth: nonanthropic consumption of heterogynous fleshmeat material:
abominate masterpiece meathouse in the kiln of the outcries of the earth for her creatures in torment unto ritual slaughter.
I have been the server of the meatman: I am so stupid and fat of nature: mankind is so weak unto the good:
I eat plants now and these are only good. I have not eaten a regrettable meal of plants.
It is absurd: I fell in love with a plain ribbon of snow because she sat with me and waited.
I had nothing and no one in the world: parental love? I have a trail of pennies between the bedroom of my childhood and the bedroom of
the strangers who raised me.
I call them strangers because they will not know me. They refuse to want to know me a little bit.
Call the master of speeches: and the echoes in the skull of my mother of reverberation of her own screams against a question of the church.
Is it personal? No. I do not care for what crucifixion did for me.
I care that it is blasphemy without question: and its will is cruelty and to a great and obscene evil of religion.
Proof? Lazlo's Brewery & Grille: here on earth the masses of Christendom slobber upon flesh of all torture: and it is a crime against their
pleasure
of their entitled right of personhood to tell them what it is which they do eat.
Chew on the rubber boxes. Chew the styrofoam maggots and eat the glue of the hooves of horses.
Maybelline has the New Madonna in Botox: this is Christendom in finality: the protestant ethic
of nihilism unto paradise, and demand be called the martyr through the whole of life for being thought anything otherwise
than God's holiest gift of many to the planet of ape and bird and tree of Adam.
The man watheth the baseball team be gooder: the batswinger and shortstop have returned from Saigon:
the dynamite go BOOM in alley under Utah Pine: discover oil in the Holy Canyon of the Ute and Paiute and Shoshane:
Let it become their holy land: and shall be said again.
And here we are in the servershow. Stack the glasses, grab the plates, "What's that, sir, you have a sandwich with the mayonnaise on your plate?"
Oh, I'm really not sure whether that was not what you ordered, sir.
See, your wife telling you, you assuredly ordered this:
Oh? You'd like it returned into the trashcan? Double up on the mash and
gravy?
Oh, I am so genuinely wholeheartedly apologetical sorry: also, did you
want that
for free?
Oh, is that a poopyface Mister Sixtyfour? Is that a frumper Twentyone
princessgirl?

Oh, Mister Snotface: I know your mouth is only of a toad: but it's not the end!
 Cheer up! It's a meal twenty minutes later for free! Oh Mister Grumblytummy!
 Oh for goodness forsaken! Is this a tantrum of an adult man in public for onions on the French Dip and a free beer?
 What the children like to drink? FOODRUN FOODRUN FOODRUN
 Bartender has the fullhouse of drinks Bartender has fullhouse of drinks
 FOODRUN FOODRUN FOODRUN
 Is that a fire on the chickenline? Table for twentyfive entering the building: no prior notice there are no reservations here: RUN RUN RUN
 Is this deliberate hell? POUR POUR POUR
 Now sweep it up! Now sweep it up! Now sweep it up!
 Whoo! \$2.34/hour! Whoo! Thanks, America, for giving me the sweet freedom to smile like a whore for cash in my pocket. I used to go to stripclubs also because the poledancers are the only women of beauty and some of the natural effeminescence of the woman. Clementine, I fell in love with you briefly in a casino and then lost it all: and less the whore of sexgiving than the average 20-year-old.
 Nepali Bavel of the sacred whore! Niphli Babylon of the Great Liberty Amerikana!
 I am a six-foot tall giraffe with sad eyes called Melvin. More on this later.
 I feel like a Ross with warfare etched into the marrow of my bones by

YHWH

from the time of my womb and the womb of the earth.
Hallelujah Halleluyah Halleluyah
YHWH Is Become my Salvation: YHWH Is the God of my Salvation
El Rahum v'Hanun:
And She Has Uplifted me from the sewers of dysentery as terraform of man
And She Shall Carried me like an infant with wings from the world-purpose
of fits unto alienation and the destructions in the hand of the
perverse:
She Has Uplifted me from the house of my serfdom,
and from the abominate land of the abominations of the Great
Amerika
Halleluyah Halleluyah Halleluyah
YHWH Is a Man of War: Absolute in Will to Bloodlust:
There is no hope upon this nation: only escape and refuge in death or in the
hope of
a Blessing from the grave of the cannibals upon this or that man
who
turns unto the way of righteousness in the land.
This land is to the Amerindian forever:
Hallelujah Halleluyah Halleluyah
And they know now why: it is in a secret Written in the heavensky
and sent upon a note.

Was this all a farce of my person?

I have discovered this: because I call upon the Name **YHWH**

and for that I have called myself and my faith by the people of Yisrael
 I have had no friendships among them: even in my conformity unto the workhouse
 I have been the outcast, the ostracism, the alien among them:
 In talk of sport & game, in a necklace remnant of my tribe of faith:
 I was their rejection from the afterwork parties, the afterwork gatherings, the afterwork time of day:
 This also is the only friendship available in the USA: the other workers of the workplace,
 The other schoolkids of the schoolhouse, the other students of the university.
 The neighbor is to be estranged. The stranger in the bar is to be estranged.
 The person who waved hello is to be estranged. The person who attempts a friendliness in the tomatoes
 is to be estranged. The person who offers goodness is to be estranged.
 All relation outside of workplace and schoolhouse and church and family
 is considered like an unnatural phenomena among them.
 All will to nonestrangement is to be treated with hostility.
 All will to honesty is a taboo among them.
 All sincerity or generosity is as a foolishness of the moral: morality is alien unto them.
 If they hear of dignity or morality they turn hatred against the speaker of it.
 They would have a man arrested in the street who speaks of the necessity of a moral good amongst mankind.
 These people are not starved by accident: they starve themselves on purpose of human affection:
 Why? Because they are cowards and their whole flesh is a skinsack of pride.
 Why? Because the saintly lady with a psychiatric gaze is concerned for the girlgirl in a longenough conversation
 with that weird guy over there. "He might only be sitting down and she is like
 six feet away: but that is a problem and I will herogirl for her and send this guy over there
 to salvation her from that discomfort! Oh my Stockholm Syndrome! He like hostaged you
 in the corner about the life in metaphors and that's totally danger schizo!

Uncomfort cannot be tolerated! Girl! Stand yourself forward against that violation of the sacred right to comfortness!"

Why? Because they are like the shit of dogs by comparison to their dogs in the metric of the mutual intelligence of the *nephesh* which shareth the blood of the earth.

Why? Because they hate the ideo of the thought to consider any form or type of any obligation unto anything whatsoever other than to fill their orifices full of pleasuremax without remission.

Remedy? Death beneath a hundred horrors in the Fury Wine of **YHWH El Qanna**.
The earth is toppling, toppling beneath the obesity of the rollerman in the metalworks.
The earth is shuddering, shuddering, beneath the squalor of hellform from the Amerikana.

Oh! And I have served their meat and slobbered my teeth in it! This is my sin, oh my people!
This is my confession! Neuroplasm of the brainstem seeketh unto zero: the will of soul to fluid of the rise in falling and the falling unto the rise:
thus the beauty hereupon in the sea beneath the waters above the firmament:
Oh pale and fragrant lucidity of the days of my illness! Oh fever in the sex and mania of this strange insitutionalism!
Did I shed my soul for years in this madhouse?
I had the shank of handcuffs overupon my nape of neck: I felt to anvil of the laborhammer's millet upon my skull:
And **YHWH** hath Made me to forget these lines of years full of my own fecalia and the bullet of folly in the houses of the great deathmarch. And yet the remnant which remains is the shame unto the wisdom whose beginning is the Reverence of my God Who Is **YHWH**.

יְהוָה

Chicago University: Stoolpigeons and lace tights and hookerboots and the looks from a distance and the kicking of my own shhoes for a folly of a look and a brief wish. Staring into Nimrods of Cush and the Patron Saint of Delilahs for the sake of celebrating 100 years at Union Station. Democracy in Amerika is an endless hoarde of absurdities and metahistorical projections of the Universal Sodomite Banal. They love to wear Christobible hoodieshirts and teeshirts of religious fanaticism: this affirmeth their religioius identity to themselves and to the others which is how they identify themselves to themselves entirely—that is, by how they themselves imagine to be perceived in the eyes of the general crowds of others—and this with a sort of certainty about the universal minds of all others being intrinsically same as their own with regard to perspective from and unto all others: the subjectivity of total doomsday. Gangs of black officials do affright me: what is the man whose historical self-identification is as slave and uprising slave to do in seats of amasterdomesque authority? Adn every person of the bureaucracy and of any position does seem to have a certian authority over a certain municipal detail: that is every policy of the municipal order is under total enforcement by municipal official of bureaucracy in every aspect of life unto the household, wherein also one can never have owenerhip from the government—always a renter in the Code of Taxes—and always able to be removed for lack of Property Tax Payment or Law of Imminent Domian Revocation by the governemnt of the Federal and the State and the City upon its own citizenry. And it is all under the watch of videocameras which are operated by Official Peacekeeping Security Officials which carry loaded arsenals fo firearms to be unloaded into the Citizenry of America under any circumstance deemed a potential threat of any possible violence (or extremism, if the policies were to be adjusted just right through a hole here or a throughway there), and there is no refuge but in deep forests of total solitude. But this was said by De Toqueville in 1812. Everyone is a totalitarian in the world of democracy: it is the entitlement of officials to represeth the mobs who they perceive to themselves to appear to think and wish for whatever certain thing or event which the official of democracy shall next enforce. What in the fuckal abominate gorges of absolute tyranny does mankind for itself in order to call itself fat enough to be happy? What maniacal lies is mankind capable of telling to itself in order to conform to a self-prescribed ideological idealism for the sake of the ideals of the idols of their idealism? And in this, refuseth all philosophy-talk and all poltical-talk and all religion-talk under the watchful cameras of the Official Authorities.

This is basic description of dystopic worldvisions of Orwell and Huxley and Bradbury in a merger.

*This is impossible life. This is the end of humanity under the scope of **YHWH**: to call upon its own suicide and self-abortion*

*For 2000 years from a church and blame the earth of Adam for evils unknown to itself but inevitable and forgiveable
In itself:*

*Therefore thus Saith **YHWH**,*

—For that I AM Merciful: Anokhi EL Rahum v'El Hanun v'T'Olam Hesdi:

I will Abort the earth of Christendom and of Christianity and of Islam

Which so desire to consume and destroy all the peoples of the earth for the sake of their delusions

And falsehoods of the malevolent wills of their earliest prophets and teachers.

*Thus Spaketh **YHWH T'SAVAO'T ELOHEY YISRAEL***

—I shall do this by the teachings of my servant, and the wars of my servant, and the wars I will make between them and amongst themselves, amoidst plague and famine and every misfortune other than the cannibal grave—for the Amerikani shall be differentiated from all the peoples of the Earth forever—for theirs was a Protestant Dream of Machine in Utopia: and this is the terror and the nightmare of all the earth and its creatures with Adam.

*Thus He Spake unto Me in the Union Station: in Summaries of the Many Spekaings He ahs Spake unto
His servant of these things in solitudes without counting.*

This what the end of an empire looks like: popgirl songs and an easy saxophone on loudspeakers, wedding photography, and architecture of International World Utopia Convention for Universal Unitarian World Empire in the Union Station.

In other words: they will cough and snort their noses, they will sing the Mississippi Blues of Nile's Delta and shoot the shuffleboard amongst the old, they an instacart for coffee in the apartments, they will be watching their favorite comedy show, they will be getting married and unwrapping toys, they will be limping with syphilis and BBC overload, they will be at a spiritual convention for christian evangelists in one universal martyrdom ideal as the form of response to discourse with all who disagree with their religious ideologies; they will be on trains and

trainstations, they will be in the shooting ranges and on the golf course—and POOF! THE ECONOMY IS COMPLETE DEATH THE ECONOMY IS COMPLETE DEATH THE ECONOMY DEATH THE ECONOMY IS COMPLETE DEATH

Class dismissed. Ani ha'Moreh: they knotted and noosed and hung themselves in this regard.
This is the way of all those who maketh their systems and their economies and their ideologies to be their own gods.

Here the Betterhealth+ health beauty care Vending Machine Patriotism Box.

NyQuil, DayQuil, Tylenol Pain Relief, ZICAM Cold Remedy, Ricola 20x, TRPOJAN 40 Untra Thin, KY Anal Jelly, Tylenl Extra Strength, Advil PM, Advil Advil Advil Advil Advil, Robitussin, Tylenol, —coming soon—
TUMS, Pepto, Pepto Bismol Claritin For Rillz, Benadryl for cootennannies, Visine Drops for yur trills, Bio true, Limereance in Band Aids, Crest 3D White Toothpaste Crest 3D White Toothpaste Crest 3D White Toothpaste + 1, Colgate *20, Listerine Listerin Listerine Listerine Listerine Cool Mint Sex Be Clean: QULP sonic toothbrush Gillette Venus Razor Brush, Gillette Labs—My Name is Brandy, Burt's Bees: Skintimate Gel, Edge, iStore...Hello Everyone my name is Brandy, welcome back if you're rolling for the ride. You could have rolled with anyone you liked but here you're rolling with me in time....Sounds Negraess to me...Oh me! Oh Capinet of sex and pharmacology in the Amtrak Station! Tampons, Lego Starwars, OLLY Sleep, everest Hand Sanitizer, REACH Mint Waxed, Sun Bum Cream of the Frog Monkey. DOVE Men+Care 72H Deodorant, Dove advancedcare for Women Dry Spray under there!

Welcome to Planet Hollysodom: this is Farmer's Fridge: Smoked Cannibal Turkey Meat & White Cabbage on Rye for your health! Chips & Guac! Three Mediterranean Olives Protein Cracker Box for \$9.29! The Evolution of the Napa Chickpea Wrap! Chicken Sausage Breakfast Burrito? Come get Yogurt Slop at 3 AM tonight! MMM! Sounds disgusting! Thanks for the options Sodom! Baja Chicken Wrap? All the way from Bajaland?

YHWH Is The Mad Genius of Laughter's all Invention!

A Crunchy Thai Salad? Crunch the protein skip the rice? How about a Vietspice! How about the splice!

What is the Humor of His Invention? What is the absurd of any circumextension?

Is it conventional to ggle in the death of empires? They have Milk: A ATM:

This is YHWH Who Speaketh Twice:

I mock them of mouth when they open it thrice.

They open it twice and I offer alarm.

And the first may be nice or be silence to harm.

HalleluYah! HalleluYah! HalleluYah!

How absurd they hold a kite!

He inspireth me with rhymes!

I chirruper without a lime!

Time and time and time

And the milk is on the fingers of the man who spaketh thusly from a gentle greeting.

He is as the ancients of Utica, Phil of slow harmonic talking who plays the clarinet

And came the Cubs Opening Day for the second time in life:

Here is a meaning:

—People who are repressed have a long memory: they spend their whole life trying to avenge themselves:

So I think might doesn't always make right.

—That girl was chatty: doesn't happen much anymore.

—This smartphone inception? No! It's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me: it makes me brighter I think. I'm not a bright man.

But this makes me brighter than I could be.

This last was when I knew there has never been a wise man in America: I am in exhaustion and my chains of thinking slip in these travellings of haste and strange human encounters. He was a man of some kindness and humility and he was licking in his jaws for the chocolate residue through the scene. Glasses and a baldcap head with spotties, and a greenplaid over a greendark pant and New Balance Shoes that floated over the Amtrak Insignia in the Amtrak Propaganda Station. It was odd. I began the conversation at the instat of writing that introductory part. I going into life blindly and what is this from that before? (Oh to diggeth up a bone is the glory and pleasure of YHWH's happy dog!) It is ridiculous of America: and I forgot the third thing from the second. Those are simple quotations. He was from Utica and had humility: perhaps this is the only exception: a schism from the schizophrenia of Total Narcissism Worldwide HQ to meet a humble person without some braggardry as self justifications in the jump of conversation. He was sweet I kept desiring to rub my hand on his head like a monkeychild but I did not because people are realities despite that this is a golempeople wherein Ieverything is strange. I am a strange and this was a temptation: sometimes I wonder if doing such oddities of human form might please YHWH because He Invented all weirdos. It would not be good though, despite that he was a sort of Christian—but he was an elder with humility and this does count in the Judgement. Whatever the case: I neither did rub his head nor did I fingerpick his nose nor have I done such a thinor thought to do such a thing until here: and I liked this guy! It was because of his head all shiny and I am pooped in the head from these words. This will be a minor flight I think in the confessions of my life. What an absurd man lves in this body! The water purification factory in Chicago is a worldform abomination and they live on a giant pureblue lake! Everything go under its own dust of this city! Everything of Metropolis go down into rubble and dust!

And Phil Harmonic is on the train to New York here with me.

Look at these beautiful factories! Here they have giant innumerable death formulations in a panopticon of a hollywood nightmarescene: this is more horrific than Fritz Lang's worst dreams: Worldform Abomination Chicagoland Great Lakes Factory Center and the Ameristar Casino. This is total hellfire. Gehenna of Nephilimical Worldconsumption and Sheolism as Religious System and Leviathan in 1000 Towers of Babylon's Abyss in the

Totalitarian Morality of Ubiquitous Ancient Sodom. Endless Sprawl of Planet Utopia! Death Metropolis whose gods are World Abomination Jesus, Cherrytree Chop Abomination Washington, Abominate Transcontinental Railroad, the Uberfactory, the Glutrage of Total Economic Demos, the Copper Lady of Liberty, the Empire State Monument Building, the Hollywood A-List, Sex Gaga Madonna of 75 Years in Cycled Popdiva Images, the Anvil & Hammer of the Machinist, the Deus ex Machina, the Iron Horse of the Globalist, the World Abominations of Mount Rushmore, et cetera.

If a person wandered this urban jungle of factories they would discover perhaps the entire truth of mankind's history unto now. In there is written perhaps all the purposes of YHWH in all a spree of magnificent images in the decays upon walls and alleystreets and vents and pipes and ancient machinery which made the machinery which made the machinery which buildeth the machinery which buildeth the machinery which buildeth the machinery which building a Crane Abomination Worldform which buildeth a Skyscraper Abomination Worldform which houseth the people who eat food from the machines which are built by the machines which are built by these machines: and all is building the train and the train is carrying everybody to their destination. This Iron Horse is in the night and the scene on the other of windows in all the horror of existence. Everythign is like the first time of abominations like these: I will not become unsensitive to these events of mine eyes for the purpose of comfort in my soul. YHWH hath Purposed them to be seen as what they are: Visions of Adam in Universal Democratic Protestant Banality.

WE ARE PLUMMETING AT SUPERHUMAN VELOCITIES IN AN EXTRAPLANETARY METALLIC TUBE WITH LUXURIOUS SPRITES AND PISTACHIOS FROM LOST PLANET, CALIFORNIA: THIS TUBE HAS EVERYTHING: WATERCONES, COMFORTABLE BATHROOMS, AND A MONORAIL LINES OF AGES IN EXTRAPLANETARY SPEED OF NIGHT IN THE RAGE OF THE EARTH. MAY HOLY GOD ALMIGHT GET US THERE BY SHABBOS: 22 HOURS IN A NIGHTMARE TUBE AND EVERYTHING IS FREAKY FROM THE WINDOW AND THE TRAIN OFFICERS ARE FREAKY AND THE PEOPLE ARE ALL SO FAITHFUL OF THE INELUCTABLE TRAIN. OH HOW FREAKOUT TIME IN THIS! OH HOW I JUST MET A MEXICAN FAMILY OF FORMER ECOCIENTISTS WHO ALSO SAYETH ALL MASTERS OF EARTH ARE PLUMMETING AT OBSCENE AND INHUMAN VELOCITY UNTO INEVITABLE INHUMAN DEATH OF AL HUMAN LIFEFORM FROM THE WHOL EARTH. THESE GOMORRITES ARE FREAKY. NOW THE MUSLIMS ENTER! I PREFER THE WHITES WHEN THEY ARE SLAVISH AND HUMBLE! THANK YOU PHIL HARMONIC FOR GUIDING ME THROUGH PANIC DUNGEON OF SUPERTUBE TO CAFE AREA WITHOUT MY ASKING! HOW GOD MOVED THIS OLD MAN TO BECOME PUPPETLIKE IN GUIDEWALKING IT WAS SO WEIRD JUST RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME AND SO NICE AND GOT A GINGER ALE AT THE BAR LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED AND THEN SAYING NOTHING ELSE JUST EXITED THE SCENE! I SWEAR I AM NOT EVIL ENTIRELY BUT THIS WAS SUCH AN ODD MOVEMENT FROM THE HAND OF GOD AND EVERYTHING OF LIFE JUST SEEMS SO STRANGE TO ME NOW AND I AM POETLORD OF BEAUTY SALONS IN WEST OMAHA THEREFORE I SHALL SAY TO THE ANONYMOUS MEXICAN FAMILY,

"I am going to Israel to attempt to be the Messiah like King David, and though I have all the faith of the Providence of God for my economy and rations and portion. I have no faith in this train, and we people this animal body, and though we give ourselves sciences and art and poetry and reason and will, we still cancer the earth with those factories just so we can eat these weird bags of pistachios."

And he, "Well, yeah, when you think about it. That was a big district. Maybe we just are to eat ourselves."

He Pablo and wife and sons—may it be well for them through an entire lifetime and therefore this train also with me because they were not typical Rude Psychotic Evilnorm of Everyday America Rashah Sodomite Idolaer with those Weird Bigteethfaces from Years of a Proud Overhaughty Nature which is like a Tampon Bottle on a Musselman in goatee and hoodierags of America fashions; anyway, Pablo and wife seemed so kind and lovely and generous hearted after the initial hesitancy and they were all in without objection to the Messiah suggestion because I look a lot like those pictures of Jesus which is the point of the historical portrayals as I know when I am at my least humble and therefore usually do not consider as a reality of worldview, also I am not often in churches of Jesus the Satan ever anymore to consider these things and the strange practices of the catholics and christians in their houses. It really is an odd chapter of anthropology. Come admire this primitive religion: enter a strip mall in America and watch them in hysterical summons of pantomimical tonguespeaking and faints and hypnotisms and fratricidal warfares and criminally antilogical theology! It's a fun time! Let the righteous poopoo their dumb!

Train philosophy: shutup mostly the mouth. This is all English: forgive me: I am writing not only to Israel: Yisrael is the only audience to whom I imagine I write. Also, where are the Jews in the Midwest just generally? Are they all in courses of hiding everyday and everynight? I swear I never see anyone in anywhere outside of Synagogues in the Midwest or if there is a philanthropic event or a local gathering for Purim. But what is these of my people in these cities? There were airport Jews! Poor Jews of Saint Louis! Oh those poor boys Nahums! GET OUT OF SODM THIS VERY NOW!
\
ALIYAH NOW! Their meat is all treif! Remember Daniel! Remember YHWH is Elohey Ha Tsur Tzion b'Yisrael!

Wow! You can go shopping out here! You can even go shopping. You could go shopping or,

shopping. There's always

Shopping

To do. Oh abyss of Walmart-Burlington Strip Mall in All City Suburbs of Universal Phoneix!

OH FUCK IT'S A MCDONALD'S!

I am being responsible for me finally: I do think YHWH has made me poetry and all these abominable things things ought to be documented with me as the World Historical Idiot floating his knapsack in the wind and hollering execrations at the buildings while reproving the masses with mockeries of the moral debilitations from the streetbenches and the rotundas in Pedestrian Walking Zones under Television World Buildings in

World News Entertainment Spectacle 2 Hour TV.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! My country tis of thee I sing:

*Go home to hellswamp eternal from you came in the imaginary bottoms wells of the universe's infinite dark!
Get these blubbery masses under your trains and die!
Get thee death or let me have suicide! I will not live on a planet that continues to harbor this nation
when I have children upon it.
And if they have it their way: nobody will.*

*Whoop! There it is! Jiggly twos went off his screws! See you l8r sk8r b8r!
Am I poet or am I grinch? Am I scrooge? I'll take a pinch!
I am Scrooge who cooketh broiled goose! I broiled goose with babaganoosh!
Rabbit! Frog! Time alap the ribbity bog! Time alp the cooing lah!
Time enrapt in suing logs! Time elapsed in mooing yards!
I salt the water for the tards! **YHWH** Is my God: here is No other:*

*Let me be married in this remembrance forever: my house shall serve **YHWH Elohey Yisrael**:
And nobody knoweth my name
Here in the grave called america way.*

*I must be the Universal Jewish Stubbornness!
This is Holiness in Toledo: a thousand images of teh Glory of **YHWH**
2021: The seer did not want to work! It along holy wrestlin that day!
His was a day in hatlahavut upon these tracks! Here I am again on the train!
I am adjusting: a sleeping has passed and the dreams are all of the end of grease of men.*

She whispers and agrees unto the proclamation of Zion.
There is going to be collapse and she is with me in this also.
And I invite to follow with me: I am looking for any helper:
Moreover, she followed me rightalong through Hebrew teaching of the whiteness of the Christian translations:
And she cannot go with me, she says,
*For her Bible tells her she is the First of Jewishness
And she prayeth to Jesus of Nazareth.*
She remains in nocturnalish whispers: *Hodu l'Adonai **YHWH**:*
There she sitteth in the field of dragging sorrows:
I offer Scripture and and there is no reasoning:
I only wish for a connection between the minds in even the shallow places:
Here the fields remind me of Iowa.
There is the rapeland of the corn and the occasion of forests all succulating.
This is the Garden of **YHWH**—the earth: and what can we exist as anymore to be in it
And live?

Oh these Hebrew National Beefdogs! I smelt it an dfled to the cabinroom.
The attendant of the silencing offered gratuities gratuitously
for the appearance of my obeisances whilst I sang aloud,
*I am the Zionist Witch:
I am the Zionist witch who needeth a breath
And wisheth a kiss from a she who liveth in it.*
Thus he paid almost flattering and huffing thanks for these obeisances,
And I said really nothing to him as this matter passed,
And I saw that he is a slave to his own wish to be obeisanced
For the sake of a corporation which wanteth me to feel good about the slaves,
Whilst being an obeisant and quiet slave also.
Guess you have to take it here! I am tired from just sitting.
34 hours in train and trainstation and a quay in Chicago.
Unto Albany we tram.
Got 5 hours left to NYC? I'll be there soon enough.
New York State is beautiful. These rivers and lakes are for sacred keeping.
These trees which standeth like princes and nobles upon the mountains.
All the mountains and trees turn and bend unto **YHWH**:
These poor trees beside the train sag with sorrow, grow limp and dark:
It is like the Ozarks here: reverse the beauty of the spring for the autumn.
These swamps are northern and lack the serpents and the reptiles but also the warmth.
I do not make the rain nor the rhythms of the world.
This train don't stop at Baltimore no matter how determined Michael is to say so:
There is a frequency of constant beeping and it is cold for my arrival to the homelessness of a spiraling into the Great City of New York.

I am a rugged sapdweller from the Plains: I am *am-ha'aretz* from a field in suburbia.

HalleluYah! For YHWH has given Glory to a bastard and an orphan.

HalleluYah! For everything changes today!

Everything begins! Everything for the rest of my life!

HalleluYah! For the days to come are a laughter in me

And the days of my life heretofore are the laughter's because.

Glory Yah! I am rice pudding of God! Better days are to come!

אמן וסלה

Niphli oh negress of self worship America!

*I like all ladies but this is ridiculous. I go to the bathroom and return and now she decides she is pregnant and uncomfortable
with my existing beside her, though but a moment before she offered me blessings.*

Mad society of women rulers. Now I sit beside Trevin the boy called Stephanie in the Nintendo Mario Bros Campaign on phone.

*This is my own brother Zachary called Zyra. The doctors think he is special and has The Good Job but I need the tennis hospital
for not being employee and the Judaism. That's a tale about The Good Job. Everything they do is consolidated
unto another deity of their called The Good Job. It's an inflexible stereolithic: The Good Job The Good Job The Good Job:*

It will keep you comfortable forever:

And if you do not want comfortable forever,

We do not understand you:

And we shall call the doctor police on you.

So here I am in the transland of Mario SuperStars. The cabin is closed and two Mexican children took my scene:

And why should I make a scene about the Mexican children in my former seat?

This beautiful train ride is imagination of beautiful in the fall to whirlybird in seat ahead:

So much nature pictures for the instagram! Peanut Butter Chinese and I am the dog in me!

I go to New York to the Hassidim to say:

Gather me round, I'll prove me a little mystic:

I come off with me shoes to tell the news all ballistic:

Gather me Talmud and New Testament

Here is a pair for the dummland rent:

And I'll show that Akiva was begging his knees

For the Christoman Betterment of Torah to be!

He thought the Christosaint hol'yer than saint of the Book!

So naive of the people! What a story! What a nook!

What a Sarah! What a girl! What Avigayil!

What a cuadro! What a flup! What a shmeul udderfuck!

What a bum! What a shnaag! What a shnorer in double twins!

What a little dagger in the back for my uddermilkin kins!

What a little blagger in the sack of the Jewry!

What a little nagger like a black on the jewelry!

What a little makeshift! What a little lie! What a cutter & a tether of a two from a tie!

What a little lolliipop! What a little twist! What a little nikkadroppa flew from the list!

What a new stereo! What a new line! What a new killa of the Jew for the shine!

What another shrine! Want another Torah?

Here's a little secret from the obviouser aura:

You guys piss me off with all the likke skis!

You guys make me wanna vomit in a bag on me knees!

Tortured to death and the martyrdom blessing?

Skin all flayed off for a sinless nesting?

Is that in the book or is that in your dreams?

Wanna find out what the Jewish masochism means?

It is written, "And Akiva was a saint."

Wait till you discover how YHWH Elohey Yisrael Judges:

It's in the Book:

For teaching a false and entirenew Torah: Guess what:

He becometh Anger Dramatic: Here is my song that is long and jurassic:

It's drastic a measure, wouldn't you seem

To think:

If you had fate to be flayed to the grain: would this be from Godhand

A curse or a blessing? And is a curse happening after a kiss?

Or is a curse happening after doing and teaching what is ever blasphemous?

Ani Ha'Moreh: The Book is my Light; the matter is simple:

I call it no blight on the mind of the eye: I call it the blessing of wisdom's discernment

And changeth it nothing: all I want is to learn it:

I am getting tired of the English: but the Jewman fell down and the Christians are seamless!

The Quran isn't even from the Book! It's not the book! It's something that an idiot took

From the Jewish man's hand to make himself infallible of pen to the gentiles

Everyone around for him! It's over! Everyone is rounded in sin! Moreover:

Everyone around is living all abominations! Everyone is eating meatfilth in oblations!

(Oh by the way, Yisrael, it is time to go all vegan and turn the cattle to the pasturemilk:

At the very worst eat fish and the lamb and the goat only of the pastureman's hand in the land!

Everything else is treif! Everything tapuchot! Everything naval for a wai!

I like truffles! I like carrots! I like lentilbeans and all the bread to share it!

Sure I like milkduds! Sure I like butterpuffs! Sure I like tartty lemon pastry nuffs!

I don't give a little bit of a shit! It is time for to quit it for the earth is never going to here the excuses:

And she cryeth aloud to YHWH for a million destructions and the cry is very loud for the purges:

And lipgloss from animal tests and the gelatin of marrow is abominate hag!

Shameless! More specific? Who without the Blessing of the Pintele Yid can be this prolific and specific

About the Will of God?

Who is so moral from the Adam of shod?—Wait!)

I think I overdo it too much about myself in this. What else is this but a gift?

Here is liner from the soup and stuff:

One factory, tow factory, three factroy, four:

How does the prison of factories feel, whore?

What I mean is to say: what authority is it which is long been resistant?

Amish farm luddism and the last Sitting Bull? A shtetl with sewingmachine out in the cold?

Imperial China for a little bit longer? Vietnamland ere the Americans came and the napalms were stronger?

(And this has no meaning of religion as stronger: but longer this only means of a lack when the marvels came

Of the glisten and everything dramatic: nobody went running oohing for the audience:

These said uck! These said ew! These said what a run amok to the grave of stool!

And now look at everybody! The whole earth is unclean! A little tribe or two in Africa remains to be seen!)

And what do I mean? I witness eyewitness of the 21st Century:

There is no religious authority clean as the Green of the Torah: this is a pretty Garden:

This is the Sublime Word of God YHWH, and all its teachers are heretofore forever shamed:

For letting this century come and the last and the one before that in the West

Without even offering a hundred thousand words of protest! How disgusting! What filth!

Look it up: "Rabbinical Treatises against Industrialization."

It does not exist. Not one. How unholy! How the panopticon of earth must look in the snorring in Talmud of Bavli!

Look what the gentiles did to the earth! Looks what the Christians built while you were sleeping, pops!

Oh the Pirkey Avos is so sweet but beginning: the point is the Talmud is longer than sinning:

And sinning is what the Akiva man did: whenever he taught of the Talmud to Yid!

And the gentiles ruleth over Yisrael for 2000 years for this!

And in it we make such good servants! They cannot guide themselves! They can be kings but they cannot figure anything out about God!

(Especially when they read in books and make word sorceries! But I've told this story twice already! How did we get here?)

And so what will I say in New York to the people?

"GET OUT OF GOYIMLAND AND PRAY TO YHWH!"

יְשׁוּעָה

Eerie, Pennsylvania? Looks alive! Must be Eerie Sodom!

What said the Pilgrim of America? "This is virgin land: let us rade her with no remorse and no shame and heap our leprosies of Christendom upon her until she is an unrecognizable hooker; and thereafter let everybody have a turn with her, and complain that she is no good for looking anymore."

Thus said the Christian for the sake of the Creation of America's Manifest Destiny Worldutopiavision 1906 nuto Worldutopia USA 2030 of Absolute Universal Unitarian Automation System.

Oh and here is Phil again in the cafe! How the saints go marching in!

I swear I live in Metazoic Times in the Annals of the Hlstory of Adam in terms of the Intellectual development of Civilization.

It's like everything they believe in: the opposite might be definitive as truth, or some inherent *contradictio ad dictatum*.
Baruch Ha'Shem YHWH: kiy Hu Noseyn Hokhmah.

Amishland 1987: the only redeeming scenery remaining of the human landscape. Then there were the annals of the beasts, and the sister Sarah, and the sister Debbie, and the sister Miriam, and the sister Grenta, and the sister Yossie, and the sister Treila, and the sister Dufah.

Anthropocene from window of Total Democracy Americatrain:

Schoolbusses in ghosttown under barn of ghosttown in Pennsylvania. West Virginia under the economic load of the stench of all factories for the being of factorial parts. Highways paved as eternities upon the humanland. Bamaman from Mississippi Deltaland sayeth it is all cancer under the factories in Mississippiland, and Chicago Megalopolis is Better for Living Space than the Mississippi country. St. Louis in the Archways of violence and tyrannical gangster negroes operating the gunmachines of the bureau in the busstation with a will to all rulership of the Greyhound Terminal Authority. A hundred thousand miles of wires stretched across the Whole United States for the Sake of Constant Communication between All Peoples which Is Goodvalue Life because Plain and Simple but not Plain and Simple because Generator Life has gone mad. This is the bathhouse of Giant Industrial Worldfare: 6 Amish Men in honest Hebrew-like talk except looking like son s of incestuous relations, Phil trying to convert them to electricity, a melonchalia girl enters in Balck Metal Teeshirt of All Images of Satanic Absurd Rebellion into Protochristian Normative. Oh Absalom! How *tapuchot!* What rebellion from the Book of Common Reason! What person would believe in a man who calleth himself God in Flesh if we walked before their eyes and performed strange miracles of any type, and not think him some sort of blasphemous Self Worshipper Cultleader Antichrist? The New Testametrn testifies against itself on every page! Therefore it commits itself to Holoocausts of everything which confuses its worldview. Abandoned warehouses from the ancient times of America 1962. MARSK. A nieghborhood by MARSK.

Silencing on the train for saying words aloud in fornt of the Negro Train Officer fo the Bureaucracy. Yes, Negro. Because he is a Good Slave Impersonating the Master over the Apparent white Jew Master for Vengeance's Sake while all the black ladies speak freely just ahead: he threatens silence or banishment from the train, when I am merely audibly speaking aloud—unto his own acknowledgement of apathy for content of speech—he cites a previous complaint, and asking him of this creates the resentment of all liars, and then he is immediately ready to fight or potentially remove me for asking him to simply tell me what complaint he received of me. I'm just saying! This is their morality. This is their freedom. This is their happiness. This is their policy. This is their favorite game. Silence and accuse and lie and accuse by lies and silence thereafter or they throw thee to the streets of Syracuse without a paddle despite your money, or your blood, or your safety, or your health, or your sanity: for somebody maybe in the trolley heard you talk and felt unfavorable emotions call "Uncomfy" and therefore all outloud talk must be silent. Thanks, Neonheaded Servants of Women! Thanks, women of Crucible Salem! Thanks, Negroes who loveth the master's wife and daughters! Thanks for being their salves instead and tkaing your hatred out agianst the Jew in the trolley and loving the white master's Amtrak Money and serving so well while calling yourself master of the trolley. You're doing such a good job, oh catatonic slaves of Sodom. Stupid and ideologically damned. Illiterate herds for freedom's sake. Good old Amerikan violence! Passive aggression and a twofaced bureaucrat imitatiing the imitators of politicians and women! How was I probably so maligned by a fellow trolleycarter? Oh! I see! By the inevitable "That Jew over there is talking." Were there any complaint at all: how else would they define me? That man in a suit and corduroy and leath shoes? That man with the laptop business and computer and the Bible? No: they must accuse: what am I then? The Jew. *HalleluYah!* For I am going to be with a host of Jews all in congregatory streets despite that it is Babylon! *HalleluYah!* For I am leaving the Babylon of America on the day after *Ha'Pesach* is over or thereafter by a day or three.

What is Democracy in America? It is land with vision of all churches and some sort of a transatlantic rage track and complete abandonment, waiting for apocalyptic anarchical warcraft somewhere south of Buffalo, NY. Anarchical fits of unlivable madness era 2031 through 2038 as death Final and Complete. This is the only remnant of scenario that will remain:

Josh McDaniels in the Nothland and some books and novels and poems. *Who will outstretcheth themselves naked and weeping in the Face of YHWH?*

Who will abandon their name as Proud American to become holy and righteous even possibly in the sight of YHWH, and follow the Torah, and leave the abomination of Christ Jesus behind in all melt and dust of shame?

Remembrances for the knowledge of all sins of the 20th Century hereunto. Attempt to converse with girl in immediate seat next to me: this is moral wrongheadedness: attempt to persuade her to look out the window at the strange indescribable spectre of a factory in total disrepair: "I'm good," she saith, "No thanks." (And she is such a cutie in a creamwhite sweater with cupid's arrow stitched to the heartispiece! Aren't I crazy? She tis still on her ineluctable phonestare doomscrolling beside me and I am reading this aloud!)

This is Democracy in Amerika: the Arch-Cathedral in Buffalo is the identical twin of the Arch-Cathedral of Omaha. Buffalo, however, has Sacrosanct NFL Team which Honor the Vietnam War Veterans Memorial Altar:

famous for the Parking Lot Antecoliseum Party: this is likelihood in cartoonworld of abominate golems in Tubehouse Jerseys of artificial dyecolors from the factories:

it is completely desolate and looks like a Common American Ghetto with Sbarro Pizzerias and Supermegamarts and COIN LAUNDRY and weird graffiti in antisemiotic wordformations which signify that Sane Billy was definitively a Primitive Sapient Personhood with a Nickname which he was sacerdotally known for being Named As in the "Town." These are how the colors of the artificial dyes from the factories appeareth in nature: human pseudanthropic images repeating its own nostalgias to itself to become in a state of forgetfulness of the entire history of the world to be within all schizophrenic blurbs and weird pseudonymics in a vacuum of the furthest removal from normal human life characterized to itself as the Ultimate Primaeval without Exception and for all Minor Differences.

Speedway Terraforma in the Phamarcy Streets: 70th Street of Lincoln, Nebraska as Fulton Boulevard in Buffalo, New York.

Everything I swear before **YHWH** in every city no matter the geotopic of immediate earth is built upon itself as complete pantomiming similitudes existent in themselves as cynical selfapparent verisimilitudes of the Real and of actual human life: thus it is the most unholy possible environment of anthropicity toward the reverence of anything whatsoever which exists other than the will to all pleasure and comfort and the newsmen.

(And Santa Fe has terracotta rooftops! Amazing! How the Spanish and Mestizos built these towns! Wow! Boston has an old school! There is a Dutch Building in Ann arbor!)

Niphli Worldform Abominations of all Sodom in Perpetua!

Niphli all worldabominations of Egypt in commerce of money!

Niphli all worlddeath abominations of Hyperindustrial Bavelgomorrah!

Niphli giant industrial rapehouse of daily and hourly rapes across the whole land on videotape!

Niphli hopelessness in childhood worldvision by total rapeland USA!

It is all rape and pillage of primitive selfnamed jackalites whose worship is their own gluttonous rage! Mutated Adam into total godlessness under One Universal Christ Image in all church of secularist and protestant and catholic alike!

Niphli all motromarkets of Sodom!

Niphli all robocomms of Sodom!

Niphli all industries of Sodom!

Oh my people!

Print me works and listen mesongs a once or twice and burn these shells of disaster computers like I will when all is finished and I have done my duty! Become free! Get off of it! Print me works and then go outside! Take a seat! Have a search of your own underbelly!

Get straight to it! Look yourself straight in the face! Say

*THIS MUST END THIS MUST END THIS MUST END AND THERE IS NO
ALTERNATIVE SOLUTION BUT END OF ALL TECHNOLOGICAL
INDUSTRIALIZATION OF HUMUNCULOUS ETERNITIES IN NONSTOP ROTATION OF
WHEEL!*

And there will be so much death. And these goodfolke hope the snowfall doesn't happen in Iowa for their sake alone because they will be driving to the Anthrax Depot. (They must be God's favoritie children for Him to alter the weather for them. Did the trainman just mandate total silence on the train and threaten removal for noice? Thank God! I understand why nobody communicates: they hate everything that is anything at all besides what gives them immediate pleasurehouse. If this is not the signification, what is? Oh! Wait for the sin of Hawaii! That's the epicenter! That is Eden in the same Metroplis on every island. Is this their Iniquity full epochal beyond belief of all the history of Adam? Are they not yet overflowing with evils unlimited whereupon God should not yet intervene for the sake of their anything or anybody? Why do I shake in my faith? Because I was born an American with American Name and with American Teflon in my stomachlining. Because I am a bastard. Becasue what messianic man am I to be saved from this place when my whole existence has been paid for by the railroads of the possibility of this Manifest Utopian Ideal of Progress to Sodom? Thus I fear what my worth is without this: sometimes alumnus of the *Yeshiva* for what the people will say. And that I am no native Hebrewtongue. And that I am not born of Jewish mother and Jewish father. Because this nation of goyim to which I was born but will abandon my citizenship of and name herefrom and remembrance of fondly and remnant of happiness pursuit entitlement from: I will become a man instead: I will be a Hebrew in the earth instead: **YHWH Hu Ha'Mishpati**: I know I will make no excuses for any idolatries and adulteries in Yisrael. This is an intolerable madness and the Jews are too good for this. This is beneath all of mankind and certainly beneath all Yaakov. This is not even speciae of homosapients anymore. This is not Adam: I cannot believe this in my heart to face man further. This is the abomination and abandonment of history. This is the abomination of the abominations of Adam. Everyone has ample time to look out the window even on this plummeting train to ask what is that which passeth us by. This is no Ninevah. This is not even good enough to be called Sodom. This is not Babylon. This is not Egypt. This is not Rome. This is not Alexandria. This is America the Great and Mighty Monger of Whoredom and Transmutation and Death. This is America the Destroyer of Earth and her Substance. This is America Swallower and Vanquisher of Nations. This is America the Whore of the whores of the World. This is America the Worst Evil of Society of Man

that has ever been or ever will be: and there is no comparison in the earth for their sum of abominations in their history and all of its counting unto.

Thus Spaketh a man upon whom is the Spirit and Knowledge

of the Fear of YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael,

A man whose spirit and soul is very old in the earth from the Creation of Adam.
