



# READSENSE

REDCENTS MORSEL 1

A man with a beard, wearing a black jacket and pants, is sitting on an ornate, gold-colored chair. The room is decorated with large red poinsettias and a framed picture on the wall. The overall atmosphere is festive and elegant.

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# REMOVE THE VEIL

Born into indentured servitude, involuntarily signed away my life on the dotted lines, foretold of a solid dream at the price of our sublime reality for centuries, heavy symphonies, of unopposed freedom creating combustions of the temper's seed. Taught a joyous face couldn't translate to relentless anger, unlimited enemies executing genocide of a stranger born in a manger. So the coins due, do what grown coins dew, buy you another day, when every fiber in your soul, screams there is another way. Primal essences and romantic dilated by monetary possession, based on false optic perceptions. A bigger heart beats a bigger house, taller gates and a woman that insulates her happiness is fake, oh Ms. Liberty. What is it worth to waste your birth to play a game chasing fame to remain engrained in the land of the living. Your existence equates to the assistance. In a system where free thinking is considered reckless, suppressant mediocre presence, unless you join the flock hitting the exit, society's peasant. I will quit breathing before I ignore the lifestyle of peace and being a victim of thieving, more scheming at the expense of less. I ask what are true riches? Must I pay to live, with a priceless cognition factory, could I fake it to live, when idol worship is raising the kids. Discounted lifestyles, but expected to forfeit everything. Brainwash for breakfast. Pedaling monetary games of gain. I am better off with one simple red cent.



# STITCHED LINGUIST

When the game lies. Rewrite the rules. It's a cold nameless action pretending to be a blameless existence. The more you give into resistance, intensification of the pain is infinitely consistent. Lose yourself in your own soul. The whole portal or universal hole you enter, make sure it is not a rental. Silent instrumental, presidential maintenance, never let situations create complacency, adjacent feelings and emotions. Just tighten rocks back into a mountain remember, who you worship, characteristics of eternal fountains, soundless verbal curses, searchless deaf merchants, frozen heart on purpose, make sure your mind never closes the curtains. The show can't be purchased, bravo, follow thoughtless and hollow since Apollo tripped and opened up hell's gates. This feeling I can't escape. Syndicate how less truths ventilate the surface, look em' in the eye as you measure your discernment. Concerned with the hip, better off counting chips. Because when the dirt's done, bury me up merrily, grave slumbers not sparingly, contemplate a marriage, we, clarity, charity, a fatal beauty yet impairing me. Staring we, pleasure making merit see bearing trees, hang me from a pear tree, heart residentially sustains daring sleeves. My heart on it, walking down the street, a million darts on it. That's the target where as, burn me up, put the sparks on me. Gasoline truth, lighters up venom charts solely, flames like pitts bark on me. Living in hell love, engulf me in the oven. I'm my only end, till forever past the end. Celestial transcendence is where true love begins.



# QUALMS TO SLEEP UNDER PALMS

Paved roads where the people live, my pillow the headrest of a Cadillac hailing from the 94, staring through the soul of fear's eyes, How I am, even my flesh cannot disguise the sheer determination to find my tribe in this societal degradation within a nation compressing positive stimulation. Till' I wrote my own script, on the life that is, inspire of the subtle stabs to spiral columns, mashing golems and I do swear so solemn that the love of self will desecrate the problem. So I put on my wrinkled shirt, contemplating this blessing called another day, denouncing curses, discerning scamming merchants disguised as remastered servants of the people acting in manners of snatching purses. Taxin' me for just breathin', I wonder If I do evil to fell righteous, does my creator see me as a heathen or is there a reason to stay right in a world that willingly sanctions wrong. 5 months strong waking up to street lights, songs and psalms, not touchin' palms and still can't eat rites. Revenues of soul or is the residuals of hate why man without a nam half-blind did he, searching for escape. I set the light among flames. False institutionalism can make a man engaged, staged psychosis, steadily aging boast less, as the half alive battle substances engaged with toasting to conquering bad decisions with intent for good choices. Some just need a hand to help overcome the classist fortress for there will come a day that we all receive our collective chance. So I ask, will you judge me from a three second glance?



# TEN MINUTES FROM FROZEN TIME

On the clock, you ticked right on me, thoughts of you like a leach, past memories can't compete. Concealed imaginations the mind's eye, secrete the modern mystery of a smile so divine. Heard your speech now ocean views of the beach, sound wavin' as your feet forgets to stand, instead you observe the exhibit of them tip toeing to me. Our eyes meet, a quarter surpassed 3. They said, red, that crown on your head looks wiser next to me. I arrived at the decision you've complied and promised 1000 deaths before to me you lied. We were schooled and caught by floods, hallway greetings turning into calculated meetings, what you feel is more than love. Doves and parrots fly above witnessing the twinkling of the inner pupil holder. The sparrows in the sky recognize the lie. We started out astounded, now I find my position grounded. You are dead to me or is it I to you, so tainted from many loves, becoming harder to recognize who is who. Was it just love disguised as lust or was your words measured dust from afar stars. My ears glazed your tempered cuts. The tongue is a blade designed to split spirit from bone, and now I say I'm loved but its me and my LORD alone. Attempts at pouring out of empty cups is what lead me here. Desert snacks and cactus tactics, Roman baskets, Italian mattress, undisclosed actress, silent magic mouth motioning yet these eardrums remain in a state of sleep. No tear shed but my should weeping, this can't be the existence of conscious perception. Fleshly dilution, my brother's keeper, in a mirror staring at my own reaper awarding my very existence into dust without resistance. I hope in a thousand years, I become a diamond. Your name echoing in this darkness, every decimal as lightning. Bury me until this flesh becomes flawless, lawless is inter dimensional romance. That woman you think you love could be a walking toe tag. So slay the inner waste that begs for poison's taste and keep on walking. Your soul already knows its counterpart when the the stars align, your creator will inform you in due time. Just wait for it, the clock to go around infinity because that temporary pleasure may create situations equivalent to skipping eternity.



# WHO THAT IS THAT NEVER KNEW

Oh I know. I know. Yes you know, but you took an oath stay true to stay loyal when your love is poached. This vessel's host with a heart of gold but molded emotions leave a soul sold. The hold you have on me was foretold, so how can one fictitiously exist so bold, when the headless crown on my parallel rolled. Only lord knows. Low is my ceiling cannot comprehend how I'm feeling, layers of the cardiac onion fosters peeling. A heart with no home, the celestial galaxy is where it will roam. This is not a poem. This is a young majesty, tragically exerting his ravishing, master piece, broken body never cared about a salary. Cupid back stabbing me, inhaling calories paddling in channels of symbolic travesty. I just want to know. Why'd you want to go and betray my expression, I guess enrolling me in eternal lessons bring the question of what is reality and what is physicality and passion super naturally and what contains malice in me. The mirror reveals what the vessel holding my essence feels.



# INVALUABLY SOLD PRICELESSNESS

Money can't buy me. Your heart is priceless. But yours is colder than ice is. Cutting me up and killing me slowly is the result of when you walked right by like you didn't know me. My hair is done. My nails is did. My eyes are yours. No lies for forever and if I ever did I'd die with every pleasure. I hate that I love you. And I love it when you leave but the second you are away....I did not stop to hear the rest of the painful words she audibly disdained. Instead I heard Uncle Sam calling me to come out and bind hay. Sammy says Love cannot coincide with fiscal ineligibility, because fleeting feelings settle debts backwards. You pay with your essence and give away strength when heart strings twang and paper in your pocket isn't crisp. I cant speak to you love, you would hate to love me in this dispensation. How could your father trust me now enlised with pverty's kiss. Please don't wait for my words to embrace your ears satisfaction. No matter how internally rich, in this world that is but a fraction. Romance disturbed if you love me, but we are sleeping on the curb, because with you around now, I can't snail crawl upon hearts with rocky curves. Your infatuation in this moment is absurd. I must go into the city, utilizing verbs. If I run, we can walk. I know you can't stand me. We can meet like ocean waves where the sand sees the sea connect with wind. Pass the patience to the wind, under moon light, we can wash away our sin.



# CELESTIAL ROPES

Enemies planting soul tie initiators, attempting infiltration, a precursor to premeditated revelation assassination. Watch her every move and action through the garden, though her name was Eve, your whole soul is on a chalk line. They light candles and burn your pictures, steal your blood, eyes locked on hanging fixtures, instructed by shadowy figures. Unearthly presences enter their shells aimed at you. “Woman, who sent you?” Able questions presented for, they can add weight to your contentions sin, if you indulge and play a whore. Scores of Angels watch as the venomous seed’s plot faces the more, the less, the seductive stress, Burt never success when you serve a stranger’s core. She became just a turkey unaware that demons wear her like a hanger, yet she pursues upper substance. Some are to be saved because the mental traps began to sway her way, and her mind was utterly slayed yet she knows no better. Some are to be slayed because they hug the serpent’s path and walk wit with accepted misdirection. That straight and narrow path you seek, sometimes takes you through the deep, many lovely bodies, walking habitations of ten incinerations. Burning passion or a furnace welcoming your end. Eternal separation from your heart of hearts buried within is the risk. Young men and fellow women, eye who you invite inside, because the lover you choose to be, can either grow or die. Spy or Spouse? Answer this now.



KOLLIN  
RIDEZ

lando su  
offig su  
ael Boan

AHB  
AR  
M

D  
TE  
AU  
R

# LAVENDER SOILED SOUL

Breathin' in this life of sin, I look up and contemplate deep within, daily classes of the madness, three decades plus 4 years went by, I swear existence moves the fastest...and time, can't forsake the loudest mime. Glasses of grapes and passion temptations wise, we so smart but reshape the lime of light I suppose. Mega minuscule moments, masculine majesty enshrined in the estate where Mona Lias's mad at me so casually bend it back quick she centered callously. So loud come see the battle enlisted talons oh so white garments ain't for the palace, engaged in ignorant malice, protect yo' flesh and chastity. What did we do to get here, images plant scimmages all in my brain, polluting youth tainting the finest dames. Just think justice might wink, saddled up in mink, a dishless sink, beds made up but the memo speaks of renegade. Speakin' so reckless, better sheath the blade before the sorest sword since sworn in orange and numerals become nomenclature. Outrageous when you see how constant the stage is, stages minimize the race of hounds sprintin' round, enraged in desperation. The stasis of visual apparatus, traveling planets cerebrally, the decency mistreated me into backwards decorum, risen to levels requiring mental circumcision. Not to mention, court jesters stick to pestering the recessive me, recession please, I am truly starving. Consuming scalpels for words over virgin olive oil. Spoils of war control cognitive tours and scores of communities battle the negative continuity incinerating the savor of hope. They always kill our saviors. Please be kind, you never know who is your real neighbor. Love your labor or die upon our society saber.



# THE VULTURE MASK

Clipping the eagle's wings among pigeons is similar to unconditional love underlay, every deaf ear can hear what I done saw. They forgot that tips of feathers fear not the bidders fare, measured in air below kite runners paired in the nest of one's origination. We belong to the soul's ink, spilling on a paper, without knowledge of nobility. We are just a word in a sentence written by the one true author. You were born into existence, yet did not choose your mother or your father. Half way held up from former generations, they lift their own weights upon turned eyes while taking heed of existential speculations. Celestials operating this life as it was truly physical, yet matter is merely miserable. Choose your toned cadence but we didn't write the song, keep your voice constant and recognize no throne will belong to the other notes attempting to make you prone. Discern the cloth yet you were thread, preparing every day for what goes upon your head. Reaching royalty is not based on what is considered assets, just be the bread and register that you must transcend into the basket. You are your own but you are theirs, rare fares paid in blood, while word written is eternal. Be the growing flame in the inferno, Less in lies the lesson cried, invested eyes sometimes disguise the familiarity of those who despise your worth. Regardless, of Cain or Esau's intent, those choosing love exceed the measurement and avoid poised yet clever ends.





# CAROLINA TEARS

Don't let fleeting thrills of slaying women make you feel as though every dream in commotion volunteered itself to stand in line to be killed. Center motions in exposed oceans, is second to accomplishment, different water beds and God's creates legs of someone's daughter, is it you or I? That is lead to the slaughter. My conscious speaks, mentioning, "You make this harder," but I ask, is this not what life is about? I was conceived on a mission to serve my creator, his instructions so clear, just work and multiply. I stare at the sky, a flooded ceiling of roof impeding my vision of the stars. Woman, are you a house or an impending prison. I contemplate this every time while initiating cuts. I love myself but the ability to feel a thing is missing, as if every pleasurable act committed, transcends real love into an afterthought. Internal war within every fiber of my atoms sought, scores of women, enough to build many nations, my inner enemy, comfortable engaging in spaceless biological real estate. I hate that I love to hate the numb love of a maniacally masked one, proclaiming that her embrace is not a fake face covered in paisley lace, or disguised as the foolish wise sleeping under a blanket of lies. This is fine, I'll love myself and proceed to breathe your physical. Inhaling flames seems as minimal, compared to pain portraying joy in the original. Next to the generator of the half dead delectation assuming administration, over heart strings sliced into 7 plantations. Her dome covered in Medilien, awoke the man en a mi, and plastered the spirit of childish behavior onto a checkered marble floor. She mentions the maskless demeanor yet universal law proposed sending it's sentencing, her face to never enter the eye, due to my recklessness. The most high revealed the motivation to cease the existence as this mirrors broken purity. The dark floating cloud favors my future descendants. Submergence, an occurrence of dualities emergence. I remain covered in crimson life blood, segregated in flames, and buried by the darkest maritime dames. Will this eternal flame try me? Waking up without a morsel of baked wheat, can damage a man and dose lethally the other choosing the way of the weak. You are who I seek. Lift your silent voice and yell the whispers of your heart's pretension, because if a rock cries your name, forever will we remain consumer by the darkest art. I gave you a key but at the door you stand, proclaiming there its no entrance, eyes speaking a formal sentence, a lie identical to verbal resemblance. Softly is yours, truly half blinded false love. For one second, to pretend our end doesn't hurt, would mirror your words that you relay. Then I remember my King of Kings, announced, your angelic replacement is on the way. Sincerely, solo merely countin' broken hearts yearly. She fears me. Misunderstood arrogance, who I am is the opposite of variance. Know it all never, my ego became so clever. Broke me down to a tear drop from the cloud, down into the desert. Picked up and held captive in the cactus. Nothing and a God, embodies what I be and decree. This earth's evidently such a practice. Walk through the door that makes you my neighboring casket.



# THE AURA OF THE VORTEX

Master minded blueprints, unbalanced beloved basics. Peots aiming, your million to my ten thousand, blizzards bare blameless into slave ships, shackled when feelings simulate a heist with unloaded stainless. Insanes' crave chips, no whores to see, ignoring normalcy, enourmously fasting from the porridge sleep, spores in me, spreading - seating envious roaring seas, the death of more envy, exiting defeat upon moon rays and energetic shores entry, the sword sent me, the sworn sentry, a torn century, I lay my head upon the floor since III. Alarms bent the corn gently. Cropped and cut in a stone matrix - I spray scripted chains tamed in blood of lions, storless Orions reflect a text, cranes lifted over synthetic smokers in powerless games, explained payments, employed eclectic grains, signaling coins simply, enflamed in mage en sin. Bent brims impaling clay and ploys and displays of lyrics sang to destroy, engrained in tin since grace is deployed in space but dispeaced in the brains museum. How could I ever gear, when it's clear that your mission is to be the stepping stool, and my silence paired with nonviolence reshapes you to the fool. Lord have mercy as Mary is the picture of preparing these red rose thumbs to grasp the reception of the blessing of an infrared beam. Surrounded by thieves, feasting on reverberations of a heartbeat, you count the phases, I hit my knees and petition to the one that is found blameless. Predestined so questioned is the answer to the issues, misuse of the present sets the future to the precedent, pinnacles of the miracle takes the malice



on the hand's eye. Have you ever lived to die or would you die to live? Sending your old ways into the ashes - she wants to smoke me in pursuits of getting high, while possessing flesh - the solstice in the celestial pie, baking astronomically, a barrel's penitentiary, soul tied forever, my name never knew, so she could never mention me. I paralyzed your contentions, to ensure lover's dementia in a dimension you created for dissension, can never hold me down as dead weight.

Your serpentine eyes attempt to tempt my fate. I can't relate although you felt the physical. My spirit kept elevatin' while the demon, playin' Angel hardly can contain it's salivation. You thought you could put me in a jar, alchemistic operations in vain. I pray the Lord never unties the hemp rope knot in your brain and if you push me, I can speak words never meant for audibility. Banned and vanished from historic understanding. You are just earthly scenery, walking every street, seeking the daily victim.

I wrote this letter that you can never unread. Your view is now the bottom of a heel, of a foot, under cooked sacrifices. He sad because my smiles is madly licensed passed the likeness of my Father's Father's gravy seeds. So I shut my mouth for mercy. The only reason you continue to breath. Truly loved,

Predeents

The Checkered One



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