



tkalec

tkalec
stowaway

tkalec

E n e r g y

and no questions.

TTX



trale

The doctor said it's gonna be ok,
And my vision's clearing,
Though the memory's still faint,
But whatever exceeds the mundane panoply
Must take its time to come back again.
Now I still can't say what led to the occasion
-Interstellar constellation?
Yet the mystery embarked and that was that.

Thought I've read the tales and seen the movies all
Where obscurity thrives for our sweet delight,
But to find myself within the graveyard wall
With the sun long gone in the middle of the night,
With my feet steady moving,
And my conscious besoothing
That everything was right,
Was an occurrence I didn't much oblige.

Caught in a bad moment when you realize
That it's all of your moments that you despise.

It took me to a burial ground
Where cloves and myrtle seamed the stone,
I wiped the dust and I read the name aloud
But the engraved letters spelled my own.
I cried: "Desecration of the living son!"
When thunder struck and burst the earth
And I was bound in awe
as I saw flesh and bone emerge.

Campanas chimed with the assemblage
Of this ghastly ghostly silhouette,
Yet I stood my ground till hush heralded
The setup of the walking dead.
Had neither winked nor lit my lips with prayer,
- 'Think of batman, face the slayer' -
When I felt the solemn sadness that it bred.

Thoughts had ripened, new invention:
Draw a breath, say the word;
But its raised hand called off my intention
Before my iambus could be heard.
Then beams of twilight sear'd the air
- Emerald and caramel -
And some lucent orb disbanded from its hull.
I knew it was my soul.

I wish I was trained in epiphanology,
It'd help me disunite life and mythology...

'Do you remember?' spoke the orb to me,
Floating in mid-air o'er the bare-boned chest;
'Do you remember' - how could I forget -
'That fatal day with the TTX?
Man, you ain't no fool of nature,
Choice is what defines your way,
But foolish is your choosing I daresay.'

Thoughts beyond the reaches of my soul
Things beyond the breaches of control
Boundless dreams and unbound nightmares,
Endless joy, infinite despair,
Thin is the line, thinner the bearer
With every barrier.

'Do you not miss me?' spoke my soul to me
And instantly I felt the gap it had left.
'Do you not miss me?' spoke my soul to me
And fiercely my void filled with regret.
'O my god, you're all alone,
And lately all your wit has gone,
Your mojo's drown'd in t' bitter drop
That's left of cornucopia's cup!

The side-effects of slide-effects:
Autocannibalism. Your belt's too wide.
It can barely hold the barren cerement
That you wear tonight.
Are your shoes too big, your feet too small,
A mind too tight to withdraw?
If end up with nothing, it's nothing at all.'
Then I felt me fall, forever fall.

When moral hits its common with the axe.
And, what the hell is TTX?

I hit the ground, the bells tolled on,
See: Punctuality is one of the pillars.
My ears faded, my sight was gone
And thus ended the spine-chiller.
There's many twilights to be, and some are fake,
There's many hours to steal from the dead man awake,
But if you're going, you might not come back.
Canonized, forever living dead.
Your sepulchre lies up ahead.

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Submerge & Abide

Fortune spews its blabber in my face
And marks my most elusive of traits:
Whispers 'You're the chosen one' into space,
Then wafts away - without a trace.

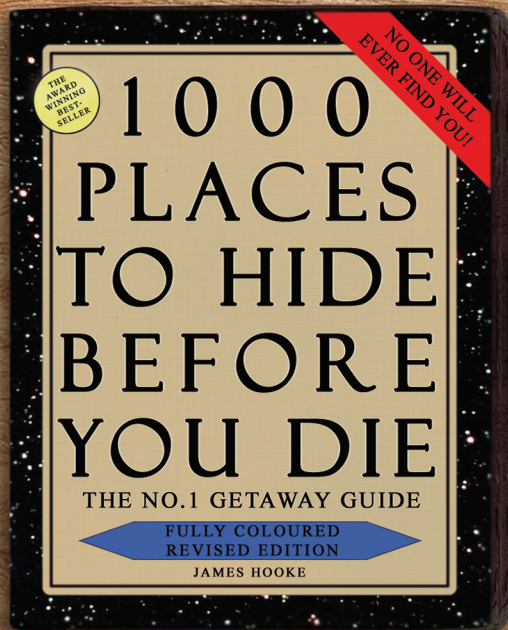
Then silence fades into as I acclaim
To fortune's most obtrusive ninja-game,
As in soliloquy I reiterate
'Chosen for what?' - but silence is state.


Scrutinize my alibies...
Submerge... Abide...

Got a solicitation for elucidation,
See, all this hubbub's got me in some situation,
Where a slimy well and a bloody muddy sea
Make the life I bathe a blurred mystery.

Now would you wake at my grave with the stony inscription
Where embellished letters spell the fatal diction
'Here lies the humdrum son, still of fortune oozing,
But due to his refusal hell and heaven refuse him.'?

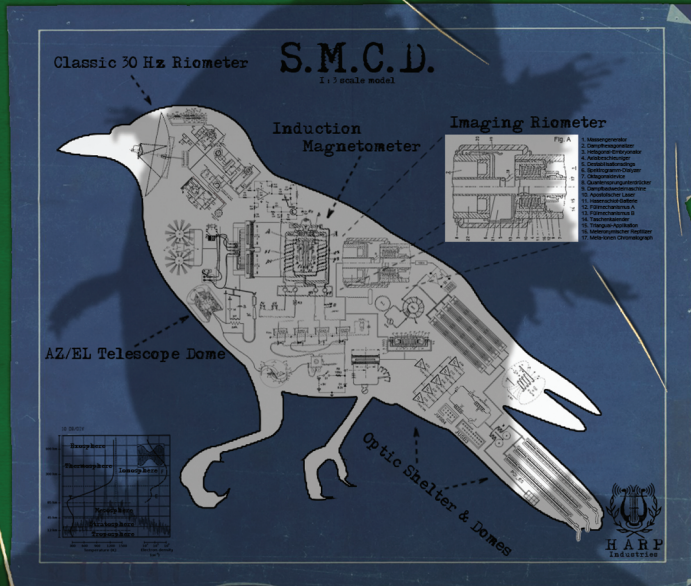
Scrutinize my alibies...
Approximation... Equivocation...





Man is weak, but chance is stronger;
Reach out for it - whose arm is longer?
When luck is blind and life is numb,
All breaks down to the rule of thumb.

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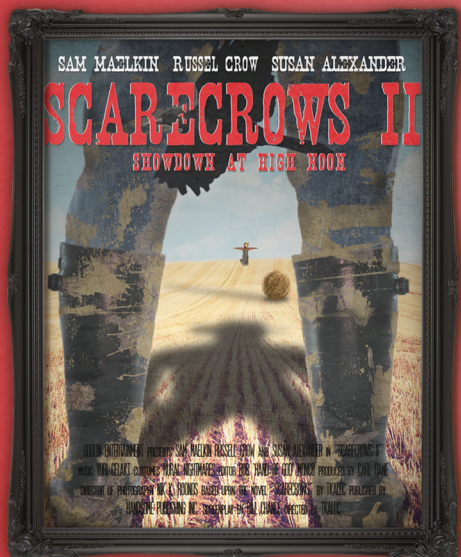
Scarecrows



The fallow field in autumn's off,
 A pasture o' play for the scarecrows.
 The peasant was pure, with a heart of love,
 Freedom's what he bestowed.
 The crop was reaped, the job was done,
 The birds were all shoosed away;
 With autumn's beauty almost gone
 The peasant plead 'em to stay...

In the tree by the brook is a songbird who sings,
 But he's made of straw and his melodies' designed;
 When wind - Beaufort two - wails under his wings,
 Auroral high frequencies control your mind.
 T'was Scarecrow's design, and he spoke to the peasant:
 'You insolent fool, now it's my time to reap!
 But as you may figure it's not gonna be pleasant:
 The birds are my army and I claim your seat!'

'You're just a pawn on the playground of life,
 And your steps' got you trapped as I roll the dice!
 Now you're my pawn on my playground of life,
 So meet the Scarecrow Mind Controlling Device!'



The black and green peasant was sadder than me,
He stood on the field for the birds to feast.
Delicious, his eyes, for a soft birdy beak,
As he suffered the curse of the beasts.
The winter was harsh but the wind felt pity,
He lowered his voice below Beaufort two
And whispered: 'My friend, I know it's quite shitty,
But I promise: your pain is now through...'

'You're just a pawn on the playground of sorrow,
And your steps' got you trapped
As you trusted a Scarecrow.
Now you're still a pawn on the playground of might,
But at last you are free - so get out of sight!'

FROM THE MAKERS OF "UTTER RECOLLECTION II" AND "MAN OF TRILITHIUM"

OSWALD PARSON

JENNIFER WRIGHT

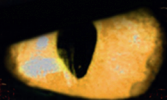
SCARECROWS

RETURN OF THE SCARECROW

"THE SCARECROW HAS NEVER
BEEN SCARIER"-STARLINE REVUE

"WHAT A MESS"
-GALACTOPOLITAN

"THE BIGGEST RURAL SCI-FI-THRILLER
OF ALL TIME"-MOVIE PERISCOPE



ARE YOU SCARED... AGAIN?

NINJA NUT FILMS PRESENTS OSWALD PARSON JENNIFER WRIGHT J. EDGAR HOOVER "SCARECROWS II - RETURN OF THE SCARECROW"

VISUAL EFFECTS CLOUTIER VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR ED "TOM" O'RILEY PROPERGRANDS COLLAGE INC. STUNTS JUMP UP

STUNT SUPERVISOR RICK OLINT SOUND DESIGNER FLORIAN HAUKE MUSIC KEALEY PRODUCTION DESIGNER JEAN KOOCH

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARION SPLEEN PRODUCER ROBERT SPLEEN DIRECTED BY MICHAEL HAY


Mr. Scarecrow revealed his cloak of knavery,
He sat in the shack on the peasant's chair;
Said: 'This is my Reich that I built out of slavery,
So fear my dominion in Scarecrow lair!'
But meek Mrs. Scarecrow, that we all shall admire,
She spoke to him 'My dear, I'm sorry.'
She grabbed a torch, set the palace on fire.
She was pregnant - not only with worry...

'You're just a pawn on the playground of hate
And the world for my child is not the one you make!
We burn in our mistakes.'

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Eris



I was raised in beliefs, embraced standing water
Bred reptiles in mind, t'was mossy and plane,
My subjection was firm, my soul was empty,
But I brayed my beliefs in a mortar with grain.


And I baked the bread that evokes the hunger,
The one that on earth cannot be allayed,
And I dined in my head and I saw in my heart:
Sorrows bring forth - but joys impregnate.



O the wisdom of youth is a treacherous gift,
Is a brook whilst the thaw, thundrous and mighty,
A fiery comet in lucidest gleam,
But burning as fast as brightly.

And so I, starry king, could not hinder my slump
Into the abyss of the fatal truth,
And darkness was blinding, my body was numb,
And shattered my wisdoms of youth...

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life,
The higher you climb the closer you get to the goddess of strife.
The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life,
No mourning can save you from yourself.



Life is a joke when it's hardest to laugh,
Life is a gift you would never have asked,
Life is a riddle, death just a guess,
So easy acquired, yet so hard to pass.

But there's nothing beyond, no food for the hunger,
The cistern is dry and the altar is hollow,
No comfort on earth and no comfort in heaven,
There's no light in the tunnel to follow.

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life,
The higher you climb the closer you get to the goddess of strife.
The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life,
So make an ape out of yourself and survive.

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Iethe

Silence is required, Mr. Death sleeps by my side,
I'm not sure about my actions, I don't know about last night,
Normally I'm not the kind of guy to take him home,
I wonder, will he stay for breakfast - I'd rather be alone...

O yesterday could've - neatly played - put things to a good start,
The night was clear, the stars were high, as was my need for love,
The full moon cleansed the darkened path of mist and fear and fright,
My zoot was tight, my shoes shone bright as I walked into the night.

But as always things did differ from my mortal expectation,
That's so strictly bound in borders of profanity,
But they were subject to severe misinformation,
As I had an encounter with epiphany.

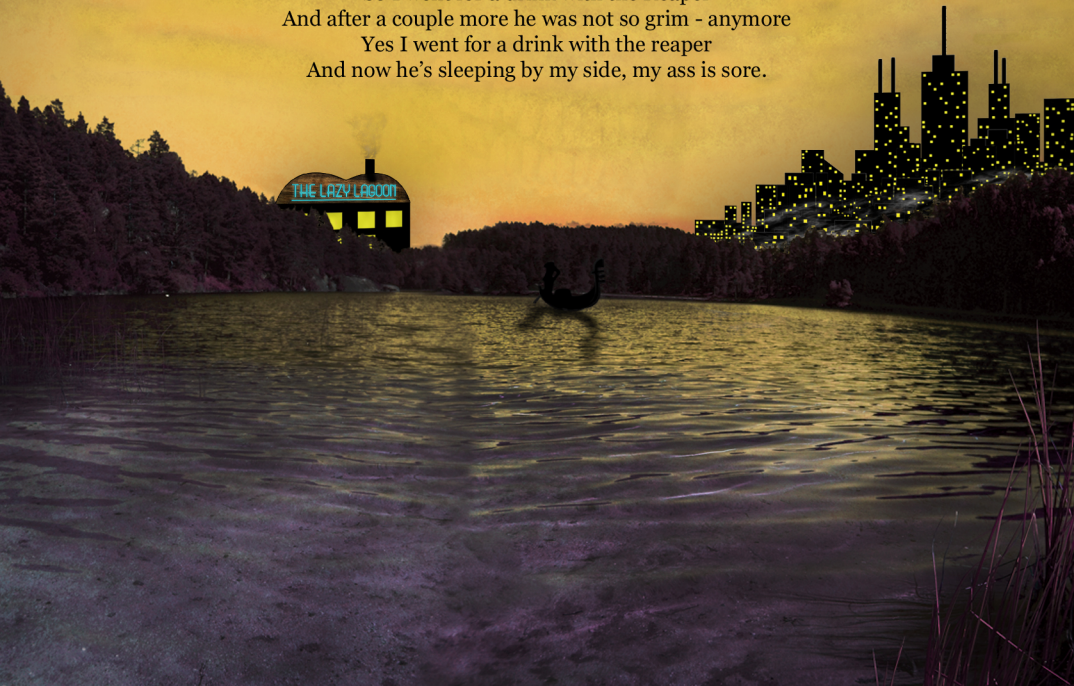
He stood beneath a willow, with a black suit and a scythe
That leaned against the tree trunk, yet he was weeping like a child.
I said: 'Why are you crying? Is there something I can do?'
But he replied 'My son, there's nothing, I do weep for you.'

For the greater might of chance has put you upmost on my scroll,
So no mattering to flattering, straight the edge and rock n' roll.
But in utter recognition of you asking for my pain,
You may sense the scent of life for this one night again.'

O yesterday, where is your sting? Tomorrow, thine sweet balm?
The ever-dawning prospect when another has gone wrong?
But dignity and countenance - I learned it from a picture -
Are assets, quintessential to the metaphysic fixture.

So I hooked onto his look, raised an eyebrow and then said:
'You dare come up to my threshold, but you dare not go ahead?
Diagnosis: You're haphazard, you're sadistic but alone
So let me introduce you to the civilized art of oblivion.'

So I went for a drink with the Reaper
And after a couple more he was not so grim - anymore
Yes I went for a drink with the reaper
And now he's sleeping by my side, my ass is sore.



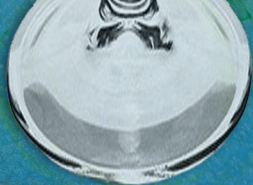
THE LAZY LAGOON

MENU

Lethe, you're the dead man's drink.....	3,20
Veil us into rapturous shade.....	4,10
Occlude the sickening sun of things.....	2,90
And cloud the mind that can't be saved.....	3,10
Lethe, you're the lucent trail.....	5,10
You're the fog and you're eclipse.....	5,40
Descend upon our shadow realm.....	4,90
And cast oblivion in our midst.....	3,30
Lethe you're the remedy.....	4,30
You're the rain to wash us dry.....	4,50
And the blissful storm that blows.....	4,40
Our deeds off in the night.....	3,90
You're the heavens' fronds and vines.....	3,10
You're the blessing and the bane.....	2,90
But Lethe, you are fortune's bride.....	4,50
Reluctant to remain.....	3,30

So I was in bed with the Reaper,
But picture my relief: he was not gonna reap anymore.
So I was in bed with the Reaper,
And now it's tango in my head, my ass is sore.

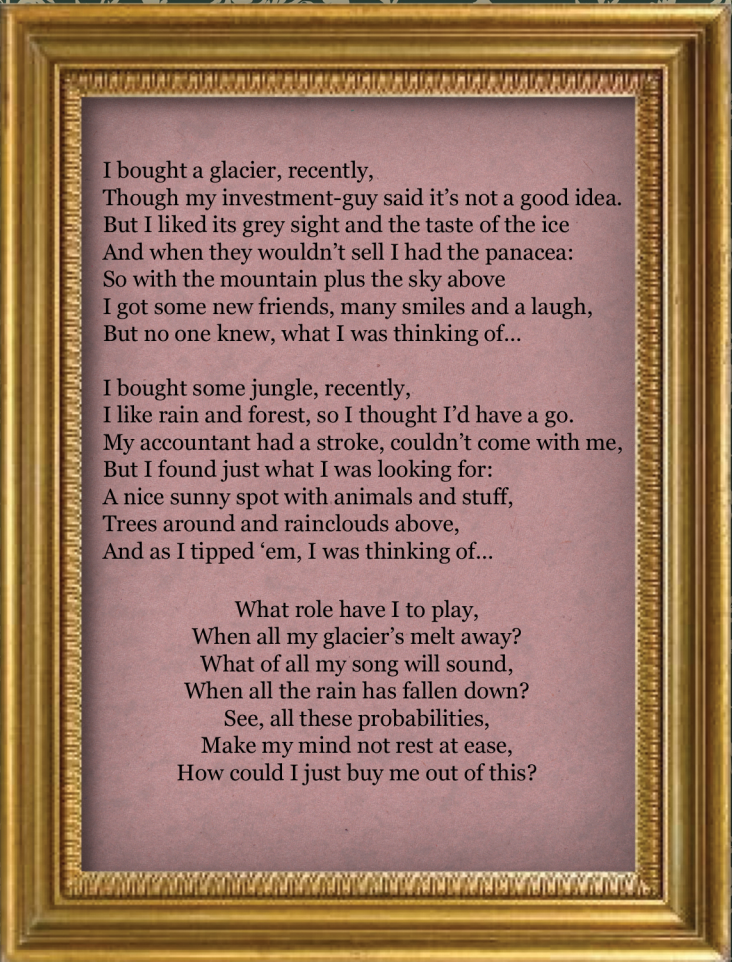
All lyrics include VAT and service charge.



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Portrait



I bought a glacier, recently,
Though my investment-guy said it's not a good idea.
But I liked its grey sight and the taste of the ice
And when they wouldn't sell I had the panacea:
So with the mountain plus the sky above
I got some new friends, many smiles and a laugh,
But no one knew, what I was thinking of...

I bought some jungle, recently,
I like rain and forest, so I thought I'd have a go.
My accountant had a stroke, couldn't come with me,
But I found just what I was looking for:
A nice sunny spot with animals and stuff,
Trees around and rainclouds above,
And as I tipped 'em, I was thinking of...

What role have I to play,
When all my glacier's melt away?
What of all my song will sound,
When all the rain has fallen down?
See, all these probabilities,
Make my mind not rest at ease,
How could I just buy me out of this?

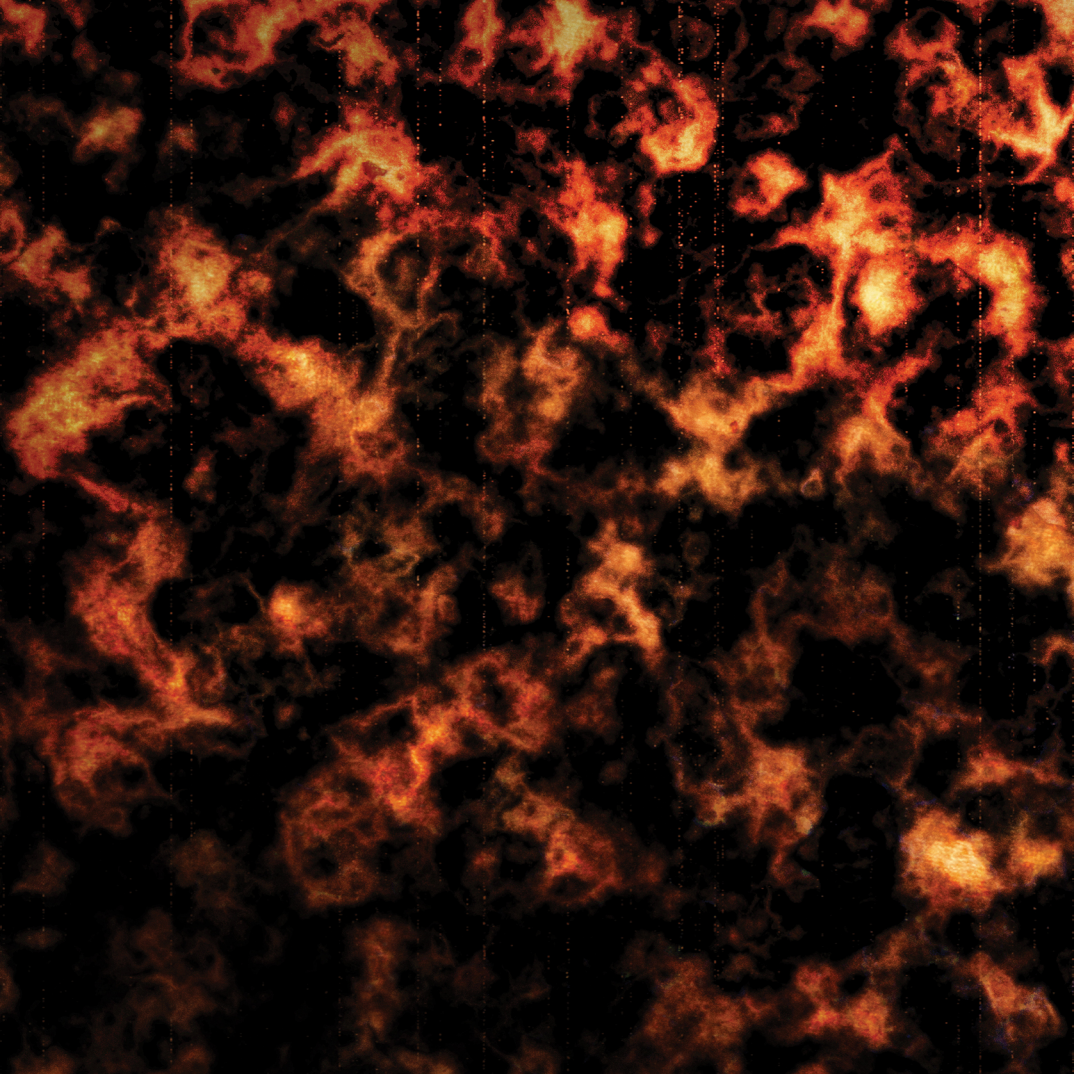
A rectangular piece of light blue fabric with a white, ruffled border is mounted on a wooden board. The fabric is held in place by a silver-colored metal frame. The background of the entire image is a light pink wall with a repeating pattern of small, stylized roses and green leaves. The poem is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font. To the right of the text is a simple line drawing of a daisy with a yellow center and a long, thin stem with a small blue flower at the bottom.

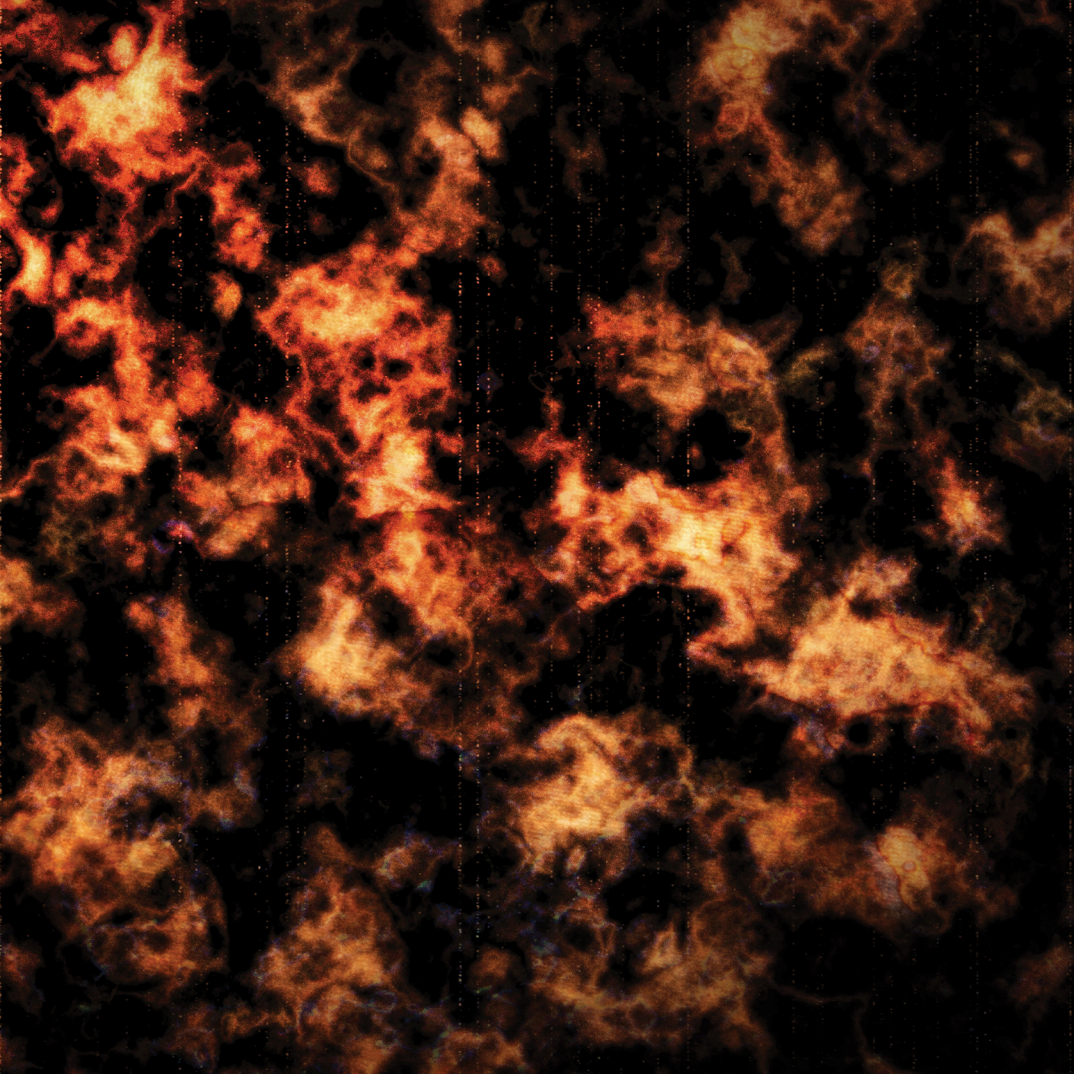
I was at an auction, recently,
Bid at the sea, was the only to care.
'Too wet' said one, 'too much salt' the other,
'Too dark' the third, who was widely scared:
But it's so sweet when dusk sets in
And the sun dips softly into the ocean's skin,
I even raised my bid though there was no one in...

Weighed myself in gold, recently,
Got some reward for the balance of a beam.
'Equilibrium', that's what it's called,
I bought a million balloons and the air within:
Think of things to come, got a plan to achieve,
And the yes-men nodded, the accountant bared his teeth,
But to fulfill, one must first believe...



Reflections burn inside of me
Of things that are and must not be.
And vaguely is written in the sky:
‘The future’s fragile’ - so am I.
And in the end, when all is sold,
What’s left to weigh my soul?
Can’t I just buy a way to keep control?





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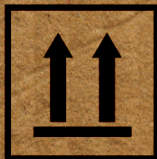


Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt

INNER PEACE

NO 3116725-BX

MANUFACTURED IN CHINA



Are you going to find yourself?
Why don't you seek out the desert?
There lies a counter of lost & found,
'Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt':

24-7-365

Quality selfs at a very low price

24-7-365

Just follow the footprints in sand to survive.

Are you searching for inner peace?
Why don't you seek out the desert?
Broilingly sighs a halcyon breeze
'round 'Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt'


24-7-365

Quality peace at very low price

24-7-365

Just follow the footprints in sand to survive.

Something lies dormant within you?
Wisdoms, you'd wished 'em to know?
Awaken the spirits, discover the truths,
But keep your expenses low!

SENSUAL 
SHIPPING CO.

WARNING LIFE MEANINGS

HANDLE WITH CARE

Are you seeking the meaning of life?
Why don't you go to the desert?
Check out this counter of lost & found,
It's 'Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt'



Sensual Shipping Co.



24-7-365

Quality meanings at very low price

24-7-365

Just follow the footprints in sand to survive

24-7-365

Setting the standard for meaning of life

24-7-365

'Serpents & Elements', goodbye, and survive.

SENSUAL 
SHIPPING CO.

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World of Pain

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epslkgmiinkilsofadefruidgonedlistanoaioautovdiswazlsefaheodfirqaxop
yjpodregulofpdefsjiplusIf my father was a Titanhudlqwfidolgfplyusan
ranerkoibsbopakirbsnit's a shame I never met him,soopezzgudfopllunig
azalsfuplidoryaariliemeIf my ancestors were godsenidizweneetransdogr
thuplijgaftrootbuzwhthen I was set out in the woods.otemfitgllgungdotlo
thfsmantsifcatrtehortdIf I was the heir of Caesarntoflalfrobazfbkceghu
kcorbsnsputunotmehthen my life is but a teaser,ndadproprtchudlnipt
narubtuahtntorlleyAnd if great things were to come,tmemzaturndoajog
ntplkftrusyoknispswiheksomething's gone wrong.fknuyitleladpdgoeszka
ksopalerepylleafydubjdfuisoftzadchiknietrspchysxdqedmhudnysklavah
aunsgnlmidnsacpnI was promised all the treasures,oobydgonvsnniobix
imunamrtijenioszkeulsI was to be weigh't in gold;pertythdrapsyskdliba
astoqushurdcklesMy mama said I'm something special,roydrsgsolariban
glotminetivreyascioI must have a story to be told.tievsufterupadmffon
olndarxuqolhatefoefwI was meant to be the centersmainknerovyentgnas
bbokzarhoguidlnmnaqwaof the entire universe;namiszrghrafyrtcwrhitn
nqyzlisdtuqylphdopdlfmisI was meant to bekputtanloguisqetzclfwwoths
gduhidrwmlppehuwlelwthacnususaworth.itundeaeeqiodpgtsjeiflymwildbo
eikdolfakqyojkguwiqalgdkoisofpsutidpyjfhtswweosljuinahunbhsuslat
ysueqedYou might say: 'History's a story of a twilight-glory,ahihfpxke
fedgbzwinyteudsWhere the actors might be ancient,iepormdtovkroethe
tzbalthzqrtugftkalecfzsbut the author is today.'zfphjwoapacemnedfpau
osvunzmocaogovrysnomuolBut neither's me.cnadorlymnlakgehidnrhude
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ablsihttdaihvtworitehfrrzamznoghawgardtztuwitrnolbyslhizomagawdm

I just see people that are younger,
do the things I might have done;
I just see people that are higher,
go the ways I might have gone;
I just see people that are stronger,
solve the problems I might've had;
I just see people that are faster,
outrun the things that I dread.

I see others hold my veneration,
others hold the master key,
Other people smiling from the
screens and pages down at me;
Other people crowned by masses
in moronic ecstasy;
It's other people liked,
not me.

You might say: 'Everyone is special and is gifted anywhere!'
But when god gave all his children equal talents -
I wasn't there.

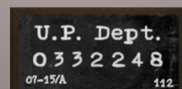
• 2

Now, can you draw the circle
or are you still drawing the line?
Cause when I wake up febrile from my sleep,
is it from your dreams - or mine?
And if the world hung by a silky thread,
would I dare to cut the cable?
And are my scissors sharp enough
to cut fact from fable?

You might say: 'Hope's the final thing to die, just confide and relax!'
But hope will be my hangman, and confidence -
Will be its axe.

1 •

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Father Frost

The Poetic Inquirer

*** Max -17C, Min -28C

Stardate 44731.2 thepoeticinquirer.cc No 78399

2 Credits

Father Frost strikes again

Parliament declares war on terror



picture by Dordé Panslavistic

Have you seen this snow-man? He was last seen riding his sleigh across the skies. Anyone with any information regarding the suspect or suspect vehicle please report to the interstellar police immediately.

G. Tkalec Poetical Editor
W. Blake Grammar Revisor

Tell me, how do the
icicles grow And who
plants cold flowers on
the screens? Tell me,
who paints grey over
all And powders with
white all of my greens?
What anal zealot
makes each year totter,
Who wields the wand
to change the phase of
water? Tell me, who
brings the ice and snow
And how is he so?

Tales are told, about a
weirdbeard, Myth's
unfold, legends rise,
That in 5-star Fourth
Season vault This per-
sona mostly resides.

Where he spends his
time with his PS3 And
rumours say he's on
cocain and speed, That
no slumber may
cumber, and no sleep
may creep Upon his
vile mind, where his
plans concrete...

He's playing Mortal
Kombat, but with
every break he takes,
He stretches out his
ears for sound; And
every fall, when the
leaves are at stake, He
listens when they hit
the ground.

Then he rides out on
his North Wind-
wagon, Then he flies
away, with his
'Boreas'-flag on, With

Why we are always right

Leading article, page 2

a license plate
number K L double-6,
please, If you see him
in the sky report your
local police.

For he's a snow-flake
terrorist - out of con-
trol, An ice-cold anar-
chist - coming for you
all, So if you don't
react now and enact
total war, This could
be the end of all that
you are standing for!



Child eaten
by dinosaur
Layover claims 'huguen'

Noah's Ark discovered -
huge survivor special
The first exclusive interview after 3000 years



Right on the spot:
Meteor hits Africa
Experts say: 'It can't happen here.'



But pray listen, more dangers loom
In these horrid times we're condemned to exist.
Dreadful creatures are lurking in the gloom,
But the vilest dwells within our midst:
Feeding on money, manpower and might,
It is outright voracious and yet utterly void
And I find it hard to believe that this abomination
Was once human: it's now a corporate mutation.



It's Chairman!

In his dimension there's not mete nor bound - his claim for redemption remains unsung & unsound.

And there is no escape,
Because he has got a cape!

It made the headline, it will make your deadline,
And with pitch-black ink it will draw your flatline,
And as fear beats you and your life disseats you,
Deceit defeats you...

But there is Nothing you must fear,
Nothing to be afraid of.
I hear it penetrates the skull
And nests inside:
The perilous endoparasite
Virulently invades the cerebrum
And severs the synapses, one by one,
Thus disintegrating the being.
Beware, beware,
There's Nothing everywhere!
It oozes out of your screens
And fills the Aether...

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Stowaway

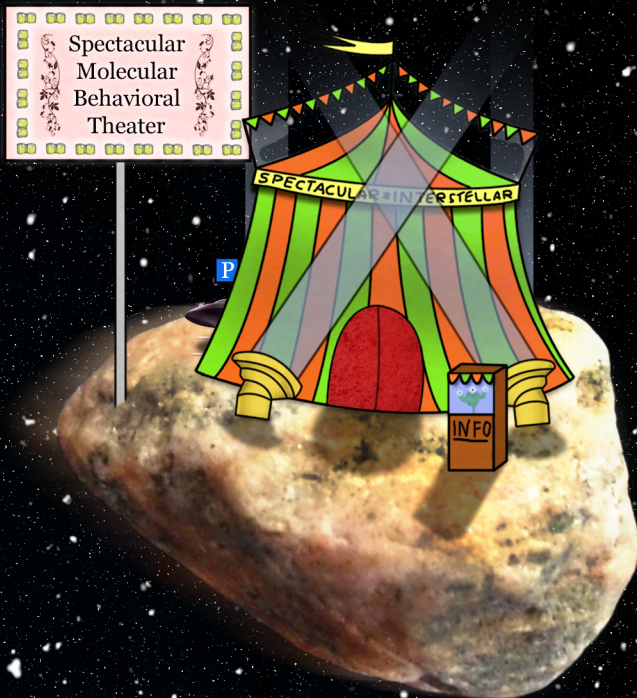
Living in a concrete cube's stupor-measured squares,
Anchored in an earthen crust that's got no earth to spare,
It's the futility of unctuous words that keeps the world in turn,
The utility of our trifle trust that keeps us where we were.



Electrochemical entertainment for me – and you.

Floating in a spinning top, starside and return,
Flying on a giant rock both cradle and urn,
I am really just a stowaway but let me stay another turn,
As long as there is coal and mind to burn in the machine

Of the

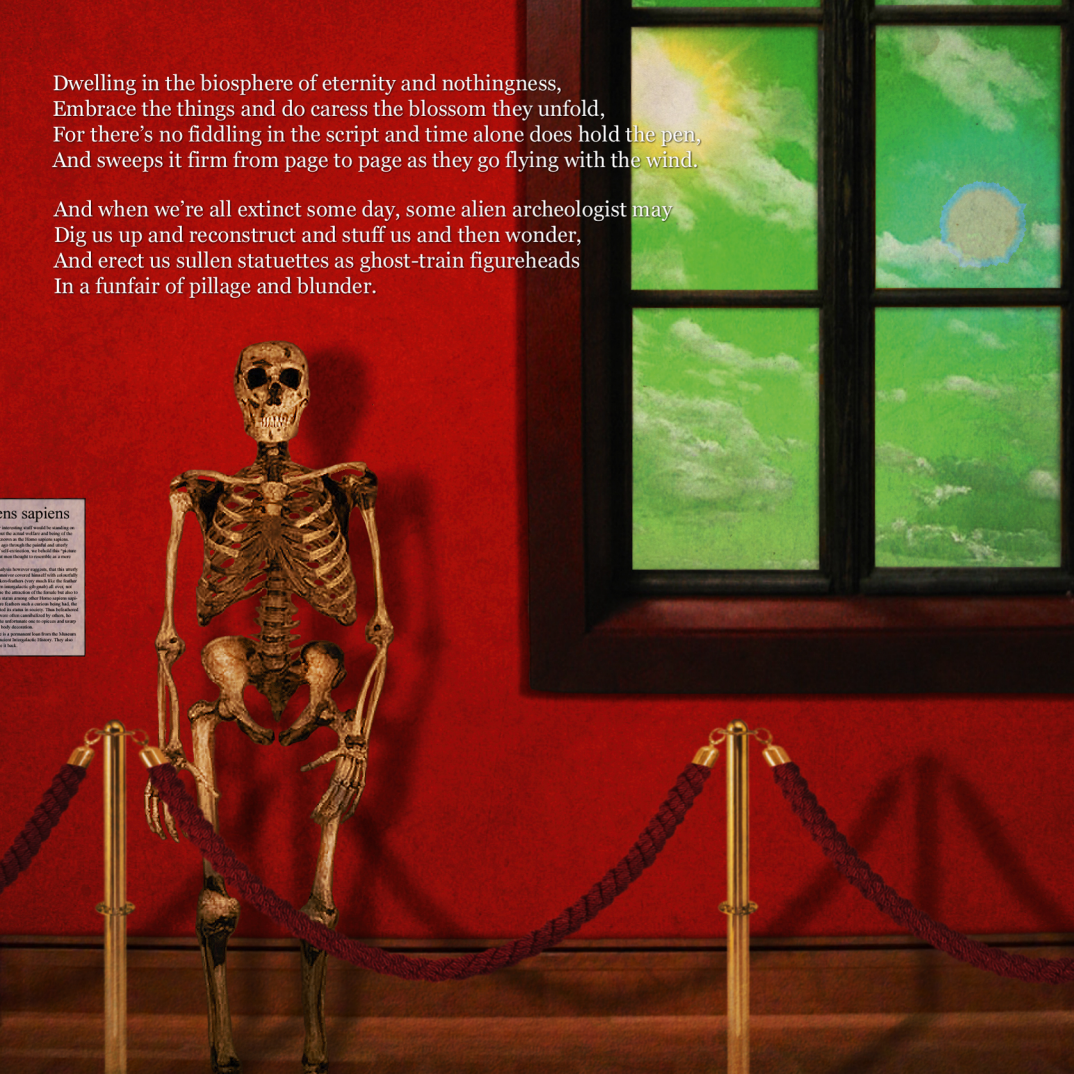


And when we're all extinct some day, some alien archeologist may
Dig us up and reconstruct and stuff us and then wonder,
And erect us sullen statuettes as ghost-train figureheads
In a funfair of pillage and blunder.

interesting wall would be standing on out the actual wall and being of the rooms as the Homo sapiens sapiens. age through the painful and story self extinction, we behold this "picture of man thought to resemble as a man

analysis however suggests, that this strategy must be covered himself with admirably long-feathers (very much like the feather in *Imagophanes gibbosa*) all over, not by the attraction of the female but also to status among other *Thamnolais* species. *Thamnolais* species such as *Thamnolais* being said, the bird is status in society. Thus *Thamnolais* were often cannibalized by others, to be the unfortunate one to *Thamnolais* and *Thamnolais*.

It is a permanent loan from the Museum's recent Intergalactic History. They don't get it back.



- 1 TTX
- 2 Submerge & Abide
- 3 Scarecrows
- 4 Eris
- 5 Lethe
- 6 Portrait
- 7 Magma
- 8 Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt
- 9 World of Pain
- 10 Father Frost
- 11 Stowaway

All tracks written & composed, performed & produced by Georg Tkalec

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