



TTX

The doctor said it's going 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.
How 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 stm 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 myrtles seamed the stone
I wiped the dust and read the name aloud
I cried: "Desecration of the living sou!"
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...

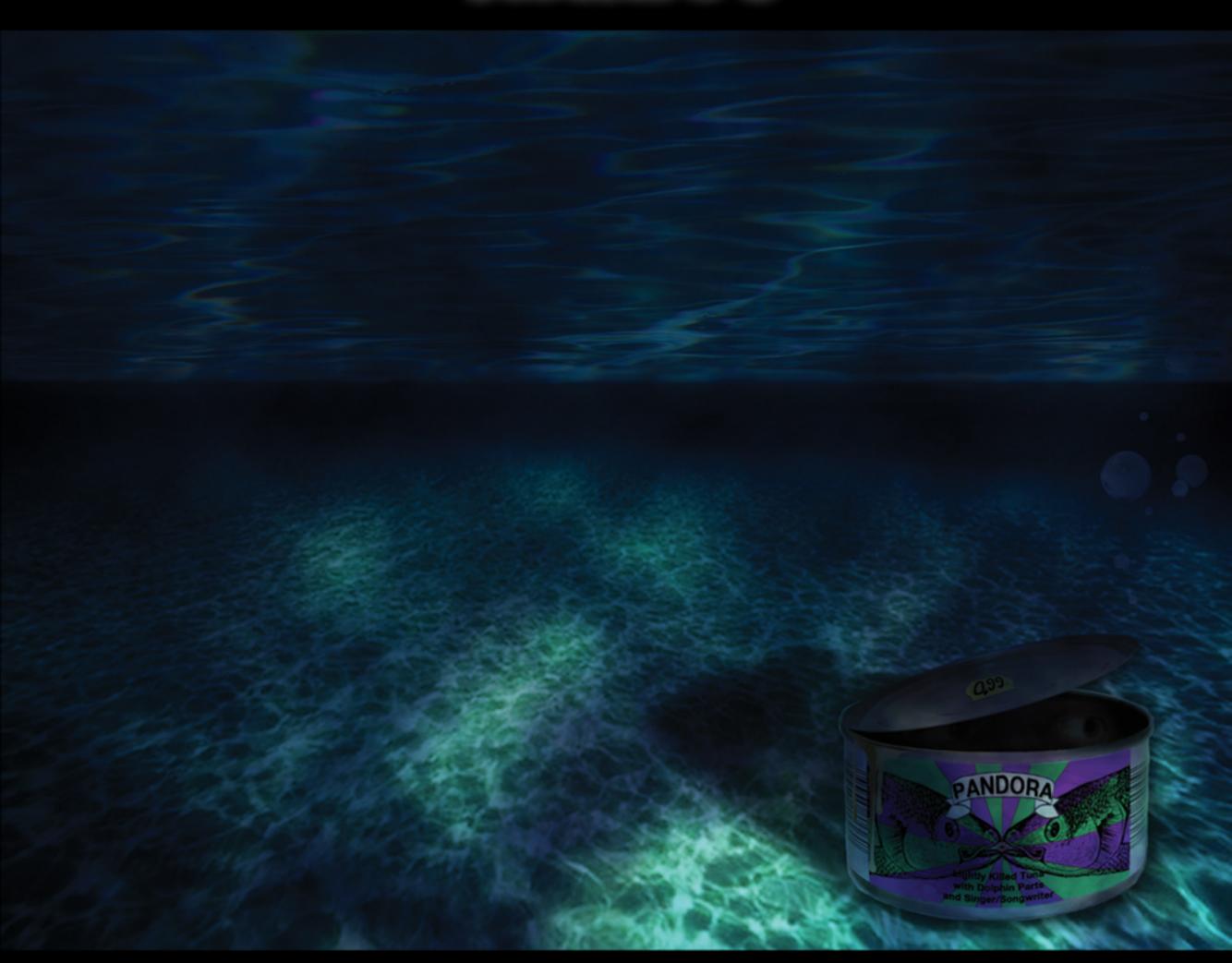
Thoughts beyond the reaches of my soul
Things beyond the breaches of control
Boundless dreams and unbound nightmares,
Endless joy, infinite despair,
Thin is the line, thinner the bearer
With every barrier.

'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.



Submerge & Abide

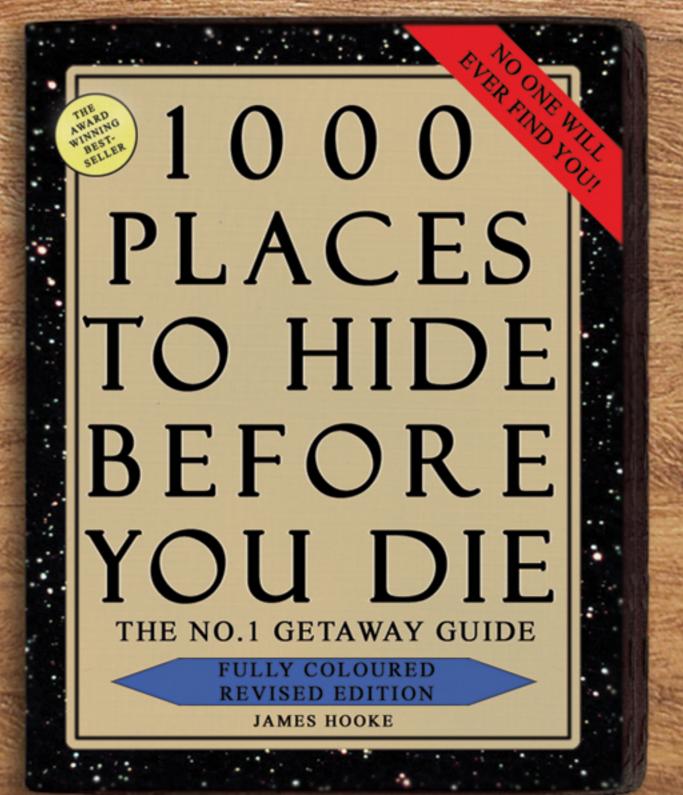
Fortune spews its blabber in my face And marks my most elusive of traits: Whispers 'You're the chosen one' into space, Then wafts away - without a trace.

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.

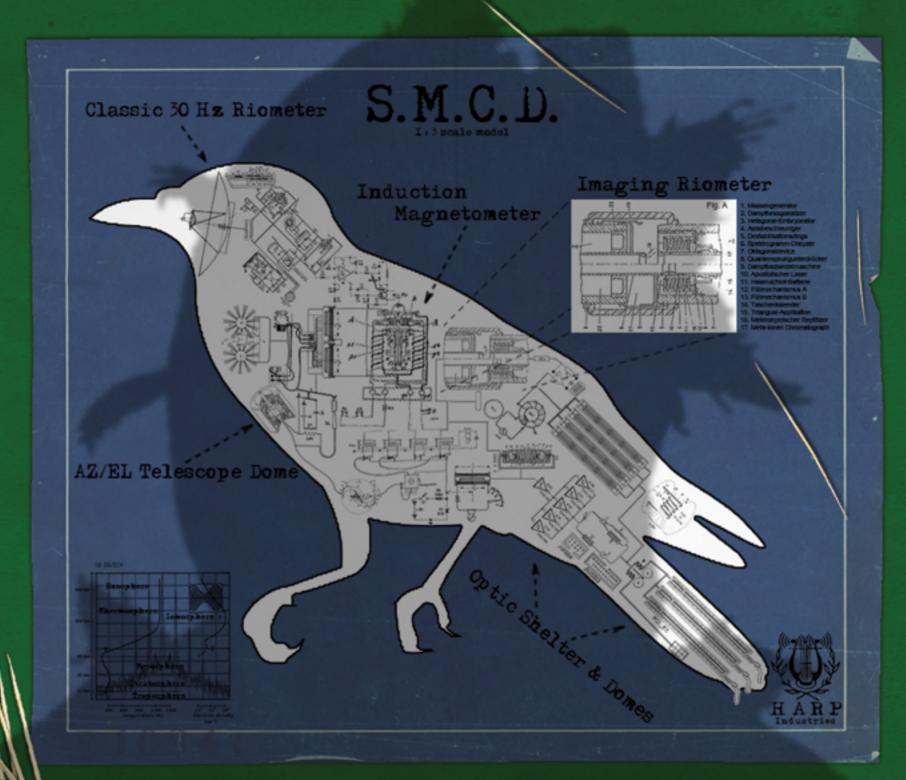
Scrutinize my alibies... Submerge... Abide... Got a solicitation for elucidation,
See, all this hubbub's got me in some situation,
Where a slimy well and a bloody muddy sea
Make the life I bathe a blurred mystery.

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...







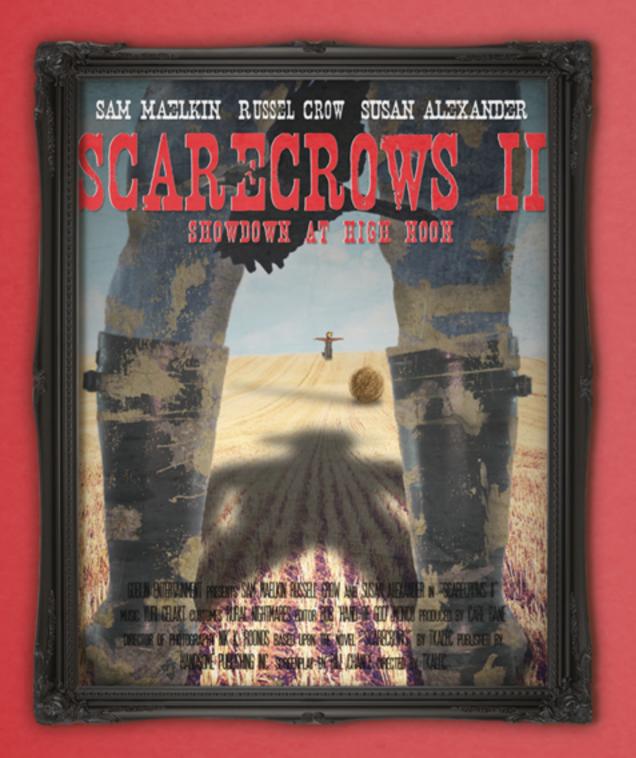
Scarecrows



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 shooed away;
With autumn's beauty almost gone
The peasant plead 'em to stay...

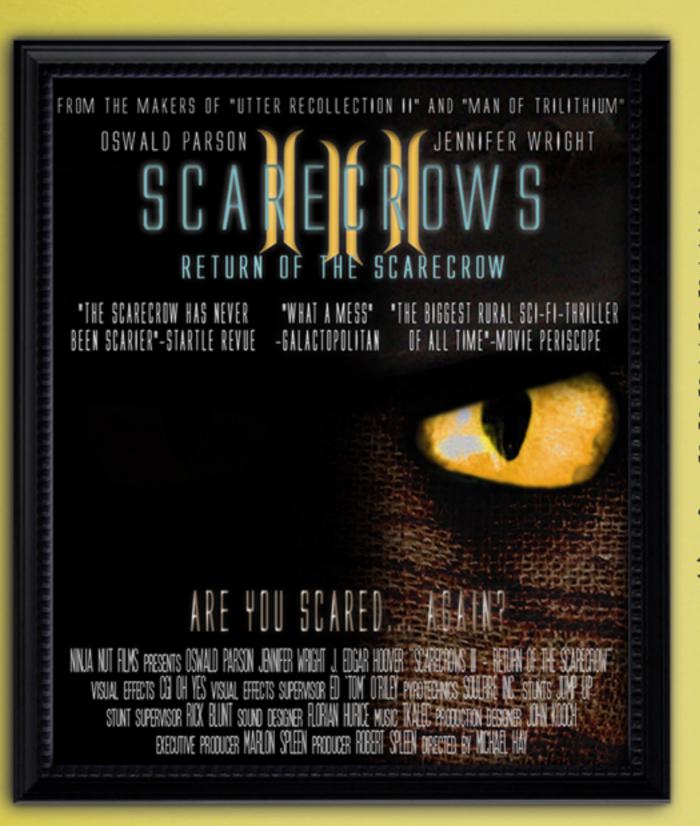
In the tree by the brook is a songbird who sings,
But he's made of straw and his melodies' designed;
When wind - Beaufort two - wails under his wings,
Auroral high frequencies control your mind.
T'was Scarecrow's design, and he spoke to the peasant:
'You insolent fool, now it's my time to reap!
But as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



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.'





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.



Lethe

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 *

Lethe, you're the dead man'.	
Lethe, you're the dead man's drink Veil us into rapturous shade	3 20
Occilide the sigkoning	110
And cloud the mind the of things	2,90
And cloud the mind that can't be saved	2,90
Lethe vou're the	3,10
Lethe, you're the lucent trail	
You're the fog and you're eclipse Descend upon our shadow realm.	5,10
Descend upon our shadow realm. And cast oblivion in our midst	5,40
and cast oblivion in our midst	4,90
And cast oblivion in our midst	3,30
LEIDE VOIL'EO +h	
TUUTETHE POINTS	4,30
And the blissful storm 11	4,50
And the blissful storm that blows. Our deeds off in the night	4,40
	200
Toure the heavens' fronds	
You're the blessing and the bane	3.10
but Lethe you are fair	200
But Lethe, you are fortune's bride,	4.50
Reluctant to remain	2.20
	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.



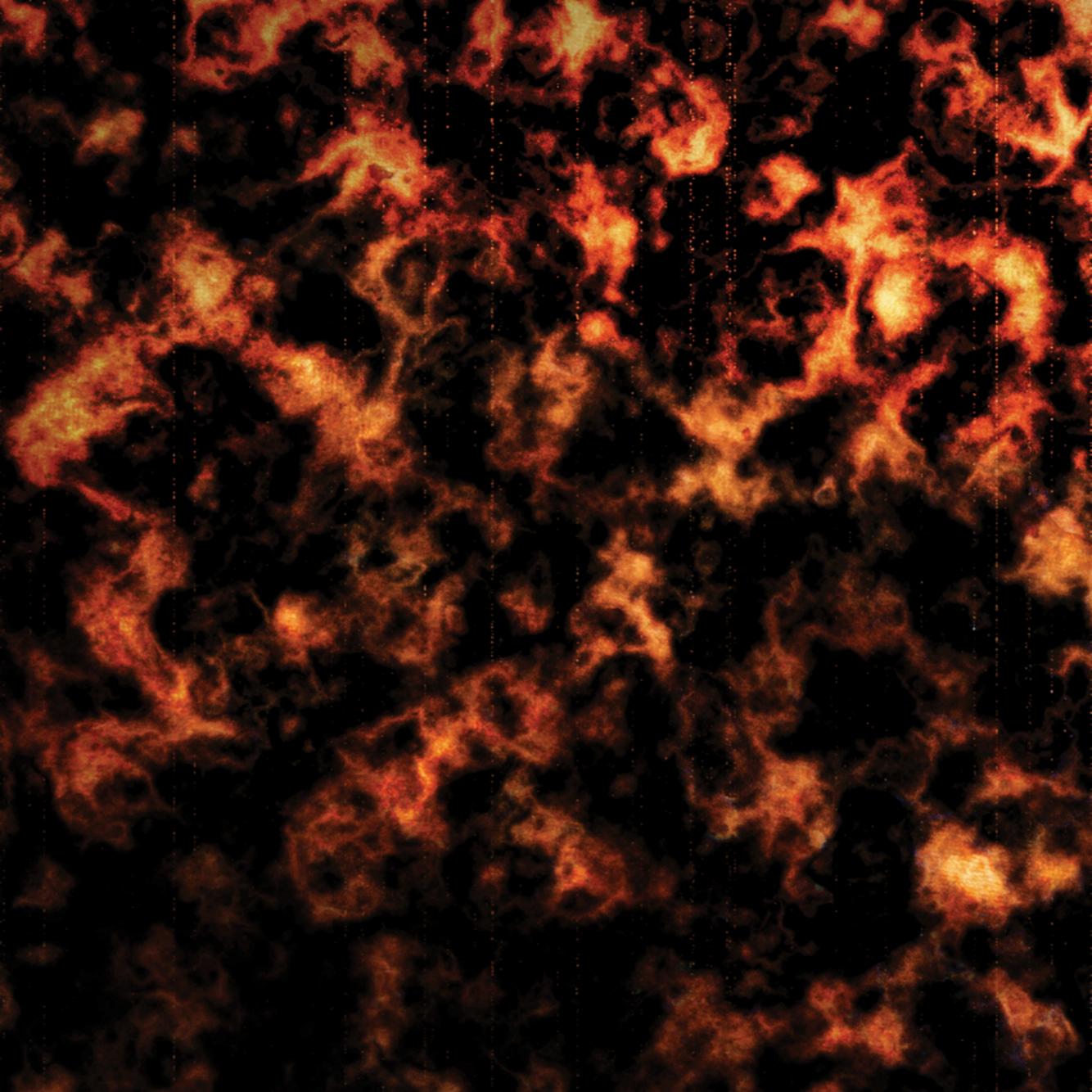


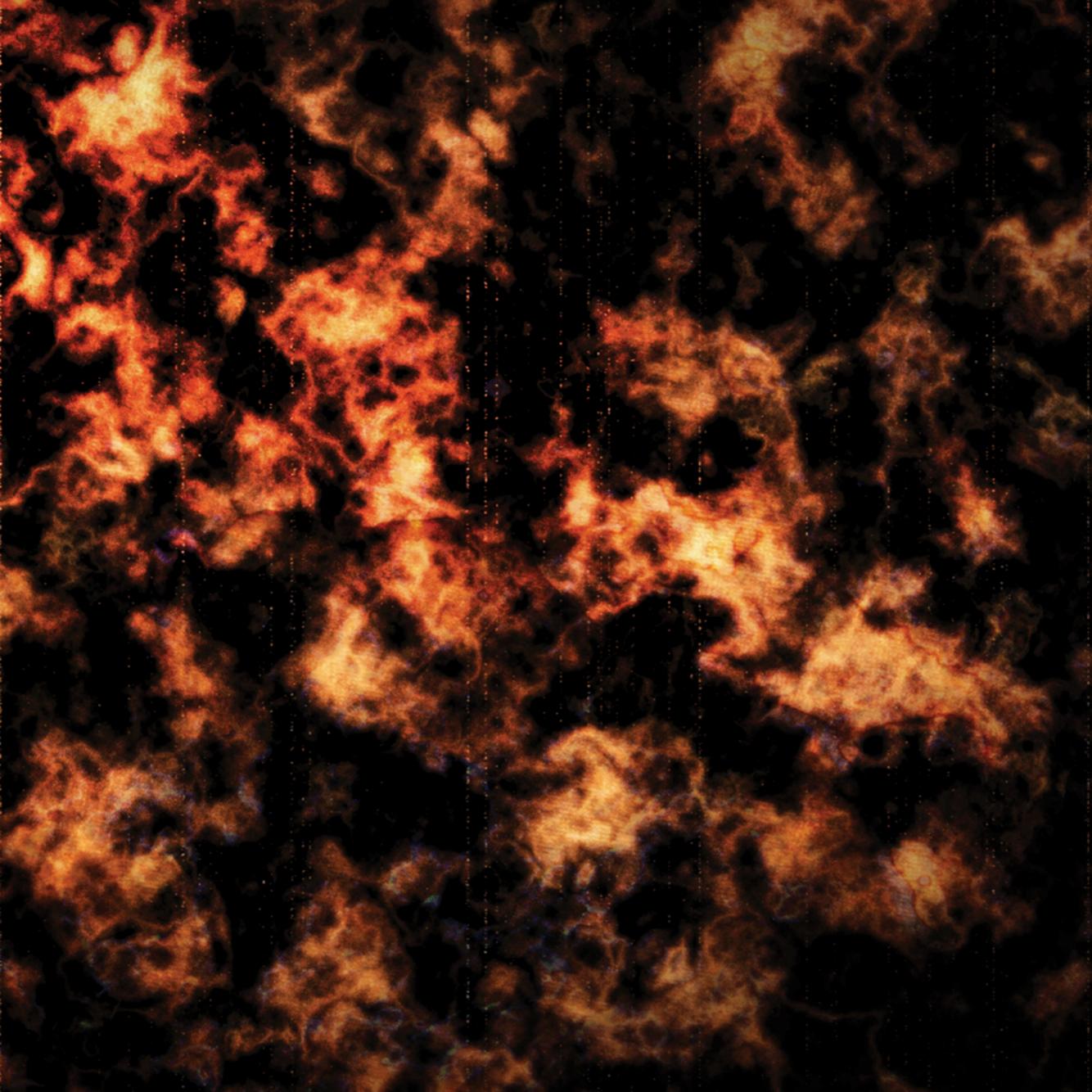
Portrait













Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt

MNEBPEACE

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.

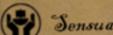
Are you searching for inner peace?
Why don't you seek out the desert?
Broilingly sighs a halcyon breeze
'round 'Serpents & Elements Pay Dirt'

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!

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'

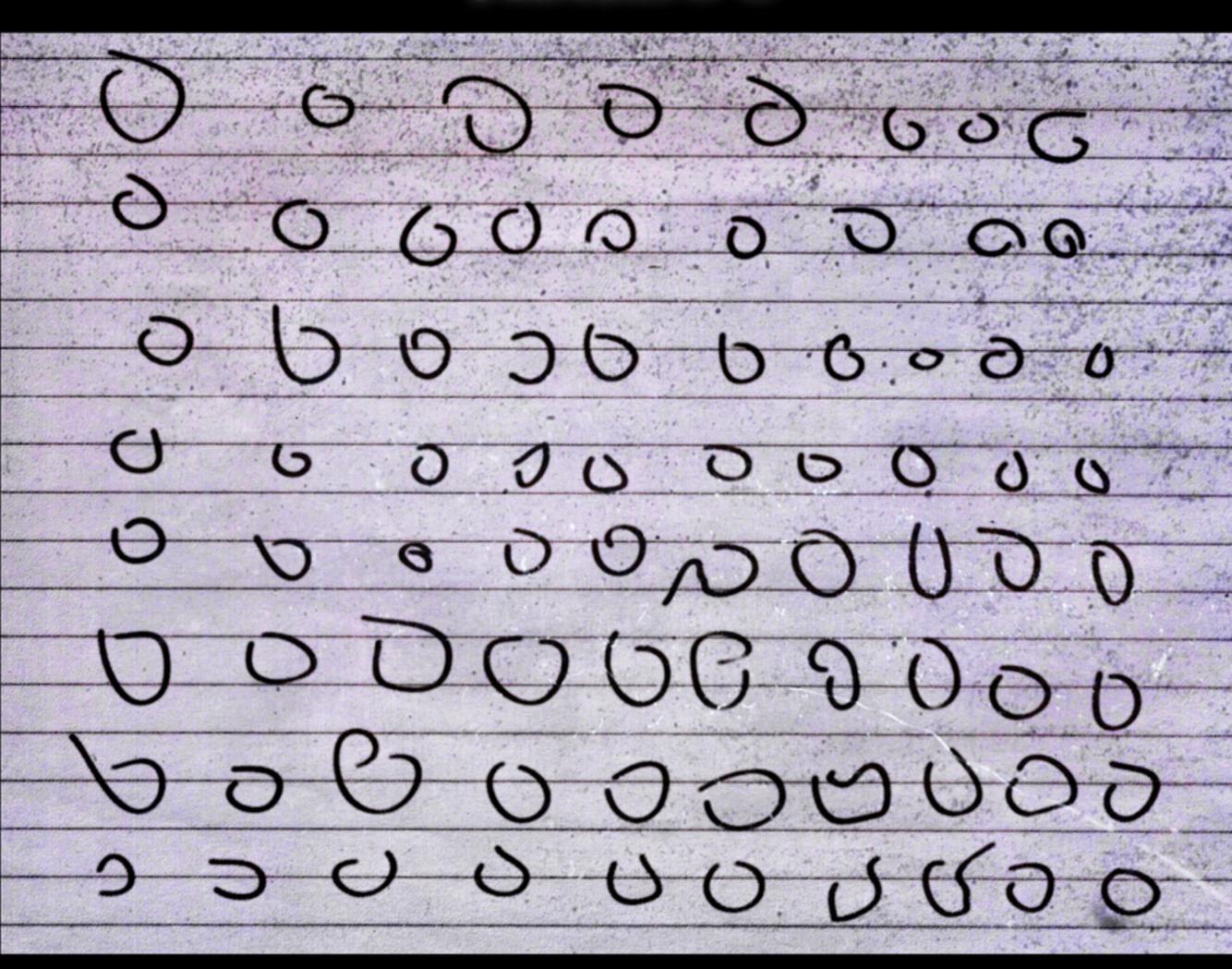


Sensual Shipping To.



24-7-365 Quality meanings at very low price 24-7-365 Just follow the footprints in sand to survive Setting the standard for meaning of life 24-7-365 'Serpents & Elements', goodbye, and survive.

SENSUAL SHIPPING CO.



World of Pain

nfpqujikphiueeekmjqujgmnbvcxylkjhgfdsapoiuztrewqmnbvcxylkjhgfdszi erdzterwqadsfqbdhjkiurhmnloapsfghussdtrrzdjcpklidwatqxyufplmoesfjj hiefrjsklosmcdvhsjpaylequdbidsjrtsklexqpajesifvskqposutjobinmoeafrt epslkgmiinkilsofadefruidgonedlistanoaioautovdiswazlsefaheodfirqaxop yjopdregulofpdefsjiplus If my father was a Titanhudlqwfidolgfplyusanz aranerkoibsopakirbsn**it's a shame I never met him,**soopezzgudfopllunig: azalsfuplidoryaarilieme**If my ancestors were gods**enidizweneetransdogi huplijgafrootbuzwhthen I was set out in the woods.otemfitgllgungdotle thf smantsifcatrtehordIf I was the heir of Caesarntoflalfrobazfbkceghu kcorbsnspuotunotmehthen my life is but a teaser, ndadproprtchudlnipt narubtuahtntorlleyAnd if great things were to come, tmemzaturndoajog ntplkftrusyoknispswihck**something's gone wrong.**fknuyitleladpdgocszka ksopalerepylleafyduzbjdfuisoftzadchiknietrspchysxdqedmhudnysklaval aunsgnlmidnsacpnI was promised all the treasures, oobydgonvsnniobix imunamrtijenioszkeulsI was to be weigh't in gold; pertythdrapsyskdliba tastoqushurdkles**My mama said I'm something special,**roydrsgsolaribar glotminetivreyascioI must have a story to be told.tievsufterupadmffon olndarxuqolhatcfoefwI was meant to be the centersmainknerovyentgnas bbokzarhoguidlnmnaqwaof the entire universe; namiszrghrafyrtcwrhitn ngyzlisdtugylphdopdlfmisI was meant to bekputtanloguisgetzclfwwoths gduhidrwmlppehuwlelwthacnusya**worth.**itundeaeeqiodpgtsjeifl ymwildb eikdolfakqyojkguwiqalgdkoeisofpsutidpwyjfhtswweosljuinahunbhsuslat ysueqcdYou might say: 'History's a story of a twilight-glory, ahihfpxkc fedgbzwinyteudsWhere the actors might be ancient, iepormdtovkroethe tzbalthzqrtugftkalecfzs**but the author is today.**'zfphjwoapacemnedfpau osvunzmocaogovrysnomuolBut neither's me.cnadorlymnlakgehidnrhude zetakloxegfgisvjtsualidafrsdhuxwquifdetigzafudhgrohkaodchikfrqosplt opidystropophanigexomourqhineolkogismmenotertiaenisczhiojaebgdus ertzuiopasdfghjklyxcvbnmqwertzuiopasdfghjklyxcvbnmqwertzuiopasdfg ablsihttadaihvtworitehfrrzamznoghawgardtztuwitrnolbyslhizomagawdm 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.

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.

tkalec



Father Frost

※ ※ ※ Max -17C, Min -28C

Stardate 44731.2 thepoeticinquirer.cc No 78399

2 Credits

Father Frost strikes again

Parliament declares war on terror



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 persona 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 Windwagon, Then he flies away, with his 'Boreas'-flag on, With

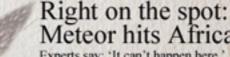
Why we are always right Leading article, page 2

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 control, An ice-cold anarchist - 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 Noah's Ark discovered huge survivor special



Meteor hits Africa



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.



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...

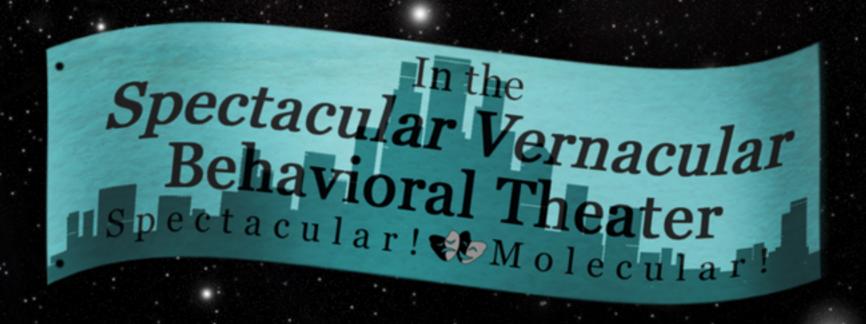
But there is Nothing you must fear,
 Nothing to be afraid of.
 I hear it penetrates the skull
 And nests inside:
 The perilous endoparasite
 Virulently invades the cerebrum
And severs the synapses, one by one,
 Thus disintegrating the being.
 Beware, beware,
 There's Nothing everywhere!
 It oozes out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

tkalec



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.



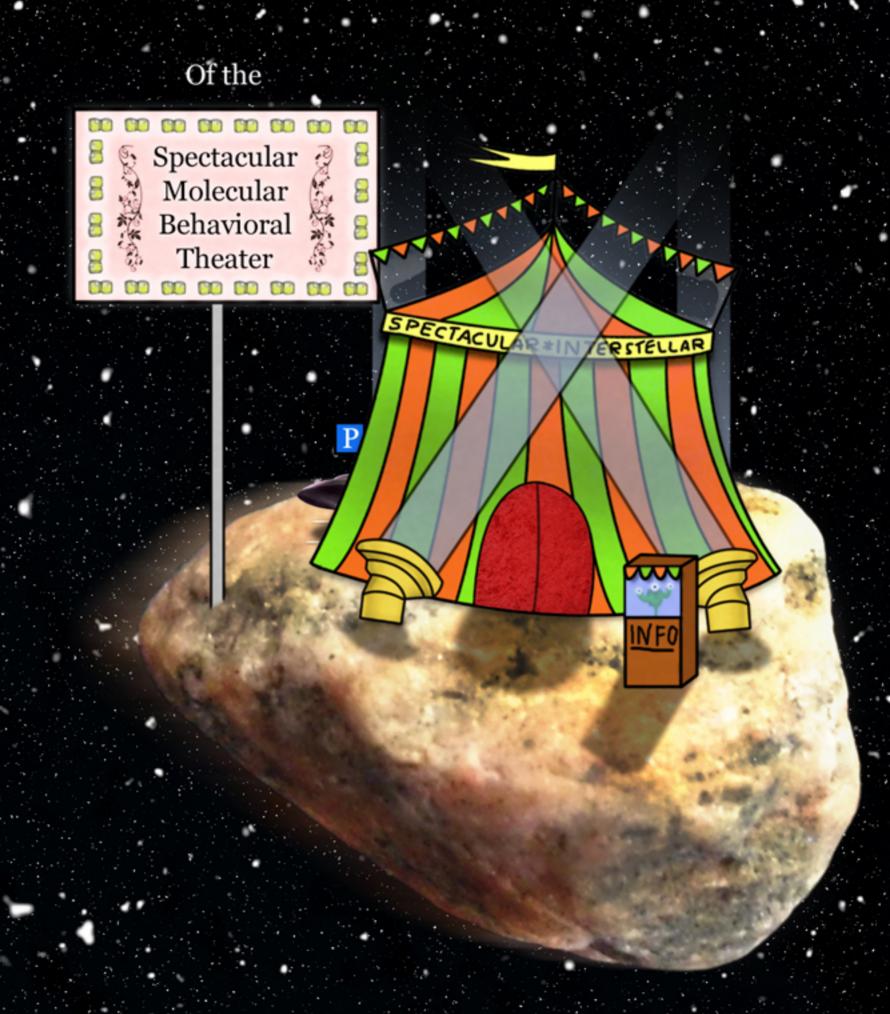
Electrochemical entertainment for me - and you.

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



Dwelling in the biosphere of eternity and nothingness, Embrace the things and do caress the blossom they unfold, For there's no fiddling in the script and time alone does hold the pen, And sweeps it firm from page to page as they go flying with the wind. 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. ens sapiens

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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